



ACROSS AFRICA

*H. Robert Cameron*

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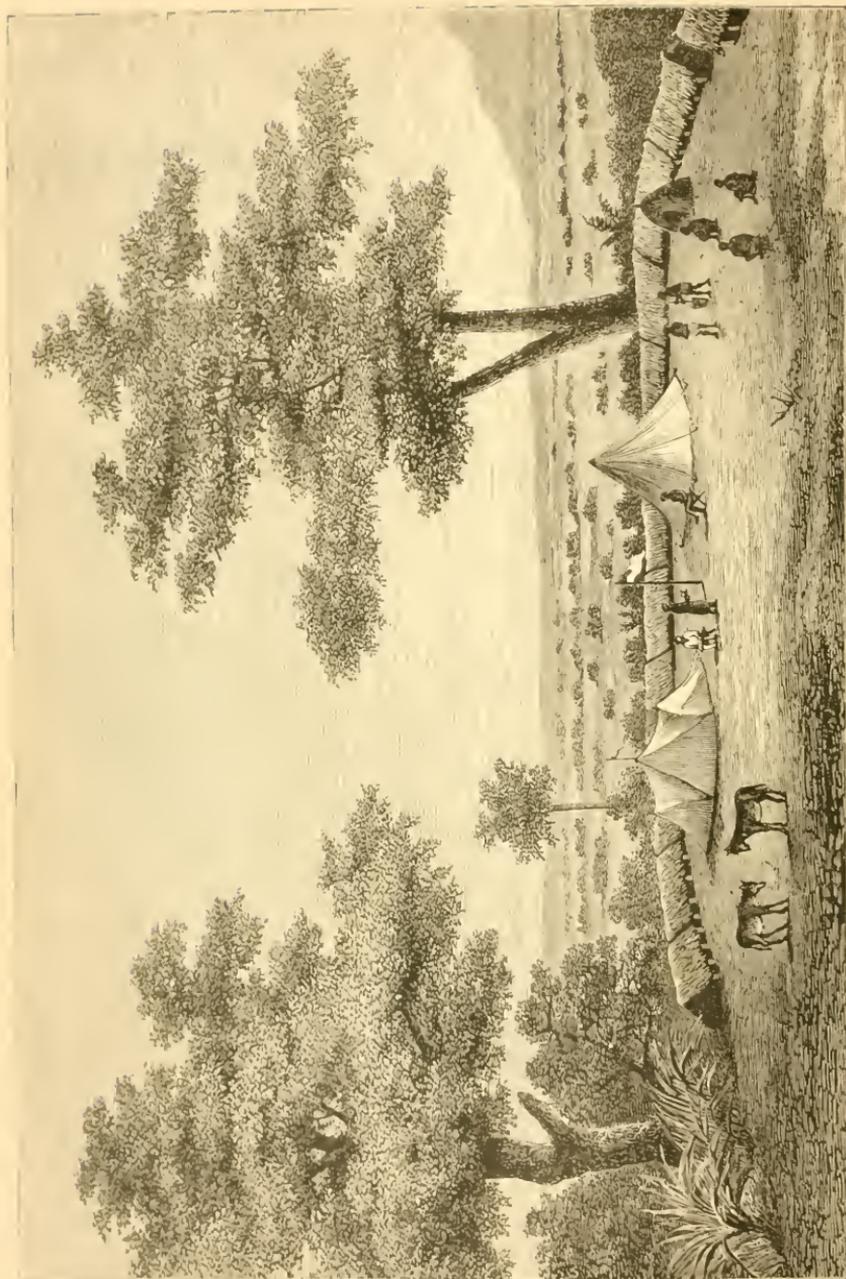












LOOKING BACK OVER MAKATA SWAMP. From a sketch by Dr. Dillon.

# ACROSS AFRICA.

BY

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*WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.*



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Dedicated by Permission

TO

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA,

BY HER HUMBLE AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



## P R E F A C E .

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**I**N placing this book before the public, I am conscious of its short-comings as a narrative having an unbroken interest for the general reader. As a fact, I never contemplated writing a book of travel, but merely undertook the journey under the circumstances detailed in Chapter I.

To have introduced and enlarged upon personal events, sport, the sayings and doings of my followers, etc., would have increased the size of this work to an alarming degree; for it must be remembered that the period dealt with extends over three years and five months. Nearly the whole of that time I was on the tramp; and it has been my object to make this a guide by which my footsteps may be traced by those interested in the exploration of Africa, rather than a personal narrative of adventure and travel.

With this purpose I have principally confined myself to detailing the particulars of my route; the peculiarities of the country; the manners and customs of the natives; the methods under which the detestable traffic in slaves is conducted, and the desolation and destruction that follow in its train; and to showing the prospects of opening up and civilizing Africa.

My time has also been much occupied in many ways; and had I not received cordial assistance from willing hands, it is possible this attempt would never have seen the light.

The accompanying map, too, has been most carefully pre-

pared from my numerous notes, observations, and sketch-maps, by Mr. Turner, of the Royal Geographical Society, and I feel every confidence in putting it forward as a thoroughly reliable guide to my journey from the East to the West Coast of Africa.

V. LOVETT CAMERON.

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# ACROSS AFRICA.

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## CHAPTER I.

The Livingstone Search Expedition.—Motives for Volunteering.—Abandonment of the Search.—A New Expedition decided upon.—Selected for the Command.—Departure from England.—Arrival at Aden.—Zanzibar.—Fitting Out.—Disadvantages of having arrived with Sir B. Frere's Mission.—Difficulties in obtaining Men.—Ordered to push on.—Ill-advised Haste.—The Start from Zanzibar.—Bagamoyo.—The French Mission.—A Belooch Commander-in-chief.—Kaoli.—A Banquet.—A Fire.—Paying Pagazi.—An Arab Festival.

LONG ago, when serving as senior lieutenant of H.M.S. *Star*, on the East Coast of Africa, I had full opportunity of seeing some of the cruelties and atrocities connected with the slave-trade; and the sufferings which I witnessed on board the dhows—such as have been so graphically described by Captain G. L. Sullivan, R.N., in “Dhow Chasing in Zanzibar Waters”—awoke in me a strong desire to take some further part in the suppression of the inhuman traffic.

I soon became convinced that unless it could be attacked at its source in the interior of the continent, all attempts at its suppression on the coast would be but a poor palliation of the fearful evil.

I am, however, far from laying claim to having been actuated solely by purely philanthropic motives, as some time previously my aspirations for travel and discovery had been excited by reading papers descriptive of the expedition of Burton and Speke in Somáli land. And I became still more anxious to undertake some exploration in Africa on hearing that Arab merchants from Zanzibar had reached the West Coast; for I felt convinced that what had been accomplished by an Arab trader was equally possible to an English naval officer.

1872.

After the *Star* was put out of commission, I was appointed to the Steam Reserve at Sheerness; and my efforts to obtain more active employment being ineffectual, I volunteered my services to the Royal Geographical Society to go in search of Dr. Livingstone, and render him any assistance possible, it being supposed at that moment that the expedition under Mr. Stanley had failed.

Soon after this, subscriptions were opened for the "Livingstone Search Expedition;" but it was not my fortune to be selected by the Royal Geographical Society, the command being given to Lieutenant L. S. Dawson, R.N., an officer eminently fitted for the post both by his scientific attainments and physical powers.

Unfortunately, when this expedition was about to start from Bagamoyo, it was deterred from proceeding farther by the news brought to the coast by Mr. Stanley, of the *New York Herald*. This was to the effect that Livingstone had already been relieved, and objected to any "slave expedition" being sent to him. In consequence of this unfortunate misapprehension of Dr. Livingstone's dispatches, Lieutenant Dawson, supposing that his expedition would no longer be required, resigned the command.

Lieutenant Henn, R.N., then took charge, with the full intention of proceeding, but was also persuaded to throw it up, though much against his wish.

Upon Oswell Livingstone, a son of the doctor, the leadership then devolved. But after a time he renounced the idea of proceeding up country to join his father; and thus a most carefully organized expedition, which possessed most, if not all, the requisites for a complete success, was abandoned.

Mr. New, another member, withdrew with Lieutenant Dawson, and the services of a gentleman well versed in African character, having a competent knowledge of Kiswahili, and accustomed to African travel, were thus lost. I may here mention how great was my regret, soon after arriving at Loanda, to hear of the death of Mr. New. He was a single-minded, brave, and honest man, who devoted himself to the task of bettering the condition of the natives of Africa, and in so doing sacrificed a valuable life.

Although disappointed at my failing to obtain the command of this expedition, I still entertained some hope of leading another, and carrying out the project which I had so much at heart, and therefore determined to further prepare myself for the undertaking by studying the Suahili language.

Of the difficulties entailed by such a service I had gained some knowledge from eight months passed in the Red Sea during the Abyssinian war, and nearly three years on the East Coast of Africa, much of which period was spent in open boats. With this experience of work in a hot climate, added to my having suffered severely from fever at Zanzibar, it was not without counting the cost that, as soon as Dawson's expedition was reported to have been broken up, I volunteered to proceed to join Dr. Livingstone, taking with me such instruments and stores as he might require, and offering to place my services unreservedly at his disposal.

This was in June, 1872, but no intention of sending out another expedition to assist our great traveler appeared then to be entertained.

I next drew up a scheme for the exploration of the route to Victoria Nyanza *viâ* Mounts Kilima Njaro and Kenia and the volcano reported to lie to the north of them—thus passing close to the water-shed between the coast rivers and the feeders of the Victoria Nyanza—and, after surveying that lake, to work my way to the Albert Nyanza or Mwuta Nzigé, and thence through Ulegga to Nyangwé and down the Kongo to the West Coast.

The latter part of this route is now being attempted by Mr. Stanley, one of the most successful and energetic of African travelers, under the auspices of the *New York Herald* and the *Daily Telegraph*.

In this I was encouraged and assisted by Mr. Clements Markham, C.B.; and to his counsel and kindly help in many matters intimately connected with my African travels I am deeply indebted.

The Council of the Geographical Society were, however, of opinion that this scheme, though meeting with the approval of some of its most eminent members, could not be carried out with the funds at their disposal.

November,  
1872.

It was afterward decided to utilize the surplus remaining from the subscriptions to the first Livingstone Search Expedition in fitting out another. This was intended to be placed entirely under the orders of Dr. Livingstone for the purpose of supplementing his great discoveries, in the prosecution of which he had on that last journey—extending over a period of nearly seven years, and brought to a close only by the national misfortune of his death—patiently and unremittingly toiled, besides having previously devoted twenty years of his life to the cause of the regeneration and civilization of Africa.

For the new command I had the happiness of being selected, and the Council kindly allowed Mr. W. E. Dillon, assistant surgeon—one of my dearest friends and an old messmate—to accompany me, for which purpose he resigned an appointment he then held.

He was admirably adapted for the work, and, had his life been spared to cross the continent with me, would have been of incalculable assistance and comfort in my various difficulties and troubles. His unvarying kindness and tact, in his intercourse with the men of the expedition, was the greatest help to me during our journey to Unyanyembe, and, indeed, I can not pay a sufficient testimony of gratitude and honor to his memory.

Dr. Dillon and I left England on the 30th of November, 1872—the same day on which Lieutenant Grandy and his brother left Liverpool for the West Coast—in order to join Sir Bartle Frere at Brindisi, hoping to get a passage on board the *Enchantress* with his mission to Zanzibar. But her accommodation was too limited to allow of our being received on board.

Thus we lost the advantage we had anticipated of obtaining some instruction in Arabic and Kiswahili kindly promised by the secretary of the legation, the Rev. Percy Badger. Remaining at Brindisi until Sir Bartle Frere's arrival, we then took passage in the P. and O. steamer *Malta* to Alexandria. We accompanied Sir Bartle Frere to Cairo, where he procured a letter from H.H. the Khedive commending us to the care of the Egyptian officials in the Soudan, and ordering them to give us every assistance.

This document proved of service with Arabs in the interior, who had all heard both of the Khedive and the Sultan of Tur-



اعلانت

الى اميرين الخلوته الخديويه المصريه بالانجليز السودانية عموما

حيث ان سركامرون من ضباط بحرية دولته بملكته النجيمه والدكتور ديهلون من سفيرين الدوله بل انهما  
توجهيه الى اقليمه الوسطى للبحث والجمع على الدكتور ليونيلستون الذي كان توجه سابقا الى ذلك الطرف  
لاستكشاف الاراضي الجبلية هناك فنبني انه عند مرورهم ووصولهم الى اي جزء واي مركز من الجبال السابعة  
الى الخلوته المصريه بصبر الجبارة بن الاميرين والحكام والسائحين بمنازلهم بالاعتزام والرعاه والاهتمام  
من طرف الجميع في تسهيل وصرف نفقاتهم ومساواتهم وساعدتهم جميعا بلزوم وهذا امرنا عموما يذكت للمعايير

والوجه على تنقاه ١٢٨٩  
١٢٨٩  
١٢٨٩



TRANSLATION.]

NOTICE.

To those in Command under the Authority of Egypt in the lands of Soudan.  
Whereas Lieut. Cameron, an Officer of the Royal English Navy, and Dr. Dillon, esteemed in the service of the said Government, are  
proceeding to Central Africa to search for, and to meet with, Dr. Livingstone, who before went to these parts to explore the unknown regions.  
All Officers of Egypt, and Kings, and Sheikhs, are required to receive them with honor, and to give them protection on all sides, to  
assist and help them on their journey as may be required.

This is Our public order to that end issued accordingly.

L. S.

ISMAEL BASHA.

Dated 28th Haj, 1289.

True Translation— JOHN KIRK.

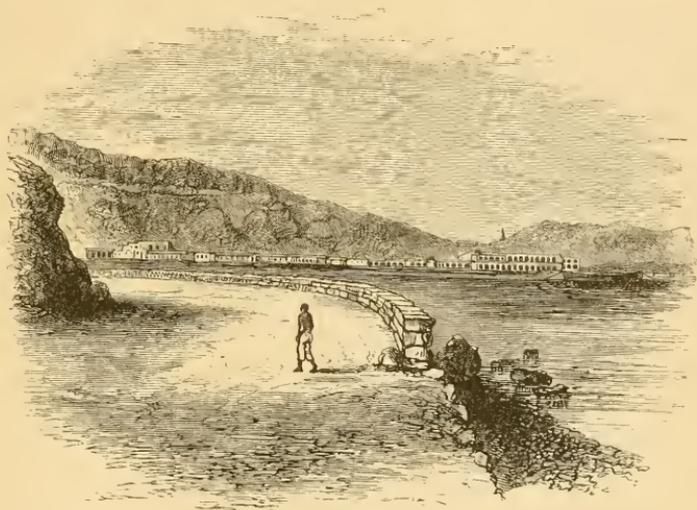




December,  
1872.

key, although we never came across any of those for whom it was particularly intended.

After a short stay at Cairo we went to Suez, and thence by the *Australia* to Aden, where we were very kindly received by the resident, Brigadier-general Schneider, Colonel Penn ("steel pen" of Abyssinian fame), and the rest of the garrison; and from Dr. Sheppard, P.M.O., we received a most valuable supply of quinine, a *sine quâ non* in African travel.



STEAMER POINT, ADEN.

While here, Dr. Badger obtained for us from a Santon, named Alowy ibn Zain et Aidûs, a letter recommending us to the care and consideration of all good Moslems in Africa, and this we found the most useful of all our papers.

Lieutenant Cecil Murphy, R.A., acting commissary of ordnance, here volunteered to accompany the expedition, provided the Government of India would consent to continue his Indian pay and allowances; and this being granted after our departure, he joined us at Zanzibar by the next mail.

Our anticipations that H.M.S. *Briton* would have taken us to Zanzibar were doomed to disappointment, for she had already sailed. We had therefore to await the departure of the mail-steamer *Punjab*, Captain Hansard, in which we proceeded. Colonel Lewis Pelly, political agent at Muscat, and Kazi Shah

January,  
1873.

Budin, a gentleman appointed by H.H. the Rao of Kutch to accompany Sir Bartle Frere to Zanzibar, and to use his influence with the subjects of the Rao in support of the objects of the mission, were our fellow-passengers.

When I arrived at Zanzibar, I was laid up with fever, which had attacked me a day or two previously; and as Dr. Kirk's house was fully occupied by those who had already gone ashore from the *Enchantress*, Dillon and myself took up our abode in the hitherto untenanted English jail. There was plenty of room for our stores, and with native bedsteads, chairs, etc., we were soon comfortably housed. However, some old messmates of mine, Lieutenants Fellowes and Stringer, kindly took me off to the *Briton*, and looked after me on board until I was tolerably well again.

When sufficiently recovered to go ashore, I rejoined Dillon, who had already laid in some stores, and we at once began to look out for men and donkeys. We also secured the services of Bombay (Mbarak Mombée), the chief of Speke's faithfuls, which at the time we thought of great importance on account of his previous experience.

But he rather presumed on our ignorance, and we soon learned that, however useful he might have been in days gone by, he was not the best man to consult in fitting out an expedition, not having sufficient readiness and knowledge to advise us as to the most serviceable things with which to supply ourselves. He had, besides, lost much of the energy he displayed in his journeys with our predecessors in African travel, and was much inclined to trade upon his previous reputation; but the high opinion we had formed of him at first blinded us to his many failings.

The fact of our having arrived on the scene with Sir Bartle Frere caused us to be inseparably connected by the Arabs, Wasuahili and Wamerima, with the mission upon which he was engaged, and this occasioned us numerous vexatious troubles and enormous expense, besides being prejudicial to the interests of the expedition.

In the first place, they naturally supposed that we were in the employ of the English Government, and therefore ought to pay twice or three times the ordinary price for men and stores.

February,  
1873.

All who thus defrauded us considered themselves perfectly justified in cheating a government so rich and liberal as ours has the reputation of being, although they would have had far greater scruples about swindling private individuals.

In the second place, owing to the avowed intention of the mission to abolish the slave-trade, we were thwarted and imposed upon in various underhand ways by the lower classes of the Wasuabili and Wamerima.

In addition to this, our orders being to push on with all dispatch and at all hazards, we were obliged to accept the riff-raff and outscourings of the bazaars of Zanzibar and Bagamoyo, instead of waiting for regular porters, and also had to pay them double the hire of better men.

This scarcity of porters was owing to the season of the year, as the usual time for the up caravans had long passed, and no down caravans had yet arrived.

We had, therefore, to march through the worst part of the rainy season with a number of men of whom not more than a tenth had ever before traveled any distance into the interior, and who, not being accustomed to carrying loads, gave trouble at almost every step by straggling and laziness.

Nor did the evil end here, for the majority of the men were thieves, and pilfered unceasingly from their loads. Indeed, the effects of this ill-advised haste in starting pursued me throughout my journey across the continent.

Bombay was commissioned to find us thirty good men and true, to be our soldiers, servants, and donkey-drivers. He promised all diligence and obedience, and while within ken of the English consulate exerted himself apparently to the best of his power. I afterward learned that he picked up his men anywhere in the bazaar, and a motley crew they proved.

Besides these thirty askari, we engaged a few men as porters, and bought twelve or thirteen donkeys at an average price of eighteen dollars a head.

We then embarked with our stores, men, and beasts, in two hired dhows, and left Zanzibar early on Sunday morning, February 2d, 1873, and passing through the ships of the squadron with the union-jack and white ensign flying, made our way with a fair wind to Bagamoyo, arriving there the same afternoon.

February,  
1873.

Bagamoyo, the principal point of departure for caravans bound to Unyanyembe and the countries beyond, is a town on the main-land directly opposite Zanzibar. It is hidden from the sea by sand-hills, but marked by the tall cocoa-nut palms which always indicate the habitations of man on this coast.

It consists of one long straggling street with a few stone houses, the rest being mere huts of wattle and dab, having huge sloping roofs thatched with the plaited fronds of the cocoa-nut palm; and it boasts of two or three mosques, frequented only on high-days and holidays. A varied assemblage of Indian merchants, Arabs, Wasuahili, and Wamerima, slaves and Wanyamwezi pagazi, compose its population.

Taking with us only a few necessaries, we went on shore to look for lodgings, and were met, on landing, by a messenger from the French mission, shortly followed by Père Horner and one of the lay brothers, who came to offer their assistance.

After a great deal of chaffering and bargaining, we hired for ourselves the upper rooms of a stone house, the owner, Abdül-lah Dina (a Kojja), taking twenty-five dollars instead of the forty-five he had at first asked. For our men and stores we secured a house which belonged to Jemidar Issa, the commandant of the Balooch garrison of H.H. Syd Burghash.

Early the next morning we superintended landing cargo, going backward and forward the whole time between head-quarters, barracks, and beach. Yet, notwithstanding all our care, a bag of salt, a case of paraffine, one of preserved meats, and, of still greater importance, our large cooking-lamp, were missing when the debarkation was completed.

At first we were disposed to blame a Hindi whom we had engaged at Zanzibar to look after the transport of our stores; but I believe carelessness, and not dishonesty, was his failing in this instance.

Jemidar Issa readily gave us permission to fly the colors and post sentries at head-quarters and barracks, and returned our call in the forenoon, offering us all the courtesies and assistance in his power.

We told him of our losses, and he promised redress. But as this consisted only in the offer of putting the unfortunate Hindi in irons, and sending him over to the sultan for further pun-

ishment, we declined this friendly proposal, and made up our minds to bear our losses philosophically.

February,  
1873.

At the conclusion of our morning's work, we paid a visit to the French mission, to which we had been invited, meeting on our way two donkeys with European saddles and bridles kindly sent for our use. After luncheon we went over the well-cultivated grounds and plantations, where bread-fruit-trees and vegetables, including asparagus and French beans, grew in abundance, and then visited the buildings, nearly the whole of which were greatly damaged in the hurricane of 1872.

About three hundred children were being trained here to different trades and useful callings, and a school for girls was placed under the control of the Sisters belonging to the mission. In the boys' dormitories the arrangements were very simple, the beds consisting merely of a couple of planks on iron supports, with a few yards of merikani to serve as mattress and bedclothes, and in each room was a small screened space for the brother in charge.

A new chapel was being erected outside the former building, portions of which were removed as the other progressed; and though this was rather slow work, owing to the scarcity of labor and the laziness of the natives, yet by this arrangement the religious services were never interrupted.

The foundation of a new stone (pucka) building had also been laid, and, when completed, was to be used as a dwelling-house and school.

The fathers seem to be laboring hard, and doing a good work both by precept and example; and amidst their many difficulties are cheerful and confident; and I have no doubt their efforts will tend much toward the civilization of this part of Africa.

Nothing could exceed the kindness and attention shown to us by these estimable men during our stay at Bagamoyo. They frequently sent us vegetables and bundles of palmiste for salad, and on one occasion a quarter of wild boar, which, in the inefficient state of our cooking appliances, was not a trifle tantalizing, as we could devise no means of dressing it ourselves, and our followers—Mohammedan in nothing but their prejudices—declined to touch it.

February,  
1873.

Our Kojá landlord, Abdúllah Dina, was so jealous of the female portion of his domestic circle, that he padlocked the door leading to the stairs outside the house, and put up a most inconvenient ladder instead. His object was to keep us from passing through the small portion of the yard into which our stairs led, although it was already divided from the other part by a railing filled up with reeds, and quite sufficient to prevent our infidel eyes from spying out the secrets of his harem.

A few days after our arrival, Jemidar Sabr, commanding all the sultan's troops on this portion of the coast, called on us with a following like a Highland chieftain. They were all redolent with dirt and grease, and covered with bucklers, pistols, swords, spears, and matchlocks, as though they had ransacked the stores of some transpontine theatre.

The leader of this imposing retinue was not above begging for a dustoori of a few dollars; nor was Jemidar Issa one whit behind him in this respect, besides always asking for a little brandy as medicine.

Jemidar Issa promised to accompany us the next morning to Kaoli to return the call of Jemidar Sabr; but as he did not put in an appearance at the appointed hour, we went down to his house, and found him in his usual dirty shirt.

He immediately proceeded to array himself by putting on a gorgeous turban and a scarf, into which he thrust his dagger, an elaborately gilt French breech-loading revolver, for which he had no cartridges, and a single-barreled flint-lock pistol. He then hung his sword and shield over his shoulder, gave his sandals to his henchman, and was ready to start.

The retainer was dressed in an old Kaniki loin-cloth and fez cap, and carried an ancient fire-arm that could not be induced to go off when the salute was fired on our entrance to Kaoli.

We took as an escort, in order to appear in due state, four of our askari, in their uniform and armed with rifles, commanded by Bilál, whom we had rated second to Bombay. And, after some persuasion, they actually marched two and two, carrying their rifles at the trail or on approach to the slope, until the paths grew so narrow that it was necessary to walk in single file.

After passing through the main street of Bagamoyo and

February,  
1873.

some straggling huts, we reached the sea-beach, and here the jemidar informed us that we must take the more inland path, as the tide was high. Two of the jemidar's train now joined us, one being a good-looking young fellow with the color showing through his skin, although as nearly black as a man could be. His shield, sword, and dagger were very handsome.

We now struck farther inland, and found the path more winding than the labyrinth of Crete; but it led us through a fertile country. For some time our road lay along a large tract planted with yams, manioc, etc., and the jemidar pointed to the fields of rice, and told us that oranges, mangoes, and other fruits grew in the adjacent woods. The cultivated ground was surrounded by a thorn hedge with which no "bullfinch" in England could be compared, for it was from twelve to fifteen feet high, and about ten thick. Through this we went by an arched opening, and came to an uncultivated part of the country, where the grass grew in large thick tufts, often so high that it flapped in our faces and hindered our progress.

At last, after a two hours' walk, we again reached the beach close to Kaoli, when the jemidar and his friends began firing into the air to apprise the people of our arrival. The old matchlock and flint pistol did their work well, making reports like young cannon; but one of the jemidar's personal attendants could not manage to make his fossil weapon produce any sound whatever. And the other, who was armed with a worn-out French fowling-piece, was little better, as there was at least a second between the explosion of the cap and that of the charge, which rather detracted from the effect. Together they might possibly have been heard, but separately their efforts were drowned by the rippling of the sea upon the beach.

On our arrival, we were most warmly welcomed by Soorghy, as well as by Jemidar Sabr and his retinue.

We first visited Soorghy, the chief of the customs on the main-land—to whom we had letters of introduction from Lakhmidass, who farms all the sultan's revenue—and made inquiries about pagazi. He advised us to send to Saadani to beat up for them, promising letters and soldiers to assist in this work.

After a time, during which Jemidar Sabr had been absent, we received a message from him inviting us to his residence,

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1873.

where we found a repast already prepared. It consisted of three spatch-cocks, three sorts of Arab pastry in nine different dishes, and two plates of vermicelli swamped in sugar, and, of course, the inevitable sherbet was served to us on entry.

I tried the wing of a fowl, and, knives and forks being unprovided, had to use my fingers; then tea was brought, not bad in flavor, but sweetened to cloying; and lastly coffee, happily guiltless of sugar, but nevertheless it failed to rid our mouths of the overplus of saccharine matter, and a good draught of fresh water was most palatable.

On our leaving the room, Jemidar Sabr invited our escort to enter and finish the remainder of the feast, and while they were thus engaged we sat in state under the veranda with the jemidar and his notables. Our interpreter was meanwhile doing his best to assist our askari, and consequently the conversation was very limited.

The eating being at last concluded, we formed order of march for Bagamoyo, and bid good-bye to our friends of Kaoli. Our host and some of his sons, however, accompanied us a short distance on our way.

We were rejoiced to find the tide ebbing, so that we were able to return to Bagamoyo by the shore on the hard sand just uncovered by the water. Directly we got back, we arranged for starting Bilal for Saadani the next morning. He was accompanied on this expedition by an intelligent native, named Saadi, to act as interpreter and recruiting-sergeant, by two of Jemidar Issa's soldiers, and three of our own men, to whom we served out arms and ammunition.

In the evening, by way of diversion, there was a fire in the town, and some eight huts were burned to the ground. We went to the barracks, where our ammunition was stored, to make preparations in case of the fire spreading that way, and then visited the scene of action. The natives we found looking on in hopeless apathy, excepting a few who were arguing and vociferating at a great rate. Fortunately, there was no wind, and the fire soon burned itself out.

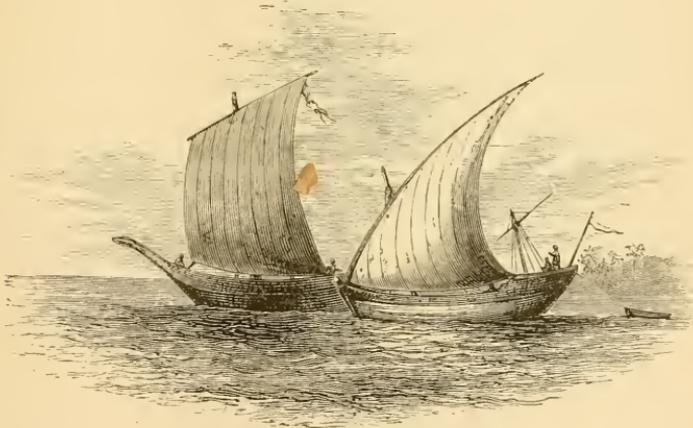
The greater portion of a day was frequently occupied in paying pagazi, and a most tedious and wearying work it proved, owing to the peculiarities of the men, and the difficulty they

seemed to experience in making up their minds, and saying what they wanted.

February,  
1873.

A man's name being called out, he answers "Ay-wallah," but makes no attempt at moving. When, at last, it pleases him to come to the front, and he is asked how he wishes to receive his advance, he will probably stand, even for ten minutes, considering before giving an answer. Then he says, "So many dollars, and so many doti; so many of the doti must be merikani, and so many kaniki." When paid, he often wants to change a gold dollar for pice, and all the filthy copper coins have to be counted; then, perhaps, he wishes to have one doti merikani changed for one of kaniki, or *vice versa*, or begs for another doti: and thus a vast amount of time is wasted.

In the evening we occasionally took some men to the beach for target-practice, first making them fire a round of blank and then three rounds of ball at an empty case at one hundred yards, and, although there were no hits, the firing was fairly good.



DHOWS.

We found it necessary to muster our forces every morning, the honor of bearing colors on these occasions being conferred upon Ferradi and Umbari, two of Speke's followers.

The uniform we established for our askari consisted of a red patrol jacket, red fez, white shirt, and ennumer-bund. Bombay and the leading men were distinguished by wearing non-commissioned officers' stripes.

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The 8th of February was a great festival of the Arabs, and all our Moslem askari honored us with a special salaam, and asked for something as a "tip," upon which we presented them with a shilling each to have an extra feed, it being explained to us by Bombay that this was the "Mohammedan Christmas." We also received visits from Jemidars Issa and Sabr, the former having actually put on a clean new shirt.

We were now anxious to return to Zanzibar to take up our remaining stores, due by the *Punjab*, and to make final preparations for starting for the interior, but the difficulties in obtaining a dhow seemed insuperable.

There was, however, plenty to do in collecting and hiring pagazi and making saddles for our donkeys. The stirrups and bits were a puzzle, but we contrived to solve it with the assistance of a native smith, and, though his work was of the roughest description, we hoped that it would answer our purpose.

## CHAPTER II.

Parting Visit to Zanzibar.—Completing Equipment.—French Charlie's Store.—Farewell Dinners.—Our First Campaign.—A Fracas.—Upholding our Dignity.—The Father pleads for his Son.—Shamba Gonèra.—Visit from Dr. Kirk.—Our First Touch of Fever.—A New Volunteer.—Start for Kikoka.—The March.—Alligator-shooting.—Deserters.

It was not until the 11th of February that we succeeded in getting a dhow to take us across to Zanzibar, for which we sailed early that morning, accompanied by Père Horner of the French mission, who was *en route* for France for a short and sorely needed holiday.

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The wind fell light when we, in company with some other dhows, were half-way across, and two of the *Daphne's* boats, looking out for slavers, came among us and visited our dhow, and shortly afterward boarded another, which, I believe, proved a prize. Having now drifted far to the south, it was decided to anchor; but just before sunset a fresh breeze sprung up, and, thus favored, we reached the town of Zanzibar.

Here we found the *Punjáb*, and Captain Hansard kindly insisted on our taking up our quarters on board during his stay—an arrangement which was far more comfortable than living in the English jail.

All the stores that we had ordered in England were on board, as also an extra supply of ammunition, two Abyssinian tents supplied by the Indian Government, and a portable India-rubber boat by Mathews, of Cockspur Street—for which we were indebted to the thoughtful kindness of Major Euan C. Smith, C.S.I., Secretary to Sir Bartle Frere, who telegraphed for them while we were at Cairo—and thoroughly good and useful they proved. Murphy, having been granted leave by the Indian Government, also came by the *Punjáb*.

At Zanzibar we took the opportunity of completing our outfit, as far as possible, at the stores kept by Tarya Topan, French

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Charlie, Rosan, and the various Portuguese Joes, gathering together those little odds and ends so necessary in rough travel. For a caravan should be as thoroughly independent as a ship, or even more so, since after having started from the coast no opportunities occur of purchasing such small items as needles, thread, buttons, etc., etc., on which much comfort in a great measure depends.

Tarya Topan was one of the most influential of the Indian traders, and was also more inclined to assist us than any other.

French Charlie was an oddity who required to be known to be appreciated, and, from being cook at the English consulate, had now arrived at an important position in society at Zanzibar. All H.M. ships arriving there he supplied with fresh beef and bread, and he was proprietor of the only approach to a hotel in the island. He had a miscellaneous collection of stores of all sorts and descriptions, and, being utterly unable to read or write, had a most imperfect knowledge of what he possessed, and was content to ask a would-be purchaser to overhaul his stores, and if he succeeded in finding what he required, to give a fair price for it.

Without learning English, he had partially forgotten French, an amusing mixture of the two being the result. It is needless to say his affairs are rather in disorder; but nevertheless he thrives and is prosperous, one reason for this probably being his great generosity, for I believe few could find it in them to cheat him.

Rosan was an American, who kept a miscellaneous store; and the Portuguese Joes are Goanese doing business as tailors, hair-cutters, grog-sellers, and, in fact, turning their hand to any thing and every thing.

Dr. Kirk obtained for us letters of recommendation from the sultan, and, what was perhaps still more important, from the Indian merchant who farms the customs, to whom nearly every trader in the interior owes money, so that his injunctions could not lightly be disregarded.

We were entertained at farewell dinners at the consulate and on board the flag-ship *Glasgow*, and again took our departure for Bagamoyo in a dhow well laden with our belongings. On arrival, we had the satisfaction of being effusively and noisily

welcomed by our men, who had, wonderful to relate, kept out of mischief during our absence.

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Without delay we settled down to work, and re-entered with unflagging zeal into the task of engaging pagazi, the rapid approach of the rainy season, or Masika, which would render traveling more difficult, making every day's delay an important matter. I numbered the rifles which had been supplied to the expedition by the War Office, and served them out to the men, who were exceedingly proud of being armed with European guns; and I may add that during the whole expedition they kept their arms, under very trying circumstances, in a condition that would be a credit to any soldier.



VIEW IN BAGAMOYO.

Finding that pagazi came forward very slowly, and that those actually engaged could never be collected together, I resolved to form a camp a short distance out in the country to prove that we intended to start immediately, and that therefore nothing would be gained by men holding back with the hope that higher rates of pay might be offered. By this means I also hoped to introduce some form of discipline into the heterogeneous mass of which our party was composed. With this object, Dillon and I went out prospecting, and fixed on a lovely spot,

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some four miles from the town, near a plantation called Shamba Gonèra.

Just before making this move, rather an unpleasant *fracas* occurred one morning when inspecting arms and seeing the donkeys watered. It originated in a dispute between a slave-girl and one of our boys who had charge of the riding-donkeys, as to which should first draw water at the well. An Arab rushed at the boy and commenced thrashing him, upon which one of the askari flew at the Arab and hit him over the head with a big stick, knocking him down and nearly stunning him; but as I could not approve of such summary justice, I had the askari arrested.

No sooner had the Arab recovered from the effects of the blow than he made off, vowing vengeance, and in less than five minutes was back, foaming at the mouth, brandishing his sword, and swearing that he would "kill a dog of a Nazarene, and then die happy!" He was followed by a crowd of yelling and infuriated friends, who were, however, wise enough to prevent him from carrying out his murderous intention. I ordered our men to return their arms and remain perfectly passive, as there seemed every prospect of a serious row. And it would have been impossible to prevent one had a rifle been fired.

Dillon, Murphy, and myself were altogether unarmed, but had to walk up and down between our men and the crowd and appear perfectly cool, though once or twice the madman—for by this time he had worked himself into a state of fury which could not be distinguished from madness—broke loose and, before his friends could seize him again, came close enough to make it unpleasant. Once he approached me so nearly that I was calculating the chances of being able to catch his wrist to prevent his cutting me down.

After a time Jemidar Issa appeared with the Balooches forming the garrison, and scattered the crowd, and I informed him that, having made a prisoner of the man who struck the blow, I expected him to secure the Arab, with which request he promised compliance, and we returned to our lodgings.

Shortly afterward in came our landlord in much alarm, telling us that the Arab and his friends had broken into his shop, turned every thing topsy-turvy, and threatened to kill him if he

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refused to show the way to our rooms, but that the Balooches had dispersed them. I again sent for Jemidar Issa, acquainting him that the British flag had been insulted by the attack on the house over which it was flying, and unless he arrested the culprit at once, I should refer the matter to the admiral at Zanzibar. At the same time I dispatched messengers to Jemidar Sabr, requesting his immediate presence to restore order.

A lull now took place, and a passing thunder-storm having afforded us a large supply of water, we thought it a capital opportunity for washing our dogs. And while engaged in this interesting operation in a light costume, consisting only of pyjamas and soapsuds, the turban of Jemidar Sabr appeared at the top of the ladder, and we had to bolt incontinently, and dress sufficiently to receive him with due respect.

At first he professed his inability to do any thing; but we upheld our rights as Englishmen, and still insisted that the man who had threatened and insulted us should be secured, or we would report the case to Zanzibar, adding that he well knew that if we adopted such a course neither his nor Jemidar Issa's place would be worth five minutes' purchase.

Both the jemidars still attempted to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds; but seeing that we were determined not to withdraw from the position we had assumed, promised compliance with our demands, and in the evening reported that the man was in prison.

Two days' palaver about the matter then followed. We wished the man to acknowledge his offense, or to be sent to Zanzibar to be dealt with by the sultan; while the two jemidars and the principal inhabitants desired that no further action might be taken in the affair.

On the third day the father of the offender, a fine, dignified, gray-bearded old Arab called on us, and made me feel almost ashamed of myself by kneeling down and kissing my hands. His son was very ill, he said, and promised that himself and some of the principal inhabitants would be responsible for his actions. This old man's humiliation was more than I could bear, and I readily agreed to the immediate release of his son, but added that in future we should all carry pistols, and told him to caution his son that if he again attempted to draw

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his sword near any of us, we should immediately shoot him down.

Thus this disagreeable business was concluded, and, I believe, did us no injury, but rather good; as it proved that although we would not allow ourselves to be insulted with impunity, we were not at all vindictive.

Very shortly afterward we moved to Shamba Gonèra, and pitched our tents under a clump of large mango-trees on an open grassy slope, at the bottom of which was a stream running to the Kingani. The donkeys, numbering twenty-four, were picketed at night in two lines, and in the day-time were tethered in such places as afforded good grass and shade, the riding donkeys having, in addition, a feed of corn.



CAMP AT SHAMBA GONÈRA.

Much opposition to our obtaining porters being still offered at Bagamoyo, and the people, taking advantage of our desire to start, becoming more extortionate, I wrote to Dr. Kirk, asking if he would pay us a visit, in order to show that we were still under the ægis of the British Government. Although very busy, he came almost immediately in the *Daphne*, and used his influence, which is greater than that of any one else at Zanzibar, to assist us.

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Accompanied by Captain Bateman, of the *Daphne*, and some of the officers of that ship, Dr. Kirk visited our camp, and told us that he was delighted with all he saw, at which remark from so experienced a traveler we were much gratified.

The result was that affairs went more smoothly for a time, but in a few days returned into the old groove. There was no doubt that Abdúllah Dina, whom we employed as a sort of agent, and Jemidar Issa, notwithstanding profuse asseverations that they were doing their utmost to help us, were really thwarting us in every way. They argued that the longer we were detained, the more money they would make out of us.

The establishment of the camp at Shamba Gonèra proved of no service as far as keeping the men together was concerned, for the moment they received their rations they disappeared again into the town. I thought at one time of sending Dillon and Murphy with the men we had engaged to Rehenneko or Mbumi, to the other side of the Makata swamp, there to await my arrival with such additional pagazi as I could collect; but I found this impracticable, as Murphy, having exposed himself too much to the sun and dew, was unable to travel.

I then compromised matters by sending, under the charge of Dillon, all the men we could muster and most of the donkeys to Kikoka, the outpost station of H.H. Syd Burghash, on the other side of the Kingani.

Soon after his departure, both Murphy and myself had a sharp attack of fever; but while I was fortunate in shaking it off in three days, it seemed inclined to keep a hold upon Murphy, and I therefore asked Dillon to return and give him the benefit of medical treatment.

The same day a letter arrived from Dr. Kirk, stating that Sir Bartle Frere and staff were coming to Bagamoyo in the *Daphne*, and requesting me to inform the French mission of the same. I at once rode over to deliver this message, and also mentioned Murphy's illness, when Père Germain insisted on proceeding to our camp, and taking him on a litter to the mission, that he might be nursed in the infirmary.

The *Daphne* arrived the next day, and Sir Bartle, on landing, was welcomed by all the Hindis in the place, a set of cringing sycophants who had done all that lay in their power to hinder

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us during the whole time we had been at Bagamoyo, but now came to make their salaams to the big man, and assure him of their loyalty and non-participation in the slave-trade. Sir Bartle remained the entire day at Bagamoyo, but his staff went to the Kingani to try their hands at the hippopotami, with which the river swarmed.

Another volunteer came to us in the *Daphne*, Robert Moffat—a grandson of Dr. Moffat, and nephew of Dr. Livingstone—who, hearing of the expedition, had sold a sugar plantation at Natal, which formed his sole inheritance, and hastened to Zanzibar, prepared to devote all his energies and every penny he possessed to the cause of African exploration.

It may perhaps be well to mention that Zanzibar is not alone the town or even the island commonly so called, but is the correct term for the whole of the sultan's dominions, meaning "the coast of the blacks." Unguja is the native name for the town of Zanzibar.

I took advantage of Moffat's having joined to proceed at once with Dillon to Reheneko, leaving Moffat and Murphy to bring up the rear division of the caravan, as this course would allow the latter time to recover, and give the former a chance of completing his kit. And having—with the assistance of Moffat, who proved willing and hard-working—mustered all the men I possibly could, we loaded them and the donkeys, and started for Kikoka.

From having unwisely worn slippers while walking in the long grass near our camp, my feet had been cut and poisoned, and were now covered with small sores which prevented my putting on boots or moving about with any degree of comfort; so I mounted a donkey, and led the way.

At the outset we marched over grassy country, and all went merry as a marriage-bell until we reached Stanley's famous bridge across a muddy creek.

This my donkey, "Jenny Lind," refused to face, and, on my getting off to lead her, broke away and bolted back to Shamba Gonera, leaving me to wade across this place with bare feet, and to struggle along through black and sticky mud for the remainder of the journey to the Kingani. This caused the sore places on my feet to become so much inflamed that I could not

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even wear slippers on arriving at the river. Here we and our stores were ferried over without delay, but it was too late to get the donkeys across that night.

Neither our tent nor cook had arrived, so we had no alternative but to sleep out on the river-bank, and make our supper off roasted Indian corn which we obtained from the garden of a Belooch who was supposed to guard the ferry. Luckily the night was fine, and we slept comfortably along-side a large fire.

We were astir by break of day, and, before the ferry-man was ready to tow the donkeys across, amused ourselves by popping at the numerous hippopotami. A huge crocodile floating down stream toward the ferry varied our sport, and I succeeded in lodging a bullet and a shell in the middle of his back. He gave a convulsive plunge, throwing his whole length at least six feet into the air, and then sunk to be no more seen.

The donkeys being landed on the northern bank without accident, and the tent and cook having turned up, we started for Kikoka, arriving there at eleven o'clock.

Moffat, who had accompanied me thus far, I now sent back to Bagamoyo with my parting orders to Murphy, and then with Dillon endeavored to collect our men for the road. This was not an easy matter, for notwithstanding our distance from Bagamoyo, its Circean charms proved so strong that there were always thirty or forty absentees at the morning muster.

I offered the guard at the ferry a reward if they would not allow any of my men to cross without a pass from me; but this proving ineffectual, I sent Bombay with a party of askari back to Bagamoyo, to hunt up the absentees, and bring them out loaded with food.

At the end of four days—which I afterward heard he had spent loafing about Abdúllah Dina's—he returned without bringing in any of the deserters.

While Bombay was away, a Comoro man, called Issa, who had acted as interpreter on board the *Glasgow*, and held very good certificates, volunteered to join the expedition; and, as I required a native leader for Murphy's portion of the caravan, I engaged him. His duties were eventually to be those of store-keeper and interpreter of the main body, being the only man who could read and write, and, on account of his having trav-

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eled in Manyema and other countries rarely visited by caravans, I trusted that his experience would stand me in good stead.

During our stay at Kikoka two caravans of Wanyamwesi, bringing down their own ivory, passed us; but I could not tempt any of their number to join us as porters for the up journey, as they wanted to have their spree at Bagamoyo before returning to their own homes.



LOADED DONKEY AND PAGAZI.

## CHAPTER III.

Leaving Kikoka.—Form of Camp.—Mode of Hut-building.—Foraging for Provisions.—A "Short Cut."—Bombay as a Guide.—A Luckless Cruise.—A Needless Scare.—Levy of Mhongo.—Msuwah.—Fortified Villages.—An Artful Dodger.—An Arab Caravan.—Offerings to Spirits.—Baobab-trees.—Kisemo.—The Lugerengeri.—The Kungwa Hills.—Simbaweni.—Its Queen.—Rumored Terrors of the Makata Swamp.—Lazy Porters.—Honor among Deserters.

Tired of the innumerable delays, we decided to start from Kikoka on the 28th of March with whatever men we might have in camp, leaving such loads as we were unable to get carried in charge of the Belooch guard, to be afterward sent for by Murphy.

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I turned the hands up at 5.30 A.M., and found that seven more pagazi had deserted during the night. This raised the total number of absentees to twenty-five, and so many more were skulking about the village and in the grass and jungle that it was ten o'clock before we made a move.

It was altogether impossible to make the askari load the donkeys properly. In fact, to tell the truth, we were obliged to do the work ourselves while our men looked on in idleness. If left to themselves, they tried to tie the crupper round the donkey's neck, and placed the pad so that it afforded no protection whatever to the animal's back.

For two hours and a half we marched across a lovely country of rolling grass-land interspersed with belts of timber, and every here and there small knolls crowned with clumps of trees and shrubs. Away on our right lay the chain of small hills where Rosako and its neighboring robber villages were situated, along the route which Stanley followed on his journey for the relief of Dr. Livingstone.

We camped on the top of a small knoll, the huts of the men being so arranged as to form a fence, while in the centre the

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tents were pitched and a large hut erected for stores and guard-room. Before sunset the donkeys were picketed inside the boma, and the entrance closed as a defense both against wild beasts and robbers.

The men divided themselves into small kambis or messes, numbering from three to seven each, for the purposes of cooking and building their huts.

Each kambi selects one man for duty as cook, while the remainder busy themselves in building, and by this subdivision of labor a camp is formed in a wonderfully short space of time wherever grass and suitable wood are plentiful.

One man cuts the ridge-pole and undertakes the general superintendence, while others prepare forked uprights and small sticks for rafters, provide bark to bind the structure together, and grass for thatch and bedding.

Every bit of grass is carefully rooted out from the inside to prevent the stubs injuring the mats. A thick layer of cut grass is also spread on the ground to form a sort of mattress, and on this the mats are laid.

Some of the more luxurious build small kitandas, or bed-places, to raise them above the damp ground.

Within a couple of hours after arrival all is completed; and as soon as the men have been fed, they dispose themselves to sleep until the time for their sunset meal, after which they smoke and yarn till eight or nine o'clock, when most of them turn in for the night.

Occasionally, however, the silence is broken by some fellow who, thinking he has something important to tell a chum at the other side of the camp, makes no scruple of howling out at the top of his voice, and continuing to shout until he obtains an answer. Probably he will then have forgotten what he wished to say, and has thus disturbed the whole camp for nothing.

After two more days of marching through similar country, the guides advised a halt to procure supplies, and I accordingly set out in the afternoon with Bombay and a party of men for a village said to be near, leaving Dillon to look after the camp.

I had taken off my traveling kit, and, in order to appear in due form before the eyes of the natives, had dressed in white shirt and trousers and put a green veil round my topce, Dillon

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remarking that I looked like a stage peasant got up as a bridegroom. Certainly I was not suitably equipped for a rainy afternoon, and so I found an hour later, when it rained in such torrents that in a few moments I was thoroughly drenched. The footpaths were ankle-deep in water, and a nullah which was perfectly dry when we passed it during our morning's march had now become a considerable stream.



BOMBAY AND TWO CHUMS.

As the village was reported to be nearer than the camp, I held on my way, and after a seven miles' walk arrived at a small group of round huts which formed the residence of the chief of the district. He happened to be away, and his son, apparently a great dandy in his own estimation, would not sell any thing during his father's absence.

After much bargaining and bothering, I managed to obtain a goat and a few eggs from another source; but no food for the askari and pagazi was forthcoming.

We therefore went foraging about, and, crossing an affluent

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of the Kingani which was up to our armpits, discovered a few miserable huts; but from the inhabitants my men could get nothing more than a root or two of cassava.

It was now getting late, and we turned our footsteps campward, allowing Bombay to lead, as he declared there was a short cut. So away we went plowing our way through long wet grass; and, as the darkness closed around, without a single star to guide us, we lost our road completely.

I was confident that Bombay was wrong, but he and all the men persisted that he was right. I trusted them, not then having practical experience of the inability of an African to strike out a new road, although he will remember every turn and step of those he has once traveled over.

About nine o'clock we found ourselves in a swampy wood, and, hearing no answer to the guns I had ordered to be fired to apprise the people in camp of our whereabouts, I thought it best to select some dry spot where we could kindle a fire, cook the goat, and make ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

I squatted down close to the fire, with my back against a tree, and tried to eat some of the goat, but was too completely done up to get even a morsel down my throat. The men, however, made short work of it.

As soon as the first gleams of light heralded the approach of day, I arose from my "wretched lair" and set off to look for the camp, and shortly met some people who had been dispatched by Dillon to come in search of us. In another hour I reached my tent, though barely able to crawl into it, the night's exposure having brought on a violent attack of fever. I was only fit to turn into bed, and get Dillon to doctor me.

To add to my annoyance, I found that, had we taken the direction I wished the evening before, we should have got into camp all right.

I was a very different-looking object on my arrival from what I had been on my departure on this luckless cruise. Shirt and trousers wet, torn, and mud-stained; the color of the veil washed out, and hat, face, and shoulders all rejoicing in a pea-green tint.

Three more days were we delayed at this camp, and then the

men sent to the south of the Kingani returned with only a sufficient quantity of cassava for immediate use.

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During our stay Moffat came out on foot with letters from Dr. Kirk and other friends at Zanzibar, together with the mail that had arrived since we left Kikoka. He also brought the news that Murphy had almost recovered, and had broken up the camp at Shamba Gonèra, and made his head-quarters in Bagamoyo.

Moffat being rather knocked up by this walk, we gave him a donkey for the return journey to Bagamoyo, and started off again ourselves, marching for three days without interruption.

The country consisted principally of prairies, with clumps of trees and occasional small ponds or water-holes, in which beautiful large blue and white water-lilies grew, and here and there magnificent white lilies showed among the grass.

On this march I was suffering very much from fever, and was delirious when in camp. Yet I managed to pull myself together while on the road, and was able to ride my donkey, though the moment the excitement of the march had passed I was hardly able to stand.

Upon Dillon during this time devolved the work of driving the caravan along, and, owing to his unremitting attention, all went smoothly.

On the third day we heard that a village was close in front, and sent messengers to acquaint the chief of our approach. Astonishing rumors were brought back to the effect that the chief would not allow us to pass; but as every man who made any report differed from his fellows, we decided that all were false.

We remained camped, however, for one day to await a definite answer, as there had lately been great difficulties between the chief and filibustering parties from Whindé, a village on the coast which owes a divided allegiance to H.H. Syd Burghash.

The hoped-for answer not having been received on the 7th of April, we started early in the morning, and at noon arrived at the outskirts of the district of Msuwah. There was much cultivation all around us—pumpkins, Indian-corn, sweet-potatoes, etc.—but the only signs of any habitations were tiny spirals of blue smoke curling up from the midst of clumps of the densest jungle.

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Our people were driven nearly wild with fright on this march, owing to a few who were rather in advance of the main body rushing back, with fear depicted on every feature, declaring they had seen some *armed* men (as though every one in Africa did not go armed), and that we had better return to Baganoyo at once, as it would be madness to proceed any farther. After a time we somewhat allayed their agitation, and persuaded one or two of the bravest—or rather least cowardly—to talk to these much-dreaded armed men, one of whom, with spear, bow, arrows, and all, returned with them, and agreed to guide us to the chief's village.

We camped early that afternoon, and I was still so ill from fever and fatigue that I turned in at once.

The following day the chief paid us a visit, and gave permission to move close to his village, but informed us that, owing to a treaty he had concluded with the people of Whindé, we should be expected to pay *mhongo* before leaving.

Under this treaty, entered into between the chief of Msuwah and the people of Whindé, the former was to pay the latter a certain number of slaves, and in compensation he was allowed to tax all caravans passing through his district, provided that they started from any point on the coast excepting Whindé.

This agreement was arrived at after war had been carried on between both parties for some years without either side being able to gain a decided advantage, and we were doomed to be the first sufferers.

This incident shows how little real influence the Sultan of Zanzibar has over his subjects on the main-land, and how little he can do personally, even with the best intentions, to put down the slave-trade in his continental dominions.

Dillon returned the visit of the chief, who was very civil, and arranged our *mhongo* at thirty *doti*.

The village of Msuwah consisted of six or eight large, well-built huts, kept clean and in good order; but another in the middle of a dense patch of jungle we were not allowed to see.

These villages are built in the midst of jungle for the purpose of providing protection against attack, being only approachable by very narrow, tortuous paths, capable of being completely blocked and rendered perfectly impregnable against



CAMP AT MESTWAHL. From a sketch by Dr. Dillon.



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native warfare. Owing to these strong positions, the people are able to harry their neighbors with a certainty of safety from reprisals, and make slaves, for whom they are always sure of finding a ready market in the towns on the sea-board.

Here we heard that the country to the front was "hungry," and we should therefore be obliged to buy food for the road before starting. And our civil and smiling friend, the chief, assuring us that it would be dangerous for our men to go in search of food, offered to send his own people to procure it—provided we paid in advance.

When he had received the cloth, he made numerous excuses for not fulfilling his promises; and, after five days' halt, we had to start with only two days' supplies.

Some neighboring chiefs, hearing of our proximity, took advantage of this delay to personally demand *nhongo*. To one, named Mtonga, I was foolish enough to pay thirty *doti* of *merikani* and *kaniki* and seven colored cloths, upon Bombay persuading me that his village lay on our road, and there would be trouble if we did not satisfy these claims. But I afterward found that the scoundrel had been cheating us, as his village was situated to the northward of us, and, if any thing, to our rear. Another, called Kasuwa, demanded two whole bales; but as I happily discovered that we had already passed him, he got nothing.

On the fourth day of our halt we were visited by the leaders of a large Arab caravan which had left the coast some time before us, but had been detained by troubles along Stanley's route. They mustered over seven hundred men, of whom about a half were armed with muskets.

The halt was not altogether wasted, as it enabled us to improve our donkeys' saddles, and gave me a chance of shaking off the fever; but during our stay we had the misfortune to lose one of our *pagazi*, who died suddenly without any previous illness, and some half a dozen others deserted.

On the 14th of April we made another move, after a great deal of trouble with the men, who, if allowed to halt a day or two, always made more fuss about starting than if they had been kept on the road altogether.

We passed through the Arab camp, in which there were sev-

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en tents belonging to the proprietors of different divisions, each being inclosed in a compound made of cloth screens or grass fences which served to keep the profane eyes of outsiders from penetrating the mysteries of the harem. They were in great tribulation, owing to many of their hired pagazi having bolted; and I found I had reason to congratulate myself on only having lost half a dozen while at Msuwah, as it is a favorite place for coast people to desert, and the jungle and villages afford so many lurking and hiding places that it is almost impossible to find them again.

The Arabs professed to be very anxious to join us, and I should not have objected but for rumors of scarcity of food and anticipations of difficulty in rationing so large a party.

I determined to press forward as quickly as possible toward the Makata swamp, every day's delay now increasing the chances of its being in bad condition for crossing. And we covered a good ten miles, halting only for half an hour—passing over a level table-land about four hundred or five hundred feet higher than Msuwah—and descried right before us a glorious cloud-capped range of mountainous hills.

The country through which we had come was well cultivated, and dotted with numerous hamlets peeping out of woods and bosquets. Where the ground was not cultivated or covered with jungle, the grass was excellent.

I was much astonished at the total absence of cattle, as we noticed no tsetsé, and the country seemed admirably adapted for grazing, being well watered, and provided with trees to afford shade during the heat of the day.

Every plot under cultivation had in it a miniature hut, under which offerings were placed to propitiate the evil spirits lest they should injure the growing crops.

Several graves of chiefs bestrewed with broken earthenware were pointed out to me. They also had huts erected over them with a small tree, usually of the cactus species, serving the purpose of a centre-post.

On this march we first met with baobab-trees, which may be termed the elephants or hippopotami of the vegetable kingdom, their smallest twigs being two or three inches in circumference, and their forms of the most grotesque ugliness. This is, how-

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ever, toned down by their beautiful white flowers and the tender green of their foliage.

At Kisémo the chief brought a goat to our camp and asked for fifty doti as mhongo; but as he was "a small thief," this request was not complied with. We gave him four doti as the price of the goat and four more as a present, and he professed himself perfectly satisfied, although it was so great a reduction from his attempt at extortion.

Our road, at starting, led up a steep ascent and across a tableland, gradually sloping toward the west with occasional slight undulations, until we came to the steep and almost cliff-like descent into the valley of the Lugerengeri. Frequent outcrops of sandstone and quartz were noticeable, and crystalline pebbles were plentiful; and the soil, which was in some places of a reddish hue, was at other points a pure white silver sand, both being covered with a considerable layer of vegetable mold.

Many beautiful flowers gladdened our eyes on the march, among which were tiger-lilies, convolvuli, primulas of a rich deep yellow, and another having somewhat the appearance of a fox-glove opened back. In the valley of the Lugerengeri I saw some thorn-bushes of osier-like growth bearing large, purple, bell-shaped flowers. From the coast thus far, we had frequently met with white primulas, a large yellow daisy, and small red-and-blue flowers, very similar to forget-me-nots.

The Lugerengeri here lies at the bottom of a valley with a broad and very nearly level sole, which it floods when swollen by exceptional storms, carrying destruction far and wide.

The year before we passed, one of these inundations—caused by the rains accompanying the hurricane which did so much damage at Zanzibar—swept away about twenty villages, with great loss of life, though no reliable account of the numbers who perished could be obtained. The inhabitants, like veritable fatalists, had re-occupied many of the old sites, only a few being sufficiently wise to guard against the recurrence of a similar disaster by building on small eminences.

We camped near a village built by some of the wiser ones, and were well received by the chief, who placed a couple of neighboring huts at our disposal for our stores.

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Before us, on the opposite side of the Lugerengeri, were the hills we had sighted two days previously.

Bombay, on arrival, said, "Master, Lugerengeri live close by, jump him to-morrow;" but when to-morrow came there arose the same old cry of "Master, country very hungry in front;" and we were compelled to spend a day looking for provisions, being rewarded by obtaining sufficient for three or four days.

About noon a division of the Arab caravan passed us, and camped on the opposite bank of the Lugerengeri, the remainder of the Arabs being bound for the country of the Warori and Wabena.

By five o'clock the next morning we were on the move, and Hamees ibn Salim, the owner of the Arab caravan, hearing us astir, sent his drummer to play us past his camp. Crossing by the ford just as the day was beginning to dawn, we found the Arabs not yet packed up, but Hamees turned out to salute us as we passed. When we forded the Lugerengeri, it was only about thirty yards wide and knee-deep, but it must be impassable whenever a freshet comes down. The channel exceeds two hundred and fifty yards in width, with banks on each side twenty-five feet high; and many old plantations in the vicinity were covered with sand brought down in the floods of 1872. The bed consisted of white sand, with quartz and granite pebbles, and large bowlders of granite much water-worn were strewed about in considerable numbers.

After traversing seven miles of thickly wooded country without any inhabitants, Hamees's caravan overtook us. I had been walking in front, and was obliged to sit down and rest, being still weak from fever, on seeing which, Hamees kindly offered me his donkey, and, upon my refusing, sat down to keep me company until my own arrived.

After this, we had some rough marching over very steep hills, through patches of tiger grass, and across ravines forty and fifty feet deep, with almost precipitous sides, at each of which we were obliged to unload the donkeys and carry the baggage up and down by the help of the drivers.

Notwithstanding the extra work of superintending this, besides dragging one's weary legs along, the scenery was so delightful that we scarcely thought of fatigue.

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All the hills were exceedingly rocky—being composed mostly of granite, but in some instances of nearly pure quartz—but they were thickly clothed with trees wherever the inequalities of the surface allowed sufficient soil to accumulate. The greater number of the trees being acacias in full bloom, their red, white, and yellow blossoms, and those of other flowering trees, stood out in masses of gorgeous color.

Late in the afternoon we arrived at the camping-place, a rocky pass having at the bottom pools of water in granite basins. Out of these two streams issued, one running west and the other east, but both ultimately falling into the Kingani.

This was the direct road through the range of hills that had been in sight since leaving Kisémo, and I now ascertained they were named Kungwa, though by Burton and Speke they are grouped with others as the Duthumi Hills.

The tail of the caravan, owing to the long and tiring march, was all over the country, and many of the stragglers were not up till after sunset.

Next morning saw us off betimes, our path, with a water-course beside it, leading us through a regular pass. Along this route we had trouble in forcing our way through sword-grass and bamboo—the first we had seen—which was covered with a creeper very like the English sweet-pea, bearing many twin and a few double flowers.

Five miles of this work brought us into a valley inclosed by the Kungwa Hills, and full of conical knolls, many of which were crowned by villages. The Arabs camped in one called Kongassa, while we halted at another named Kungwa, from the mountains, the highest peak of which overhung us.

The sides of the knolls were planted with Indian and Kaffir corn and sweet-potatoes, while the damp bottoms served to produce rice, and in the village ebony or blackwood trees were growing.

A large, unfinished house—the building of which had been commenced by an Arab with a view of settling here, but now falling into decay—afforded good shelter for our stores and many of our men. Those who were unable to get quarters in it shared the huts of the natives in order to escape the rain, which fell almost continuously, and prevented us from starting till late the following day.

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Our next resting-place was a deserted village five miles distant. Here we had to remain a day to obtain supplies; for, as usual, the men were lazy, and wanted an excuse for delay; and this place, which had been the "hungry country" three days before, was now represented as a land of Goshen, while all in front was said to be a barren waste.

Dillon and I enlisted the services of two of the aborigines as guides while we went out shooting. Although we saw tracks of pig and antelope, the beasts themselves kept out of sight; and, after having been out an hour, our worthy guides started off in pursuit of a honey-bird which they heard calling, and in their excitement created such a row as to entirely upset any chances of sport.

The soil in the bottoms was black and heavy, and had become converted by the rains into sticky and slippery mud; but the knolls, being sand, remained comparatively dry during the heaviest rain.

The Arabs who had halted at Kongassa again appeared, and camped close to us, and we went up the valley in company.

The hills closed in on either side, and the path was so blocked with bamboo cane-grass as to render it a matter of great difficulty to fight one's way along. The thick growth also shut out the view of the hills which, when we were privileged with an occasional peep, was delightful; so, to the physical labor of driving our way through the tough grass was added the tantalization of knowing that we were surrounded by charming scenery without being able to enjoy it.

Our camp on this day (April 20th) was by the small village of Kiroka, which the Arabs, having the start of us, had appropriated, and we were obliged to form our boma outside. Haamees's tent was already pitched when I arrived, and, pitying my hot and thirsty condition, he kindly took me inside to have a glass of sherbet. Owing to its sweetness, this unfortunately only increased my thirst: still, I fully appreciated the good intention.

From Kiroka the valley continued to close in, and at the western end we left by a pass situated at some height.

By the side of our path was a torrent-bed more than twenty feet deep, with nearly perpendicular sides, and into this fell a

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baggage donkey carrying about one hundred and forty pounds of ammunition—a quantity of which consisted of percussion shell—but, luckily, without causing injury either to himself or his load, although he pitched straight on his head. A little hair rubbed off his forehead was the only visible result of his tumble.

The latter part of the pass was very slippery sandstone and quartz; and at its highest point, the hills, clothed to their summits with trees, rose some three hundred feet above us. A steep descent of greasy red clay brought us into the broad valley of the Lugerengeri, bounded on the south by the Kigambwé Mountains, from which many torrents come down to the river, and on the north by a range of detached conical hills.

The valley of Lugerengeri is very fertile, with pleasing alternations of open wood, jungle, grass, and cultivation; but the torrents from the Kigambwé hills are very serious drawbacks to the safety of the inhabitants. The Mohalé must be over a mile wide in spates; and even when we crossed, several streams knee-deep were flowing between thickets of bamboo, which seamed the bed. We rested for the night in the village of Mohalé, and in the morning passed the famous town of Simbawéni, “the stronghold of the lion,” once the habitation of Kisabengo, a notorious freebooter, and the terror of all surrounding tribes.

But its glories have now faded, and we marched past with colors flying, and altogether disregarding the demands of its present ruler. She is a daughter of Kisabengo, and possesses the will, but lacks the power, of rendering herself as obnoxious as was her robber sire.

Crossing the Mwéré torrent, we proceeded to the Lugerengeri, over which we passed by a rough bridge composed of fallen trees, and camped by its banks. It occupied more than two hours getting loads and donkeys across, as the river was twenty yards wide and four to six feet deep, with steep banks rising fourteen feet above the water.

Hamees unwisely pitched his camp by the side of the Mwéré, and, in consequence, had to pay seventeen doti mhongo to Simbawéni, a tax which we escaped. Our men were also anxious to remain on the Simbawéni side, and did not work willingly.

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But we got across without accident, except to one pagazi, who preferred trying to wade the river to trusting himself to the slippery bridge, and was swept away by the current. He was rescued with no further damage than wetting his load, though such an escape was scarcely to be expected.

An Arab caravan for the coast passing us here, we availed ourselves of the opportunity of dispatching a mail for Zanzibar.

Buying provisions for crossing the Makata swamp occupied the next day. There was no trouble in obtaining the supplies we required, as the natives crowded into camp with beans, pumpkins, vegetable marrows, honey, eggs, and corn for sale. Concerning the difficulties of this passage, there were rumors almost sufficient to deter the stoutest from attempting it, if allowance had not been made for the tendency of the negro to exaggeration. Hamees came over to see us in the afternoon, which was miserably wet, and Dillon endeavored to amuse and astonish him with some card tricks. But great was his surprise on finding that Hamees could outdo him.

A branch of a tree falling upon my three-pole tent, made a rent six feet long; and if I had not taken the precaution of having an inner lining fitted at Kikoka, I should have been compelled to seek fresh quarters with Dillon in his Abyssinian tent.

An enormous amount of bother fell to our lot in the morning, for the men had gorged themselves to such an extent that they were very much disinclined to march, and would fain have remained a few days more in this veritable land of plenty. We had to drive them out of camp one by one, and no sooner were our backs turned than they would dodge in again, or hide with their loads among the bushes and long grass.

By dint of perseverance, we at length got them away, and marching close under the end of the Kihondo mountain range—which rises sheer out of the plain to a height of seven or eight hundred feet—arrived at Simbo, the last camp before entering upon the toils and labors of the Makata swamp.

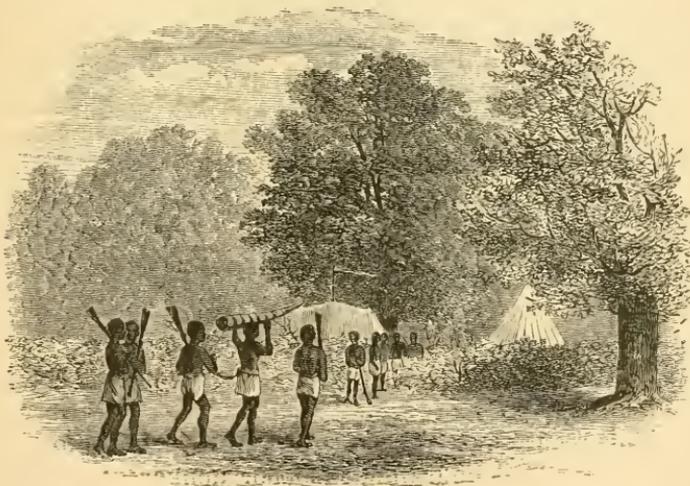
I may mention that Simbo is more a generic than a particular term, and, unless a more definite name can be borrowed from some neighboring village, is frequently applied to places where water is found in holes or by digging—that being the meaning of the word.

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The range of Kihondo inosculates with Kigambwé, and in the angle formed by their junction are the sources of the Lugerengeri River.

On mustering in camp at Simbo, we found one of the pagazi, Ulédi by name, had disappeared with his load. I instantly dispatched five askari in search of him, and in the evening they returned in triumph, having recovered him at Simbawéni, where he had gone, thinking to find a hearty welcome, owing to our having refused to pay mhongo. The queen, Miss Kisabengo, however, handed him and his baggage over to the man in charge of the search-party, upon his paying seven doti as a fee.

I ordered him to be floggéd as an example, and the men agreed that the punishment was well deserved, for, on this part of the road, although it was not thought any disgrace to desert, yet it was considered a point of honor that a man should never run away with his load.



RETURN OF THE DESERTER.

## CHAPTER IV.

The Makata Swamp.—Mud Traps.—The Makata River.—A Native Bridge.—Transporting Donkeys.—Rehennoko.—Laid up.—A Strike among the Men.—Routine in Camp.—Visitors.—A Swaggering Half-caste.—News from Murphy.—His Arrival.—Death of Moffat.—Organizing the Fresh Arrivals.—The Strength of the Expedition.—Women and Slaves.—Losses by Death and Desertion.—Armament.—Our Dogs and Donkeys.—Ready.

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ON the 26th of April we started from Simbo for the dreaded Makata swamp, a large, level plain lying between the Usagara Mountains and those near Simbawéni, offering no particular difficulties of passage in the dry season, but becoming converted by the rains into a vast expanse of mud, with two or three troublesome morasses on the western side.

Two hours' marching through pleasant wooded country, with red sandy soil, gave us our first introduction to the Makata, which then appeared in its worst form.

The foot-prints of elephants, giraffes, and buffaloes had formed numerous holes in the clayey mud, some being at least knee-deep and full of water, and many of our donkeys were trapped in them. But they managed to bring their loads into camp in safety, although one had nearly been strangled by its driver, who made a running noose round its neck and attempted to drag it out of a hole by main force.

Five hours in heavy rain were occupied in getting over five miles of this road, and during that time we had often to lend a hand in loading and unloading the poor donkeys, besides preventing the men from straggling, since they all wished to halt in the middle of the mud.

This would have been a fatal mistake, there being no bushes with which to build huts, or to provide fuel for the camp-fires; and a night's exposure to the rain and cold, with no dry sleeping-place, must have crippled most of them. So I continued on the march until 3 P.M., when we arrived at the site of an old

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camp, a comparatively dry spot, where we found fuel and materials for hut-building.

It rained hard all the night, but began to clear shortly after day-break; and at eight o'clock we commenced our march over a level plain, sparsely wooded, and with a few fan-palms, and the mud not nearly so troublesome as on the previous day.

One hour's distance from camp we crossed a swift little stream, fed by small drains in the soil, which falls into the Makata River, and then came upon another too deep to ford.

To my vexation, on ordering the india-rubber boat to be made ready to ferry the loads across, I found that a part of the caravan had taken a different road, in order to ford the stream where it was shallower, and, unfortunately, the man carrying the boat had gone with those who did not require his services.

We sent after him, but in the mean time decided to cross by swimming, Dillon and myself going backward and forward to tow over those who were unable to swim; and after most of the men were safely landed on the opposite bank, the boat appeared upon the scene, and we used it to transport the bales.

Finding one of my boxes among the baggage, I took the opportunity of changing my wet clothes, but could not persuade Dillon to follow my example, and he remained in the water until he became thoroughly chilled.

I observed wrack of grass and twigs in the branches of small trees on the banks of these streams about ten feet above water, showing how high the floods over the country must be at times.

Another half-hour brought us to the Makata River, a swift, swirling stream, about forty yards wide by eight or nine feet in depth. At this point was a rough bridge, composed of trunks and branches of trees lashed together with creepers and supported by large branches, and in one or two places near the banks by a rough form of trestle.

According to African ideas, this construction, which was then almost under water, answered very well for bipeds; but the unfortunate donkeys were obliged to be hauled across at a clear place farther up the stream, in a manner they did not at all relish.

Each one was brought up in turn and bundled into the river from a high bank, while a dozen men on the opposite side ran

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away with a rope made fast round the neck of the beast, which never appeared after the first plunge until his feet struck ground at the opposite bank.

We camped a few hundred yards from the river, and, the afternoon being fine, occupied ourselves in drying such of our stores as had been damaged by the wet. But during the night the rain came down again in torrents; our camping-ground became a swamp, and the river rose until the bridge over which we had passed was quite under water.



CAMP.

We congratulated ourselves on our good fortune in not being delayed another day before crossing, otherwise we might have been compelled to wait a week for the waters to subside, the current being far too swift to admit of our using the boat.

A portion of the plain rather raised above the general level now afforded us dry and good marching, and a striking feature on the route was presented by the number of fan-palms (*Borassus flabelliformis*), the swelling in the middle of their tall trunks having a very peculiar appearance to eyes unaccustomed to such an apparent deformity.

The numerous runs of game with which the country was intersected were also noticeable. One was so worn that, having separated from the main body of the caravan just before reaching camp, I followed it instead of the proper path for about half a mile, without discovering my mistake.

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We halted close to a village called Mkombenga, and Dillon became very ill with fever, his first attack, which was doubtless brought on by remaining so long in the water on our crossing the Makata River; and my right foot and ankle were so swollen and painful that I was perfectly unable to move.

Neither of us was better for a day's rest; but we thought it advisable to endeavor to reach Rehenneko, the descriptions we had heard of it leading us to believe that it was very healthy.

It was distant one long march, but we decided on proceeding by easy stages. I was suffering such pain that I could neither walk nor ride, but was carried in a hammock, while Dillon managed to get along on his staid old donkey, named "Philosopher" on account of the equanimity with which he endured the vicissitudes of travel. We rested at a small hamlet belonging to a chief named Kombéhina; but the next morning Dillon was too ill to mount his donkey. Having only one hammock, we decided that Dillon should remain here and nurse himself, while I pushed on to Rehenneko, which was reported as being near at hand, sending the hammock back for Dillon as soon as I arrived there. Several large villages were passed on the way, and the country was very thickly cultivated, excepting in places where it was too marshy, or flooded, such as we met with on two occasions. Each of these flooded tracts was three-quarters of a mile across, with water varying from one to three feet in depth.

When I arrived at Rehenneko, I located myself comfortably under the veranda of the chief's hut, and immediately sent the hammock for Dillon.

Rehenneko proved to be a large and populous village, and I was soon surrounded by a wondering crowd, the people being all well-dressed, after the fashion of the slaves at Zanzibar. They wore also a very peculiar necklace, consisting of a disk of coiled brass wire projecting horizontally from the neck, and sometimes as much as two feet in diameter, having an effect which forcibly reminded me of a painting of John the Baptist's head in a charger.

These curious and uncomfortable ornaments I only saw in Rehenneko, but I heard that they were worn throughout the surrounding district.

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The village was situated at the entrance to a rocky gorge leading into the mountains of Usagara, and I at once saw it would not prove a suitable place for a permanent camp, on account of its low-lying position. I therefore selected the summit of a small hill for the site, and was carried there, and had my tent pitched.

Only half a dozen men huddled themselves that night, owing to their very great fear of wild beasts. Indeed, they were so timid that, when I wanted water to drink after sunset, I could not persuade any man to fetch some from a stream some four hundred yards off.

Dillon arrived the next day very ill, and I had the camp properly laid out for a long halt if necessary.

The men's huts formed a large outer circle, and in the centre a plot was fenced in for our tents, the guard-room, and storehouse; the space between the men's huts and our own compound was used for picketing the donkeys at night. During the day they were allowed to roam about and graze, under the charge of a couple of men detailed for this duty. In addition to fever, Dillon had an attack of dysentery, and was confined to his bed until the 20th of May, having arrived on the 2d; and I continued very lame, the swelling of my foot proving to have been caused by a large abscess which formed on my instep.

To add to our troubles, a strike occurred among the men directly after our arrival, as they wanted extravagant amounts of cloth in lieu of rations. I was obliged to be firm, even at the risk of losing many by desertion; for had I yielded to their request, the whole stock of cloth of which we were possessed would very soon have been exhausted. I could purchase eighteen days' rations for one man for two yards; yet each man wanted two yards for every five days, and the smallest concession on my part would only have induced them to increase their demands.

My usual daily routine during Dillon's illness was to hobble round the camp after morning cocoa and visit the donkeys before seeing them turned out to graze, dressing with carbolized oil any that had sores. Then I mustered the men, inspected arms, and heard any complaints; after which the camp was cleared up, rations served out, and parties sent to the surround-

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ing villages to buy the following day's provisions. Breakfast came next, and then writing, saddle-making, and different small employments occupied the time until evening, when a meal—dinner and supper combined—was served. I then took sights, and smoked a pipe by the camp-fire until it was time for bed.

Occasionally the day was diversified by the arrival of a visitor; Ferhan, chief of a large village, and slave of Syd Suliman—who was minister both to Syd Said and Syd Majid, and is now one of the councilors of Syd Burghash—having thus come to pay his respects and make us a present of a goat and some fowls. And another day the son of an Oman Arab settled at Mbumi, Syde ibn Omar, brought a present from his father, and excuses for his not appearing in person on account of illness.

These two visits were very pleasant; but a third proved rather the contrary, when a bumptious, overbearing half-caste came swaggering into camp to demand that we should give up to him one of our pagazi on the plea of a debt contracted two or three years before.

I investigated the case, and the pagazi declaring that he owed nothing to the Arab, I refused to let him be taken away; upon which our friend bounced out of the camp without deigning to respond to my "kwa-heri," or good-bye.

While remaining here, I succeeded in getting all the donkeys' saddles into good working order, and designed a pad of a most useful pattern, which would have enabled us to work with donkeys the whole journey across Africa, had it been made of more lasting materials than those at our disposal. The saddles were fitted with two girths, breast-straps, breechings, and cruppers, and at the top there were toggels and loops, so that the loads could be put on or taken off almost instantaneously when they had to be passed across any of the numerous obstructions on the road.

Seven donkeys carried panniers for ammunition and gun-gear, which would have answered admirably had they been stronger, but we put more weight into them than they were intended to bear; and that, together with constant banging against the trees, so shortened their natural span of life that none of them reached farther than Ujiji.

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Beginning to grow anxious respecting Murphy, I sent back several small parties to try and obtain news of him, and at length, on the 20th of May, I received a letter from him dated at Moháli, on the 16th. He there stated that both he and Moffat had suffered from several attacks of fever, and Moffat was very ill indeed.

Some days elapsing without hearing any thing further, I again endeavored to communicate with him, and then received a report from an up caravan that he was about to cross the Makata.

On the 26th, a caravan hove in sight, headed by a white man riding a donkey; but only that one white man could be seen among the crowd of dusky figures by which he was surrounded.

“Where is the other?” was the simultaneous ejaculation of Dillon and myself, and “Who is the missing one?”

As the party approached nearer, we became still more anxious; and at last, unable longer to bear the suspense, I limped down the hill to meet it.

I then recognized Murphy, and to my question, “Where is Moffat?” the answer was, “Dead!”

“How? when? where?” was quickly asked, and then the sad tale was told of his having fallen a victim to the climate at a camp about a couple of hours’ march from Simbo.

His remains rest beneath a tall palm-tree at the commencement of the Makata plain. His name is added to that glorious roll of those who have sacrificed their lives in the cause of African discovery. Mackenzie, Tinné, Mungo Park, Van der Deeken, Thornton, are a few of that noble company in which, too—though we did not know it at that time—the name of his uncle, Livingstone, holds a most distinguished place.

Poor boy! He came to Bagamoyo so full of hope and aspirations for the future, and had told me that the day he received permission to join the expedition was the happiest of his life.

Murphy’s entire party did not come up until the following day, when they arrived in charge of Issa. Immediately they were settled in camp, I numbered and served out the loads, making a list of the contents of each, so that it might be possible to find at once any thing that was required.

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One great difficulty was providing carriers for Murphy, who was still ill from fever, owing, in a great measure, to his having neglected the use of quinine.

Being no light weight, he required three relays of four men each, thus making a serious drag on our means of carriage, and the six donkeys he had brought up were so knocked about that they were unfit for work. It taxed all the ingenuity of myself and Issa to put matters straight.

The total strength of the expedition at this time consisted of Dillon, Murphy, and myself, Issa (our store-keeper), thirty-five askari (including Bombay, who was supposed to command them), one hundred and ninety-two pagazi, six servants, cooks, and gun-bearers, and three boys. We had also twenty-two donkeys and three dogs, and several of the men had with them women and slaves, so that, numerically, we were an imposing force.



RIDING DONKEYS.

Our total losses up to this time among our men had been— one askari and one pagazi by death, and thirty-eight pagazi by desertion: one donkey had died at Shamba Gonèra; and another, having been lamed by a kick from one of his companions, was left by Murphy at Bagamoyo.

As regards our arms, Dillon and I each possessed, besides revolvers, a double-barreled No. 12 rifle, and a fowling-piece of the same bore, all by Lang; and right good weapons they proved.

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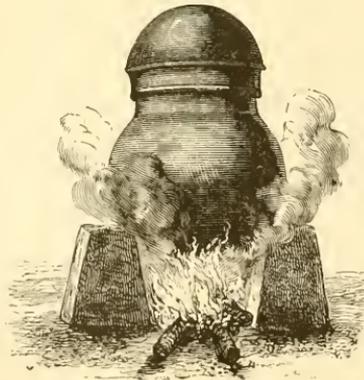
Murphy had a double-barreled No. 10 fowling-piece and a No. 12 of Lang's, which poor Moffat bought at Zanzibar.

Our men were provided with six navy and thirty-two artillery Sniders; and Issa, Bombay, and Bilál carried revolvers. Many of our pagazi also had flint-lock, Tower, or French trade-muskets, and every man not otherwise armed a spear or bow and arrows.

The donkeys had all been elaborately named at Bagamoyo; but the only two that retained them were Dillon's and my riding donkeys, the Philosopher and Jenny Lind.

The three dogs, which were a great delight to us, were Leo, a large, rough nondescript, bought at Zanzibar, my special friend, and a great wonder among all the natives on account of his size and appearance; Mabel or May, Dillon's dog, a bull-terrier given him by Mr. Schultze, the German consul at Zanzibar; and Rixie, a very pretty brindled fox-terrier, brought by Murphy from Aden.

On the 29th of May every thing was ready, and we hoped to make a fair start on the following morning. Murphy was only partially recovered from fever, and I was still lame; but Dillon was perfectly well, and we were all full of hope for the future.



AFRICAN FIRE-PLAOC.

## CHAPTER V.

Our Porter's Vanity.—A Rocky Gorge.—Camping on a Slope.—An Impudent Beggar.—Mirambo.—Monster Trees.—Wife-beating.—Its Remedy.—A Blunder and its Consequences.—Fortune-seekers.—Several Caravans join us.—An Elephant-hunter.—A Distressing Sight.—A Terekesa.—A Dry Country.—Death from Exhaustion.—Water once again.—Strange Doctrine of a "True Believer."—Tembé Huts.—The Wadirigo.—A Warlike Race.—Their Arms.—Harvesting.—Bitter Waters.—The Marenga Mkali.—Sharp-eyed Wagogo.

On the morning of the 30th of May, several hands were absent, and five had deserted. Among the latter was the man whom I had refused to surrender to the bumptious Arab who demanded him for debt.

It was annoying beyond measure to find that, after feeding men in idleness for a month, they bolted the moment they were required for work, and had received their rations for the road.

And another trouble was, that, notwithstanding my having taken the pains to see each man told off to his own particular load, yet they made a rush and struggled for the favorite ones. This was not so much from any desire to shirk a heavy load as to carry one which entitled the bearer to a more dignified position in the caravan, the order being—tents first and foremost, then wire, cloth, and beads, the miscellaneous gear, such as boxes and cooking utensils, bringing up the rear. By dint of perseverance, we adjusted all our difficulties, and started at ten o'clock.

Our road wound through a rocky gorge and up the steep side of the mountain, rendered more difficult by numerous torrent beds channeled in the solid granite, and which were worn quite smooth and polished, and made slippery by the draining-down of water. Before some of our donkeys would cross the worst of these, it was necessary to blindfold them.

None of the men appeared fit for work, being out of training, from a long stay in camp; so, after a short march, we en-

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camped on a slope almost as steep as the roof of a house, that being the most level spot we could find.

Consequently we were obliged to chock up our "rolling stock," to prevent their starting for the Makata plain, some eight hundred feet below.

Several men complaining of illness and weakness, we re-arranged loads. This employed us until late in the evening, when the askari whom I had sent in search of deserters returned without having obtained any news of them.

Leaving here the next morning, without difficulty we made a long and fatiguing march over very mountainous country to a camp on the left bank of the Mukondokwa—the principal affluent of the Makata—meeting on our way a large Arab caravan taking ivory to the coast.

The leader, a very miserable-looking wretch, unhesitatingly asked us for a bale of cloth; but when that modest request was politely refused, lowered his demands and begged for a single doti.

From him we heard that Mirambo, a chief to the west of Unyanyembe, who had been fighting the Arabs for some three or four years, was still unconquered; for, although all the Arabs at Taborah, aided by numerous native allies, had taken the field against him, they had been unable to drive him from the vicinity of their settlements. Traveling round about Taborah was therefore considered dangerous. The road was a succession of very steep ascents and descents, worn in many places into steps composed of quartz and granite, either in slippery sheets or loose blocks, that rendered walking very difficult indeed; and it was almost a marvel that the pagazi and donkeys, with their loads, avoided coming to grief.

Our camp was on an uncomfortable slope, even steeper than that of the previous night, and every thing seemed inclined to follow the universal law of gravity.

Just below flowed the Mukondokwa, a broad and shallow but swift stream; and the hills, covered to their summits with acacias, looked, as Burton justly observes, much like umbrellas in a crowd; and in the dips and valleys, where water was plentiful, the mparamusi reared its lofty head.

The mparamusi is one of the noblest specimens of arboreal

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beauty in the world, having a towering shaft, sometimes fifteen feet in diameter and a hundred and forty feet high, with bark of a tender yellowish green, crowned by a spreading head of dark foliage. Unfortunately, these magnificent trees are often sacrificed to serve no more important purpose than the making of a single door, the wood being soft and easily fashioned; and since it rots rapidly unless well seasoned, the work of destruction is constantly proceeding.

As the last men left camp for our next march, a leopard, having a monkey in its clutches, fell from an overhanging tree within fifteen yards of where our tents had been pitched.

For two hours we followed the left bank of the Mukondokwa, and then crossed the river below a sharp bend in its course, whence a level path through plantations of enormous matama, with stalks over twenty feet high, brought us to camp close to the village of Muinyi Useghara.

The stream at the point where we forded it was fifty yards wide and mid-thigh deep, running two knots an hour, the ford being marked by the finest mparamusi I ever saw. It had two stems springing from the same root, and running at least one hundred and seventy feet in height before spreading into a magnificent head.

Near this was the former village of Kadetamaré. It had been much damaged by the late floods and hurricane, and was now inhabited by some of his slaves, under the orders of a head-man in charge of the provision-grounds.

Kadetamaré, profiting by experience, had built a new village for himself on the summit of a small knoll.

Soon after our arrival at Muinyi Useghara's, we witnessed a curious custom, said to be universal in Oriental Africa. A woman rushed into camp and tied a knot in Issa's turban, thereby placing herself under his protection, in order to be revenged upon her husband, who had beaten her for not cooking some fish properly. The husband came and claimed her; but before she was restored to him he was compelled to pay a ransom of a bullock and three goats, and to promise, in the presence of his chief, that he would never again ill-treat her.

A slave can also obtain a change of masters by breaking a bow or spear belonging to the man whom he selects as his new

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owner, or by tying a knot in any portion of his clothing; and the original owner can not redeem him except by paying his full value, and he is invariably obliged to promise not to use him harshly.

From this place, we dispatched a party of forty men to Mbumi, for food to take us to Mpwapwa; but some of them returned a day later with a woful story of disaster and death.

When sifted to the bottom, the affair proved much less than they represented, though bad enough in all conscience.

It appeared that the party arrived safely at Mbumi, and completed the purchase of the corn we required, when a false alarm was raised that some of the wilder tribes living in the hills were coming to attack the villagers. There was, naturally, very much excitement, in the midst of which one of our men's rifles was discharged by accident, and shot a native through the body, killing him on the spot.

The people then turned upon our party, and those who did not escape by running were seized and put in chowkie, and the corn that had been collected was lost.

Syde ibn Omar, the Arab whose son visited us at Rehenneko, lived near Mbumi, and wrote to acquaint us of the occurrence, and afterward came in person, and was of the greatest possible assistance in arranging the affair. Still, this unlucky business delayed us, and cost three loads of cloth. But we were fortunate in getting off so easily, for many caravans have lost very heavily in conflicts with natives of the Useghara Mountains, arising from far more trivial circumstances than the death of a man.

By a caravan passing down from Unyanyembe, we sent letters and also Moffat's Bible, watch, and an old rifle that had belonged to his grandfather, Dr. Moffat, to be forwarded from Zanzibar to his mother at Durban.

Three up caravans also arrived, and attached themselves to us in order to benefit by the protection of numbers in passing through Ugogo.

One was composed of Wanyamwezi taking home the proceeds of the ivory they had sold at the coast. But on passing Rehenneko, two or three days after we left, they were attacked and dispersed by the chief and people of that place; and, ac-

ording to their account—which I believe was greatly exaggerated—they had lost fifty or sixty loads, and eight or ten men.

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Another was a party of about twenty, belonging to a blacksmith who indulged in the hope of making a fortune at Unyan-nyembe by repairing muskets during the war with Mirambo.

The last and largest was a heterogeneous assemblage, joined together for mutual protection. It consisted of small parties under the charge of Arabs' slaves, and poor freemen who could only muster two or three loads, and slaves to carry them; but, full of hope, were bound for lands of fabulous riches, where ivory was reported to be used for fencing pig-sties and making door-posts.

When we marched on the 11th of June, we were altogether over five hundred strong.

The track was rough and broken; and in some places overhanging the river there were holes so nearly hidden by scrub, that very wary walking was requisite, a false step being sufficient to send one tumbling, through scrub and thorns, into the Mukondokwa.

Fording this stream again, and then following up its valley, we crossed it for the third and last time, close to a small village called Madété, where we camped.

Here we met an elephant-hunter from Mombasa awaiting the return of men he had dispatched to the coast with ivory. He was armed with bow and arrows, the latter so strongly poisoned that one deep or two slight wounds proved sufficient to kill an elephant. The arrow-heads were neatly covered with banana-leaves to prevent accidents, and a stock of the poison was carried in a gourd.

A short distance below the place where we last crossed the Mukondokwa, the Ugombo joins it; and, following the valley of that river, on both sides of which the mountains are very bold and precipitous—some peaks, apparently formed of solid masses of syenite, being excellent landmarks—we arrived the next day at Lake Ugombo.

This sheet of water varies from three miles long by one wide, to one mile long by half a mile wide, according to the season, being mainly dependent on the rains for its supply.

It affords a home for a number of hippopotami, and its sur-

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face is usually dotted with various kinds of water-fowl, while on the neighboring hills guinea-fowl were abundant.

Although I had been assured that all our donkeys were properly tethered in camp, I heard during the night the screams of one evidently in great pain or fear, at some distance from us. It was impossible to proceed to its assistance, owing to the darkness; and, when day dawned, the poor animal was found to have been so dreadfully torn and mangled, most probably by a hyena, that we were obliged to shoot it.

A distressing sight was witnessed on the day of our departure, when a mixed multitude of men, women, and children, driving cattle and goats, and hurrying along with a few of their household belongings, passed by our camp. They proved to be the homeless population of some villages near Mpwapwa which had been plundered by the Wadirigo, a predatory highland tribe, of whom more anon.

From Ugombo to Mpwapwa, two long marches distant, the country was reported to be waterless; and for the first time we underwent a *terelesa*, or afternoon march—one of the most trying experiences of African travel.

A *terelesa* is so arranged that, by starting in the afternoon from a place where water is found, and marching until some time after dark, leaving again as early as possible on the following morning for the watering-place in front, a caravan is only about twenty hours without water, instead of over thirty, as would be the case if the start were in the morning. And as the men cook their food before moving from the first camp and after arrival at the second, no water need be carried for that purpose.

The tents and loads were in this instance seized upon and packed by the carriers at 11 A.M., leaving us exposed to the sun's rays, without a particle of shelter, till we started at one o'clock.

From that hour until after sunset we toiled along a parched and dusty country, with outcrops of granite and quartz all bleached and weathered by the scorching sun and pouring rains of the torrid zone. The vegetation was sparse and dry, consisting of a few baobab-trees and kolqualls, and some thin wiry grass, much of which had been burned down by sparks from the pipes of passing caravans.

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Our halting-place was at Matamondo, where the river-bed was perfectly dry, and not so much as a drop of water was to be seen.

Issa, however, had heard at Ugombo that some was to be found near this place; and, after a long and tiresome search in the dark, a pool was discovered about two miles distant. To this the men immediately went to quench their thirst; but the state of the road rendered it impossible to send the unfortunate donkeys there at night.

In order to escape the heat of the sun as far as possible, we started again at 5 A.M.; and, after dragging along through dusty scrub, up and down steep hills, and in and out of rocky nullahs, we approached the foot of the hills on the slopes of which Mpwapwa lies, about two in the afternoon.

The sight of fresh green trees and fields of maize, matama and sweet-potatoes, and streams of beautiful crystal water running in threads through a broad, sandy course, then gladdened our eyes.

Those only who have traversed a barren, scorching road such as we had gone over, can imagine how great was the delight and refreshment to our weary eyes and aching limbs when this scene first burst upon our view.

Directly I reached the water, I sent some of the least fatigued with a supply for those who had lagged behind, faint with heat and thirst; but, notwithstanding this precaution, one pagazi and a donkey never lived to taste of the fountains of Mpwapwa.

Proceeding up this water-course, bounded on both sides by very large trees, we found water becoming more plentiful, and pitched our three tents under an enormous acacia, one half of which afforded us ample shelter.

We were soon favored by a visit from an Arab who was working his way down to the coast in company with a caravan under charge of a slave of a large merchant of Unyanyembe, having failed to make his fortune in the interior. He seemed half-witted, and certainly was the coolest fellow I ever met; for he did not hesitate to take the pipe out of my mouth, and, after a whiff or two, to pass it on to a circle of greasy, dirty natives who were squatting round us staring as only a negro can stare.

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After a while our eccentric friend retired, and soon afterward a tremendous noise occurred in the camp of the Wanyamwezi.

On going to ascertain the cause of the excitement, I found the Arab, followed by some slaves from his caravan, driving the Wanyamwezi out of their camp on the plea that heathens had no right to possess any goods, and, therefore, the remnant of stores they had saved from the rapacious clutches of the chief of Rehenneko ought by right to belong to a true believer.

He was now attempting to carry this doctrine to its logical conclusion; but I sent the lunatic back to his master, and, seeing quiet restored, the Wanyamwezi returned to their occupations, which had been so suddenly and unexpectedly interrupted.

The chief, a dirty, greasy old fellow, with a moist and liquorish eye, and a nose which denoted his devotion to pombé, came afterward with the leader of the Arab caravan to thank me for having prevented a serious disturbance.

In order to recruit after the fatigues of the trying march from Lake Ugombo, and to prepare for crossing the Marenga Mkali, another waterless track of more than thirty miles, we remained here two days.

And having now experienced the disagreeable consequences of the lack of water, I resolved to take a supply by filling four india-rubber air pillows, each holding three gallons. It required some little ingenuity to fill them; but by taking out the screw-plugs of the nozzles by which they were inflated, and using the tube of a pocket-filter as a siphon, the difficulty was overcome.

At Mpwapwa the *tembé* was first met with, and continued thence throughout Ugogo the sole habitation of the natives.

The *tembé* is formed simply of two walls running parallel, subdivided by partitions and having a roof nearly flat, sloping only slightly to the front. It is usually built to form a square, inside which the cattle are penned at night. It is about the most comfortless form of habitation that the brain of man ever devised; and as the huts are shared by the fowls and goats, they are filthy in the extreme, and swarm with insect life.

The people are armed with bows and arrows, and knob-sticks for throwing or using as a club, and also have long, narrow,

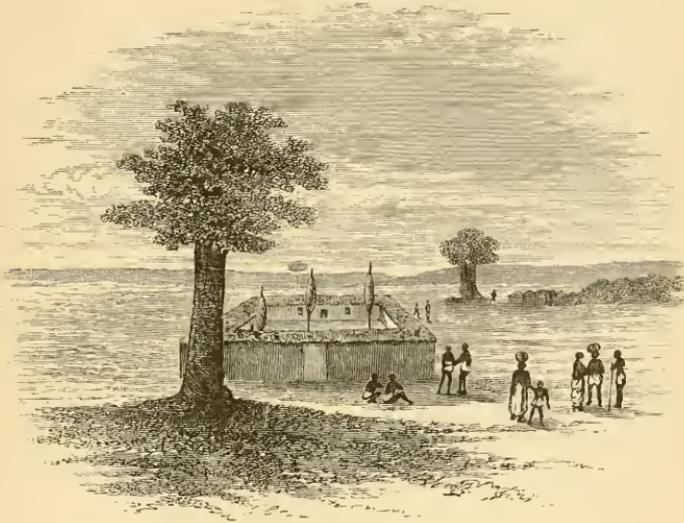
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oval-shaped shields of bull's hide. Their ornaments are brass-wire ear-rings and necklaces; and, having been so much in communication with people of the coast, they dress like the Arabs' slaves.

A great contrast to the Mpwapwa people were some of the Wadirigo who came over to look at us. They stalked about among the timid villagers, openly telling them that, whenever they thought fit, they would plunder them.



TEMBÉ.

The Wadirigo are a tall, manly race, despising all such refinements of civilization as clothing—the men, and many of the women, being stark-naked, with the exception, perhaps, of a single string of beads round the neck or wrist.

They carry enormous shields of hide, five feet high by three wide, stiffened by a piece of wood bowed to form a handle down the centre, and having a small withe round the edge to keep it in shape. On the right-hand side of the centre-piece are two beckets. In these are kept a heavy spear for close quarters, and a bundle of six or eight slender, beautifully finished assagais—ornamented with brass wire, and balanced by a small knob of the same metal at the butt—which they throw upward of fifty yards with force and precision.

Such is their reputation for courage and skill in the use of

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their weapons, that none of the tribes on whom they habitually make their raids ever dare to resist them.

After resting three days, on we went again, marching first to a village called Kisokweh, and meeting on our way many women of Mpwapwa bringing in the harvest in large baskets carried on their heads.

Several had babies slung in a goat-skin on their backs, and wore an apron made of innumerable thongs of hide, having a charm dangling from each to preserve the infant from the evil eye and other forms of witchcraft.

Kisokweh was occupied by the Wadirigo, who were well enough disposed toward us, and, as is usually the case with people of their description, it was "light come, light go;" so that we were able to purchase from them a couple of bullocks, half a dozen goats, and some ghee, for a very small amount of beads and brass wire.

A short march from this brought us to Chunyo ("bitter"), so called from its undesirable reputation of having bitter water, which poisons beasts should they drink it. As we found it fairly good on tasting, we allowed ours to drink, arguing that, if good enough for man, it could not harm a donkey, and the result proved we were right. The water in the pillows we reserved for the Marenga Mkali, for which we started on the 20th of June.

The walking was good, over a level, sandy plain, with numerous small granite hills in different directions; and although there was not much vegetation for the first part of the road, but only a little thin grass and some thoru-serub, this seemed to afford sufficient sustenance for large herds of antelope and zebra.

One herd Dillon and I stalked for some distance, but could not get within effective range, owing to the paucity of cover.

On this occasion we marched almost without intermission from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M., when we camped in a grove of stunted acacias. The men scarcely appreciated this long stretch, and were desirous of halting with a down caravan which we passed at sunset; but knowing that the next morning would be the most trying part of the march, we pressed forward, wishing to shorten it as much as possible. The scene in camp was very

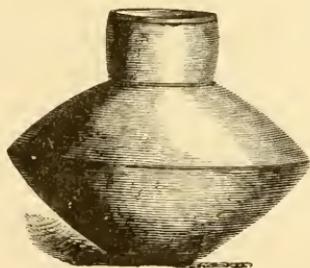
striking; for no tents being pitched or huts built, we all bivouacked in the open.

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Overhead was the sky, of a deep velvety blackness, studded with innumerable silver and golden stars; while the dusky figures, moving about among the fires, formed a weird and effective foreground, the smoke hanging like frosted silver among the tree-tops.

Ugogo was reached the next day, after a very tiresome march of five hours across a country intersected by many nullahs, which in the rainy season are temporary streams.

When we arrived within the limits of cultivation, our men, unable any longer to withstand the pangs of thirst, commenced gathering water-melons of a very inferior and bitter sort; but some sharp-eyed Wagogo detected them, and demanded about twenty times the value of what had been picked; and upon camping at noon, our beasts were not allowed to be watered until we had obtained leave by payment.



EARTHEN POT, UGOGO.

## CHAPTER VI.

Entry into Ugogo.—Character of the Wagogo.—Defeat of an Arab Expedition.—Ugogo.—Water Supply.—A Wake.—Wanyamwezi, and their Ingratitude.—The Wagogo.—Extraordinary Ear-rings.—Fantastic Coiffures.—Personal Adornment.—A Struggle for Precedence.—Curiously-formed Trees and Excrescences.—Astounding the Natives.—Adopted Fathers.—A Thieving Tribe.—Bombay in a Fog.—A Chilly Morning.—Manufacture of Salt.—Small-pox.

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WE had now fairly entered Ugogo, and, having heard many wonderful stories of the extortions practiced by the Wagogo, anticipated some difficulty in passing through their country.

They were reputed to be great thieves, and so overbearing that any insult they inflicted was to be borne without resistance. But should a Wagogo be struck, or receive some imaginary injury, a fine was exacted; and, if not immediately paid, the Wagogo, being a brave and warlike race, would attack and plunder the caravan.

Such was the character we received of them; and though we found them disposed to be rude and extortionate, they were, in truth, the veriest cowards and poltroons it is possible to conceive. Arabs, Wanyamwezi, and others with whom they are principally brought in contact, approach Ugogo in fear and trembling, apprehensive of being fleeced of half their stores in passing through; for they are completely dependent on the Wagogo for their supplies of food and water from day to day; and they, like true cowards, bully and oppress those who are at their mercy, knowing they can offer no resistance.

The tribute which is levied is not, however, altogether unjust, and would, indeed, be perfectly fair, if conducted on any fixed principles; for if the Wagogo did not live in the country and keep the watering-places in repair, the paths would be impassable in the dry season, which is always preferred for traveling.

Some years ago an Arab, braver, but not wiser, than his fel-

lows, as subsequent events proved, determined to fight his way through Ugogo without paying tribute, and with this view collected about nine hundred people, and openly declared his intentions.

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The Wagogo never even waited for his approach, but filled up the pools, burned their houses and such stores as they could not carry, and retreated into the jungle with their wives, children, cattle, and all their movables. The Arab and his men, though quite prepared to contend with human foes, were beaten by hunger and thirst; and while some returned to Unyan-yembe, whence they had started, many more died of starvation, and only eight or ten reached Mpwapwa in safety. It is said that six or seven hundred men perished in this attempt.

Ugogo is about one hundred miles square, but is divided into numerous independent chieftainships, in each of which mhongo has to be paid, and delay experienced.

The country is arid and parched during the dry season, but in the rains, which last from November to May, is well watered, and large crops of matama, which ripens in June, are easily raised. It is upon the stalks of this that the cattle are principally fed in the drought; and they appear in good condition, notwithstanding its seeming lack of nutriment. Every tribe possesses a herd of cattle, which is attended to by all the grown-up males in rotation, the chiefs even taking their turn at this duty.

Numerous water-courses are met with, and in their beds water may frequently be obtained by digging. There are also a few small natural ponds; but, where both these resources fail, the inhabitants dig pits to contain sufficient rain to last them until the season again arrives. After a time the water in these holes becomes indescribably nauseous, and is very often rendered brackish by the large amount of salt in the soil.

On the 22d of June we moved to Mvumi, the village of the chief of the first division of Ugogo, and were thoroughly initiated into the vexations of paying mhongo, and the manner in which negotiations respecting the amount are conducted.

At the moment of our arrival, the chief and his people were celebrating the obsequies of one of his sisters, who had departed this life a week previously, and, consequently, every one was drunk.

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This circumstance detained us three days, during which a gang of Wanyamwezi, engaged by Murphy at Bagamoyo, bolted *en masse*. He had intrusted their payment to Abdúllah Dina; and that worthy gave them such villainous cloth that they considered themselves cheated when they saw the "superior material" which our other people had received. Not contented with deserting only, they stole a load of cloth from one of the small parties accompanying us, which we felt bound to replace, being responsible for the acts of our servants.

They joined the Wanyamwezi whom we had protected at Mpwapwa, and who thus commenced to show their ingratitude by aiding their countrymen to desert and rob us.

As the chief had given orders that none of the inhabitants should enter the camp, on account of trouble having arisen on several occasions between them and passers-by, with loss of life on both sides, we were obliged to send about the country to procure food during our halt here.

The Wagogo are easily distinguished from other tribes by the custom of piercing their ears and enlarging the lobes to a monstrous extent, wearing in them pieces of wood, ear-rings of brass wire, gourd snuff-boxes, and a variety of miscellaneous articles; in fact, the ear to a Mgogo answers much the same purpose as a pocket to people indulging in wearing apparel. The lobes are often so enormous as to descend to the shoulders, and in old age frequently become broken or torn. In this case the indispensable ear-rings are either suspended by a string across the top of the head, or a fresh hole is made in one of the hanging ends, which ultimately becomes as large as the former one.

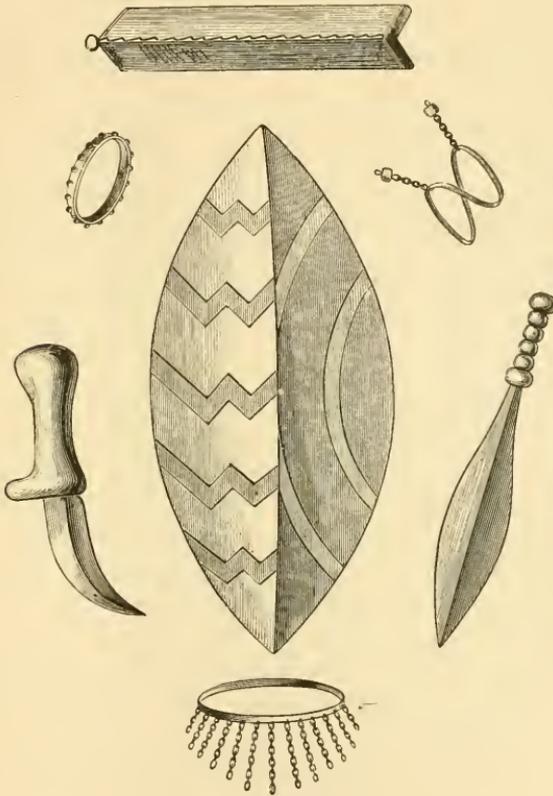
Their arms are double-edged knives, spears, bows and arrows, and knob-sticks. A few also carry hide shields similar in shape to those of Mpwapwa, but with the hair scraped off, and patterns painted on them in red, yellow, black, and white.

Small copper and brass bracelets, worked at Zanzibar, are much worn, as well as *kitindi* of iron and brass wire, which are also placed round the upper arm, and above and below the knee; and a peculiar ornament carved in horn, shaped like a double chevron, with spikes projecting from the upper angles covered with wire and tipped with small knobs of brass, is worn on the upper part of the left arm.

But it is in the adornment (?) of their heads that the Wagogo principally exercise their inventive powers, and nothing is too absurd or hideous to please them.

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Some twist their wool into innumerable small strings, artificially lengthened by working in fibres of the baobab-tree, and either make them project wildly in all directions, or allow them



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to fall more naturally, cutting them level with the eyebrows, but letting them lie in a mass on the back of the neck. On the ends of these strings there are often little brass balls and different-colored beads.

Others cover their heads with copper pice brightly polished, or shave the greater part of the crown, training from the unshorn portions a varying number of stiff tails frequently wound

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round with copper or brass wire, while their brows are bound with a strip of white cowhide.

From the traders they obtain white cloth, which they dye a dirty yellow with clay, and they smear themselves with red earth, sometimes in patches and spots, but at others uniformly over the whole body.

Adding to this the circumstance that the Wagogo are usually dripping with rancid ghee or castor-oil, and never wash, some slight idea of their objectionable appearance and smell may be formed.

Having concluded the payment of mhongo at Mvumi, we left on the 25th of June, arriving the same afternoon at a pretty little ziwa, or pond, surrounded by fine trees, and with short, turf-like sward stretching back from the water's edge, forming a complete oasis in the midst of the sterile country through which we had journeyed. It was about four hundred yards long and two hundred wide, and was the chosen haunt of numerous water-fowl.

Dillon and Murphy took the boat, and managed to bag a few birds somewhat like teal; but I was unable to move about, owing to my boot having chafed the place on which I had an abscess when at Reheneko, and rendered me again quite lame.

Our march had been almost devoid of incident, excepting that the caravan was brought to a stand-still on one occasion by some of the cloth-carriers attempting to take precedence of the more aristocratic wire-carriers.

And a second time, some Wagogo refused to allow us to pass their tembé without mhongo. But having already paid at Mvumi, to which district these people belonged, this was a barefaced imposition. I told the Wagogo they might take payment in lead from our rifles, although our timid men wanted to persuade me to allow myself to be cheated; and seeing three white men with rifles who evidently did not intend to submit to any extortion, they thought it most prudent to draw in their horns, and let the caravan pass without further opposition.

The country was only partially cultivated, and some places were so sterile as to produce nothing but stunted acacias and a thorn which I called the "angular" tree. Every bend was at

a sharp angle, and there was not a curve in any portion of its branches.

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Under the acacias were strewed numerous natural caltrops, formed by a sort of exerescence on the trees, from which protruded four sharp, stiff thorns, each three inches long. When dry, these fall to the ground, and offer a serious impediment to barefooted men.

In one portion of our road there were many narrow rifts, seemingly occasioned by a recent earthquake, but I failed to make any one understand my inquiries as to their cause.

On reaching the *tembé* of the chief of this district, which was called *Mapalatta*, we were again compelled to pay *mhongo*; but, owing to the head-man being drunk, this matter could not be arranged on the day of our arrival. The chief was very civil, and gave us permission to take any *matama* stalks we might require for building huts and feeding the donkeys, during the time we were detained waiting for the head-man to become sober.

Many visitors came to inspect our wonderful belongings—watches, guns, pistols, compasses, etc.; and one old man, who was the chief's uncle and adopted father, after staring for a long time in mute admiration, said, "Oh, these white men! they make all these wonderful things, and know how to use them! Surely men who know so much ought never to die; they must be clever enough to make a medicine to keep them always young and strong, so that they need never die."

I believe the old gentleman had some idea that we were a few thousand years old, and had evolved guns, watches, and all, out of our inner consciousness.

He was very communicative, telling us that six *cirelets* of skin on his left wrist were of elephant hides, and denoted the number he had killed. This induced me to inquire whether the yellow ones on his right wrist were trophies of lions he had killed; but he replied, "Oh, no! goat's skin—worn as a *fetich*."

Honey was plentiful here; but as a party of *Wadirigo* were reported to be lurking about in the jungle, no one could be persuaded to go out to collect any for us.

On the day following, *mhongo* was settled satisfactorily to the chief, in particular, and relatively to us, for he was greatly

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pleased with what we gave him, and we rejoiced at having paid less than we had expected. A timely present to his adopted father on the day of our arrival had probably something to do with the moderation of his demands.

Perhaps a word may be necessary in explanation of the term "adopted father." It arises from the custom observed on the death of a chief, when the son is supposed to look upon his father's eldest surviving brother as his new or adopted father; but only in private, and not in public, matters.

When preparing for the road on the 29th of June, the remaining goats of those purchased from our friendly thieves, the Wadirigo, were missing; so Issa and a few askari were left to look after them, while we proceeded with the caravan to Mpan-ga Sanga. This was a clearing in the jungle three miles in diameter, with half a dozen tembés, and the residence of yet another independent chief.

On the road a little cultivation was passed, with some tembés dependent upon it, and our camp was pitched near the chief's hut, on the edge of a partially dried-up lake.

In the absence of Issa, the payment of mhongo was intrusted to Bombay; but the old man got in a fearful fog about it, and it ended in a dispute between the chief and myself. I considered his demands unreasonable, and directed Bombay not to unfasten any bales in the open camp, but in my tent, to prevent the prying eyes of the natives from seeing my good cloth; because I knew they would most assuredly report to the chief what I possessed, and he would base his demands on this information, instead of on the number of bales.

Bombay, however, became confused and frightened, and opened several loads in the presence of a number of Wagogo. They instantly told their chief they had seen a couple of expensive Indian cloths, intended by me for presents to Arabs or important chiefs; but which, of course, were now demanded.

I naturally upbraided Bombay for having acted in this manner, and desired him to inform the chief that he could not have the cloths. He then became still more foolish, and, while away on this errand, left a bale of common cloth exposed. This dangerous proceeding, in a place where every man's fingers are fish-hooks, resulted in two whole pieces of merikani being

stolen; and, in the end, I was obliged to part with one of the Indian cloths, besides losing the merikani.

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When Issa arrived, he brought one only of the six stolen goats, although the chief at Mapalatta had given him every assistance in looking for them. The others had been carried off by a party of Wadirigo—supposed to be attached to those of whom we had bought them—so that our encouragement of dishonesty brought its own reward.

It was not, perhaps, a very correct thing, according to a high code of morality, to become a receiver of stolen goods; but I thought we might as well accept the offer, especially as the original owners, the fugitives whom we met near Lake Ugombo, could not have benefited in the slightest degree by our abstaining from purchasing from the Wadirigo.



ZIWA, NEAR MPANGA SANGA.

Leaving Mpanga Sanga on the 1st of July, we marched for some hours through jungle with open spaces and ziwias, at the last of which we made a midday halt. It was of considerable size, with a goodly number of water-fowl about; so we launched the boat, and succeeded in bagging four or five ducks.

This was a favorite camping-place, and various passing caravans had ornamented it with trophies of horns and skulls of buffaloes and antelopes which had been shot when coming to drink.

In the afternoon we marched on, with scarcely any intermission, through a rough country, covered with jungle and for-

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est, until, owing to the lateness of the hour and the men being tired, it was hopeless to attempt to reach the next watering-place that evening. But the next morning we started before sunrise, and for the first time in Africa felt cold, the air being very chilly.

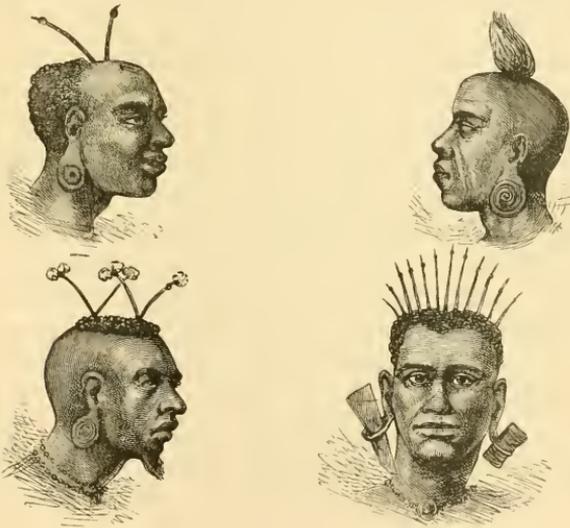
Arriving at a camping-place near a partially dried-up ziwa, we found a down caravan on the point of leaving, and, in answer to our inquiries, ascertained that Mirambo was still to the fore. They had heard that Livingstone was all right; but their knowledge of his whereabouts was so vague that we placed no trust in their reports.

At this camp, which was on the outskirts of Kanyenyé, the largest and most ancient of all the districts in Ugogo, we were visited by a grandson of Magomba, the head chief, who brought us a liberal present of milk and honey. He said they had long heard of us, and his grandfather had ordered him to advise us to follow the direct road to his tembé; otherwise a son of the old chief would endeavor to persuade us to pass by his place with the view of extorting presents, which he had no authority for doing. And, truly enough, emissaries arrived from this son in the afternoon trying to induce us to pay him a visit. We politely declined.

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Kanyenyé is a broad depression in the centre of Ugogo, principally remarkable for the manufacture of salt, large quantities of which are exported to their neighbors. It is scraped from the surface of the earth where patches of salt efflorescence are found, mixed with water and boiled down, and made into cones like sugar-loaves about eighteen inches high.

From this we moved to great Kanyenyé, crossing a plain studded with baobab-trees, and at a ziwa we noticed a fine herd of cattle being watered. The country was almost wholly under cultivation, and numerous tembés were passed on this march. At the entrance to one we noticed many people suffering from small-pox — the first instance, since leaving the coast, we had seen of this fell disease, which at times sweeps like a devouring fire throughout large portions of Africa.



HEADS.

## CHAPTER VII.

Kanyenyé.—A Veritable Methuselah.—Harsh-tongued People.—A Drunken Official.—Laziness of our Pagazi.—A Fancy for Goggles.—A Little Visitor.—Sambo shot.—A Thick Head.—Retributive Justice.—Fines for shedding Blood.—Hyenas.—A Rain Spirit.—Pigeon-shooting.—Witchcraft.—The Penalty of Failure.—Wizards roasted alive.—Usékhé.—Obsequies of a Chief.—The Wahumba.—Cost of Provisions.—Admiring Spectators.—Immense Tusks.—A Distressed British Subject.—Expenditure in Mhongo.

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OUR camp at Kanyenyé was one of a group of some half-dozen built by various passing caravans, and, on arriving, there was a tremendous rush by our pagazi to secure the best huts. It was a regular case of "each for himself, and the devil take the hindmost."

Meanwhile we were left to shift for ourselves without assistance, and had much trouble in getting a place cleared for our tents, for the pagazi considered their work was over directly they were in camp and had deposited their loads.

Afterward, when traveling with Arabs, I found that we had treated our men with too much consideration, and they, in consequence, tried to impose on us, and were constantly grumbling and growling. Our loads were ten pounds lighter than the average of those carried for the Arab traders. And since they do not employ askari, their pagazi, besides carrying loads, pitch tents and build screens and huts required for the women and cooking; so that they are frequently two or three hours in camp before having a chance of looking after themselves. With us the work of our porters was finished when they reached camp; for the askari pitched our tents, and the task of placing beds and boxes inside was left to our servants and gun-bearers.

Bombay, whom we trusted to keep order among the askari, was jealous of Issa, and allowed the men to abuse him as they liked; and they were often so impertinent and insubordinate

that Bombay himself was afraid to give an order. For instance, when directed to have a certain thing done, such as gathering wood for our camp-fire, and after a time being asked why it had not been brought in, he would reply, "Oh, no man want go!" On inquiring who had refused, and desiring that the offenders should be brought to me for punishment, his next answer would be, "Tell all man, all man say no go." Of course, as no individual had been singled out for the duty, they considered that what was every man's business was no man's business, and it usually resulted in my having to give the order myself.

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Magomba, who was chief of Kanyenyé when Burton passed in 1857, was still in power, being reported by his subjects to be over three hundred years of age, and to be cutting his fourth set of teeth, the third set having, according to our informant, worked out about seven years before our visit. From that time he had subsisted on pombé, being unable to eat meat, the only other food which one occupying his rank and position could deign to touch. I have no doubt that this ancient chieftain was considerably over a century, for his grandchildren were gray and grizzled.

Another instance of the extraordinary longevity of the African races was noticed by Dr. Livingstone at Ma Kazembé's. He found there, in 1871 or 1872, a man named Pemberéh, who had children upward of thirty years of age when Dr. Lacerda e Almeida visited that place in 1796. And this Pemberéh was still living, according to the Arabs, in 1874, and must then have been at least a hundred and thirty years old.

No restrictions were placed upon the intercourse between the natives and ourselves; and throughout the day the camp was crowded with them, staring, yelling, and gesticulating. They were a cowardly but merry set of thieves, laughing and joking among themselves at every new and strange sight. Their voices were particularly unpleasant and jarring, their tones resembling snapping and snarling, even in ordinary conversation; and, when excited, the noise reminded one of a hundred pariah dogs fighting over their food.

Magomba's chancellor of the exchequer, chief of the customs, or whatever the title of the official deputed to arrange mhongo may be, was busily engaged repairing his tembé, and we were

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told to wait until he had completed his architectural labors. When these were ended, he celebrated the event by a debauch on pombé, and remained in a drunken state for three days.

After he had recovered sufficiently to resume his official duties, he made the extravagant demand of one hundred doti; but, luckily, his notice was attracted by a pair of worthless blue goggles, which so took his fancy that he insisted on having them. Of course we declared they were of priceless value, and our apparent anxiety to keep them so whetted his desire that he consented to settle the mhongo at twenty doti if the goggles were included, a bargain which we gladly accepted.

It was simply a caprice on his part, for had we offered to dispose of the goggles we should have been laughed to scorn. I should not advise any future travelers to lay in a stock of these articles with a view to trading in them, as the investment would most likely prove as profitless as Moses' gross of green spectacles. But it is generally so with uncivilized men when something new catches their eye; they must have it, *coûte qui coûte*. Yet, a few days later, just like children tired of a new toy, they are ready to throw or give it away.

Some caravans from Unyanyembe arrived during our stay here. From the owner of one I heard that Livingstone had returned to that place after having started with the men sent up by Stanley, finding that he had not a sufficient number of carriers for all his stores, but had again left, about five months since. I could discover no foundation for this story; and I fancy my informant had only passed through Unyanyembe on his way down from Karagwé, and had not obtained very reliable news.

A great-grandson of Magomba paid us a visit the day after our arrival. He was the heir presumptive, and was better dressed and cleaner than the commonalty, and the nails of his left hand had been allowed to grow to an enormous length, as a sign of high rank, proving as it did that he was never required to do any manual labor. It also provided him with the means of tearing the meat which formed his usual diet, though poorer people could only occasionally indulge in a small piece, as a "kitchen" to their ugali, or porridge.

In consequence of this Nebuchadnezzar-like growth of nail,

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he was unable to use his left hand for any ordinary purpose, and it was much smaller than his right. As soon as he withdrew, I had a little visitor, about seven years old—a small Arab boy whose mother was taking him to the coast to be educated, his father having been killed in one of the fights with Mirambo. The boy was a perfect little gentleman, and behaved admirably, and was much delighted with the pictures in some old illustrated papers and a book on natural history which I showed him. I heard afterward that he was very grieved at the thought that such good people as the English must go to perdition for drawing pictures of men.

As he was leaving my tent, I heard the report of fire-arms in the camp, and, running out, found that Sambo had been accidentally shot in the head by my servant, Mohammed Malim, with one of my Derringer pistols, which he had been cleaning in his hut, and had reloaded.

It appeared that, on returning with them to my tent, he was caught hold of by Sambo, who was rather a "character," and always skylarking, and a struggle ensued, in which one of the pistols went off, and the bullet struck Sambo just outside the eye. His skull proved so thick that the ball did no damage, but only traveled along between the scalp and the bone, and could be felt standing out in a lump at the back of his head. It was soon cut out, and a little patching with diachylon plaster mended his pate most satisfactorily.

I put my servant under arrest, pending the investigation of the case; but some insolent ruffians came to me, demanding that he should be put in chains, or otherwise they would shoot him. This gross piece of impertinence annoyed me very much, so I gratified their desire for seeing some one in chains by clapping them in themselves.

This affair delayed us another day, as I had to inquire thoroughly into the whole matter; and so much lying and false testimony was, I suppose and hope, never before heard in so short a time. The chief, or rather his advisers, also demanded four doti as a fine for blood having been shed on his soil; and although I felt much inclined to refuse, I unwillingly paid, fearing complications and delays.

Hyenas came prowling and howling around our camp night-

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ly; and, being anxious for a shot at one, we used the carcass of a donkey which had died of a low fever as bait. This attracted a large spotted brute, with a jaw strong enough to break the bone of a horse's hind leg, and he was shot by Dillon.

The yells of the hyenas excited our dogs to such an extent that we were obliged to fasten them up at night to prevent their bolting out of camp and getting killed.

I took a few lunars here, and found that they and my dead-reckoning agreed well, and, though a little different from Speke's longitude, his latitudes coincided exactly with mine.

Having pardoned the offenders whom I had put in chains, and received promises of better conduct in future, we left here on the 9th of July, and, after two hours across level country, arrived at a steep and rocky ascent which gave us an hour's hard climbing. The summit was table-land, well-wooded and grassy, with numerous pools, some partially dried up; and in all directions there were fresh tracks of elephants and other large game.



ROCKY HILLS IN USÉKHÉ.

When evening came, having fitted paper night-sights to our rifles, we sallied out to one of the pools, and, ensconcing ourselves behind some bushes, spent about three hours vainly hoping that game worthy of our lead might come to drink; but we saw only a few skulking hyenas, at which we would not fire, for fear of frightening a possible elephant.

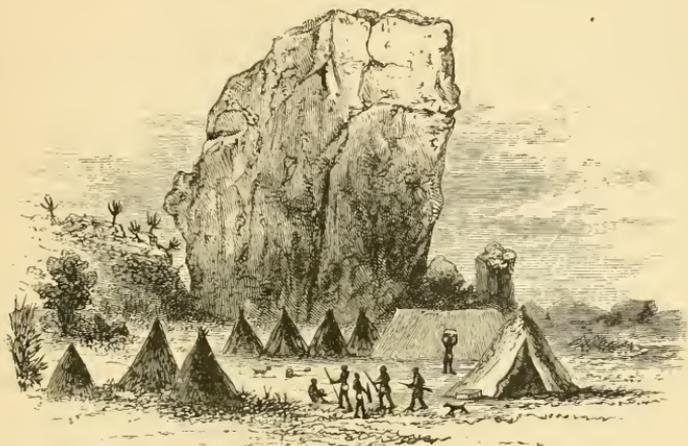
Our next march was to Usékhé, the village of another independent chief, and, consequently, the place for another demand for mhongo. But I need not recapitulate the vexatious delays which occurred at the villages of each of these petty tyrants, through the drunkenness of themselves and their advisers.

On this march, jungle gradually gave way to large granite boulders scattered among the trees, and afterward there appeared a range of hills composed of masses of granite of most

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fantastic shapes and forms piled together in grotesque confusion. Passing through a gap in this range, we came upon an open and partially cultivated plain, bestrewed with piles of rock, and some enormous solitary blocks of very striking appearance.

A short distance from camp, there arose abruptly a grand mass of rocks, having on the top a small pool with smooth, steep sides; and, according to report, an elephant which had endeavored to drink there had fallen in and been drowned. But the



CAMP, USÉKHÉ.

drawback to this story was the absolute impossibility of any elephant reaching the pool; for the rocks were so slippery and difficult to climb that, to visit the scene of the reported tragedy, I was obliged to take off my boots and clamber up in my stockings.

Returning thence to camp, we visited a place where the people were accustomed to perform incantations for obtaining rain in drought; and a charred post and heap of ashes marked the spot where some wretched wizard had paid with his life for failure to procure the much-wished-for rains.

Witchcraft is one of the curses and banes of the whole country, every illness being attributed to sorcery or evil spirits; and, of course, the wizard is resorted to in the hope of obtaining deliverance from the malign influence supposed to be exerted.

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By means of playing alternately on the hopes and fears of their credulous dupes, the workers of magic for a time realize a comfortable livelihood; but at last a day of retribution arrives. The magician is suspected or denounced by a rival of having caused the illness of some great person; and unless he can save himself by flight, or turn the tide of popular opinion against his accuser, he is seized and lashed to a stout post, round which a circle of fire is kindled. The unfortunate wretch is then slowly roasted until he confesses, when the fire is heaped upon him, and his life and agony quickly terminated.

Often, while suffering these tortures, the magicians seem possessed by a sort of mania to uphold their reputation, and boast of crimes they pretend to have caused, saying, "I have killed such a one;" "I have prevented rain falling;" "I caused the Wahumba to carry off so-and-so's cattle." In many cases also they have faith, to a great extent, in their own powers, and certainly are thoroughly believed in and feared by their dupes.

White magic, such as divination, curing fevers, boils, etc., by means of charms and incantations, finds many professors, and is considered harmless. A large proportion of those working white magic are women, but nearly all professors of the black art are men.

The son often succeeds to his father's profession; but where a magician has been suspected of practicing against the welfare of a chief, his whole family is sometimes destroyed with him, to prevent any of them harboring ideas of revenge against the chief or his successor.

While at Usékhé, we amused ourselves with shooting pigeons, which came in flocks just before sunset to drink at a watering-place near our camp; and at these shooting-matches, which provided a little variety for our evening meal, the losers had, as a penalty, to fill a number of cartridges. We also found in the crevices of the rocks some coneys, which were very good eating, being to the taste much like rabbits. Owing to a peculiar formation of their feet, these coneys can cling to the face of the rocks like flies to a wall.

Usékhé was at one time the richest and most prosperous section of Ugogo. But many of the Arab caravan, previously mentioned as attempting to pass without paying nihongo, died

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near here, and no rain fell for two years afterward. This circumstance was attributed by the superstitious Wagogo to a curse; and numbers of the inhabitants therefore emigrated, and those who remained were forced to kill the greater part of their cattle, in consequence of the failure of their crops. The wave of population is now returning, and they are fairly prosperous; but their flocks and herds have not increased to their former proportions.

During my rambles about here, I again chafed my unlucky foot, and had to give up walking for a few days; and Murphy complained of a slight attack of fever. Dillon said, however, that he had never felt better, and that he could go on with a wild life for an unlimited number of years.



ROCKS, USÉKHÉ.

Mhongo being settled, we moved again, passing through a strip of jungle to the large settlement of Khoko, ruled over by Migun Mifupi (or short shanks), who bears the worst reputation of all the potentates of Ugogo. But he is growing old, and unable to personally enforce his demands, and mhongo was easily arranged.

Khoko was the most populous place we had yet seen, and was principally formed of an aggregation of tembés, with passages between them. But at one end there were many houses

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1873. inhabited by Wamerima merchants from Bagamoyo who had made this their head-quarters, and the huge thatched roofs of these dwellings lent to the settlement an air of semi-civilization.

Three enormous sycamore-trees (a species of fig) growing just outside the town formed a prominent mark for miles around. Under the spreading branches of one of this group our own party and a down caravan camped, as it afforded ample shelter for over five hundred people.

One of the Wamerima brought a large musical-box into my tent, asking me to become the purchaser of it, and assuring me it would prove a most valuable investment. When, however, it had been set going, and had played a few bars of a waltz to the time of a funeral march, the music suddenly terminated in a grand crash, which proved a permanent finale, the spindle of the fly-wheel having broken.

Here we learned some particulars of the manner in which the obsequies of a chief are performed. In the first instance, he is washed, and one is almost inclined to wonder that so unwonted a proceeding does not restore him to life. The body is then placed in an upright position in a hollow tree, and the people come daily to mourn and pour pombé and ashes on the corpse, indulging themselves meanwhile in a sort of wake.

This ceremony is continued until the body is thoroughly decomposed, when it is placed on a platform, and exposed to the effects of sun, rain, and dew, until nothing remains but the bones. And these are then buried. In former days a number of slaves were sacrificed on such occasions, but I was assured that this practice had ceased for many years. The bodies of commoners are simply thrown into the nearest jungle, to be devoured by beasts of the field and fowls of the air.

Large numbers of Wahumba who have partially forsaken the wandering habits of their tribe are settled in the neighborhood, and act as herdsmen to the Wagogo, who occupy themselves more particularly with agriculture. They are a branch of the great Masai nation, and inhabit the country just to the north of Ugogo, where they possess large herds, but do not cultivate the ground or maintain permanent habitations. Their diet consists entirely of milk mixed with blood and meat, which they de-

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vous almost raw. They move from place to place in search of pasture, sheltering themselves at night under a frame-work of small branches covered with one or two dressed hides. Their arms are short, heavy spears unfit for throwing, and double-edged swords similar to those worn by the Roman Legionary, and they also carry a huge shield like that of the Wadirigo.

As might be expected from the nature of their arms, they are more courageous than their neighbors, and, being great robbers, are much feared. None but themselves and other members of the Masai family have, they assert, any right to possess cattle, and they therefore consider themselves perfectly justified in "lifting" any they meet with.



ENOEMOUS SYCAMORES.

The last station in Ugogo is Mdaburu, distant one march from Khoko, the limits of the two clearings being only a couple of miles apart. The fields were divided from each other and the road by rough fences, and the ground seemed much more carefully cultivated than usual.

Mdaburu is intersected by a wide and deep nullah bearing the same name. Even in the driest weather it contains large pools of good water, while in the rainy season it becomes an impetuous river, rushing down to the Lufiji, of which it is one of the principal affluents. I questioned one of the natives, who seemed more intelligent than his fellows, and ascertained that

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he had been to the junction of the Mdaburu with the Ruaha, as the upper portion of the Lufiji is called, and that the Ruaha was also merely a chain of pools in the dry season, but a great river during the rains.

On the march, a pagazi deserted with his load, which was a very serious matter, since our stores of cloth were melting away, owing to the high price of provisions and the large tribute we had so constantly been compelled to pay. I ordered Bilál, with half a dozen askari, back to Khoko to look for the deserter, and also sent to the chief of Mdaburu, telling him of the occurrence, and requesting him to give directions for the return of the man and his load; but all our endeavors to trace him proved futile, and the scoundrel got clear away.

Times had evidently changed since Burton passed through Ugogo; for, while he was able to buy sixty-four rations for a doti, we could never get more than twenty, and rarely more than ten! Eggs were unattainable luxuries, and milk and honey were exorbitantly dear. Reckoning the doti at its Zanzibar value only, eggs, butter, and milk were more expensive than in England, and it was consequently necessary to exercise the most rigid economy in our living.

In the afternoon a head-man and his retinue called upon us, and squatted in my tent for a couple of hours, which was the reverse of pleasant, all of them being anointed with rancid ghee.

The head-man informed me that, having been to Zanzibar, he had already seen something of white men and their ways; but, now they had entered his own country, he wanted to see every thing they possessed, and we were obliged to satisfy his curiosity. Any thing he had previously seen he scarcely noticed, but examined minutely each novelty.

He recognized some pictures of animals which we showed him, but invariably looked at the back of the paper to see what was there, and remarked that he did not consider them finished, since they did not give the likeness of the other side of the animal. Still, he was evidently pleased with the entertainment, and decided to detain us for three or four days for the benefit of the people, who had never yet seen a white man, and were anxious to have a look at us.

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Charming as the idea might have been to the native mind, we scarcely appreciated being looked upon as a sort of Wombwell's menagerie, traveling for the amusement of the natives. Admission, too, was not only free, but we were actually obliged to pay for permission to come into the country to be stared at.

On the day of our arrival, a caravan belonging to Said ibn Salim al Lamki, the Arab governor at Unyanyembe, came in from that place, bound for the coast, with a large quantity of ivory, intended for the purchase of powder for carrying on the fighting against Mirambo, who was still unconquered. But the Arabs were determined, as soon as further supplies of ammunition and re-enforcements arrived, to strike such a blow as should finish him completely.

Some of the tusks were so immense that they required two men to carry them; and an idea of their weight may be formed when it is remembered that a Mnyamwezi porter will bear one hundred and twenty pounds of ivory as a load. Although content with single hire, the carriers of these enormous weights require double and treble rations, and, whenever they feel so inclined, compel the leaders of caravans to halt.

Among the hangers-on of this caravan was Abdul Kader, Stanley's Hindoo tailor, who was going to the coast in the endeavor to return to his native land. According to his account, he had been constantly ill since leaving Mr. Stanley, and was now only just sufficiently recovered to be able to march. He had subsisted during his sickness on the charity of the leading Arabs at Unyanyembe; and as he was a British subject, representing himself to be destitute and unable to work, I gave him four doti of cloth to assist him on his journey.

The Wagogo informed us that the Wanyamwezi who withdrew from us at Mvumi, and aided and abetted deserters from our camp after having been under our protection, had been declaring that we had robbed them, and were trying to raise the country against us; thus proving, on a second occasion, that they had no idea of gratitude. One of their head-men, however, had the impertinence afterward to come to our house at Unyanyembe and ask for a present, on the plea of old acquaintanceship.

The Wagogo did not at first entertain a very high opinion of

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our fire-arms, telling us that we trusted in guns which would be useless after the first discharge, when men with spears could fall upon us and annihilate us. But upon initiating them into the mysteries of breech-loaders and fixed bayonets, they altered their tone, and came to the conclusion that our fighting power was very considerable, and that it would be dangerous to attack us except in large numbers.

Having settled mhongo, and written some letters which we intrusted to the charge of the leader of Said ibn Salim's caravan, we left Mdaburn, on the 18th of July, for the Mgunda Mkali, or hot field, which lay between us and Unyanyembe.

In passing through Ugogo, we had altogether paid as tribute seventy-seven colored cloths, more than two hundred doti of common cloth, a coil of wire, and three pounds of beads.

This at Zanzibar prices would amount to five hundred dollars, and in Ugogo represented nearly double that amount; but, happily, we were now leaving the mhongo-paying district.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The Mgunda Mkali.—A Serious Misunderstanding.—Restoration of Peace.—Rejoicing in the Village.—The Mabunguru Nullah.—An Unexpected Chase.—Native Farming.—An Intelligent and Industrious People.—Jiwé la Singa.—Complimentary Beggars.—Moon-struck Askari.—Hatred of Snakes.—Pitfalls.—A Dry March.—Burned-up Country.—A Hunter's Paradise.—A Well-fortified Village and Well-dressed Chief.—Discovery of a Den of Thieves.—A Haunted Well.—An Attack by Ruga-ruga.

THE Mgunda Mkali, on which we were now entering, was only just beginning to be cleared when Burton and Speke were in the country. Few watering-places were then known, and provisions were obtainable in one locality alone between Mda-buru and Unyanyembe. Consequently, travelers were obliged to cross by forced marches, and no caravan succeeded in passing it without losing a considerable number of porters on the road.

Now, however, things are much changed for the better, the Wakimbu, a tribe of Wanyamwezi driven by wars from their former homes, having attacked the jungle. Water has been found in many places, large spaces have been cleared and brought into cultivation, and, under the dominion of man, some of the most fertile and peaceful spots in Africa are now scattered in the midst of what was formerly virgin forest affording shelter only to wild beasts.

After passing one or two clearings and a few pools covered with yellow water-lilies, we camped near two villages situated amidst jungle at a height of 3938 feet above the sea—the country still rising rapidly.

The following day we arrived at Pururu, a village of Wakimbu, situated in a very picturesque valley, where we intended to halt for a few hours to purchase food, before making an afternoon march to the next camping-place. But we had scarcely settled down, when a great disturbance arose among our men, who seized and loaded their guns, exclaiming that there was a row with the natives.

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Taking our rifles, we went toward the village, which we found prepared to resist attack, the gates closed, and guns and spears protruding through the stockade by which it was surrounded.

A single accidental shot would now have been sufficient to originate a fight which might have had disastrous consequences, for the natives were all well under cover; and had any of our men been killed or wounded, it would have resulted in the remainder bolting.

At this critical moment, we decided to drive our men back to the halting-place, and then directed Issa to inquire of the chief the cause of the hostile attitude assumed by the village, our men being in such a state of mingled fright and excitement that no reliable explanation could be obtained from them.

The chief's statement was that our second kirangosi, who had come from Bagamoyo with Murphy, had taken ivory from this village on the understanding that he would exchange it for powder at Zanzibar; but, being a Mnyamwezi, he had failed to procure any ammunition for the village, orders having been issued that no Mnyamwezi should be allowed to take powder from the coast while the war continued between the Arabs and Mirambo. To make amends, he had offered the chief some cloth; but its value was not considered equal to that of the ivory with which he had been intrusted.

In order to arrive at an understanding, the chief and some of the head-men wanted to talk the matter over quietly with him. To this he objected, and his ehms commenced hustling the chief, saying, "Don't you treat our kirangosi like that," and then the row began. On our promising to investigate the case and see justice done, peace was instantly restored.

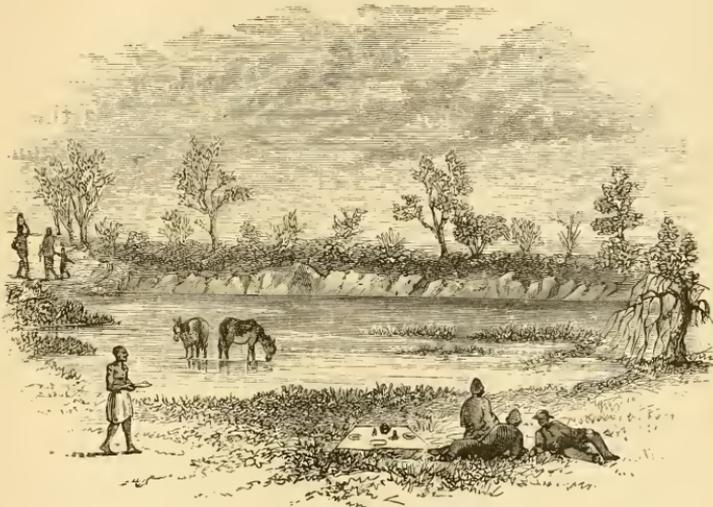
We then accepted the invitation of the chief to enter the village, which was clean and tidy. The huts were flat-roofed and built in the form of long parallelograms, the whole being surrounded by a heavy stockade with only two entrances. Over each of these was a sort of crow's nest, where the defenders of the gate took up their position, and were furnished with a supply of large stones, to be used on the attacking party coming to close quarters.

After sitting and talking for some time, we were offered

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pombé if we would remain a little longer; but we preferred going to our tents, which had been pitched, since it was too late to contemplate going farther. Shortly after we returned to our quarters, this hospitable chief and half a dozen men appeared with huge pots of pombé, which they handed to us, after tasting the liquor themselves, to prove that it was not poisoned.

I discovered that the kirangosi who had caused the trouble and delay possessed sufficient cloth to satisfy the demands of the village; and I therefore ordered him to pay, as he acknowledged the debt, though he had attempted to plead poverty to



HALTING-PLACE NEAR A POND.

avoid paying the amount in full. Upon this decision, the villagers gave themselves up to rejoicing, and were drumming, singing, dancing, and drinking until four o'clock in the morning.

We made a move at seven o'clock, and marched through wooded country, with numerous large outcrops of granite, both in sheets and bowlders, and small rocky hills on the sides of the larger slopes, and arrived at a pretty little pond in convenient time to halt for breakfast and a rest during the noonday heat.

Butterflies—which I always found in a dry country a sure sign that water was near—were very numerous by this pond, and I noticed at least ten different varieties.

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Marching again through similar country, we reached the Mabunguru nullah, the westernmost affluent of the Ruaha, about sunset. Even at this period of the dry season it was almost a river, stretches of its channel a mile or two in length being full of water, and separated from each other only by sand-banks and bars of rock from fifty to a hundred yards wide.

These creeks were now thirty yards across, and there were signs of the water in flood spreading two hundred yards on either side. I do not suppose it to be a permanent stream during the rainy season, but more probably it goes off in freshets, the whole country being very rocky, and therefore able to absorb but little water.

On the road we interchanged greetings with an Arab caravan, and ascertained that an account of Dr. Livingstone having returned to Unyanyembe was untrue; but doubtless the man who told us had been misinformed, and did not intentionally deceive us. Numberless tracks of large game were passed, as also bones of animals, one skull being that of a rhinoceros, frequently met with in these districts.

Our next day's march, also a double one, was through much cultivated land, and, according to report, the country had once been much more thickly populated; but two or three years previously a party of wild Wanyamwezi had looted it, and destroyed many villages.

The men seemed delighted at getting toward the end of the first portion of our journey, and during the latter part of this day the kirangosis kept up a sort of recitative, the whole caravan joining in chorus with pleasing effect. Dillon and I started ahead of the caravan in search of sport; but people from villages a short distance in front had been about, and every thing was scared, though fresh marks of antelope and buffalo were abundant.

We pitched our camp on the banks of a little ziwa imbosomed in grass, and covered with red, white, and yellow water-lilies. Cattle being cheap, we purchased a bullock for our men; but the brute broke away and galloped off at a furious rate when being driven into camp, and we had to give chase and shoot him down.

Jiwé la Singa (the rock of soft grass) was the point to be

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aimed at on our next journey. The road was across a clearing, extending as far as the eye could reach, and which boasted of many herds of cattle, populous, stockaded villages, and much cultivation.

The fields were divided by ditches and banks, and in one place we saw some rude attempts at irrigation. To cultivate these fields must require a considerable amount of perseverance and industry, the ground being neatly hoed into large ridges; and each year, when preparing for a new crop, these are turned completely over, so that the ridge of one year becomes the trench of the next.

The villages I visited were remarkably clean, and the huts wonderfully well built, considering the means and materials at disposal. Indeed, except in the matter of "book-learning," these people can not be considered as occupying a low place in the scale of civilization.

We were now crossing the water-shed between the basin of the Rufiji and that of the Nile and of the Kongo.

Having been unnecessarily delayed, owing to our stupid kirangosi leading us round two sides of a triangle, we did not reach Jiwé la Singa until two in the afternoon, whereas many of our people who followed the direct route arrived in camp at noon. It is a prosperous place, and some Wamerima from Bagamoyo have settled there as traders.

They welcomed us with expressions of the highest esteem, even asserting that they regarded us much in the same light as their own ruler, Syd Burghash. Therefore they suggested that we could not well refuse them some paper, powder, needles, thread, and such small articles, thinking no doubt they had paid handsomely for them by their compliments. One who had been to Katanga told me that the Portuguese had established there a regular trade in ivory, copper, and salt.

Here we were detained two days by the necessity of laying in provisions that we hoped might last us to Unyanyembe, and the appearance of a new moon during this halt caused us some trouble.

To celebrate the event according to Mohammedan custom, our askari commenced firing their rifles, and would not desist when desired to do so. One man to whom I had individually

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spoken discharged his rifle in despite of my orders, upon which I had him disarmed, and promised punishment on the morrow. Another then suggested that I had better punish them all, as it was their custom, and they intended to follow it; and him I also disarmed.

This custom of firing on the occasion of a new moon was not only a waste of ammunition, but was also very dangerous, as the men never looked in what direction their rifles were pointing, but sent the bullets whizzing about the camp. I therefore determined to put a check upon the practice.

When about to proceed, on July 26th, I found that some pagazi, as well as the askari who had been disarmed for disobedience of orders when "moon-struck," had deserted; but one of these pagazi was exceptionally honorable, for, though personally breaking his engagement, he had been thoughtful enough to hire another man to carry his load as far as Unyanyembe.

Crossing two small ranges of rocky hills, and then through forest and jungle with many palmyras, we halted for breakfast; and, resuming our march, continued on the move until sunset, when we were obliged to camp without reaching water. On the way, several antelopes and a lemur were seen, and Bombay and Issa reported having passed a herd of twelve elephants.

Suddenly there was great excitement among the men, and a cry was raised that a venomous snake was in camp. They immediately rushed upon it with their sticks, and, when I arrived, it was so mangled and crushed that it was impossible to discover the species, whether venomous or not. The men declared that its bite was deadly, for the notion usual among uneducated people that every snake is poisonous prevailed here.

Kipireh, the point we had hoped to reach the night before, so as to enjoy the advantage of its fresh spring-water, was arrived at two hours after leaving camp; and here a dispute arose between ourselves and our men.

The day being still young, and the inhabitants assuring us that water was to be found a short way in front, we thought it best to push forward, although our kirangosi declared that we could not arrive at any watering-place till the next day. Suspecting the kirangosi of laziness, and the natives appearing unfriendly, we forced our men forward; but, after marching an-

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other mile, were obliged to allow them to halt. This I thought a favorable opportunity for calling all the askari before me, and giving them a lecture as to their duties, in the vain hope of making them behave better for the future.

The halt being long, I went, with my dog Leo as a companion, to look around, and noticed some well-constructed fences and pitfalls for game. One of these pitfalls had been cleverly placed in a slight gap in a fence, which I thought was merely a weak spot, and made straight for it. Fortunately for me, Leo jumped on the covering just as I was about to step on it, and exposed the trap by falling through, thus saving me from a very nasty tumble. The pit was so deep that it was with difficulty I managed, single-handed, to pull the unfortunate dog out; but, on succeeding, I was delighted to find him unhurt.

After our rest, we toiled on through alternating tracts of jungle and prairie, and, to add to our troubles, the grass had been burned in many places, leaving miles of country blackened and charred, while the gritty ashes filled our mouths, ears, and throats, aggravating a thousand-fold the suffering of thirst.

Sunset came upon us, and yet we had found no water; and not until nearly 8 P.M. did we discover a pool of liquid mud, with which we were obliged to be content. From this it was plain that the natives at Kipireh had wantonly deceived us, and we were compelled to admit that our kirangosi was right in advising a halt near that village.

Shortly after moving onward the next morning, some tolerably clear water lying in a cavity in a bed of granite gladdened our eyes. Directly we sighted it the men threw down their loads, and in a moment a mingled mass of men, dogs, and donkeys were all slaking their thirst at one and the same time.

A fair idea of our daily life and routine may be gathered from the introduction here of a few pages of my journal:

"*July 28th.*—Off at 7 for Ki Sara-Sara, which we reached at 11.15. The country just the same—large rocks scattered about, soil sandy, or a black loam lying on the granite; open woods, with occasional small mbugas, or plains; lots of tracks, but no game to be seen. Just after leaving camp, we found a pool of water in a hole in a sheet of granite. It would have been a blessing had we known of it before, as the water we had been

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using was so thick that the 'pags' had been calling it pombé in derision. Nearly all the grass has been burned in the woods, and all the Kambi we have passed have shared the same fate, as the fires are left burning, and any breeze scatters the sparks, and away flashes the grass. One passes tracts of miles at a time as black as a coal; I can't say my hat or my boots, as the first is white, and the second are brown. One donkey died to-day of a sort of low fever which seems to attack the coast donkeys. The Wanyamwezi thriving wonderfully. Water supposed to be scarce at the camp, but we found some by digging about two feet close to the tents. I fancy water must lie all about here on the top of the granite, which is everywhere close to the surface, as the whole rain-fall is either absorbed or evaporated, there being no drainage.

"Another pagazi ran last night; it is very considerate of them now, as it will save their pay at Unyanyembe. Some men came in from there to-day, and say that there are numerous robbers about the road in front, and we must look out, or we shall lose some loads. They talk of a road to Ujiji of twenty-five marches, but fourteen of these are without food; so the bother would be to carry it, otherwise it would be grand to get there in five weeks from Unyanyembe. I think I shall try and get some more donkeys at Unyanyembe, as where there are grass and water they are all right.

"*July 29th.*—Got away in the morning. On account of another pagazi having run, were delayed till past eight. About twelve, we arrived at some puddles of water, which in the rainy season form part of a river, according to the natives; but as the whole country shows signs of being a swamp in the rains, and there is no river-bed, I expect they only form a long, narrow pond. Game very plentiful; and one of the pagazi got a zebra after a very long stalk. Dillon and I went out; we saw several antelopes and a herd of nimba or gnu, at which we got a long shot; and I think both hit on our first barrels, as the shells burst, and did not send up any dust; but they (the gnu) were off 'like a flash of greased lightning through a gooseberry-bush.' There were tracks and droppings of all sorts of four-footed animals; and if one only had time to devote a few days to shooting, this would be a perfect hunter's paradise.

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“On our return to camp, we found a caravan we had heard of at Ki Sara-Sara passing through. The mtongi was a handsome old Arab, with a beard perfectly white, but he was as lively on his pins as a kitten. He says all the Arabs have left Unyanyembe to go after Mirambo, who has now lost his last village, and is being hunted in the bush. The only Arab now in Taborah is a cripple, so we shall find the place quite deserted. Course N.W. seven miles.

“*July 30th.*—Got off a little after seven. I went off to one side in the bush with Issa, and tried for game; but, having to work down wind, saw nothing but two antelopes, which were out of range, and some monkeys. I thought three and a half hours enough of this, and began to work in toward the road, and took my fowling-piece instead of the heavy rifle, and had two or three shots at birds. Soon after, I was met by some excited askari, who thought the firing must have been caused by meeting with Watuta (a wild tribe, and much feared), or Ruga-ruga (bands of brigands of any tribe). I got back to the road as soon as possible, and found all the caravan halted, and in a great funk. I got them on again, and we arrived at the first village in Urguru at one o’clock, where we formed our camp. Soon after the tents were pitched, a messenger came in from the chief of the district of Urguru, saying that the Arabs of Taborah had sent to ask him to look out for us, and wanted to know (this being the case) why we had stopped just short of his capital, which was only half an hour in front. I sent, and said we were too tired and hot to strike camp again then; but that, as I found we wanted provisions, we would halt there (at his village) the next day to get some. The country seems very fertile, and water underlies the surface soil everywhere—at least digging three or four feet in the depressions always gave a supply.

“*July 31st.*—Marched at 7.30 A.M., and arrived at 8. The village was large and clean, and surrounded by a stockade, or the outer walls of houses. The part where the chief lived was divided off from the rest of the village, as also was the gateway. The gates were heavy slabs of wood hewed out of the solid trunk, and people could only go up to the principal ones one at a time, a wing of palisading projecting on either side

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in the form of a long U, with holes to use spears and arrows through, so that it would be dangerous for an enemy to attempt to force the gate. There were some other door-ways in the outer walls of the houses, forming part of the *enceinte*, which closed in a sort of portcullis fashion. A number of heavy logs had holes in their upper ends, and the wall-plate was rove through them. When the door-way is open, these logs are triced up, inward, out of the way; when closed, the outer sides of the lower ends butt against a strong fixed log, and are secured by a movable log inside.

“The chief was the best-dressed man I had seen among the natives. He wore a handsome double Indian *décolé* and a Muscat solhari, masses of sambo on his legs, heavy bangle and wire, and ivory bracelets on his arms, and a necklace of elephant’s hair neatly bound round with wire, from which hung an ornament made out of the bottom of a shell brought from the coast, and ground down till quite white and smooth, called a *kiongwa*. He was apparently lighter in color than most of his subjects.

“The people kept a large number of pigeons, and a few fowls and sheep. Provisions about the average price, *i. e.*, ten *kibabah* to a *shukkah*. We had visitors in our tents all day, and at night found that they had left evidences of their presence behind them.”

On the 1st of August we left our friends at Urganu, and made a long march through a forest with great quantities of game, and reached Simbo. During this march, Murphy saw a giraffe, but seemed so occupied with staring at it that he forgot to use his rifle until the animal was out of range.

Passing through an open grassy strip, Dillon and I went after some buffalo; but they winded the caravan, and were off before we could get within range. We then came to more forest, and each took one side of the road, and saw many antelopes. I shot one, but was disappointed of my prize, through being unable to extricate it from a tangled mass of thorns into which it had run to die. Partridges and jungle fowl were plentiful, and in one place I flushed a flock of guinea-fowl that quite darkened the sky, but, unfortunately, I was only provided with shell and ball cartridge.

During this solitary ramble, when in some jungle of thick

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growth, I suddenly came upon a heavy stockade partially covered over. It struck me at once that this might be a halting-place of the dreaded Ruga-ruga, then hovering about in the neighborhood, and against whom we had been warned. I therefore approached most cautiously, and, seeing no signs of its being tenanted, ventured to the entrance. On looking in, I saw many pots and cooking utensils lying near the still smoldering fire (which proved that it must have been occupied but a short time previously), as also skins, and well-picked bones of animals, which had doubtless provided the morning meal.

My suspicions being thus confirmed, I left as stealthily as I had approached; and I need hardly say that I did not continue my attempt at making a bag, fearing that the report of firearms might have attracted attention, and ended in my being bagged myself.

I afterward found that this was beyond doubt the den of some Ruga-ruga; and, had they been at home at the time of my visit, nothing could have saved me from capture, as their intentions were decidedly hostile. Indeed, the cause of absence from their domicile was their having gone to the front to lie in wait for the caravan.

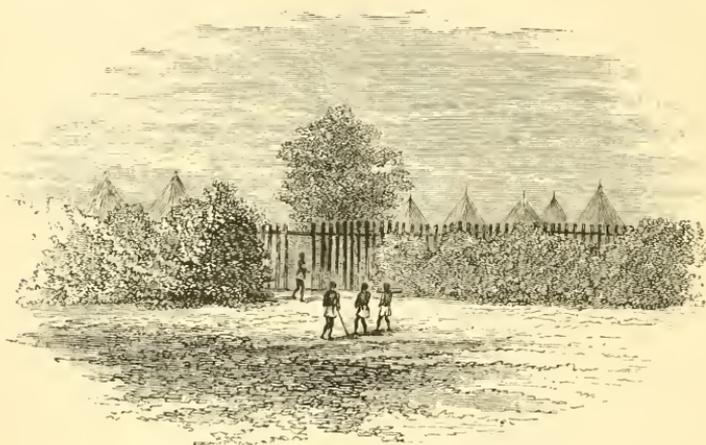
I soon rejoined the caravan, and we camped at Marwa, respecting which there are some curious superstitions. The camping-place is in the midst of a group of enormous rocks, and water can only be obtained by digging at the base of one of the largest of them. This is supposed to cover the site of a village upon which it fell, destroying every one of the inhabitants, and the ghosts of the dead villagers are believed to haunt the place.

Should the spring be disrespectfully spoken of as "maji" merely—the ordinary word for water—instead of as "marwa," which in different dialects signifies pombé, palm wine, and other kinds of drink; or should any one wearing boots pass the spot, or fire a gun in the immediate vicinity, the ghosts at once stop the supply. Upon drawing water, a small present of beads or cloth is customarily thrown in, to propitiate the guardian spirits of the well; and as I declined to conform to this rule, Bombay, fearing some terrible disaster if the full ceremonies were not complied with, made the offering himself.

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As a long march lay before us, I roused the camp at 3 A.M., but could not get away before five o'clock, owing to the pagazi hiding in the jungle, to endeavor to escape carrying their loads in the darkness.

When fairly started, Dillon and I left the road in the hope of shooting something for the pot; but a few antelope out of range, and two lions six hundred yards away, quietly strolling home after their night's ramble, were all the game we saw. Unable to get any sport, we rejoined the main body, and halted for breakfast at a small pond, in which some water still remained, although it had been reported as dried up.



VILLAGE IN UNYANYEMBE.

Some Wanyamwezi—taking ivory and honey to Unyanyembe—who joined us the night before, now went on by themselves, and, much to our astonishment, we shortly met them returning in haste and disorder. They reported that they had been attacked by Ruga-ruga, losing two women slaves, their ivory and honey; and one of their men had been wounded. They also said the Ruga-ruga were on the lookout for our party, and therefore it behooved us to be careful.

Hearing this, we closed up the caravan, distributed the guns along the line at equal intervals, and prepared to resist any attack that might be made on us; and on arriving, in the afternoon, at a ziwa of some size, we decided to camp and build around us a strong boma, or fence, with one flank resting on the

water, so that our supply of that necessary article should not be cut off. Soon after sunset a few arrows were shot into camp; and this hostile act being responded to by us with a few shots at some dim and dusky objects outside, seemingly with good effect, we were not again disturbed; but we kept strict watch and ward all night.

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By daylight we were away again, and crossed a dry river-bed, the nominal boundary between Urguru and Unyanyembe, and immediately afterward came upon clearings and villages surrounded with heavy stoekades, outside which were ditches and banks planted with the milk bush.

We camped at Ituru—being now at last in Unyanyembe, with the first stage of our journey across Africa nearly completed—and sent messengers to the Arab governor to inform him of our arrival, etiquette requiring this formal notice before entering an Arab settlement.

## CHAPTER IX.

Unyanyembe.—Morning Calls.—Excessive Hospitality.—The Fighting Mirambo.—The Origin of the Struggle.—The Garrison of Unyanyembe.—Atrocities.—Kidnaping our Pagazi.—A Letter from Sir S. Baker.—Communication with Mtésa.—A Difficulty in his Conversion to Mohammedanism.—Gross Outrage upon a Pagazi.—Mutiny among the Askari.—The Unpleasantness of the Situation.—Our Troubles and Worries.—Fever and Blindness.—Desertion of Pagazi.—Consequent Expense.—Kindness of the Arabs.—An Auction.—Public Sale of Slaves.—The Death of Livingstone.

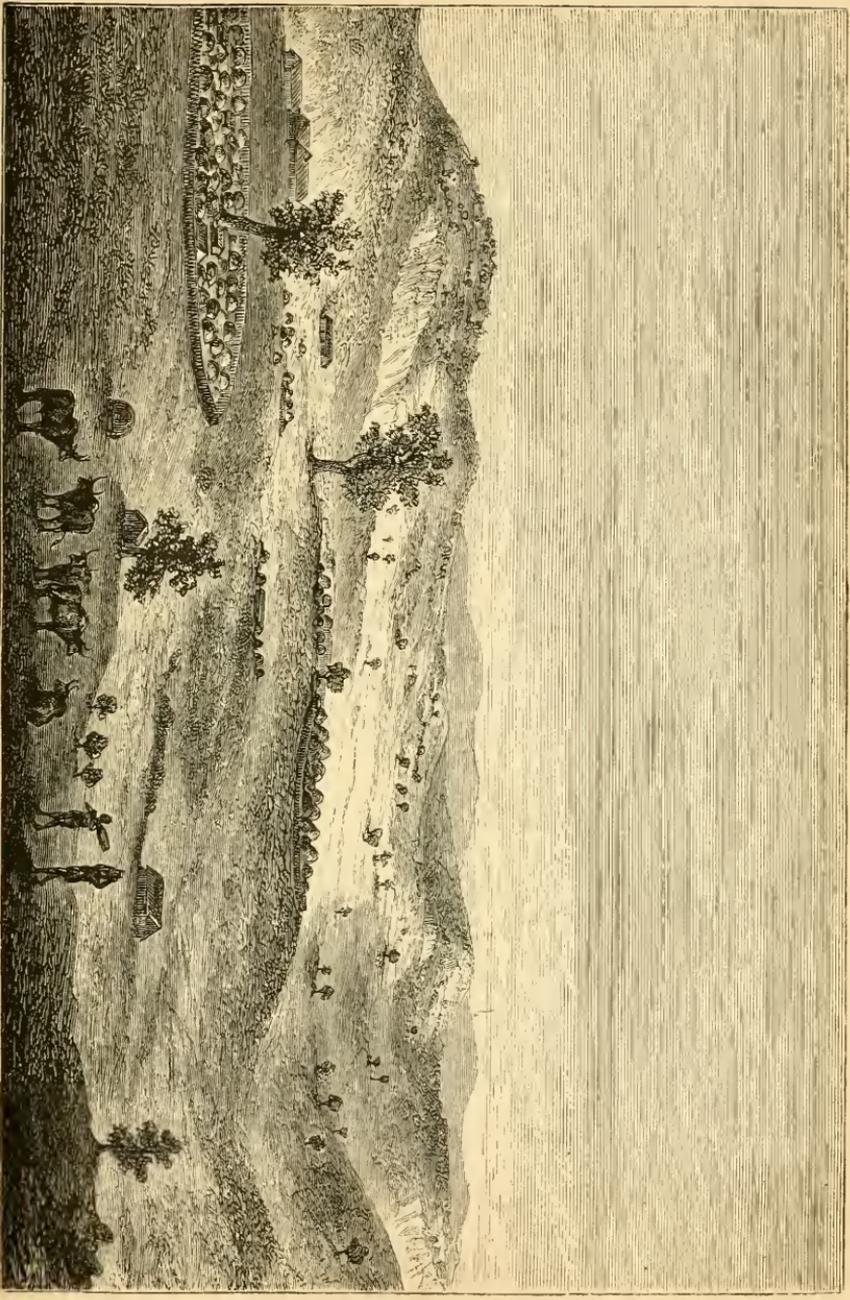
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IN answer to our formal announcement of arrival, we received a letter the following morning from Said ibn Salim, the governor, inviting us to breakfast with him, and stating that he had placed a house at our disposal during our stay at Unyanyembe. We at once proceeded to his residence at Kwikuruh, and were welcomed most warmly, and found prepared for us a capital breakfast of curried fowl, wheat-cakes, butter, milk, coffee, and tea. To this meal we did such ample justice that I fancy we must have rather astonished our host.

Our appetites being appeased, the governor, accompanied by many other Arabs, who had gathered together to welcome us, conducted us to the house in Kwiharah, and, when we had been shown over the premises, left us to make ourselves comfortably at home. The house—which had previously been lent to Livingstone and Stanley—was a large and substantial building of mud bricks, with a flat roof. The interior arrangements will be understood by reference to the plan on the following page.

Our first business was to pay and discharge the pagazi whom we had engaged to accompany us thus far, after which only thirteen bales of cloth remained.

In the afternoon Said ibn Salim called to acquaint us that on the morrow we should pay visits to the principal Arabs, and that the most convenient arrangement would be for us to commence the day by breakfasting with him.

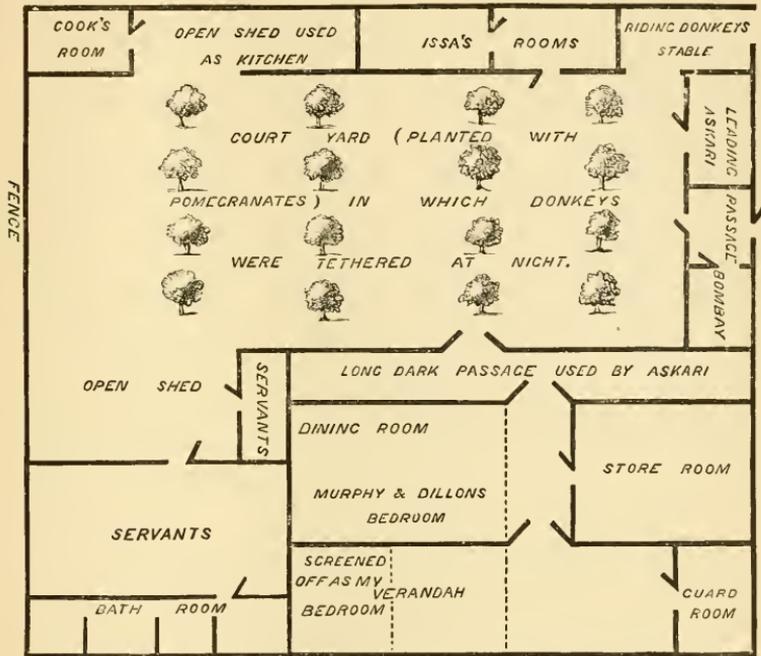


КВИРАПИ. From a sketch by Dr. Dillon.



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He had formerly been detailed by Syd Majid to accompany Burton and Speke on their famous journey when they discovered the Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza, and had also been sent with Speke and Grant on their journey, but did not go farther than this place on account of illness. He cherished an affectionate memory for his former masters, and was very kind to us for their sakes; not only lending the house, but giving us a supply of milk morning and evening, and constantly sending presents of fowls, eggs, and goats.



PLAN OF HOUSE AT KWIHERAIL.

A harder day's work than we anticipated was in store for us; and had we known what making calls upon all the Arabs involved, we should not so readily have undertaken it, although the customs of a country must be observed.

We began with a sumptuous breakfast with Said ibn Salim, after which he conducted us, with much state and ceremony, to pay the promised round of visits to the local magnates. According to usage, we were expected to eat and drink at every house we entered; but though doing our utmost to show ap-

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preciation of the kind intentions of our hosts, our capacities were but limited, and I am afraid we were scarcely equal to partaking of the proffered hospitality to the extent they would have wished.

The Arabs at Unyanyembe live in great comfort, having large and well-built houses, with gardens and fields, in which they cultivate wheat, onions, cucumbers, and fruits introduced from the coast. They maintain constant communication with Zanzibar in peaceful times, and thus obtain supplies of coffee, tea, sugar, soap, candles, curry-powder, and various luxuries. But at this time they were much harassed by Mirambo, with whom they had waged war for years without seeing any prospect of a speedy and successful termination to the hostilities.

The whole truth of the cause of this war I did not ascertain while at Unyanyembe; but I learned some particulars afterward. It appeared that Mirambo was originally the chief of a small district of Unyamwezi, and for a number of years evinced a strong friendship toward the Arabs, and even yet maintained friendly relations with many of them. Several had houses situated close to his village, and he had frequently given fifty cattle at a time as a present to any one whom he esteemed.

But some unprincipled fellow took advantage of this good nature to obtain a large quantity of ivory on credit, and, when payment became due, laughed at Mirambo for having trusted him. Mirambo then applied to the Arabs at Unyanyembe to assist him in bringing the matter to a just settlement; but as they turned a deaf ear to his complaints, he determined to arrange affairs according to his own wishes.

Shortly afterward, a caravan, commanded by a partner of the man who had cheated Mirambo, arrived on the borders of his territory, and he refused to allow it to pass unless the outstanding debt were paid. The Arab, yielding to adverse circumstances, consented to meet a portion, but not the whole, of the debt; but Mirambo, being in no humor for half-measures, took the law into his own hands, and the caravan was worsted in the struggle.

Since that time an irregular, desultory warfare has been carried on, greatly to the detriment of trade, and causing an immense amount of misery; for Mirambo is always on the move,

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and brings destruction wherever the people decline to join him. On more than one occasion he has invaded the settlements of the Arabs in Unyanyembe, and carried off their cattle from under their eyes, while they have simply barricaded themselves in their houses, being afraid to offer any resistance.

A thousand Belooches in the pay of Syd Burghash were quartered at Unyanyembe, and during our stay the force was strengthened by the arrival of two thousand coast-people. Besides this little army, the Arabs have native allies; and had they any union among themselves, Mirambo might easily have been defeated, and his power altogether broken long since. There were, however, many different cliques jealous of each other, and no settled plan of campaign was ever followed out.

On both sides the war was prosecuted with the most revolting barbarity and cruelty. They had no idea of fair fighting, but considered that the greatest glory was won by burning villages inhabited by unoffending people, and surprising and murdering small parties and individuals by stratagem. This barbarous system was fostered by the Arabs, who rewarded any man bringing in a trophy of a fallen foe by presenting him with a slave and a concubine. Such a course naturally provoked retaliation on the part of Mirambo's men, and so the struggle became more and more embittered. For my own part, I can not but admire the pluck and determination shown by Mirambo.

Two days after our round of visiting and entertainment, I was attacked by fever, Dillon and Murphy quickly following suit. Indeed, during our stay here we passed the greater part of our time down with fever.

The pagazi engaged for the journey to Unyanyembe having taken their departure after payment, those whom we had hired by the month apparently thought this a favorable opportunity for going on strike, and demanding two months' pay in advance. As long as possible I resisted, but ultimately agreed to advance one month's wages. They would have deserted *en masse* had I not yielded to some extent, and some fifty or sixty deserted after obtaining this partial compliance with their demands.

Although the more respectable Arabs showed us great kind-

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ness and rendered much assistance, I am compelled to add that many of the smaller traders threw every possible obstacle in our way, tempting our men to desert, and even carrying them off in some cases against their will.

One case was especially galling, some of our pagazi, while drunk, being enticed away by a man on the point of starting for the coast, although he well knew they belonged to us. On hearing of this proceeding, I sent to remonstrate, and in reply received a message to the effect that he should retain the pagazi unless I agreed to pay him three doti a man, which he averred he had advanced to them.

Not feeling inclined to submit to this extortion, I represented the matter to the governor, who investigated the case, and ordered the men to be given up. Before the conclusion of the affair, another attack of fever laid me low, and Dillon, not knowing the full particulars of the case, yielded to the man's demand. When I recovered, I found, to my chagrin, that not only had the cloth gone, but the men had also disappeared, having been marched out of Unyanyembe in chains.

While remaining here, a caravan belonging to Mtésa, Chief of Uganda, arrived, bringing a letter from Sir Samuel Baker addressed to Dr. Livingstone. I thought it advisable to open the letter, to ascertain whether it contained any news of Livingstone. It was dated from Fort Fatiko, and in it Sir Samuel mentioned having had some trouble with Kabba Regga (Kam-rasi), Chief of Unyoro, by which he had lost many followers, but that, Mtésa having sent men to assist him, he had passed through the difficulty.

As these people said they should at once return to Mtésa's, I intrusted them with a letter for Sir Samuel, and also two for Mtésa—one in English, which was, of course, only a matter of form; the other in Arabic, the contents of which would, I knew, be explained by a Mohammedan missionary who had resided with him for some years. I also forwarded two good cloths as a present, for at that time there appeared some possibility of receiving directions from Dr. Livingstone to proceed to the Victoria Nyanza.

We heard that the only obstacle in converting Mtésa to the Mohammedan religion was the difficulty experienced in find-

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ing any one sufficiently bold to perform the rite of circumcision, for it was feared that death would be meted out to one who caused him pain.

At the end of August, Shaykh ibn Nassib and Abdallah ibn Nassib, two brothers in command of the Sultan's troops, came in from the scene of the latest fighting with Mirambo. They were fine specimens of Arab gentlemen, and we speedily became great friends; and as their settlement was only a few hundred yards from our house, visits were constantly interchanged. They also proved of great service on one occasion when our askari mutinied, and the expedition narrowly escaped being altogether broken up.

The mutiny arose through one of the askari taking the law into his own hands on discovering that a doti of cloth had been stolen from him by a pagazi. Instead of reporting the man to me for punishment, he proceeded to wreak vengeance on the thief, and, with the assistance of three comrades, triced up the culprit by the heels, and left him hanging.

Issa, passing that way, fortunately saw the poor wretch, and immediately came to me, exclaiming that four of the askari were killing a man. On running to the rescue, I found the miserable creature with his heels in the air, and blood pouring from his nose, mouth, and ears, leaving no doubt that all would soon have been over with him. I then ordered Bombay to put in chains the four ruffians who had committed this outrage; but he instantly returned with the startling intelligence that the askari refused to obey orders.

As I was still attending to the pagazi, who began to show symptoms of recovery, I told Bombay to give the askari notice that, if they would not obey orders, they should no longer be soldiers of Englishmen; but that they should be stripped of their red coats, made to lay down their arms, and be dismissed. He then left me; but instead of making any attempt at enforcing the order to put the four men in chains, he merely said, "Master no want you; put down coats and guns, and go." Of course, the whole number, with the exception of our servants and a few who were sick, immediately went, and the four original offenders escaped.

In this difficulty I appealed to Shaykh and Abdallah ibn

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Nassib, who promised their assistance, and sent to acquaint the governor of the occurrence, and to obtain his permission to act. This resulted in the four men who commenced the trouble being captured and brought in the following morning in chains, while the others made their humble submission.

On the intercession of the *ibn Nassibs*, I reinstated the *askari*, but punished the ringleaders by keeping them a fortnight in chains. Bombay had acted most stupidly, and, indeed, during our stay at Unyanyembe was generally drunk and useless; but he now promised reformation; and as I hoped that he really intended to do well, I did not punish him.

Several attempts were made at starting from Unyanyembe, but were unsuccessful, owing to the *pagazi* I engaged so constantly deserting. They are always paid in advance, on being engaged, according to custom, and at last it almost amounted to paying a man, feeding him for a few days, and then seeing his face no more.

The unpleasantness of our situation may be judged by the following extracts from letters sent home by Dillon and myself at this time. Writing on the 23d of August, Dillon, who was usually blessed with buoyant spirits, commenced his letter:

“Now for a dismal tale of woe! On or about (none of us know the date correctly) August 13th, Cameron felt seedy. I never felt better, ditto Murphy. In the evening we felt seedy. I felt determined not to be sick. ‘I *will* eat dinner; I’ll *not* go to bed.’ Murphy was between the blankets already. I did manage some dinner; but shakes enough to bring an ordinary house down came on, and I had to turn in. For the next four or five days our diet was water or milk. Not a soul to look after us. The servants knew not what to do. We got up when we liked, and walked out. We knew that we felt giddy; that our legs would scarcely support us. I used to pay a visit to Cameron, and he used to come in to me to make complaints. One day he said, ‘The fellows have regularly blocked me in; I have no room to stir. The worst of it is, one of the legs of the grand piano is always on my head, and people are strumming away all day. It’s all drawing-room furniture that they have blocked me in with.’ I was under the impression that my bed was on the top of a lot of ammunition panniers, and I told

Murphy I was sorry I could not get away sooner to *call on him*; but I had the King of Uganda stopping with me, and I must be civil to him, as we should shortly be in his country. Murphy pretty well dozed his fever off, but I never went to sleep from beginning to end. We all got well on the same day, about, I suppose, the fifth (of the fever), and laughed heartily at each other's confidences. The Arabs sent every day to know how we were, or called themselves, bringing sweet limes, pomegranates, or custard apples. . . .

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"*September 8th.*—We have had a second dose of the beastly (excuse the word) fever. On the morning of the third day of our attack (about the seventh of Cameron's), I saw Murphy get up and steer for the open end of the room, staggering as he went, and endeavoring to get clear of a lot of ammunition which had been emptied from the panniers, but he failed to keep in the right line. Apparently seeing that he must go on to the 'rocks ahead,' he staggered slower and slower, taking very short steps, till, coming in contact with the edge of a heap of empty cartridges, he gradually subsided on the top of them, with a groan, on his hands and knees. The sight appeared to me to be so ludicrous—a big, powerful fellow not being able to get out of a room without a door or fourth wall—that I laughed as loud as my prostrate condition would admit of. This had the effect of bringing him to his senses, and he struggled to his feet, and balanced himself out. The whole thing must have been seen to have been appreciated, and by one in a similar state of helplessness as the victim. You can't imagine how this fever prostrates one. A slight headache is felt; one feels that one must lie down, though one does not feel ill. The next morning one walks, or tries to walk, across the room; one finds one must allow one's body to go wherever one's foot chooses to place itself, and a very eccentric course the poor body has to take sometimes in consequence. Drink! drink! drink! cold water, milk, tea—any thing. Bail it out of a bucket, or drink it out of the spout of the tea-pot."

Writing, myself, on the 20th of September, with my troubles uppermost in my mind, I said:

"I am very savage just at this moment, as I have been trying for two days to get enough men together to form a camp

September, a short way out, in order to see all right for marching; and all  
1873. the pagazi declare they are afraid. I think I am past the fever here now, as, although I have had it six times, the last attacks have been getting lighter; and the only thing bothering me now is my right eye, which is a good deal inflamed, but I think is getting better. I think it was caused by the constant glare and dust round the house.

“*September 30th.*—Here I am still, trying to make a preliminary start, but not one of my pagazi will come in; at least I can’t get more than a dozen together out of one hundred and thirty I have engaged, and I can’t manage much with them. I am still greatly bothered with my eye, as, if I use the other much, it brings on pain.

“*October 14th.*—Just able to try and write again, but I have been quite blind, and very bad with fever since my last words. I have been more pulled down by the latter than by any I have had before, and was feeling very much as if I should like to be with you all for a day or two. . . . I am in great hopes of getting out of here soon now. Dillon is more alive, and growling at not getting away. . . . I am writing this bit by bit, as my eyes allow me, so don’t expect much coherence or sense in the epistle. . . .”

In a letter to Mr. Clements Markham, I wrote:

“*September 15th.*—We have all been down with fever since we have been here, but are now pulling round again. It is a great nuisance, as the fever makes me lose my lunars. I tried, directly I was able, to *think* to get some, but was so shaky and dazed it was utterly impossible.

“Since I wrote the foregoing, I have been down with fever, but am now, thank God, clear of it. We are waiting for a few pagazi, and putting our donkeys’ saddle-bags to rights prior to starting for Ujiji, which I find can be reached in twenty-two marches, or about thirty days. I am afraid Dillon must go back, as he is getting quite blind—in fact, the last day or two he has been quite unable to read or write. One eye was affected first; and, now the other is going, he ought decidedly, in my opinion, to go back, and I have strongly advised him so to do.

“*September 20th.*—It is something dreadful this waiting here. Here is the 20th of September, and I am bothered still by the

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lack of pagazi. If I had been well, we should have been away weeks ago; but out of forty-five days, I have had one fever of eight days, one of seven, one of five, one of four, and now just getting well of a violent attack of headache, which lasted for five days (and of course do not feel particularly bright), so I have only had sixteen days. Dillon is much better, and has decided to go on; he is not all right yet, though. . . .

*“September 26th and 27th.*—Still detained by lack of pagazi; but I hope to be off in about ten days or so. I have just had another attack of fever, and this is the first day I have been able to do any thing. Dillon seems to have fever every other day nearly, but not very violently; but what I am most afraid of is his sight. He has quite lost the use of his left eye, and has occasional symptoms in his right. It is atony of the optic nerve. If he gets quite blind farther on, I do not see my way to sending him back; in fact, it would be impossible for the greater portion of our route; and he himself says getting back to a temperate climate would be the only thing to do him good. . . .

*“September 29th.*—Yesterday, by dint of great labor, I got sixteen pagazi together at about 2 p.m., and to-day I hear they are all collected at Taborah, and afraid to go on; and I am here, with my tent cleared out, and not a soul to move a thing. I shall go mad soon, if this state of affairs continue. I am thinking of going on by myself as light as I can, if I can get enough of the pagazi I have engaged, and making a drive somehow. . . .

“I have sent over to Taborah to try and get the pagazi to come over and go on, but it is dreadful. Oh, for a chance to get out of this fever-stricken place, and to feel one is doing something! I should feel as happy as a king—ay, and far happier too—if I only heard I could go on, even if I had to walk barefoot the whole way. If I go on by myself, I should take nine askari, and arm six of the best pagazi with spare rifles, which, with my servant, would give me sixteen well-armed men, besides myself; and if I can only get them to stick together, I should feel perfectly confident. *Coûte qui coûte*, I must go somehow or another, as I don't feel justified in stopping here any longer.

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“*October 18th.*—Since I wrote the last, I have been quite blind of both eyes, and very bad indeed with fever; so I have been helpless.

“These horrible fevers and my blindness have quite prevented my doing any thing since I last wrote, and my eyes now are any thing but perfect in work or feeling; however, they are now getting better rapidly; but, of course, the moon has passed, and I have got no lunars.”

The above is sufficient to show how constantly we were ill; and of this the men took advantage to absent themselves. They also worried us into allowing them extra provisions and cloth, which they well knew would have been refused but for our illness. I managed to hold out against their importunities; but while I was delirious they asked Dillon and Murphy to allow their rations to be doubled, and, by dint of persisting, obtained compliance.

In consequence of the great losses we sustained by the desertion of pagazi, I was obliged to buy cloth at a price four times as high as at Zanzibar, or we should have been regularly stranded.

The Arabs were perfectly right in charging this price, since no caravans from the coast had arrived for some time, and stores had become very scarce. In fact, I can not speak too highly of the behavior of the upper classes of Arabs toward us during our stay at Unyanyembe.

When we were ill, they called or sent daily to inquire for us; and limes, tamarinds, and other fruits, as also dishes of well-cooked curry, far beyond the attainments of our own *cordon bleu*, were constantly sent to us, besides such presents as a bullock, a goat, a dozen fowls, or a basket of eggs. In our intervals of convalescence we used to return their calls, and were always most warmly welcomed.

Hearing that a great auction was to be held at Taborah for the sale of the effects of some Arabs who had been killed while fighting with the Warori—a savage tribe whose territory lies in the route to the southern end of the Tanganyika—I went to see their manner of conducting it.

In two large rooms were assembled nearly a hundred and fifty traders—Arabs, Wasuahili, and Wamerima—and three men acted as auctioneers.



Ukhonongo October 1873

Sir

We have heard in the month of August that you have started from Langbar for Umpengembe, and again and again lately we have heard your arrival. your father died by disease beyond the country of Bisa, but we have learned the cause with us. 10 of our soldiers are lost and some have died. Our hands presses us to ask you some clothes to buy provision for our soldiers and we should have an answer that when we shall enter there shall be firing guns or not, and if you permit us to fire guns then send some powder. We have wrote these few words in the place of Sultan or King Abbowia  
The white Iscol Namangh.  
D. Livingstone Exped

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CUTTER FROM JACOB WAINWRIGHT BROTHERS - DEATH OF DR. LIVINGSTONE



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The first part of the sale consisted of household utensils, kettles, coffee-pots, bedding, and a small quantity of trading stores; and the auctioneers carried each article round the assemblage, gesticulating violently, and insisting that it was the best thing of its sort that had ever been brought to Unyanyembe, and asking each and every one what amount he would bid for it. After two or three rounds, the article was knocked down to the highest bidder, whose name, and the price given, were entered in the inventory, which had been previously prepared.

The second part was devoted to the sale of slaves. They were led round, made to show their teeth, to cough, run, and lift weights, and in some instances to exhibit their dexterity in handling a musket. All these slaves were semi-domestic, and fetched high prices; one woman, who was reputed a good cook, going for two hundred dollars, and many of the men reached eighty dollars, while in no instance was the price under forty.

A sad and eventful day now arrived. It was on the 20th of October, as I lay on my bed prostrate, listless, and enfeebled from repeated attacks of fever; my mind dazed and confused with whirling thoughts and fancies of home and those dear ones far away, that my servant, Mohammed Malim, came running into my tent with a letter in his hand. I snatched it from him, asking at the same moment where it came from. His only reply was, "Some man bring him." Tearing it open, I found Jacob Wainwright's letter—a fac-simile of which is here given.

Being half blind, it was with some difficulty that I deciphered the writing, and then, failing to attach any definite meaning to it, I went to Dillon. His brain was in much the same state of confusion from fever as mine, and we read it again together, each having the same vague idea—"Could it be our own father who was dead?"

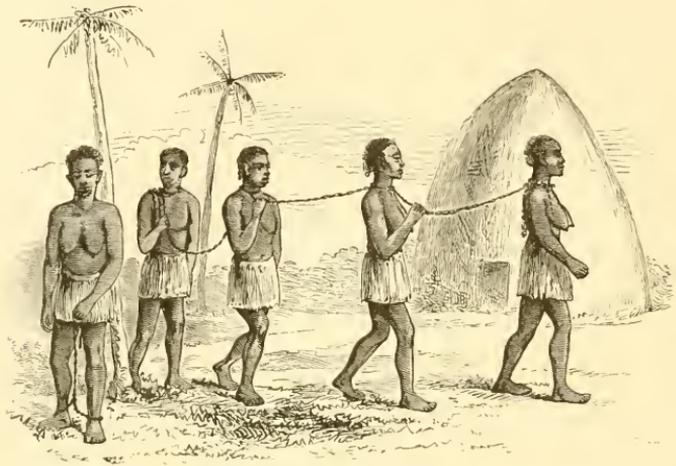
It was not until the bearer of the letter—Chuma, Livingstone's faithful follower—was brought to us that we fully com-



A GOOD COOK. PRICE TWO  
HUNDRED DOLLARS.

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prehended what we had been reading. The writer had naturally supposed that the doctor's son was the leader of the Relief Expedition. We immediately sent supplies for the pressing needs of the caravan, and dispatched a messenger to the coast announcing Dr. Livingstone's death.



MANNER OF FETTERING SLAVES.

## CHAPTER X.

Arrival and Reception of Livingstone's Body.—Some Particulars of his Death.—The Future of the Expedition.—Its Partial Abandonment.—Murphy resigns.—Dillon compelled to turn back.—The Personnel of my Expedition.—Parting from Dillon.—I go forward Alone.—Troubles of Transport.—I throw away Preserved Provisions.—A Native Plea for Slavery.—The Death of Dr. Dillon.—A Sad Blow.—Kasékerah.—Offended Dignity of Askari.—Shirking their Work.—Determined Deserters.—A Pleasant March.—Village Clubs.—A Visit to Murphy.—The Manner of transporting Livingstone's Body.—Capture of a Thief.—I reduce my Kit.—A Dirty and Drunken Chief.—Muscat Donkeys.—The Road blocked.

ON the arrival of the body a few days later, Said ibn Salim, Shaykh ibn Nassib, Abdallah ibn Nassib, and the principal Arabs without exception, showed their respect to Livingstone's memory by attending the reception of the corpse, which we arranged with such honors as we were able. The askari were drawn up in front of the house in two lines, between which the men bearing the body passed; and as the body entered, the colors which, contrary to our usual custom, had not been hoisted that morning, were shown half-mast high.

Susi, on whom the command had devolved on the death of Livingstone, brought a couple of boxes belonging to him, and his guns and instruments. He also stated that a box containing books had been left at Ujiji, and that shortly before his death the doctor had particularly desired that they should be fetched and conveyed to the coast.

Dr. Livingstone's death, as far as I could ascertain from the description given by his men, occurred rather to the westward of the place marked in the map published in "Livingstone's Last Journals." He had been suffering from acute dysentery for some time, but his active mind did not permit him to remain still and rest. Had he done so for a week or two after the first attack, it was the opinion of Dr. Dillon, upon reading the last few pages of his journal, that he would most probably have recovered.

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It is not for me here to speak of Livingstone, his life and death. The appreciation of a whole nation, nay, more, of the whole civilized world, will testify to succeeding generations that he was one of the world's heroes. And that title was never won by greater patience, self-denial, and true courage than that shown by David Livingstone.

It was now necessary to consider what course we had better pursue, since he to whom we were to have looked for guidance was taken from us.

Murphy resigned his position, and announced his intention of returning to the coast, on the ground that the work of the expedition was completed, and that nothing further remained for us to do.

Dillon and I decided upon proceeding to Ujiji and securing that box to which Livingstone had referred with almost his last breath, and, after having safely dispatched it to the coast, to push on toward Nyangwé to endeavor to follow up the doctor's explorations.

We now redoubled our exertions to get away, and equipped Susi and his companions for the march to Bagamoyo. But, unhappily, Dillon and I were not destined to go forward together; for, a few days prior to the date fixed for our departure, he was attacked with inflammation of the bowels, and, much against his wish, felt constrained to return to the coast, as that seemed the only course which gave hope of recovery.

I also was unfortunate, and had a serious fall when riding a new donkey, received in exchange for some of those we brought from Zanzibar. I pitched exactly on the small of my back upon a pointed block of granite, and was so shaken and hurt that I was unable to walk even the few hundred yards to the house, and was confined to my bed for some days.

When Dillon decided on returning to the coast, Murphy handsomely volunteered to continue with me. But I did not accept his offer on account of the great difficulty in obtaining pagazi, and I was also convinced that the only chance of the expedition moving forward lay in reducing it to the smallest possible limits.

Issa and Bombay quarreled to such an extent as to render it impossible to retain both in the caravan; and the former hav-

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ing heard that his brother—an interpreter on board one of her majesty's cruisers—had been killed at Kilwa, was desirous of returning, for the sake of his mother, who had now no son at Zanzibar.

I much regretted losing Issa, for he was very useful, and kept correct accounts of all stores expended, besides being most methodical, and possessing considerable influence among the men.

Bombay was certainly faithful and firm in attachment; in fact, he reminded me of the old Scottish servant who, when his master said they must part, replied "Na, na; I'm no' gangin'. If ye dinna ken whan ye've a gude servant, I ken whan I've a gude place." Sometimes he would work well, and prove really serviceable; but he was usually afraid of the men, and drink was his bane.

The *personnel* of my expedition now consisted of Bombay, head-man; Bilâl Wadi Asmani, second in command—Asmani who had been with Stanley and Livingstone as guide, and now filled that post with me—accompanied by his inseparable friend, Mabruki; Mohammed Malim, my servant, a good interpreter and tailor; Hamees, gun-bearer, engaged at Unyanyembe; boy Jacko, freed by Said ibn Salim to accompany me; Sambo, cook—his claims to that office rating on the fact of his having been cook's mate in an English merchant ship; Kombo, cook's mate, and a body of askari and pagazi, amounting in all to about one hundred men, desertions and engagements causing the total to vary daily.

On the 9th of November, Livingstone's caravan, accompanied by Dillon and Murphy, started for the coast, while my cry was "Westward ho!" I was the first to start, although I was obliged to leave a quantity of stores behind under charge of Bombay, owing to the non-appearance of pagazi. Consequently, I had to halt at Mkwemkwé, only a short distance from Kwiharah.

The evening before we parted was a solemn time both for Dillon and myself. We talked of our homes, and of meeting in England; but whether we really cherished that hope of meeting again, I scarcely know. We must both have had grave misgivings. I know that many such disquieted my mind at that moment, for I felt my health had failed, and before me all

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was uncertainty. Yet though the wrench and pain of parting was great, neither would express in words any doubts or fears as to the future.

At this time I was nearly blind from ophthalmia, and almost unable to walk from the pain in my back; while fever, which was still hanging about me, had reduced me to a skeleton, my weight being only seven stone four on leaving Kwiharah.

I must own that the likelihood of Dillon's reaching home appeared to me greater than of my ever again seeing England. Still, I was determined to go on, trusting in the good mercy of God to enable me to accomplish the labor I had undertaken; and Dillon spoke cheerfully of the hoped-for benefit, from change of climate, of regaining health and, it might be, sight. Little did I foresee that our separation forever in this world was then so near.

From Mkwemkwé the men still deserted at every opportunity, going either to Taborah or Kwiharah; so I again asked the assistance of Said ibn Salim and the ibn Nassibs, who promised to drive the men back to me whenever it was possible. I also ordered Bombay out to Mkwemkwé, as personal supervision was needed to keep him up to the mark, replacing him at Kwiharah by Bilâl.

On returning from this visit to Said ibn Salim, I was surprised to find Murphy in my tent. He had come to procure some medicine for poor Dillon, who, in addition to his previous illness, was now attacked by dysentery. Murphy said, however, that they intended to start without delay, arrangements having been made to carry Dillon on a litter.

I begged I might be sent for immediately should he become any worse, so that I might go to him. But, the next day, some of Livingstone's men came to me with the gratifying news that Dillon was better, and they intended to march the following morning.

Having, by dint of perseverance, managed to get my stores from Kwiharah, I broke up camp at Mkwemkwé and went to Itumvi, a large village lying on the direct road to Ujiji; but having only sufficient carriers for half my stores, I experienced much the same trouble and delay here as at Mkwemkwé.

On paper and by rations, there were about twenty men in

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excess of loads; yet whenever we started on the march, many were absent; and when Bilál was sent to look after absentees, and was fortunate enough to recover half a dozen, twenty more were found to be missing when he returned.

By this wearying and worrying behavior of the men, I was detained at Itunvi till the 20th of November, when I reduced the number of loads by restowage, and throwing away the preserved provisions for my own use, and naturally left behind considerably less than had been the case at Mkwemkwé.

I endeavored to obtain some assistance from the chief of Itunvi, and tried to enlist his sympathies by assuring him that England was the black man's friend, and wished to see all men free, and was doing her utmost to stop the slave-trade on the coast.

"What, then, are the poor Arabs to do for slaves, if you stop the trade?" said he; and though admitting that slavery was a very bad thing, and saying he never sold a slave, yet he owned that he sometimes bought one.

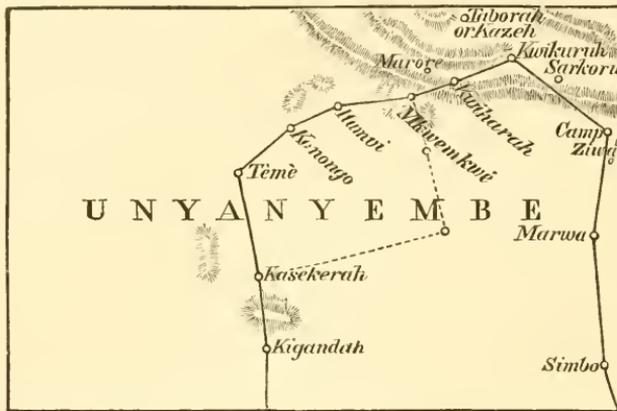
As we were starting from Itunvi, a messenger from Murphy brought the dreadful news of poor Dillon's death on the 18th of November, caused by the terrible effects of African fever. By some unhappy chance, fire-arms had been left within reach; and in the delirium of fever, and the misery of the complication of diseases under which he was suffering, he had shot himself in the head.

And, agonizing though it is to dwell on this subject, I think it only right to point out that none but those who have experienced this fever can realize the extraordinary fancies that take possession of the mind. At times I have imagined, although not entirely losing my consciousness, that I had a second head, and that I could not live in this state. The weight has been so great, and the impression so marked, that I have felt tempted to take any means to rid myself of it, but without experiencing the slightest desire to put an end to my existence.

The day on which I received this news was the saddest of my life. I had lost one of the best and truest of my old messmates and friends; one whose companionship, during the many weary hours of travel and suffering, had helped to cheer, and lessen the difficulties and vexations by which we were so frequently beset.

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And the shock so stunned me, in my enfeebled condition, that for some few days I appear to have existed almost in a dream, remembering scarcely any thing of the march to Koningo, and leaving my journal a blank. Perhaps it may not readily be understood how it arose, after having parted with Dillon and Murphy for several days, and, while moving toward opposite coasts, that our parties should at this time still have been near each other. I have therefore given the accompanying sketch of the routes followed.



PLAN OF DR. DILLON'S ROUTE.

The absence of pagazi continued to cause delay, and I had finally to abandon the idea of marching to Ujiji by the direct road, finding that not a soul would follow me if I persisted in the attempt. I accordingly decided to go round by Ugunda, and try for a route between the recognized one and that taken by Stanley.

All the remaining preserved provisions excepting a tin of soup, one of fish, and two plum-puddings—which I kept for a possible Christmas—were now thrown away to further lighten the loads; for, improvident as this almost seemed, and reluctant as I was to leave behind that which might hereafter prove of such vital importance to us, it was evident that our only hope of reaching port in safety lay in lightening the ship as much as possible. There were also some large villages close by, so that starvation did not stare us in the face.

On the 27th of November I mustered a hundred pagazi for

a hundred and ten loads, and marched to Témé, a large village four miles distant, leaving Bombay to bring on the remaining loads with men hired for the day.

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We passed two large villages, showing our colors and striking up with a drum, which I had procured in the hope of inspiring the men by a little noise. The whole population had, however, turned out, and were busily employed in preparing the ground for the next crop, the rains having now commenced, so that this attempt at display fell a trifle flat.

Bombay kept me waiting at Témé the next day, in consequence of which a number of men bolted back to Kwiharah, and, when Bombay did make his appearance, we were in a worse plight than before.

I was astonished to find a Turk serving as a soldier under Abdallah ibn Nassib, who was stationed here for the purpose of buying provisions for the Belooches at Kwiharah.

He was born at Constantinople, enlisted in the Turkish army, and was present at the opening of the Suez Canal. He deserted in Egypt, and, apparently without exactly knowing how he managed it, arrived at Zanzibar. Being in a destitute condition, he then enlisted among the Belooches of Syd Burghash. He seemed very contented with his position, but still had a hankering after Constantinople, and told me that he intended returning there some day.

More pagazi having offered themselves, I indulged in the faint hope that there was a possibility of a fair start in the morning; but more than twenty absconded during the night, and it was not without much delay that I succeeded in making a move again.

Three hours' march through a rolling country, having villages and clearings interspersed in the jungle, brought us to Kasékerah, the scene of poor Dillon's death. From the natives I unsuccessfully endeavored to ascertain where my old messmate was buried, in order that I might visit his last resting-place, and place some mark over the spot where he lay. No one could tell me any thing about it.

On meeting Murphy, I found he had buried him in the jungle, having a fear (though a needless one) of the natives desecrating his grave. I learned also that just before his death

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the poor fellow had destroyed those letters which I had given him for conveyance to the coast; so I immediately commenced writing another account of the history and prospects of the expedition.

Some of Murphy's men arrived with the information that he had halted two days' march in front, and, having had some cloth stolen from his tent, was sending to Said ibn Salim for a further supply, to enable him to continue his journey to the coast.

Kasékerah was a large and neat village of flat-topped huts, surrounded by an outer stockade, and within an inner one was an enormous circular hut, the residence of the chief, who was a daughter of Mkasiwah, chief of all Unyanyembe. There were deep verandas in front of many huts, several of which were plastered with different colored earths, forming patterns.

Again I had to wait for Bombay, and the day after his arrival it rained too heavily for us to proceed. But on the 2d of December we started, after the usual amount of bother, nine men having disappeared directly rations had been served out.

The askari, too, were inclined to give some trouble by setting forward as a grievance that carrying flags and a drum was not soldiers' work, but the duty of pagazi. Bombay caused me much vexation by abetting the askari in their ridiculous pretensions; and not until after four hours' hard work could I start the caravan—minus the drum.

Others made up their sleeping-mats, clothes, and personal baggage to represent bales of cloth, and put them among the loads; and from their being much lighter than cloth or beads, the pagazi singled them out, and displayed much anxiety to carry them instead of their proper burdens. A short walk through wooded country brought us to Kigandah, the last village in Unyanyembe; and between it and Ugunda—the next division of Unyamwezi—lay a march of six hours through virgin forest.

To guard against further desertions, I posted sentries at every entrance to the village; but this precaution proved unavailing, and twenty-five men escaped, fragments of their scanty clothing on the top of the palisades being sufficient, at the dawn of day, to show the road they had taken.

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To wait for the fugitives would have occasioned much delay, and most probably the loss of many more. So, putting the best face I could on the matter, I hired sufficient men to carry the deserters' loads to the first village in Ugunda, where it was stated pagazi were usually to be obtained. I also dispatched a messenger to the Arabs at Kwiharah and Taborah reporting the numbers that had deserted, most of whom were known as being men belonging to the coast.

Marching through wooded country with beautiful open glades, the trees bursting into fresh leaf, and the young grass clothing with a tender green the patches which had been burned in the dry season, and every thing looking fresh and spring-like, I felt better than at any time since leaving Kwiharah; and, to my astonishment, I found myself able to follow the shady path without suffering fatigue.

We rested at some pools of clear, fresh water; and a baggage-donkey, appreciating the comfort of a bath, went into one, and, lying down, commenced to roll. Pleasant as this might have been for the beast, it tended much to the detriment of a load composed of miscellaneous odds and ends, botanical paper, etc.

Resuming our march, we reached, in a few hours, a large village in the centre of much cultivation. This was the residence of Mrima Ngombé, chief of Ugunda, and, as such, was called Kwikuruh, that name being invariably given to the village at which the chief of a district in Unyamwezi dwells.

The men carrying my tent and cooking-gear having lagged behind, I took refuge from the sun's rays in the village public-house, where I became the centre of a wondering crowd.

There are two of these public-houses—or perhaps they may be more properly termed “clubs”—in nearly every village in Unyamwezi, one for each sex. That appropriated to the women is not open to strangers; but at the one frequented by the men, all travelers of distinction are welcomed by the chiefs and elders. As soon as a boy attains the age of seven or eight years, he throws off the authority of his mother, and passes most of his time at the club, usually eating and often sleeping there. They are generally larger and better built than the other huts, and a standing bed-place occupies a considerable portion of the interior.

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The following day I visited Murphy, who was camped about a mile and a half to the eastward of me, and found him very comfortable, and seeming much better than he had been since his arrival at Bagamoyo. He showed me much kindness on this occasion of meeting, giving me his water-proof coat and india-rubber sheet, which proved of great value to me afterward.

Acting on Issa's advice, Livingstone's men had packed the corpse in bark, and so lashed it up as to have the appearance of a bale of cloth, in order to smuggle it past the eyes of the prying Wagogo. Had they suspected what the package really contained, they would never have allowed the caravan with its burden to pass through their country.

A rumor now reached me that Asmani, whom I had dispatched in search of pagazi, was in the jungle unable to come, in having been stripped naked by some Ruga-ruga. I sent a piece of cloth to this unfortunate individual by some men, but, instead of Asmani, they brought back a deserter, who confessed that it was he who was guilty of stealing the cloth which Murphy had lost. He had been instigated to commit the theft by a half-caste Arab resident, who threw physic to the dogs to prevent their making a noise when the thief entered Murphy's tent. For providing this magical medicine, the Arab had received the greater part of the stolen goods, while the poor tool, in trying to skulk back to Taborah, had been robbed of every thing.

On inquiring into the case, and after patient investigation and hearing much cross-swearing, I considered that the weight of the evidence was against the Arab, who had connived at the theft and received the goods. I therefore ordered him to make good Murphy's loss, under penalty of being sent in chains to Said ibn Salim for punishment.

After some little resistance and arguing, he preferred paying to being delivered over to Said ibn Salim, who would probably either have shot him, or forwarded him to the coast to be dealt with by the Sultan at Zanzibar.

He greatly feared being sent to Said ibn Salim; for the news had spread—although I was not aware of it till afterward—that he and Abdallah ibn Nassib had on several occasions very nearly resorted to force to prevent the more disreputable

people at Taborah from enticing our men away from us. They would undoubtedly have adopted strong measures, had they not been afraid of creating divisions while Mirambo was still unconquered.

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Mrima Ngombé, the chief of Ugunda, developed a strong friendship for me, and constantly visited me, bringing pombé, and insisting on my hobnobbing with him; but, notwithstanding his efforts, it was impossible to obtain any pagazi among his people, as they would not leave home during the sowing season.

I therefore reduced my personal kit to a minimum, making all my clothes, boots, etc., into one load; yet even then there were not sufficient carriers, neither was there any chance of obtaining men on hire from day to day. So I left behind twelve loads of the cheapest beads, and wrote to Said ibn Salim to forward them if an opportunity offered.

Having wished Murphy "godspeed," I again made a start from Kwikuruh on December 8th, and, after a long march, reached Mapalatta. When first the caravan arrived, the people closed the doors of the village, for they had lately been harried by some slave-traders, and had learned to view all strangers with suspicion. But after a time they professed themselves satisfied with our peaceful intentions, and allowed us to enter.

According to Asmani, who had rejoined us at Mrima Ngombé's, no other villages would be met with for some days, and consequently it was necessary to lay in a stock of provisions. Although, according to previous experience, this statement was probably incorrect, it was not advisable to risk a jungle march without food, and I ordered a day's halt to buy and clean the necessary corn.

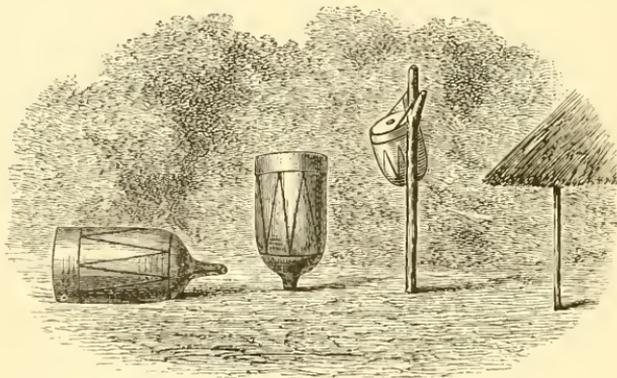
The chief of the village was a disgustingly dirty old man, suffering from delirium tremens—the only instance of this disorder which I saw in Africa, though drunkenness was by no means uncommon. The purchase of five days' food was, however, satisfactorily arranged with his wives, and we again proceeded on the 10th of December.

The country was perfectly charming, the trees delicately green and fresh, the open, grassy glades enameled with various wild flowers. Indeed, it would have required no great stretch

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of imagination to fancy one's self in the wooded part of a well-kept English park, except that gazelles bounding away in the distance, and the skulls of a lion and an elephant, kept prominently in mind the fact that one was still in African jungle.

After marching eight miles, a clearing was reached, and in the centre there stood a large new village, named Hisinéné. Asmani, with his eternal grin, pointed it out with apparent delight, seeming to think that it would be a pleasant surprise. On the contrary, I was disgusted; as it now appeared that the halt of the day before had been altogether unnecessary, and each village was certain to tempt some of my men to remain behind. When leaving the place the next morning, I was gratified to find that only one man had run during the night.



DRUMS.

After every one had started, I brought up the rear on Jamin, the white Muscat donkey I had obtained at Unyanyembe, which by this time had learned to attach itself to me almost with the fidelity of a dog. These Muscat donkeys are much valued, being highly bred, and possessing good staying powers; but they require better care and feeding than the ordinary native animal. They stand about twelve to thirteen hands high, and their paces are equal to those of a horse; and they are very pleasant to ride, owing to their easy amble.

Suddenly the caravan came to a halt, and a most unwelcome sight presented itself, the men having grounded their loads, while Asmani and others were engaged in a violent altercation with some natives.

These proved to be an embassy from Taka, chief of Eastern Ugara, proceeding to Unyanyembe to hold a palaver respecting a misunderstanding which had arisen owing to the head-man of a village having been shot by an Arab in a squabble. Taka was now sending to Said ibn Salim and Abdallah ibn Nassib to arrange this matter, and meanwhile the road through Ugara was blocked.

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Every effort to persuade this embassy to turn back and accompany me to Taka's village was unavailing, and we were compelled to return to Hisinéné. All the bright hopes of the morning were thus dashed to the ground, and a lengthened delay appeared inevitable.

## CHAPTER XI.

Driven back to Hisinéné.—A Miserable Christmas.—Superstitions regarding Snakes.—Customs of the People.—Dancing.—Cooking Arrangements.—Storing Corn.—Their Huts.—Food.—Curing.—Provisions.—Cloth-making.—Grinding Corn.—Tribal Marks.—Hair-dressing.—Warned against Mirambo.—A Spy shot.—On the Road again.—A Hospitable Old Lady.—Missing the Way.—Sack-making.—An Elopement.—Disordered State of the Country.—The South Ngombé.—A Day's Shooting.—A Hunter's Story.

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HISINÉNE being again reached, I consulted Bombay and Asmani as to the best course to pursue in this unexpected difficulty. To attempt to avoid Ugara would have lengthened the journey by three weeks or a month, while the country through which we should have been obliged to pass was reported to afford no supplies of provisions.

The ambassadors had assured me that the moment an arrangement had been arrived at the road would be opened, and they would conduct me to Taka's village, knowing that he would welcome me warmly. I therefore decided to send Asmani with them to Unyanyembe, to urge upon the Arabs the desirability of settling the matter as quickly as possible.

The chief of Hisinéné was allied with the Arabs in the campaign against Mirambo, and a few days after our arrival the fighting-men were mustered and dispatched to the scene of action.

Hearing nothing from or of Asmani for ten days, I grew anxious, and sent Mohammed Malim, with half a dozen men and my two riding donkeys, to travel as fast as possible, and ascertain what the news really was.

Now followed much dreary waiting and anxiety, which, together with the unhealthiness of the place, knocked me up, and I was attacked by fever and a sharp touch of dysentery. My back, too, was so exceedingly painful that I had no rest, night or day, for more than a week.

Some good sport was to be had here, and when I rallied a little I frequently took my gun into a rice swamp about fifty yards outside the village, and bagged some snipe. The men also constantly went shooting, bringing in on one occasion a zebra, and on another a couple of gazelles. The zebra is the best meat in Africa, and is eaten by all the Arabs and their people, though not one of them would touch horse or donkey to save his life.

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Christmas-day passed very miserably. A heavy rain-storm commenced with the day, and flooded the whole village. The



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ditch and bank round my tent were washed away, and I had over six inches of water inside it. Every thing was wet, damp, and muggy.

Then my dinner, for which I had kept a tin of soup and one of fish, besides one of the plum-puddings, was a failure. A village dog stole the fish, Sambo upset the soup, and the pudding was not boiled; and I had to content myself with a scraggy fowl and a bit of matama damper.

A very curious superstition on the part of the natives was noticeable here. One of my men came to me, shouting that there was a large snake in a hut. I, of course, took my gun, intending to shoot it; but when I arrived, the natives would not

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allow the reptile—a boa about ten feet long—to be injured, but contented themselves with quietly turning it out of the village with long sticks. I asked the reason of this gentle treatment, and was told that it was a “peppo” (a spirit or ghost), and, if injured, some disaster would befall the village or its inhabitants.

During my long stay I had also many opportunities of observing the customs of the people. Every morning, as soon as it was light, they came out of their huts, and sat round fires smoking their matutinal ’baccy. This finished, all, excepting old women and young children, the chief and two or three elders, sallied forth to work in the plantations. Those whose fields were close to the village returned at noon to eat ugali or porridge; while others, who worked farther away, cooked and eat their midday meal at the scene of their labors. Shortly before sunset they returned, and in the evening there were dancing, smoking, and singing, and drinking too, when corn for making pombé is plentiful. Drums are brought out and beaten vigorously by the hands, while men go circling round and round for hours at a time, yelling and shouting.

The women never mingle with the men on these occasions, but sometimes engage in a dance by themselves, when the gestures and actions are often even more immoral and indecent than those of the men; though they are bad enough, in all conscience. Neither men nor women have any objection to be gazed on by the opposite sex while going through these antics; but, as in most other tribes, they never mix or dance together.

The huts in which they live are usually built of stout posts planted in the ground, and the interstices filled with clay. The roof is flat, with a slight slope to the front, and the rafters are covered either with sheets of bark, or with bushes and grass, over which is spread a thick coating of earth.

Sweet-potatoes cut in slices, pumpkins, and gourds, are often laid on the roofs to dry for the winter provisions. In the interior of these huts there are generally two, and sometimes three, divisions.

The first contains small bed-places covered with hides, and here also is the universal African fire-place, consisting of the three cones of clay, which, in a few instances, are hollow, and

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form an oven. The only cooking utensils are earthen pots, nearly every thing being prepared for eating by boiling.

In the next division kids and lambs are kept, and the innermost one is used as a granary, where corn is stored in "lindo" or bark handboxes, with the lids carefully luted on with clay. These lindo are often of enormous size, some being sufficiently large to contain a dozen sacks. Smaller lindo are frequently used as trunks for traveling.

Light is admitted only through the door, which also provides the sole means for the escape of smoke, and, as a consequence, the rafters and walls are black and shiny, and the cobwebs with which they are festooned are loaded with soot. Among the rafters, walking-sticks, bows, spears, knobsticks, and arrows are stored, to become seasoned by the smoke.

As may be expected, these dwellings are infested with vermin, the worst being enormous ticks, the bite of which is so annoying that the Arabs believe them to be venomous, and often to cause fevers.

The main staple of food here—as indeed throughout Africa—is ugali, a sort of porridge. It is made by boiling water, and then mixing in flour and stirring until the mixture becomes a stiff and heavy mass. It is then turned out, and the superfluous moisture is allowed to drain away.

Meat is so rarely obtained that it is most voraciously devoured. When game is plentiful, however, they sometimes exercise a little forethought, and smoke the flesh for keeping. This process consists of cutting it into strips and placing these on branches over a fire of green wood.

The clothing of the Wanyamwezi is usually of cloth obtained in trade; but the poorer people have to content themselves with native cloth made from the inner bark of a species of fig-tree.

The outer covering of this tree is stripped off in the rainy season, and the trunk swathed with banana-leaves until the inner bark becomes sufficiently soft and tender for manufacture. It is then removed and steeped in water, after which it is laid on a plank and tapped gently with mallets, usually made of rhinoceros horn grooved on the face. At each tap the piece of bark grows larger and larger, and, when finished, has something the appearance of a felted corduroy.

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Kaffir corn, on being first gathered, is threshed on floors of trodden clay with long, curved sticks, sometimes having a small piece of board like the blade of an oar at the striking end, and, when separated from the rougher part of the chaff, is stowed away in the lindo.

On being required for use, it is beaten in a mortar to remove any chaff that may still remain, and then ground into flour between two stones. The larger of these is fixed in the earth, and a woman, kneeling down, works the small one upon it. Altogether, it is a rough operation, resulting in a large proportion of the flour being composed of sand and grit.

While employed in this labor, women often have babies lashed on their backs, and their pendulous and flaccid breasts may frequently be seen swinging to and fro, with each motion of the body, among the slowly accumulating heap of flour.

The distinguishing tribal marks of the Wanyamwezi are a tattooed line down the centre of the forehead and on each temple, the two upper front teeth clipped so as to show a chevron-shaped gap, and a small triangular piece of hippopotamus ivory or of shell, ground down white and polished, hung round the neck. Their ornaments consist principally of beads and brass and iron wire.

Chiefs and head-men wear enormous cylindrical bracelets of ivory extending from wrist to elbow, which are also used as signals in warfare. The noise occasioned by striking them together is heard at a long distance, and is used by chiefs as a call for their men to rally round them.

The men usually shave the crown of the head, and wear their hair twisted into innumerable small strings, lengthened artificially by plaiting long fibres of bark cloth with the hair. This is often carried to such an extent as to make it hang down to the small of the back, and when on the road this mixture of bark and hair is usually tied into a sort of club-tail. Others, who only want to appear smart on occasions, have wigs of string, and keep their wool shaved or clipped close.

The women follow no particular fashion in dressing their hair. Sometimes they allow it to remain in its native frizziness, often using it to stick a knife, pipe, or other small article into. Others have their hair dressed in innumerable small

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plaits, lying close to the head, and having something the appearance of the ridges of a field; and occasionally they make it into large, cushion-like masses, padded out with bark-fibres. The two latter methods of hair-dressing occupy two or three days; but when the work of art is finished, it remains undisturbed for six months, or even longer.

Mrima Ngombé, being engaged in making a royal progress through his dominions, called on me here. He was dressed in a scarlet burnose trimmed with gold embroidery, which looked rather odd over his greasy waistcloth, his only other garment. He was much displeased with the head-man of Hisinéné, and reprimanded him for not having paid me sufficient attention or supplied me with pombé.

On the 28th of December, Asmani arrived with the welcome news that a settlement of the misunderstanding had been accomplished, and that we could now pass through Ugara without let or hinderance. But, since the embassy had remained behind on a spree, we were advised to make a détour to avoid their village, otherwise we might be suspected of having murdered them.

With Asmani came some of Said ibn Salim's men, bringing a few of my deserters and a hint to beware of Mirambo, as one of the Watosi—a tribe of herdsmen, of whom many are settled at Unyanyembe—had been detected conveying to him information of the route we proposed to follow.

They expressed the hope that I should be pleased on hearing that the unfortunate Mtosi had been shot for carrying the news to Mirambo. This act was doubtless intended as a piece of civility, but it was one with which I could well have dispensed. Nothing further had been done toward perfecting a plan for the campaign against Mirambo, owing to a difference of opinion as to the selection of a leader.

The officer who had brought the re-enforcements from the coast wished to take chief command, civil and military; but this Said ibn Salim and Abdallah ibn Nassib refused to allow, as they were both senior to him in the Sultan's service. The new troops stood by their own commanding officer, while the Belooches and others, who had been serving under Said ibn Salim and Abdallah ibn Nassib, refused to recognize the new-

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comer. And while divided councils prevailed at the Arab head-quarters, their native allies were daily leaving them, and Mirambo was increasing in power and strength.

Asmani had neither seen nor heard of my servant Mohammed Malim; but believing I could trust him to follow me, I made ready for starting at once. The men refused to march, and Bombay, instead of assisting me, supported them by asserting that it was necessary to wait to enable them to clean their corn. This was nothing less than a gratuitous falsehood and idle excuse. On the 30th of December, after a deal of trouble, I marched, through a pelting rain, to another Kwikuruh, a large and populous place, ruled over by the mother of Mrima Ngombé.

The old lady was remarkably civil, sending me eggs and pombé, and declining to receive any thing in return, saying she had been requested by her son to look after me, as I was his friend, and that every thing she possessed was at my disposal.

Upon starting the next morning, Asmani tried a short cut he had heard of, and managed to miss it, and led us north-east, south-west, east, west, south, and north, in rapid succession.

A sore heel prevented my getting to the head of the caravan to put matters right; for my riding donkeys were away with Mohammed Malim, and the old steed, Jenny Lind, which I had ridden from the coast, was left behind at Hisininé on account of illness. To add to our miseries, it was raining the greater part of the time, the mud in many places being knee-deep. Right glad was I when we sighted the clearing surrounding a village, and soon I was seated under a veranda of the chief's house.

All my clothing, except that required for decency, I at once hung up to dry; for a box containing a change of clothes was, as usual, behind. But a fire and a cup of hot coffee provided by Sambo soon pulled me together somewhat. In the evening I tried for lunars and latitudes, but bad sight prevented my obtaining any.

Here I decided to wait for Mohammed to overtake us, which he did the following evening, bringing in Jasmin with a sore back, caused by his villainous riding.

From some men who accompanied him from Said ibn Salim

I learned that Murphy was well away on his return journey, having been heard of past Jiwé la Singa.

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During the day I had an opportunity of watching a man engaged in the peculiar process of making a sack for carrying corn. Taking a pole about fourteen feet long, the outer thick bark, which had been previously loosened by soaking in water for some days, was removed by tapping with a small mallet. He next put a strong seizing round the pole at about three feet from one end, and began at the other to turn the inner tough bark inside out, using for this purpose an instrument made of a bent branch cut to an edge at one end, and forming a kind of adze.

The man then cut the pole short off above the lashing, and turning the bark back again, increased its size by beating it out with a hammer very like that used in making native cloth, which also rendered it soft and more pliant. He afterward put corn into this bark sack, ramming it well in, and, when it was perfectly full, tied up the open end and wound wide strips of bark around the package. It now resembled a hard bolster about six or seven feet long—the lateral expansion having shortened the bag—with a short pole projecting at one end. This serves to keep the contents from becoming wet when the baggage is stacked against a tree. Larger packages of this kind are used as granaries, being carefully thatched, and then planted by the projecting pole in an open place in the village.

On the 2d of January, 1874, we broke up from Shikuruh (which, by-the-way, is the village called Kwikuruh by Stanley), after being detained by some men going out for the carcass of a buffalo they had shot.

I here ascertained that a donkey which was supposed to have strayed at Unyanyembe had actually been sold by Umbari and one of Livingstone's men, named Manna Sera, whom I had sent for it. Upon this discovery, I turned Umbari out of the caravan, as, in addition to being a rogue, he was a grumbling, troublesome fellow, who was constantly stirring up a spirit of dissatisfaction among the men.

Asmani seemed doubtful about the road for the next day's journey, so I steered a course by compass, and, after five hours through trackless jungle full of game, camped by some pools in an open space.

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I went out with my gun, and saw numerous tracks of giraffe, and stalked one large antelope for a considerable distance; but before getting within range, Leo, who had been left in camp, found me, and testified his delight so noisily that the antelope was frightened and my chance of a shot was spoiled.

On returning, I found a party of Said ibn Salim's men had arrived in search of three women slaves, reported to have accompanied the men sent by me to Uuyanyembe with Mohammed Malim, and, on their being discovered, I ordered them to be immediately handed over.

During the night two more pagazi ran away, but a hunter whom we found in the woods fortunately volunteered his services. Guided by compass, we continued our march through jungle, where Leo startled a herd of antelope, and the caravan found a sounder of pig, of which I bagged one little squeaker; and, following this course for some hours, came among a number of barked trees, which denoted our approach to a village.

Shortly afterward, we struck a path leading through freshly cleared plantations, where the stumps of trees which had been felled were left about four feet high, having a most curious appearance. This brought us to the last village in Ugunda, and, although it was still early, I decided to halt, as three long marches lay between us and the first village we should arrive at in Ugala.

Food was plentiful; and enough corn for four days being purchased, I directed that it should be cleaned at once, instead of allowing the men to take a whole day about the business. The village was large and strongly built, and additions had evidently been made at various times. The oldest portion, in which the head-man lived, was almost entirely under the shade of one enormous banyan-tree.

In addition to the usual stockade, this one was surrounded with a ditch, and embankment loop-holed for musketry on the inside; and the entrances consisted of narrow passages, with two or three doors in each.

The different state of the country from that which prevailed when Burton was here was particularly noticeable. In his time, a musket was an heir-loom for a chief, and the happy possessors were few and far between; but when I passed, nearly

every village could turn out at least half of its men armed with muskets.

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In consequence of the disturbances between Mirambo and the Arabs, trade had suffered much, and the whole country was very unsettled. The lawless inhabitants of villages took advantage of the disorder which existed, and formed parties, from forty to fifty strong, to loot and destroy their weaker neighbors. These they attacked indiscriminately, calling themselves friends of Mirambo or of the Arabs, according to which party they were at the time intent on plundering.

As water was reported to be scarce, and there was some danger of not finding any if steering by compass, we took the road pointed out by Asmani. Soon we were clear of jungle, and entered an apparently illimitable plain covered with long grass, and having numerous small mounds crowned with wood, as also solitary trees scattered over its surface. We halted near a pool of muddy water, and camped on one of the little wooded knolls.

Game was wonderfully plentiful. We saw quail and secretary birds, startled a large herd of antelope, and crossed a buffalo-track—about twenty yards wide, and trampled into the semblance of a plowed field—running in a dead straight line from north to south.

Soon after starting from here for the South Ngombé nullah, we passed some shallow, swampy pools, surrounded by trees and thick jungle.

I was in front, and happened, unfortunately, to be without my gun, when a huge white rhinoceros waddled past me, grunting. He failed to notice me as I quietly slipped behind a tree, but the shouts of the porters, who now sighted him, warned him off, and he turned into the jungle. I followed directly, my rifle having arrived, and tracked him for some way, but was brought to a standstill by a bed of swamp.

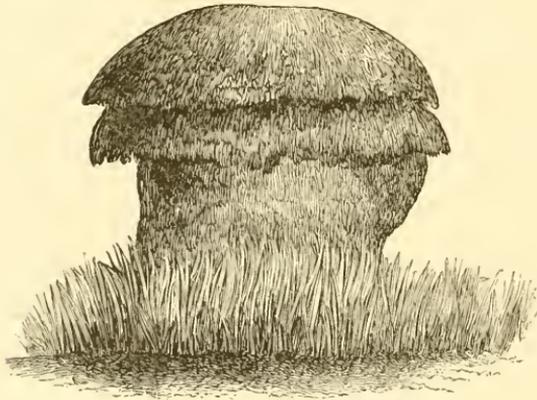
The remainder of our road to the South Ngombé was swamp, followed by a piece of the most beautiful plain that it is possible to imagine.

Clumps of magnificent trees were grouped with an effect which could not have been surpassed had they been arranged by the art of the landscape gardener; while wooded knolls and

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stretches of green grass, and a background of heavy timber along the banks of the nullah, completed the scene.

The South Ngombé—not to be confounded with the Northern Ngombé, which drains the country to the north of Taborah—is one of the southern affluents of the Malagarazi River, and is joined by the Walé nullah, which rises a few miles west of Itumvi. Near the point at which we crossed, it lay in long reaches of four or five miles in length, divided from each other only by sand-bars about fifty yards wide. Its waters afford a home to numerous hippopotami and crocodiles, and are covered with a profusion of immense water-lilies. In times of flood, it spreads about three miles on either side, and pours a vast



ANTS' NEST.

quantity of water into the Malagarazi. Our camp was pitched on its western bank, in a clear space of grassy turf surrounded by gigantic trees, festooned to their topmost branches by enormous creepers.

The men being tired, after our two long marches, I decided on a day's halt, and gave them leave to go out shooting. The surrounding country was full of game; but I found it very wild, and so frightened by the number of my own people, as well as hunting-parties of Wagara, who were about, that I only shot a boar, which, being an unclean animal, none of my men would bring in.

During my ramble I noticed the remains of a lion, buffalo, and crocodile, lying together in a heap, and was told a curious

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story to account for this strange sight. It was said that when the buffalo came to drink, a lion sprung upon him, and both rolling into the water together, they were seized by a crocodile. He, in his turn, was dragged about twenty yards from the bank by the struggles of the two beasts, and there the trio perished in an inextricable entanglement.

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I also saw an enormous crane of a bluish-gray color, looking a king among birds, being by far the largest I had ever seen, with the exception of the ostrich.

## CHAPTER XII.

Ugara.—A Ludicrous Sight.—Mirambo's Head-quarters.—Destruction and Desolation.—The Havoc of the Slave-trade.—A Field for England's Labors.—Leo surprises the Natives.—Leg Ornaments.—Liowa.—My Pets.—A Lawless Set of Ruffians.—Heavy Rains.—Bee-nesting.—A Stampede.—Lost in Jungle.—A Panic.—Rocky Residences.—An Attempt at Extortion.—I give a Lecture on Hospitality.—Its Good Effect.—Nothing to Eat.—"Jasmin" Dies.—Tame-ness of my Goat.—Unfriendly Villages.—A Buffalo-charge.

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UGARA, in which we were now, is not recognized as being part of Unyamwezi proper, although, owing to the people having the same manners and tribal marks, and their language being nearly identical, they are not to be easily distinguished from their neighbors.

On the 8th of January we moved from the banks of the South Ngombé toward Tévéré, but were shortly met by about twenty people sent by Taka—chief of the easternmost of the three portions into which Ugara is divided—to inquire our reasons for having entered his territory without sending to apprise him of our approach. Matters being soon explained, they returned with us, and showed us where to halt; but we were not allowed to camp in Tévéré.

This village was a perfect mass of vegetation, the trees with it growing so thickly and closely together that nothing could be seen of the huts; and even the palisades, constructed of poles of the bark-cloth tree, had taken root and sprouted, and had thus become like the fortifications of Robinson Crusoe. Taka's own village was some seven miles to the northward of us, and would have lain on our route had we been allowed to follow the road taken by us on making our first journey from Hisiné.éné.

We had scarcely camped, when emissaries arrived from Taka, and demanded twenty doti and two guns as mhongo. The guns I could not spare, and would not give; so compromised

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the matter by paying twenty-two doti. A present was then asked for Taka's mother; but I refused to give any thing, expressing my opinion that he was fully able to take care of his own mother.

The messengers informed me that if I visited Taka he would give me some provisions; but as this would have entailed a delay of two or three days, I declined the invitation. Guides were placed at our disposal, and we marched across a perfectly level country until just at the close of the day's journey, when we breasted a small hill close to a village named Kwatosi, and camped on its summit.

I was greatly amused by one of the guides, who displayed much pride at possessing an umbrella. He kept it open the whole day, continually spinning it round and round in a most ludicrous fashion; and when we came to some jungle he added to the absurdity of his appearance by taking off his only article of clothing—his loin-cloth—and placing it on his head after having carefully folded it. The sight of a perfectly naked negro walking under an umbrella was too much for my gravity, and I fairly exploded with laughter.

Nothing but boundless plain covered with jungle was to be seen from the camp, the only break on the horizon being two small hills far away to the north-north-west. These were said to be Mirambo's head-quarters, which the Arabs had never attacked, the strength of the position being so great that it was felt that to make the attempt would be to court defeat.

We passed the sites of many deserted villages which had been destroyed quite lately in the war, and, after camping one night in the jungle, arrived at the capital of Utendé, the central district of Ugara. The chief was moderate in his demands for mhongo, and would have been satisfied with six doti, had not a son of Taka, who unfortunately arrived at that moment, said to him, "Don't be a fool! my father got twenty-two. You ask the same." This caused much haggling and arguing, as I was greatly averse to complying with his increased claim. Still, he managed to get the twenty-two doti in the end, by prohibiting his people from selling food to us until he was paid.

In the village there were many of Mirambo's men, who graciously informed us that they would certainly have attacked

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us, had we been Arabs; but, being English, we were allowed to pass, because they knew we had not come for slaves. I have a strong suspicion that this was "buncombe," for Mirambo is as much a slave-dealer as any Arab in the country. But I suppose these men had heard something of the English from my people, and, not being strong enough to rob us, considered it advisable to appear friendly.

The chief proved a curious sort of fellow, frequently withdrawing permission for us to buy food, and then restoring it. By taking advantage of the permission when granted, we procured enough in two days, and went on our way.

The rains were now exceedingly heavy, and at times came down with a roar that made sleep almost impossible. The following note in my journal was evidently entered on one of these occasions: "Thunder and lightning; lying awake listening to the rain. If the blessed old Tanganyika gets all this, it *must* burst out somewhere."

Our next halt was at the village of Liowa, chief of Western Ugara. The country before this had been dead level, but now began to get rather broken, and the road was across undulating country. The valleys were swamps, with deep and stiff black mud, that, in every thing but extent, put the stories of the dreaded Makata altogether into the shade.

Passing through the ruins of so many deserted villages, once the homes of happy and contented people, was indescribably saddening. Where now were those who built them and cultivated the surrounding fields? Where? Driven off as slaves, massacred by villains engaged in a war in which these poor wretches had no interest, or dead of starvation and disease in the jungle.

Africa is bleeding out her life-blood at every pore. A rich country, requiring labor only to render it one of the greatest producers in the world, is having its population—already far too scanty for its needs—daily depleted by the slave-trade and internecine war.

Should the present state of affairs be allowed to continue, the country will gradually relapse into jungles and wilds, and will become more and more impenetrable to the merchant and traveler. That this should be a possibility is a blot on the boasted

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civilization of the nineteenth century. And should England, with her mills working half-time, and with distress in the manufacturing districts, neglect the opportunity of opening a market which would give employment to thousands of the working classes, it will ever remain an inexplicable enigma.

Let us hope that the Anglo-Saxon race will allow no other nation to outstrip it in the efforts to rescue thousands—nay, millions—of fellow-creatures from the misery and degradation which must otherwise infallibly fall to their lot.

At Liowa's village the whole population turned out to stare at us, and their astonishment at beholding a European was far less than that displayed at the sight of old Leo. This was in no way diminished by the wonderful stories related of him by my men, who declared that, single-handed, he was a match for any two lions in Africa.

These people were a fine, manly, warlike race, well armed with guns and spears, the blades of the latter being sometimes two feet in length, and more than four inches wide in their broadest part.

Two ornaments which I had hitherto rarely seen now became common. One, the sambo, consisting of a quantity of small circles of elephant's hair or hide, neatly bound round with very fine wire, was worn on the legs. Natives of high degree frequently wore such a mass of these as to give them the appearance of being afflicted with elephantiasis; and though I had no means of ascertaining the exact number on each leg, I may safely affirm that in some instances three hundred would be under rather than over the mark.

The other ornament to which I allude was composed of fringes of long goat's hair, also worn round the leg, commencing just above the swell of the calf and reaching well-nigh to the ground. To both these ornaments there were often appended small bells and pieces of tin and other metal, and the happy possessor of such extra decorations was never inclined to let them pass unnoticed, but would stamp and strut about like a lunatic, in order to make them jingle and herald his approach.

While we were at Liowa's, a party belonging to Mrima Ngombé arrived *en route* to Simba, a chief of the Warori, who, having lately been successful in looting a quantity of ivory

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from his neighbors, had sent out circulars stating that he had on hand a very large stock of a superior article, which must be sold at a ruinous sacrifice, to effect a clearance before removing from the premises.

Liowa's father, who bore the same name, was chief of all Ugara, and, having had a tiff with some Arabs, set out with the intention of destroying Bagamoyo; but his vaulting ambition overleaped itself, and he and most of his followers perished on the road.

The feudatory chiefs of the two other divisions of Ugara, taking advantage of the youth of the present Liowa on his succeeding his father, declared themselves independent, and thus robbed him of more than two-thirds of his patrimony.

Liowa presented me with a small goat, which became so greatly attached to me that I had not the heart to kill her, but decided on keeping her as a pet, and she soon knew me, and learned to answer to her name, "Dinah." She and Leo were inseparable, and both used to follow close upon my heels on the march.

News now reached me that the direct road to the Malagarazi ferry was blocked by large bodies of escaped Arab slaves, who were well armed, and had turned their hand against every body. They had been armed by their masters to fight against Mirambo, but had deserted, and joined a number of runaways, who infested the vicinity of Unyanyembe. And now they were doing their utmost to harm their former masters.

Many of the atrocities ascribed to Mirambo should properly be placed to the account of these ruffians, who, bound by no laws, human or divine, placed no limits upon the brutalities in which they indulged.

Liowa's was left on the 17th of January, and, soon after starting, we met Mrima Ngombé's men, who had gone on the day before, and had turned back to place themselves under our protection, being afraid to proceed alone.

Three miles down hill, and half a mile through swamp, was all we managed before being fairly stopped by the rain, which came down like a water-fall; and the difficulty in getting the men and donkeys to face it and cross the swamp to a dry place for camping, was very great. The rain approached us like a

moving wall of water, and some time before the storm reached us the sound resembled the roar of a cataract.

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Fortunately, the tents were quickly pitched, and the stores were kept fairly dry. I fully appreciated Murphy's water-proof coat; but the men were drenched, and most of them adopted the costume of Adam in the early days of the Garden of Eden.

When the rain ceased, some of the men took a bees'-nest, which had been discovered in a tree overhanging the camp. I watched their proceedings with interest, for it seemed marvellous that the naked fellows up in the tree should be able to hack away at the hole where the nest was, with infuriated bees swarming around them. Yet they only stopped occasionally to brush them away from their faces, or to pull out a sting. The fellows' skins must have been somewhat like that of the honey-guide, impervious to the sting of the bee; but, after all their labor, no honey was forthcoming, dead and rotten combs only being found.

On resuming our march, we passed through an open forest of fine trees, with little or no undergrowth, where I succeeded in rolling over a large antelope. We then came to a precipitous ravine, with numerous streams gushing down its rocky sides, sometimes hidden by bushes, and at others forming miniature water-falls.

We rounded the southern end of this dip, and reached the river Mtambo, flowing at the bottom of a rocky valley. It was two or three feet deep, with many cascades, the bed being so full of rocks that we found an easy path of stepping-stones across it, the only difficulty being the work of getting the donkeys over.

The next day's attempt at a journey was a failure. After a couple of hours on the move, some buffalo were seen, and down went every load immediately, some men running away, and others going in pursuit of the beasts. The runaways soon recovered their lost nerve, and returned; but as the hunters did not put in an appearance, there was no option but to camp. I was crippled by a painful wound in my leg, caused, I think, by the bite of a centipede, and was quite unable to do any shooting.

The sporting-men found their way back during the evening, excepting a few who remained in charge of a rhinoceros and an

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eland which Asmani had shot; and the next day they refused to move before the meat was brought in and divided, for which purpose a halt became necessary. To add to the annoyance of this delay, the road was lost on setting out, and my leg had meanwhile become so troublesome that I was unable to take the lead of the caravan and steer by compass.

For three days we wandered round and round, going along a track perhaps for half an hour, only to find it end abruptly, while the scouts sent forward to discover the right road declared that impassable swamps and "muds" lay in the direction I wanted to travel.

During all this time we were toiling through jungle, and passed several streams, two of which were so deep that it was necessary to use the india-rubber boat and to haul some of the donkeys over, until one, bolder than his fellows, jumped in and swam across, and was followed by the rest.

Soon after we camped on the evening of the third day, I was startled by the report of fire-arms in all directions. Hobbling out of my tent, I met a man with his hair standing as straight on end as its woolly nature would allow, and with fright depicted on every feature, crying out, "Master! master! Ruga-ruga! Shika bunduki" (Master, master! Robbers! Get your gun). Only about twenty of my men could I find, their first impulse having been, as usual, to look to their own safety by taking to their heels; and where the enemy was, none could tell me. At last I ascertained that one of my followers, on meeting an old native in the jungle, had fired his gun as a signal that we were near a village. The other men being thoroughly intimidated by the stories of Mirambo, Ruga-ruga, and escaped slaves, had immediately imagined that we were attacked. Hence the fright and general stampede.

Upon the native being brought to me, I learned from him that the village of Mán Komo, chief of part of Kawendi, could easily be reached the following day. He further volunteered to conduct some of my men there at once, in order that they might return the next morning and show us the road.

This old man had been engaged in cutting bark to make clothing for himself and his wife; and, judging from appearances, he had not undertaken the task before it was needed. I

rewarded him with a shukkah for his civility, and he departed perfectly delighted.

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The men whom I sent to the village did not return till after midday. Others, then absent on a hunting expedition, afterward brought in a zebra; and the consequent feasting extinguished all hope of marching until the following day, when we passed through a marsh, and crossed the river flowing by the village of Mân Komo.

Mân Komo is protected in front by this river, which was twenty-five feet wide and eight deep, and at the rear by a precipitous rocky hill, on the side of which the principal portion of the place is built.

Many of the people have appropriated holes and caves in the rocks as residences; and so difficult of access and easily defended is the village, that even Mirambo has been beaten off by the inhabitants, on his attempting to plunder them.

Representatives from Mân Komo, whose errand was to demand a mhongo of fifty doti, soon waited upon me, he having heard from Mrima Ngombé's men that similar payments had been made in Ugara. Knowing full well that this demand was an attempt at extortion, Mân Komo having never before been given mhongo, I refused to pay any thing, and lectured his messengers on hospitality.

I told them that since they were well aware that we had been wandering for a considerable time in the jungle, they should properly have brought us a present of food. Had they done so, I should have made Mân Komo a handsome present; but now I assured them he would not receive from me even an inch of cloth.

Two villagers offered for a small payment to direct me to the capital of Uvinza, our next stage, on the road to which they said we should have no difficulty in obtaining supplies. I therefore decided on going forward, and early in the morning when the guides came, faithful to their promise, we started at once. My leg had become so much worse that I was utterly unable to move, and poor Jasmin was so weakened by the want of proper food that he could not bear my weight; so I slung my iron chair to a pole, and was carried by askari.

The lecture given to Mân Komo, coupled with my speedy

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departure from his place, seemed to have had some effect; for, soon after leaving, we were overtaken by one of his sons, who promised that, if I would return, I should receive a present of a goat, some corn, and pombé. But, being fairly under way, I refused to turn back.

Following the road along a small flat lying between the stream and the foot of the hill—the northern end of which we rounded—brought us to another mountain with so sharp an ascent that the men were unable to carry me, and I had literally to be dragged up by my arms. From the summit there was a most extensive view of meadows, woods, and valleys spreading at our feet, surrounded by mountains presenting every variety of outline and size. The most distant, I was told, overhung the Tanganyika.

We had ascended this hill at the only accessible point in the direction from which we approached it, and the sides in many places went down so sheer that huge stones, rolled over the edge, crashed through the branches of projecting trees without touching earth till they landed in the valley below.

A blinding rain now set in, and drenched every body and every thing, and covered the hill-sides with running water, much to our discomfort; and in the afternoon we were glad to camp near a small assemblage of huts with about a dozen inhabitants. No provisions were obtainable here; and the men, instead of pushing on at once, started away on a foraging expedition, which detained us for three days. They then returned, without having met with any success.

During these days I was so seedy from the drenching on the hills and the pain my leg gave me, that it quite prevented my feeling any hunger. And this was rather fortunate, for there was nothing to eat excepting one plum-pudding, which I kept thus far on the chance of seeing another Christmas in Africa.

Poor Jasmin was thoroughly broken down from want of corn. His last effort was to drag himself to my tent door, where he lay down exhausted and utterly unable to move. Having no food whatever to give the poor beast, I thought it a merciful act to put a bullet through his brain, for I could not bear to witness his sufferings any longer. The only riding

donkey now remaining was a half-bred one, which also showed symptoms of being beaten by starvation.

My goat had become extraordinarily tame, and would persist in sleeping on the foot of my bed. If she were tied up elsewhere, she disturbed the camp by continual bleating until allowed to come back to me.

The men managed to find roots and mushrooms for themselves, and I believe a certain amount of corn and flour; but I did not get any thing until the evening of the third day.

On the 31st of January we gladly left this inhospitable place, and made our way down a steep descent and along a narrow valley, through which there ran a winding stream, with numerous fenced-in patches of cultivation on each side. The villages were perched among the rocks, and the inhabitants refused to have any intercourse with us.

The cause of this unfriendly behavior was that they mistrusted our honesty of purpose, having suffered much from the slave-trade by being preyed upon by neighboring tribes, who sell them to the Arabs. This they are enabled to do in consequence of there being no friendship among the villages, each little hamlet of perhaps only half a dozen families asserting its independence.

Emerging from this valley, we passed through an open forest along the slope of a hill. Suddenly I found myself most unceremoniously dropped by my carriers, who bolted right away, and immediately afterward a general stampede took place all along the line, the men, in their panic, throwing down guns, loads, and every thing, while scampering off to ensconce themselves behind the nearest trees.

“What is it? thieves, wild beasts, or what? Bring me my gun!” shouted I, as I lay on my side, jammed in the chair by the pole to which it was slung, and perfectly unable to move. The only answer I received was a personal explanation from the cause of all this terror—a solitary buffalo—which came charging along with head down. A black, vicious “varmint” he looked, as he passed within twenty yards of me; but, luckily, he did not see me, or in all probability he would have sent me flying into the air, chair and all.

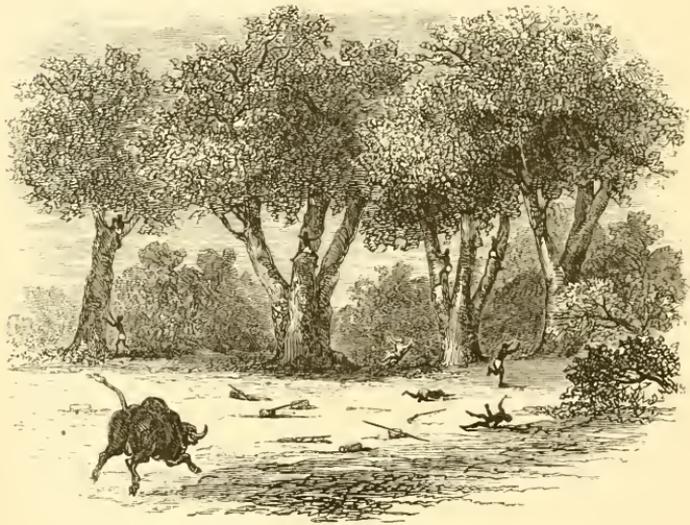
That evening we camped in a wide ravine in the hill-side,

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which proved rather an unhappy selection, for a heavy down-pour of rain in the middle of the night converted our quarters into a stream two feet deep, by which boxes of books, cartridges, and stores in general were flooded.

We arrived the following day on the banks of the Sindi, a large affluent of the Malagarazi, having passed on the march a wide stretch of country under water varying from one to three feet in depth. Across the deeper places the dog and goat swam, in loving company, close along-side my chair.



BUFFALO CHARGING GARAVAN.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Floating Islands.—Their Origin and Growth.—Crossing the Sindi.—Uvinza.—A Cordial Reception.—Strange Economy.—A Boy Chief.—Curious Visitors.—Ceremonious Salutation.—Tattooing.—Ugaga.—Approach of Mirambo.—On our Defense.—Destruction of Several Villages.—Ferry Charges.—A Host of Claimants.—The Malagarazi Ferry.—Sambo's Cookery.—Salt-making.—A Considerable Trade.—Liquid Snuff.—A Droll Sight.—My Faithful Leo dies.—A Wild Beast in Camp.—Sighting Tanganyika.—Arrival at Kawélé.

THE Sindi was crossed on the 2d of February, on a mass of floating vegetation, one of the peculiarities of intertropical Africa. Many rivers for a great portion of their courses are studded with these islands, which, when in good condition, are frequently used both by man and beast as natural floating-bridges.

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At the point where we crossed, there was only a clear channel about two feet wide on each side, the remaining hundred yards of the river's width being covered with this vegetable growth, which extended about three-quarters of a mile down the stream.

Stepping on these islands is accompanied with much the same sensation as walking on a quaking bog overgrown with rushes and grass. On boring with a pole through about three feet of closely-matted vegetation mixed with soil, the river is found, and the hippopotami pass underneath.

These masses vary in thickness and stability from year to year. They owe their origin to the rushes growing in the bed of the river, impeding the course of floating débris, and causing it to accumulate and form soil for vegetation. Plants quickly spring up and flourish, and, interlacing their roots, a compact mass is the result. This continues to increase for about six years, when the limit is reached. Then the island begins to decay, and disappears altogether in about four years.

Caravans sometimes pass over them when the stage of decay

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has already set in, and several have been lost in the attempt. Consequently, it was not without many prophecies of disaster befalling us that the men ventured to trust themselves on this floating vegetation. However, we found ourselves across it without any accident having happened, and, passing through cultivated grounds and habitations, soon reached the village of Itambara, the head-quarters of the chief of Uvinza.

Looking back toward the hills we had traversed, their likeness to an archipelago could not fail to occur to me, the islands being represented by numerous hills detached from each other by narrow gorges, with bluffs, promontories, and cliffs. Many of them had such precipitous sides as to appear, from this distance, quite inaccessible; but the curling, faint, blue smoke betokened the presence of villages nestling under the rocky crags. Taking it all in all, the scene was one of marvelous beauty.

In Uvinza food of different kinds was plentiful, and we saw many plantations of Indian corn, matama, sweet-potatoes, beans growing on a sort of bush, and tobacco.

At Itambara we were cordially welcomed by the head-man, who offered us the use of some huts, and, remarking that we must be hungry, brought a goat and some fowls for myself, and flour for my men. Mhongo was paid here for permission to cross the Malagarazi. The amount was very heavy, but I was assured it would clear us with the mutwalé at Ugaga—where the ferry is—and that I should only have to reward the canoe-men. Mutwalé is the title given throughout Uvinza and some of the neighboring districts to the chief of a single village.

A day was consumed in arranging this matter, and drying clothing and stores, which had suffered much from the rains we had experienced, and another was lost by the obstinacy of Bombay, who would not get the men together.

My lameness prevented my moving about among the men and forcing them to start, and Bombay, as an excuse for his folly, continually reiterated, "Food cheap here, master; better stop another day." And stop we did, though, for the life of me, I could not understand the economy of remaining an extra day in a place doing nothing, simply to save about one-sixth of our ordinary daily expenses.

The head-man brought the chief, a boy about eight years of

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age, to visit me. He was in a terrible fright, and cried bitterly at the first sight of a white man. But I soon pacified him, and amused him with pictures in Dallas's "Natural History," and finally sent him away perfectly happy with some pages of the *Illustrated London News* which had been used in packing.

Ugaga was reached on the 5th of February, by a road leading through jungle, and past many villages and plantations, and then descending diagonally the face of a cliff which divided the uplands from the plain of the Malagarazi. Far and wide stretched the green plain, and in the distance in the north were the blue hills of Uhha, while close to the foot of the cliff was Ugaga, in which we halted.

The mutwalé, to my disgust, demanded a heavy toll for our passage over the Malagarazi. The mhongo already exacted at Itambara would, we had been assured, free us from all further demands. Yet the mutwalé declared that we had paid only for permission to cross the river, and that he, as lord of the ferry, besides the chief of the canoe-men and various other officials, all expected their fees. Otherwise no canoes whatever would be forthcoming for our service.

The mutwalé was a good-looking young fellow of five-and-twenty, and very civil, though he would do no business on the day of our arrival, and was politely firm on the mhongo question. When he called on me, I was lying on my bed without boots or stockings, waiting for my bath. I showed him my guns, books, and other curiosities, to occupy his attention; but in the midst of his examination of these things he suddenly caught hold of my toes and looked at them most carefully, remarking that my feet were much too white and soft for walking. Then he transferred his attention to my hands, which certainly could not be called white, having been tanned to the color of a dirty dog-skin glove; but after inspection he arrived at the conclusion that I had done very little work, and therefore must be an important personage in my own country.

The mode of salutation here is very ceremonious, and varies according to the ranks of the performers. When two "grands" meet, the junior leans forward, bends his knees, and places the palms of his hands on the ground on each side of his feet, while the senior claps his hands six or seven times. They

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then change round, and the junior slaps himself first under the left armpit and then under the right. But when a "swell" meets an inferior, the superior only claps his hands, and does not fully return the salutation by following the motions of the one who first salutes. On two commoners meeting, they pat their stomachs, then clap hands at each other, and finally shake hands. These greetings are observed to an unlimited extent, and the sound of patting and clapping is almost unceasing.

The people are most extensively tattooed with small cuts, forming spirals, circles, and straight lines, and they wear their hair shaved in patches or clipped close. Their ornaments are wire bracelets, sambo, beads, and little iron bells. A very small amount of trade-cloth is worn, most of the people being dressed in bark-cloth and skins.

In the afternoon some fugitives brought the news that the village to which they belonged had been destroyed by Mirambo, who was then only eight miles distant, and that five people had been killed, and many more, with some cattle, driven off.

This so fully occupied the mutwalé's attention that we did not commence the palaver about payment for crossing the Malagarazi until late in the afternoon. And almost immediately afterward an alarm was raised that Mirambo was coming to attack the place: the bearer of this disquieting intelligence asserted that he was sole survivor of a large village about five miles distant.

Of course we cut short our conference, and prepared to confront our redoubtable foe. On going outside the village, I saw several columns of smoke rising to the east and south-east of us, and more fugitives came running in, stating that Mirambo had parties in all directions looting and destroying.

Every thing was arranged for meeting the anticipated attack, and, as we were enjoying the hospitality of Ugaga, I told the mutwalé we were ready to assist him to the utmost. He smiled, and said that as Mirambo had been beaten off with the loss of many people, including his son and brother, when he attacked the village some four years before, it was probable he would not try it again. The mutwalé was right, for Mirambo left the neighborhood during the night, after having destroyed and looted seven or eight villages.

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The excitement having subsided, we again turned our attention to the knotty question of the amount to be paid for crossing the river. And knotty it was, for no sooner had I settled one demand than others were brought forward.

The people must have exercised their ingenuity to the utmost, for I received claims from the following officials, their wives, and relations: first, the mutwalé; second, his wife; third, head mtéko or councilor; fourth, his wife; fifth, mwari, or head canoe-man; sixth, his wife; seventh, mutwalé's relations; eighth, people who make the palaver; ninth, to buy rope; tenth, canoe-paddlers.

I objected strongly to the charge for rope, as it had been specially mentioned and paid for at Itambara; although when or why it was required I could not ascertain. I also made a stand against many other items, especially wives and relatives. At last, being thoroughly tired of argument, I rose and said, "If we go on like this, we shall remain here till the end of the world;" and went away, leaving them in a state best described by the last word of the marriage-service.

My action brought the claimants to their senses, and the mutwalé and mtéko soon followed me, offering to settle the whole business for less than I had already consented to pay, and promising that canoes should be at the ferry early the next morning.

At the appointed time I went down to the river, a swift, swirling, brown stream, running between four and five knots, and about thirty yards wide. But not a canoe was there. Summoning my patience, already sorely tried, I sat down a short distance from the stream, when presently a head and shoulders appeared gliding along just above the grassy river-bank, and then another, and another.

These were the all-important canoes, six in all. Four were the roughest specimens of naval architecture I ever came across, being merely hollow logs about eighteen feet long by two wide; the others were constructed of a single strip of bark sewed up at the ends, and were rather narrower and longer than the logs. They were each manned by two men, one of whom squatted down and used a paddle, while the other stood up and punted along with a pole.

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When the whole of the men and loads had been ferried over, an altercation arose about the donkeys, the canoe-men refusing to tow them across until a fetish man had made medicine. This, of course, entailed an extra fee. But it was inadvisable to refuse, especially as Bombay swore that it was owing to the neglect of this precaution that Stanley lost a donkey on crossing this river.



CROSSING MALAGAZI.

So much time was occupied here that we were compelled to halt at Mpeta, the village of the other chief of the ferry, who fleeces travelers from Ujiji in the same way as his *confrère* does those from Unyanyembe. The mutwalé here, a small boy, was unwell, and I therefore escaped a visit from him, which I did not regret, since it would have obliged me to make him a present.

At Mpeta I got sights for latitude, which agreed to within fifteen seconds with those taken by Captain Speke at the same place—a difference caused possibly by our position not being exactly the same, and which may therefore be regarded as practically giving the same result.

Leaving Mpeta, we traversed a level country, just above the heads of many valleys and ravines running down to the Malagarazi, which lay some little distance to the southward, and much below us, on account of the rapid descent of its bed.

Beyond the valley of the Malagarazi were high and rocky hills similar to those we had passed before crossing the river.

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At Itaga we halted a day to buy food, and partly because I was ill with fever, and was also suffering from the effects of Sambo having mixed the dough for my breakfast cakes with castor-oil.

While here, two more villages were reported to have been destroyed by Mirambo, yet by all accounts he had no more than a hundred and fifty fighting-men with him. Had the people banded together, they could easily have thrashed him: but they were perpetually squabbling among themselves, and could therefore be attacked and destroyed piecemeal.

Our next station was Lugowa, to reach which we had to pass several villages and some muddy swamps, whence salt is procured in the following manner: A quantity of mud is placed in a trough having at the bottom a square hole partially stopped with shreds of bark, beneath which about half a dozen similar vessels are placed, the upper one only containing mud. Hot water is then poured into this topmost trough to dissolve the salt with which the mud is impregnated, and the liquid, being filtered by passing through the bark in the holes of the lower troughs, runs out of the bottom one nearly clear. It is then boiled and evaporated, leaving as a sediment a very good white salt, the best of any I have seen in Africa. If the first boiling does not produce a sufficiently pure salt, it is again dissolved and filtered, until the requisite purity is attained.

This salt is carried far and wide. The whole district from Lake Victoria Nyanza, round the south of Tanganyika, much of Manyéma, and south to the Ruaha, is supplied by the pans of Uvinza. There are some other places in these districts where salt is produced, but that of Uvinza is so superior that it always finds a ready sale. At parting, the old chief presented me with a load of salt, which I acknowledged by a gift in return.

At Lugowa I witnessed for the first time a curious method of using tobacco, which prevails to a great extent at Ujiji. Instead of taking dry powdered snuff, according to the ordinary custom, the people carry tobacco in a small gourd, and when they wish to indulge in a "sneeshin," fill it with water, and,

February, after allowing the leaf to soak for a few moments, they press  
1874. out the juice and sniff it up their nostrils.

The pungent liquid snuff is retained in the nostrils for many minutes, being prevented from escaping either by holding the nose with the fingers, or with a small pair of metal nippers. The after-performance will not bear description. It is indescribably droll to see half a dozen men sitting gravely round a fire trying to talk with nippers on their noses.

Another touch of fever came upon me at Lugowa, but I managed to continue the journey the next morning, although still very lame and scarcely able to walk, which was a terrible hindrance in every way.

After marching four miles, a man named Sungoro declared he was too ill to proceed any farther, so I determined to leave him in charge of a coast negro who had settled in a village of salt-makers. I paid the negro to attend to the wants of the invalid, and to forward him to Ujiji by caravan when he became convalescent.

Rain coming on heavily, made it advisable to camp earlier than I had intended, and, on looking round for Leo, I missed him. I immediately sent men to search for him, and they quickly returned, carrying the poor animal. To my sorrow, I found he was nearly dead, and had only strength left to lick my hand and try to wag his tail, when he lay down and died at my feet. I believe he must have been bitten by a snake, for he was running about near me, well and full of life, only a short time before I lost sight of him. Few can imagine how great was the loss of my faithful dog to me in my solitude, the sad blank which his death made in my every-day life.

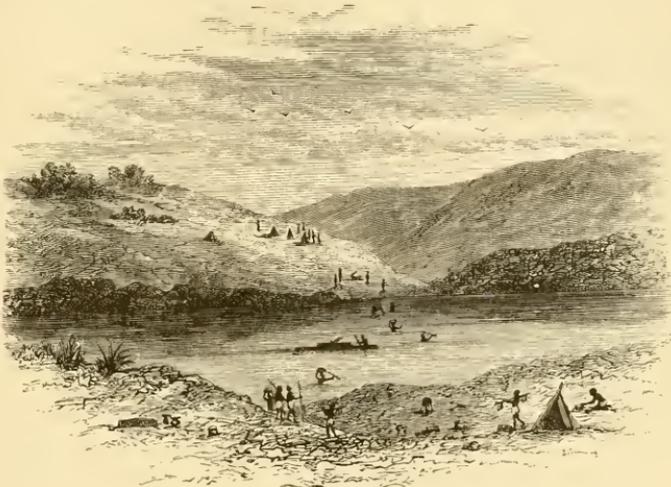
One of the Mnyamwezi donkeys gave birth to a foal here, and the little creature was carried for a few days, until it grew strong enough to march with the caravan.

Five hours from this brought us to the Rusugi, which flows into the Malagarazi along a valley flanked by rocky hills on either side; and it was remarkable that, though flowing through a soil impregnated with salt, the water tasted perfectly fresh. On both banks of the Rusugi there were temporary villages, now quite deserted, innumerable broken pots, stone fire-places, and small pits where people make salt in the season.

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During the night we were disturbed by a great noise among the donkeys, and found that one had been pinned by the nose by some wild beast, but luckily without doing much damage, the donkey being more frightened than hurt.

The next three marches were through a mixture of jungle, long grass, and occasional outcrops of granite. On the first, we passed ten small streams besides the Ruguvu, which was twenty feet wide and four feet six inches deep; on the second, one more; and on the third, the Masungwé. There were many tracks of buffalo and elephants, and we several times heard the latter trumpeting in the jungle. In some places the grass was



CROSSING RUSUGI.

of great length, far above our heads, and the pouring rain made the work of forcing our way through this wet and heavy grass most laborious and unpleasant.

After arriving in camp on the third day, I had a general inspection of the men's private loads, and found that ten had been guilty of stealing my beads. This I had long suspected, but Bombay always persisted that nothing of the sort was going on. I firmly believe the whole caravan had been systematically robbing me, and that those I detected with the stolen goods were not really more guilty, but only more unfortunate, than the rest. I took possession of the beads thus recovered, and made prisoners of the thieves.

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From this I sent forward two men to Ujiji to deliver letters of introduction which had been given me by Said ibn Salim at Unyanyembe; also to request that boats might be provided at the mouth of the Ruché River to convey us to Kawélé, the chief town of Ujiji.

Near the camp I noticed several nutmeg-trees, and picked up some very good nutmegs. The country about here was much broken up, and there were many small streams and rivulets, and brakes of bamboo.

The next morning I moved to Niamtaga, in Ukaranga, a good-sized palisaded village, with many skulls bleaching on poles close to the entrance, and surrounded by fields neatly fenced in with bamboo. The people proved an inhospitable set, and would not allow us inside the village; so we camped by a large brake of bamboo, which afforded admirable material for huts.

Anxious as I was to push forward to Ujiji, now so near at hand, I found it impossible to get the men on, by hook or crook. Every thing I tried, even to pulling down their huts; but it was altogether useless, and Bombay and the askari were quite as troublesome as the pagazi. However, on the 18th of February, fifteen years and five days from the time Burton discovered it, my eyes rested on the vast Tanganyika.

At first I could barely realize it. Lying at the bottom of a steep descent was a bright-blue patch about a mile long, then some trees, and beyond them a great gray expanse, having the appearance of sky with floating clouds. "That the lake?" said I in disdain, looking at the small blue patch below me. "Nonsense!" "It is the lake, master," persisted my men.

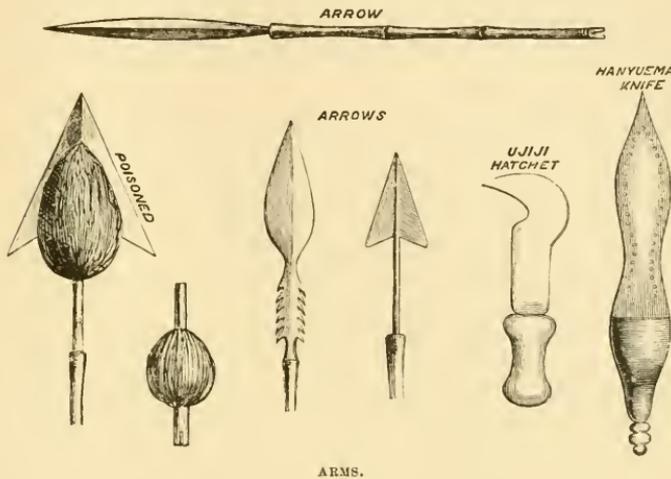
It then dawned on me that the vast gray expanse was the Tanganyika, and that which I had supposed to be clouds were the distant mountains of Ugoma, while the blue patch was only an inlet lighted up by a passing ray of sun.

Hurrying down the descent and across the flat at the bottom—which was covered with cane-grass and bamboo, intersected by paths made by hippopotami—we reached the shore, and found two large canoes, sent for us by the Arabs at Ujiji. Both were quickly filled with stores and men, and, after an hour's pull, Kawélé was reached.

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The scenery was grand. To the west were the gigantic mountains of Ugoma, while on the eastern shore was a dense growth of cane-grass of a bright green. Occasional open spaces disclosed yellow sandy beaches and bright-red miniature cliffs, with palm-trees and villages close to the water's edge. Numerous canoes moving about, and gulls, divers, and darters, gave life to the scene; and distant floating islands of grass had very much the appearance of boats under sail.

At Kawélé I was most warmly welcomed by the traders, who turned out to meet me, and with them I sat in state until the house placed at my disposal was ready to receive me.



This ceremonious sitting took place under the veranda of Mohammed ibn Salib, who, with his compatriots, was full of anxiety to hear any news from Unyanyembe and the coast, as none had been received at Ujiji for a long time previous to my coming. Especially anxious were they to learn particulars of Mirambo's proceedings, and were greatly annoyed and disgusted to hear of his continued activity. The prevailing feeling among them did not seem to be one of fear that they might be robbed by him on the road to Unyanyembe, but rather that they should be compelled by Said ibn Salim to remain there instead of going on to Zanzibar, so as to increase the numerical strength at his disposal. However, they were rejoiced to hear that the journey had been accomplished, and began almost immediately

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to discuss means of sending to Unyanyembe. I found this long waiting and conversation rather purgatorial; for, having had nothing to eat that day, I was very hungry, besides being thoroughly tired, and wet from wading through a swamp just before reaching the boats. My patience was rewarded, however, for, after enjoying a comfortable wash and shift into dry clothes, I found prepared for me such a meal as I had not seen since partaking of Said ibn Salim's hospitality.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Recovery of Livingstone's Papers.—Robbery of my Stores.—Punishment of a Thief.—Difficulty in sending the Journals to the East Coast.—The Traders of Kawélé.—The Native Dress and Ornaments.—Their Markets.—Warundi Body-coloring.—Products of the District.—Their Currency.—Hiring Boats.—Curious Mode of Payment.—Fitting-out.—I am thought "Unlucky."—My Guides desert Me.—"Negro Melodists."—Sailing away on the Tanganyika.—Devils' Dwellings.—Propitiating the Spirits.—Slave-hunters.

I FOUND it impossible to remain in the house which the Arabs had lent me at Kawélé. It was very wretched, and the only place where I could stand my bed was under a veranda open to the market-place and exposed to the gaze of the whole population. I therefore moved into another, which I rented for two doti a month. This house, though not so large as the one I occupied at Unyanyembe, was much more comfortable, and a table placed under the veranda enabled one to work at ease.

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My first inquiries were for Dr. Livingstone's papers, and I was greatly rejoiced to find them safe in the charge of Mohammed ibn Salib, who—although holding no authority from Syd Burghash—was looked upon by the traders here as their practical head, to whom they always referred in any matter of dispute.

I now took the opportunity of overhauling my loads to discover what I had lost by theft, and found that no fewer than thirty-two frasilah of beads, weighing thirty-five pounds each, and equal to sixteen loads, had been stolen. Only one load remained intact, and that had been carried the whole way by a pagazi named Suliman, who was a very good, honest fellow.

Owing to the frequent desertions and my many illnesses, I had been unable to keep the men to the same loads throughout the journey, and therefore could not detect the thieves unless I actually found the stolen property in their possession. But I had little or no doubt that there were barely half a dozen men in the caravan who had not robbed me at one time or another.

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I discharged those whom I had caught thieving, and gave notice that I would flog the next offender; and scarcely had I said the words, when I detected a man coming out of the store-room—which had been left open by Bombay, with his usual carelessness—having several strings of my most valuable beads and three colored cloths partially hidden under his loin-cloth. Instantly I ordered him to be seized and given the flogging I had promised, and discharged him on the spot, with a warning that if he or any other detected thief came near my house, he should receive similar treatment.

The result of inquiries as to the prospects of continuing my journey on the other side of the lake, and the best method of sending Livingstone's papers safely to the coast, was not encouraging. I was assured that no traveling would be possible to the west of Tanganyika for at least three months, and that it would be most unsafe for a small party carrying the box of papers to leave Ujiji for the East Coast on account of the disturbances on the road to Unyanyembe. It therefore appeared better to wait until the convoy of a caravan could be obtained. I then turned my thoughts to the subject of a cruise round the Tanganyika, and immediately set about making preparations.

Before proceeding with my narrative, I will endeavor to describe Kawélé and its residents, both native and foreign.

Giving precedence to the traders, there was first Mohammed ibn Salib, a fine, portly old half-caste Arab, with a very good presence, who had not been to the east of Ujiji since the year 1842. Trading at that time in Ma Kasembé's country, he had been detained prisoner for more than twenty years, most of which he passed either in chains, or with a slave-fork round his neck. He had now settled permanently at Ujiji. The next in importance were Muinyi Heri, a rich Mrima trader, who married the daughter of the chief of Ujiji during my stay; Mohammed ibn Gharib, a great friend of Livingstone, whom he had often assisted, and who, as a token of friendship, had presented him with a gun; and his brother Hassani.

These were the principal traders; but there were also Syde Mezrui, a half-caste, and, as it afterward turned out, a bankrupt; Abdallah ibn Habib, a Mrima trader, and several men

who acted as agents for large merchants, besides blacksmiths, carpenters, and sandal-makers.

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The natives are rather a fine-looking race, but have the reputation of being a very drunken and thieving lot; yet I scarcely think they are as bad in either respect as the lower orders of the coast natives. They are good smiths and porters, and expert fishermen and canoe-men.

Their dress usually consists of a single piece of bark-cloth, with two corners tied in a knot over one shoulder and passing under the opposite armpit. It is often dyed in stripes and spots of black and yellow, and cut to imitate the shape of a leopard's skin. It leaves one side of the body perfectly naked, and in a breeze flaps about in such a manner that it barely satisfies the commonest requirements of decency.

Their special ornaments are made of beautifully white and wonderfully polished hippopotamus ivory. In shape and size they represent the blade of a sickle, and are worn hung round the neck. They also wear a profusion of sambo, small bells, and wire bracelets. The men usually carry a spear.

Their hair is clipped and shaved into most peculiar patterns, such as spirals, zigzags, tufts left on a bare scalp, or round patches shaven in the centre of the crown of the head, and, in short, every conceivable vagary in shaving in fancy devices.

The chiefs among them may be distinguished by their wearing colored trade-cloths, after the same fashion as their poorer countrymen wear their bark-cloth, and by having heavy pen-annular bracelets, with a projection at the back.

The head chief, or mtémé, of Ujiji lives in a village in the mountains some distance from the lake; but every small district is ruled over by a mutwalé, or head-man, whose office is often hereditary, assisted by three or four watéko, or elders. These people arrange disputes, collect all tributes, and remit the proceeds to the mtémé after deducting a certain amount for their trouble.

One of the sights at Kawélé is the market, held daily between half-past seven and ten in the morning, and again in the afternoon, in an open space in the town close to the shore. The more important is that in the morning, which presents an interesting and lively scene. It is attended by the people of

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Uguhha, Uvira, Urundi, and many tribes dwelling on the shores of the lake.

The Waguhha are easily distinguished by the elaborate manner in which both sexes dress their hair, and the fanciful and extensive tattooing of the women; while the Warundi may be known by their being smeared with red earth and oil, giving their bodies a bright bronze color. They are called by the Arab traders a "red people," meaning light-colored.

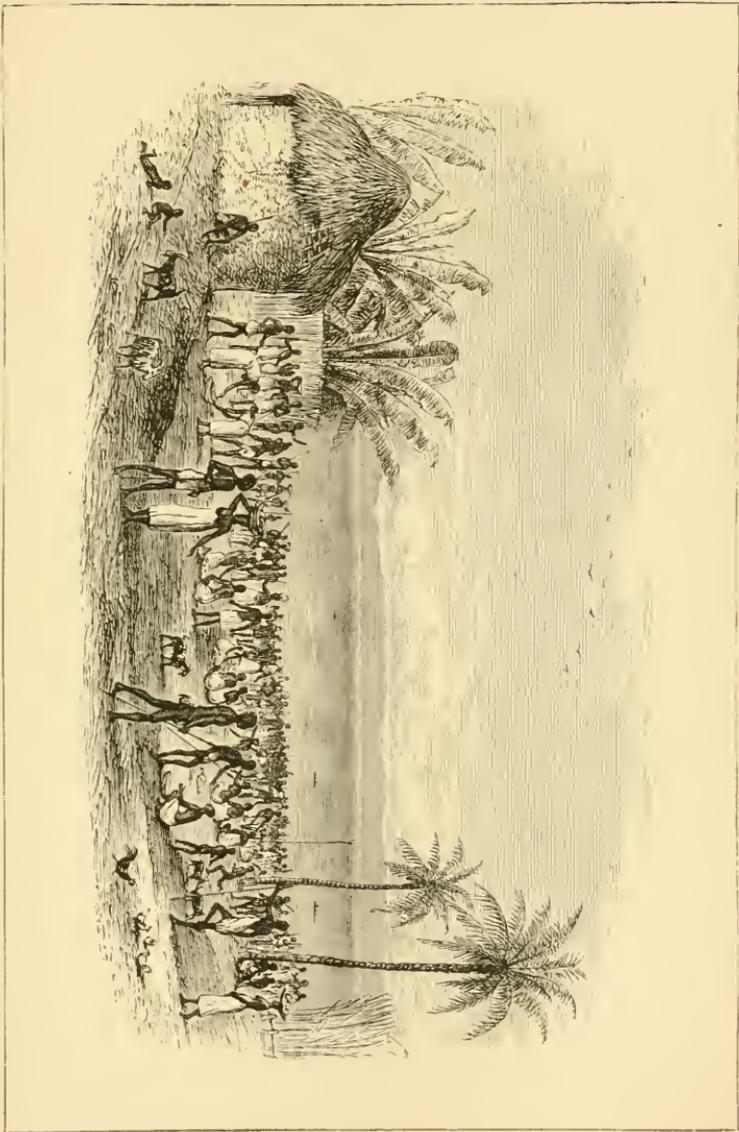
Women of Kawélé and surrounding hamlets bring baskets of flour, sweet-potatoes, yams, fruit of the oil palm—which is here seen for the first time—bananas, tobacco, tomatoes, cucumbers, and a great variety of vegetable products, besides pottery, and huge gourds of pombé and palm-wine. The men sell fish—both dried and fresh—meat, goats, sugar-canes, nets, baskets, spear and bow staves, and bark-cloth.

The Warundi principally deal in corn and canoe-paddles, and from the island of Ubwari is brought a species of hemp used by the Wagogo in making their nets; while Uvira furnishes pottery and iron-work; Uvinza, salt; and various other places, large gourds of palm-oil. Each vender takes up the same position daily, and many build small arbors of palm fronds to shelter them from the burning rays of the sun.

Among the crowd of buyers and sellers there circulate parties who have traveled from a distance to this central mart to endeavor to dispose of their slaves and ivory; and the whole of the bargaining being carried on at the top of the voice, the noise is almost deafening.

A curious currency is in vogue here, every thing being priced in beads called *sofi*, something in appearance like small pieces of broken pipe-stem. At the commencement of the market, men with wallets full of these beads deal them out in exchange for others to people desirous of making purchases; and, when the mart is closed, they receive them again from the market-people, and make a profit on both transactions, after the manner usual among money-changers.

To obtain boats to proceed on my Tanganyika cruise was my first consideration; but the owners of two promised me by Said ibn Salim at Unyanyembe were away, and therefore I could not procure them. I discovered a good one, however, belong-



SOKO AT KAWELE.



ing to Syde ibn Habib—who had met Livingstone both in Sékélétu's country and in Manyéma—and managed to hire it from his agent, though at an extortionate rate.

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The arrangement at the hiring was rather amusing. Syde's agent wished to be paid in ivory, of which I had none; but I found that Mohammed ibn Salib had ivory, and wanted cloth. Still, as I had no cloth, this did not assist me greatly until I heard that Mohammed ibn Gharib had cloth, and wanted wire. This I fortunately possessed. So I gave Mohammed ibn Gharib the requisite amount in wire, upon which he handed over cloth to Mohammed ibn Salib, who, in his turn, gave Syde ibn Habib's agent the wished-for ivory. Then he allowed me to have the boat. The agreement was that she should be handed over to me fit for sea, and, having been a long time hauled up, she required calking, which was a tedious business.

A sail was supposed to be forthcoming; but all that appeared were a few tattered rags of cloth, which they informed me would be quite sufficient for all sailing purposes. I could get nothing better out of this agent, who, not contented with having received as hire quite enough to buy two or three canoes in honest trade, now wanted to cheat me in every petty detail.

In addition to his impudence in calling these rags a sail, he stated that the oars were not included in the bargain, and I must give a further amount for them. But I appealed to Mohammed ibn Salib in this matter, and he decided that I was to have the oars without payment. The question of the sail he gave against me. I therefore set to work cutting out and making a lateen-sail, which frightened nearly every one in the place out of his senses, owing to what was considered its enormous size; but the boat was a great lumbering craft, and needed a large sail, so I held to my own ideas.

While these matters were progressing, I learned that a small party were going to Unyanyembe in company with a caravan of Waguhha, intending to travel by night through the unsettled districts. I determined to seize this opportunity to dispatch three men to Said ibn Salim with letters for the coast, and to urge on him the immediate necessity of forwarding at the earliest opportunity the beads I had left at Mrima Ngom-

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bé's. I did not venture to trust Dr. Livingstone's papers to such a poor chance of arriving at Unyanyembe.

My first trip was to Bangwé, a small island which is the northernmost land on the eastern shore visible from Kawélé, though, owing to the lay of the lake, it only bears north-west by west, three-quarters west from that place. Here I got a set of bearings; and, having carefully calculated the distance from another point of observation at Kawélé, I was able, by cross-bearings, to plot in the principal parts visible from both points with considerable accuracy, so as to serve as a base for my survey of the lake.

Just before starting on a surveying cruise, I heard by chance that the wife of one of those men who, according to Said ibn Salim, would readily lend me a boat, was at Ujiji; and, on making my request known to her, she immediately complied, giving me one in good order, but without a sail. The first boat I named *Betsy*; and the second, which was to be the tender, *Pickle*.

It now became necessary to engage men from whom I might learn the names of the different places round the lake, and to point out the nightly camps and act as interpreters.

Two who had gone to the north end with Livingstone and Stanley were brought to me. But in the weighty matter of engaging them, the mutwalé and watéko of course had a finger, and charged more for their fees than the men received as hire.

In consequence of my being attacked with fever, which lasted two or three days, these fellows, in the belief that I was unlucky, threw up their engagement, and refused to accompany me. Their pay and the elders' fees were returned, on the principle of "no work, no pay;" and three days afterward I obtained the services of two very decent men, Parla and Régwé, of whom the last named was the principal, but by no means the better. The amount they were to receive for the journey was seventeen and a half dollars each, while the fees to the elders amounted to thirty-four. It was rather a long price to pay two naked fellows for about a couple of months; but it must be remembered that uncivilized countries are always the most expensive for the traveler, though they may not be for the settler.

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While at Ujiji, I met with great civility from the traders, who frequently sent me cooked food, and Mohammed ibn Salib gave me a bullock and half a dozen sheep. I naturally made them presents in return, and was the more inclined to do so from having heard that they had befriended Livingstone.

Syde Mezrui was expecting a caravan from Unyanyembe with stores exchanged for ivory, but was good enough to say that, whether it had arrived or not when I returned, he would be ready to show me the way to Nyangwé.

I should mention that I was visited here by three mountebanks or minstrels, who were walking about the country much after the fashion of Italian organ-grinders in England, seeking whom they might render miserable with their noise. They were furnished with enormous rattles made of gourds filled with pebbles, and with these they accented their songs and dances. The noise was something deafening when all three rattled away at once; for these instruments were far more powerful and effective than the "Bones" of Christy Minstrels. They treated me to break-downs and walk-rounds which might well be the original of our music-hall style; while the songs (solos with chorus) had the "yah-yah" accompaniment precisely as given by the stage nigger.

At last, on the 13th of March, I managed to get away with Bombay and thirty-seven men, leaving Bilal in charge of the remainder and some stores. But, having served out beads to enable the crews to buy five days' rations in advance, all hands took the opportunity of getting drunk early in the morning, and it was afternoon before I could collect them, or they could collect their senses.

I selected the *Betsy* for my flag-ship, and over a sort of poop of which she boasted fitted up a wagon-roof awning, hoping it would serve for me to live under altogether; but it proved any thing but weather-proof, and it was fortunate I had taken my tent on board.

A light fair wind enabled us to make sail, and that evening we ran down past the settlement of Jumah Merikani—of whom I shall have to speak hereafter—in Ukaranga, and camped at Point Mfomdo.

After proceeding a short distance the next day, passing love-

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ly country with small cliffs and hanging woods, reminding me very much of Mount Edgecumbe, I made for the shore for the purpose of beaching the *Betsy*, as water was leaking through a considerable hole in her stern, and damaging the cargo. Defects having been made good, we again got under way, and camped near Ugnya.

The beauty of the scenery along the shores of the lake requires to be seen to be believed. The vivid greens of various shades among the foliage of the trees, the bright-red sandstone cliffs and blue water, formed a combination of color seeming gandy in description, but which was in reality harmonious in the extreme.

Birds of various species—white gulls with gray backs and red legs and beaks, long-necked black darters, divers, gray and white kingfishers, and chocolate-colored fish-hawks with white heads and necks, were most numerous; while the occasional snort of a hippopotamus, the sight of the long back of a crocodile, looking like a half-tide rock, and the jumping of fish, reminded one that the water as well as the air was thickly populated.

During the night I was knocked over by a severe attack of fever, but tried to go on the next day. However, I soon found my head and compass spinning in opposite directions, so was compelled to give in, and camped at Kabongo, a short way south of the Malagarazi, where I remained two days before I was sufficiently recovered to take a bearing.

Some very curious sensations were experienced by me while laid up with this attack. One night I thought I was at least twenty people, all of whom were in pain, and that each one had the same feeling as all the rest. Another night the fancies were more distinct, and I experienced a complete sense of duality. I imagined that another person, a second self, was lying on the opposite side of the boat, and I was perfectly conscious of every shake of ague and pang of headache that he suffered. I thought, too, that the tea-pot full of cold tea which had been placed on that side of the boat was for his sole benefit; and when, in my tossing-about, I rolled over to that side, I seized the tea-pot and drank like a whale, and chuckled at the idea of the other thirsty mortal having been done out of some of his

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tipple. Notwithstanding, being so incoherent in my ideas while alone, yet whenever my servant came to me I managed to pull myself together and talk to him somewhat sensibly, although feeling decidedly dazed. When I began to recover, we moved again, and camped at Ras Kébwé.

My boats' crews were not a plucky order of men, for a thunder-storm and a little squall so frightened them in the morning that they refused to stir till it had passed off, when an hour's pulling brought us to Machackézi, a deep inlet.

The pilots now showed the white feather, and made me camp because they would not pass Ras Kabogo—where a devil and his wife were supposed to reside—until the next day; and the men, being equally superstitious, believed every word of this story.

Here three small canoes of Wajiji going south to exchange goats for slaves joined us; and when I found that Régwé's father was of the party, I arrived at the conclusion that family affection, as well as superstition, might have had something to do with our stopping.

Ras Kabogo was passed on the following day, without either the he or she devil being visible; but the pilots stood together in the bow of the canoe to make an offering to these evil spirits. One held out a paddle, on the blade of which a few common beads had been placed, and both said together, as nearly as it can be translated, "You big man, you big devil, you great king, you take all men, you kill all men, you now let us go all right;" and, after a little bowing and gesticulation, the beads were dropped into the water, and the dreaded devil propitiated.

There is a kind of double cape at this place, one being the supposed residence of the male devil, and the other that of his wife, and the spot is therefore believed to be doubly dangerous.

Having rounded Ras Kabogo, we skirted a large bay lying between it and Ras Kungwé, the southernmost point visible from Kawélé, then passed along the base of fine bold hills sloping down to the water, and put up for the night in a splendid little harbor into which two rivers fell.

I now began to regain my appetite, and directed Sambo to kill and cook a fowl, when, to my astonishment, I found there was not one in the boat, although I had given him beads and

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cloth to lay in a stock. To save himself trouble, he bought a couple of goats instead, as they could easily be procured in the market, while fowls could only be obtained by a house-to-house visitation.

One would scarcely have thought that his stupidity would have led him into still further errors. But he explained that one goat was killed the day fever attacked me, and that, on the meat turning bad, he killed the other, in order to have something ready for me if I got better. That having also become too "high" to eat, it was plain that of the two goats not a single mouthful would fall to my share. Happily the Wajiji were persuaded to sell me a good milch-goat; and her milk was as nourishing and good for me at that time as meat would have been.



UJJI POTTERY.

The next two days saw us nearly round the bay. On the first night we camped at the mouth of a river close to the spot where Stanley landed when he came south from Ujiji with Livingstone, on his return to Unyanyembe. Here we met a few wretched natives, who declared themselves to be in great fear of a party of Wanyamwezi slave-hunters who had built a village on the shore, from which they used to sally forth and harass the whole surrounding country.

On the second day I received a visit from the chief of these slave-traders, and he seemed quite annoyed at my not having brought corn and goats to trade for slaves. The natives then

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at my camp ran away, in abject terror, directly they saw his canoes approaching, although I assured them that they should not be harmed while I was there.

I have not mentioned the numerous rivers we passed on this cruise, for a glance at the map will suffice to show that to do so would render this account monotonous in the extreme. They bring an enormous quantity of water into the lake, and many floating islands, principally composed of vegetation like that by which we crossed the Sindi; but a few had bushes, and even trees, upon them. Their appearance is most peculiar, as many as fifty or sixty being sometimes in sight; and at a distance they bear a striking resemblance to vessels under sail.

On the 23d of March we rounded Ras Kungwé, and entered upon that part of the lake which had hitherto been unexplored, and indeed unseen, by any white man.

## CHAPTER XV.

Profitable Slave-buying.—Street Acrobats.—War-paint.—A Bad Night.—Cowardly Boat's Crews.—Kabogo.—A Public Entertainment.—Stealing Men's Brains.—Coal.—A Honey Demon.—A Plague of Frogs.—Enlargement of the Lake.—Massi Kambi.—An Optical Illusion.—Many Devils.—One of my Men shoots Himself.—Doctors differ.—Curious Hair-oil.—The Chief of Makukira.—His Dress.—Wives.—Dolls.—Infantine Taste for Drink.—Cotton Manufacture.—Spread of the Slave-trade.—The Watuta.—Customs and Dress.—Twins.

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RAS KUNGWÉ is situated near the narrowest part of the lake, where it is not more than fifteen miles across; and, after rounding that point, we passed under enormous hills clothed with trees, and having crystal torrents and water-falls flashing down their sides.

At the bottom of these hills, especially near the mouth of the torrents, were many small beaches, some of fine sand, and others of coarse, angular shingle of granite, quartz, and iron ore.

Patches of corn among the jungle denoted the haunts of wretched fugitives from the slave-hunters. These poor creatures were doomed to a miserable existence, owing to the few strong villages hunting down their weaker neighbors, to exchange them with traders from Ujiji for food which they are too lazy to produce themselves.

For the night we remained in the river Luluga, near the village Kinyari, where the Wajiji, who coasted down with us, sold their corn, oil, and goats for slaves—the only product of the place—and then turned homeward.

The price of a slave was from four to six doti, or two goats; and as a goat could be bought for a shukkah at Ujiji, where slaves were worth twenty doti, the profits of the Wajiji must have been enormous.

I took occasion to visit the village, and found it of moderate size, composed of conical huts, surrounded by a heavy palisade and a ditch, a single slippery plank across which led to the

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only entrance. Above the entrance, and at each corner of the palisade, were heavy crows'-nests, well supplied with large stones in readiness to hurl at an enemy; while the palisade was lined with horizontal logs to a height of seven feet above the ground, rendering it nearly musket-proof.

Tobacco was grown in small quantities, that being the only attempt at cultivation; and the men sometimes went fishing if the fancy took them; but for *trade* and *support* the place depended upon nothing but the traffic in *slaves*.

At the moment of my entering the village, a dance was being performed by two men, with a variety of pantomimic action, jumping, and somersault-turning; but their efforts, as a whole, were very tame, and lacked spirit and energy.

When they considered they had exercised themselves sufficiently for the amusement of the by-standers, they dragged themselves along the ground, as if utterly exhausted, and, pretending to be dying of hunger, threw themselves at the feet of some person who was expected to give them a handful or two of corn. Having received their reward, they then continued their performance. They were accompanied by half a dozen men beating drums, and another who droned through a sort of recitative.

One native obligingly turned out in war-paint for me to admire him. He wore a cap and a particularly hideous mask of zebra-skin, and carried two spears and a shield. The latter was five feet six inches long and ten inches wide, with a cane handle in the centre, and was made of the wood of a palm-tree; and, though he declared it was strong enough to resist any thing, he declined to submit it to the test of a rifle-bullet.

In the night there were such heavy squalls, with thunder and lightning, that I turned out to make certain that my boat was properly secured. All the men except Bombay were quartered on shore, and had utilized the oars for the frame-work of their huts, and I did not fancy going for a cruise on such a night without either men or oars. While thus engaged, the rain fell fast and furious, half filling the boats with water; so I roused up the men to bail them out, and then returned to my crib in the stern of the *Betsy*. But what a sorry sight met my view! My awning had been nearly blown away, and bed, charts, books, and guns were all soaking wet.

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After surveying for a moment these dismal ruins, I gathered together what I could under my water-proof, and, putting my head between my knees, sat like a hen on a brood of chickens.

The lightning and thunder were almost appalling. One flash struck the water close to the boat, and was so quickly followed by the thunder-clap that they seemed simultaneous. I was quite stunned by the crash, and at first thought I had been struck, being so dazzled by the glare that my sight did not properly return for more than half an hour.

The morning was very uncomfortable, as may be supposed, and the men, being rather unnerved, refused to move, because of a little sea being on; but late in the afternoon we got away, and, passing close under the hills—from which many torrents were falling into the lake—camped in the river Lubugwe.

On the 26th we were under way early, and passed the small island Kililo, the river Lufungu, and Ras Katimba, where we camped, intending to move again in the afternoon if the weather cleared. But a slight swell frightened my brave Jack-tars. They said, "Lake bad, and canoes break again;" and persuaded them to go on I could not. Even the Wajiji, who had lived all their lives by the lake, were quite as bad, for they brought their hire to me, saying, "Let us go back. We don't want to die."

What would I not have given for a man-of-war's whaler and crew for six weeks! I should then have been able to have done something thoroughly satisfactory, instead of creeping in and out of the bays and getting no cross-bearings.

All the danger we ran arose from the habit of going along almost touching the rocks. They will persist in following this course, and if there is a sudden squall, on shore they go. Their extreme timidity actually brings them into danger, though they can not see it. But it is often noticeable that cowards really run more risks, and come oftener to grief, than those who face things manfully.

The hills were now getting lower, and running farther back from the lake; and on the 28th we ran between the island of Kabogo and the main-land.

The strait is about two and a half miles long, and three hundred yards wide at the entrance—where there are sand-bars—and widens to a mile and a half in the middle.

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We landed on the island, and obtained some fish from the inhabitants in exchange for palm-oil, of which they are very fond. It is very thickly populated, fertile and well cultivated, and the huts, standing alone in their own provision-grounds, and shaded by a sycamore or some other giant of the forest, gave a look of peaceful security which had been wanting since leaving Kawélé. Opposite on the main-land there was only the village of the chief; but on both the island and the main the fan-palm was very plentiful.

Birds of many kinds were numerous, and a handsome penciled brown lily-trotter, with white head and neck, walked about on the floating leaves of the lilies—with which much of the surface of the water was covered—looking among the blossoms for its meal of insects.

At the end of the strait a sand-spit almost joins the island to the main, and here among a mass of reeds was the landing-place. Several narrow passages admitted the small canoes of the natives, numbers of which were flitting about from point to point. Our large boats, however, could only reach the shore by dint of shoving and hauling, and breaking down the reeds on either side; and so thickly did they grow that the men were able to get out and shove the boat along while standing on the broken-down reeds.

Ponda was the name of the chief, and Karyan Gwina that of the village. Ponda was one of two sons of a chief who formerly ruled, or claimed to rule, over the whole of Kawendi; but, on the old man's death, it was divided into many factions, and the sons contented themselves with settling on the shores of the lake. After a time they quarreled, and Ponda, being the weaker, left his brother in possession, and founded this village, which was large, and strongly fortified with ditches and palisades.

The people were very jealous about allowing strangers inside. Indeed, a party of Wanyamwezi sent by Mkasiwah, chief of Unyanyembe, with a present of cattle for his daughter, who had married Ponda, were obliged to camp outside. Perhaps this was partly owing to the Wanyamwezi having, unfortunately, had the present stolen from them on the road by the Warori.

Having obtained permission to enter, I went to the village,

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and found it well kept, and divided into several sections by interior palisades radiating from an open space in the centre. On each side of the gate leading to the chief's quarters a couple of logs were placed as seats, for the convenience of persons waiting an audience, and above them were about forty skulls of men and half a dozen of wild beasts.

A crowd was assembled in the village, looking at two hideously ugly old hags dancing to the sound of large drums beaten by men. This performance was very disgusting, the principal feature being a sort of convulsive trembling and twitching of the body and limbs, while the shriveled and wrinkled breasts of the dancers shook about like a couple of empty leather bottles. They howled a song, and at any particularly hard shake the women standing round joined in the chorus. Their dress consisted of most scanty waistcloths of bark, bunches of long hair (zebra's tails) tied to their knees and elbows, and rings of bells round their ankles.

The chief sent me a little sour milk and some flour, and I made him a small return, while expressing a hope that he would either visit me or that I might call upon him. But he refused any intercourse, because, as I afterward heard, he believed me to be a magician capable of stealing his little mind, and leaving him a complete idiot, if given the opportunity of looking upon him.

Here I met a young Wasuahili whose acquaintance I had made at Unyanyembe. He had come to trade, ivory being very cheap. A frasilah could ordinarily be bought for twelve doti, but by hard bargaining he had obtained two frasilah for eighteen doti. Bitterly did he complain of the high price of slaves, twelve doti for a young girl, and five or six for a child being, to his mind, an exorbitant price.

Being unwilling to remain here until he had disposed of all his goods, he wanted me to buy his cloth and other stores, and give him a passage to Ujiji, his men being afraid of the road to Unyanyembe—by which he had come—on account of its being infested by robbers. I did not require his cloth, but told him he was welcome to a passage in my boat; but when we got away the next day we left the Wasuahili behind, for his Wanyamwezi porters were more afraid of the perils of the lake than the danger of being attacked by banditti on shore.

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After clearing the reeds, we skirted along a beach under Karyan Gwina, crowded with people bathing, filling water-pots, looking after their fishing-gear, or staring at the passing boats. We then came to low cliffs formed of granite, porphyry, sandstone, and rotten clay—with many land-slips and caves, caused by the beating of the waves—and ran into the Luguvu under more cliffs, formed by a line of large hills.

My men's dread of facing a little wind and sea detained us here a whole day; for, if forced to go on, they were just in the humor to have done their utmost to make difficulties, in order to prove that they were right in objecting to start.

Hippopotami, crocodiles, and monkeys were here in abundance, and but for my lameness this halt would not have been so tiresome. My feet and legs were, however, covered with boils that prevented my going out shooting, or even leaving the boat. Getting away from here, we passed close under nearly vertical cliffs of sandstone and black marble streaked with white, and after a time a great patch of what, from the appearance of the cleavage, I believe to have been coal.

When the East-coast men saw it, they called out "*Makaa marikébu*"—ship-coal. The thickness of the principal seam, which lay on the top of synclinal curves of rock of which the anticlinal curves had been worn away, was between fifteen and eighteen feet. Although unable to obtain a specimen of coal from this particular spot, some was afterward given me which came from Itawa, in the same latitude, and a short distance to the westward of the lake. This was undoubtedly a light bituminous coal.

Passing several streams and torrents, we came to the termination of the cliffs at river Makanyazi. Here the guides said there were large quantities of honey; but as it was under the protection of an evil spirit, none was to be collected, lest he should do us some injury, and not one of the men could be persuaded to gather any.

Just as we landed, I noticed the scaly back of a crocodile among the grass, and, seizing my rifle, put two bullets into him, killing him at once. On clearing away the grass round him, he turned out to be only a small one about four feet long.

Hippopotami, blowing and snorting, kept us awake all night,

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but our fires prevented their venturing into the camp. Judging from the number of their foot-marks, we must have pitched upon a favorite landing-place, whence their tracks led straight up a steep hill which one would have thought it impossible for such unwieldy beasts to scale.

Besides the disturbance caused by river-horses, there was quite a plague of frogs incessantly croaking the live-long night. The noise of some resembled that made by calkers or riveters, while others, larger or nearer, sounded more like smiths forging, and a few made a croak like a ratchet-drill; so that, with a little imagination, it was not difficult to fancy one's self in a ship-building yard.



CAMP ON SPIT.

We passed the village of Ponda's brother the following morning, and upon a heavy squall coming up behind, ran inside a small sandy spit with half a dozen huts on it. The inhabitants bolted, with their goods and chattels, when they saw us coming; for although a very heavy palisade was built across the spit as a protection on the land side, it was perfectly open to the water.

After the squall, a steady, soaking rain set in, and we lay up for the night. Some of the men went to a neighboring village in search of food, and found there the people who had been frightened at our approach, believing that we were Arabs' slaves employed to hunt for slaves. Food was not obtained here, nor, indeed, for some days afterward; and the stock of corn laid in

at Ujiji being spoiled by the continuous rains, we began to feel hungry.

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At the mouth of the river Musamwira, which drains the Likwa into the Tanganyika, we next halted among a group of sandy, grass-covered islands. Some people engaged here in fishing made an attempt to run away on seeing us; for on this occasion we were thought to be followers of Mirambo, whose dreaded name had reached this remote spot.

A few years previously these islands had been part of a large, cultivated, and inhabited plain; and during the day we pulled through stumps of trees and over sites of many old villages. According to the accounts given me by the guides, the lake is constantly encroaching upon its shores and increasing in size. And at Kawélé I remarked that, since Burton was there, a strip more than six hundred yards wide appeared to have been washed away for a distance of three or four miles.

Although there were many large fishing-traps lying about, we could get nothing to eat, the few fishermen telling us that all the people had gone elsewhere, owing to the constant washing-away of the shores of the lake. Indeed, the errand which had now brought them to the island was merely to collect fishing-gear which had been left behind when the fitting took place.

Another devil's habitation was passed on the next day's cruise. The guides made the usual offering and oration, with the addition of putting salt on their heads, besides throwing some into the water. The name of the demon was Musamwira; and on inquiring why he did not haunt the river of that name, I was told he sometimes went there, but his usual dwelling-place was just behind a hill where the offering was made.

We made sail the next morning, to run down to Massi Kambi, where we hoped to be able to get some food. But it being rather squally, my men became so nervous that I had to allow the sail to be lowered. They then persisted in going close in-shore, and in the end had to pull head to wind, instead of running right across with a fair breeze.

All the entrances of Massi Kambi were closed, and the crows'-nests manned, on our drawing near; so we camped on a small sand-bank, having on it a few fishermen's huts built on piles.

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The wind and sea increased to such an extent that we were subsequently obliged to move to the main-land.

Here we remained a day to procure food, but a few sweet-potatoes and beans were our only reward. In the afternoon I shot a large *Lepidosiren*, called by the natives Singa; but it was so loathsome to look at that no one would touch it, and the people declared it was poisonous.



AN INHABITANT OF MASSI KAMBL.

Leaving this place, we rounded Ras Mpimbwe, a promontory formed of enormous masses of granite piled on each other in the wildest confusion, and looking as though some race of Titans had commenced building a breakwater.

In the early morning, just after we started, there was a most curious optical illusion. The summits of the mountains on the west of the lake had the exact appearance of being covered with snow; and while I was wondering and looking at them steadily through the glasses, the white began to disappear, and then I discovered the cause of the illusion. The almost horizontal rays of the rising sun had been reflected by the lower sides of the clouds down on the tops of the mountains, which consequently looked quite white, in contrast to the lower parts, which were still in deep shadow. It is just possible that many reports of snow-capped mountains might be ascribed to this cause.

Off Ras Mpimbwe there were very many rocks in all directions just half awash, and dangerous work it was passing through them.

About noon we camped on the north side of Ras Kambemba, off which lies a small island of the same name; and shortly after settling down I heard a cry that some game was in camp. On going out with my rifle, I found that some buffalo had been near, but had been completely scared by the noise.

In returning my rifle to its place against the tent-pole, my

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fowling-piece, which was also strapped to the pole, was accidentally discharged. My head being close to the muzzle, the fire and report naturally made me spring backward, when I tumbled right over my bed, cut my head severely, and half stunned myself. I confess I rather thought I was shot; but on hearing my servant sing out, "Bwana amepigwa" (Master is shot), I roused myself, and found only a scalp-wound, resulting from my fall. My servant, on seeing me lying in a heap, with my head bleeding, made certain I was killed; but the only damage done was a hole through the top of the tent where the charge of shot made its exit.

The country here was composed of great masses of granite and hardened sandstone, chiefly imbedded in very soft red sandstone, which, being easily washed away, leaves the hard rocks standing out by themselves.

Tanganyika seems to have more than its proper share of devils, for at Kamasanga we arrived at the dwelling of another. The Wajiji, as usual, paid their respects, saying, "Oh, devil! give us good lake, little wind, little rain; let canoes go well, go quick."

There were many islands brought down by the rivers, more like those of the Mississippi than the ordinary masses of floating vegetation; and one, about a quarter of a mile in diameter, had some small trees on it. Signs of recent cultivation and marks where a few huts had stood were noticeable at our camping-place. I inquired where the people were. "Killed, slaves or runaways," was, as usual, the answer.

Ras Katanki, with small rocky points inside it, and the village of Massanga being passed, the east and west of the lake closes in. And this, I expect, is the narrowing of Livingstone's Lake Liemba. A cowardly panic arose among all hands because I made sail to the breeze before a thunder-storm, in order to reach Camp Chaknola before rain came on.

Two canoes of natives were in a horrid fright at our arrival; and while a few stopped and prepared for action, the majority bolted off into the jungle; but we soon restored confidence, and bought some fish of them.

The Wajiji guides now asked for what they termed a customary present of cloth to dress in; and, although they were

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already well paid, I complied with their request, for they were very good and useful men.

Passing Ras Chaknola on the 9th of April—the rocks near which were composed of a sort of pudding-stone, looking as though it had originally been liquid clay, and had become mixed with small stones—we came to the river Chaknola and Makakomo islands, which the guides informed me had been a portion of the main-land within their remembrance. Kapoopia, the Sultan of the islands, was a chief of some importance.

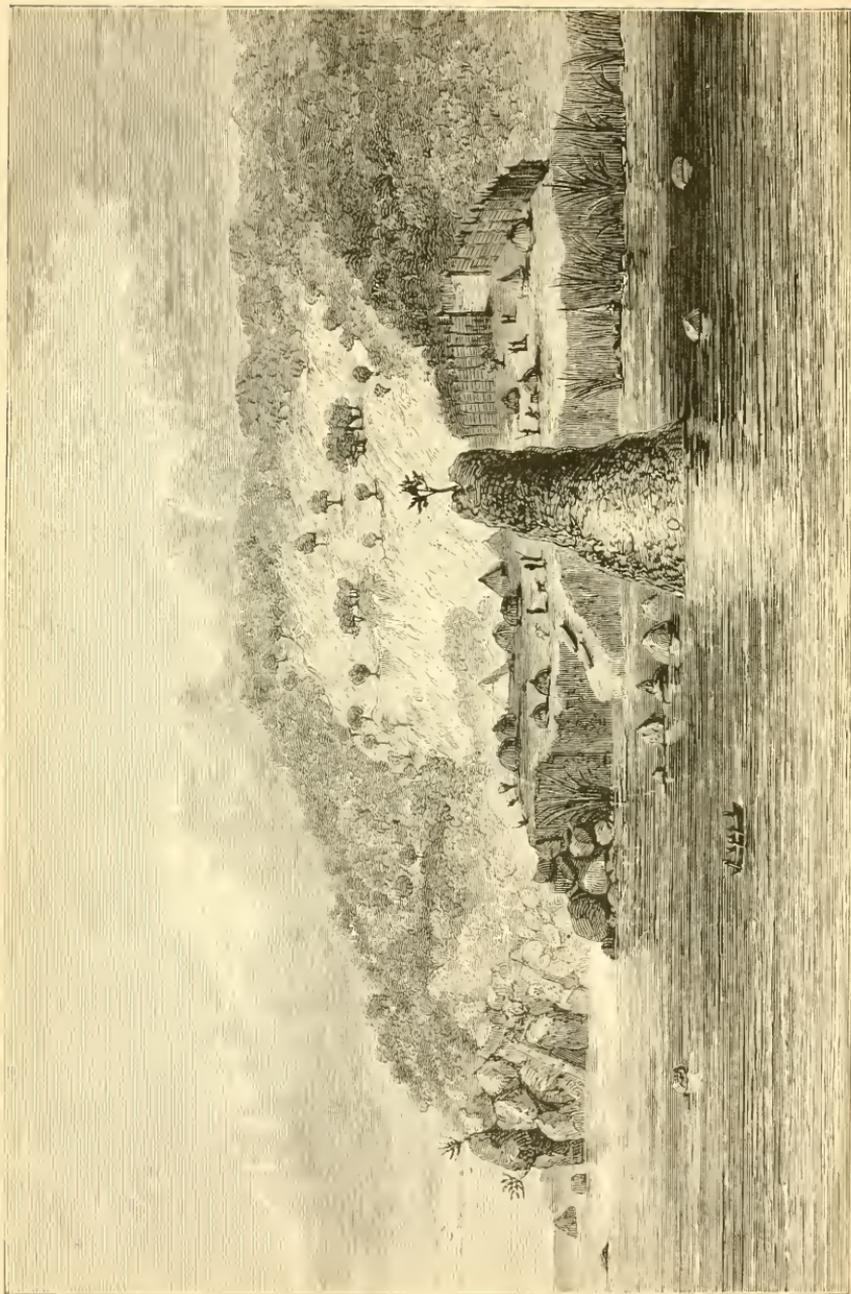


BROTHER ROCKS.

At Ras Makurungwe the rocks consisted of masses of granite seventy or eighty feet high, with perpendicular sides; and at Kowenga Island there were huge blocks strewed about in the utmost confusion. When we landed, the women and children ran into the jungle, and the men cleared for action, each having his bow and half a dozen arrows ready, and about twenty more arrows in his quiver.

Squalls and rain, during the night and a wild-looking morning delayed our start; and, on beginning to pack up, one of the askari accidentally shot himself in getting into the boat. The bullet entered under the right arm, and, passing either close in front of or behind the shoulder-blade, came out at the lower inner angle. He was so fat that it was difficult to determine





VILLAGE OF KITATA, TANGANYIKA LAKE.

which course it had taken; but the lung was not injured, and there was no escape of air. I made a couple of pads of a cambric handkerchief, and bound him up, lashing his arm so that he could not move it; and though he lost much blood, it was all venous, and soon stopped.

After I had given him some morphia to induce sleep, his chums differed from my treatment, and gave him hot water to drink, in order, as they said, to remove any bad blood in his stomach. He consequently retched most violently, and the bleeding burst out again. I constantly cautioned the men against keeping their guns loaded, yet this fool used his rifle as a boat-hook, holding it by the muzzle and clawing at the gunwale of the boat with the hammer!

No imported cloth was to be seen at the village of Kitata, the people wearing skins, bark-cloth, or cotton of their own manufacture. The natives suspend their clothing round the waist by rope as thick as the little finger, bound neatly with brass wire. Their wool is sometimes anointed with oil in which red earth has been mixed, giving them the appearance of having dipped their heads in blood.

We next camped at Makukira, on a river of the same name, as I was suffering from a severe pain in my eyes, and was too ill to take bearings. Makukira was a large place, with a ditch and stockade banked up on the outside.

The chief was profusely greased, had a patch of lamp-black on his chest and forehead, and wore a tiara of leopard-claws with the roots dyed red, and behind it a tuft of coarse, whitish hair. A pair of leopard-skin aprons, a few circles of yellow grass below his knees, a ring of *sofi* on each ankle, and a fly-flapper, with the handle covered with beads, completed his attire — if we except the lamp-black which was rubbed into all his tattoo-marks. His wives, one of whom was very good-looking, were busy getting pombé ready for him; and, having poured some into a calabash and filled it up with hot water, one of them sat on a stool along-side him. Then, taking the calabash on her lap, she held it while he sucked the contents through a reed. He kindly sent me some of this beverage, but I was much too unwell to taste it.

Girls without children often make dolls of a calabash orna-

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mented with beads, and lash it to the back in the same manner as infants are usually carried in their country. Children are reared at the breast until two or three years of age, and I saw one alternately sucking at nature's fount and a pombé reed; so that they may literally be said to imbibe the taste for pombé with their mother's milk.

Long knobbed walking-sticks were used by the chief and his wives, and beads and wire were common.

We went on to Kirumbu on the Mivito, where cotton is manufactured, nearly a third of the population wearing clothes of native make. It is coarse stuff, something like superior gunny-bag, and the patterns are checks, after the style of large shepherd's plaid with black stripes near the border, all having fringe.

As I sighted land at the end of the lake, I hoped another day's pulling would be all that was necessary before turning. But we wanted food, the small villages not supplying enough, and even Makukira being drawn almost blank. Camping that night near a village in the river Kisungi, we were again disappointed at finding food scarce and expensive. Yet when Dr. Livingstone was here on his last journey, only about fifteen or sixteen months previously, I am told provisions were plentiful, and the people had many goats. Parties of Wanyamwezi and others had, however, carried off not only the goats, but many people also.

The slave-trade is spreading in the interior, and will continue to do so until it is either put down with a strong hand, or dies a natural death from the total destruction of the population. At present events are tending toward depopulation; for the Arabs, who had only penetrated Manyúema a few years, already had a settlement close to Nyangwé, from which parties are able to go slave-hunting still farther afield. The head chief of this place lives four days' journey inland; but at Mikisungi there was a chief named Mpara Gwina, whom I called upon. He was old, and perfectly white-haired, and his office did not seem profitable, for he was certainly the worst dressed of the people. His forehead and hair were daubed with vermilion, yellow, and white powder, the pollen of flowers. A tribal mark of raised cuts formed a blotch on each temple, and he wore a frontlet of beads.

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When I called, he was busy spinning cotton with another man, while their wives and daughters sat near picking the seeds out of freshly gathered pods. The fibre was laid in heaps by the side of the chief and his friend, who—spindles in hand—were making it into yarn. Their wooden spindles were about fourteen inches long and half an inch in diameter, with a piece of curved wood as a weight, half an inch from the top, where a small wire hook was fixed. The cotton was first worked between the forefinger and thumb into a sort of rough tape about half a yard long, and then hooked to the spindle, which was rolled along the right thigh, to give it a rapid spinning motion. The yarn was held in the left hand, the spindle hanging from it; and the right forefinger and thumb were used to prevent any irregularities in the size of the thread. As soon as a length was spun, it was unhooked and wound round the spindle, and more cotton was prepared, hooked on, and spun in the same manner. The yarn turned out by these means, though coarse, is fairly strong, and wonderfully regular in size. It is afterward wound on sticks, about four feet long, used as shuttles in weaving.

The profile of the people was good, their noses being Roman; but all have the spreading *ala nasi*. The heads of some were completely covered with soft or pipe-stem beads, each strung on a separate tuft of hair, an arrangement which must be very uncomfortable, and is not at all prepossessing, having too much the appearance of scales.

Those who can not afford beads imitate the fashion by making their wool into blobs, and greasing it until one can not detect the separate fibres. Grass leglets and bracelets made from the upindha (brab), very neatly twisted or plaited, were very commonly worn. Their bows were provided with a fringe of long hair at one or both ends, and were sewed over, besides having the spare string wound round them. Arrows were of various lengths, not feathered or poisoned, and all knives were shaped like spear-heads.

The people had at one time grown a considerable amount of corn, but the Watuta killed most of the men, and a few of that tribe, who still remained in the jungle hereabouts—neither cultivating nor building huts—subsisted entirely by the chase and

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plunder. The hoes I saw were very large, exceeding the size of an ordinary garden spade. I may mention that here the prefix "Ba" is used instead of "Wa" by the different tribes, such as Bafipa, Batuta.

Arabs occasionally pass inland, but no large boats had been here for years, and the people never saw a sail before the *Betsy* arrived.

Leaving early on the morning of the 15th of April, and passing the rivers Mundewli and Muomeesa, and the villages of Kasangalowa and Mambema, we began to lose sight of the land of rocks.

On the outside of Polungo Island were enormous masses, scattered and piled in the most fantastic manner—vast overhanging blocks, rocking-stones, obelisks, pyramids, and every form imaginable. The whole was overgrown with trees jutting out from every crevice or spot where soil had lodged, and from them hung creepers fifty or sixty feet long, while through this fringe there were occasional glimpses of hollows and caves.

The glorious lake, with its heaving bosom, lay bathed in tropical sunshine, and one could scarcely imagine the scene to be a reality. It seemed as if designed for some grand transformation in a pantomime, and one almost expected the rocks to open, and sprites and fairies to appear.

As I paused to gaze at the wondrous sight, all being still, without a sign of life, suddenly the long creepers began to move as some brown object, quickly followed by another and another, was seen. This was a party of monkeys, swinging themselves along, and outdoing Leotard on the flying trapeze; and then, stopping and hanging by one paw, they chattered and gibbered at the strange sight of a boat. A shout, and they were gone more rapidly than they came, while the rolling echo almost equaled thunder in its intensity.

In places the slightest shock of earthquake would cause masses of thousands of tons to topple down from their lofty sites, and carry ruin and destruction before them.

Large cotton-plants were apparently growing wild at the camping-place, but possibly this had formerly been a clearing. The cliffs were of chalk, or very white limestone, split vertically, the lines as sharp as though cut with a knife.

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I found it extremely difficult to keep my map correctly, as the guides changed the names most perplexingly, and called an island a cape, and a cape an island; while my ideas were not the clearest after so much fever and quinine.

We now came to the debatable ground between Ufipa and Uhungu.

On starting on the 16th, we rounded a low point with cliffs looking exactly as though built by man. It was only at the point that this peculiarity existed; inside, the cliffs were quite different. The courses, too, were as regular as possible, and, where bared at top, they were in a perfectly level, unbroken surface; so I suppose they are innumerable small strata. There was a deserted village here, and I saw several others which had been abandoned, owing to deaths having occurred in them.

Industrial settlements after the pattern of the French mission at Bagamoyo, to teach trades and cultivation, would seem to be the proper line for missionary work in this country.

In the afternoon the eclipse commenced, while we were camped at Lungu. The sun was hidden in clouds; and when it became clear again rain was falling, and two very perfect rainbows were formed. These faded away for three minutes from the eclipse, and occurred again for a few minutes before sunset. The diminution of light was very perceptible, and some of my men took this opportunity of stealing seven goats belonging to people living near.

There were too many concerned in the theft to discover the real offenders; but I sent the goats back, with a present of beads for the owner. If one only had been stolen, it would probably have been killed and eaten outside the camp. I should have known nothing of it, and no very flattering opinion of white men would have been left on the minds of the people.

Land now lay right across on the west side, and we were apparently at the end of the lake. But there was a narrow arm running up about twenty miles, ending in a mass of grass, through which boats can not pass, and a river, called Kirumbwé, here falls into the lake.

On sighting a village, all hands immediately wanted to halt for food, although a week's provisions had been laid in two days before. We were only two days out, and the boats were regu-

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larly lumbered up with bags of corn, sweet-potatoes and bananas; so I would not yield to this laziness and idle excuse.

We passed Ras Yamini, with high cliffs having the appearance of ruined ramparts. There is no doubt they are natural formations, as enormous, irregular blocks occasionally showed out; but the ruined cities of Central America have much the same appearance, as they are not of any great extent, and are succeeded by masses of rocks.

A large village in front ought to have been reached on this day; but the men persisted in pulling so badly that I could no longer remain in the boat, but camped.

Small worries add immensely to the hardships of traveling. Real troubles and difficulties one faces, as a matter of course. But lazy men wanting to stop when there is every thing in favor of a good day's work, a cook who says that there is no dinner when one is hungry, and being constantly thwarted, annoy one, and try the temper more than enough. My pipe was, however, a great consolation, and I told my servant to bring it to me whenever he heard me pitching into any one.

Since leaving Ujiji, the work had been very wearying, owing to the constant, never-ceasing attention required to prevent mistakes between the different points, and to make people understand my questions: and I was obliged to prove every thing, after all, by my own observation—being so frequently told that islands were points, and points islands.

As an instance of the haziness of these people's ideas, I may mention that, on first seeing high land at the south end, I was informed it was a large island named Kahapiongo, and I tried to fix it by bearings. On nearing the islands of that name, I found them quite small, with about half a dozen people on them.

The guides were never able to name a place until close to it, and had very little conception of the lay of the land they had coasted along many times. Their local knowledge is wonderfully good, but they seem incapable of grasping any thing like a general idea.

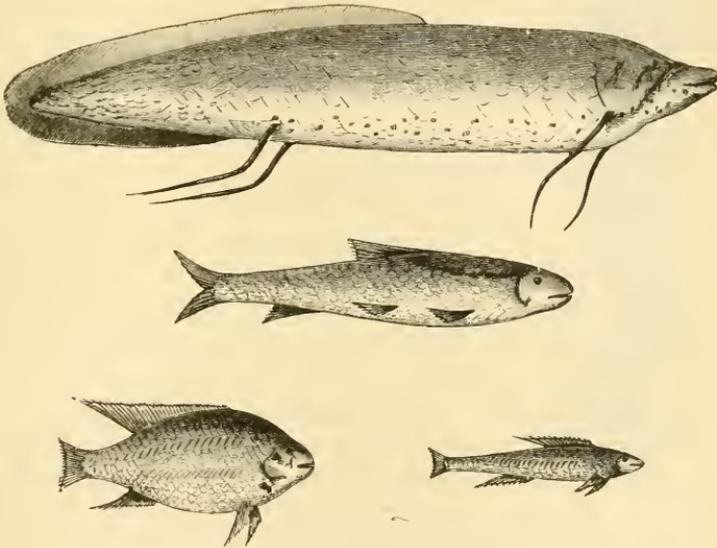
They stared at my map, and thought it a most wonderful performance; and when I said that people in England would know the shape and size of Tanganyika, and the names and sit-

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uation of rivers and villages by means of it, I am inclined to fancy they thought me a magician. My telling them of the eclipse before it happened impressed them greatly.

The supposed "long arm" I found to be a myth; but I believe a river of considerable size, with a very grassy mouth, flows into the lake at the bottom.

*Tingi-tingi* is the name given to grassy places at the mouths of rivers and elsewhere, if the grass is too thick for boats to pass through, but not thick enough for men to walk on; *sindi* is the name given when it will bear a man's weight. From this cause the river near Ugaga is called Sindi; but they also talk of other rivers as *sindi*, *e. g.*, the Kirumbwé is said to be *tingi-tingi*, with a little *sindi*.



TANGANYIKA FISHES.

Shortly after starting again, we came to Kasangalowa, in the Kowa—Kongono being the name of the sultan—and here saw *nichikichi*, or palm-oil-trees, for the first time since leaving Ujiji. The village was in the possession of the Watuta, the lawful inhabitants having fled to the hills.

All the Watuta men carry bows and arrows, short spears, either for throwing or close quarters, a knob-stick, small axe, and an oval shield of skin four feet by two feet six inches. Even

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the little boys carry a heavy knob-stick. They turned out in great numbers, very black and naked, to see what our business might be, and seemed very friendly to us, notwithstanding their character is that of universal robbers. They enlarge the lobes of the ears, like the Wagogo, carrying in them pieces of gourd and wood, sometimes ornamented with beads.

The women wear a small skin apron, and dispose another skin behind in a manner more fanciful than decorous; for, while covering the upper part of their legs, it leaves another portion of their body most fully exposed. These stern-aprons are cut so as to turn down a flap—occasionally decorated with beads—to allow of a full and open rear view. It must, therefore, be the fashion to show that part. Perhaps their object is to prove they have no tails.



WATUTA WOMAN.

Those who can afford it wear a broad band of party-colored beads round the head, and another round the waist.

In some cases the hair is shaved away underneath the band of beads worn round the head, while allowed to grow bushy above, having exactly the appearance of a fur cap or Kilmarnock bonnet.

The people universally chip the two upper front incisors, and some chip the whole of them, and extract the two centre ones in the lower jaw. The tribal mark seemed to be a line down the centre of the forehead and two on the temples, sometimes continued to the chin.

Some of the men had enormously heavy spears, generally used in elephant-hunting. The butt was larger than the rest of the haft, and was made of black wood or ebony, to give weight.

Wapimbwe and Watongwe live in Ufipa, mixed with Bafipa. Watuta and Wapimbwe live in Ulungu as a wild people, with different chiefs, Watuta.

The Watuta obtain their livelihood by the chase, and settle

down in any village, as they had in this one, until all their victims' food is consumed, and the huts are burned as fuel. They then make a foray on another, and repeat this little game. None of the regular inhabitants attempt resistance, but seek safety in flight, for Watuta fighting means indiscriminate slaughter.

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Here, for the first time in Africa, I saw a woman with twins.

## CHAPTER XVI.

The Art of Pottery.—My Men grow Bolder.—Akalunga.—The Chief.—A Native Notion of Portugal.—Granaries.—Strange Mutilation by Women.—Ornaments.—The Luwaziwa.—Gorillas.—Hill-side Cultivation.—Spiders.—Mosquitoes, Boils, and Sore Feet.—A Strike.—Hot-water Spring.—Waguhha Hair-dressing.—Idols.—The Lukuga.—Return to Ujiji.—Letters from Home.—My Men indulge Freely.—Arab Opinion of the Lualaba.—Fear of Opposition Traders.—Bombay's Jealousy.—Cost of Cutting the Sod in the Lukuga.—I give Readings.—Arson.—Domestic Jars.—More Orgies.—Off again.

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It was with pleasure that I learned, on leaving Kasangalowa, on the 19th of April—for the purpose of crossing the lake and working northward along the other shore—that there was no camping-place within an easy distance. The men would therefore be obliged to do a good day's pulling, whether they wished it or not.

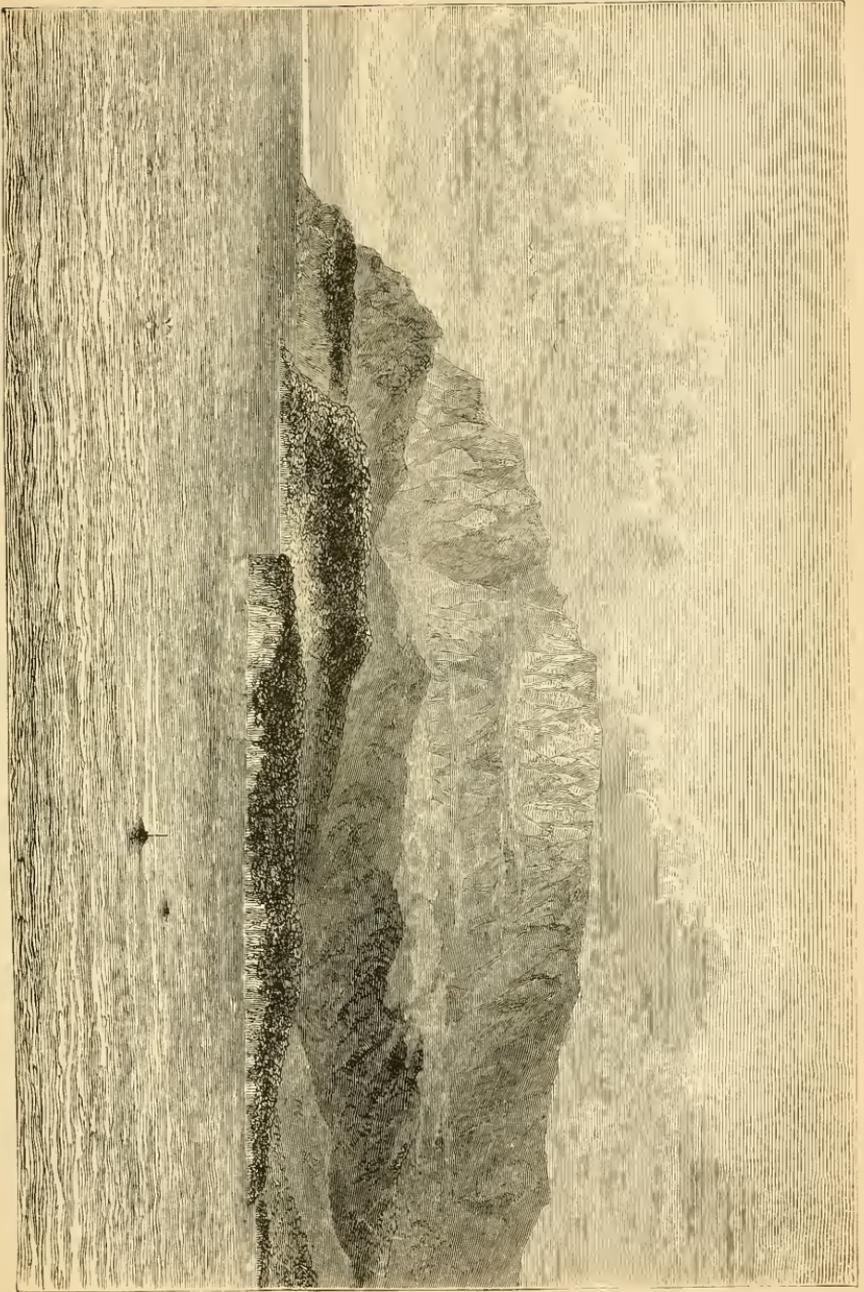
There was trouble in getting away, on account of tingi-tingi, the boats being jammed one hundred yards from land, and the water deep. We had to go backward and forward in small canoes—several of which were capsized, causing more amusement than harm—and then to pole out for some distance.

The mountains on the south-west were so precipitous as almost to be cliffs; and many gorges formed by land-slips and water-falls were among the hills.

We camped on very rough ground, evidently overflowed by streams when in flood; but a place where hippopotami had been rolling afforded a smooth spot for my tent. The cliffs were red sandstone on the top, and light-colored granite toward the base. The rains now appeared to be passing, although I still saw showers among the hills and heard occasional thunder, and the nights were cloudy for sights.

I was much interested at Kisungi by watching a potter at her work. She first pounded with a pestle, such as they use in beating corn, enough earth and water for making one pot, until it formed a perfectly homogeneous mass. Then, putting it on

RAWLINSON MOUNTAINS.





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a flat stone, she gave it a blow with her fist, to form a hollow in the middle, and worked it roughly into a shape with her hands, keeping them constantly wet. She then smoothed out the finger-marks with a corn-cob, and polished the pot with pieces of gourd and wood—the gourd giving it the proper curves—finally ornamenting it with a sharp-pointed stick.

I went to examine this work, wondering how it would be taken off the stone and the bottom shaped, and found that no bottom had yet been formed. But after the vessel had been drying four or five hours in a shady place, it was sufficiently stiff to be handled carefully, and a bottom was then worked in.

From beginning to pound the clay till the pot—holding about three gallons—was put aside to dry occupied thirty-five minutes, and providing it with a bottom might take ten minutes more. The shapes are very graceful, and wonderfully truly formed, many being like the amphora in Villa Diomed at Pompeii.

Soon after leaving camp, we passed the mouth of the Luvuvu, a considerable stream with a good current, discoloring the water a great distance from its mouth; and there were numerous small land-slips, and water oozing from the sides of the hills.

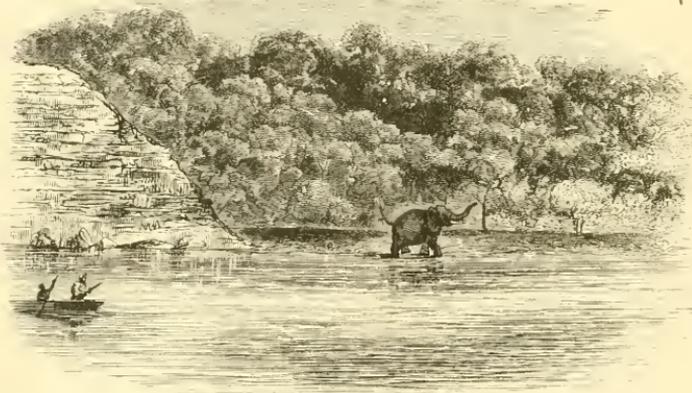
This exceptional day's work had, according to the men's statement, quite exhausted them; so I camped early at a spot evidently much resorted to by elephants, some of the trees being quite polished, from their rubbing themselves against them after bathing. And while running along under sail close to the shore, we sighted an elephant on the beach, having evidently come down to bathe. I loaded my rifle with hardened bullets, and ordered all the men to get below the gunwale and keep silence, leaving a man asleep on the forecastle, because I was afraid he would make some noise if aroused. But before we got within range, this fellow most provokingly awoke, and, catching sight of the elephant, yelled out, at the top of his voice, "Tembo, bwana!" (Elephant, master!), and away went the tembo into the jungle, flapping his big ears like a rabbit bolting into his burrow.

There was very heavy thunder during the night, and the echoes exceeded any thing I have ever heard.

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I managed to make a move for Kipimbwé, although there were a heavier sea and surf than I had previously seen, for it blew hard right on the shore—an open beach, with no grass. Happily the men no longer heeded that which would have given them a terrific fright at starting.

On visiting Akalunga, I found it one of the largest villages I had seen in Africa. The chief, Miriro, was a very old man, with a large white beard, but whiskers and mustache shaved. A number of Arab slaves and Wangwana were here for trade; also one Mrima man, who left Bagamoyo soon after us, and Unyanyembe at the same time. He came direct here by crossing the lake at Makakomo's, and had arrived about a month.



"TEMBO, BWANA!"

Many of the women dressed in the same fashion as at Kasangalowa, but the traders import a quantity of cloth. Some of the people wore small skull-caps made of beads.

Old Miriro paid me a visit, putting on a fez cap instead of the greasy handkerchief he usually wore, and a robe of red and black Joho. He was much astonished at the breech-loaders and revolvers, and wanted me to present him with a gun, and to remain to mend a musical-box.

Although a king, he did not act royally, and made no return present for a very good cloth I had sent him. However, he seemed friendly, and assured me that the year in which the first

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white man had come there would always be remembered as a great year. Food for the men was plentiful, but I could obtain no eggs, fowls, milk, or ripe bananas, the latter being cooked and eaten when green.

One of the Wanyamwezi began talking of the Portuguese, saying they were a people like the Wazungu, and lived on the coast, and had two kings. The chief one was a woman called "Maria"—evidently the Blessed Virgin—and they had houses with her figure in them. The other king was Moeneputo, the African name for the King of Portugal.

The granaries of these parts deserve notice. They are built on posts, raising the floors about three feet from the ground, and are from four to twelve feet in diameter, while some of the larger may be twenty feet high, exclusive of the conical roof. Those for old corn are plastered, and have under the eaves a small hole for access, reached by a notched trunk used as a ladder. Those for fresh corn are made of canes about eleven feet long and two inches apart, with hoops of the same material at



KING MIRIO AND HIS GRANARY.

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every two or three feet, thus allowing the air to pass through freely and prevent heating.

Many of the women here and at Kasangalowa had not even the usual negro apology for a nipple to their breasts, but only a hole. I was rather astonished, and was told that they scar themselves thus for ornament. I should have thought it too painful to willingly mutilate themselves in this manner, and had supposed that it might be a punishment, and still have my doubts on the subject. I may remark that it was usually the best-looking that were thus deformed.

Pretty little ivory combs are made here for the small price of four strings of beads, and, when not in use, are worn in the hair as an ornament, and look rather well. Solid bracelets, and anklets of iron and brass, like the Indian bangle, are common, besides the ordinary beads and sambo; and the majority band the leg below the knee with small circles of plaited grass, which take the place of wire and other ornaments with those who can not afford the latter. The ropes for suspending the loin-cloth are often covered with beads of various colors instead of wire, and many men wear broad leather belts.

As a fair wind favored us the next day, we made sail, the *Pickle* using a mat and loin-cloths. I went into the stream of the Luwaziwa to determine its course, and found that it flowed into the lake. It is said to have its source in the country of Manbembé, and to wind very much, caravans from Kasengé having to cross it three times on their way to Akalunga. I at first thought that it ran out of the lake, it looked so like a clear entrance; but when we opened it properly, there was the regular grass mouth and sand-banks.

I believe the lake to be fed by springs in its bed, in addition to the numerous rivers and torrents; as in several places where land-slips had occurred the water was bursting out between the stones, and trickling down into the lake. The country was like a huge sponge full of water.

Game was very plentiful; but I was so lame as to be obliged to be carried to and from the boat, and consequently could not go out shooting. The boil which lamed me on the road to Ujiji had formed a large sluggish sore, and, in addition, I had prickly heat rather badly.

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Numerous small streams and torrents were to be seen as we came along, and the hills were bold, but not very high—from four hundred to six hundred feet. No villages were in sight, as all the people lived inland behind the hills; but some canoes were hauled up in one or two places, and their owners could not have been far off.

On the 24th of April a good breeze again helped us along, though it was rather puffy in the vicinity of the hills. An hour was lost, through the men stopping to land, when they looted a fisherman's hut, and I had the greatest trouble to get the things returned. Bombay was among them, eating the stolen fish.

Passed Runangwa Ras and river of the same name—much smaller than the Malagarazi—flowing into the lake; very rocky, high hills, a thousand feet and more, covered with trees to their summits. The rocks were granite, and light-colored soft sandstone.

Here I saw some gorillas (*soko*), black fellows, looking larger than men. Before I could get a shot, the boat slipped round a point which covered them; and on putting back to have another look at them, they had vanished. They are said by the natives to build a fresh house every day.

For three hours we were searching for a camping-place; but with a multiplicity of rocks, and no beach or place where it was possible to lay up the boats, we met with constant disappointments. I was greatly consoled at knowing that we were getting over the ground more quickly than if camps were easily found, although an hour's daylight would have been valuable to me for working at my map after lying up for the night.

The next day we camped at Katupi village, where ivory was ten doti a frasilah, and good slaves five doti each. A Wangwana trading there told me that from Chaknola they get to Unyanyembe in about twenty days.

From this place we passed many small villages and shambas, with cultivation on the sides of hills as steep as Swiss terraces; only, instead of being regularly terraced, there were irregular retaining-walls of loose stones at intervals, and the soil was left nearly at its natural slope. The people working there looked like flies on a wall.

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Five large canoes from Ujiji were reported to be in front, and the people seemed less afraid than formerly to hold intercourse with us. A large and crowded canoe came off to look at us; and some man of importance going the other way in a canoe with twelve paddlers was also brave enough to venture a few hundred yards from the shore in order to have a stare. Much cultivation, and small villages without stockades and huts being seen in all directions, I inferred that we were entering a more peaceful country.

As we slipped along before a good south-easterly breeze, I took in a reef by twisting the tack of the sail into a rope for a couple of feet and lashing it, and a second reef by a lashing round the yard-arm. With a good sea running, and the wind aft, the boat rolled about like a porpoise, and prevented my getting bearings.

Indeed, I became rather anxious to find a good camping-place; for, with such a breeze and sea, the boats would have come to grief at once had they touched the rocks. We therefore pulled in close to Kanenda, and settled down for the night near the village Mona Kalumwe.

A great disturbance was caused during the night by some natives quarreling with my men about a stolen cloth, which was now claimed by the rightful owner. On being found, it was returned, but the thief had bolted into the jungle. Still that did not save him, for I had punishment parade in the morning, and gave him a thrashing; and young Bilál, who was mixed up with the affair, received the same. I was unable to make any reparation to the man from whom the cloth had been stolen for the trouble and annoyance he had suffered, as he did not wait for the small present I intended to have made him, but disappeared from the camp immediately he had recovered his property.

The breeze now seemed inclined to fall light, although there was a considerable sea; but we rounded Ras Mirrumbi, and passed several torrents and villages. I here noticed enormous spiders' webs on some of the trees, a few being almost covered with them.

The *Pickle* did not come up with us that evening, and I became rather anxious about her safety; and, on nothing being

seen of her the next morning (28th April), began to think of turning back in search of her. But in the afternoon she hove in sight, and it appeared that her crew, being frightened at the sea, had camped before Kapoppo.

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In a deep inlet near the mouth of Lovuwa River I found the remains of a large Arab camp, and also two very large boats—one pulling twenty and the other eighteen oars, and fitted with masts—hauled up under a shed. They were the property of Jumah Merikani, who had gone into Msama's country to trade.

Jumah Merikani first began trading past here when Burton was at Ujiji, and had now been fifteen years at it. He is said to keep a permanent gang of Wanyamwezi porters, and only to stay at Ujiji long enough to sell and dispatch his ivory, and lay in a fresh stock of trade goods.

The people seemed very friendly, and one jolly-looking old fellow, who was doing duty as chief while the latter was away on a tour of inspection, came and salaamed most profoundly to me and rubbed dust on his chest and arms, that being the customary way of paying homage. Heads and tails were adorned here much the same as before.

Large mosquitoes were constantly biting in the day-time, and my back was covered with boils. I could neither sit nor lie down in comfort, and the soreness of my feet prevented my making much use of them. My stay was not altogether enjoyable. I should mention that I met wild grapes here for the first time on my journey.

The night of the 29th of April promised to be so fine that I decided to sleep in the boat, in a little land-locked bay, instead of under canvas, and the men lay out in the open air, without building any huts. A sudden change to rain consequently brought with it some hours of discomfort and misery. The boats were half filled with water, and the men's spare gear was all swamped.

I gave them two hours to dry their clothing and do their cooking; and seeing no signs of a move at the expiration of that time, I sung out, "Paka, paka" (pack up). The reply I received was, "Kesho" (to-morrow). On looking for Bombay to ascertain what this meant, I found him quietly sitting in the

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other boat under an awning doing nothing. He excused himself by saying, "What can I do? The men say they won't go; they are afraid." I replied, "Bring me one who says no, and I'll punish him;" but his answer was, "I can't—they all say they won't."

This was too much to bear; so, bad legs or not, I was quickly out of the boat, and, picking up the first bit of wood I saw, told the men to pack. They began while I stood by them, but, immediately I went to others, stopped again. It was evidently time for action; so I struck out right and left, and soon made them clear out. Bombay was of no more service than a log of wood—indeed, not half so useful as the persuasive piece I had just fisted.

After getting away, the men seemed in a very good humor and much more jolly than usual; and I began to think they enjoyed their thrashing, although one or two got some shrewd knocks.

Later in the day I ascertained the reason of the men not wishing to move. They had heard of a trading-party on the other side of the neck of land between Ras Tembwe and the main, and wanted to exchange visits. We saw the canoe of the traders, and also a small party who had been away from Ujiji for about six months to shoot elephants.

The land about here was low, and the bearings I took were not of much value. My expectations and hopes were now greatly raised by the guides promising to show me the outlet of the lake on the following day. It appears that Speke did not get quite far enough down; and Livingstone, coming from Ma Kazembé's town, passed its mouth in a canoe without noticing it, and, on going to Manyúéma, did not come sufficiently far south.

No Arab at Ujiji seemed to have any knowledge of this outlet, which appears to lie just between two of their routes, and out of both. I thought, however, that the Wajiji had made no mistake about my questions, for they had noticed how particular I was in ascertaining the direction in which a stream flowed whenever there was any doubt on the matter.

We now passed Ras Kalomwe, and the River Kavagwé, two hundred yards wide and two fathoms deep in the middle, having an almost imperceptible outward current.

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May-day broke upon us, most gloriously. The surrounding country was also very beautiful, with small cliffs, and some open park-like spaces with clumps of fine trees.

On rounding Ras Niongo, we shortened sail, and went on shore to look at a reported hot-water spring. After half an hour's tramp through very long, thick grass—which to me was pain and grief—we arrived at the swampy edge of the lake, where a few bubbles were rising. The thermometer showed the same temperature in this water as in the shade—96°—and I arrived at the conclusion that the hot spring had only a slight foundation in fact. But I afterward heard from others who had visited it, that when in full activity the spring has been sufficiently hot to scald one. It had, perhaps, a slight flavor as of soda-water.

The man who conducted us to this bubbling water asked for some beads, that he might make an offering to the spirit of the place. He evidently thought the spirit was easily satisfied, for he only threw a bead or two into the water, and retained the remainder as his own reward.

No reliance whatever could be placed in the guides; for having heard from the people that a large river called Lukuga flows into the lake near Kasengé, they at once said the same, though they had hitherto declared that it was an outflow. The chief, Luliki—who, by-the-way, was so excessively fat that at the first glance I thought he was of the other sex, owing to his pendent breasts—cheered me on my visiting him, by asserting that the Lukuga ran out from the lake.

The Waguhha dress their heads very elaborately, dividing their hair into four parts, drawing it over pads, and making the ends into four plaits, with the assistance of false hair when necessary. These plaits are disposed in a cross, and numerous skewers or pins of polished iron are thrust into the hair, and some wear a double row of cowries.

They also carry in their hair the knives used for tattooing, and wear polished iron strips, crossed to form an arch as in a royal crown. Little extinguisher-shaped ornaments are attached to the ends of the plaits; and flat-headed iron, ivory, and shell-headed pins are used. The plaits are plastered and smoothed with red earth and oil, and, although the effect is

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striking, the fashion is dirty. Some twist their hair into the form of four ram's horns, the one in front being turned backward.

This was the first place where I had seen any likeness to idols. And here several men wore round their necks a little figure with a carved head—the body being a sort of cone with rings and two or three feet—and a hole through the neck for the string by which it was hung.



HEADS OF WAGUJHA AND OTHER LAKE TRIBES.

On the 3d of May there was a slashing breeze freshening up from the eastward, and I made sail with many a hope that I might in a few hours find myself in the outflowing Lukuga. Shortly before noon I arrived at its entrance, more than a mile across, but closed by a grass-grown sand-bank, with the exception of a channel three or four hundred yards wide. Across this there is a sill where the surf breaks heavily at times, although there is more than a fathom of water at its most shallow part.

The chief visited me, and informed me that the river was well known to his people, who often traveled for more than a month along its banks, until it fell into a larger river, the Lua-

laba, and that in its course it received the Lulumbiji and many small streams. No Arab, the chief said, had been down the river, and traders did not visit this place, all beads and cloth required being obtained by sending to Ujiji.

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It rained very hard in the morning; but, in company with the chief, I went four or five miles down the river until navigation was rendered impossible, owing to the masses of floating vegetation. It might be possible, however, to cut passages for canoes. Here the depth was three fathoms; breadth, six hundred yards; current, one knot and a half, and sufficiently strong to drive us well into the edge of the vegetation.



ENTRANCE TO LUKUGA, OR MARIE ALEXANDROVNA.

This first block was said to continue for four or five miles, when an open channel of about the same length would be found, and that for a very great distance alternate choked and clear portions existed. I noticed that the embouchures of some small streams flowing into the river were unmistakably turned from the lake, and that the weed set in the same direction. Wild date palms grew thickly down the river.

Early the following day I continued my observations of the entrance to the river. Inside the bar or sill already mentioned, there were three, four, and five fathoms obtained, and three fathoms close along-side the grass which barred our progress.

I wanted the chief to commence cutting a passage through the grass, offering to leave beads to pay the men. He did not wish to have any thing left with him, for he remarked his people would say, "You take all these things from the white man,

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and only give us a little, and make us work for it." His proposal was that when I returned I should pay the people who worked daily, and then they would understand. He said he wished a trade-road passed by his village, to bring traders there.

After pulling an hour and a half, the breeze freshened up almost in our teeth; so I put into a convenient little inlet, which I discovered to be part of the other river. It was all swamp, marsh, or low, flat plains inside a long bank, with some small openings; deep water in places, shoals, sand-banks, long grass, etc.

I suppose the drift matter of the lake, which gravitates toward this outlet, forms the banks and morass, owing to the want of a passage for it. A fair instance of this was given during the seven or eight hours we were here, a large quantity of drift-wood having come in and worked away into the grass, without leaving any sign of its passage. The inlet in which we lay was only a break in the bank, and the water works through the grass into the Lukuga.

I entertained strong hopes of being enabled to undertake the work I so much desired, of tracing the course of the Lukuga. But at Ujiji not a guide or interpreter could be obtained for that route, and not a man would follow me alone. And when I began to estimate the cost of cutting a channel through the grass and of buying canoes, I found the necessary expenditure so heavy that I confess I did not feel myself justified in incurring it. For I firmly believed that the stream was too considerable to be lost in marshes, or be merely a backwater. I had also the word of the chief, who accompanied me on entering the river, that his people had traveled for months along its banks.

The entrance is situated in the only break in the hills that surround the lake, the mountains of Ugoma ending abruptly ten or twelve miles north of Kasengé, while those that encircle the southern end trend away to the westward from Ras Mirrumbi, leaving a large undulating valley between the two ranges.

When passing down south on the eastern shore of the lake, near Ras Kungwé, the guides pointed to this gap in the mountains, and asserted that there the outlet of the lake was to be found. At various points on my journey afterward I obtained

corroborative evidence—to which I shall make further allusion—of the river joining the Lualaba from people who asserted they had traveled great distances along its banks.

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Leaving the inlet, we made for Ras Mulango, and camped there, touching the following day at Kasengé, on the main-land. We then went on to a deep inlet in the eastern side of Kivira Island, to prepare for crossing the lake, which we did the next day, and arrived at Machachézi, where we found a large party bound for Manyúema, under charge of Muinyi Hassani, a Mri-ma, and a slave of Syde ibn Habib's. Another day took us beyond Jumah Merikani's settlement, and the next, May 9th, to Ujiji.



BAY IN KIVIRA ISLAND.

On arrival, I was gladdened by the receipt of letters from home nearly a year old; and the packet having been opened by Murphy at Mpanga Sanga on January 12th, he inclosed a message that he was getting on well.

These letters had a curious escape. The caravan by which they were forwarded from Unyanyembe by Said ibn Salim was dispersed by a party of robbers, who afterward attacked another and stronger caravan, and were beaten off with the loss of some of their numbers. On the body of one of the killed this packet of letters was found, and brought on to me at Ujiji.

All hands managed to get drunk on their return, and a complaint reached me that they entered a woman's house, and appropriated her pombé. Bilál the younger made himself par-

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ticularly offensive outside my veranda. And when I sent for Bombay in the morning, he replied that he was sick; the truth being that he had a terribly bad head from overindulgence in pombé. How they made themselves drunk on that liquor I could never understand.

Among the news which reached me was that the men I had sent to Unyanyembe were in the vicinity of Uvinza, in company with an Arab caravan. They had been attacked by Mirambo's men (or heard of them) on their way to Unyanyembe, and went round by Kawendi, instead of taking the direct route. The donkeys had reduced themselves to four during my absence, my riding donkey being, unfortunately, among the defunct ones.

I had many long yarns with the Arabs who knew these parts—Mohammed ibn Salib, Mohammed ibn Gharib, Syde Mézrui, Abdallah ibn Habib, and Hassan ibn Gharib—and learned that in their opinion the Lualaba is the Kongo, though whence they got this idea I could not ascertain.

One man said he went due north (!) fifty-five marches, and came to where the water was salt and ships came from the sea, and white men lived there who traded much in palm-oil and had large houses. Fifty-five marches, say five hundred miles + three hundred to Nyangwé = eight hundred, gives about the distance to the Yellala Cataracts. This looks something like the Kongo and West-coast merchants, although the direction is evidently wrong.

Abdallah ibn Habib and Syde Mezrui said palm oil and cowries were mentioned as being among the trade articles, with ivory, brass-wire, and beads. I tried to get a map drawn among them; but north and south, east and west, and all distances, were irretrievably lost in a couple of minutes.

The Lukuga tastes the same as the Tanganyika; not salt, but peculiar, and *not* sweet and light, like the other rivers; but the further I inquired, the more contradictory the answers became.

I expect that in the dry season, or when the lake is at its lowest level, very little water leaves by the Lukuga. Some Arabs said it joined the Lualaba between Moero and Kamalondo. Below Nyangwé the Lualaba is called Ugarowwa, and is

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said to be in places "as wide as the Tanganyika," and full of islands, some having five hundred or six hundred men living on them, together with their wives and families.

They said they did not wish to give any information about it here, and that which I had received was wrong, and intended to mislead; for, finding I had some defined ideas on the subject, they were anxious I should not know too much. They promised to tell every thing when on the road, but they are afraid of opposition traders making an appearance. Already it is getting too crowded, and they know not where to make fresh openings. The Egyptians to the north, or, as they call them, Toorkis, are known to them, and they wish to avoid clashing with them.

Hassan ibn Gharib said he had offered to take Livingstone from Nyangwé to the place where ships come—as he was about to make the journey—for one thousand dollars, but he had refused. They also told me that a large canoe might be obtained near Nyangwé to go the whole way from there by water. It was enough to puzzle the clearest mind.

As Bombay and my servant could never agree, the latter now wanted to leave me on that account. Bombay was very well in his peculiar way, but neither the "Angel" of Colonel Grant nor the "Devil" of Mr. Stanley. I generally found, after yielding to him, that I should have done far better to have adhered to my first intention. He did not like any one to have my ear but himself, and was as jealous as the green-eyed monster itself. He slandered Issa, and made accusations against Mohammed Malim, which I found to be false. However, I was compelled to put up with his failings, for I should have lost a number of men if I had sent him away.

In that part of the lake explored by me, I found ninety-six rivers flowing in, besides torrents and springs, and one, the Lukuga, going out. The more I inquired into the matter, the more laborious and costly the work of cutting away the vegetation on the Lukuga was represented to be; for in some parts the floating sod is said to be six feet thick, and no sooner is the surface cut away, than a further quantity floats up from underneath the adjoining grass.

I was now only waiting for the men from Unyanyembe;

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and each evening I spent some hours reading "Suahili Tales" to the Arabs—having shown the book to Syde Mezruï in a thoughtless moment. A large audience always awaited me; and as they enjoyed it thoroughly, I felt it repaid them somewhat for the kindness they had shown me, and I was therefore pleased to do it, though it was very tiring work.

On the 15th of May, some people—by way of amusement, or more probably with the object of thieving in the confusion caused—set fire to Bilál's house during the night. Worse still, the door was fastened outside; but, fortunately, the men who usually slept in the house were not there on this occasion. I was not able to discover the perpetrators of this outrage.

The next day I held a sale of my Joho and large cloths, and the commoner kinds went very well. To provide my men with some clothes, I then purchased fifteen pieces of other cloth of nine doti each, at twenty-eight dollars apiece. And to prevent the *certainty* of starving, and to pay Wajiji for bringing back canoes from the other side, I bought twenty frasilah of beads, at fifty dollars a frasilah—a large price—but it was a case of "give it, or give up the work."

If I had not been robbed, these purchases might have been avoided; but theft, and the non-arrival of stores left behind, compelled me to make them.

When on the other side, I intended, metaphorically speaking, to "burn my boats," so that there should be no retreating or looking back. Several men pretended to be too ill to start, the fact being that they were afraid; so I gave these timid ones their discharge.

All my men seemed inclined to celebrate their last days at Ujiji by a series of drunken orgies; and Bombay, being annoyed, on returning home one night from some festivities, at finding that Mrs. Bombay had only just arrived from a tea-party, tried to "reorganize her," but with much the same result as befell Artemus Ward.

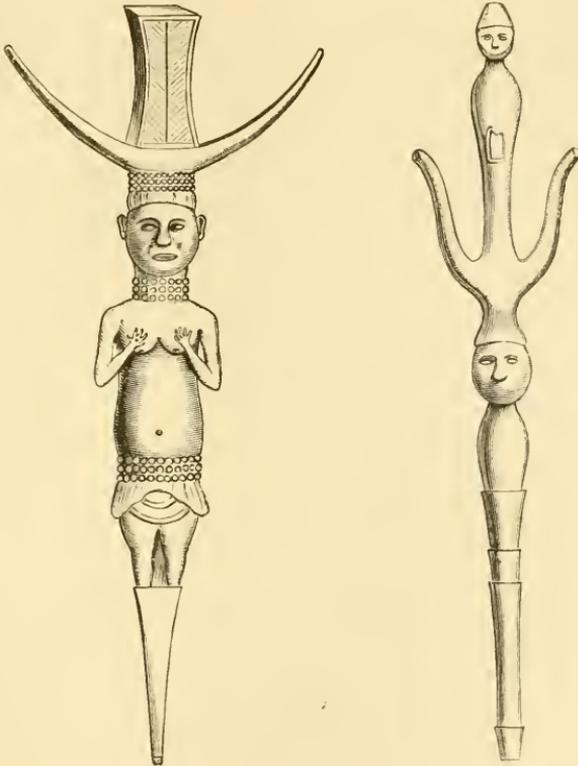
During the domestic struggle, they upset a box of singomazzi beads—made of opal-glass, and the size of pigeons' eggs—and rendered the greater portion of them worthless by cracks and stars.

Some other drunken rascals ripped all the calking out of

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the canoes, to occasion delay, and four days were wasted in recalking them, although the work might have been completed in a day; and when the canoes were ready, the Wajiji, who were to bring them back from Kasengé, were not forthcoming.

Thus it was the 22d of May before we made a move. Even then I was obliged to put in behind the first point, and send back for several missing men and rifles, and to collect the return crew of Wajiji.



BOW-STANDS OF WAGUHHA.

My servant Mohammed Malim and Bombay were so perpetually fighting that, for the sake of peace, I gave Mohammed charge of the box containing Livingstone's and my own journals, selecting Jumah wadi Nassib for the office of valet and factotum. And most invaluable he proved.

The men were so fearfully lazy and shaky, in consequence of their debauch at Ujiji, that four days were occupied in getting

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to Ras Kabogo. They then complained that the sun was too powerful for the long pull across the lake in the day-time, and I had to wait until after sunset.

When day dawned, we were a long way to leeward of the Kabengé Islands, and it was blowing strong from the south-east, with a heavy sea running; but we reached Kivira in the *Betsy* during the forenoon. The *Pickle*, however, was not in sight, so I camped on the main-land the following morning to await her arrival.

There the Wajiji crews deserted with the *Betsy* and Syde's boat, and when the *Pickle* arrived, on the evening of the 29th, her return crew had also bolted, and I was obliged to engage a crew of Waghaha to take her back.

Absentees, and making arrangements for serving out loads, etc., detained me here until Sunday, the 31st of May.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Hopeful Prospects.—Ruanda.—Copper.—Bombay's Ingenuity.—An Accident.—Last View of Tanganyika.—Dishonest Fellow-travelers.—Mékéto.—A Brutal Slave-dealer.—Dress and Ornaments.—Weapons.—Fish-dealers.—River-side Scenery.—Game.—Skulking Carriers.—Bowl-making.—India-rubber.—A Trying March.—Fetich Huts.—A Good Samaritan.—My Men want to turn back.—“Making Brothers.”—An Artist in Oils.—Fearful Imprecations.—Musical Instruments.—Mrs. Pakwanywa.—Perforation of Upper Lips.—Dress.—Tattooing.—Charms.—A Hot Stream.—A Mixed Caravan.

THE cheering hope of getting boats at Nyangwé, and of floating down the unknown waters of the Kongo to the West Coast in two or three months, rallied my spirits to the highest pitch, as I started on my first journey west of Tanganyika.

Syde Mezrui had assured me that he could procure canoes almost immediately on my arrival at Nyangwé, as he was friendly with chiefs who possessed many. This was, I considered, a great point in his favor when I engaged him as a guide, because none of my men would have followed me west unless accompanied by some person well acquainted with the road.

Passing over very steep hills—the last spurs of the mountains of Ugoma, which end abruptly over the lake—and across some small torrents, we reached Ruanda, the capital of Waguhha. It is a considerable town, situated on a very fertile, flat, alluvial plain extending from the mountains of Ugoma to the river Lukuga, and intersected by the Lugumba and smaller streams, flowing into the lake.

The populace turned out to stare at me, the crowd forming quite a lane as I passed through the place; and an unfortunate sheep, getting hemmed in just before me, heralded my approach by a frantic baaing, which gave rather a ludicrous aspect to the scene.

On leaving the town, I sat down to allow the caravan to overtake me, and then, continuing the march for a short distance,

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went into camp after crossing a stream which must be of a considerable size in the rains.

In the afternoon a messenger informed me that the chief would call on me. But, soon afterward, I heard with some regret that he and S.P.Q.R. were so greatly under the influence of the rosy god that any attempt at reaching my camp would be attended with very serious difficulty. The visit was therefore abandoned.

My efforts at obtaining copper in exchange for singo-mazzi were somewhat hampered by the discovery that in the free



HEAD OF UGUIHA WOMAN.

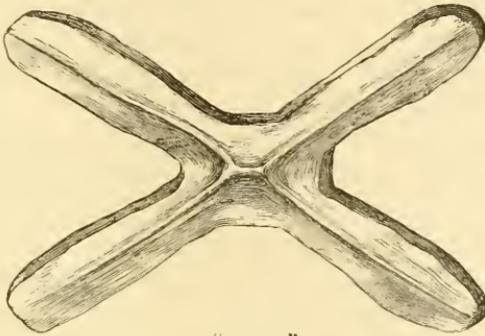
fight arising between Mr. and Mrs. Bombay, on the attempted reorganization of the lady, most of them had been rendered unmarketable. But four or five pieces of copper and some goats were given for those that remained undamaged.

This copper comes from Urna, in pieces called "handa," varying in weight from two and a half to three pounds. They are cast in the rough shape of a St. Andrew's cross, and the diagonal measurement is from fifteen to sixteen inches, while the arms are about two inches wide and half an inch thick. Many of them have a raised rib along the centre of the arms. These were said to be in great demand in Manyúema, and singo-mazzi were useless beyond Waguhha.

To avoid the necessity of employing extra men to assist further in carrying our stores, as on the road from Kasengé, I distributed a load of beads, as a month's rations in advance, and opened and issued a box of cartridges.

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What the men did with their ammunition it was difficult to understand. At Bagamoyo I served out a hundred and thirty rounds of ball-cartridge, and at Unyanyembe twenty-five per gun, besides blank; yet now many had not even a single cartridge. They seemed to think themselves remarkably clever in getting rid of them, and came with a grin on their faces, saying, "Hapana, bwana (there are none, master)."



A "HANDA."

By this reduction of loads, I thought it would be possible to get along without further trouble; but Bombay exercised an almost fiendish ingenuity in making work, and upsetting my plans. Out of loads which I had broken up and distributed among the askari, and of shot, wads, and cartridges belonging to my own guns which I had put into the lighter loads, in order to equalize the weight of all, he made extra ones; and when I ordered the start in the morning, he reported that four loads were unprovided with carriers!

Re-arranging matters delayed our moving, and our next camp was not reached until nearly two o'clock, after a heavy march under a most powerful sun. The thermometer, in partial shade under a tree, registered 131°. It was all the more trying, from our having to walk through stinking, fetid mud at some marshy spots.

At noon we forded the Ingumba, forty yards wide and mid-thigh deep, running two and a half knots, with the water glit-

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tering in the sun from the number of particles of quartz held in suspension. Thus far we had skirted the base of the landward spurs of the southern end of the mountains of Ugoma; but now they were left, and a small independent line of hills was before us, forming the water-shed between the Lugumba and Lukuga.

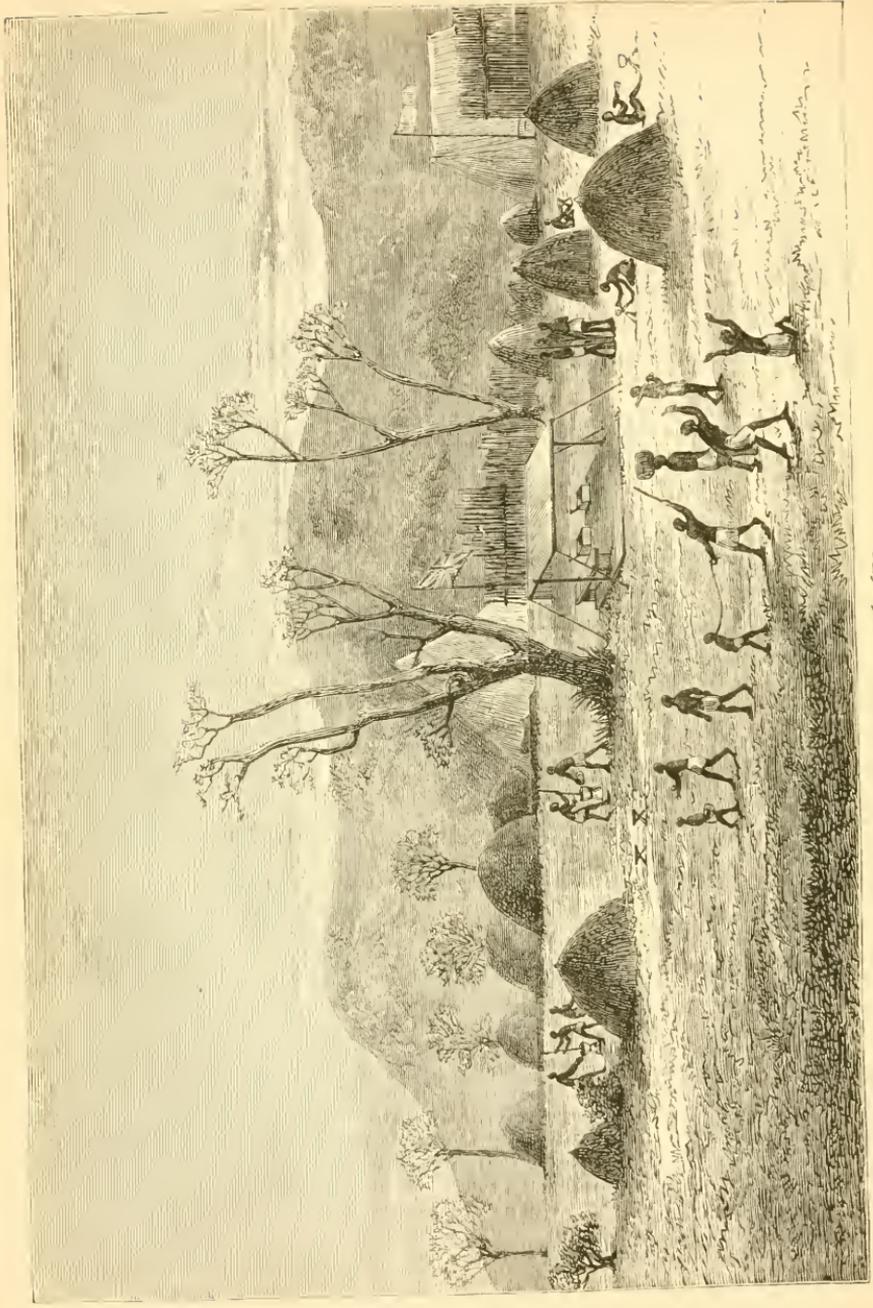
A painful accident occurred to one of the pagazi, when crossing a deep but narrow nullah. He unfortunately stumbled, and, in falling forward, one of the sticks forming the cradle of his load ran into his eye, completely destroying the eyeball and lacerating the lid. I wished to apply a cold-water dressing, but he said he wanted "stronger medicine" than water; so I handed him over to the care of a native doctor in a village near the camp. His treatment consisted of a plaster of mud and dirt, and his fee was forty strings of beads.

As this poor fellow was totally incapacitated from carrying a load, and some other men were suffering from the effects of excesses at Ujiji, I tried to procure the services of some Waguhha as carriers to Mékéto, where our next halt was to be. Some volunteered to go, but afterward hauled off; so I served out more beads as rations, making an advance till the end of July, and redistributed loads, giving the sick men light weights, according to their powers. A sharp touch of fever, brought on by exposure to the sun on the march from Ruanda, added greatly to the worry and trouble I experienced in managing matters.

From this place we moved, on the 5th of June, for Mékéto. On our two days' journey we passed over many hills, and crossed rivulets flowing into the Lugumba and Lukuga, the valley of which could be plainly seen running away to the west-south-west. From the highest of these hills—the day before reaching Mékéto—I had a last view of the Tanganyika, a patch of bright blue, backed by sombre masses of mountains near Ras Kungwé. We saw many tracks of big game; and where a large herd of elephants had passed, the scene of destruction was amazing.

A small but dishonest party of Warua, carrying oil to the lake to exchange for the salt of Uvinza, camped near us; and in the morning all my goats, excepting Dinah and one given me at Ujiji, were missing. The Warua had also departed.

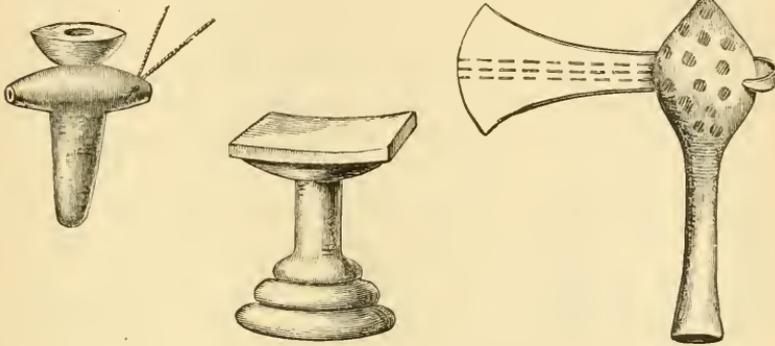




CAMP AT MEKETO.

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Mékéto lies in a broad, deep valley, drained by the Kaça, an affluent of the Lukuga, and, viewed from the hill which forms its eastern side, is almost perfect in its rural beauty. Many fields of green matama and cassava, contrasting with the already sun-dried yellow grass; tiny hamlets of thatched huts clustering at the foot of groves of fine trees, with wreaths of pale-blue smoke curling up from the fires; and in the foreground a line of heavy vegetation along the Kaça, which here and there reflected a ray of the sun as from a surface of burnished silver—combined in making a most beautiful scene.



WHISTLE, PILLOW, AND HATCHET.

Here we remained three days, to obtain supplies and carriers for the journey to Kwamrora Kaséa, five marches off, as a number of the men pleaded illness, to avoid carrying their loads. During the stay the chief sent civil messages, with excuses for not coming to see me on account of the distance. I also received from him a fat goat, for which I, of course, sent a present in return, and paid his messengers. He did me further good service in providing carriers.

A native slave-dealer brought into camp a little boy of ten or eleven with his neck in a slave-fork, and wanted to sell him. The poor child had evidently been brutally used, and was crying so bitterly, that my first impulse was to set him free and give his master a sound thrashing. Yet, knowing that directly my back was turned any punishment would be repaid to the child with interest, I had to content myself with ordering off the brutal dealer.

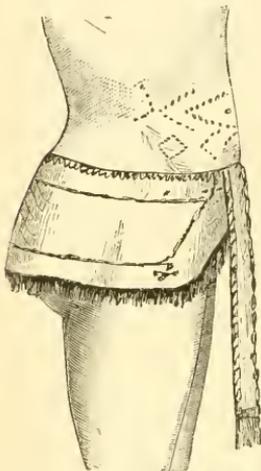
People thronged the camp, bringing ground-nuts, corn, sweet-

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potatoes, and other articles of food for sale. They were chiefly women, the men being away on journeys; for, like the Warua, of whom they are a branch, they are a traveling and trading race.

The women wore their hair after the fashion of those at the entrance of the Lukuga, already described. Their ornaments consisted of coiled bracelets of brass wire, bangles of iron, brass, and copper round their ankles, strings of large *singo-mazzi* round their necks and waists, and a band of cowries, or small beads, bound around their heads.

The upper part of the forehead was often painted in stripes of vermilion and black, which had not such an unpleasing effect as might be supposed. Round the waist was a piece of fringed grass-cloth, about eighteen inches deep, and open in front; but in the hiatus they wore a narrow apron reaching to the knees, and frequently ornamented by lines of cowries or beads down the centre.



DRESS AND TATTOOING OF WOMAN OF UGUHHA.

The hoes used in this district are large and heavy, but their hatchets are the smallest and most useless I ever saw, the blade being only an inch and a half wide. Their arrows are, however, broad-headed, deeply barbed, and poisoned. All the men carry whistles, with which they signal to each other on the road.

Some Warua arrived while we were here, having dried fish and the scented oil of the *mpafu*-tree for sale; and it occurred to me as curious that, although the Tanganyika abounds in fish, the people dry only the small minnow-like "*dagga*," and are always ready to buy that brought a distance of a hundred and fifty miles or more by the Warua.

After leaving *Mékéto*, we did not make another halt until the 16th of June, when we reached the village of *Pakwanywa*, chief of *Ubúdjwa*, one long march beyond *Kwamrora Kaséa*.

Streams without number were passed during this march. The principal, the *Rubunba*—one of the most important affluents of *Luama*, and often confused with the *Lugumba*—we





CROSSING THE LUGUNWA RIVER.

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crossed twice, and found it so wide and deep that it was necessary to throw a rope of creepers across for the men to hold on by to prevent their being swept away.

Many of the streams were particularly beautiful, especially the Lugungwa, a short way below the ford, where it had cut a channel fully fifty feet deep in the soft sandstone, and not more



MRUA FISH-MONGER.

than eight feet wide at the top. On the projections of its cliff-like sides most lovely ferns and mosses grew, and large trees on both banks mingled their branches, and formed a perfect arch of verdure over the river. The hills along which we had been marching now joined the Ugoma Mountains, having hitherto been separated by the valley of the Lugumba.

Tracks of all kinds of large game—except giraffes, which do not exist much to the westward of Unyanyembe—were very

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numerous; and on a sandy island the tracks of buffalo were so thick as to give the appearance of a large herd having been penned there. The grass on each side of the path was almost too thick and heavy to penetrate in search of sport. And it was also needful for me to keep in rear of the caravan, in order to prevent my men from straggling. With all my care, they often eluded me, and lay hidden in the jungle till I had passed, in order to indulge in skulking. The men carrying my tent and bath were especially prone to this habit, although their loads were light, and I frequently waited long after camp was reached for these necessary appliances to come to the front.

On this march I first saw the mpafu, from which the scented oil is obtained. It is a magnificent tree, often thirty feet and more in circumference, and rising to eighty or a hundred feet before spreading and forming a head, the branches of which are immense. The oil is obtained by soaking the fruit, which has some resemblance to an olive, for a few days in large pits of water; and when the oil collects on the surface, it is skimmed off. It is usually of a reddish color, very pure and clear, with an agreeable smell. Under the bark are great masses of scented gum, used by the natives in fumigating themselves.

Besides the mpafu, there were several other trees perfectly new to me, one having a soft, dense wood, out of which the natives make beautifully finished bowls.

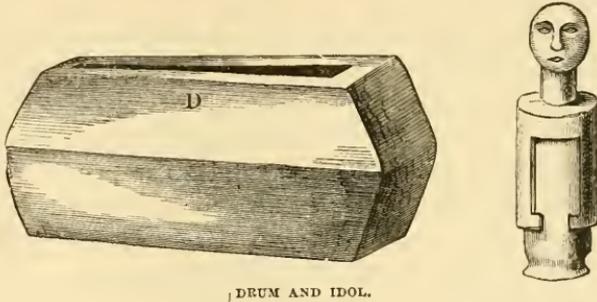
A man whom I watched at this work had felled two or three trees, and cut them into logs of about the same length as the diameter of the trunk, *i. e.*, from one to two feet. These he split into halves, and with a very sharp and small single-handed adze made them into bowls as truly formed as though he had been a master turner.

At this stage of their manufacture they are rubbed with a rough leaf, which answers the purpose of sand-paper, until the marks of the adze are perfectly smoothed down. In many instances lips are hollowed out with a knife, and patterns are also occasionally carved on them.

Staining the outside a dark red is the finishing touch, and, when new, this effectively contrasts with the white of the inside; but with use they become perfectly black from dirt and grease. I also saw a peculiarly shaped wooden drum hollowed

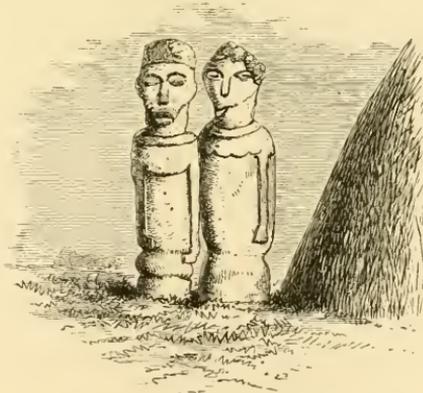
out from a solid block of wood, the outside being modeled with adzes like those used in bowl-making, and the inside by chisel-shaped pieces of iron, with wooden handles three feet long.

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DRUM AND IDOL.

We passed through many strips of thick and intricate tangled jungle. The creepers were principally india-rubber vines, with stems the thickness of a man's thigh; and in cutting them away, in order to clear a passage, we were well bedaubed with the sap, which was very plentiful. Indeed, sufficient india-rubber to supply the wants of the civilized world might easily be collected here.



IDOLS.

All the villages possessed fetich huts, with little carved idols, under whose protection they were supposed to be; and in fields rougher idols were placed, to watch over the crops. Offerings of pombé and corn were often made to these images, and on occasions of harvesting or sowing, a goat or a fowl was sometimes lavished upon them.

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The last march before arriving at Pakwanywa's village was one of the most exhausting and trying I had up to that time experienced. The road led us over a succession of small hills, and the sun beat down upon us from a cloudless sky. The heat of the parched ground scorched my feet through thick boots, knitted stockings, and socks. Drawing a breath was like inhaling the fumes of a heated furnace.

On entering the village, I was thoroughly beaten by heat and thirst, and the agony was increased by the people crowding round to stare at me. Water seemed to be unattainable. But at last a kind-hearted old man pushed through the crowd, and handed me a large calabash full; and if ever I blessed a man, it was that one. With a continuous draught, I drained the calabash, large as it was, and the friendly old native sent for more; and when I offered him a small present of beads for his thoughtfulness and trouble, he declined to accept any reward whatever.

At Pakwanywa's I heard that a large caravan, under the leadership of Muinyi Hassani, was waiting for us a few days in front; and although I had no desire to join them, it was better to yield, and avoid opposition on their part.

The men engaged at Mékéto declined to go any farther with us, nor would other natives volunteer to assist; so I issued two more loads of beads as rations, instead of abandoning them for lack of carriers. Others of my followers were malingering; and Bombay and Bilál, instead of assisting me in the slightest, were ever ready to throw difficulties in my way, in the vain hope of inducing me to turn back and abandon the expedition.

Syde Mezrui "made brothers" with Pakwanywa, and I went into the village to witness the interesting ceremony. Pakwanywa I found sitting out in the open, superintending the painting of his wife's forehead, and a serious matter it seemed to be. The artist, having the different colors prepared with oil—each in a separate leaf—plastered them on with a knife, and then carefully scraped the edges of the various tints till they were exactly true, and formed the required pattern.

This being finished, Pakwanywa invited me into his hut, which was about twenty feet square, and smoothly plastered on the inside to the height of four feet. The walls were ornamented with squares of red, white, and yellow, bordered with

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black and white stripes, some left plain, and others profusely dotted with white finger-marks. On two sides of the building, a raised earthen bench three feet wide, and covered with mats, served as a divan.

A pile of large logs, out of which the wooden bowls are made, was placed in one corner to season; and in another was a sunken fire-place, for use at night or in rainy weather. The sole means of obtaining light, air, and ventilation was by the door-way; consequently the inside of the roof, where bows and spear staves were seasoning, was black and shiny with soot. The floor was of clay, and was perfectly smooth.

On entering, it was with difficulty I could distinguish any thing; but, as my eyes became accustomed to the absence of light, I noticed gourds and cooking-pots hanging up, and every thing appeared to be in its place, showing Mrs. Pakwanywa to be a "notable housewife."

After a certain amount of palaver, Syde and Pakwanywa exchanged presents, much to the advantage of the former—more especially as he borrowed the beads from me, and afterward forgot to repay me. Pakwanywa then played a tune on his harmonium, or whatever the instrument might be called, and the business of fraternizing was proceeded with. Pakwanywa's head-man acted as his sponsor, and one of my askari assumed the like office for Syde.

The first operation consisted of making an incision on each of their right wrists just sufficient to draw blood, a little of which was scraped off and smeared on the other's cut, after which gunpowder was rubbed in. The concluding part of the ceremony was performed by Pakwanywa's sponsor holding a sword resting on his (Pakwanywa's) shoulder, while he who acted for Syde went through the motions of sharpening a knife on it. Both sponsors meanwhile made a speech, calling down imprecations on Pakwanywa and all his relations, past, present, and future, and praying that their graves might be defiled by pigs if he broke the brotherhood in word, thought, or deed. The same form having been gone through with respect to Syde, the sponsors changing duties, the brother-making was complete.

This custom of "making brothers" I believe to be really of Semitic origin, and to have been introduced into Africa by the

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heathen Arabs trading there before the time of Mohammed; and this idea is strengthened by the fact that when the first traders from Zanzibar crossed the Tanganyika, the ceremony was unknown to the westward of that lake.

That which I have termed Pakwanywa's harmonium, for want of a better name, was composed of a board, to which were attached a number of springy iron keys, of different lengths and breadths, to give variety to their tone, and a gourd was placed behind to act as a sounding-board. The keys are played on by the thumbs, and a fair amount of music can be extracted from this instrument by a clever performer. They are called kinanda by the natives, but kinanda is a generic term for almost all musical instruments.

The following is the description of Mrs. Pakwanywa as I wrote it at the time of my visit:

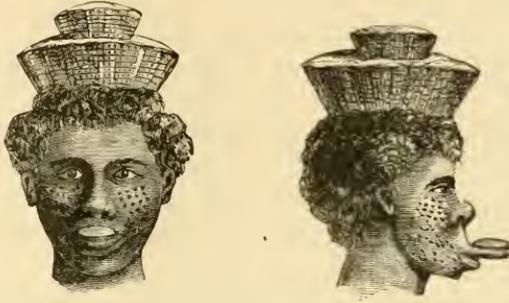
"She is a merry sort of person, and really lady-like in her manners. It was great fun showing her a looking-glass. She had never seen one before, and was half afraid of it, and ashamed to show she was afraid. She is a very dressy body, double row of cowries round her head, besides copper, iron, and ivory ornaments stuck in her hair, and just above and in front of each ear a little tassel of red and white beads. A large necklace of shells (*viongwa*) round her neck, and round her waist a string of opal-colored *singo-mazzi*, and a roll (or rope) made of strings of a dull, red-colored bead. Her front apron was a leopard-skin, and the rear one of colored grass-cloth, with its fringe strung with beads and cowries sewed on it in a pattern; bright iron rings round her ankles, and copper and ivory bracelets on her arms. Her hair was shaved a little back from her forehead, and three lines, each about a quarter of an inch wide, painted below it. The one nearest the hair was red, the next black, and the next white, and, to crown all, she was freshly anointed with *mpafu* oil, and looked sleek and shiny."

The upper classes of *Ubúdjwa* wear similar dresses, ornaments, and tattoo-marks to those of the *Waguhha* and *Warua*, and are apparently of the same race.

The lower orders, whom I believe to be the aborigines, are quite different in features and dress. Their women perforate their upper lips, and insert a piece of stone or wood, which is

gradually increased in size until the lip frequently protrudes an inch and a half or two inches, giving a particularly hideous expression, and making their articulation very indistinct.

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WOMEN OF UBÚDJWA.

Their clothing consists of from one to three leather cushions, very much like buffaloes' horns in shape, the thickest parts being placed behind and the tapering points in front. A small piece of bark-cloth, about six inches wide by eight or ten deep, is tucked into the front part to serve as an apron. Skin aprons are worn by the men, who smear the unclipped wool with red clay and grease. They also tattoo their faces, and rub in lamp-black after a fashion that gives them the appearance of having been badly scratched by a cat, black blood having been drawn instead of red.

Both sexes of all classes carry little carved images round their necks, or tied to the upper part of their arms, as a charm against evil spirits. They are usually hollow, and filled with filth by the fetich man.

We left Pakwanywa's, on the 19th of June, for Pakhúndi; and, directly after starting, passed a stream rising in a hot spring, the water where we crossed being  $107^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit, while the air was only  $70^{\circ}$ . At the spring the water bubbled up in a sort of fountain, and there the heat must have been much greater; but it was impossible to reach it on account of mud and weeds. Notwithstanding, the temperature of the water, trees, plants, and frogs flourished in it.

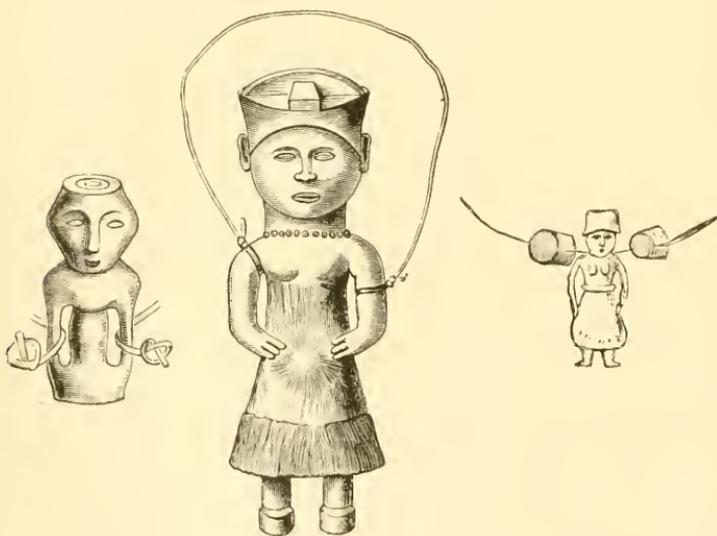
To Pakhúndi the road lay across fairly level country, partly jungle and partly clearing, and one sandy plain, with many palms. There were several small streams, all flowing toward

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the Rubumba, excepting the last—the Katamba—which ran south, toward the valley of the Luknga.

Near some villages were small iron-foundries, and in dangerous proximity to the path there were many pits, from which the ore, a kind of red hematite, is obtained.

The caravan awaiting us at Pakhúndi consisted of Muinyi Hassani and his people; a party under charge of a slave of Syde ibn Habib; and two small traders, Muinyi Brahim and Muinyi Bokhari. The two latter had each only about a dozen men, while the remainder, about two hundred and fifty in number, were equally divided between Muinyi Hassani and Syde ibn Habib's slave. There were also a few freedmen, smiths and carpenters, traveling on their own account with one or two slaves.



CHARMS.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Pakhúndi.—Foundries.—Dust and Ashes.—Slave-gagging.—Freedmen the Harshes  
 Masters.—Salutations.—Disobliging People.—Hair, Dress, Tattooing.—Naked  
 People.—Natural Stomachers.—Building Operations.—No Ventilation.—Uvinza.  
 —Clay Idols.—Carving.—Arms.—The Arab's Kirangosi.—His Impertinence.—  
 Climbing Oil-palms.—My Showman.—The Bamarré Mountains.—Magnificent  
 Trees.—A Dark Ravine.—Manyúéma.—Dress and Arms.—The Women.—Econo-  
 my in Clothing.—Livingstone's Influence.—An Enlightened Chief.—Dwarfs.—  
 Musical Instruments.—Fearful Cannibals.—Dancing.—No Shooting allowed.

ON joining the caravan, we were welcomed with all outward  
 civility, but little else. The traders were naturally glad that a  
 well-armed party should accompany them across Manyúéma, as  
 they had barely sixty guns among them, many of those being  
 useless Tower and other flint-guns, while the best were merely  
 French trade percussion single-barrels.

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Of course we could not expect to start from Pakhúndi with-  
 out wasting a day for the men of the two caravans to enjoy  
 their gossip; but on the 22d of June we marched, and, pass-  
 ing through a hilly and diversified country, watered by a few  
 streams—some working to the Rubumba, now about twenty  
 miles north of us, and others flowing away to the Lukuga—ar-  
 rived at Kwaséré.

Here a prosperous village once stood, but it had evidently  
 been destroyed in some recent fight, together with others lying  
 near. Stools, pots, mortars, and other articles of household fur-  
 niture were lying about in confusion, instead of being removed,  
 as would have been the case had the flitting been premeditated,  
 and growing crops were left standing.

I firmly believe the traders had something to do with this  
 work of destruction, for they now took the precaution of build-  
 ing a very strong fence round their camp, although they had  
 not previously done so since leaving the Tanganyika; but, in  
 answer to my inquiries, they asserted that no disturbance what-  
 ever had occurred here.

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In Kwaséré there were two or three small foundries, about twelve feet square, with a raised bank round the sides, the centre of the floor sloping toward a deep trough, which was placed to receive the molten metal. The remains of a furnace lay in one corner, and clay nozzles for the wooden bellows were scattered about in all directions. The whole of the floors of these foundries were well plastered with smooth and polished clay, burned quite red in many places.

This day the thermometer at half-past one registered  $100^{\circ}$  in complete shade, and  $142^{\circ}$  in the sun.

The grass through which we forced our way had grown to such an extent as to be almost impenetrable. In many places it was upward of twelve feet in height, and so dense that leaning against it scarcely made any impression, the stalks of the main stems being often thicker than my thumb. Even where the grass had been burned down, these stems remained four or five feet high, and scratched one's face and hands in a most horrid manner; and, in addition to this, the ashes, blown about by the slightest breeze, filled eyes, nose, mouth, hair, and ears. After marching an hour or two through a strip of burned country, one had much the appearance and feeling of having been in a coal-pit.

For some days we marched, in company with the Arabs, through well-watered, fertile, and fairly populated country, with crops of matama growing in luxuriance. But along the whole route a very hollow peace seemed to reign, the traders owing their security to the fear inspired by their guns. Yet the inhabitants constantly came into camp with slaves and ivory for sale, as well as flour and other provisions.

Slaves were usually gagged by having a piece of wood, like a snaffle, tied into their mouths. Heavy slave-forks were placed round their necks, and their hands were fastened behind their backs. They were then attached by a cord to the vender's waist.

I believe that, as a general rule, they were much better treated when bought by the traders than while they remained in the hands of their native owners. They were mostly captives, surprised when in the woods a short way from their own villages, and had, of course, to be kept in chains by their masters

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to prevent their escaping; otherwise they were not really badly used, being fairly fed, and not overloaded. In the few cases of bad treatment which came under my notice, the owners were either slaves themselves, or freedmen who, on beginning to taste the delights of freedom, seemed anxious to prevent any one lower in the scale from rising to a like state of happiness.

Many of the villages through which we passed had their "public parks"—large open spaces preserved in their centres, and shaded by fine trees. Large trunks of the fan palm were laid upon the ground, and on these we usually found the male population seated for a stare when we went by, while the women and children, though kept in the background, rivaled them in curiosity.

The men saluted the principal people of the caravan as they passed by, singing "Maji muko" in chorus, and clapping their hands; and on being answered in the same manner, they vociferated "Eh hân."

Notwithstanding this apparent desire to be civil, they were churlish and disobliging. If asked for a drink of water or a light for a pipe, they would reply that the river would be found near, or that the fire was their own; although, had they been more obliging, they would have received a small present of beads, or a pinch of salt, of which they are inordinately covetous, having none in their own country.

We were now passing through Uhiya, and the people differed materially from their neighbors in dress and habits. Many adopted the horrid practice of chipping all their teeth to points, giving them the appearance of wild beasts; and their head-dresses were both hideous and curious.

Some wore a huge bowl-shaped leather chignon, having a hole in the centre out of which hung a kind of leather tongue. Others plastered their hair with mud and oil, and so frizzed and trained it as to present a certain resemblance to a judge's wig, and others divided it into crests and ridges.

Tattooing was common among both sexes; but there was no beauty or design in the patterns, as among the Wagulha; indeed, the appearance of the ghastly scars left by some of the gashes was most abhorrent. Among the most favorite marks were rude attempts at crescents, Maltese crosses, and a trel-

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lis-work formed of deep cuts disposed irregularly over the body.

The clothing of the men usually consisted of a short kilt of skins or bark-cloth. The women wore leather belts, divided into two or three strips, which supported a small square of cloth behind and a very minute apron in front. Some were even more scantily attired, having only a string round the waist with a small leather apron, about three inches wide and four or five deep, cut into strips no wider than a boot-lace.

I heard that a short distance farther west the people were perfectly nude; but that they managed by constant manipulation, when the children were very young, to cause the fatty covering of the lower part of their bellies to hang down like an apron almost to the middle of the thigh; and this was allowed to answer the purpose of dress.

On mentioning this to His Excellency the Governor-general of Angola, Admiral Andradé, on my arrival at Loanda, he informed me that he had witnessed a similar peculiarity among tribes in the interior near Mozambique.

Instead of pounding their corn in mortars, the people here made use of trunks of trees let flush into floors of hardened earth; and, in consequence of their having small holes in them, the flour they made was even more gritty than that prepared in wooden mortars.

Close to the western end of Uhiya we crossed the Luwika, a considerable stream falling into the Lukuga, according to the evidence of a traveled Waghaha, who had settled in Uhiya as chief of a village. The latter river he said he had traced to its confluence with the Lualaba.

Just before leaving Uhiya, we camped in a deserted village, the whilom inhabitants of which had, in accordance with a very common custom, flitted, on account of the death of their chief, and were now busily engaged in building a new village not far from their former habitation. They had planted young bark-cloth trees round the site of their new home, and had erected the frame-work of their huts and granaries. These they were now plastering with red clay obtained from the large ant-hills. This clay is also used for making pottery.

The huts were square, and were constructed of stakes four

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feet in height planted in the ground, and kept secure by a couple of binders wattled in. To the head of each of these stakes, which were about eight inches apart, a long, tapering, flexible wand was tied. These were bound together at the top, and horizontal rings of small sticks were fastened to them at every three feet. In this stage the huts looked exactly like huge bird-cages. The walls were then filled in with mud, and the roof thatched with long grass, the eaves reaching nearly to the ground. A couple of stout logs were planted on each side of the door-way, and, with some extra sticks worked in and the thatch trimmed, formed a sort of porch.



HUTS IN UHIYA.

In the interior, the floor, walls, and lower part of the roof were plastered over smoothly with clay, while the remainder of the roof was lined with a spiral wisp of grass, something after the manner of a straw bee-hive.

The only aperture by which smoke could escape or light enter was the door, and at night this was most jealously kept shut, and a whole family of six or eight people, together with fowls, goats, dogs, and sheep, with a fire burning in their midst, remain hermetically closed in until the morning. How they manage to exist without a better supply of oxygen is a mystery to me.

The granaries are circular, of hurdle-work daubed with clay,

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and stand eight feet high and four in diameter, being placed on small platforms two feet from the ground. They have movable, conical, thatched roofs.

In the deserted village there were many very fine bark-cloth trees, and the late inhabitants sent people over to prevent our injuring them when making our camp.

From this place we crossed a level plain, along which the Luwika ran, lying between two almost cliff-like ranges of hills: but on arriving at a village, our road suddenly turned to the right, and we had to clamber up the face of so steep a cliff that hands and knees were used almost more than feet. At the summit we had about ten yards of level walking, and then an equally steep descent into a rich and fertile valley full of villages.

This was the commencement of a second Uvinza, which must not be confounded with the Uvinza through which we had passed to the east of the Tanganyika. Outside some of the villages there were large clay idols in different attitudes—sitting, standing erect, and recumbent—all being placed under small sheds, with pots of pombé and heads of corn lying round them.

We camped on the banks of the Lulumbijé, which, after breaking through the narrow ridge we had just crossed, joins the Luwika. The united streams are known indifferently as the Lulumbijé or Luwika, until the junction with the Lukuga. This exactly coincides with the information given me by the chief at the entrance of the Lukuga, of a stream falling into that river at a place one month's journey from the lake.

The Uvinza people displayed more skill in carving than any I had hitherto met, and many of their walking-sticks were very creditable specimens of the carver's art. Several of both sexes wore pieces of cane or rings of beads through the centre cartilage of the nose, and their hair was tastefully worked into cones and ridges, finished off by plaits.

The Lulumbijé was crossed the next day, and after a heavy and hilly march, during which several affluents of that river were met with, we arrived at the village of Kolomamba, situated on the top of a high range of



CARVED  
STICK.

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hills, whence we obtained a distant view of a large grove of oil-palms surrounding Rohombo, the first village in Manyéma.

At Kolomamba the people were on the point of moving, having lately been worsted in one of those innumerable squabbles which are perpetually going on.

The arms of the people of Uhiya are light spears and large bows, strung with strips of cane, throwing heavy arrows. Those of Manyéma consist only of heavy spears and large wooden shields.

An harangue was now given by the kirangosi of the Arab caravan, to the effect that we were about to enter the dangerous country of Manyéma, the natives of which were more cruel and treacherous than any with whom we had yet met. Consequently stragglers would most certainly be cut off, killed, and probably eaten. I consoled myself with the idea that I was so very thin that they would not consider me worth the trouble of eating, for there was hardly a meal for one man on my bones.

Although Rohombo could be seen from Kolomamba, some hours' weary tramping were necessary to reach it. Open grassy glades, interspersed with thickets of jungle, were on either side of us; and, as we drew near, crowds of people lined the road, eager to have a stare at the caravan.

I arrived with the leading part, and being shown the camping-place—an open space, with three small stockaded villages—ordered my tent to be pitched under a large tree standing on one side.

Soon afterward I found it moved into the full blaze of the sun; and, on inquiring the cause, was told that the Arabs' kirangosi had directed it, as he wanted the place under the tree for himself. I, of course, would not stand this treatment, and had my tent put back again. Upon which the kirangosi declared he would not camp here unless he had the place he wanted; so, to end the dispute, I told him he could go to the devil if he liked. He then moved on a mile farther with his people, while I remained with mine; and later the Arabs apologized for his impertinence.

These kirangosis give themselves airs, and do much as they please with their own masters; and I suppose this fellow thought I should submit to the same.

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The people here were rough and dirty-looking, and wore their mud-plastered hair in irregular masses. Food was fairly plentiful—bananas, fowls, eggs, flour, and palm-wine being obtained.

The oil-palms are climbed by means of a piece of the midrib of the palm frond flattened and softened, and a rope of creepers, the midrib being passed round the tree, and the rope behind the man's back, and tied together. The tree is then climbed in the same manner as cocoa-nut palms frequently are in the East Indies.

During our two days' stay, one of the natives constituted himself my showman. To each visitor to the camp he would point out my books, boxes, etc., and, on my meals being brought, would raise a shout that instantly caused a large crowd to assemble to witness my feeding. And I may add that the performance seemed to give general satisfaction.

The tameness of the goat excited an intense amount of wonder here, as indeed it usually did elsewhere, the people evidently thinking me a great magician to make the animal come to me when called.

Leaving this, we passed through a large and well-watered valley, with streams running into Lake Lanji, and commenced the ascent of the mountains of Bamarré.

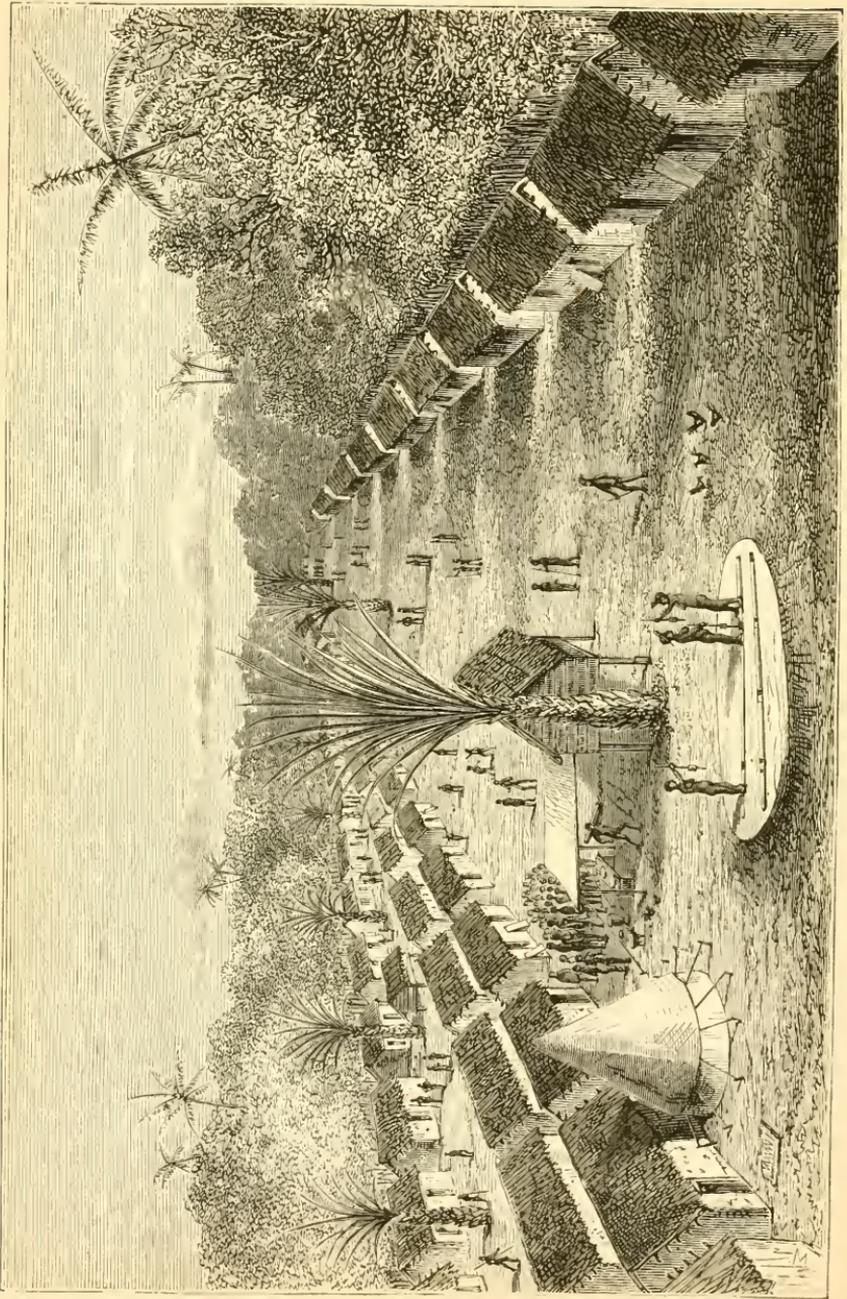
Hour after hour we toiled up their steep sides, having often to assist our feet by clutching at the trees and creepers growing on their well-wooded slopes; and in the evening we camped at the village Koana Mina, now deserted for another erected rather more than a mile farther on.

Resuming our ascent in the early morning, we followed for an hour the winding path, and then turned into a dense mass of forest, and immediately began to descend.

The northern side of the Bamarré Mountains differs greatly from the southern; for, instead of being a simple slope, they are seamed into enormous gullies and ravines. Sometimes our path was at the very bottom of them, then again at the top, and at another time along their precipitous sides.

No sunlight or breeze ever penetrates into these dark depths, for a mass of monster trees, with spreading heads, shuts out the slightest glimpse of sky. And what trees they were! Standing on the edge of a ravine a hundred and fifty feet deep, these





VILLAGE IN MANYUEMA.

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giants of the sylvan world were seen springing from its depths; and, looking upward, their trunks were lost among their dense foliage at an equal height above our heads.

Magnificent creepers festooned the trees; and every here and there some dead monarch of the wood was prevented from falling by the clinging embraces of these parasites, which linked him to some of his surviving brothers.

The ground was damp and cool, and mosses and ferns grew luxuriantly. Still, notwithstanding the coolness of the temperature, the lack of circulation of the air caused a deadly oppressiveness; and it was with feelings of relief that I again saw blue sky and sunlight streaming between the tree-trunks, as they grew fewer and smaller toward the bottom of the hills.

Emerging from this truly primeval forest, we entered upon a fair country, with green plains, running streams, wooded knolls, much cultivation, and many villages. The first we reached was half an hour's march from the jungle. And here we seemed to be in an entirely new country; for though Rohombo may be, conventionally, the commencement of Manyúema, there is no doubt that its proper boundary, both ethnologically and geographically, is the mountain range of Bombarré.

The huts were ranged in long streets, sometimes parallel, and at others radiating from a large central space; their bright-red walls and sloping roofs differing from those hitherto met with. And in the middle of the street were palaver huts, palm-trees, and granaries. In their dress the people were different from any I had previously seen. The men wore aprons of dressed deer-skin about eight inches wide, and reaching to their knees. They carried a single heavy spear, and a small knife with which to eat their food.

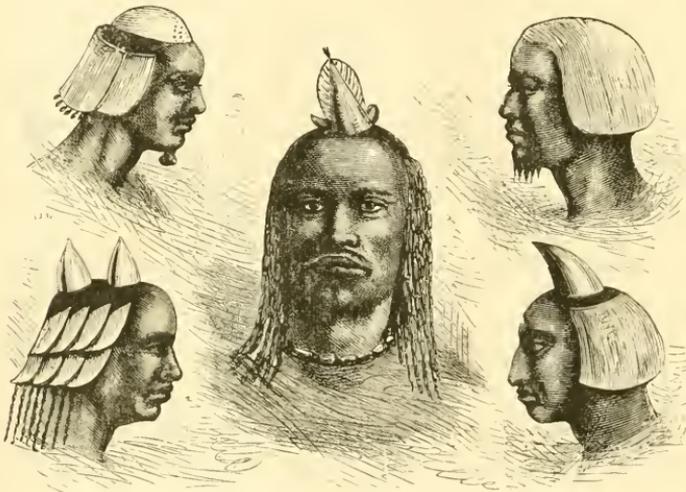
Chiefs were armed with short two-edged swords with broadened, crescent-shaped ends, the scabbards being ornamented with iron and copper bells; and, instead of leather aprons, they wore large kilts of gayly colored grass cloth.

The heads of the males were generally plastered with clay, so worked in with the hair as to form cones and plates. Occasionally long flakes, both flat and round, hung down on the neck, and in these holes were punched for the insertion of iron

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and copper rings. Between the clay patches the scalp was shaven perfectly bare.

The women, who were prevented by the men from crowding round us on our arrival, had better figures and were better-looking—with the exception of a hanging lower lip—than any I had seen for some time. In many instances their hair was worked into the shape of an old-fashioned bonnet, deeply shading the face, while long ringlets flowed down their backs; but some, despising the bonnet, or more confident of their charms, drew their hair off their foreheads and tied it together at the nape of the neck, letting it fall behind in tresses.



HEADS OF MEN OF MANYÚMA.

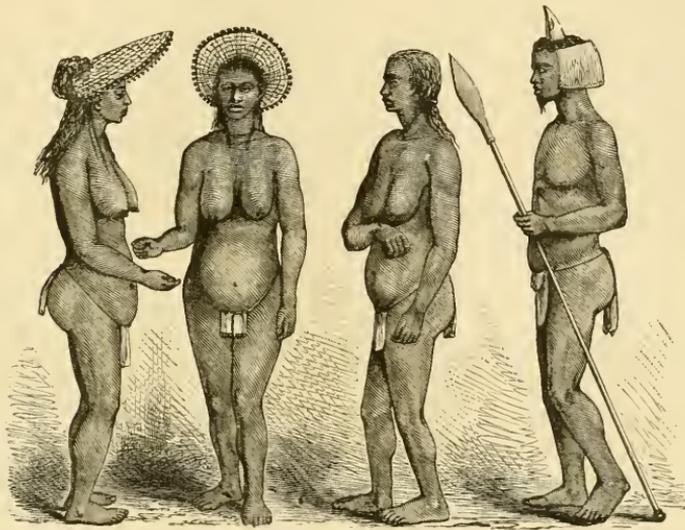
Their dress was particularly simple; it consisted only of a cord round the waist—on which beads were strung by the richer ones—and two small grass-cloth aprons. The front one was about the size of a half-sheet of ordinary note-paper, and that behind just a trifle larger. Notwithstanding their small dimensions, these aprons were often elaborately stitched and ornamented with beads and cowries; and when the women went working in the fields or fishing in the streams, they took off these gay clothes for fear of spoiling them, and replaced them with a small bunch of leaves.

The goats and sheep, as well as the people, differed from those

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on the other side of the mountains, being precisely similar to those described by Dr. Schweinfurth in the Dinka country, and this breed also extends all through Manyúema and Urua. The sheep when well fed put on fat, and the caponized goats are particularly large and good. The she-goats are wonderfully prolific, constantly producing three at a birth. I have heard of instances in which five and six have been born at one time, and have witnessed several cases of four at a birth.

We soon came to a larger village, where we camped; and the people came in from the surrounding country to gaze at a



PEOPLE OF MANYUÉMA.

white man, although they had seen Livingstone, who staid for some months with a neighboring chief, Moéné Kussu. He had died, and had been succeeded by his sons, Moéné Bugga and Moéné Gohé. The latter visited us, and offered, on the part of himself and brother, all hospitality to a countryman of Livingstone, whose peaceful and unoffending progress through this land had tended to make an Englishman respected by the natives.

We were delayed here by the illness of Muinyi Bokhari, one of the small traders of the caravan, who, thinking himself too poor to afford proper food, had actually been endeavoring to subsist on grass and earth. Consequently, and very naturally, something had gone wrong in his interior.

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Marching again on July 1st through a populous and well-cultivated country, with many streams of bright water all flowing to the Luama, we reached the village of Moéné Bugga, and were warmly welcomed by the chief, who is held in respect by the surrounding villages. There is not that incessant petty warring in this part of Manyúéma as in other districts, where every village is constantly at variance with its neighbors.

Moéné Bugga follows his father's policy of maintaining cordial relations with traders, and, indeed, wishes them to establish a regular settlement at his village. He spoke very warmly of Livingstone, who was evidently much liked while here.

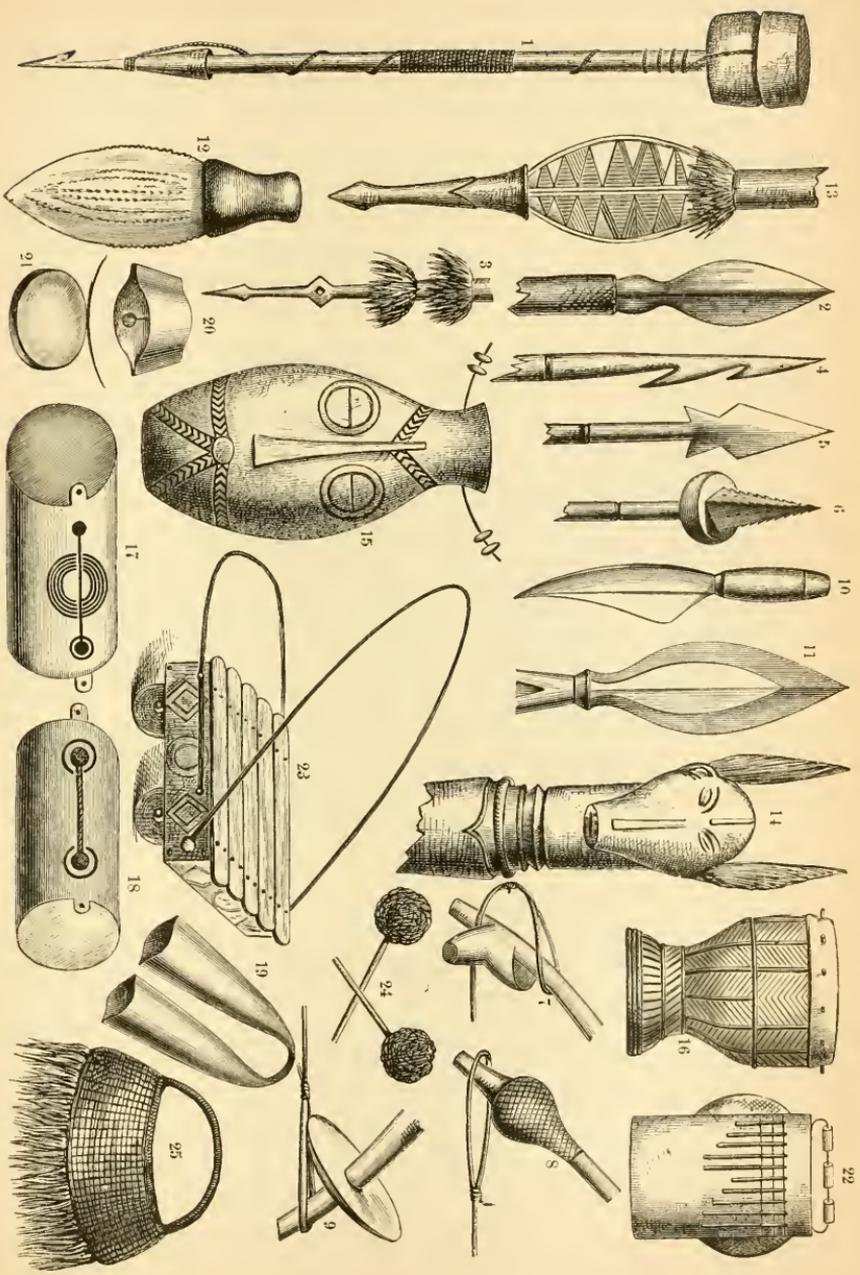
Many chiefs, accompanied by their musicians and arm-bearers, called on us, and two of them each brought a dwarf, who carried a rattle, and shouted his master's name after this style, "Ohé Moéné Booté, Ohé Ohé!" and rattled the while. Moéné Booté's dwarf was covered with blotches and had a deformed knee, and was altogether a repulsive-looking object.

The musicians played an instrument called "marimba," formed of two rows of gourds of different sizes fitted into a frame-work. Over each pair of gourds was a clef made of hard wood, which gave a metallic sound when struck with sticks having india-rubber heads. Of these sticks there were different sizes, the player dexterously changing one for another, as a sharper or a duller sound was required.

Moéné Booté came shuffling up to me with a sort of sliding, half-dancing step, which did not get him ahead much more than a yard a minute; and every two or three minutes he halted while his marimba player and dwarf extolled his greatness.

The people here seemed very affectionate among themselves, and decidedly more prolific than any other race I had seen in Africa; but though endowed with many good qualities, it can not be denied that they are cannibals, and most filthy cannibals. Not only do they eat the bodies of enemies killed in battle, but also of people who die of disease. They prepare the corpses by leaving them in running water until they are nearly putrid, and then devour them without any further cooking. They also eat all sorts of carrion, and their odor is very foul and revolting.

I was entertained with a song setting forth the delights of



1. Fish-spear. 2, 3. Spears. 4, 5, 6. Arrow-heads. 7, 8, 9. Modes of stringing bows. 10, 11, 12. Knives. 13, 14. Walking-sticks. 15. Charm. 16, 17, 18. Drums. 19. Iron gong. 20, 21. Iron bells. 22. Musical instrument. 23. Marimba. 24. Sticks for playing marimba. 25. Rattle.

POT-POURRI.



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cannibalism, in which the flesh of men was said to be good, but that of women was bad, and only to be eaten in time of scarcity; nevertheless, it was not to be despised when man-meat was unobtainable.

Dancing in Manyuéma is the prerogative of the chiefs. When they feel inclined for a Terpsichorean performance they single out a good-looking woman from the crowd, and the two go through much wriggling and curious gesticulation opposite each other. The village drums are brought out, and vigorously



WOMEN GOING FISHING.

beaten, the drummers meanwhile shouting "Gamello! Gamello!" If the woman is unmarried, the fact of a chief asking her to dance is equivalent to an offer of marriage, and many complications often occur in consequence.

At this place Muinyi Hassani thought himself unwell, and detained us two days. Poor old Muinyi Bokhari was very ill, and was informed that he would be left behind unless he consented to part with some of his dearly hoarded cowries and beads to pay men to carry him. I tried to cure the old man, but my doctoring did not prove very successful.

Leaving Moéné Bugga's, we passed villages and cultivated land, and then through a gap in a low range of hills full of

July. enormous trees like those on the northern slopes of the Bam-  
1874. barré Mountains.

Here I got into trouble for pigeon-shooting. I was walking along quietly in the middle of the caravan, and thought it as well to take the opportunity of shooting something for my supper. Instantly there was a tremendous hullabaloo, and every one rushed toward me both from the front and rear, inquiring the reason a gun had been fired, saying that on the march in Manyema no gun should ever be discharged unless the caravan were attacked. My ignorance of this rule had given them a fright.

After this we camped in a village belonging to another Mo-éné Bonté, chief of the ferry across the Laama, and remained there two days chaffering about payment, and because Muinyi Hassani was too lazy to continue the march.



SARU

## CHAPTER XIX.

The Luama.—Fisherwomen.—Shooting Hippopotami.—Open-air Granaries.—Iron.—A Burning Country.—Shameful Behavior of Traders.—A Suspension-bridge.—The Natives turn upon the Traders.—Contemplated Attack on the Caravan.—Two Chiefs treacherously shot.—Villages burned.—Women and Children captured.—I plead for Peace.—Influence as an Englishman.—A Palaver.—The Captives are liberated.—My Views are not appreciated.—Foundries.—Smithies.—Manyara Dress.—A Drum-major.—The Slaving System.—The Mighty Lualaba.—Going with the Stream.—Nyangwé is reached.

THE Luama is a large and important affluent of the Lualaba, and rises in the mountains of Ugoma, a short distance from the Tanganyika, and not far from the sources of the Lugumba and Lubumba. The latter, after a considerable détour, unites with the Luama about thirty miles above the point at which we crossed. The river has a very meandering course, with many affluents and backwaters, in which large numbers of fish are caught by the women. At this time—in the middle of the dry season—it was perfectly navigable for large steam launches.

Across each small stream or backwater dams are built of hurdle-work, with conical openings at intervals, something like the entrance to a wire rat-trap. When the waters begin to subside, the fish endeavor to pass through these dams to the perennial streams.

The women then go fishing in the following manner: Doffing their grass-cloth aprons, and replacing them with leaves, they take enormous baskets—some seven feet long, two feet six inches deep, and two feet wide in the middle—made of close mat-like work of split cane. These they set under the openings in the dams, which are then unfastened, while some of the dark sportswomen go into the stream and drive the terrified fish toward the dam. The fish, seeing no chance of escape save by these holes, jump through into the baskets ready for their reception. The fisherwomen seemed to think it great fun, and

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enjoyed themselves immensely, shrieking, screaming, and laughing the whole while.

Leaving the banks of the Luama, we forded an affluent—the Lulwu, thirty yards in width and four feet in depth—and, marching two miles farther, reached the bend of the Luama, where we had arranged to cross it. Canoes were here in readiness; but as there were only three, the work of getting the caravan over occupied some time, for the river was fully a hundred yards in width and eight to ten feet deep in the middle, and had steep banks.

While we were thus engaged, at 9h. 10m. local mean time, there was a slight shock of earthquake; a low, rumbling sound and a faint though distinctly perceptible tremor of the ground passing from east-north-east to west-south-west.

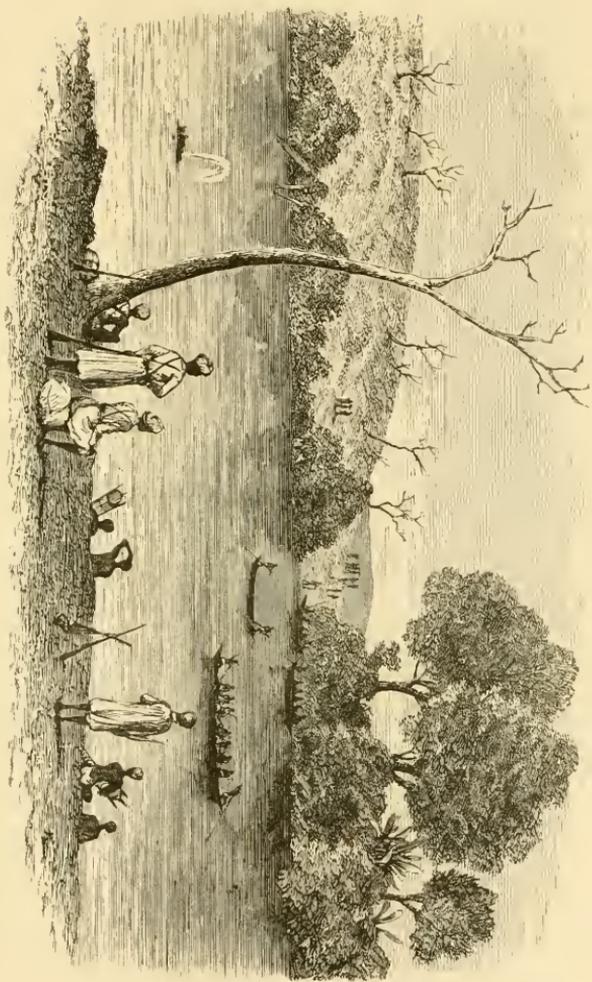
A large number of hippopotami were blowing in mid-stream, on our reaching the river, so I occupied myself by firing at them. One, getting a bullet and shell in his head in rapid succession, sunk, and the rest cleared out, which was a very desirable result, since they often hog up underneath a canoe in deep water, and heave it right out, capsizing all the occupants. The canoes bore marks of the tusks of these brutes, which look upon them as intruders, and often attack them wantonly.

By the time the caravan had been ferried over, the sun was very powerful, and it was too late to proceed farther; so we camped in a small scattered village about a mile from the river.

Although they afterward became common, I here saw for the first time large platforms, on which were stored huge bundles of grass ready for thatching the huts on the approach of the rainy season. The two centre-poles of the platform, which were about twenty feet higher than the others, were connected with a square-meshed net made of strips of bark. At each intersection of these strips bunches of matama and Indian corn were tied, the grain by these means being stored without a possibility of its heating, as it sometimes does if placed in close granaries before it is perfectly ripe. But, *en revanche*, the birds carry off immense quantities from these open-air stores.

Our next camp was at Kisimbika, the road to this place being along the right bank of the Luama, and across many dry beds of water-courses with sides and bottoms formed of very thin

CROSSING LUAMA RIVER





strata of a sort of shale, with occasional outcrops of iron-stone (hematite).

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All the country around was either already burned or burning, and at night the roar of the immense grass fires could be heard for a distance of three or four miles, and the whole sky was lighted up by the blaze. These huge fires often occasion slight partial showers of rain, the enormous updraught causing the warm air to rush to a cooler level, where the moisture is condensed and falls in the form of rain.

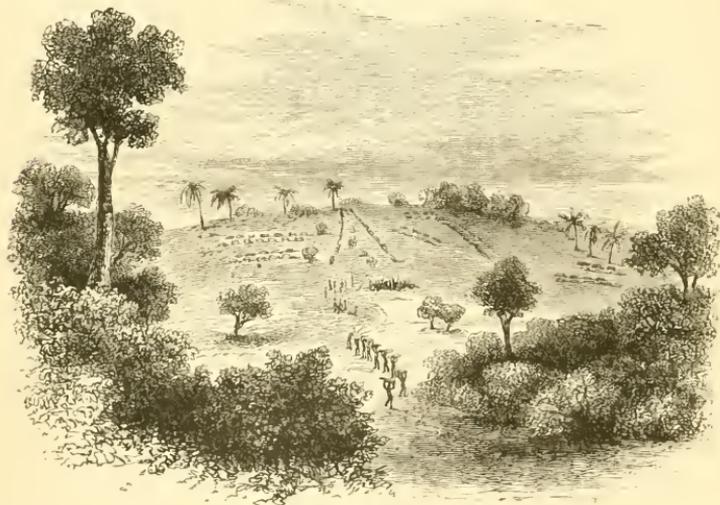
From Kisimbika we went forward until the 17th of July without any long halts. We camped nightly in the villages, much to the disgust of the natives, who were treated in an overbearing manner by the traders and their men. Relying on their gunpowder-strength, the traders gave their men nothing with which to purchase food, but told them to steal what they wanted themselves, and also to bring in provisions for their masters. The natives stood aloof, or looked on sullenly while these blackguards robbed their granaries, and their mortars, and other articles of household furniture, to make fires for cooking the stolen food. The only approach they made toward communicating with us was to propose that the caravan should join them in attacking other villages in order to obtain slaves.

I gave my men extra rations to prevent their thieving, and in two or three cases paid natives who complained of them, and I treated the offenders to a sound flogging to show that I, as an Englishman, had no intention of making my way through the country by means of looting and force. Yet I fear when my back was turned they were fully as bad as the others. Bombay always persisted that they never stole any thing whatever; but I sometimes heard from Jumah that Bombay himself was not entirely guiltless.

On July the 18th, we crossed the Lulindi, a broad stream, which must be unfordable in flood. At a height of twenty feet above the water there hung a very cleverly constructed suspension-bridge. Four large cables of creepers were fastened to the trunks of trees, one pair about four feet higher than the other, and to these cables were secured other creepers from the tops of the loftiest trees on each side of the stream, while horizontal guys prevented the bridge from swaying about. Across the

July, 1874. lower pair of cables sticks were laid to form a roadway. These were lashed in their places and wattled in with creepers, while a large net-work of the same connected the upper and lower cables on each side of the bridge. Altogether it was a very ingenious and effective structure, and rather astonished me, more especially as I had never seen any similar construction in Africa, nor indeed did I meet with another.

Karungu, at which we camped, was a large town, or, more properly, group of villages, lying on the slope of a hill, and it was arranged that we should halt here for a day before starting straight away for Kwakasongo, an Arab settlement on the road to Nyangwé.



KARUNGU.

As I was sitting the next morning quietly reading and writing, I heard musketry-fire and a great disturbance in the Arab camp, and saw the natives flying in every direction, pursued by the traders' men. Matters had evidently come to a crisis, and I therefore collected all my men, and ordered them, under pain of instant and severe punishment, neither to leave the camp nor to fire at the natives, unless driven to do so in self-defense. I then went over to Muinyi Hassani, to inquire the cause of the row, and found him all excitement and in a great fright. The story was this:

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The natives of villages at which we had camped since leaving the Luama had been following us, with the hope of having an opportunity of attacking us in return for the injuries they had experienced at the hands of the caravan. In order to turn the tables, and bring matters to a head, two chiefs had ordered something to be stolen from the Arabs, knowing that they would not hesitate to demand its restoration, and that a palaver would then take place.

As anticipated, the Arabs sent some messages respecting the theft, whereupon the chiefs came to the camp, and, confident in the numbers of natives lurking in ambush in the neighboring woods, refused to restore the stolen property—a small bark box full of beads—unless payment were made for every thing that had been stolen and destroyed in their villages. Muinyi Hassani refused to accede to this, and demanded that the box should be returned unconditionally. The chiefs replied that if Muinyi Hassani and his people wanted it, they had better try to get it back by force. Then, rising to go away, they were treacherously shot down by some armed Wanyamwezi.

I told Muinyi Hassani I should defend myself if attacked; but, since he was so entirely in the wrong, I would not allow a single man to put his foot outside my camp to assist in any aggression against the natives.

By this time many surrounding villages were in flames, and the pagazi were returning from the work of destruction, driving herds of goats and sheep before them, and bringing in unfortunate women and children as captives; for the natives, notwithstanding their overwhelming numbers, would not face the Arabs' muskets.

In the afternoon, however, they began to assemble in greater numbers, and I tried to persuade Muinyi Hassani to make peace; but the attempt only ended in another row. During the day, Kamwassa, son of Manyara, a chief who was friendly with the Arabs, came into our camp, and I endeavored to enlist his influence in inducing the natives to listen to overtures of peace. Still, nothing could then be done to attain so desirable a result.

Many alarms were raised in the night, and some guns were fired, but no fighting took place; and in the morning, when

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crowds of people had gathered round the camp, shouting and yelling, Kamwassa urged them to listen to terms.

I believe the Arabs would have continued fighting had I not been there; but they said, "We have an Englishman in the camp; he will give us a bad name to his consul at Zanzibar;" and as they all entertain a great respect for our consul—looking upon him as superior to every one but their own sultan, with whom they deem him almost on an equality—my presence had some weight in checking further outrage and hostilities.

The palaver was opened by deputies from the natives and traders going to the opposite banks of a small stream near the camp, and then meeting in the middle, and washing each other's faces. Then the natives came over to our side of the stream, and some of the chiefs "made brothers" with people selected from among the caravan. The brotherhood business having been completed, some pen-and-ink marks were made on a piece of paper, which, together with a charge of powder, was put into a kettleful of water. All hands then drank of the decoction, the natives being told that it was a very great medicine.

Peace having been concluded, my next efforts were directed toward obtaining the release of the prisoners. To this there was a very strong opposition; but I insisted on it, and in the end it was arranged that ransom should be paid for them. Otherwise the natives might have thought we were afraid of them, and would have attacked us farther on the road.

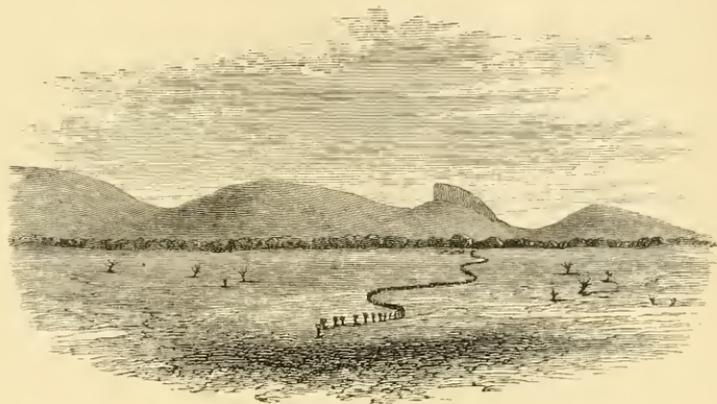
On leaving here, we had a long and tiring march through many villages, and the caravan was much hampered by the goats received as ransom for the unfortunate captives constantly running off into the jungle. When we camped, I found some slaves captured at Karungu still in the caravan, upon which I demanded that they should be set at liberty. This led to a stormy discussion with Muinyi Hassani, who was not so anxious about the presence of my men, now we had passed through the worst of Manyúma; but I threatened him with all the terrors of the sultan and the English consul, and finally said I should set the captives free by force, if necessary. I told him plainly that I did not and could not interfere with the buying and selling of slaves by him and his friends, or with their seiz-

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ing them by the strong arm when alone; but I was determined that the English colors, which had brought freedom to so many on both coasts of Africa, should not be disgraced in the centre of the continent.

In the end the slaves were set at liberty, and a hollow peace was patched up between us; but I decided to have nothing further to do with Muinyi Hassani on reaching Nyangwé.

The following day we arrived at the village of Manyara, standing among many others over which he was really, though not nominally, the chief. All had two or three foundries in them, upward of thirty feet long by twenty wide, with low walls and an enormously high roof. In the centre was a pit, six feet wide, four deep, and twenty long, rather shallower at



HILLS ON ROAD TO MANYARA.

one end than the other. Across this, about six feet from the shallow end, was built a clay furnace four feet wide. The smaller of the two divisions of the pit was used as a stoke-hole, while the ore and slag ran into the other, and round the sides were small divisions containing charcoal and iron ore.

They sometimes use as many as a dozen pair of bellows at one time in order to make a sufficient blast. Their bellows are formed of two upright and parallel shallow wooden cylinders, with vents leading into one nozzle, which is protected by clay from the effects of the fire. These cylinders are covered with grass-cloth having a stick three feet long fastened into the centre, and are worked by holding one stick in each hand, and

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moving them up and down alternately as fast as possible. By this means a good and continuous blast is produced.

After smelting, the iron is worked by smiths into small pieces weighing about two pounds, and shaped like two cones joined together at the base, and a piece or rod the size of a large knitting-needle projects from both ends. In this form the metal is hawked about for sale.

Small open sheds are used as smithies, and the anvils and larger hammers are made of stone; but small hammers are of iron. Those of stone are provided with two loops of rope to serve as handles, while the iron hammers are simply grasped in the hand and are without handles.

The dress of the people had now changed somewhat, the men mostly wearing kilts. Heads were still plastered with clay, but not so elaborately as among the first people I saw in Manyuéma. The women wore round their waists a small strip of leather ornamented with iron and copper beads, and through this and between their legs a piece of rough bark-cloth was passed, the ends being allowed to hang down before and behind. They shaved the tops of their heads, leaving only a sort of trellis pattern of very short hair, and a bunch of ringlets hung down the backs of their necks.

A friend of Syde's and some native chiefs met us here, and they treated us to so many extraordinary stories that it was impossible to rely upon any thing they said. One of the chiefs was very elaborately adorned with kilt, cap, and scarf of variegated grass-cloth, and was followed by men carrying shields and spears, while two others brought up the rear with an enormous drum slung on a pole. The hindmost one performed vigorously upon this instrument when approaching a village.

Two days' marching from Manyara brought us to Kwakasongo. On our way we passed a hill composed almost entirely of black specular iron ore; and a curious mount with precipitous cliffs, which formed one side of it, rose sheer out of the plain.

At Kwakasongo there is an Arab settlement of some size, three white Arabs, besides many half-castes and Wamerima, being there. They have good houses and live comfortably, while they send out their caravans, composed of slaves and Wanyam-

wezi pagazi. One man alone employed six hundred Wanyamwezi, all armed with guns. These fellows get little or no pay, but are allowed to loot the country all round in search of subsistence and slaves. Some of the slaves they keep for themselves, giving their employers a sufficient number in return for the powder supplied to enable them to oppress the natives.

The Arab who had six hundred Wanyamwezi possessed upward of fifteen tons of good ivory in his store-houses, and was waiting for the road between Ujiji and Unyanyembe to be reported clear before sending it to the coast. Some others also had a good amount, but I found my friend (?) Syde was a needy beggar, and his stories about possessing great influence here were myths.

As usual, the Arabs were very civil and kind, and we could not tear ourselves away from their hospitalities under a week.

Muinyi Hassani, meanwhile, remained camped in a neighboring village, nursing himself through a bad attack of fever. I felt bound to doctor him, notwithstanding our row about the slaves, and went two miles out and two back every morning and evening to look after him; but I never received so much as a word of thanks for my trouble, and I imagine my patient had neither forgotten nor forgiven my interference in the slave question.

We left Kwakasongo on the 1st of August, and after two marches came in sight of the mighty Lualaba. From a bluff overhanging the river I obtained my first view of the stream—a strong and sweeping current of turbid yellow water fully a mile wide, and flowing at the rate of three or four knots an hour, with many islands, much like the eyots on the Thames, lying in its course. The larger ones were well wooded, and inhabited by the Wagenya, a tribe holding all the islands and a long strip on the left bank, and, as the sole proprietors of canoes, having the whole carrying trade of the river in their hands.

Canoes were numerous, and the flocks of water-fowl, winging their way from sand-bank to sand-bank in search of food, gave life to the scene. To remind us of the dangers of the stream, there were enormous herds of hippopotami blowing and snorting, and here and there the long scaly back of a crocodile floating almost flush with the water.

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Just before coming upon the river, we passed villages in which the huts had reverted to the shape of those in Waguhha and Ubúdjwa. Near them were regularly planted groves of oil-palms, surrounded by hedges of prickly cactus, and at the entrance on each side huts were built for the guardians of the plantation. These groves were also protected from the attacks of elephants and other wild beasts by innumerable large pit-falls dug round about them, which rendered it necessary for the passer-by to be very wary in his walking.

On the evening of my arrival I entered into an agreement with some natives to convey me, with a portion of my stores and men, to Nyangwé by boat, while the remainder went by land.

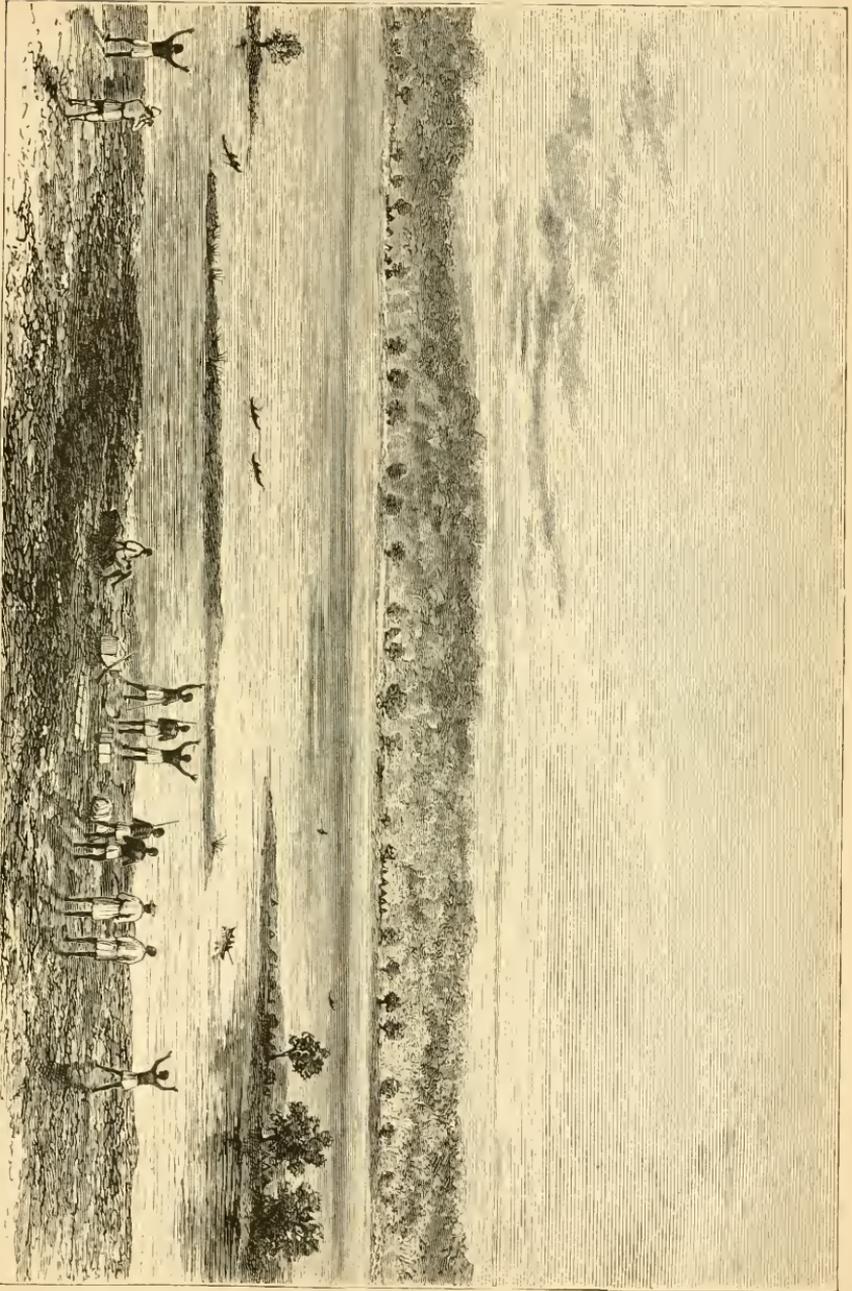


COMING TO MARKET.

Muinyi Bokhari, the poor grass-eating old man, died during the night, and was at once buried by fire-light with very little ceremony.

When I went to the brink of the river, early in the morning, not a canoe was to be seen. Shortly afterward they began to pass from one island to another, and to haul up and set fishing-traps. But not one came near us until about ten o'clock, when, by dint of beckoning and shouting, some men were induced to come across from an island in the middle of the stream, and, after a long palaver, brought three canoes. These I hired and paid for on the spot, and started at once for Nyangwé.

WAITING FOR CANOES.





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The passage down the river was rapid and pleasant, owing to the swift current and the beauty of the scenery. On the left bank the shore rose gradually till it culminated in a range of wooded hills ten or twelve miles distant; while the right bank rose abruptly in small cliffs crowned by hanging woods, and here and there broken by the embouchure of one of the numerous affluents of the giant stream. Islands, populous and wooded, were passed in constant succession.

From flocks of duck feeding on the numerous sand-banks I managed to bag two or three couple, and found them almost precisely like an English wild duck, except in color. The body was white, speckled with brown; wings, head, and tail, black, shot with greenish blue.



NYANGWÉ, FROM THE RIVER.

In the afternoon the canoe-men put in at a fishing village on the right bank, and declared their intention of halting. I told them they might stop if they pleased, but I and the canoes were going on to Nyangwé; for I well knew that if we camped neither canoes nor men would be forthcoming next morning. Seeing that I was determined, the men consented to go on.

At sunset I noticed some large huts on a bluff over the river. This was the commencement of the Arab settlement of Nyangwé, and a landing-place was just below. Jumping ashore, I went into the settlement, and my appearance rather astonished the people; for they had heard nothing of our ap-

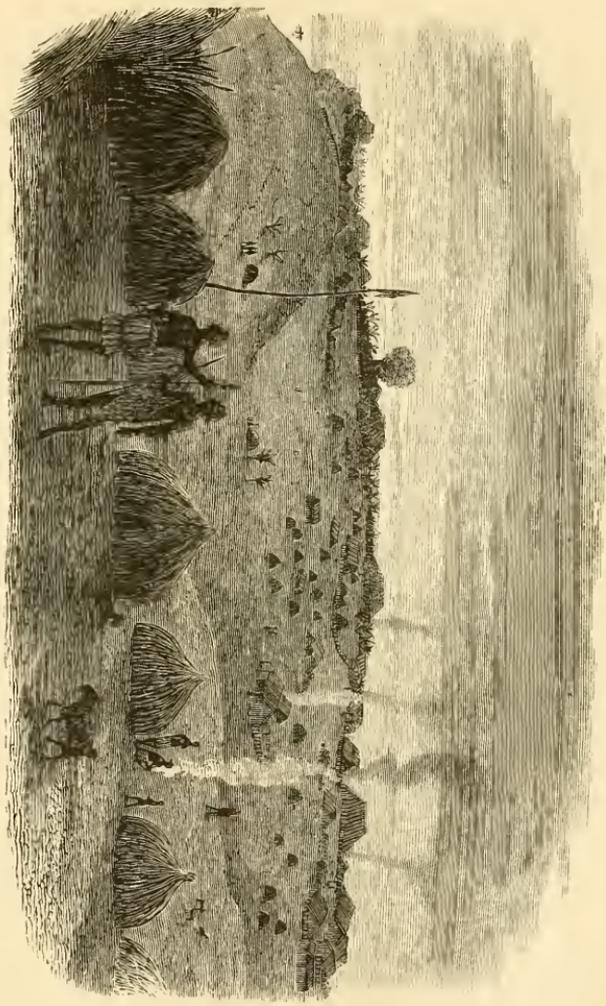
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proach, and could not imagine where a solitary white man came from.

The news of my arrival was at once communicated to Habel ibn Salim, a fine white-headed old Arab, commonly known as Tanganyika, and he came running out of his house, where he had been performing his evening devotions, to ascertain what it could mean. A few words explained matters, and we very shortly became great friends.

My tent was pitched close to his house, and the veranda of a large new building was placed at my service, and stowage for my stores and house-room for my followers were supplied without delay. A mess of smoking-hot curry was also soon put before me; and very acceptable it was, for I had taken nothing that day, excepting a cup of corn coffee before starting in the morning.

At last, then, I was at Nyangwé! And now the question before me was, What success would attend the attempt at tracing the river to the sea?



NYANGWE.



## CHAPTER XX.

Nyangwé.—The Head-man's Harem.—Syde Mezrui is a Fraud.—A Slow Set.—The Markets.—The Weaker Sex.—Their Lordly Masters.—Difficulty in obtaining Canoes.—Native Opinion of the White Man.—As Others see Us.—An Antislavery Lecture.—A Clear-headed Man of Business.—An Old Impostor.—No Guides.—Fighting on the Road.—Ulegga.—The Lualaba and the Nile.—Lake Sankorra.—Tipo-tipo.—Crossing the Lualaba.—A Fever Den.—Bad Quarters.—Fishing-weir Bridges.—Russûna.—A Brush with the Natives.—Blood-money.—A Check upon Looting.—Russûna's Wives.—Not Bashful, but Inquisitive.—A State Visit.—Russûna's Private Village.—The Cares of a Mother-in-law.

NYANGWÉ has been well chosen by the Zanzibar traders as a permanent settlement on the Lualaba. It takes the form of two villages, each set on an eminence above the river, divided by a small valley watered by a little marshy stream, and affording admirable rice grounds.

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The right bank of the river, on which Nyangwé is situated, being well raised, is free from malaria and fever, while the left bank is low, and overflowed by the annual floods, which leave festering, stagnant backwaters. It is about as pestilential a place as it is possible to imagine, notwithstanding which the Wagenya live and flourish there, apparently feeling no ill effects from the miasma.

Of the two settlements, the western one is occupied entirely by Wamerima from Baganoyo and its neighboring district. The head-man among them is Muinyi Dugumbi, who, finding himself a far greater personage here than he could ever hope to be in his native place, gave up all idea of returning to the coast, and devoted his attention and energies to establishing a harem. He had collected round him over three hundred slave women, and the ill effects of this arrangement, and his indulgence in bhang and pombé, were plainly noticeable in his rapid decline into idiotcy.

The eastern part, where I staid, is the abode of the Wasuahili and Arabs, but Tanganyika was the only one then there; the

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factories of Syde ibn Habib and others being under the charge of confidential slaves.

Tanganyika showed me the house he had lent to Livingstone. It belonged to, and was occupied at that time by, one of his wives, whom he turned out of her home for the convenience of the doctor.

That part of my caravan which journeyed by land arrived two days after me, and I instantly made endeavors to collect canoes for the attempt at floating down the river to the sea.

Syde Mezrui, notwithstanding his boasted acquaintance with the chiefs, proved to be of very small consequence, and contented himself with constantly asking for beads. When refused by me, Bombay and Bilâl, in spite of my positive orders to the contrary, gave him what he wanted, until I detected the little game, and locked my beads up in Tanganyika's ivory-store.

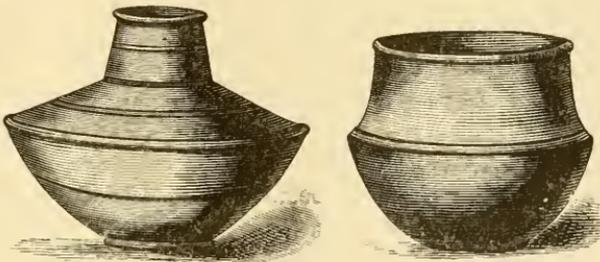
Tanganyika offered to assist me in every thing in his power, but said that Muinyi Dugumbi was regarded as head-man by the natives, and therefore must be consulted. That individual altogether failed to understand the object of being in a hurry; and, as I had only arrived a few days, thought that surely a month or so hence would be time enough to think about canoes. I would not leave him till he promised that he would try to persuade the natives to sell me some canoes on the first market-day. Others made some show of affording aid, but they always said, "Slowly, slowly; don't be in a hurry; to-morrow will do as well as to-day;" and so the matter dragged along.

Every fourth day large markets were held in each part of the settlement; and as the neighboring chiefs and canoe-owners came to them, I had great hopes of getting what I required. At the first that occurred after my arrival, I found cowries, goats, and slaves were the only currency available in large purchases; and being without these, I could do no *trade*. Tanganyika induced some men to promise they would think about selling their canoes if I obtained cowries, and also arranged to take Bombay across the river, and through the strip inhabited by the Wagenya to the woods where canoes were made.

Early in the morning of market-day canoes appeared on the

river in every direction, bringing people with pottery, palm-oil, fish, fowls, flour, salt, grass-cloth, slaves, and every thing produced in the country. They were crowded and laden to such an extent as to render the presence of a black Mr. Plimsoll highly advantageous to passengers and cargo; but as the crew were oftentimes the owners, perhaps they would have objected to his watchful eye.

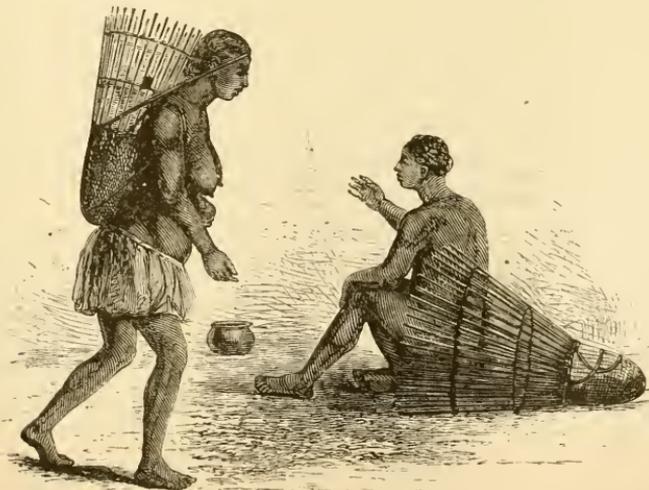
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POTTERY.

At the landing-places the canoes were hauled ashore, when the men shouldered the paddles, and sauntered slowly to the market-place, leaving the women to bring up the merchandise. This they carried in large baskets slung on their backs by a strap across the forehead, like the creels of the Scottish fish-wives.

The men moved about the market-place doing nothing, un-



MARKET-WOMEN, NYANGWÉ.

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less something important—such as the sale of a slave—occurred to attract their attention. The women, on the contrary, addressed all their energies to the momentous work of bargaining and chaffering; and as soon as they had selected the spot where they intended to locate themselves, down went the baskets, and the articles for sale were arranged on the ground. The saleswomen then, sitting in the baskets, squatted on the ground, and looked like some extraordinary specimens of shell-fish; the baskets doing duty as shells, and preserving their delicate persons from contact with the damp earth.

The whole of the purchasers and venders jammed themselves in a compact mass, none standing a yard from the main body, although there was plenty of room for them to have moved about in comfort. But they seemed determined to squeeze together for three or four hours in a screaming, sweating, and, I may add, stinking crowd, the savor of which ascended on high. Suddenly a move would be made by some person, and in another twenty minutes the two thousand that had been assembled were dispersed.

Every day these markets take place on some neutral ground, and the feuds in which the people are constantly engaged cease for the time the market is being held, as also during the passage of buyers and sellers to and from their villages.

Except at Nyangwé, the market-places are in uninhabited spots; and here there were only the houses of traders and the huts of their slaves and porters, who had settled there principally on account of the market. The neighboring chiefs are always to be seen on these occasions, and at Nyangwé they lounged about the Arabs' verandas, talking of the price of ivory, goats, and slaves.

I tried every means to persuade the people to sell me canoes, but without avail. One hoary-headed old fellow said that no good to the Wagenya had ever resulted from the advent of strangers, and he should advise each and all of his countrymen to refuse to sell or hire a single canoe to the white man; for if he acted like the strangers who had gone before him, he would only prove a fresh oppressor to the natives, or open a new road for robbers and slave-dealers. Others said they would bring canoes if I paid for them in slaves; but I replied that, as an

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Englishman, I could not deal in slaves. Englishmen did not recognize the status of slavery, and in our opinion all men should be free. I added, that, of course, I was powerless to make alterations in the customs or laws of a country where slavery was allowed; but that if my sovereign heard of my being engaged in the slightest degree in any transaction that might savor of trading in slaves, I should get into great trouble on my return to my own country, as the whole idea of our Government was opposed to any form of slavery whatever.

Some of the chiefs then agreed to accept an equivalent for slaves, taking their current price in cowries, but only one ever came again about his bargain. When I counted out before him the correct number of cowries, which I had purchased at about threepence or fourpence apiece, he quietly looked them over and then returned them, remarking that if he took home such a quantity of cowries they would only be appropriated by his wives as ornaments, and he would be poorer by a canoe; and his wives, wearing numbers of cowries, would not provide him with better food or clothing.

So anxious was I to close this bargain, that I offered double the value of his canoe in cowries, saying that surely his wives could not possibly wear such an amount. But he had a wonderfully keen idea of trading, and replied that the cowries would be lying idle and bringing him in nothing till he managed to buy slaves with them, whereas, if he received slaves in payment, he could set them at work at once to paddle canoes between the markets, to catch fish, to make pottery, or to cultivate his fields; in fact, he did not want his capital to lie idle.

Muinyi Dugumbi used to "sell" me when I went to ask his assistance on a market-day. His reply was always, "Stop in the veranda. I will go and see if there are any people who have canoes to sell;" and he would leave me apparently on this errand. But I afterward found that he used to slip into one of the houses of his harem by a back way, and remain there until the market-people had gone.

Tanganyika tried his utmost to find men willing to part with canoes, but builders even would not dispose of their craft. Two or three promised to do so, and received part payment in advance, but they afterward returned the cowries.

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What further to do Tanganyika did not know, but he assured me I was welcome to the only one he possessed; and he held out, as some encouragement, the possibility of my obtaining canoes on the return of a large party then making war on the natives on the other bank. They had canoes, and it was likely that when the natives saw I had some, they would not object to my getting more.

Waiting was weary work, but I lived in hope, and spent many tedious hours in talking with Tanganyika about his different journeys. From him I heard that the river flowed west-south-west from Nyangwé, and fell into a great lake to which men, bringing cowries and cloth for sale, came in large vessels capable of containing two hundred people.

Some distance west of Nyangwé was Meginna, and to that place people owning boats traded, according to statements made to me by Arabs who had been there. I tried to engage guides and men to escort me to Meginna by land, our party being far too small, in the eyes of my people, to make the journey by itself, as the high-handed manner in which large armed parties of traders traveled had set all the natives against them. But the settlers at Nyangwé declared themselves to be too short of powder and guns to spare a sufficient force to accompany me and return safely by themselves, so no volunteers were forthcoming. In addition to this, they were very much afraid to travel by the roads north of the Lualaba; for several strong and well-armed parties had been severely handled by the natives in that direction, and had returned to Nyangwé with the loss of more than half their numbers.

One party, who had been a long way to north-north-east, and reached Ulegga, had especially suffered, having lost over two hundred out of their total strength of three hundred. They described the natives as being very fierce and warlike, and using poisoned arrows, a mere scratch from which proved fatal in four or five minutes, unless an antidote, known only to the natives, was immediately applied. Ulegga was, they said, a country of large mountains wooded to the summits, and valleys filled with such dense forest that they traveled four and five days in succession without seeing the sun. From the natives they had heard that people wearing long white clothes and us-

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ing beasts of burden came to trade far to the north of the farthest point they had reached. These, no doubt, were the Egyptian traders in the Soudan.

All the streams seen by them on these journeys flowed toward the Lualaba, which, west of Nyangwé, received three large rivers from the northward—the Lilwa, Lindi, and Lowa. This last, which I believe to be the Uelle of Dr. Schweinfurth, was reported to be as large as the Lualaba (the Ugarowwa of the Arabs) at Nyangwé, and to be fed by two important affluents, both called Lulu, one from the east, the other from the west.

The levels I obtained at Nyangwé conclusively proved that the Lualaba could have no connection whatever with the Nile system, the river at Nyangwé being lower than the Nile at Gondokoro, below the point at which it has received all its affluents.

The volume of water also passing Nyangwé is 123,000 cubic feet per second in the dry season, or more than five times greater than that of the Nile at Gondokoro, which is 21,500 feet per second. This great stream must be one of the head-waters of the Kongo, for where else could that giant among rivers, second only to the Amazon in its volume, obtain the two million cubic feet of water which it unceasingly pours each second into the Atlantic? The large affluents from the north would explain the comparatively small rise of the Kongo at the coast; for since its enormous basin extends to both sides of the equator, some portion of it is always under the zone of rains, and therefore the supply to the main stream is nearly the same at all times, instead of varying, as is the case with tropical rivers whose basins lie completely on one side of the equator.

After I had remained at Nyangwé rather more than a fortnight, one of the expeditions that had been looting slaves, goats, and every thing they could lay their hands on to the south of the river, returned, and with it the men who owned canoes. I offered any thing in reason for a few canoes, but they would not part with one even, and my hopes were rapidly falling to zero. But on the 17th of August I heard the sound of fire-arms drawing near, and was told that another party of marauders were returning. This proved, however, to be the advanced guard of Tipo-tipo (Haméd ibn Haméd). He was coming to Nyangwé from his permanent camp about ten marches off, in

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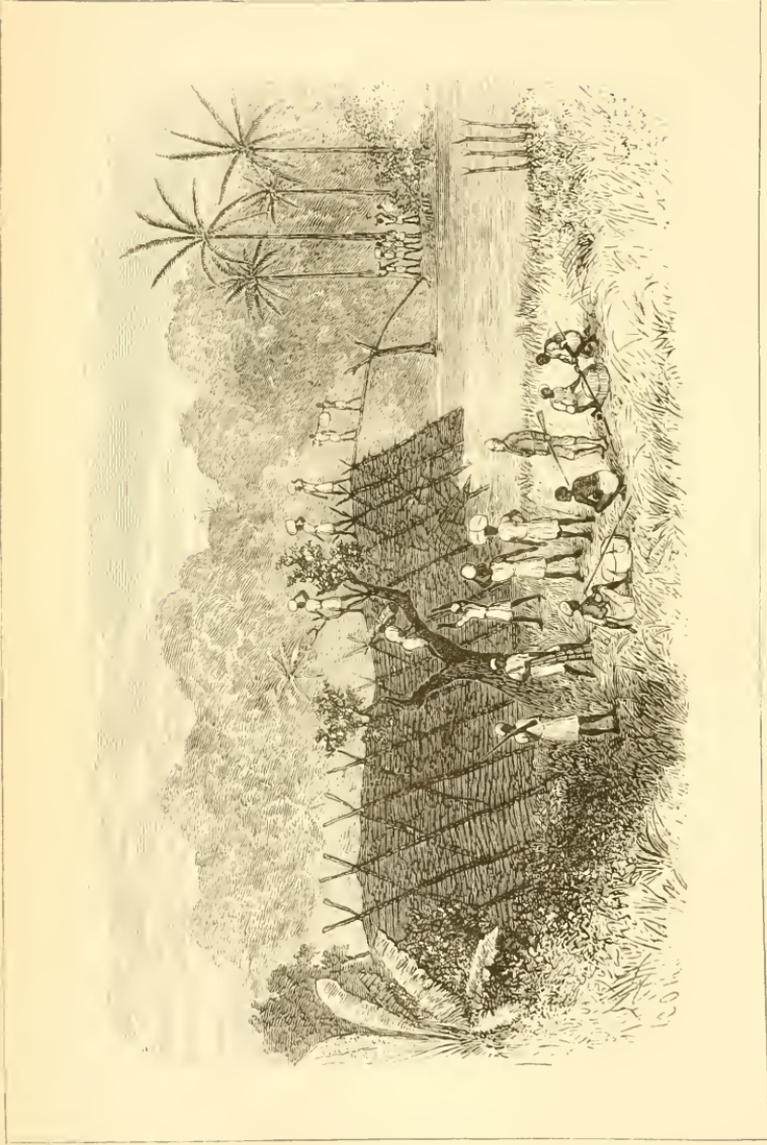
order to settle a difference between the plunderers and a friend of his, a chief called Russûna, who had begged him to interfere when the Nyangwé people attacked him.

In conversation with the leader of this guard, I ascertained that Tipo-tipo's camp was close to the banks of the Lomâmi, an important southern affluent of the Lualaba, and that the lake into which that river flowed was within fourteen or fifteen marches of the camp; and he said that there were people with Tipo-tipo who had been to this lake, the Sankorra, and had met traders there with large boats.

Two days afterward Tipo-tipo arrived, and came to see me. He was a good-looking man, and the greatest dandy I had seen among the traders; and, notwithstanding his being perfectly black, he was a thorough Arab, for, curiously enough, the admixture of negro blood had not rendered him less of an Arab in his ideas and manners. He marched to his present camp from Katanga, and, although he had been settled there for nearly two years, had no idea of the proximity of the settlement at Nyangwé. He advised me that to reach Lake Sankorra the best method would be to return with him to his camp, and then, procuring guides and crossing the Lomâmi, to march straight for the lake. Natives were constantly passing backward and forward in small parties, and he did not think the journey would prove difficult. With him were two natives of the country west of the Lomâmi, who confirmed his views, and also gave me some particulars of a lake named Iki, situated on the Luwembi, an affluent of the Lomâmi, and which is probably the Lake Lincoln of Livingstone.

Tipo-tipo was accompanied by some of Russûna's head-men, and the palaver concerning the attempted raid on that chief was quickly settled by the declaration of Tipo-tipo that he would side with Russûna if he were again attacked. As his caravan, and those of five or six traders who recognized him as their head, could have brought more guns into the field than the Nyangwé people, and as the traders at Kwakasongo were also likely to have sided with Tipo-tipo, he and his father being two of the richest and most influential of the traveling Zanzibar merchants, it was thought wise to promise to leave Russûna alone in future.





CROSSING THE ROYUBU RIVER.

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On the 26th of August, having bid farewell to Muinyi Dugumbi, I set about getting my men across the river in readiness for starting with Tipo-tipo early the following day. Tanganika provided canoes, and assisted me much; but in the afternoon a bad attack of fever laid him up, and I was thrown upon my own resources. I saw nearly every man away from the Nyangwé side, and then, being very tired, left Bombay with a canoe containing a portion of my kit, to bring the remaining men across after me.

On landing on the other side, I found the village where we had to camp situated on the bank of a stagnant, muddy backwater, reeking under the sun's rays. The place was inhabited only in the dry season by the fever-proof Wagenya, owing to its being flooded for four or five months of the year.

In vain that night did I look for Bombay and the remainder of the stores and men; and when he joined me at noon the next day, Asmâni, his ehum Mabruki, and another pagazi had deserted, taking with them guns and ammunition. I heard that, the moment I was out of sight, Bombay unloaded the canoe, and coolly returned to the settlement to indulge in a big drink. My bed, cooking gear, provisions, and medicine-chest were all in that canoe, and to the want of them may, in a great measure, be attributed the heavy attack of fever I had after sleeping on the low left bank of the river.

Fever or no fever, I determined to go on; and at one o'clock started to meet Tipo-tipo, who had crossed the river rather lower down. Our road led through many villages, the inhabitants of which were employed either in catching fish in the backwaters, or making large egg-shaped pots used for storing palm-oil. Nearly every hut had a pig tied to the door-post, and its odor, combined with that of mud, rotten fish, etc., made a *bouquet d'Afrique* not to be imagined.

Soon after joining Tipo-tipo we left the river, and began to ascend a gentle slope; and, passing a market in full swing, arrived, after four hours' marching, at the river Rovubu, a large stream, which we crossed on a gigantic fishing-weir bridge. The weir was composed of poles, in many instances over forty feet in length, and from the number used it was evident that a great amount of patient and well-directed labor must have been

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required in its construction. Here we halted, and most of the people took the opportunity to have a bathe; but I was obliged to lie down and rest, being completely exhausted by fever. After a time we moved on, passing many deserted villages, with their crops destroyed by the late marauders from Nyangwé, and camped about nine in the evening.



BUSSUNA AND A WIFE.

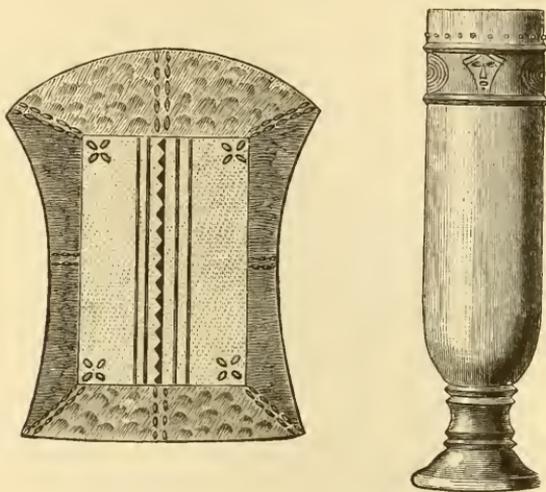
During the last part of the march, the fever so increased that I reeled like a drunken man, and was scarcely able to drag one foot after the other. To my fevered vision and ideas the large, white, pyramidal ant-hills, which were plentiful, often seemed to be my tent; and when I found myself mistaken, the hope that each in succession might really prove to be it kept me moving, although I was thoroughly beaten. I was somewhat better the next day, and managed to get along; but it was weary

work, and my feet were so blistered that I was obliged to slit open my boots.

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Russûna's was reached on the 29th of August, the country passed through being very fertile, with many fine trees, mpafu, gum-copal, African oak, teak, and others. In one place there was a large grove of nutmeg-trees, and for forty or fifty yards the ground was literally covered with nutmegs.

During this march a very unpleasant fracas occurred, owing to some Nyangwé people, who were accompanying us to Tipotipo's to buy copper, being recognized as old enemies by the natives, who let fly a volley of arrows in the midst of them.



RUSSÛNA'S SHIELD AND DRUM.

In an instant all was confusion, and two or three natives were shot down before a parley could be begun; but Tipotipo appearing on the spot, they recognized him, and were re-assured. Some, however, did not recover from their fright until I had induced them to sit round me, and guaranteed their safety until matters were settled.

Tipotipo compelled the Nyangwé people to pay blood-money for those natives who had been killed, as he argued that it was owing to their folly in going in front of his men—who were well known to the natives as friends—that the trouble had arisen. I was delighted to see his leading men serve out

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sound and well-deserved thrashings to some Wanyamwezi porters from Nyangwé, who had taken advantage of the row to commence looting a village.

We camped about two miles from Russûna's village, yet he, together with his brother and half a dozen wives, came to stay with us during our two days' halt. He visited me very often, bringing a different wife each time. They were the handsomest women I had seen in Africa, and, in addition to their kilts of grass-cloth, wore scarfs of the same material across their breasts.



SUB-CHIEF.

On the second day all fear of me and bashfulness had vanished, and they came in a body to see me. I soon had them all sitting around me looking at pictures and other curiosities; and after a time they began to wax so much more familiar that they turned up the legs and sleeves of my sleeping suit, which I always wore in camp, to discover whether it was my face alone that was white. Indeed, they ultimately became so inquisitive

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that I began to fear they would undress me altogether; to avoid which I sent for some beads and cowries and gave them a scramble, and thus withdrew their attention from my personal peculiarities.

When Russûna came to see me, he brought a large and handsomely carved stool upon which he sat, while he used the lap of one of his wives, who was seated on the ground, as his footstool. While he remained here a sub-chief visited him in state, accompanied by people carrying shields ornamented with cowries and beads, and fringed with black monkey-skins, and a woman bearing on a spear the skin of a tippet-monkey as a standard. Russûna, in equal state, went a short distance from the camp to meet and welcome him. This chief and Russûna then had a palaver with Tipo-tipo and the Nyangwé Arabs, and, after swearing eternal friendship, the caravan was free to proceed on its way to Tipo-tipo's camp, which was reached, without any further adventure, on the 3d of September.

Russûna's private village, inhabited only by himself and his wives, had been passed on the road. It consisted of about forty comfortable square huts in two rows, with a large one in the centre for himself. Each hut contained about four wives, and Russûna's mother had the pleasant task of keeping them all in order.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Tipo-tipo's Camp.—Kasongo Visits us in State.—The Ceremony.—Kasongo's Ready Assistance.—I become a Gun-smith, Bone-setter, and Soap-boiler.—Kasongo at Home.—Sankorra Traders.—Am forbidden to proceed.—Reasons for not using Force.—I take Another Route.—Warua Guides.—Export of Slaves from Man-yuéma.—Their Disposal.—Cause of Increase of Slave-holding.—Ants as a Delicacy.—Mode of trapping Them.—A Lazy Leader.—Kifuma Hospitality.—A Desirable Residence.—Carved Door-posts.—A Rifle is stolen.—Fear of Consequences.—Thankfulness and Gratitude.—Leaving my "Guide" to his own Devices.—I strike out a New Course.—My Men will not follow.—I will not return.—Their Scruples are overcome.—Attack on the Caravan.—Fists *versus* Archery.—Peace.—Kasenge.—Hundreds flock to see me feed.—Kwarumba.

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TIPO-TIPO'S camp was well arranged, and situated on a slight eminence; but not being a really permanent settlement, no large houses had been built, although Tipo-tipo and the other traders had good huts. They provided me with a very comfortable one, having two small apartments and a bath-room, besides sheds for my servants, and cooking arrangements.

Before making preparations for crossing the Lomâmi, we had to receive a visit from Kasongo, the chief of the district, which took place two days after our arrival. At eight o'clock on that morning, Tipo-tipo, myself, and every leading man of his and the Nyangwé parties, arrayed ourselves in our best—although I confess mine was not much of a turn-out—and assembled in an open shed, which was the general meeting-place of the settlement during the day, and often far into the night.

An individual authorized by the chief to do duty as master of the ceremonies then arrived, carrying a long carved walking-stick as a badge of office, his advent being the signal for all porters and slaves in camp and people from surrounding villages to crowd round to witness the spectacle. The master of ceremonies drove the anxious sight-seers back, and formed a space near the reception-room—as the hut may be termed—and then different sub-chiefs arrived, each followed by spearmen

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and shield-bearers, varying in number according to rank, a few of the more important being followed also by drummers. Each new-comer was brought to the entrance, where the Arabs and myself had taken our seats, and his name and rank proclaimed by the master of the ceremonies, who further informed him of the position he was to occupy in order to be ready to welcome Kasongo.

After some time spent in this manner, some drumming and shouting heralded the approach of the great man himself.



KING KASONGO.

First in the procession were half a dozen drummers, then thirty or forty spearmen, followed by six women carrying shields, and next Kasongo, accompanied by his brothers, eldest son, two of his daughters, and a few officials, the rear being brought up by spearmen, drummers, and marimba-players. On his reaching the entrance to the hut, a ring was formed, and Kasongo—dressed in a jacket and kilt of red-and-yellow woolen cloth trimmed with long-haired monkey-skins, and with a greasy

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handkerchief tied round his head—performed a jigging dance with his two daughters.

The Terpsichorean performance being concluded in about a quarter of an hour, he then entered the hut, and we had a long conversation. I acquainted him with my wish to cross the Lomâmi and proceed to Lake Sankorra, and found that the country and road presented no great difficulties, and that we should be almost certain of meeting people who owned large boats on the lake; but it would be necessary to obtain permission from the chief on the opposite bank of the Lomâmi, before passing through his territory.

Kasongo kindly offered, in the first instance, to confer personally with this chief on the matter; but afterward, coming to the conclusion that he was too old for the journey, decided to dispatch some of his people with a party belonging to Tipo-tipo and myself to obtain the necessary permission. He made many inquiries as to my nationality and business, and I informed him that it was from my country that cloth and other articles used in trading in Africa were sent; and my object was to visit the people who purchased these things and to see their countries, so that I might be enabled to tell my sultan what they wanted, and increase the trade for the benefit of both sides.

When Kasongo had taken his departure, which was conducted with much the same ceremony as that observed on arrival, I asked Tipo-tipo to lend me a few men, and detailed an equal number of my own, to accompany Kasongo's people to the Lomâmi.

Next morning the party started, and I settled down for two or three days' rest. I was, however, occupied with doing many things for the benefit of the camp. All broken locks of muskets were brought to me for repairs; I was asked to doctor people for fever and dysentery; and in one instance to perform a surgical operation upon a man who had been shooting with copper slugs, and had lodged the charge in his hand. I cut the slugs out, put splints on the broken fingers, and dressed the whole with carbolized oil, and, before I left, had the satisfaction of seeing the unfortunate fellow on the high-road to recovery. I could not make him hold his hand steady while extracting the slugs, so had to adopt rather a rough-and-ready course, and

lashed his wrist firmly to an upright post during the operation. September,  
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Not content with making me gunsmith and surgeon, they begged me to try my hand at the manufacture of soap from palm-oil, having heard that the English used it for that purpose. Not being sanguine as to the result, I did not care to make the attempt; but they pressed it so upon me that I consented, and after much trouble succeeded in manufacturing a sort of soft soap—which would wash clothes—of palm-oil and lye made from ashes of the stalks of Indian corn.

Two days after Kasongo's visit, I returned his call, and found him sitting on an open grassy space in the middle of his village, which was composed of good-sized, comfortable huts. He was dressed only in native grass-cloth, but looked far cleaner and more respectable than when tricked out in his tawdry finery. Some people then with him had just returned from Lake Sankorra, and said that traders had been there very recently; and, to prove the truth of their statements, showed me new cloth and beads they had bought there, quite different in kind and quality from any coming from Zanzibar. Another proof, and an unwelcome one, was that the cowries I had purchased at Nyangwé had fallen from the abnormal price they obtained there to considerably below par, when compared with beads. This was owing to the large quantities brought into the country by traders to the lake, who were described to me as wearing hats and trousers, and having boats with two trees (masts) in them.

All my hopes of an easy journey to this mysterious lake were dashed to the ground on receiving the answer from the chief whose territory I desired to cross. "No strangers with guns had," he said, "ever passed through his country, and none should, without fighting their way."

Although I could have obtained sufficient men from Nyangwé and Tipo-tipo to have easily fought my way through, I recognized it as my duty not to risk a single life unnecessarily; for I felt that the merit of any geographical discovery would be irretrievably marred by shedding a drop of native blood except in self-defense.

My direct road to the lake being thus closed, I inquired if it were possible to get there by some circuitous route.

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Tipo-tipo had heard of Portuguese having been close to the chief of Urua's capital, which lay about a month's journey south-south-west from us, and showed me a Portuguese soldier's coat bought from a native, who stated that he received it from a white man who was with the chief of Warua. After consultation with Tipo-tipo, and carefully weighing the *pros* and *cons*, I decided on proceeding to the chief of Warua in search of the white traders—who had, I thought, most probably come from the lake—and thence to work back to Sankorra by a road to the westward of the country through which I was forbidden to pass.

When I decided on taking this course, Tipo-tipo offered me the services of three Warua guides who had come from the



WARUA GUIDES.

south with him. They were Mona Kasanga, head-man, and son of a chief on Lake Kowamba; M'Nehkulla, one of the head-men of a village called Mukalombo; and Kongwé, of no particular rank or status. Wages and rations for the three were arranged, and, according to custom, paid in advance to Mona Kasanga. From them I gathered information about Lake Iki; another called Mohrya, reported to have huts on it built on piles; and yet another, named Kassali, on which there were floating islands.

At first I was unable to make much use of this information, owing to their imperfect knowledge of Kisnahili; but afterward, when I had obtained the key, it proved most valuable. Besides these, Tipo-tipo also sent one of his leading men to journey ten days with me on the road.

The only drawback I experienced to the comfort of Tipo-

tipó's camp was the number of slaves in chains who met my eyes at every turn; but, except being deprived of their freedom, and confined in order to prevent their running away, they had a tolerably easy life, and were well fed.

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Tipó-tipó and many Arab traders asserted that they would be glad to find other means of transport for their goods, instead of trusting to slaves; but, not regarding slave-dealing as a sin in the abstract, they availed themselves of the means at their disposal.

Very few slaves are exported from Manyúéma by the Arabs for profit, but are obtained to fill their harems, to cultivate the farms which always surround the permanent camps, and to act as porters.

By the time a caravan arrives at Tanganyika from the westward, nearly fifty per cent. have made their escape, and the majority of those remaining are disposed of at Ujiji and Unyan-yembe, frequently as hire for free porters, so that comparatively few reach the coast. Slavery, nevertheless, is increasing, owing to the number of coast people settling in the interior, who fancy that it adds to their dignity to possess large numbers of slaves.

We left the camp on the 12th of September, with the usual amount of trouble caused by men skulking, and pretending to be unable to carry any thing; and on halting after a very short march, I had to send for men and loads remaining behind. In the night two men deserted; but I went on without them, not finding out until afterward that they had stolen a quantity of Snider cartridges. To this they had been incited by Syde Mez-rui, who also left at Nyangwé, by "accident," a rifle I had lent him during the journey from Ujiji.

For some days we journeyed through a fairly populated country, with large villages of well-built and clean huts disposed in long streets, with bark-cloth trees planted on each side. All the streets ran east and west, but the reason for this custom I was unable to discover. The people seemed friendly, and the chiefs usually brought small presents of corn or dried white ants—which are eaten here with porridge as a relish on account of the scarcity of animal food—and they were perfectly satisfied with very small presents in return.

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The ants are caught in rather an ingenious manner. A light frame-work of cane or twigs is built over a large ant-hill, and covered with leaves cleverly fastened together by sticking the midrib of each into the one above it. A very small entrance is left open at the bottom, and under this is dug a round hole a foot in diameter and two feet deep. When the winged ants come out of the hill ready to migrate, they all make for this entrance and hustle each other into the hole, where they lose their wings, and are unable to get out. In the morning they are collected by the natives, who smoke them over slow fires to preserve them.

The country was wonderfully full of oil-palms, which in some places grew in extraordinary abundance.

After two or three hours' marching each day, Tipo-tipo's man declared that the next camping-place was too far away to be reached until late, and therefore we had better stay where we were. His orders were merely to accompany me for ten days, and not to any specified place; and it was, of course, to his advantage to make a day's march as short as possible.

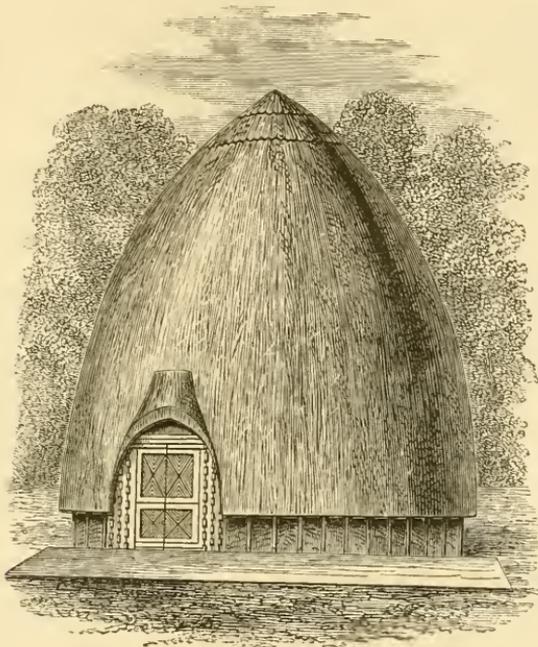
Each of the affluents of the Lomâmi with which the country was intersected had hollowed out for itself a small deep valley in the nearly level plateau we were traversing, and, shaded by fine timber, their dark depths were rich in the most beautiful mosses and ferns it is possible to imagine. Sometimes one side of a valley was steep and cliff-like, exposing the various strata; at the top, a shallow layer of vegetable mold, then about fourteen feet of sand and from fifty to seventy feet of water-worn pebbles of granite and quartz resting on the solid granite. The pebbles were occasionally divided into two parts by a stratum of soft yellowish sandstone of ten or twelve feet; but all lay level except the granite, which was very irregular.

Two days after Tipo-tipo's man left us, we arrived at a village named Kifuma, from which the people bolted on our approach; but, on the peacefulness of our intentions becoming apparent, the chief came to me, and even offered his hut—a delightfully clean place—for my use. It was ten feet square, and a large portion of the space was occupied by a bed-place made of split midribs of the raphia palm.

The two doors—but especially the front one—were wonder-

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fully good specimens of carpentering, each having two leaves working on pivots fitting into holes in the lintel and threshold. Where the leaves met they overlapped, and were halved into each other. The front door was also carved on the outside, with the pattern traced in red, white, and black, and on each side were three carved pillars.



HUT AT KIFUMA.

The floor was of clay, raised eighteen inches from the ground, and polished until quite slippery. The walls were seven feet in height, and built of poles about a foot apart, with stout slabs adzed out of logs between them, and kept in place by battens. The roof ran up in the form of a dome twenty feet high on the inside, and was made of slender rods fitting at the apex into a round piece of wood carved in concentric circles and painted black and white, while two or three horizontal rows of rods gave strength and rigidity to the structure. This frame-work was covered with fine long grass, laid quite smoothly in horizontal lengths, and over this was a heavy thatch about two feet thick, coming down to the ground and evenly trimmed, the

September, thatch over the doors being so cut and arranged as to form  
1874. porches.

During the night a rifle and cartridge-pouch being stolen, I spoke to the chief respecting the theft. He declared he knew nothing about it, and begged and prayed me not to destroy his village on account of it.

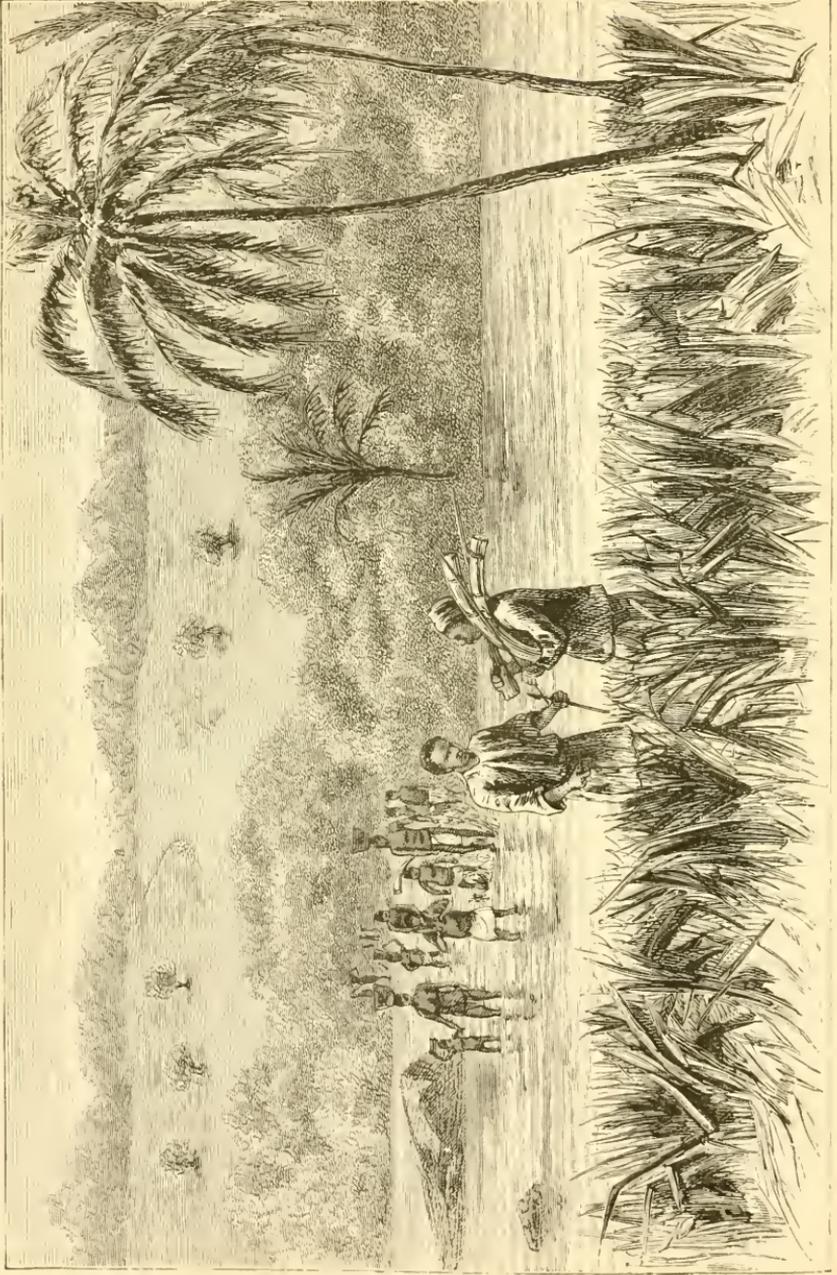
Of course I had no intention of doing this, and so I told him: but he could hardly believe such forbearance on my part possible. And when he saw us depart without having done any harm, his delight knew no bounds, and, to show his gratitude for what he evidently considered my unwonted lenity, he brought some goats to our next camp as a gift. I only accepted one, and gave him a present in return, on which he knelt down and fairly covered himself with mud in token of thankfulness. I told him Englishmen did not punish indiscriminately for theft, and that even if I had caught the thief I should only have compelled him to return the stolen rifle, and have given him a sound flogging. He had never before heard of such merciful treatment, and said the inhabitants of villages fled on the approach of the caravan because the only strangers they had any previous knowledge of were those who came slave-hunting, and seized the slightest pretext to make war and destroy villages for the sake of obtaining slaves and plunder.

For another few days we marched along by the Lomâmi, and then my guides became doubtful about the road, and endeavored to work east. One day, after the road had been declared lost and found again three times in an hour, my patience was so tried that I decided to walk on in the direction I wanted to go, whether the guides were satisfied or not. For some time not a man followed me; still I went forward by myself, and then sat down and smoked a pipe, quietly waiting to see the turn events would take.

Soon four men came running after me without their loads, saying I was going the wrong way. I replied that the only right way was the road I wanted to travel, and that was in the direction I was then walking.

On hearing this, and seeing my determination, they left me, and I continued on my way. Bombay then followed, and endeavored to frighten me by declaring that every man would





CROSSING THE LUKAZI RIVER.

run away if I persisted in going by this road; but I only answered, "Where will they run, you old fool?"

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He tried by every means in his power to induce me to return, but I obstinately refused; and after a time the whole party followed me, and in the evening we arrived safely at a village on the banks of the Lukazi, a branch of the Lomâmi.

The guides now insisted that we were in a *cul-de-sac* formed by the winding of the river, and should have to retrace our steps; and on my sending them forward to discover whether the path did not lead to a bridge, they reported that it was only the way to a watering-place. This statement was so apparently false that I declined to put any faith in my "guides," and, after walking twenty minutes along the path, came upon a fishing-weir bridge. The day following we crossed this, and had not proceeded far before I perceived natives moving about among the long grass; but all attempts at inducing them to come near failed.

Very soon afterward, when I was in front, accompanied by two or three men, looking for the road, I was unpleasantly surprised by some arrows being shot at us through a narrow strip of jungle. One of them glanced off my shoulder, and, catching sight of the fellow who had shot at me lurking behind a tree, I dropped my rifle and started in chase. Fortune favored me, for my enemy tripped and fell, and before he could regain his feet I was down on him, and, after giving him as sound a thrashing as ever he had had in his life, smashed his bow and arrows. This finished, I pointed to some of his friends who were now in view, and considerably assisted him to join them by means of stern propulsion, the kick being a hearty one.

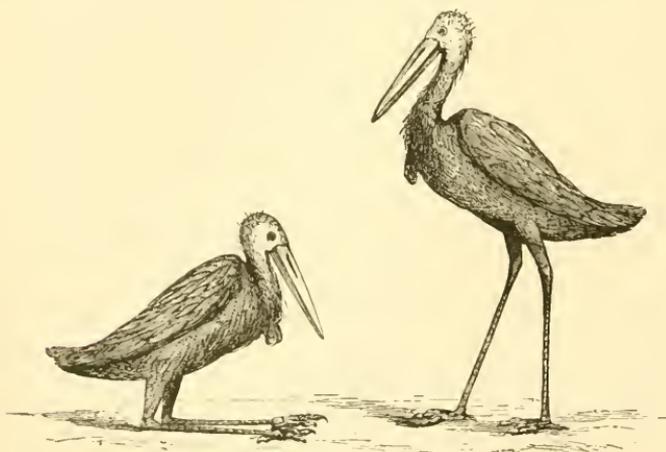
A large party of natives occupying the path in front seemed inclined to attack us; but I made signs and overtures of peace, and offered them a few strings of beads, and after some hesitation they came forward in a most friendly spirit, and escorted us to Kasenge, the village of their chief, before whom they performed a kind of war-dance on bringing me into his presence.

On inquiry, I learned that we were on an island formed by a bifurcation of the Lomâmi, having crossed the Lukazi—one of the two branches—which rejoined the Lomâmi a little farther down.

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The village of Kwarumba, a sub-chief of the great King of Urua, which had been named as one of our stations, was very near here, so, had I taken Mona Kasanga's advice respecting the route, I should certainly have been misled.

That intelligent being, not satisfied with having given trouble on the road, now commenced to assume airs of authority, and declined to march the following day, on account of himself and wife being fatigued and requiring rest. I objected to this, upon which he asserted that, being the son of a chief, he was accustomed to act as he pleased, and that, when traveling with Arabs, they always halted if he wished it. Being mainly dependent upon him for communication with the natives, I was obliged to submit to his demands; and when the next day came I was not sorry to be quiet, as I had a touch of fever.



AFRICAN ADJUTANTS AT KASENGE.

On the 27th of September we again moved, and, crossing the Lukazi by another fishing-weir bridge, made a long march to a large and populous village.

The people had never before seen a white man, and gathered round me in crowds, staring and indulging freely in remarks on my appearance, manner of eating, etc. While I was having my evening meal there must have been upward of five hundred standing round in a dense ring; and some of their observations were no doubt the reverse of complimentary; but being unable to understand them, I was not embarrassed by this free criticism.

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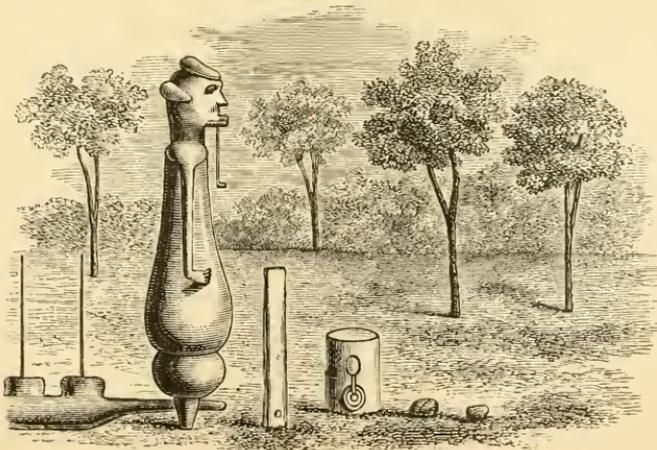
We passed through Kwarumba's own village the next day, and, as no strangers were allowed to sleep near the chief, camped in a wooded dell just beyond.

In the afternoon he called on me, and seemed to be a dirty, drunken old man without much sense. He could give me little or no information, but from some of his followers I heard that people who carried guns and umbrellas, and, though not white, were known as Wasungu, had been fighting near here two months previously, and had now returned to the town of the great chief of Urua, into which country we had now fairly entered.

On leaving Kwarumba's I found Mona Kasanga still unaccountably trying to work away to the eastward. So I took my own line again, and, camping in the jungle one night, arrived at a large village called Kamwawi. Here the people were dressed, tattooed, and wore their hair exactly like the Waguhha.

Although we were obliged to camp a short distance from the village, women and children selling food were in and out all day long. The men, too, came and talked to us, and one volunteered to show the road to the capital of Urua, which he said was only three or four days distant.

Every thing seemed *couleur de rose*, and I turned in happily, sincerely hoping to make a good march on the morrow on the direct road. But all these hopes were destined to be frustrated.



VILLAGE FORGE.

## CHAPTER XXII.

My Goat is stolen.—The Natives become Hostile.—We are fired upon.—Preparing for the Worst.—An Exchange of Shots.—Wounding an Important Personage.—A Parley.—Negotiations broken off.—Renewal of the Fighting.—Allowed to depart in Peace.—More Treachery.—At it again.—Storming a Village.—The Inhabitants bolt.—My Brave Army.—Fort Dinah.—Barricades.—Prisoners of War.—We capture an Angel of Peace.—She makes it.—Leaving Fort Dinah.—An Explanation of my Intentions.—The Cause of the Attack.—Convivial Mourning.—Painted Faces.—My Guide's Craftiness.—Dried up.—Green Water as Refreshment.—My Guide meets his Mother, and forsakes Me.—Reception of a Head-man.—Another Queer Guide.—He also bolts.—Salt-making.—A March in a Marsh.

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As we were preparing to start, I missed my goat, which usually slept at my feet, or was the first to pay her respects in the morning; and, on inquiring where she was, found that she had been seen between the village and the camp late in the evening.

I thereupon went to the village with two men and a guide to look for her; and so confident did I feel of the friendliness of the natives toward us, that we were unarmed. Some men whom we saw I told of my loss, and stated my willingness to pay a reward if she were brought back; but I could get no answer whatever from them.

It soon became evident that we were in for a row, for all the women had disappeared, and there were far more armed men about than the size of the village would account for.

Those with whom I had been trying to have some conversation bolted from us suddenly, and immediately others at a short distance commenced shooting their arrows at us. At that moment some of my men with rifles fortunately arrived, and Jumah, coming behind me, put my trusty twelve-bore rifle into my hand.

None of my people were hit in this preliminary skirmish, but I sent orders for the remainder to join me at once with

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the stores, so as to form one body; and no sooner had they quitted the camp than the natives set fire to it.

The greater number of my people I placed under shelter of huts, and posted others as pickets to prevent our being taken in rear or flank, and then, with the guides, went into the centre space of the village to declare our peaceable intentions, and to inquire the cause of our being attacked; but the only reply vouchsafed was a dropping fire of arrows. I was much astonished that none of us were hit, for at least half a dozen arrows fell within a yard of me in a couple of minutes.

Being unable to obtain any satisfactory answer, I returned to the caravan, and at that moment a body of about five hundred men, who had been posted in ambush on the road we were to have taken, joined the natives.

Encouraged by this re-enforcement and our pacific attitude, the natives closed in and commenced hurling spears at us; and as matters were now becoming rather serious, I reluctantly allowed a few shots to be fired.

One of these fortunately took effect in the leg of a native, who happened to be a person of consideration, and was standing in what he imagined was a position of safety. This circumstance made such an impression that a parley was proposed by the chief of the village, and I gladly acceded.

After some talk, the following agreement was entered into, namely: The goat should be found and returned; I should make a present to the chief of a piece of scarlet cloth; Bombay or Bilâl should make brothers with him; and we were to be furnished with guides and permitted to depart in peace.

I at once proceeded to carry out my part of the agreement, and, having fetched the cloth, was returning with it to the chief of Kamwawi, when another arrived with more armed men, and said to him, "Don't be such a fool as to make peace with these people for the sake of one piece of cloth. We are strong enough to eat them, and can easily get every bit of cloth and every bead belonging to them, and themselves we can kill or make slaves of. How many tens are they? You can count their tens on one hand; while our tens would take more hands to count than we could number afterward." The councils of

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the newly arrived chief unhappily prevailed; negotiations were broken off, and arrows again began to fly about.

I now determined to make some show of retaliation, so burned down one hut, threatening at the same moment that if not allowed to leave peaceably I would set fire to the entire place, and let them know what bullets really were. This decided action resulted in permission being given for our departure, but only by a road leading in an opposite direction to that we proposed going.

My guides said that a village under a separate chieftainship, where we should be hospitably received, was situated on the road we were ordered to follow; so I decided to go there to avoid any further argument or trouble with these treacherous people, and gave orders to march.

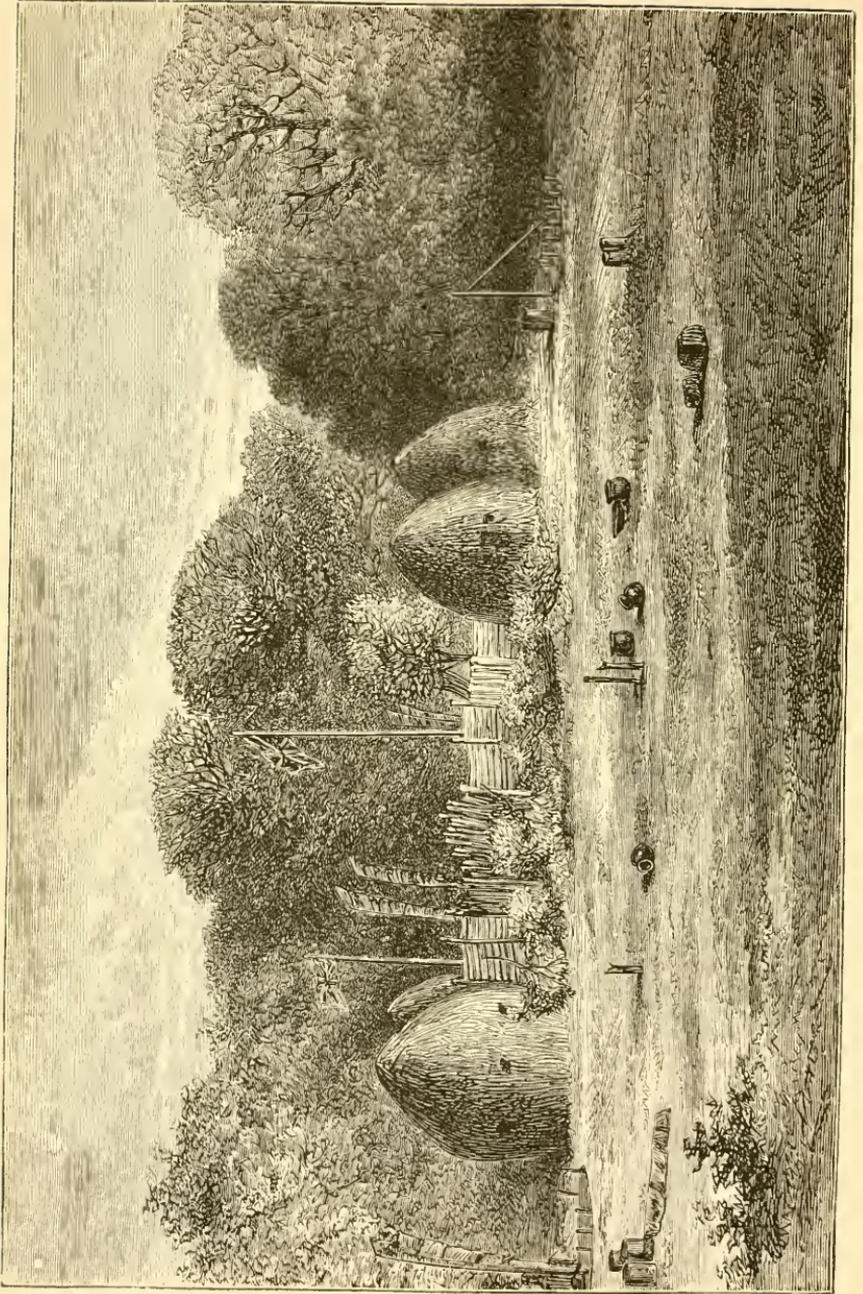
The road was through tangled grass, scrub, belts of thick jungle, and open plains; and as we marched along we were surrounded by crowds of yelling savages, who kept clear out of range of our guns in the open, but closed in and shot at us whenever there was cover.

The whit! whit! of the long arrows going through the trees created a very unpleasant sensation, but, notwithstanding the number flying about, none of us were wounded. I therefore would not allow a gun to be fired, being determined not to shed any blood unless driven to do so in self-defense.

About five o'clock the natives drew off; and at sunset we arrived at a strip of jungle with a stream running through it, and on the opposite bank was the village that we hoped would prove a haven of peace and rest.

With the guides I went to hail the village, and inquire whether we could be received. And here again our only answer was a volley of arrows. I then called upon my men to follow me, a summons to which Junah, Sambo, and one or two others responded; and, firing our guns, we dashed through the jungle, across the river, and entered the village at one side, while the natives disappeared at the other. The rest of my brave army, excepting four or five who remained with Bombay in charge of the stores, bolted; and for thus turning their backs on the enemy retributive justice furnished two of them with artificial tails looking remarkably like arrows.





FORT DINAIL.

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I knew that not a moment was to be lost in preparing for the return of the hostile natives, so ordered the loads to be brought into the village immediately. My runaways speedily followed, and now, Falstaff-like, began to boast of their great deeds, and of the still greater performances they intended in future. But it was no time for talking, and I set cowards as well as heroes to work in fortifying our position.

Four huts in the centre of the village forming an imperfect square I had loop-holed as block-houses, and between them built a barricade of doors and poles from the remaining huts, which were either torn down or burned to prevent their affording cover for our enemies. The barricade being formed, a trench was dug inside and roofed over, and, notwithstanding our being disturbed by several volleys of arrows, the morning saw us fairly protected.

It was plain that matters were serious, and that to get away from our present situation we should be obliged to return the fire of the natives.

During the next two days we were constantly shot at, and some half-dozen of my men were wounded while fetching water from the stream; but the natives grew afraid of our guns, as two or three had been killed and a few wounded, and did not come near the fort, which I had named Fort Dinah, in memory of my poor goat.

I next sent out reconnoitring parties, and they soon returned, after having destroyed some barricades erected by the natives across the paths, but which were not manned when my people found them.

On the third day, a party going farther afield captured two men and a woman, and brought them into camp. The woman proved to be a relation of Mona Kasanga, and we gladly dispatched her with one of the men to tell the natives that we wanted peace, not war, while we detained the other man as a hostage. She returned the following morning with a neighboring chief, who was also a relation of Mona Kasanga, and peace was soon concluded.

Fort Dinah was left on the 6th of October, and in villages which we passed many temporary huts built to accommodate the fighting-men who had assembled in order to share in plun-

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dering us were still remaining. These men had now returned to their homes, and the villages had resumed their normal state, and women and children ran along-side the caravan, chattering and laughing.

When we camped, the chief of the district brought me a large bundle of grass-cloth and some goats, as payment for having attacked us without provocation. I accepted one goat, and gave him some beads as a token of friendship, remarking that, unlike some other travelers, we were not looking for slaves and endeavoring to pick quarrels, but only desired to see the country, and be friendly with the people. But I took the opportunity of informing him that we should always defend ourselves if attacked, and, as they had already learned, we were quite strong enough to take care of ourselves.

I afterward found that Mona Kasanga, although acting as interpreter during this palaver, and hearing my remarks, tried to extract something from the chief on his own account. Fortunately I discovered his little game, or the chief would have come to the conclusion that the white man was given to talking about friendship and pretending to be generous, and yet allowed his men to take the offering in a roundabout manner.

The actual reason of our being attacked was, that a party from a Portuguese caravan had been within five miles of Kamwawi, destroying villages, murdering men, and carrying off women and children as slaves. The natives naturally connected me with the slave-hunters, more especially as I had made particular inquiries respecting them and whence they came; and no doubt they were supposed to be friends whom we wished to join in carrying on these barbarities.

We now marched through the districts of Munkullah and Mpanga Sanga, over a plain country with occasional valleys, through the Kilimachio range—a semicircular sweep of granite hills of every shape and form—and crossed several considerable streams, which flowed eastward to the Lualaba—not to that branch of the river seen by Dr. Livingstone quitting Lake Moero, but the one of which the sources were passed by the Pombeiros on their journey to Tété from Kassanci in the beginning of this century.

At the principal village of Mpanga Sanga I met a very intel-

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ligent fellow, who offered to conduct me in two or three days' journey to the principal place of Kasongo, the chief of all Warua. For some private reasons Mona Kasanga dissuaded him from fulfilling his promise, and assured me he was not speaking the truth, for in the direction pointed out by him the people were very troublesome, and taking that road would lead to more fighting.

We therefore continued our journey under Mona Kasanga's guidance, and arrived the next day at a village, the head-man of which — M'Nehkulla — was a friend of Mona Kasanga. Here we halted, and remained while these worthies and their friends got drunk in honor of some mutual acquaintance who had departed this life about three months previously.

The head-man visited me in a very maudlin state, and insisted on shaking hands with me times without number. From him I ascertained that the camp we were occupying had been built by the plundering party we had heard of near Kamwawi, and that Kasongo's capital was only three or four days distant.

When their convivial manner of mourning for their dead friend was completed, and Mona Kasanga was ready to march, he again refused to take the direct road, but led us in an east-south-east direction, and we camped by a village situated on the banks of the Luvijo, a large stream running to the Lualaba.

Near the source of this river is found a large quantity of cinabar, used by the natives for painting themselves. Their faces they color in the most ludicrous manner. A red dot on the tip of the nose is a favorite embellishment; and some, who also use a kind of pipe-clay as white paint, give their faces a very close resemblance to that of a circus-clown. Their ornaments are principally beads, worn in great numbers round the arms and legs, and in two ropes of several strands, disposed across the breast and back like cross-belts, and also a few copper and iron



A NATIVE OF MPANGA SANGA.

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bracelets and anklets. The fashion of dressing the hair was rather different from that outside Urna, but it was still worked elaborately, and decorated with iron ornaments.

Another march in the wrong direction, along the northern base of the Nyoka hills, had to be undergone the day following; and, all the water-holes being dry, we were compelled to continue our walk until late in the afternoon, suffering from the pangs of thirst. We had become so accustomed to constant streams of running water since leaving the Tanganyika, that we had failed to take the precaution of carrying a supply with us.

At last we reached Hanyoka, a village where the only obtainable water was of a dark-green color and as thick as pea-soup; but, notwithstanding its objectionable appearance and still more nauseous taste, we were glad to drink it, for

“The way was long, the day was hot,  
The pilgrims were a thirsty lot.”

The mystery of Mona Kasanga's behavior in dragging us eastward was now revealed. He had doubtless heard of his father having neglected to pay tribute to Kasongo, and that he, according to his custom on such occasions, had looted the village, and killed most of the inhabitants. Mona Kasanga's father and brothers were among those killed; but his mother, who had escaped, met her son at this village soon after we arrived.

Mona Kasanga refused to go any farther, and M'Nehkkulla, being a head-man of Mukalombo, said he must first visit that village, which was three or four miles from Hanyoka. On our arriving on its outskirts, the whole of the inhabitants turned out, and some hoisted M'Nehkkulla on their shoulders and chaired him round the place, yelling and shouting, while he looked very foolish and uncomfortable. This performance being ended, we were conducted to a camping-place destitute of all shade, near a pool of muddy water, and we gladly shifted to a more suitable spot the following day.

Mona Kasanga hurried off with his mother and wife, being anxious to put as great a distance as possible between himself and Kasongo.

The duty of guiding us to Kasongo's now devolved on M'Nehkkulla, who, in company with the chief of the village,

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made demands for increased payment. They stated that Mona Kasanga, as head-man, received the lion's share of that given by me at Tipo-tipo's, and as M'Nchkkulla had now succeeded to the position of principal guide, he should properly receive the same amount as his predecessor. It was further maintained, that as this new engagement was entered into at the village of his chief, that personage was entitled to a fee; besides which, M'Nchkkulla refused to proceed without half a dozen of his fellow-villagers, who also expected payment for their services.

Kongwé would willingly have taken upon himself to show the road, but feared his countrymen; for, being of lower rank than M'Nchkkulla, he would have been punished had he dared to supersede him.

No sooner were arrangements made to M'Nchkkulla's satisfaction, than he returned to the village, and made merry on pombé. The next day he also devoted to the worship of the African Bacchus; and he proved a very poor specimen of a guide when brought into camp on the third day, being so drunk at starting that two friends were obliged to help him along.

We reached the village of Munza on the 21st of October, passing on our way over the rocky Kilwala hills, and through plains, partly forest, with other portions more park-like, with open meadows and many streams. There were also small hills of gneiss and granite, much weather-worn, the effects of sun and rain having split large blocks into fragments, which lay more as though they had been piled together instead of being originally part of one shattered mass.

Charcoal-burners' fires were frequently seen, and some villages had foundries, the hematite ore being obtained by digging pits sometimes twenty and thirty feet deep.

At Munza we found a party belonging to Jumah Merikani, who had a large permanent camp at Kasongo's head-quarters, and they said that a Portuguese trader from the West Coast was also there. They had heard nothing of our approach, and were much astonished at seeing us.

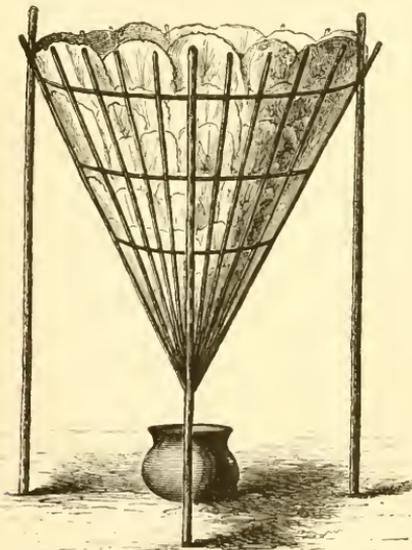
This meeting was fortunate, since M'Nchkkulla and his friends had taken the opportunity of bolting; but Jumah's people promised me a guide to his camp, for which I started, after remaining a day to obtain provisions, as Kasongo's place, Kwin-

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hata, was reported to be hungry. The guide was a Warua named Ngoöni, who had been lent to Jumah by Kasongo during his stay, and who had learned to talk Kisuahili very fairly.

We made two marches through fertile and open country, with many villages, lately destroyed by parties reported to belong to Kasongo and the Portuguese. The people had been carried off as slaves, the country laid waste, and banana-trees and oil-palms cut down.

Situated in the middle of an extensive plain, we saw a few huts occupied by people employed in the manufacture of salt. This plain, I was informed, was Kasongo's own especial property, and worked by his own slaves and retainers. There were many others in the surrounding country, which were the property of a chief who paid heavy tribute to Kasongo for the right of manufacturing salt. There is scarcely any vegetation in these plains, the soil, springs, oozes, and pools being all salt.



SALT-MAKING.

In one instance a small running stream is also salt, but it soon falls into a fresh-water river.

The manner in which salt is manufactured here differs somewhat from that already described. A frame shaped like an inverted cone, made of sticks joined together by hoops at short intervals, is fastened to four or five stout stakes planted in the ground. The inside of this cone being carefully lined with large leaves, and grass being put into the apex to act as a filter,

it is filled with the soil. Boiling water is then poured into it, and the salt, being dissolved, oozes through the grass, and drips out at the apex of the cone into a gourd or earthen pot. The water is then evaporated, and the salt, which is impure and

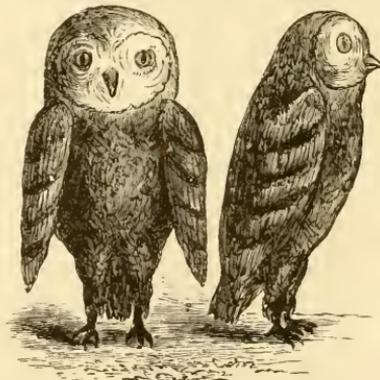
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dirty, and usually contains much saltpetre, is formed into small cones averaging three pounds in weight. This salt is carried long distances for purposes of trade, and is greedily sought after by tribes who have none in their country.

After a hot afternoon march through an extensive marsh, with water and mud waist-deep in the only practicable passage through the dense vegetation by which it was overgrown, we arrived on the banks of a small stream shaded by fine trees, and on the other side was Kilemba, Jumah Merikani's settlement.

We halted until a messenger had been sent to apprise Jumah Merikani of our arrival, according to Arab etiquette; and when he had returned, we crossed the stream. As I reached the other bank, my hand was warmly grasped and shaken by a fine portly Arab with a slight dash of the tar-brush, who gave me the benefit of the only two English words he knew—"Good morning." This was Jumah Merikani, who proved to be the kindest and most hospitable of the many friends I found among the Arab traders in Africa.

He conducted me to his large and substantially built house, situated in the midst of a village surrounded by large plantations of rice and corn, and did every thing in his power to make me feel thoroughly at home and comfortable.



BIRDS.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Jumah Merikani.—Coal.—A Portuguese Trader.—His Followers.—Kasongo's Chief Wife.—José Antonio Alvez.—His History.—Warned against Mata Yafa.—Lake Mohrya.—An Inquisitive Lady.—Peculiarity respecting Names.—Alvez's Habitation.—Consuming your own Smoke.—Taking Bilál down a Peg.—Well-fortified Villages.—View of Lake Mohrya.—Huts on Piles.—An Amphibious Race.—No Visitors allowed.—A Spiritualistic Medium.—Skulls of Old Enemies.—Urua.—Kasongo's Dominion.—Its Government.—The Social Seale among Warua.—Mutilation for Small Offenses.—Kasongo professes to be a God.—His Morals.—His Family Harem.—Unfaithful Wives.—Kasongo's Bedroom Furniture.—Rule as to Fires and Cooking.—Devil-huts and Idols.—The Great Idol Priests.—The Idol's Wife.—Dress and Tattoo Marks.

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JUMAH MERIKANI had been here nearly two years, trading chiefly in ivory, which was fairly plentiful and cheap. Being an intelligent man, and having traveled much since leaving Tanganyika, he and some of his men were able to give me a vast amount of geographical information, and the key to what Mona Kasanga and others had told me while traveling from Tipotipo's camp. He had been to the gold and copper mines at Katanga; to Msama's country, where he found coal, of which he gave me a small specimen; had taken the road between Lakes Moero and Tanganyika, crossing the Lukuga; and had formed a permanent camp at Kirua, on Lake Lanji—the lake Ulengé or Kamorondo of Livingstone—whence he had come to this place.

The Portuguese, who had been up here rather less than a year, and were principally engaged in the slave-trade, were acquainted with my arrival, and sent a messenger to say that the leader of the caravan would call upon me the following day.

A number of his people came over, and were a wild, rough-looking set of nearly naked savages, carrying old Portuguese flint-lock guns, with inordinately long barrels ornamented with an immense number of brass rings. They were very inquisitive, and wanted to see every thing I possessed, and expressed

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much delight on recognizing any object similar to what they had seen near the West Coast, such as cups, books, or any thing European. These they pointed out to the Warua, who had joined them in staring at me and my belongings, as being quite common in their country, and claimed superiority on that account.

Kasongo, accompanied by many people both from Jumah Merikani's and the Portuguese caravan, was absent, being engaged in traveling about his kingdom, collecting tribute and punishing such villages as did not pay. During his absence he was represented by his chief wife, who lived in a quadrangle of considerable size, containing a large hut for Kasongo, another for herself, and many smaller ones for members of the harem.

Jumah Merikani, when he heard of an Englishman being near, thought that he must be Livingstone, whom he had once met, having heard nothing of his death or of Stanley's journey to relieve him. He also met Speke and Burton at Ujiji, and they gave him some percussion-caps (Eley & Joyce's), which were still perfectly good; though the French caps he had received from Zanzibar within the last five years were entirely useless from the effects of climate.

Kendélé, as the Portuguese trader was called by the natives, though his true name was José Antonio Alvez, visited me the next day. He came in state, being carried in a hammock with an awning by two bearers, with belts covered with brass bells round their waists, and followed by men with flint-lock muskets and a boy carrying his gun—a worthless Birmingham double-barrel—and his stool.

I had almost taken it for granted, from the manner in which he came, and as I had hitherto only heard him spoken of as a msungu, that he was a white man who might possibly give me some information. Great was my disappointment, however, when an old and ugly negro turned out of the hammock. Certainly he was dressed in European fashion, and spoke Portuguese; but no further civilization could he boast of, notwithstanding his repeated asseverations that he was thoroughly civilized, and the same as an Englishman or any other white man. One point upon which he specially insisted was that he never

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lied, his word being as good as his bond; and, indeed, that he was altogether the most honest man on the face of the earth.

When we had exchanged greetings, and I had informed him of my name, nationality, and the object of my journey, I inquired into his history, and learned that Dondo, on the river Kwanza, in the province of Angola, was his native place. He left there more than twenty years ago, and had spent the greater portion of that period in traveling and trading in the interior, formerly as agent for white merchants, but latterly on his own account. He gave me to understand that his headquarters were at Kassanci, and he intended to start on his homeward journey on the return of his men, who were away with Kasongo, as his stores were nearly expended.

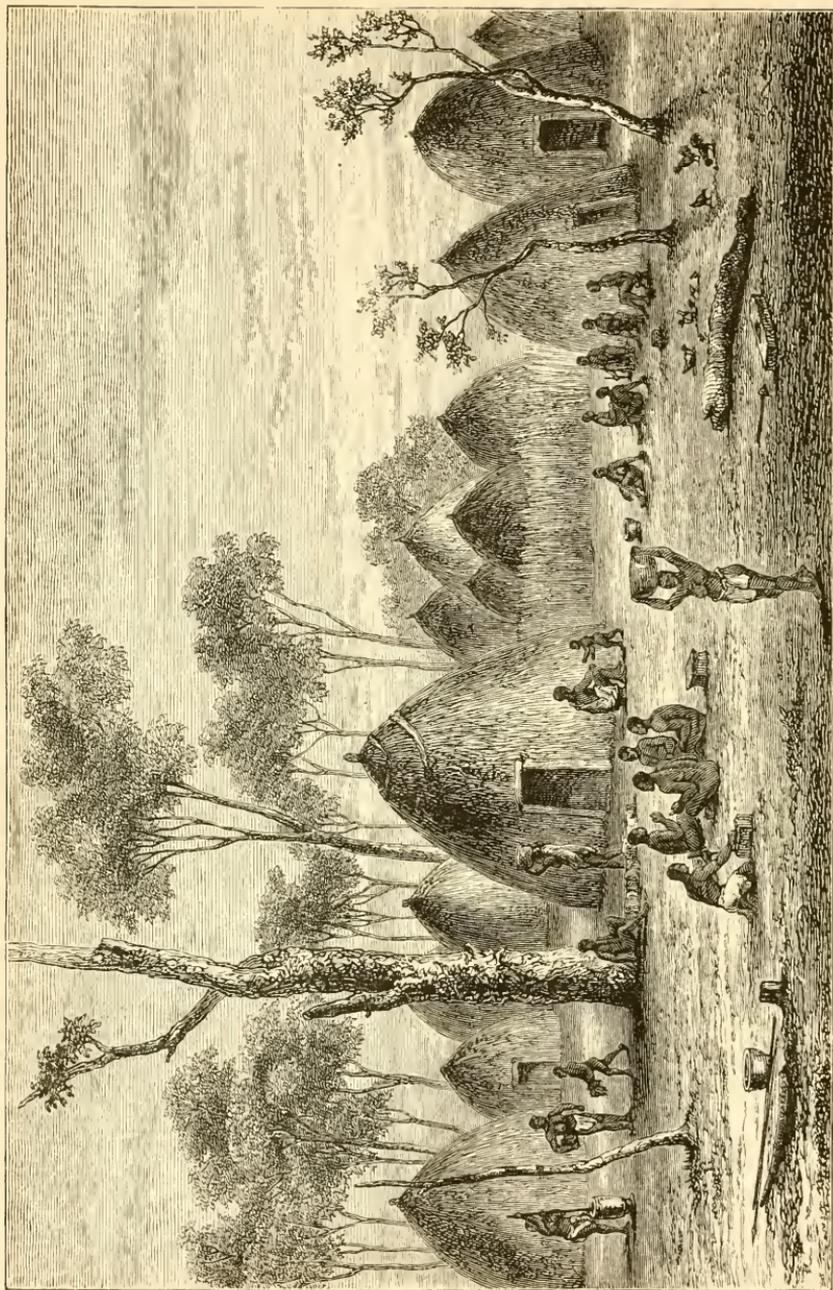
I asked whether he knew any thing of Lake Sankorra, but he had only heard of it, and informed me that people trading there followed a very dangerous route through Mata Yafa's country. Mata Yafa is the native pronunciation of the title of the chief generally called Muata Yanvo by writers on Central Africa.

I felt much inclined to attempt a visit to Mata Yafa's capital, respecting which some strange accounts have been written, but was told that, the rains having set in, the roads would be well-nigh impassable. Even if I reached the capital, I was warned that I should never return, as the last white man known to have visited his sable majesty was forcibly detained to instruct the people in the art of European warfare, and, after four years of dreary captivity, died there, having had no opportunity of escaping.

On inquiring whether a more direct route to the lake existed, I heard that men belonging to Jumah Merikani and Alvez had been within a few days of its shores, but, finding no ivory, they had turned back. The road they traversed was only practicable in the dry season, as it led across vast treeless plains intersected by many rivers, and in the rainy season they were converted into swamps.

Alvez offered to conduct me to Loanda or Benguela, for, in his opinion, my party was far too small to travel alone through the intervening countries in safety, and it was agreed that on arrival at the coast I could make him a present proportionate





SCENE IN ALVEZ'S BOMA.

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to the value of his services. As it was improbable, according to his statement, that he would move for at least a month, I decided to explore such portion of the neighborhood as might be possible in that time, going, in the first place, to Lake Mohrya to see its lake-dwellings.

Before starting on this cruise it behooved me to call on Fumé a Kenna, and to return the visit of Alvez, and on this errand I went the next day with Jumah Merikani and some of our men. We first proceeded to Kasongo's settlement, or mussumba, which was six hundred yards long by two hundred wide, and surrounded by a neat fence of sticks five feet high, lined with grass, and having only one door.

On entry, we found a large clear space, in the centre of which, about a hundred yards from the door-way, stood Kasongo's dwelling; and a little farther along were three small compounds inclosing huts, in which Fumé a Kenna and some other principal wives lived. On each side of the quadrangle ran a triple row of smaller huts, the residences of *αἱ πολλαὶ* of the harem.

When we were ushered into Fumé a Kenna's compound, her ladies in waiting entered her hut to announce our arrival, and spread a fine lion's skin on the ground for her to sit upon. She soon appeared, dressed in a smart tartan shawl, and, seating herself on the skin, at once began the conversation. She inquired whence I had come, where I was going, and put a variety of questions to me, and then became curious as to whether I was white all over.

With much laughter, she insisted on my boots and stockings being taken off in order that she might examine my feet, and, when satisfied with this inspection, looked at my gun and pistols, and had them explained to her. After some time I asked her name, being unaware that I was thereby transgressing the rules of etiquette. She replied, "Mké Kasongo," which may be translated, Mrs. Kasongo, as no Warua dare tell their own names. They are also extremely shy about giving those of any person who may be present, though they have not the slightest objection with respect to people who are absent. But, unlike some tribes in South America, they do not object to be accosted by name.

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I requested her to provide me with guides to different places in the neighborhood which I wished to visit, but she said I ought to remain until Kasongo returned, for, although she was vested with supreme power during his absence, yet he might be displeased if I went away before seeing him. Finally I overcame her scruples, and she promised to give me a guide to Mohrya.

I afterward called on Alvez, and found his camp a wretchedly dirty place. His own was the only hut more substantially built than those temporarily erected day by day when traveling. It had puddled walls and a high-thatched roof, being thus made more secure against fire than the ordinary grass hut. Inside it was dirty and close, the only light and air being admitted through the door; and, with a fire burning in the centre while the thermometer ranged from ninety to one hundred degrees in the shade, the temperature of this dwelling may be imagined.

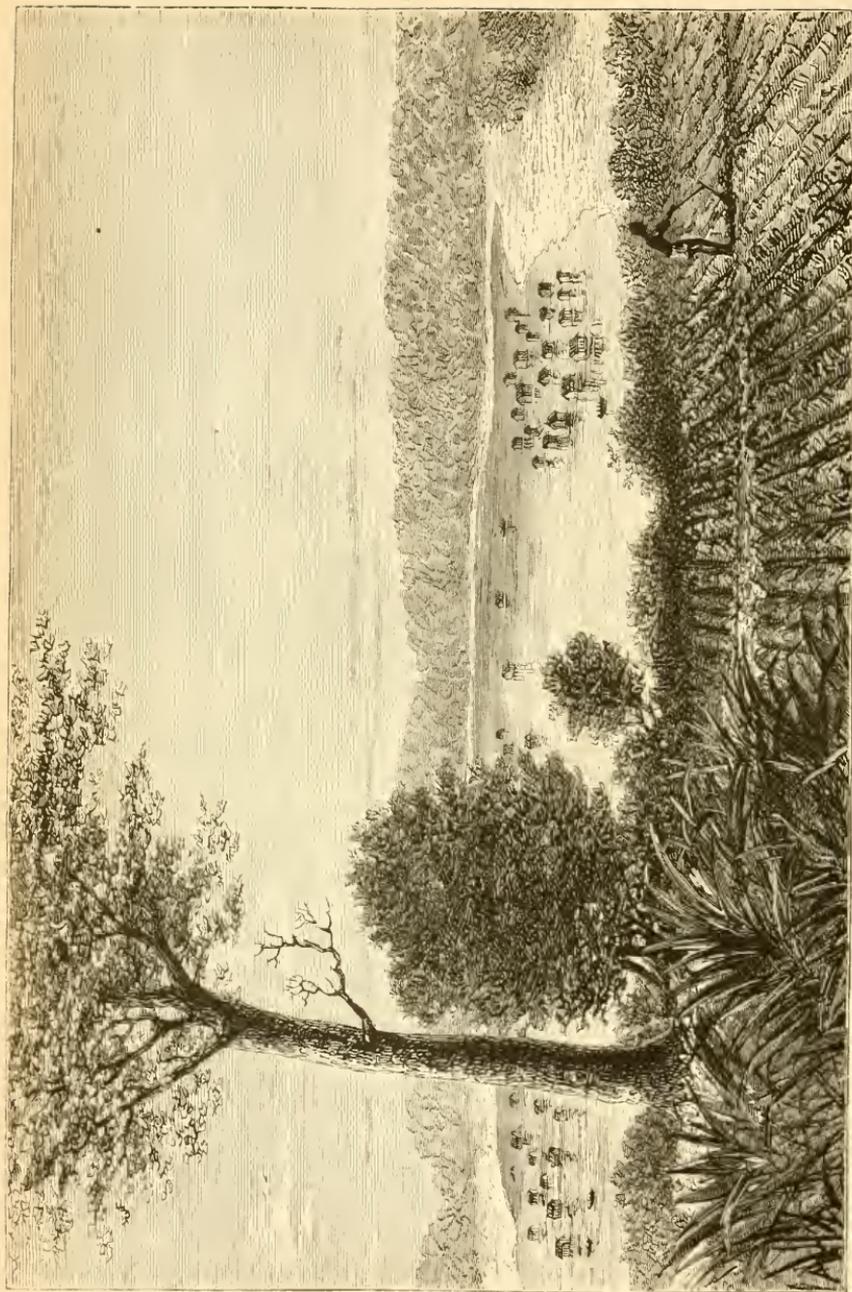
Alvez was profuse in his offers of assistance, and assured me he desired to get as quickly as possible to Kassanci, which would be a march of about two months, and thence Loanda might be reached in thirty days, or less if a passage in a Kwanza steamer were obtained.

On the 30th of October, I started with a small party for Lake Mohrya. The guide given me by Fumé a Kenna had one arm amputated at the elbow, and he was very careful to inform me that this operation had been performed on account of a wound from a poisoned arrow, and not as a punishment.

Although I required only eight or ten men altogether, I had much trouble in getting them. Bombay certainly assisted somewhat; but Bilâl was strutting about on a pair of high elog-like sandals, doing nothing, and, when spoken to, even laughed at me. So I had to take him down a peg by knocking him off his elogs and throwing them at his head.

Bombay asserted that the men wanted to break up the caravan and go no farther, and the trouble on this occasion was a tentative attempt at forcing me to abandon going to Mohrya. Had they succeeded, they would then have endeavored to prevent my making any other excursions while waiting for Alvez, and also to compel me to altogether give up the idea of traveling to the West Coast.





LAKE MOIRYA, OR REALMAH.

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We marched over hilly and well-wooded country, with several large villages situated in patches of dense jungle, and only approachable by narrow and tortuous paths closed by gate-ways constructed of a series of logs planted like inverted V's. These formed a tunnel so low that it was almost necessary to creep along on hands and knees to enter them, and in case of attack they could be barred by falling logs arranged at the inner end like a portentis, and no enemy could well hope to get inside. Yet these villages are frequently surprised by some neighboring people during the absence of the men; for although the whole of Urna and its dependencies are under the nominal rule of Kasongo, there are often internal dissensions and fights between villages and districts.

Lake Mohrya, situated in a small basin surrounded by low and woody hills, was sighted on the 1st of November, and in the lake were three villages built on piles, and also a few detached huts scattered over its surface.

My guide gave trouble here, having a notion that his belonging to the court entitled him to take whatever he pleased from the country people. I gave him beads to purchase food, so as to prevent his thieving while with me; but upon the appearance of a small party of men carrying large baskets of provisions, he at once commenced plundering them, and would not restore what he had stolen until I paid him for it. He declared it was the custom of the country for Kasongo and his immediate retainers to take whatever they required from the villagers, and he would not forego his rights when with me. After arranging this matter, I proceeded to a large village near the western end of the lake, and camped.

I asked the chief to supply me with canoes for the purpose of visiting the lake villages, and he promised to try to obtain some from the inhabitants, as neither he nor any of his people who lived on shore possessed canoes. He said there would probably be great difficulty, as the lake villagers were very chary of allowing strangers to visit their houses.

He was right in his conjecture, for no canoes were forthcoming the following day, and I had to content myself with taking a good survey through my field-glasses, and making a sketch.

The lake was small, the open surface of the water being an

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oval of two miles long by one wide, the longer axis lying east-north-east and west-south-west, and around the margin was a belt of floating vegetation. I could easily distinguish the huts, and noticed that they were built on platforms, raised about six feet above the surface of the water, supported on stout piles driven into the bed of the lake. Some were oblong, and others round, the former usually having a projecting roof over the door. Their roofs and walls appeared to be constructed in a manner precisely similar to that of the huts on shore. Underneath the platforms canoes were moored, and nets hung to dry.



HUT IN MOHRYA.

Men were swimming from hut to hut, notwithstanding reports I had heard of enormous snakes, whose bite was fatal, inhabiting the lake. The people live entirely in these huts, with their fowls and goats, and only come ashore to cultivate provision-grounds and bring goats to graze. Their canoes were simple "dug-outs," twenty or twenty-five feet in length, and their paddles were like large, circular, shallow spoons with long, straight handles.

No chance of obtaining canoes offering, we started the next morning on the return march to Kilemba, and, seeing some lake villagers working in a field, I attempted to talk with them, but

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they scampered off to their canoes near at hand, and paddled away. We followed them across a rotten piece of tingi-tingi to the very edge of the lake, where their canoes had been moored, slipping through holes in the treacherous vegetation more than once, owing to our not knowing the right path. But hailing the people, and holding up cloth and beads to entice them to come to us, was of no avail, and I had reluctantly to abandon all idea of making myself more intimately acquainted with their manners and habits.

Kilemba was again reached after two marches, the second being through pouring rain, which commenced ten minutes after we started, and did not cease for a moment until after we arrived.

The previous night we camped at what had formerly been the head-quarters of Bambarré, Kasongo's father. In the old inclosure devoted to his harem his chief wife still lived, and was not permitted to receive any visitors, except one of Kasongo's magicians, who consulted her on all important occasions. She was supposed to be a spiritualistic medium, holding communication with her deceased husband, and, consequently, inspired with prophetic powers. Fowls and goats roamed unmolested near her habitation, for he would indeed have been a bold man among the Warua who dared to touch any thing supposed to belong to her. The few people living near were slaves of her late husband, who nightly placed provisions for her use, and then retired.

On the road we passed a peculiar little hut, very well built and finished, and having sheets of grass-cloth hanging over the roof to hide its contents from prying eyes. I was determined to discover what this hut contained, as it was said to be a great "medicine;" so lifted the cloth and looked in, when a quantity of skulls, decorated with beads and ranged in circles, met my view. Afterward I heard that these skulls were those of brothers and chiefs of Bambarré, who, having rebelled against him, were conquered and killed.

Kasongo was still away when I returned, and no one knew his exact whereabouts; so I asked Fumé a Kenna for guides to Kassali, a large lake on the Lualaba, and also to Kowamba, the first of a chain of small lakes on the Kamorondo or true Luala-

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ba—that seen by Dr. Livingstone to the north of Moero being really called the Luvwa, although the Arabs and others from the East Coast commonly call both branches Lualaba.

Before proceeding farther, it will be well to give a description of the extent of Urua, and some of the customs of its inhabitants.

Urua proper commences just south of Tipo-tipo's camp, and extends to nine degrees south latitude. It is bounded on the west by the Lomâmi, and on the east by the tribes fringing the shores of the Tanganyika. In the centre of this country lies the territory of Ma Kazembé, who is tributary to Mata Yafa, the chief of Ulûnda.

Kasongo also claims dominion over some tribes on the Tanganyika, including the Waguhha, the northernmost of his subjects settled on that lake. Miriro and Msama, chiefs of Itawa are tributary to him, as also are the Kasongo at Tipo-tipo's camp and Russûna. Ussambi, lying to the west of the Lomâmi, is likewise part of the dominions of Kasongo; but many of the Wassambi pay tribute to Mata Yafa as well; for, being close to his dominions, they are subject to the raids of his people if they refuse to comply with his demands.

The vast territory claimed by Kasongo is divided into many districts, each (mis-) governed by a kilolo, or captain. Some of these are hereditary governors, and others are appointed by Kasongo for a term of four years. At the expiration of that time they may either be re-appointed or transferred to another district, if they have given satisfaction, or be relegated to private life; but if Kasongo is displeased with them, he orders them to be deprived of noses, ears, or hands.

The ranks of the Warua are well defined, and great deference is exacted by superiors from those below them in the social scale. An instance of this which came to my notice specially impressed itself on my memory. A person of some rank himself ventured to sit down when in conversation with me, forgetful that one of his superiors was standing by. Instantly he was called aside and lectured on the enormity of his offense, and I afterward heard that, had it not been for my presence, this would probably have cost him his ears.

The punishments inflicted by Kasongo, and those high in au-

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thority among his chiefs, are death and mutilation. A nose, finger, lip, half or the whole of an ear, are cut off for mere peccadilloes; while for serious offenses, hands, toes, ears, nose, and all are taken.

Kasongo, or the chief for the time being, arrogates to himself divine honors and power, and pretends to abstain from food for days without feeling its necessity; and, indeed, declares that as a god he is altogether above requiring food, and only eats, drinks, and smokes for the pleasure it affords him.

In addition to his chief wife, and the harem maintained in his private inclosure, he boasts that he exercises a right to any woman who may please his fancy when on his journeys about the country; and if any become *encéinte*, he gives them a monkey-skin for the child to wear, if a male, as this confers a right to live by taking provisions, cloth, etc., from any one not of royal blood.

Into the inclosure of his harem no male but himself is allowed between sunset and sunrise on pain of death or mutilation; and even if one of the harem should give birth to a male child during the night, the mother and infant are bundled out immediately.

His principal wife and the four or five ranking next to her are all of royal blood, being either his sisters or first cousins; and among his harem are to be found his step-mothers, aunts, sisters, nieces, cousins, and, still more horrible, his own children.

As might be expected from such an example, morals are very lax throughout the country, and wives are not thought badly of for being unfaithful, the worst they may expect being severe chastisement from the injured husband. But he never uses excessive violence, for fear of injuring a valuable piece of household furniture.

When Kasongo sleeps at home, his bedroom furniture consists of members of his harem. Some, on hands and knees, form a couch with their backs; and others, lying flat on the ground, provide a soft carpet.

It is the rule for all Warua to light their fires themselves, and cook their own food, Kasongo being the only one exempt from its observance; but should either of the men appointed to

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do this service for him by any chance be absent, he then performs these duties for himself.

No Warua allow others to witness their eating or drinking, being doubly particular with regard to members of the opposite sex; and on pombé being offered, I have frequently seen them request that a cloth might be held up to hide them while drinking.

Their religion is principally a mixture of fetichism and idolatry. All villages have devil-huts and idols, before which offerings of pombé, grain, and meat are placed, and nearly every man wears a small figure round his neck or arm. Many magicians also move about with idols which they pretend to consult for the benefit of their clients; and some, being clever ventriloquists, manage to drive a flourishing business.

But the great centre of their religion is an idol named Kungwé a Banza, which is supposed to represent the founder of Kasongo's family, and to be all-powerful for good and evil. This idol is kept in a hut situated in a clearing amidst dense jungle, and always has a sister of the reigning chief as a wife, who is known by the title of Mwali a Panga.

Round the jungle live a number of priests, who guard the sacred grove from profane intruders, and receive offerings for the idol, and also a large portion of the tribute paid to Kasongo. But, although they hold this official position, and are thus intimately connected with all the rites and ceremonies pertaining to the deity, they are not permitted to set eyes upon the idol itself, that privilege being reserved for its wife and the reigning sovereign, who consults it on momentous occasions, and makes offerings to it upon his accession, and after gaining any great victory over his adversaries.

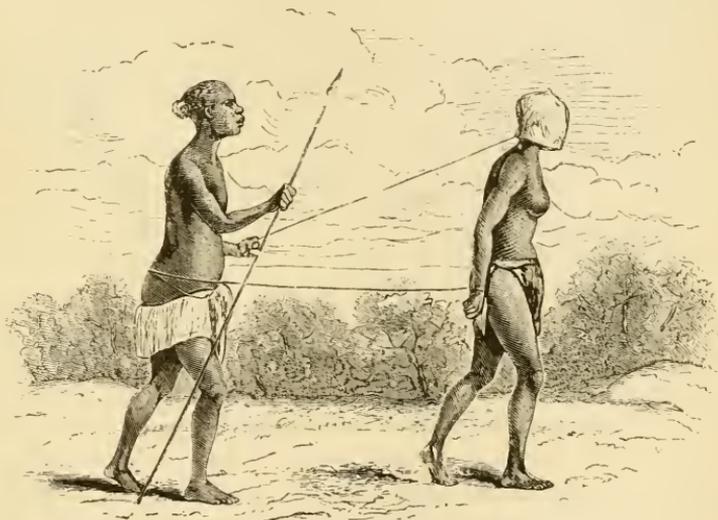
Notwithstanding my efforts, I could not discover the exact position of this idol's habitation, but am perfectly convinced of its existence, as all the accounts I received were precisely similar on all material points. As a means of testing its truthfulness, more than once I tried the experiment of saying "Kungwé a Banza" close behind a man, when he would jump as if he were shot, and look round with every outward sign of terror, as though afraid that the dreaded deity were close at his heels ready to carry him off. From the nature of the natives, it was

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an impossibility for them to turn pale, or for their wool to stand on end with fright; but they made the attempt; and there can be no doubt that they hold this great idol in such awe that they dare not breathe the name of Kungwé a Banza without fear and trembling.

The people dress like the Waguhha, and tattoo themselves in the same fashion, but wear their hair differently, the majority drawing it back from the face and tying and binding it together behind, so that it projects in a most curious fashion, reminding one much of a saucepan handle.

The men wear plumes, frequently made from the red tail-feathers of the gray parrot, varying in size and shape according to rank. They also have aprons made of a single skin, and it is worthy of remark that each clan or family has a distinguishing skin, which it is customary to wear in the presence of the chief.



WARUA SLAVE-DRIVER AND SLAVE.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

A Fair Deceiver.—Marriage Ceremony.—The Youthful but Unblushing Bride.—A Mountain Gap.—Grand Thunder-storm.—Lake Kassali.—Not allowed to visit It.—Return of a Chief.—Medicine-men.—Their Dress.—Ventriloquism.—They impose upon the Public.—Am Suspected of possessing Power to dry up the Lake.—Narrow Escape of my Messengers.—Manufacture of Floating Islands.—Jumah Merikani's Kindness.—Strange Tales.—Lion-tamers.—Deadly Shade.—Sculpture.—Cave-dwellings.—Poisonous Water.—A Tribe of Lepers.—My Occupations.—Kasongo's Wives.—Their Shocking Behavior.—A Performer of Tricks.—Kasongo returns.—An Afternoon Call.—His Appearance.—His Band plays me Home.—Their Excruciating Performance.—They will not "move on."—My Anxiety to do so.

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As there appeared no prospect of Kasongo's return, and no intelligence of his whereabouts could be procured, I anxiously asked his wife from day to day for guides to the lake of which I had heard.

She continually made fair promises, but never kept her word; and at last, tired of the delay and disappointment, I induced Jumah Merikani to provide me with men who knew the road, and started on the 14th of November for Lake Kassali.

Marching across the salt plain a little south of the route by which we had previously traversed it, we arrived the next day at Kibaiyéli, a village of fair proportions, having in it numerous oil-palms, and intersected by a stream of clear water.

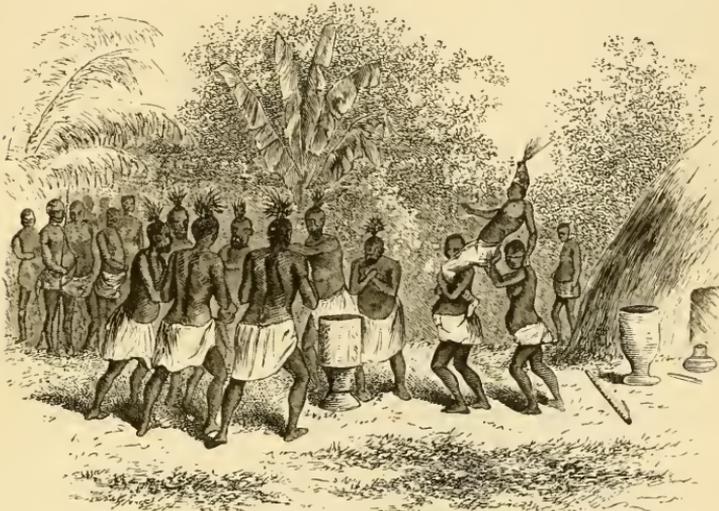
Unfortunately for my repose and comfort, the ceremonies attendant on a native wedding were at their height when I arrived. As the bride was a niece of the chief, and the bridegroom a head-man, it was an unusually grand affair, and the shouts and yells with which it was celebrated continued both day and night, and rendered sleep impossible.

A dozen men were constantly engaged in wheeling around and about two others playing drums. The dancers were provided with rude pan-pipes producing most discordant sounds, and an admiring crowd assisted with yells and clapping of

hands. And this was continued without cessation, for no sooner was one man tired than another took his place.

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On the afternoon of the second day the bridegroom made his appearance, and executed a *pas seul* which lasted about half an hour; and, on its termination, the bride—a girl of nine or ten years of age, and dressed in all the finery the village could produce—was brought on the shoulders of one woman and supported by another, to the place where the dancers were assembled.



WEDDING-DANCE.

A circle was now formed, and the women carrying the bride took up their position in the centre, and jumped her up and down most vigorously, while she allowed her body and arms to sway about uncontrolled.

The bridegroom gave her fragments of tobacco-leaves and small quantities of beads, which she, keeping her eyes shut, scattered indiscriminately among the dancers, who scrambled eagerly for them, as they were supposed to bring good luck to those who obtained them. After this ceremonial was concluded, the bride was set down, and danced with the bridegroom, going through most obscene gestures for about ten minutes, when he picked her up, and, tucking her under his arm, walked her off to his hut.

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The dancing, yelling, and drumming were still continued, and, indeed, had not ceased when we left on the following day. The woman who carried the bride must have worked very hard, for I noticed that the skin was actually rubbed off her back and shoulders.

Leaving here, we crossed a plain with a fair amount of cultivation, and the river Chankoji, a considerable stream flowing south to the Lovoi, and came upon some rocky hills covered with trees and creepers.

Through this range we passed by a gap about four hundred yards wide, its precipitous sides composed of enormous masses of gneiss looking like giant walls. In the numerous cracks and crevices creepers and shrubs had taken root, and clothed the massive rocks with a net-work of verdure. On the other side was some broken country, and then a steep range which joins the Kilwala hills.

We camped at Mwélm, where the few surviving inhabitants of some destroyed villages were beginning to clear the ground and build temporary huts.

Soon after our arrival, a thunder-storm, accompanied by violent squalls and torrents of rain, presented a grand sight. Although midday, there was little light except that afforded by the vivid and almost continuous streams of electric fire, blue and red, and often forked into three or four branches. Some flashes lasted an appreciable time, being wide, and having an appearance of rippling like a running stream. The thunder crashed and roared without intermission, and the trees bent to the blast, which threatened every moment to uproot them, while the rain was driven before the wind in sheets of water. When this war of the elements had lasted two hours, it suddenly ceased, the clouds cleared, and the western sun shone brightly on the dripping trees and grass, making them glisten as though studded with brilliants.

Our next halt was at Kisima, a partially deserted village, and here a violent paroxysm of fever attacked me without warning, but happily departed almost as suddenly as it had come, thanks to liberal doses of Epsom salts and quinine. It so reduced my strength, however, that it was with much difficulty I dragged on for a short march the following day—the thermometer at one

hundred degrees in the shade—and reached a new settlement formed by the chief and the larger portion of the inhabitants of Kisima.

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Turning sharp to the southward on leaving this, and camping one day in the jungle, and another in Yasuki, we arrived on the 22d of November at Kowédi, on the banks of the Lovoi, having crossed several affluents of that river, and passed over some hills of granite with particles of mica sparkling in the sun like diamonds.



CHIEF OF KOWÉDI.

From some rising ground close to this village I could discern Lake Kassali—often spoken of as Kikonja, from the name of its chief—lying east-south-east about twenty miles distant. Another portion of the lake was within eight miles, but was separated from Kowédi by the Lovoi and a range of hills.

I very much desired to visit the lake the following day; but these sanguine anticipations were frustrated, and I was fated not to stand upon its shores, or see the floating islands inhabited by its people.

The chief of Kowédi was with Kasongo, who was reported to be encamped on a large hill some sixteen miles west-south-

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west, having gone there to endeavor to capture his brother Daiyi, who had taken refuge with Kikonja after an unsuccessful attempt on the throne.

Of several of Kasongo's brothers who laid claim to the kingdom on the death of their father, Daiyi alone continued in open opposition. Some had been conquered and put to death, and two had been received into favor on tendering their submission to Kasongo.

In the absence of her husband, the chief's wife at Kowédi declared she had no power to permit me to pass, and therefore I could proceed no farther. I instantly sent both to Kasongo and Fumé a Kenna, requesting them to give permission for me to cross the Lovoi and proceed to the lake, assuring them that I would give no assistance to Daiyi.

Nothing now remained but to wait patiently for the return of my messengers, and in a few days they brought me the unsatisfactory intelligence that Kasongo had broken up his camp, and was moving to Kwinhata, his own settlement. I then dispatched other messengers, urging Jumah Merikani to press Kasongo to provide me with men for the journey to Kassali.

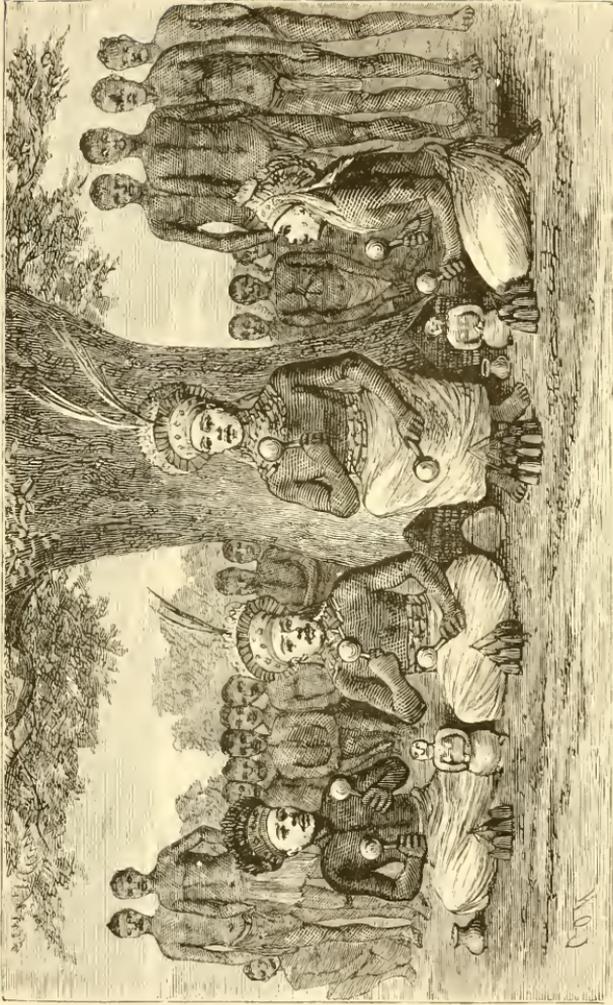
Kwinhata, in Urna, signifies the residence of the chief, and is the term always applied to his principal dwelling; but any place at which he or his head wife may chance to stay, though but for a single night, becomes *de facto* Kwinhata during that time.

On observing much excitement among the people, many smearing themselves with mud and ashes, and rushing along the road leading in the direction of Kasongo's camp, I inquired the cause, and found that the chief of the village was coming, and shortly afterward he appeared, heralded by shouts and yells from all the villagers.

I used my utmost endeavors to persuade him to grant permission for me to cross the Lovoi and proceed to the lake; but he replied that Kasongo had given him strict orders not to allow any person to go there on account of Daiyi's presence. If he disobeyed, his village would be destroyed, and all the people killed. It was, therefore, evident that there was no chance of assistance in this quarter.

My attention was attracted one morning by a tinkling, simi-





WARUA WAGANGA.

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lar to that of a number of cracked sheep-bells, and, looking out, I saw a mganga, or medicine-man, ambling round the village, followed by his train. He was dressed in a large kilt of grass-cloth, and suspended round his neck was a huge necklace composed of pieces of gourd, skulls of birds, and imitations of them roughly carved in wood. His head-dress was a broad band of party-colored beads surmounted by a large plume of feathers; and his face, arms, and legs were whitened with pipe-clay. On his back he carried a large bunch of rough, conical iron bells, which jingled as he paraded the village with jiggling and prancing steps. He was followed by a woman carrying his idol in a large gourd, another with a mat for him to sit upon, and two small boys who bore his miscellaneous properties. When he appeared, all the women turned out of their dwellings, and many collected around the village devil-hut, and appeared to go through some devotions, bending down, clapping their hands, and making curious inarticulate moanings.

Other Waganga soon followed, until five, similarly dressed and attended, were assembled together. They then performed a general walk-round, and, selecting an open space in the village, seated themselves in a row, spread their mats, and brought out their idols and other instruments of imposture.

The principal mganga, observing me sitting on my chair as a spectator, evidently thought that his dignity was compromised, and resolved that he also would have a high seat of honor; so, sending for a mortar used for pounding corn, he placed it on the ground upside down, and seated himself thereon. But it proved very rickety, and after two or three tumbles he preferred safety to dignity, and again squatted on the ground.

The consultation was opened by the chief's wife, who gave them half a dozen fowls as an offering. She soon went away quite happy, the chief mganga having honored her by spitting in her face, and giving her a ball of beastliness as a charm. This she hastened to place in safety in her hut.

The Waganga were now open to hear and answer questions put by the public, some of which were quickly disposed of, while others evidently raised knotty points, resulting in much gesticulation and oratory.

When the Waganga pretended they could not find an an-

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swer, the idols were consulted, and one of the fetich-men, who was a clever ventriloquist, made the necessary reply, the poor dupes believing it to be spoken by the idol.

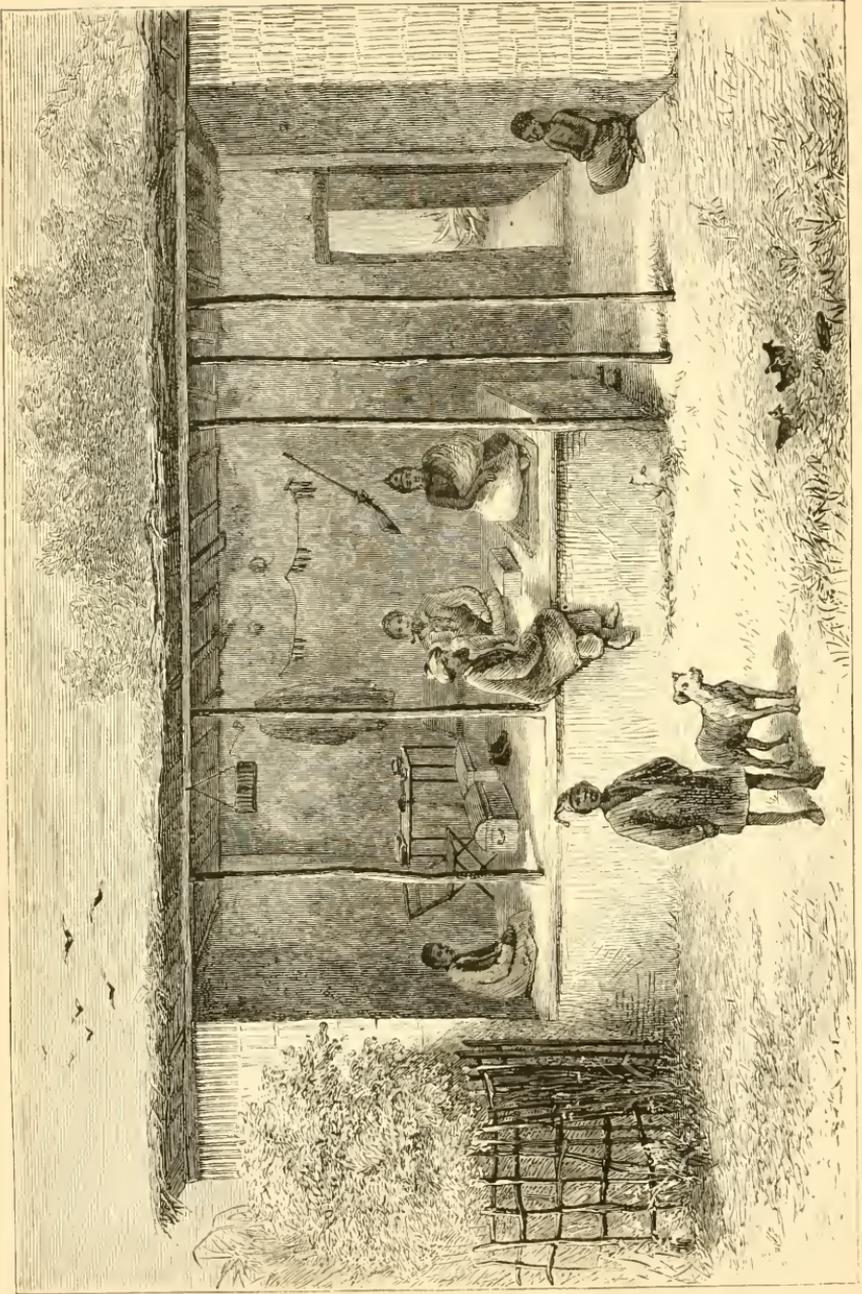
I noticed that large fees usually insured favorable replies, and the result of their day's divining must have been highly satisfactory to the Waganga. Two of them were so pleased that they came again the next day; but business was slack, for the people evidently could not afford to indulge any further in the luxury of having their fortunes told.

Day after day I remained here, waiting for messengers from Kasongo or Fumé a Kenna; but as none returned, I sent a few men to the lake, the chief consenting to this, though not allowing me to go. Directly after they started, a message arrived from Kikonja, to the effect that he was very anxious to see me; but almost immediately other messengers arrived with the intelligence that Kikonja could not receive me, his diviners having warned him that if I looked upon the lake its waters would dry up. On this I pointed to the lake, telling them I had already seen it, without producing any evil effect on its waters. But I was assured that if I approached close to its shores, either the lake would become dry or the fish would die, thereby depriving Kikonja and his people of a large portion of their food and much of their wealth, as the fish, which are very plentiful, are dried and sold to people living at a distance from the lake.

Rumors reached me that the men whom I had sent to Kikonja had been detained by him and Daiyi; but my fears for their safety were shortly relieved by their arrival. They told me, however, that they had been warned by a woman that Daiyi intended to kill them, and they had escaped this fate by taking a canoe at night when the people were asleep, and making their way from the floating island on which Daiyi and Kikonja were then living to the main-land, and thence by unfrequented paths back to Kowédi.

They had seen Kikonja only for a few moments on their arrival, for during their stay he remained in his hut in a drunken condition. Daiyi, with whom they had more intercourse, was a tall, fine-looking man, elaborately dressed in beads and colored cloths, and seemed to have complete control over Kikonja's people.





JUMAH MERIKANT'S TEMBE.

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The floating islands on which the people live are formed of large pieces of tingi-tingi cut from the masses with which the shores are lined. On these, logs and brush-wood are laid and covered with earth. Huts are then built, and bananas planted, and goats and poultry are reared upon the islands. They were usually moored to stakes planted in the bed of the lake; but when their inhabitants desire to shift their position, these are pulled up, and the islands warped along by lines laid out to other stakes.

The tingi-tingi between the shore and the islands which lay along its edge is invariably intersected by small channels, so as to be perfectly impassable on foot, and only accessible by canoes. The main plantations were necessarily on shore; and while the women were engaged in cultivating them, the greater portion of the men were stationed as pickets to give notice of the approach of any enemies.

During my stay at Kowédi I suffered severely from dysentery, but doctored myself successfully, notwithstanding one or two relapses caused by Sambo's predilection for cooking with castor-oil; and when my men returned I was thoroughly tired of the place.

There was still no prospect whatever of guides coming either from Kasongo or Fumé a Kenna, so I determined to start for Jumah Merikani's on the 11th of December.

At Kibaiyéli, on the return march, there were a number of Warua, who stated that they belonged to Kasongo, who was then at Munza, having again left Kwinhata; and, when within ten minutes' walk of Jumah Merikani's house, I was met by the messengers I had sent to Fumé a Kenna. They were accompanied by a guide whom she had that morning ordered to go with them; but this was only an apparent civility on her part, for when I wanted to avail myself of his services on the following morning, he was not forthcoming. I then heard that Kasongo had given directions that if I returned during his absence I was not to be allowed to leave, and he was to be informed immediately of my arrival.

Jumah Merikani, with the greatest consideration, was sending me rice and tobacco by these men, knowing that the former was not attainable except from his plantations, and the latter

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grown from Ujiji seed, which has the well-deserved reputation of being the best in Africa.

Immediately on arrival, I visited Alvez to ascertain our chances of making a move. He informed me all was ready, ivory packed and slaves collected, and that he was most anxious to start, his stores being exhausted; therefore, directly Kasongo returned, and our adieux were made, which might require two or three days, we should take the road. He assured me further that sixty days after starting we should reach Bihé—to which place, instead of Kassanci, I now found he was going—and a fortnight or three weeks from that place would take me either to Benguela or Loanda.

But I was again destined to experience grievous disappointment. Kasongo did not return until the end of January, 1875; and even then delays innumerable occurred, chiefly owing to the unparalleled falsehoods and cowardliness of Alvez.

During the many tedious hours which elapsed before Kasongo arrived, I frequently questioned Jumah Merikani and his men about their various travels; and among his six hundred pagazi, besides slaves, there were very many representatives of different tribes, some being from the shores of Lake Sankorra. I was therefore able to gather a fair idea of the positions of the various lakes and rivers of Central Africa, and their relations to each other. From them I also heard many curious stories, which, although they may seem to be “traveler’s tales,” were vouched for by independent witnesses, and, I am convinced, thoroughly believed in by those who recounted them.

Among these narratives the palm may perhaps be given to one related by a native of Ukaranga. He asserted that in the village next to that in which he lived the people were on most friendly terms with the lions, which used to walk in and about the village without attempting to injure any one. On great occasions they were treated to honey, goats, sheep, and ugali, and sometimes at these afternoon drums as many as two hundred lions assembled. Each lion was known to the people by name, and to these they responded when called; and when one died, the inhabitants of the village mourned for him as for one of themselves.

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This village was reported to be situated on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, not very distant from Jumah Merikani's house; and he also told me that this friendship between the natives and lions was commonly spoken of, but he had never been present at one of the gatherings. The Mkaranga, however, asserted that he had often witnessed this friendly intercourse between man and beast, and brought several of his tribesmen to testify to the truth of his statement. Certainly, if this be true, our most famous lion-tamers have yet something to learn from the natives of Africa.

Another story had a curious resemblance to that of the upas-tree. At a certain place in Urguru, a division of Unyamwezi, are three large trees with dark-green foliage, the leaves being broad and smooth. A traveling party of Warori, on seeing them, thought how excellent a shelter they would afford, and camped under them; but the next morning all were dead, and to this day their skeletons and the ivory they were carrying are said to remain there to attest their sad fate.

Jumah assured me he had seen these trees, and that no birds ever roosted on their branches, neither does any grass grow under their deadly shade; and some men who were with him when he passed them corroborated his statement in every particular. He also told me that in the vicinity of Mfuto, a town near Taborah, figures of a man seated on a stool, with his drum, dog, and goat, were carved in the solid rock; and Arabs had informed him that in the Uvinza, to the east of Tanganyika, there was a large well with carved and perfect arches. This work was ascribed by the natives to a former race of Wasungu, but the Arabs supposed it to have been executed by Suliman ibn Daood and the genii. For the absolute truth of these stories I, of course, do not vouch, but simply relate them as I received them.

The following account of under-ground dwellings at Mkanna by the banks of the Lufira I obtained from Jumah. He had not actually entered them himself, being afraid of the devil reported to haunt the caves; but an Arab who accompanied him was more bold. He reported them to be lofty and dry, with small rivulets flowing through them, and some were actually under the bed of a river in a place where there was a cataract.

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The inhabitants built huts, and kept their goats and other stock inside these caves.

Numerous openings afforded outlet for the smoke from their fires, and there were several passages communicating with the interior; and upon being attacked, the inhabitants frequently sent out parties by different points of egress, to surprise and assail their enemies in rear, and place them between two fires.

There are also under-ground dwellings at Mkwamba, a short distance farther up the Lufira; but the principal caves are at Mkaana.

During one of his cruises on the Tanganyika, Junah passed a high rocky island named Ngomanza, situated north of the islands of Kasenge and separated from the main-land by a very narrow channel, into which falls the river Ngomanza, and to drink its waters for a week or ten days is supposed to be sufficient to produce leprosy. The inhabitants are certainly leprous, the greater number having lost a hand or foot, while nearly all are deprived of the sight of one eye, and many of both, it being quite a rarity to meet a person not suffering from blindness in some degree. None of the neighboring tribes intermarry with these people; and when obliged by business to travel through their dreaded country, they hurry along as fast as possible. The unfortunate lepers are actually forbidden to emigrate. It may possibly be a contagious leprosy with which they are afflicted, and that the contagion requires some little time to affect a healthy person.

Besides listening to these accounts of travel, I employed myself in completing my maps and journals, making a pair of slippers, and re-binding my map port-folio. I also constructed a new double-fly tent of grass-cloth, rendered water-proof by being soaked in palm-oil, my old one being completely worn out; and manufactured a new pair of colors for the march to the coast, those used hitherto being so tattered and stained as to be well-nigh indistinguishable.

Another important piece of work was darning my stockings; and as all my darning-needles had been stolen on account of their having such conveniently large eyes, I was obliged to use a sail-needle, which rendered the process even more tedious than usual.

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Occasionally we enlivened the evenings by shooting at the innumerable fly-catchers and goat-suckers which came swooping round after a hot day, and the uncertainty and swiftness of their flight afforded very good practice.

I also paid constant visits to Fumé a Kenna, urging her to dispatch messengers to Kasongo to hasten his return; and to Alvez, begging him to be perfectly ready to start immediately Kasongo came.

Parties of Kasongo's wives frequently came to see us; and as they had usually been imbibing freely, their manners and conversation were the reverse of moral and instructive. Sometimes they would dance, and their looseness of gesture and extraordinary throwing-about of their limbs certainly exceeded any thing I had ever seen.

One of Junah's slaves amused us sometimes by exhibiting extraordinary tricks. His particular performance was with a piece of heavy, hard wood, shaped like an hour-glass, and two sticks each a foot in length. Taking a stick in each hand, he would make the wood rotate rapidly, and run backward and forward in the most extraordinary manner between the sticks, on a piece of string attached to their ends; then, by a peculiar jerk, he would send the wood flying up into the air, higher than a cricket-ball could be thrown, and, catching it on the string, would again set it rolling.

Notwithstanding my occupations, the Christmas of 1874 and New-year's-day of 1875 passed drearily indeed, and right glad was I when I heard, in the middle of January, that Kasongo was really returning in answer to my numerous messages; and on the 21st of January he actually arrived, heralded by much drumming and shouting.

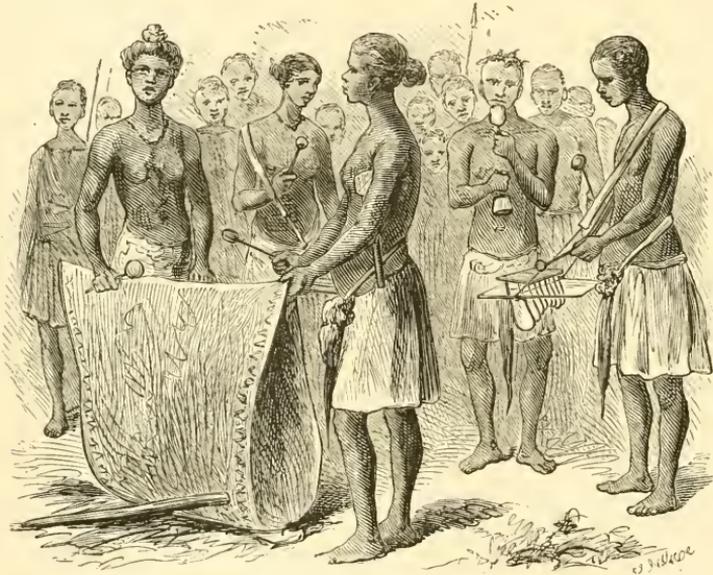
In the afternoon I went with Jumah Merikani to call on him, and, on entering the inclosure appropriated to his harem, looked in vain for any one having the appearance of so great a chief as Kasongo was reported to be. But when the assembled crowd opened to allow me to pass, I saw in front of the principal hut a young man, taller by nearly a head than any standing near.

This was the famous Kasongo; and behind him were some women carrying his shields, while he held a spear in one hand.

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Every care was taken that no uninvited person or objectionable intruder should find it possible to be present unobserved. The entrance to the mussumba, or inclosure, was now carefully guarded by sentries; and a porter, clad in a huge leopard-skin apron, with an enormous crooked stick in his hand, examined every comer with the closest scrutiny before admitting him to the royal presence.

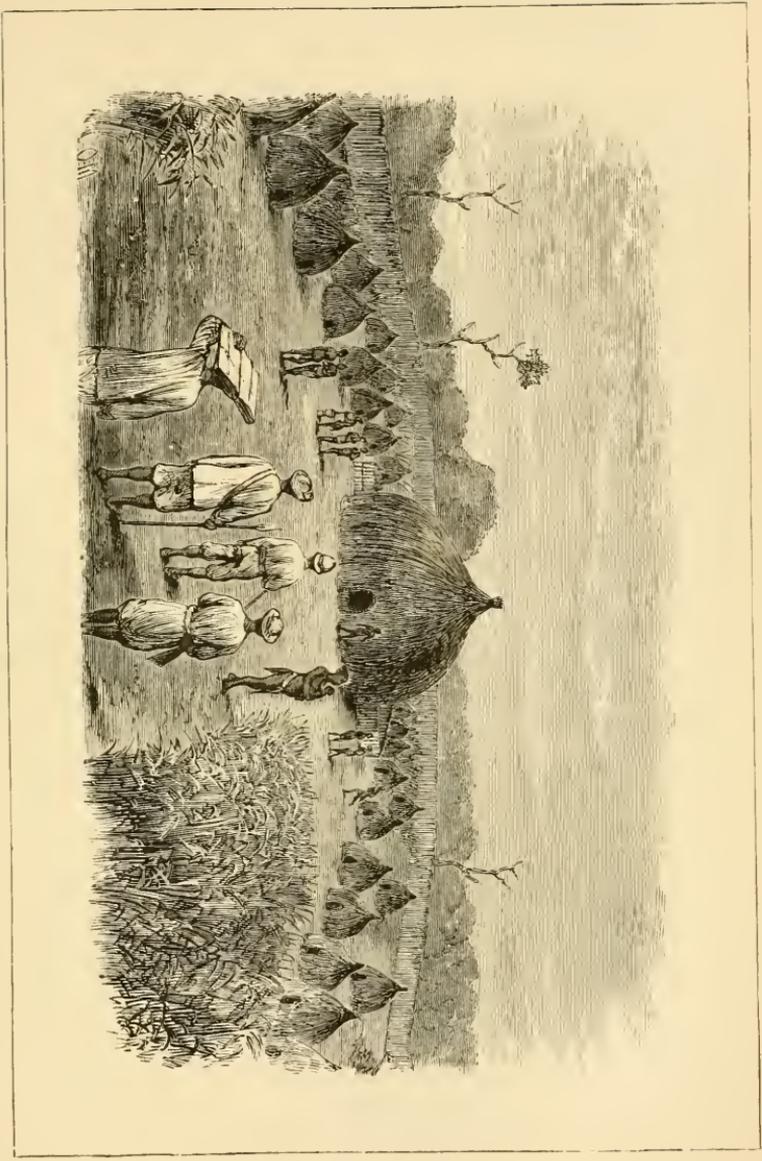
We were conducted by Kasongo into his hut, accompanied by his fetich-men and a few of his wives, when we made him a small present and took our departure, this being merely a formal meeting; but Kasongo ordered his band to play me home as a mark of honor.



KASONGO'S BAND.

The band consisted of wooden drums, marimba, and globular gourds played as wind instruments, and producing a sound resembling that of a bugle.

Kasongo's attention in directing so great a mark of respect as being marched home to the strains of his own band was, of course, most flattering, but the *tapage infernal* was well-nigh unbearable. I sent them a few beads, in the hope that, like the organ-grinder of the civilized world, they would take the hint and move on. But the unsophisticated natives accepted this



KASONGO'S MUSSUMBA.



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action as a mark of my appreciation, or else imagined that I had hired them for the rest of the day, for they continued until after sunset to play in front of Junali's veranda, the only place I had in which to spend my days.

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I now believed the time of starting to be near, and sent to Alvez, suggesting that he should bid farewell to Kasongo, and make a move as soon as possible, since every day's delay was diminishing the stock of beads with which I had to make my journey to the coast.

## CHAPTER XXV.

A Horde of Ruffians.—A Thorough Blackguard.—A King among Beggars.—Wives and Families visit Me.—Mutilated Men.—Kasongo's Vanity.—His Message to her Majesty.—He takes me for a Ghost.—No Guides or Escort Obtainable.—Abandonment of my Fondest Hope.—Honest Alvez.—He lies like Truth.—Plotting.—The Levee.—Warned and armed.—The Ceremony.—Salaams of the Chiefs.—Biting the Dust.—Speeches.—Deceit.—Sleeping with Deceased Wives.—Obliged to build Kasongo's House.—Cruelty of Portuguese Slave-traders.—Delays.—Desertion.—Jumah Merikani sends Deserters a Warning.—Funeral Rites of a Chief.—Wives buried Alive with Him.—Blood shed over his Grave.—Kasongo's Harsh Rule.—His Demoniacal Frenzies.—Fire in Camp.—My Servant's Good Conduct.—Delicate Attention of Mrs. Kasongo.

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WITH Kasongo returned the horde of ruffians who had accompanied him on his plundering raids, and to Lourenço da Souza Coimbra, a son of Major Coimbra, of Bihé, must be awarded the palm for having reached the highest grade in ruffianism among them all.

He lost no time in coming to see me, in the endeavor to swindle me out of something, and commenced by advancing a claim to be paid as a guide, on the plea that he had shown Alvez the road by which we intended to reach the coast; and hearing that I had promised Alvez a gun when we had fairly started, he declared he was equally entitled to one.

To this request I most decidedly refused to accede; and then Coimbra—who was known by the natives as Kwarumba—continually worried me with his importunate demands for cartridge-paper, powder, beads, and, in fact, any thing he imagined he might extract from me.

His attire and general appearance were worthy of his character. A dirty, greasy, and tattered wide-awake hat, battered shapeless, and so far gone that a *chiffonnier* would have passed it by as worthless, crowned this distinguished person. His shirt was equally dirty, and a piece of grass-cloth bound round his waist trailed its end upon the ground. His hair was short and

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kinky, and his almost beardless face, where not covered with filth, was of a dirty yellow color. Even had he not been always in a half-drunken state, his blood-shot eye would have told the tale of debauchery. In short, he was, true to his appearance, an unmitigated ruffian.

Alvez, his employer, was not behind in begging for small things, besides the promised rifle, which he said he particularly



COIMBRA.

wanted to get possession of at once, in order to prove the existence of the agreement between us. After constant appeals made on this ground, I allowed him to have it, hoping that he might be induced to settle quickly with Kasongo, and start away without further delay when he saw I was inclined to treat him generously.

Kasongo's arrival was not the signal for our speedy departure, as I had hoped. After seeing me and my wonders, he began begging for all I possessed—my own guns, hat, boots, pistols, books—in fact, every thing new to him he fancied and asked for, and was so very persistent and difficult a beggar to

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get rid of that he would even have bothered the agent of a mendicinity society.

On returning my call, he brought a crowd of wives and followers, and sat for nearly three hours under Jumah Merikani's veranda. Many of the women had babies of tender age with them; and nursery kits being very limited in Urua, some portion of the scene had perhaps better remain undescribed.

I was astonished to see Kasongo accompanied by a large number of mutilated men, and was still more so on finding that many had been thus mutilated simply for caprice, or as an instance of his power. His *fidus Achates* had lost hands, nose, ears, and lips, in consequence of fits of temper on Kasongo's part; but notwithstanding having experienced such cruel treatment at his master's hands, he seemed to worship the ground he stood upon. Several others equally badly maimed were scarcely less remarkable for their devotion.

Kasongo was inflated with pride, and asserted that he was the greatest chief in the whole world. The only one, in his opinion, who could in any way compare with him was Mata Yafa, the chief of Ulûnda, who was also a mrua, and belonged to the same family as Kasongo. He graciously informed me that but for the obstacle offered by the great lake Tanganyika lying in the way, he would visit England to see what the country was like.

I thought it possible his vanity might suffer a shock when I told him that the Tanganyika was nothing in comparison with the seas that lay between Africa and my home. But he merely remarked that he would defer his visit for the present, and directed me to tell my chief to pay him tribute, and to send me back with rifles, cannon (of which he had heard from the Portuguese), boats to navigate his rivers, and people to teach him and his subjects the manner of using them.

I then informed this self-important chief that those who understood how to make the things he required were not likely people to pay him tribute, and that my chief was far greater than he, and, indeed, that he could have no idea of the magnitude of her power.

I asked him how many fighting-men he could muster, and the number that could be put into the largest of his canoes.

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He said he was unable to count his fighting-men, but that five or six was a very good number for one canoe. I replied, laughing, that I had formed a good idea of the strength of his army, and that a very small chief in my country often commanded more men armed with rifles; while, instead of six men being as many as could go in one canoe, we had ships the size of islands, and, although carrying more than a thousand men each, they could remain away from land for many months.

Even after this conversation, although he admitted that what I had said might be true, yet he adhered to the opinion that he was a very great man, and I was still to convey his messages to my chief.

After this talk, however, the marvelous reports spread by my people concerning the power of the English reached his ears, and I heard that he came to the conclusion I was a ghost that had come from the spirit-land to visit him.

I pressed him to permit Alvez to leave, telling him I had long been away from my home, and wished to return; and that, as I had a great distance to travel, I was anxious to start as quickly as possible. He promised that directly he had held a levee of his chiefs, at which he desired me to be present, in order that I might be impressed with his greatness, we should not only be free to depart, but he would also furnish guides to the boundary of his dominions.

My endeavors to induce him to provide me with guides to Sankorra were unsuccessful, for he always excused himself by saying that my people were too few to travel alone, and that my only chance was either to go with Alvez, or to remain with Jumah Merikani until he returned to the Tanganyika.

Both from Alvez and Jumah Merikani I tried to obtain escort to the lake; but they said they were not sufficiently strong to spare any of their followers. Thus, most reluctantly, was I compelled to surrender my long-cherished idea of tracing the Kongo to its mouth.

The levee which I believed would at length bring my long period of inaction to a termination was postponed from day to day, and did not take place till the 10th of February. Before this, Alvez had demanded an agreement in writing as to the amount to be paid him for showing me the road to the coast.

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The negotiations were carried on through the medium of one of my men, who, having been employed on board a Portuguese merchant-ship, spoke the language well, but unfortunately understood nothing as to the money. Alvez unhesitatingly took advantage of this ignorance, and fleeced me outrageously.

When once the agreement was signed, he changed his tone of almost cringing civility for one of impertinence, and it required considerable self-control on my part to avoid numerous rows with him. He had promised not to wait for the levee, but to start two days after signing our agreement. Yet as soon as he considered I was in his power, he declared, notwithstanding my remonstrances, that he would not start until after the levee.

At last the momentous day arrived, and a messenger from Kasongo came to Jumah and myself at seven o'clock in the morning, saying that he hoped we would attend without delay, as Alvez was already at his mussumba.

Jumah warned me to be prepared for treachery, having heard that Kasongo had proposed to Alvez that he should join in attacking and looting us; and that although Alvez had refused, a large number of his people, headed by Coimbra, had agreed to assist in this plot.

“Once warned, twice armed;” so we posted fifty of Jumah’s men with guns in different parts of his settlement, and, taking sixty more, and my own askari, proceeded to the mussumba.

There we found Kasongo and Fumé a Kenna almost alone in their glory, although large numbers of chiefs and their followers were collected outside. At first the entry of our armed party was objected to, but I overcame this by the assertion that they were brought merely in honor of Kasongo, as it would be disrespectful to visit so powerful a chief on a state occasion without a suitable escort.

I did not carry my rifle, contenting myself with keeping my revolver ready for action if necessary; but Jumah Merikani, contrary to his usual habit, dispensed with the services of a gun-bearer, and took the precaution of carrying his gun himself.

Soon after our arrival, the jingling of bells announced the approach of Alvez in his hammock, and we then proceeded to business.

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Alvez and his men, all of whom carried guns, were formed in line along one side of the open space near the entrance to the mussumba, and Jumah Merikani and myself, with our followers, sat opposite. Midway between these two lines, and toward one end, stood Kasongo. Facing him was a man supporting a curiously shaped axe, and immediately behind him were four women, one of whom also carried an axe similar in form to that of the man in front. Then followed two Waganga and women bearing Kasongo's shields, and behind them a party of men with all Kasongo's guns, standing in line, and flanked on either side by executioners and other officials. In rear of all were his wives and children. Opposite to Kasongo, and close to the entrance of the mussumba, were the chiefs who had been summoned to attend with their followers, all arrayed in their best.

The next stage of the proceedings consisted of a monotonous droning through a list of Kasongo's titles and a description of his greatness by the women immediately behind him, assisted occasionally by the people joining in chorus.

This long preamble being finished, the chiefs, commencing with the lowest in rank, came forward in turns and made their salaams. Each one was accompanied by a boy carrying a bag of powdered pipe-clay or cinnabar, and when fairly in front of Kasongo, at about twenty yards' distance, the bag was taken from the boy by the chief, who rubbed its contents upon his arms and chest. Meanwhile he swayed about from one foot to the other, shouting at the top of his voice Kasongo's titles—Kalunga Kasongo, Kalunga, Moéné Munza, Moéné Banza, Moéné Tanda, and many others.

When sufficiently bedaubed, the chief returned the bag to his boy, and, drawing his sword, rushed at Kasongo, seemingly intent upon cutting him down; but just before reaching him, he suddenly fell on his knees, driving the sword into the ground, and rubbing his forehead in the dust.

Kasongo having acknowledged this salute with a few words, the chief arose, and, passing to the rear, was rejoined by his retainers.

After all the chiefs had saluted, Kasongo delivered a long speech about himself, his divine rights, greatness, and powers,

February, 1875. declaring that the only person who could be compared to him was his relative Mata Yafa.

This was followed by an address from Coimbra, and another from a man on our side who spoke Kirua. In these speeches there were much recrimination and self-laudation, and once or twice matters became threatening, but it passed away without any disturbance.

At the conclusion Kasongo formally confided me to the care of Alvez, telling him that, should any thing happen to me on the journey to the coast, he would be certain to receive intelligence of it, and consequently Alvez had better look well after my interest, or never again show his face in Urua.

Notwithstanding these parting instructions, Alvez determined not to start until the mourning for one of Kasongo's wives, who had just died, was concluded. That occupied a week, at the end of which time I saw Kasongo looking very seedy and dirty, as well he might, for, according to custom, he had been sleeping nightly with his deceased wife.

I expressed a hope that we might now leave, but he replied that Alvez had promised to build him a house, and that I must follow his example and do likewise; but I excused myself on the impossibility of obtaining building materials suitable for a European house.

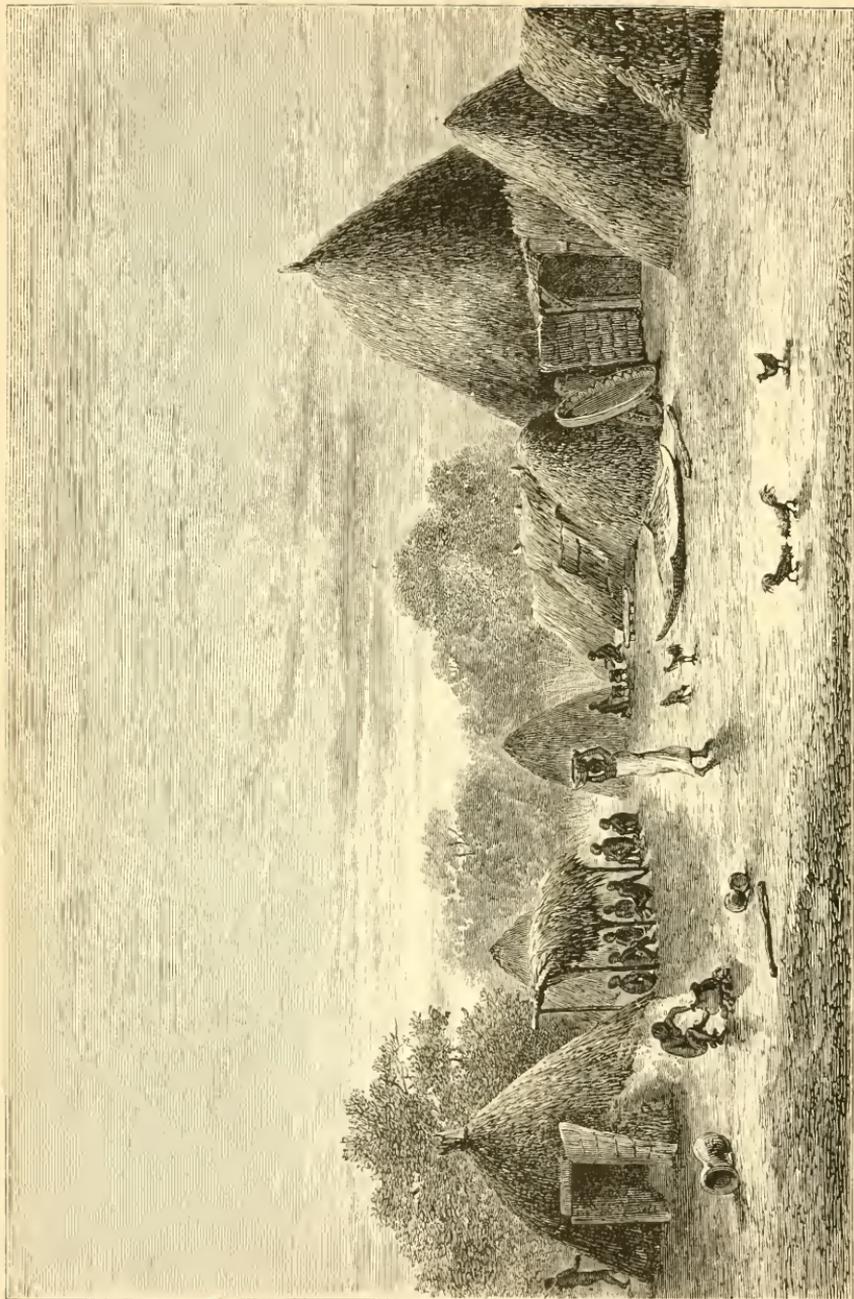
Alvez denied point-blank having made any such promise; but in a few days I ascertained that he had volunteered to do this service; and when I remonstrated with him on his breach of faith, he declared that the house would be erected in four or five days, and that Coimbra had already set about it with a party of men.

Coimbra returned soon after, and I discovered that he knew nothing concerning the house, but had been engaged on some plundering or murdering expedition in company with a party of Kasongo's people.

Now I was told the whole caravan must move to Totéla, where the building operations were to be carried on, and which was two or three marches on our route to the coast. We were then obliged to wait until Kasongo was ready to select and clear the ground, and prepare the necessary trees for building.

Day after day was wasted; puerile excuses of every kind





SCENE IN CAMP.

March,  
1875.

were made; the fetich-men, wives of Kungwé a Banza, and the deceased Bamarré were consulted, and gave answers as ambiguous as those of the Delphic oracle. Kasongo could or would not decide upon starting until, at last, I promised him the rifle—which he had been begging for almost daily—as soon as a move was made, and, thus persuaded, he left for Totéla on the 21st of February.

It was equally difficult to get Alvez under way; but on the 25th we actually moved off, and, after six dawdling marches and three days' halt, arrived at Totéla, where we found Kasongo with a number of Warua, but nothing done toward commencing the building operations.

On this march with Alvez, I was disgusted beyond measure with what I saw of the manner in which the unfortunate slaves were treated, and have no hesitation in asserting that the worst of the Arabs are in this respect angels of light in comparison with the Portuguese and those who travel with them. Had it not come under my personal notice, I should scarcely have believed that any men could be so wantonly and brutally cruel.

The whole organization of Alvez's caravan was bad from beginning to end. The nucleus consisted of a small number of his own slaves and porters hired by him in Bihé; but the greater portion was composed of independent parties from Bihé, and there were also a few people from Lovalé and Kibokwé, who had joined *en route* in order to come to Urua to steal slaves.

These outsiders, who were all provided with guns, had been encouraged to join us, to add to the apparent strength of the party. There was no discipline or authority over them, and they constantly hindered the caravan, as many as a hundred sometimes being present at a palaver about marching or halting.

At starting, the whole caravan may have numbered seven hundred, and before leaving Urua they had collected over fifteen hundred slaves, principally by force and robbery.

Just before marching from Kilemba, I heard, quite by chance, that a party had left for Kanyoka, on the borders of Ulûnda, and that we should be delayed until they returned. I strongly urged the dispatch of messengers to recall them at once; but this was not done until after our arrival at Totéla.

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When leaving Jumah Merikani's house, where I had experienced the greatest hospitality during my long stay, he gave me a present of beads, two goat-skin bags of good flour, and one of rice, thus adding to the many benefits he had bestowed on me; and while at Totéla, he constantly sent rice to me; so much, indeed, that it lasted me to Bihé.

It soon became evident that if the building operations were left to Alvez and his motley crowd, years would elapse before the house would be finished; so I set my men to work and completed it in three weeks, excepting plastering and decorating the walls, which was done by Kasongo's women under the direction of Fumé a Kenna. In the beginning of April the house was finished, but nothing was known of the Kanyoka party. I therefore sent a few of my people with some of Alvez's men to endeavor to ascertain what had become of them.

Kasongo soon grew tired of remaining in one place, and on several occasions went away on plundering expeditions, accompanied by Coimbra, and ruffians belonging to Alvez's caravan, who hoped by this means to pick up slaves.

I tried my hardest to persuade him to give me canoes, that I might go down the Lomâmi, and thus get back to the Kongo. But it was no avail, and I had to remain inactive day after day. Thus April passed without any signs of the return of the Kanyoka party, or any events worth recording.

Some of my men, dreading the road in front, deserted, and made their escape to Jumah Merikani's camp. Hearing of this, he sent them back to me with a message for the guidance of others similarly chicken-hearted, that all deserters would be immediately returned to me, if possible, or be kept in chains until he arrived at Zanzibar, where he would hand them over to the English consul for punishment. But for this threat, I believe very many would have deserted.

The time passed most heavily during this long delay, and I found it necessary to make employment, to prevent becoming desperate through vexation and *ennui*. Many otherwise tedious hours were occupied in writing, drawing, taking lunars and working them out, and in copying itineraries and meteorological observations for my journals. In the evenings I frequently went out with my gun, and the guinea-fowl and wood-pig-

April,  
1875.

cons I brought in were a welcome addition to my larder; and an occasional visit from Fumé a Kenna also somewhat varied the monotony.

I also busied myself in collecting a vocabulary of Kirua, and in inquiring into the manners and customs of the people, and by this means became acquainted with the ceremonies observed at the burial of a chief of Urua, which are probably unequalled in their savagery.



HED.

The first proceeding is to divert the course of a stream, and in its bed to dig an enormous pit, the bottom of which is then covered with living women. At one end a woman is placed on her hands and knees, and upon her back the dead chief, covered with his beads and other treasures, is seated, being supported on either side by one of his wives, while his second wife sits at his feet. The earth is then shoveled in on them, and all the women are buried alive with the exception of the second wife. To her, custom is more merciful than to her companions, and grants her the privilege of being killed before the huge grave is filled in. This being completed, a number of male slaves—sometimes forty or fifty—are slaughtered and their blood poured over the grave; after which the river is allowed to resume its course.

Stories were rife that no fewer than a hundred women were buried alive with Bambarré, Kasongo's father; but let us hope that this may be an exaggeration.

Smaller chiefs are buried with two or three wives, and a few slaves only are killed that their blood may be shed on the grave; while one of the common herd has to be content with solitary burial, being placed in a sitting posture, with the right forefinger pointing heavenward, just level with the top of the mound over his grave.

May,  
1875.

In the beginning of May, I sent another search party two or three days' march along the Kanyoka road, to seek some intelligence of the people for whom we were waiting; but they returned unsuccessful, and reported that all the country they passed through had been desolated by Kasongo, Coimbra, and those with them.

No village is secure against destruction under Kasongo's rule, as the following instance will prove: A chief having presented himself and paid the customary tribute, Kasongo professed to be perfectly satisfied, and told him that he would return with him and visit his village; but scarcely had they approached the place when it was surrounded by a cordon. The chief was seized, and compelled by a party of armed men to set fire to the village with his own hands when darkness closed in, after which he was cruelly put to death.

The wretched fugitives, rushing from the flames into the jungle in the hope of finding safety, were captured by people lying in ambush. The men were slaughtered, and the women sent to recruit the ranks of Kasongo's harem.

Under the combined influence of immoderate drinking and smoking bhang, Kasongo acts like a demon, ordering death and mutilation indiscriminately, and behaving in the most barbarous manner to any who may be near him.

Soon after my search party returned, some people of Lovalé, who had been engaged in robbing provision-grounds on the road to Kanyoka, arrived in camp with the information that those men I first sent to that place had reached it, and were staying there instead of setting out on the homeward journey. This first party had already been absent more than two months, and the second over a month, and I was daily becoming more impatient to be moving.

I dared not make any excursions from the camp into the surrounding country, for had I left my stores for one moment I should have been robbed; and even now there was barely enough for the journey to Bihé, and Alvez, I knew, trusted almost entirely to theft and selling slaves as a means of provisioning his men on the road.

At last I persuaded him to send Moenooti, the principal of his own immediate followers, to bring in the fellows who were

detaining us; and this time our messages were attended to, and on the 26th of May the first party made its appearance.

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Coimbra, who had been backward and forward with Kasongo, now left the caravan, to plunder and obtain a batch of slaves to take to Bihé. I protested against this; but Alvez declared that if he had not returned in time, we should start without him, and with this reply I had to be content.



JUMAH.

Before we started, however, a terrible misfortune occurred, owing to one of my men having lighted a fire inside his hut, and smoked himself stupid with *bhāng*. It was in the evening of the 28th of May that I heard an alarm of fire, and found this man's hut in a blaze, and, being right to windward of our camp, the wave of fire seemed to roll along like lightning.

All the huts had been heavily thatched during the rains, and, as usual when remaining any time in camp, the men had built cooking and smoking places, which were all as dry as tinder, now the rains had ceased, and added intensity to the flames.

Jumah, my servant, who was standing by me when the cry was raised, ran to his own hut, which was already burning, be-

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ing only a few yards from the one where the conflagration originated. He first seized his rifle and cartridges, and then, seeing the rapidly spreading flames, left every thing he possessed to be destroyed, and rushed to my tent, to endeavor to save as much as possible.

The books were bundled into my blankets, and although the tent had ignited before we were all out, its contents were saved. The tent itself was burned, but my precious journals, books, and instruments were rescued, thanks to the presence of mind and exertions of Jumah, Hamees Ferhan, and one or two others. While we were clearing out the tent I asked Jumah if his kit was safe. He replied, "*Potelea mbali; ponya mabooku*" (let it be d—d; save the books).

In twenty minutes the whole affair was over, and then Bombay turned up with a piteous story of having his rifle and pistol burned. The old sinner only looked after his own kit, and really did nothing himself, but actually appropriated men to his service who should have been assisting at resewing my tent and its contents.

Alvez's people took advantage of the confusion to commit many robberies, for which no redress was ever offered or received, while for the destruction of a few of their huts I had a



KASONGO'S HOUSE.

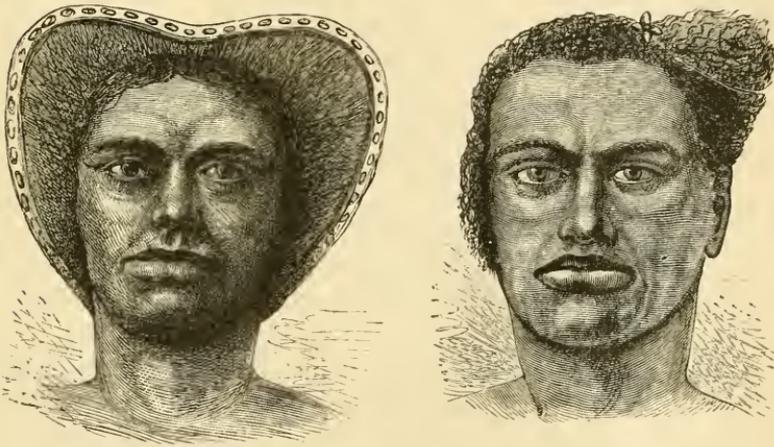
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tremendous bill to pay, and doubtless many things alleged to have been burned in them never had any existence.

Fumé a Kenna sent the next morning to condole with me; and as a number of my men had lost their clothes, she kindly presented me with a bale of grass-cloth for them.

Kasongo, hearing of the return of the Kanyoka party, came back to renew his begging before we started; and Alvez sold him the Snider he received from me, and also, as I afterward heard, a quantity of cartridges which were stolen during the fire. He had done nothing for me, although I had made him presents and built his house; so I refused to give him any thing further.

This fire delayed us considerably, as the consequent claims against me had to be settled; but at last the start was made on the 10th of June.



HAIR-DRESSING.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Making "Medicine" against Fire.—An Elaborate Operation.—Kasongo's Importunate Begging.—Disgraceful Conduct of Alvez's People.—No Mercy for the Weak.—Cringing to the Strong.—Jumah Merikani's Generosity.—The "Fiend Stream."—Strange Trees.—My Men mistake Pombé for Water.—Swamps and Bogs.—Many Slips.—"Sloughs of Despond."—Enormous Ant-hills.—A Monarch dreaded by his People.—Surpassing his Predecessors in Cruelty.—The Biter bit.—A Welcome Present.—Playing with Fire-arms.—I frighten a Chief out of his Village.—Alvez's Tactics.—A New Arrival.—Endeavors to obtain Allies.—Driven to Desperation.—I determine to march Alone.—Result of Firmness.

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BEFORE Alvez and his people would consent to march they declared that "medicine" must be made as a precaution against fire, since it was now the dry season, and the danger from this cause was great, as we had good reason to remember.

Alvez, though nominally a Christian, appeared to be a firm believer in divination and incantation, and had engaged a fetic-h-man at Bihé to do this service for the whole journey at the same rate of pay as a porter, with additional perquisites and fees. The ceremony was commenced just before sunset, and I carefully watched the proceedings and noted them as they occurred.

I was much amused, in the first instance, by hearing orders given for the purchase of the cheapest and smallest goat that was to be found, that animal and a fowl being necessary for the performance.

The place chosen was as near as possible to the spot where the late fire broke out. The mganga and his boy then arrived on the scene with their materials, which consisted of the goat and fowl, a large pot of water, a bark trough with a stick fastened across the middle, a basket containing clay, a ball made of shreds of bark, mud, and filth, a wooden bowl, some roots and small pieces of stick, a leafless branch, a hoe, knives, an axe, and some Warua pipe-clay.

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The boy was adorned with a streak of pipe-clay down his nose and the middle of his chest, and across his upper lip. He took his seat on the trough, turning his back to the north, the man sitting opposite to him: they then rubbed each other's arms up and down while the man mumbled some mystic words, after which the boy arose and laid the leafless branch upon the trough. Scraping the bark off the roots and sticks, they placed it in the wooden bowl and reduced it to powder, and chopped the sticks into very small fragments.

A cross, with one arm pointing to the setting sun, was made on the ground by the man with his foot, and then he took up a handful of the powdered bark, and blew some toward the sun and the remainder in the opposite direction. Where the cross had been drawn, a hole was now made, into which the trough was put, and a small quantity of water poured into it. A few drops were also sprinkled on the ground, first to the north and then to the south.

The mganga next took two of the scraped roots, and, spitting on them, placed one at each end of the trough, and, standing to the south of it, picked up some of the fragments of sticks and dropped them in. In this operation he so crossed his hands that those fragments in his left should fall to the eastward of the stick fastened across the centre of the trough, and those in his right on the other side. These motions were strictly followed by the boy, who stood at the north end of the trough.

Both again sat down, the man this time at the east end, and the boy facing him. The fowl was then seized, the boy holding it by the wings and legs, while the man grasped its head with his left hand and cut its throat, having first rubbed it with pipe-clay, and being careful that the blood should fall into the trough and on the stick across it. When dead, the fowl was laid upon the spot on the south side of the trough, where water had been poured, with its head to the east.

The same performance was then gone through with the goat, a couple of by-standers assisting in holding it during its struggles, and its carcass was placed on the opposite side of the trough, with its head to the west.

After washing his face with the blood and water, the man took a little of it in his mouth, and blew some first toward the

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sun, and then to the eastward. He afterward took some of the powdered bark from the bowl and rubbed his chest and hands with it and the blood and water, the boy again following his motions.

More water being poured into the trough, Alvez and many of his men washed their faces in it, and rubbed their hands with the powdered bark; and a few of my people, although reputed Mohammedans, followed their example. Some of the water was then thrown into the bowl, and the remainder, together with the balls of filthy clay and pieces of stick, into the hole in which the trough had been, which was finally covered by the trough, while the branch was planted at its east end.

The mganga completed the performance by taking the bowl of water round and sprinkling the huts; and he received the remains of the goat and fowl as his perquisites.

Throughout the whole ceremony an idea evidently prevailed that the sun was to be propitiated, possibly on account of its being recognized as the source of light and heat.

I flattered myself that I had quite rid myself of Kasongo by my refusal to listen to his begging; but in the middle of the night I was aroused, and found him in camp trading with Alvez, who sold him the rifle he had obtained from me for two tusks of ivory. When he saw me, he asked for cartridges; but, taking no notice of his request, I re-entered my hut and turned in.

Soon I heard him outside exclaiming, "*Bwana Cameroni, vissonghi, vissonghi!*" (Mr. Cameron, cartridges, cartridges!).

I laughed at him, and replied, "*Kasongo, Kasongo, vissonghi, vissonghi;*" but he continued begging until he even asked for one only.

We were off betimes on the morning of the 10th, and made for the direction of the village of Lunga Mándi, a Kilolo or governor of Kasongo's, reported to be ten marches distant, and close to the western boundary of Urua, where supplies of food for crossing Ussambi were to be procured.

For the first four days we passed over hilly and wooded country with a large number of villages, chiefly fortified. Many of them we were not allowed to enter, as the people were friendly with Daiyi, and feared we had come from Kasongo to attack them.

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The conduct of Alvez's people on the road was disgraceful. They attacked any small parties of natives whom they chanced to meet, and plundered their loads, though these consisted chiefly of dried fish and corn, which were being carried as tribute to Kasongo.

Any cultivated spot they at once fell on like a swarm of locusts, and, throwing down their loads, rooted up ground-nuts and sweet-potatoes, and laid waste fields of unripe corn, out of sheer wantonness. In the villages where they camped they cut down bananas and stripped oil-palms of their fronds for building their huts, thus doing irreparable injury to the unfortunate inhabitants.

On remonstrating, I was informed that they had permission from Kasongo to take whatever they required. But had they not been armed with guns, they would never have dared to act thus, for on entering countries where the people carried fire-arms these truculent ruffians became mild as sucking doves, and yielded to any demands made upon them by the natives.

The consequences of this system of living upon the country were to be seen in the entire absence of women and children, goats, pigs, and fowls from the open villages. Only a few men remained in them, in the hope of guarding their huts against being plundered; but their presence was of little avail.

While this plundering and looting was carried on in the open, none ventured to separate themselves from the caravan when passing through the jungle, for it was reported to be full of armed men, who would cut off stragglers, and, according to rumor, kill and eat them.

I kept my men in hand as much as possible, and prevented them from following the bad example set by the rest of the caravan. Yet this only resulted in their being obliged to purchase food from Alvez's thieves; and I should have suffered hunger times without number, had it not been for the rice and flour so generously given me by Junah Merikani. Even to the very moment of my leaving Totéla he kept me supplied, four men arriving with bags of rice and flour and a bundle of tobacco as we were actually starting.

A number of rivers were crossed during these four days, and for some distance we marched by the banks of the Kiluilui, or

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"fiend stream," a name it well merited. It rushed along the bottom of a deep chasm in the sandstone rocks only about twenty yards wide, from which light was excluded by the interlaced branches of the trees growing on both banks, forming a canopy impenetrable to the rays of the sun. Peering down from above, all seemed dark as Erebus. For the first few feet the sides were covered with ferns, and then they went sheer down for some fifty feet to the dark and roaring torrent, marked by flashing foam where rocks checked its impetuous course toward the Lovoi.

In the forests there were numerous very fine trees, among which the mpafu stood pre-eminent in its great size and beauty. Some trees had four or five large buttress-like projections, measuring about six feet at the base, and gradually tapering off to about twenty feet from the ground, above which the trunk ran up in a clean cylindrical form to the height of seventy or eighty feet before branching out.

Owing to our lengthy halt, my men were entirely unfit for much marching. Ten soon became unable to bear their loads, and one was so ill that he was obliged to be carried. They ascribed their illness to the impure water at Totéla. I imagine, however, that very little water was drunk by them while there; for pombé and palm-wine were plentiful, and nearly every one had friends among the natives who gave them any amount of liquor. Curiously enough, the whole of those I had sent to Kanyoka were among the sick.

Leaving the hill country, we came to a succession of level plains, which must be almost impassable swamps in the rainy season, and were still damp and oozy, and marked with large pits caused by the passage of elephants. In some places their tracks were quite fresh, and, to judge from the amount of damage done to trees and shrubs, and the manner in which the country was trampled about—all footpaths being obliterated—the herds must sometimes have numbered over five hundred beasts.

We had to cross many streams flowing through small undulations between the plains, often bordered by swamps a mile wide. Of these the Njivi was especially difficult. Wood grew on each side, and the river banks were lined with fallen trunks

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of trees, between which we waded through mud often waist-deep. It was useless to trust to the delusive help of the slippery footing these trunks afforded; for on attempting to balance one's self on one of them it would turn slowly round, and precipitate the unfortunate individual into stagnant water full of rotting vegetation.

One or two such awkward experiences taught us that it was wiser to wade along the swampy ground, with the penalty of being wet to the waist, rather than to purchase a temporary immunity at the risk of a ducking from head to foot.

Beyond this was a fairly dry tract of grass, and then the morass itself. The path was knee-deep in sticky mud, and quaking bog lay on either side.

Some endeavored to avoid the muddy path by springing from tuft to tuft of long wiry grass, which grew abundantly. But they soon came to grief, for the tufts were merely floating on the mixture of slime and mud, and capsized directly they were stepped upon, throwing the wretched being who had been deceived by their apparent stability into the treacherous bog, from which he had to be extricated by more prudent companions, who patiently toiled along the path, instead of seeking ease at the risk of safety. Many men were reported to have been lost in similar bogs.

Through the centre of the morass was a stream of beautifully clear water, ten feet wide and six deep, with an apparently firm bed of yellow sand. But the sand was only a few inches deep, and beneath was quaking mud.

At intervals in the expanse of swamp there were island-like clumps of tall, slender trees, growing as closely together as possible, and rising from the green surface without any fringe of scrub or undergrowth. They formed a dense mass, owing to the luxurious growth of various creepers netting them together into an impenetrable thicket.

Viewed at a short distance, these swamps had the appearance of verdant meadows, the clumps of trees greatly enhancing their beauty; and not until arriving at them did sad experience of these veritable "sloughs of despond" dispel the pleasant deception. The scene, as one looked across them, with the caravan in Indian file winding along like some huge black snake, was most striking.

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NJIVI MARSH.

About fifteen miles before reaching Lunga Mândi's village, I was shown the place where the first white trader from Bihé who penetrated Urua had pitched his camp. From the account given by the natives, he conducted his caravan on the same principles as Alvez, and I believe the people did not appreciate his visit.

As we journeyed onward, my invalids began to recruit their health, and all had recovered on arrival at Lunga Mândi's.

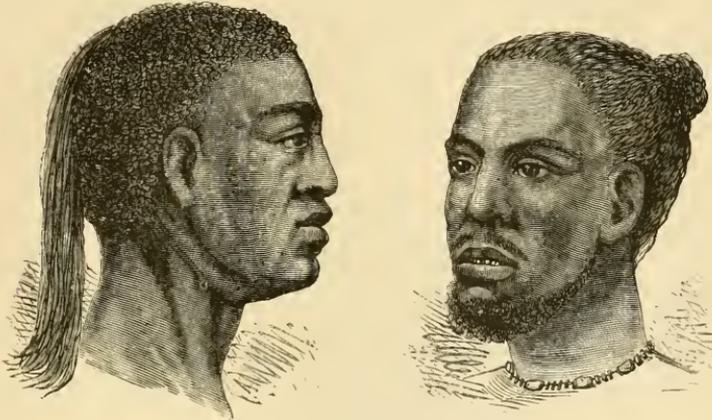
This village was situated in a valley among flat-topped hills of sandstone, well wooded, and with many bright streams; and here, for the first time, I saw ant-hills similar to those in South Africa.

I had previously met with many ten feet in height, but now suddenly came upon some of gigantic size, measuring from forty to fifty feet; and, comparing means with results, these ant-hills are more wonderful than the Pyramids. It is as though a nation had set to work and built Mount Everest.

Camping a short distance from Lunga Mândi's, we were soon surrounded by natives; some coming to stare, and some to sell their wares, while others were looking out for any small pickings they might find. Our first visitors were men only, the women and live stock having been sent across the Lovoï on a rumor reaching them that Kasongo and Coimbra were with us. The people evidently viewed a visit from their sovereign as the greatest disaster that could befall them.

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At the mention of Kasongo's name there was immediately much lively pantomimic action as of cutting off ears, noses, and hands, and all declared that on his approach they would secrete



HEADS.

themselves in the jungle. Lunga Mândi or a deputy takes the customary tribute to him periodically, to avoid the catastrophe of a visit, and returning in safety is looked upon as especial good-fortune.

Soon after we had settled down in camp, Lunga Mândi called on us. He was very old, but, except being half blind from age, he showed no signs of decay, but walked with a step as light and springy as any of the young men by whom he was surrounded. In the time of Kasongo's grandfather he was chief of this district, and said that Kasongo surpassed all his predecessors in cruelty and barbarism. He remarked that he was certain I was a very good man, for he had heard that I allowed my people neither to steal nor to make slaves, but made them pay for their provisions.

Alvez now experienced the unpleasant situation of "the biter bit," for he discovered that a nephew whom he had left at this place in charge of three bags of beads, intended to purchase food on the return journey, had appropriated most of them. Loud and bitter were his lamentations, and deep his curses, about these "*Tre saccos—per gustare cominho.*" But I was rather rejoiced on hearing that, in consequence of this most im-

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proper conduct of his kinsman, we should be obliged to hurry along on our road.

The day after camping here, great was my astonishment at the arrival of some of Jumah Merikani's people, bringing me a grass-cloth tent, sent off by him directly on receiving intelligence of mine being burned, thus adding to the debt of gratitude I already owed him for his many and great kindnesses. The men said their orders were to follow until they found me, as it was not to be heard of that an Englishman should travel without a tent.

Lunga Mândi seemed inclined to be very friendly, and presented me with one good sheep, and sold me another, and in return I made him presents with which he professed himself well satisfied.

After a time he begged to be allowed to see the effects of fire-arms, and I fired at a target, to give him an idea of the accuracy of the rifle, at which he was much astonished. Unfortunately some one told him about the wonderfully destructive properties of the shell, and he would not be satisfied until I fired one into a tree, when the result so frightened him that he hastily left the camp, and nothing could persuade him to return. I heard afterward that he hid himself in the jungle, under the firm impression that I had been commissioned by Kasongo to take his life.

Alvez and his people encouraged him in this notion, being rather jealous at his previous friendliness toward me, and I never saw him again, although his sons often came into my hut. They said that, owing to their father's age, he was easily frightened; but assured me that, when the caravan was gone, they would persuade him that I had not the slightest intention of harming him.

On the eve of the intended start, I heard that some people who had been left behind would not arrive until the following day, when another day was to be allowed for buying food. At the expiration of this time, Alvez told me all was ready for starting, and that we should leave at day-break; but when morning came, a large number declined to move without Coimbra, who was still engaged in slave-hunting in conjunction with Kasongo.

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In vain did I represent to Alvez that when Coimbra left Tótela on this errand, he had been warned that the caravan would not be detained for him; yet the only explanation or excuse he offered for breaking faith with me by these continued delays was, that he did not wait for Coimbra, but for the men with him, as their friends refused to march without them. If he persisted in going on, he declared they would rob him of his ivory and slaves.



LUNGA MÂNDI'S SON.

Hearing that a small party which had just arrived was independent of Alvez, I endeavored to induce the leader to go forward with me. I found that he was the slave of a Portuguese trader, named Francisco Cimada Rosa, living at Mandonga, not far from Dondo, on the river Kwanza. His name was Bastian José Perez, and he spoke Portuguese. He had been away from home three years, having started with some Lovalé men to hunt for ivory, and had worked his way by degrees to Urua. When he reached there, not being sufficiently strong to return alone,

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he had been obliged to wait for Alvez's caravan before attempting to pass through Ussambi and Ulûnda. He said that the threats of Alvez, who feared I should take him for a guide, had deterred him from coming to me before, and he assured me of his willingness to go with me; but as Alvez would surely march almost immediately, he thought it better to cross Ussambi in his company. I pressed him to wait not a moment longer; but he adhered to his view of the matter, and nothing remained but to try further persuasion with Alvez.

In the caravan there was, I knew, a large party altogether weary of waiting, but afraid to start by themselves, and these I incited to complain. Palaver after palaver resulted from this, and days passed away, but still no move was made.

I then determined to march by myself, at all hazards; on hearing which, Bastian and the discontented part of Alvez's men promised to follow me. This gave rise to much stormy discussion, for Alvez was furious at the idea of my slipping through his fingers. He temporized by declaring that if I would only remain three days longer he would positively start, whether the people behind arrived or not; again asserting that it was not Coimbra, but the natives of Bihé, for whom he detained the caravan, since their relatives at that place would seize his ivory if he returned without these men.

However, I stood firm, and marched on the 7th of July, true to my decision, Alvez and Bastian accompanying me.



POTTERY.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Another Fire.—“Medicine” a Delusion.—Havoc and Desolation.—Coimbra’s Captures.—Unmerciful Treatment of Women.—He calls Himself a Christian.—Misery and Loss of Life.—Abuse of the Portuguese Flag.—Alvez shares the Flesh and Blood.—The Lovol.—Limit of Oil-palms.—Composition of the Caravan.—Fire again.—Fortification of Msoa.—Mshiri.—“A very Bad Man.”—His Power.—His Followers.—Trade in Slaves increasing.—Its Result.—Fate of the Women-slaves.—Probable Export.—Gods of War.—Excessive Heat.—Our Coldest Night.—Alvez loses Slaves.—His Lamentations.—Am taken for a Devil.—Mournful Procession of Slaves.—A Weird Grove.—Mata Yafa.—Vivisection practiced on a Woman.—Rebellion of his Sister-wife.—Marshes.—A Sumptuous Meal.—Burning a Roadway.—Lagoons.—Bee-keeping.

At the termination of our first march we camped by a clump of trees near a village; but scarcely were the huts built and tents pitched before the country near us was fired, and it taxed all our vigilance and energy to prevent our camp being burned. The elaborate ceremonial observed in “making medicine” against fire would, therefore, have been of little value, had we not taken effective measures to prevent the flames from reaching us.

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The march had been a pleasant one, as far as the country was concerned; but it was exasperating to witness the havoc and desolation caused by the thieving and destructive scoundrels belonging to the caravan.

When I was ready to pack up the next morning, I was informed that no move would be made, a number of slaves having run during the night—small blame to them!—and their owners having started in pursuit. This annoyed me much, and I was delighted to hear that none were recaptured, and no further search was to be made.

During the night some others attempted to bolt, but their masters, rendered more watchful by their previous losses, were awake, and detected them before they could effect their escape. For some hours the camp was ringing with the distressing yells

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of these poor creatures, whose savage masters were cruelly maltreating them.

In the morning I received from Alvez an impertinent message that I was to come to him, and although this rather ruffled my temper, I thought it better to go at once and ascertain the meaning of this strange conduct. On meeting, he complacently told me that he had received news of Coimbra being in the vicinity, and that therefore we should wait for him.

My remonstrance and objection on the ground that we had already wasted too much time, and that so small a party could easily overtake us, passed unheeded. Alvez merely turned on his heel, saying he was master of the caravan, and not my servant, and should travel or stop as he pleased.

I felt a strong inclination to shake the filthy old rascal out of his rags, but considered it better not to soil my fingers by touching him.

Coimbra arrived in the afternoon with a gang of *fifty-two women*, tied together in lots of seventeen or eighteen. Some had children in arms, others were far advanced in pregnancy, and all were laden with huge bundles of grass-cloth and other plunder. These poor, weary, and foot-sore creatures were covered with weals and scars, showing how unmercifully cruel had been the treatment received at the hands of the savage who called himself their owner.

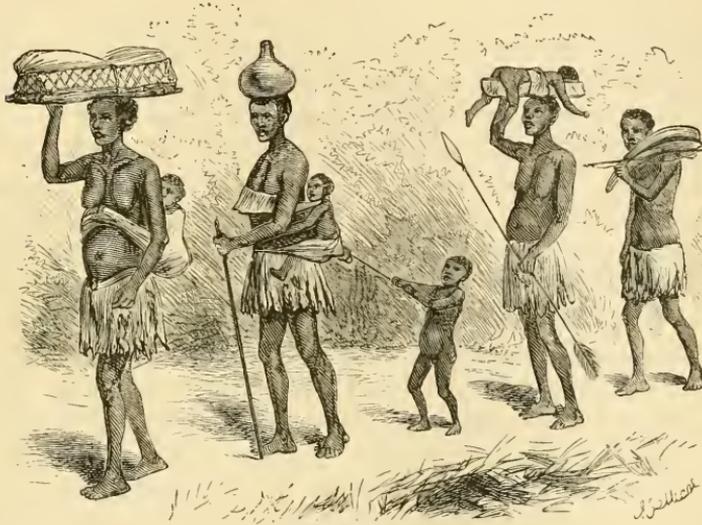
Besides these unfortunate women, the party—which had been escorted from Totéla by some of Kasongo's people—consisted only of two men belonging to Coimbra; two wives, given him by Kasongo, who proved quite equal to looking after the slaves; and three children, one of whom carried an idol presented by Kasongo to Coimbra, which worthy thought it as good a god as any other, though he professed to be a Christian.

His Christianity, like that of the majority of the half-breeds of Bihé, consisted in having been baptized by some rogue calling himself a priest, but who, being far too bad to be endured either at Loanda or Benguela, had retired into the interior, and managed to subsist on fees given him for going through the form of baptizing any children that might be brought to him.

The misery and loss of life entailed by the capture of these women are far greater than can be imagined except by those

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who have witnessed some such heart-rending scenes. Indeed, the cruelties perpetrated in the heart of Africa by men calling themselves Christians, and carrying the Portuguese flag, can scarcely be credited by those living in a civilized land; and the Government of Portugal can not be cognizant of the atrocities committed by men claiming to be her subjects. To obtain these fifty-two women, at least ten villages had been destroyed, each having a population of from one to two hundred, or about fifteen hundred in all. Some may, perchance, have escaped to neighboring villages; but the greater portion were undoubtedly burned when their villages were surprised, shot while attempt-



SCENE ON THE ROAD.

ing to save their wives and families, or doomed to die of starvation in the jungle unless some wild beast put a more speedy end to their miseries.

When Coimbra arrived with so rich a harvest, Alvez was equal to the occasion, and demanded a number of the slaves to meet the expenses incurred in having detained him.

With this additional amount of misery imported into the caravan, we marched the next day, and crossed the Lovoi, some by a fishing-weir bridge, and others by wading where it was mid-thigh deep and a hundred and twenty feet wide. The riv-

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er had evidently fallen considerably since the cessation of the rains, as there were signs of its having been treble its present width, and fully twelve feet in depth. The banks were fringed with the beautiful feathery date-palm growing on a grassy strip, while a background of fine timber gave a charming effect to the whole.

The Lovoi here forms the boundary between Urua and Usambi. Beyond it I observed no oil-palms, the height above the sea now being over two thousand six hundred feet, which appears to be the general limit of their growth. In a few instances they may be met with at two thousand eight hundred feet, and, according to Dr. Livingstone, at Ma Kazembé's they grow at three thousand feet above the sea, that being undoubtedly a very exceptional case.

Three miles of a steep ascent from the river brought us to camp near the heavily stockaded village of Msoa.

The different parties of which the caravan consisted were as follows: my own party formed one camp; Alvez and his people, with their slaves, formed another; Coimbra, his wives and slave gang, a third; and Bastian a fourth; besides which there were two camps of independent parties from Bihé; another of Kibokwé people; and yet one more of Lovalé men, or, as they were usually called, Kinyama men, after a chief of that country.

Fire again came upon us shortly after we arrived, one of these small camps being burned; and the whole country, which was covered with long grass, was soon in flames. The other camps were fortunately pitched where the grass was short, and thus escaped. Some slaves wisely took advantage of the excitement, and regained their liberty.

Around Msoa, the country was pretty and prosperous, the districts being populous, and the villages protected by stockades and large dry ditches encircling them. The trenches were ten or twelve feet deep and of the same width, and the excavated earth was used to form a bank on the outside of the stockade, so as to render it perfectly musket-proof. These unusual fortifications were intended as a protection against the raids of Mshiri, the chief of Katanga.

Of Mshiri I had before heard, and he was repnted to be "a very bad man" (*mtu mbaya sana*); but I had no idea that he

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extended his depredations as far as Ussambi. He is one of the Wakalaganza, the principal tribe among the Wanyamwezi; and many years ago he penetrated with a strong party as far as Katanga in search of ivory. When there, he saw that his party, having the advantage of possessing guns, could easily conquer the native ruler. And this he forthwith proceeded to do, and established himself as an independent chief, though Katanga is properly in the dominions of Kasongo.

As such, Kasongo and his father, Bambarré, had frequently sent parties to demand tribute from Mshiri; but they had always returned from their mission with any thing but success, and neither Kasongo nor his father thought it advisable to risk his prestige by proceeding against him in person.

Mshiri has collected around him large numbers of Wanyamwezi and malcontents from among the lower order of traders from the East Coast, and obtains supplies of powder and guns by trading both to Benguela and Unyanyembe. Caravans, commanded by half-caste Portuguese, and slaves of Portuguese traders, have visited him for over twenty years, and furnish numerous recruits to his ranks. Ivory being scarce, his principal trade is in slaves and copper. The latter is procured on the spot from the mines at Katanga; but for slaves he has to send far and wide. In consideration of a small payment, he allows parties of his adherents to accompany slave-trading caravans on their raids, and, on returning to his head-quarters, the slaves are divided between the traders and himself, in proportion to the number of guns furnished by his people. His trade with Bihé and the West Coast is rapidly increasing, and large tracts of country are being depopulated in consequence.

Only a small proportion of the slaves taken by the caravans from Bihé and the West Coast reach Benguela, the greater part, more especially the women, being forwarded to Sekélétu's country in exchange for ivory; and it is not improbable that some of these eventually find their way to the diamond fields, among the gangs of laborers taken there by the Kaffirs.

Nevertheless, I am convinced that more are taken to the coast near Benguela than can be absorbed there, and that an outlet for them must exist. I am strongly of opinion that, in spite of the unremitting vigilance of the commanders of our

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men-of-war, and of the lives and treasure that England has expended in the suppression of this inhuman traffic, many slaves are still smuggled away, possibly to South America or the West Indies.

Outside the stockaded village, large collections of horns and jaw-bones of wild beasts were placed in front of small fetich huts, as offerings to induce the African gods of war and hunting to continue favorable to their votaries.

From these villages the road led through woods and open savannas, and across a wide swamp drained by the Luvwa, running in several small channels to the southward, and ultimately falling into the Luburi, an affluent of the Lufupa.

We camped on a large open plain, destitute of trees or shade, and where the grass had lately been burned. The excessive heat of the baked ground, combined with that of the rays of the unclouded sun, was almost unbearable; and this burning day was followed by the coldest night we had yet experienced in Africa, owing to the clearness of the sky and the consequent excessive radiation, the thermometer only marking  $46.5^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit in my tent in the morning.

At this camp the nephew of Alvez, and the slaves who had appropriated the beads at Lunga Mândi's, took the opportunity of running away. They had all been flogged, and kept in chains until the caravan started, when they were released and given loads to carry, with the utterance of many dire threats as to what should happen to them at Bihé; so, finding themselves unwatched, they evidently thought it wise to decamp.

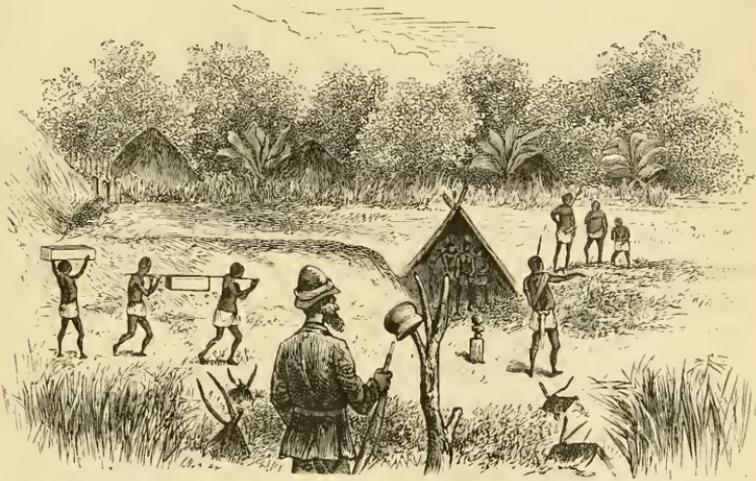
Alvez, thus baffled, halted to search for the objects of his wrath; but as Coimbra was going foraging for provisions at a village which was to be our next station, I took the opportunity of accompanying him, and looking for better quarters than the roasting spot we were then occupying.

On the road we met with several streams and small swampy places—"bad steps," as Paddy would call them—but at the end of our march were rewarded by finding a delightful camping-ground close to Kawala. This was another intrenched village; and Poporla, the chief, said that some of Mshiri's people had lately passed, leaving him unmolested, owing to the strength of his fortifications.

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Excepting a little corn, no food was procurable; but the people were so delighted with the extraordinary circumstance of a caravan being ready to pay for what was required, that they allowed us to buy at most moderate prices.

From Poporla's wife, who had accompanied her husband to the camp, I managed to obtain half a dozen eggs, which were a great treat. But Poporla was horrified at the idea of a "great man" being reduced to eating eggs, and brought me a basket of beans and a piece of charred meat. It was, I believe, the only flesh they had in the village, and, on close examination, it proved to be the windpipe of some wild animal. With some



VILLAGE OF KAWALA.

difficulty I avoided being almost compelled to eat this in the chief's presence, he was so anxious that I should begin and not mind his being there. But, under the pretense of extreme politeness, I escaped the delicious morsel. After he had left, my servant exchanged it with one of Coimbra's people for a head of Indian-corn.

Alvez arrived the following day, not only having failed to find the runaways, but having lost two or three more slaves. With many lamentations over the hardness of his fate, he came to me, expressing a hope that I should remember him and his losses. This I could, with a clear conscience, promise to do; for, to my dying day, he will ever be present to my mind as

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one of the most loathsome productions of a spurious civilization.

It pleased me to hear that, in his opinion, the slaves had run, owing to the opportunities offered by short marches and numerous halts, and therefore he should press on to the utmost. I was selfish enough to hope that in consequence of this we might go forward without any more vexatious halts.

From Kawala we marched by Angolo, and the inhabitants came to us eager to sell flour and corn for beads.

I now found that Alvez and his people had, in a great measure, made arrangements for providing themselves with stores for the downward journey by obtaining a particular sort of bead. It is not imported from the West Coast, but they had stolen large quantities from the Warna, who are particularly fond of them, and buy them from the Arabs.

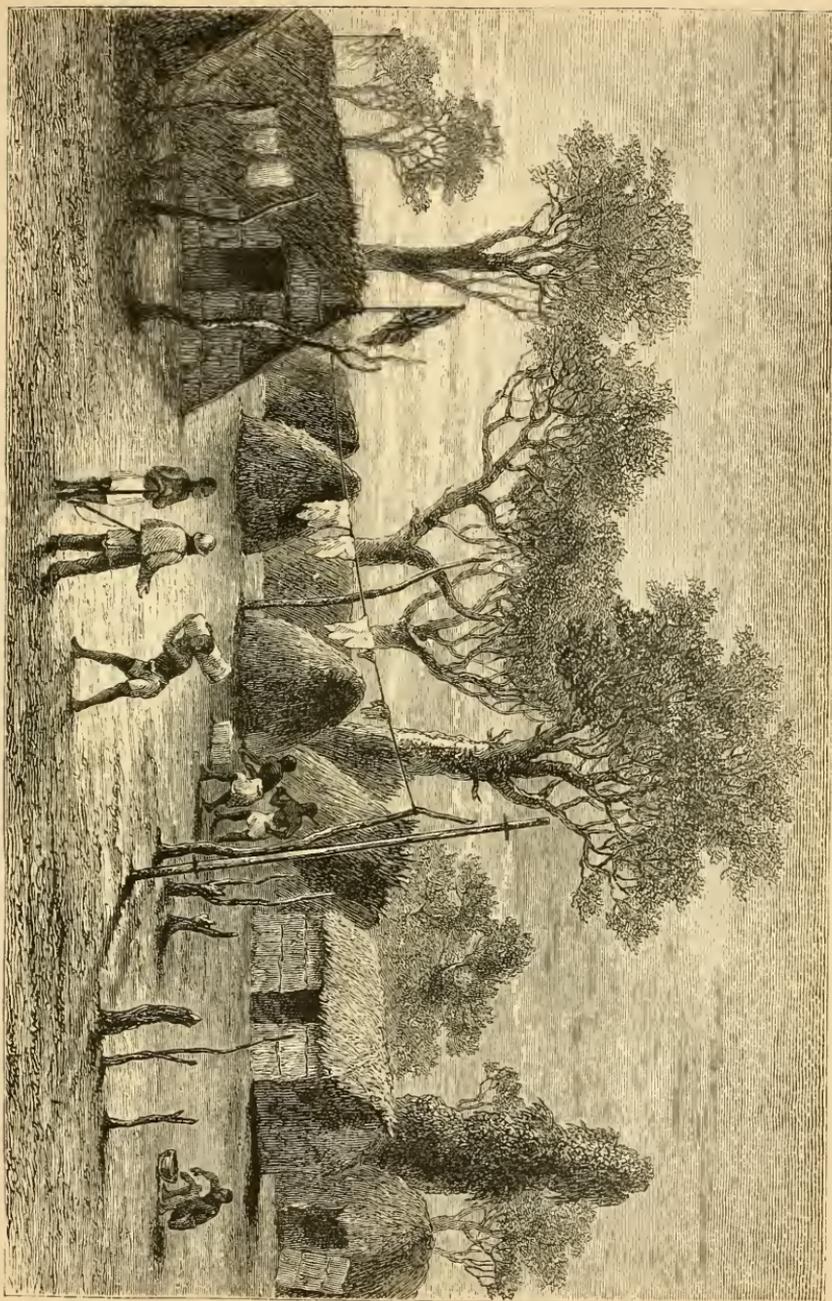
Camping for that night in the jungle, we next marched to Lupanda, three days being occupied on the road. The route was well watered, and the villages were embanked and stockaded; and although the inhabitants of some would have no communication whatever with the caravan, others came freely into camp with corn for sale. The matama harvest had just been gathered, and it was cheap and plentiful.

Just outside a village I saw a dead python thirteen feet eight inches in length, but not of great girth.

At none of these villages were we allowed to enter; but while I was waiting near one for the caravan to come up, two of my men managed to get inside with the intention of trying to buy the rarity of a fowl or goat for me. Directly they were discovered, a shout was raised, and all the people retreated into an inner palisade, and closed the entrances.

The inhabitants then began threatening my men with spears from this inner fortification, and they judged it advisable to withdraw. But after a time the people gained confidence, and, seeing only myself and three followers, ventured out to satisfy their curiosity by staring at us from a distance.

At last I induced one of the natives to come near me; but, after having a good look, he covered his face with his hands and rushed away with a yell. He had never before seen a white man, and I really believe he thought I was a devil.



CAMP AT ILT-PANDA.



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A boy about ten years of age then approached me, and I gave him a few beads and a little tobacco; and on observing that no injury befell the youngster, other people surrounded me with much laughing and staring, and a good-natured old woman even consented to sell me a fowl.

While we were engaged in a lively conversation—by signs—Alvez's caravan appeared, and the natives immediately bolted into the village and closed the entrances.



SLAVE-GANG.

The place I had chosen for my camp was near the path, and the whole of the caravan passed on in front, the mournful procession lasting for more than two hours. Women and children, foot-sore and overburdened, were urged on unremittingly by their barbarous masters; and even when they reached their camp, it was no haven of rest for the poor creatures. They were compelled to fetch water, cook, build huts, and collect fire-wood for those who owned them, and were comparatively favored if they had contrived some sort of shelter for themselves before night set in.

The loss of labor entailed by working gangs of slaves tied together is monstrous; for if one pot of water is wanted, twenty people are obliged to fetch it from the stream, and for one bundle of grass to thatch a hut the whole string must be employed. On the road, too, if one of a gang requires to halt, the

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whole must follow motions; and when one falls, five or six are dragged down.

The whole country was well wooded, and the streams were almost innumerable. Groves of gigantic trees sprung up without undergrowth, and a weird feeling of awe stole over me as I wandered in my loneliness among their huge trunks and looked up at their towering heads, whose outspreading branches obscured the light of the midday sun.

At Lupanda, the chief brought a tusk of ivory for sale, and the caravan was halted a day, that Alvez might bargain about the price; and even then he did not purchase it.

I had some conversation with these people, and also with a chief named Mazonda, whose village we had passed the day before. They told me that Mata Yafa, who had been deposed by his sister, was stealing through the country about eight miles north of us, being on his way to solicit the assistance of his friend and kinsman, Kasongo, to reinstate him in his government.

In addition to cutting off noses, lips, and ears, the morbid curiosity of this wretched creature led him, on one occasion, to extend his studies in vivisection even to sacrificing an unfortunate woman who was about to become a mother. To this, his sister—who was also his principal wife—objected, being prompted by the instinct of self-preservation; for she urged that, being herself a woman, she might some day be chosen as a subject by Mata Yafa in his search for knowledge. So, gathering together a strong party, she attempted to surprise and kill him in his hut at night.

Rumor of these intentions having reached him, he escaped with a mere handful of men, and his sister proclaimed a brother the ruler in his stead.

A quantity of copper—principally obtained from mines about fifty miles south of this place—was brought into camp here as an exchange for slaves. It was cast in pieces shaped like St. Andrew's cross, as before described, and was carried in loads of nine or ten slung at each end of a pole, weighing altogether from fifty to sixty pounds.

Upon my picking up a half-load, consisting of ten pieces, and holding it out at arms-length, the people were greatly aston-

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ished, and declared I had made a "great medicine" to be enabled to do this. Some of the villagers and several of Alvez's and my own people put their powers to the test, and one of my men managed to hold out six pieces, but the average was four or five.

It must be remembered that none of these people had ever before attempted this, and many of them could, doubtless, have far excelled me in other trials of strength; but I am of opinion that the average muscular power of the native is decidedly less than that of the white man.

On leaving Lupanda, an entire day was occupied in crossing a marsh of deep mud and frequent streams covered with tingitingi, over which we struggled from island to island, and ultimately camped on one covered with fine timber.

At this marsh both the Lomâmi and Luwembi have their source, and unite after the Luwembi has passed through Lake Iki.

On the march I saw a herd of small antelope, and succeeded in shooting one after much patient stalking. I directed my men to skin and cut it up, while I went after the remainder of the herd, in the hope of getting another shot.

When I returned, a squabble had arisen between my men and some of the Bihé people, as the latter asserted a claim to half the buck because the herd had first been noticed by one of them. I settled the dispute by saying that he who first saw the herd should receive a small portion of meat; but as for the rest, they might go and be hanged.

To Alvez I sent some as a present, and the ungrateful old rascal immediately demanded more, on the plea that the caravan was his, and therefore all game shot ought to be brought to him for distribution. It is probable that the message I sent in reply was not entirely satisfactory, nor altogether polite; but I proceeded at once to appropriate the haunch and the kidneys for myself, and divided the rest among my own men.

Besides the buck, I bagged some doves, and consequently had quite a sumptuous meal, consisting of roast haunch of venison, broiled dove, and the tender shoots of young ferns boiled for asparagus.

The next march was through country once very fertile, but

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now deserted, and after seven miles we were completely stopped by long grass. We were consequently obliged to return to the opposite bank of a stream we had just crossed, and fire the grass in front in order to clear a road. When the flames had traveled a short distance, I followed in the expectation of shooting some game, but only saw small birds and numerous hawks and kites, which swooped into the smoke and flame in pursuit of their prey, and sometimes fell victims themselves.

We now appeared to be exactly on the water-shed between the rivers running to the Lualaba below Nyangwé and those falling into it above that and Kassali. We passed grass-grown lagoons, giving rise to many streams, near one of which we camped.

The chief of a neighboring village visited us, and from him I ascertained the names of rivers we had crossed; but when I inquired the name of himself and his village, he at once went away without answering, fearing that I should work magic against him. From this place we marched to the village of Fundalanga, nearly the last in Ussambi, and halted there three days to purchase provisions. On the road there were enormous bamboo brakes extending for a distance of about eight miles.

At Fundalanga bees were kept in hives, and bees-wax was collected for trading purposes, as caravans returning from Katanga usually passed this place, and bought large amounts of wax with the copper they had obtained at Katanga.

One march farther brought us to the Lubiranzi, which we crossed, and entered Ulûnda on the 27th of July, 1875.



HUT IN ULÛNDA.









## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Ulûnda.—Born in Slavery.—Elephant Ragout.—Alvez dodges Me.—Compelled to follow Him.—The Walûnda.—A Dirty Race.—Curious Fare.—Returning Thanks.—Remarkably Small Huts.—I drop into a Pitfall.—My Rifle gives Satisfaction.—Zebra.—A Cold Dip.—Ice in August.—Loyalé People pushing eastward.—Cowardly Demeanor of Bihé Men.—Kafundango.—Escape of a Slave-gang.—Their Cruel Treatment.—Maternal Affection.—Savage Manners of Loyalé Men.—Extortion.—Rudeness of Dress.—Clever Iron-workers.—Arrow-heads and Hatchets.—Beef once again, but not for Me.—Numerous Fetiches.—The Zambési and Kassabé.—Interlocking of their Systems.—Available for Traffic.—Mode of fishing.—Katende in State.—Recollection of Livingstone.—The Legend of Lake Dilolo.

ULÛNDA is a long and narrow strip of country—about a hundred miles wide at the point where we entered it, lying between the fifth and twelfth degrees of south latitude. The principal portion of the inhabitants are Walûnda, but Mata Yafa, his immediate retainers and some of the governors of districts, are Warua. The villages are small and few and far between, and the greater part of the country is still primeval forest.

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After one march we halted for the sake of some women, who gave promise of an immediate addition to the numbers of the caravan.

I went out with my gun all day, but returned unsuccessful, not having seen either hoof or feather. Some of Alvez's people were more fortunate, and shot two small elephants, on which account we remained another day, that the meat might be divided.

I procured a piece of the trunk, for, knowing it was considered a great delicacy, I had rather a curiosity to taste it; but whether Sambo's cookery did not do justice to this choice morsel, or it required some one better versed in gastronomy than I to appreciate its peculiar flavor, certain it was that I never again ventured on another mouthful of elephant ragout.

The process of cutting up the elephants' carcasses was a scene

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of disgusting confusion. All Alvez's people were upon and about them, hacking and tearing them to pieces, and fighting and squabbling among themselves like a pack of pariah dogs.

Encouraged by the sight of this big game, I went out the next day for about six hours, and beat up every bit of cover I came across, and just before returning a large eland bounded out of a thicket. I knocked him over with a shell, but he regained his feet, and I then sent a bullet into him from my second barrel. I found that the bullet had gone through heart and lungs; but the shell, striking the thicker part of the bone of the shoulder, had burst without penetrating far. The base of the shell was flattened out like a wafer.

One of my men also brought in an eland, and my party was then as well provided with meat as Alvez's people, who kept the elephants entirely to themselves. They would not give us any, though I had endeavored to buy some portion for my men; and even the small piece of trunk which I obtained to gratify my curiosity I paid highly for.

The meat having been packed, we continued our journey, and, after only two hours' marching through jungle, came upon some villages, from which the inhabitants had fled.

Alvez's people instantly stopped, and declared they would camp there, as any amount of food was to be obtained for nothing.

Thoroughly disgusted, I went on in the proper direction with a few of my followers, leaving orders for Bombay to come after me with the remaining men and their loads. After walking an hour, I sat under a tree to wait for Bombay. He shortly appeared with half a dozen men and no loads, for Alvez having taken another road, my people had followed him. It was useless to send after him, so nothing remained but to return and follow him up.

Passing through a village which had been pillaged, I flushed a large flock of guinea-fowl feeding on corn scattered about by the plunderers, and bagged one fine fellow, which put me in better humor before I reached camp.

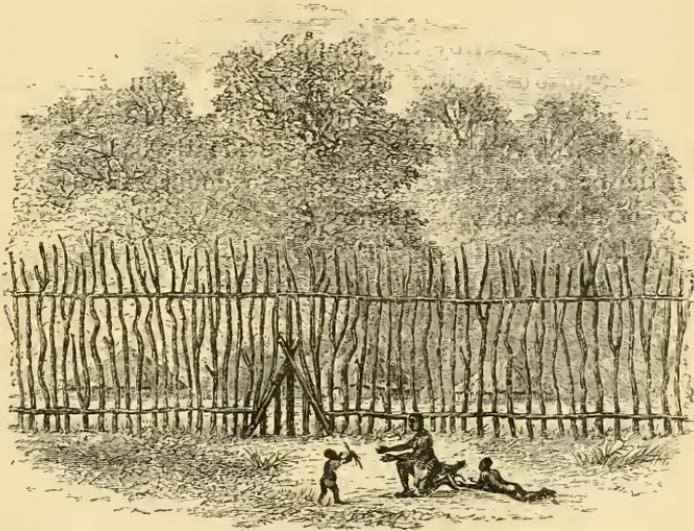
For some considerable time before overtaking Alvez, the stench arising from the loads of putrid elephant, which, having

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been hastily prepared, had already turned bad, afforded us ample proof that we were in the track of his caravan.

I spoke to him concerning the direction of his road, and asked his object for marching south-south-east, when Bihé was about west-south-west. He replied that it was a very good road, and the only one he knew.

My men were too frightened about the country in front to follow me alone, and said that not one among them knew where to find provisions or water, or could speak the languages of the people we should meet. There was certainly much truth in this, and knowing that, if I left Alvez, the greater part of my men would desert me and follow him, I was driven to submit to his guidance.



VILLAGE IN ULŪNDA.

The few people who visited our camp were the first Walūnda I had seen, and a dirty, wild-looking race they appeared.

The clothing of the men consisted of skin aprons, while the women contented themselves with wearing a few shreds of bark-cloth.

Their wool was not worked up into any fashion, but simply matted with dirt and grease, and they were remarkable for the entire absence of ornament.

There was nothing to show that they ever had dealings with

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caravans, for not one person possessed a bead or piece of cloth. I gave a few beads to a man from whom I tried, unsuccessfully, to extract a little information, and he was greatly delighted with the present.

Our next march was most tiresome and troublesome, for the paths being all "gone dead," as the people said, and the only huts we saw being deserted, we frequently missed our way. But late in the afternoon we reached the place we were making for, when I had the doubtful satisfaction of learning that the road I wished to follow the day before would have brought us here direct.

We were now close to the village of Moéné Kula, a sub-chief of Ulúnda, and on the main road between Mata Yafa's capital and the copper-mines and salt-pans near Kwijila.

These were passed by the Pombieros, Pedro João Baptista and Anastacio José, when they journeyed from Mata Yafa's capital to Ma Kazembé; the forty days' desert which they were informed lay between the two places evidently being the country of the predecessor of Kasongo. No doubt, Mata Yafa was jealous of him, and consequently sent the travelers round, instead of through, his dominions. No parties had, however, been past for some time, on account of the disturbed state of affairs at head-quarters.

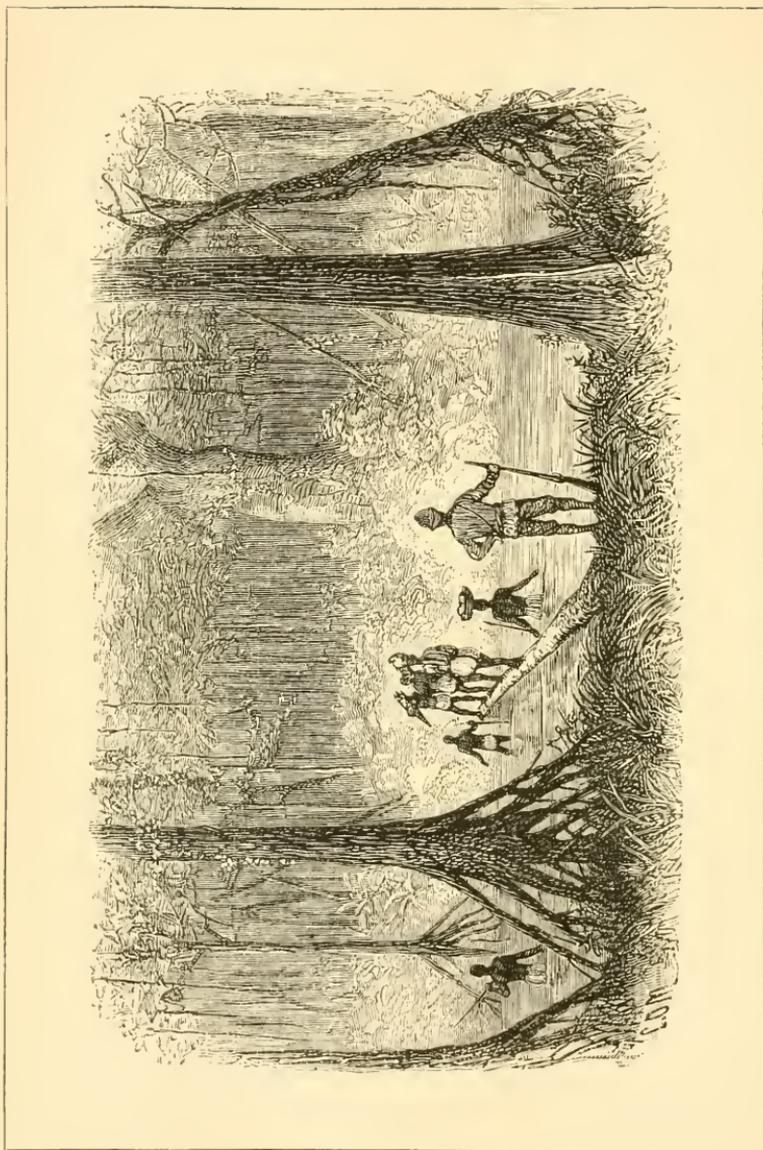
From the people here I heard that a former Mata Yafa died about a year previously, and he of whom we heard in Ussambi had succeeded him; but, being even more cruel than the generality, he had been supplanted by one of his brothers, aided by the sister of whom we had been told.

Some people from Moéné Kula brought Alvez and myself a small pot of pombé, some charred buffalo's flesh, and a hind leg of a buffalo approaching a state of putrefaction; and although it was impossible to eat this meat, we found it useful to exchange for corn.

On giving them beads in return, the head-man rubbed earth on his chest and arms, and then the entire party knelt down and clapped their hands together three times, commencing very loudly and then growing fainter. This was repeated three times.

Early the next morning we passed near Moéné Kula's vil-





CROSSING THE LUKOJI.

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lage, an irregularly built collection of small hamlets, some being inclosed by rough fences of thorny bushes, and others open. The huts were neatly built, but remarkably small, the walls not being above three feet high.

Beyond the village were provision-grounds, supposed to be protected by fetiches, consisting of small inclosures in which was planted a dead tree, with numerous gourds and earthen pots hanging on its branches.

During this march, I had the misfortune to sprain my ankle so badly that I was obliged to rig up a hammock and be carried for some days.

The winding road passed many small hamlets, consisting only of a few huts in the centre of a patch of cleared and cultivated ground. They were surrounded by fences about four feet high, constructed of tree-trunks piled one upon the other, and kept in position by stakes planted at intervals. The huts were all small; and while some were circular, with conical roofs and walls of stakes, with the interstices filled in with grass, others were oblong, with sloping roofs, and were lined with mats.

A few open plains in the intervals among the forest, of which the country was chiefly composed, were even now muddy, although the dry season had so far advanced. In the rains they must be swamps.

On the 5th of August we crossed the Lukoji—the principal eastern affluent of the Lulua—a large river receiving most of the smaller streams we had lately passed. A few miles from this place was the village of a Kazembé, the second ruler of Ulúnda; but he was absent, having gone to pay his respects to the new Mata Yafa.

Two days later we reached a village of about twenty huts in the middle of a large inclosure; and while climbing over the fence at what appeared to be a proper entrance, I heard people call out, "Take care, there's a hole!" I looked at the ground most carefully, and, avoiding a small hole, placed my foot on what seemed a remarkably sound spot. Immediately the surface gave way, and I made a rapid descent into a pitfall for game, but saved myself from reaching the bottom by spreading out my arms as I fell, and thus escaped without any more serious injury than a severe shaking.

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Kisenga, situated just between the sources of the Lulua and Liambai, or Zambési, was arrived at the next day, and, being the last station in Ulúnda, we remained here a few days to procure corn and make flour for a reported march of five days between this and Lovalé.

The moon served well for taking lunars, and in three nights I managed to get a hundred and eighty-seven distances, and thus fixed this important position accurately.

Here we met a small party of Lovalé people looking for ivory and bees-wax. They were armed with guns, and, as was always the case with those possessing them, were far more curious with regard to mine than people who had never before seen any fire-arms. My heavy rifle was examined with much admiration, but they did not consider it sufficiently long, their own weapons being lengthy Portuguese flint-locks; but when one of them consented to shoot at a tree distant about fifty yards, I followed with shell, putting the one from the second barrel into the hole made by that from the first. They were then quite satisfied as to the power and accuracy of my fire-arms.

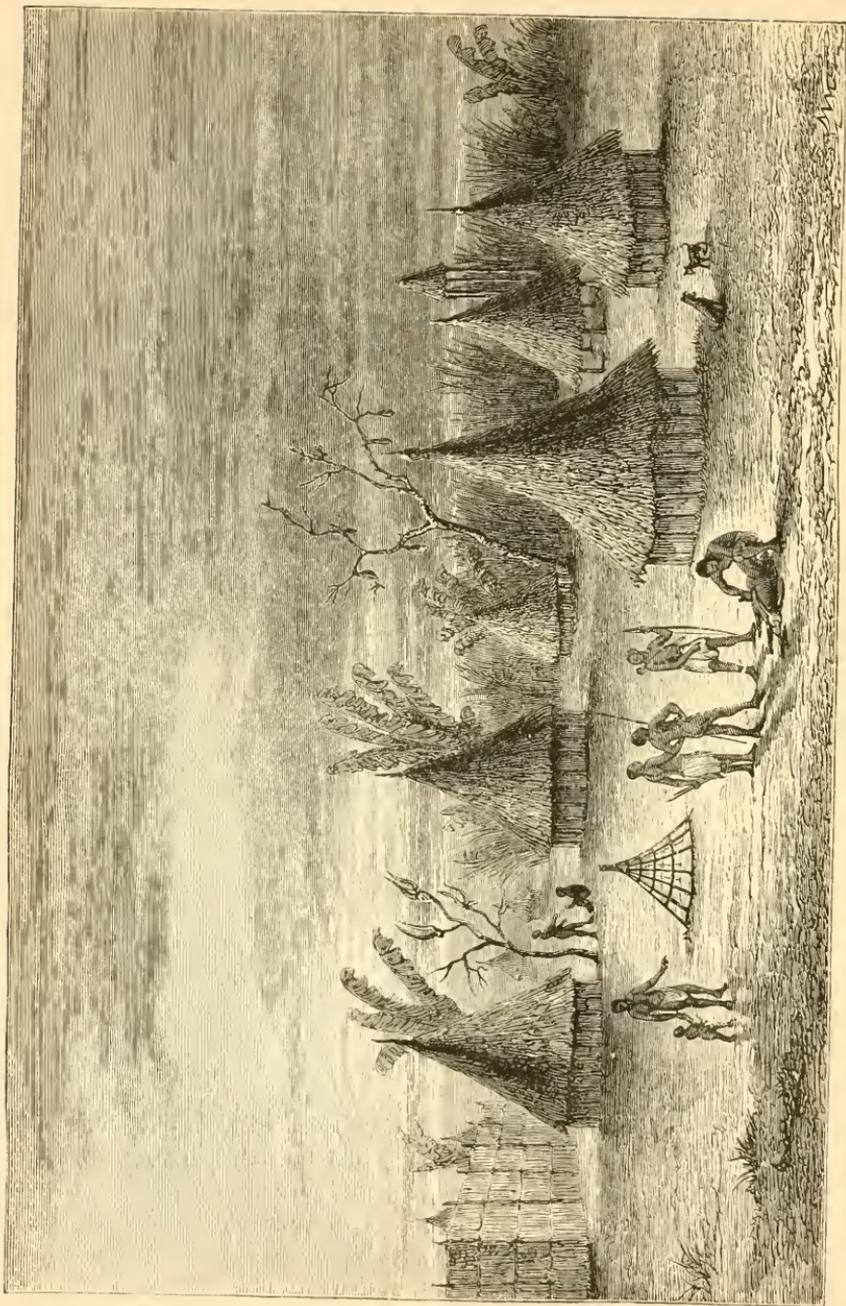
After leaving Kisenga, three days' marching through alternate jungle and large plains brought us to the village of Sona Bazh, lately built by some Lovalé people. On the road we saw many tracks of large game and also a herd of zebra. The pretty beasts were playing and feeding, wholly unconscious of our being so near, and I took a long look at them through my field-glasses.

From Sona Bazh could be seen the heavy timber fringing the banks of the Zambési, about ten or twelve miles south of us, the river at this point running west-south-west. We were now on the water-shed between that river and the Kassabé, constantly crossing streams running either toward one or toward the other river.

The road first led into a dip through which the river Luvua drained to the Zambési. In my tent the minimum thermometer had stood at 38° Fahrenheit; but on descending into the dip, the ground was frozen and the pools covered with ice.

To me it was quite delightful to feel the crisp ground crunching under my feet; but possibly my unshod and half-naked fol-





VILLAGE OF SONA BAZIL.

lowers did not regard the change in temperature with the same pleasure.

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Until the 18th of August we continued marching through many swamps, and crossing rivers, chiefly flowing to the Zam-bézi. The few villages on the way had been recently established by Lovalé people, who are rapidly pushing farther east.

The inhabitants carried guns; and the Bihé men, so brave and bold among the natives of Urua, who had no better weapons than bows and arrows and spears, were here extremely mild, and frightened to say or do any thing which might offend, and submitted to the most unreasonable demands without a murmur.

The escape of a gang of slaves detained us, much to my annoyance, within one march of Kafundango, the first district in Lovalé proper.

I had nothing but rice and beans to eat, and I was told that at Kafundango food was most plentiful, which was a trifle tantalizing to a hungry man.

We arrived there the following day, and found it a district with numerous small villages. The huts were well built and of various shapes, the strips of bark tying the bundles of grass which formed the walls being so disposed as to form patterns.

For a piece of salt I obtained one fowl; but the people would not even look at my remaining beads, being very eager for cloth, of which I had none for trading. My only stores were a few beads and seven or eight viongwa, or shell ornaments, from the East Coast. But these I was obliged to retain for the purpose of buying fish with which to pay our way to Bihé.

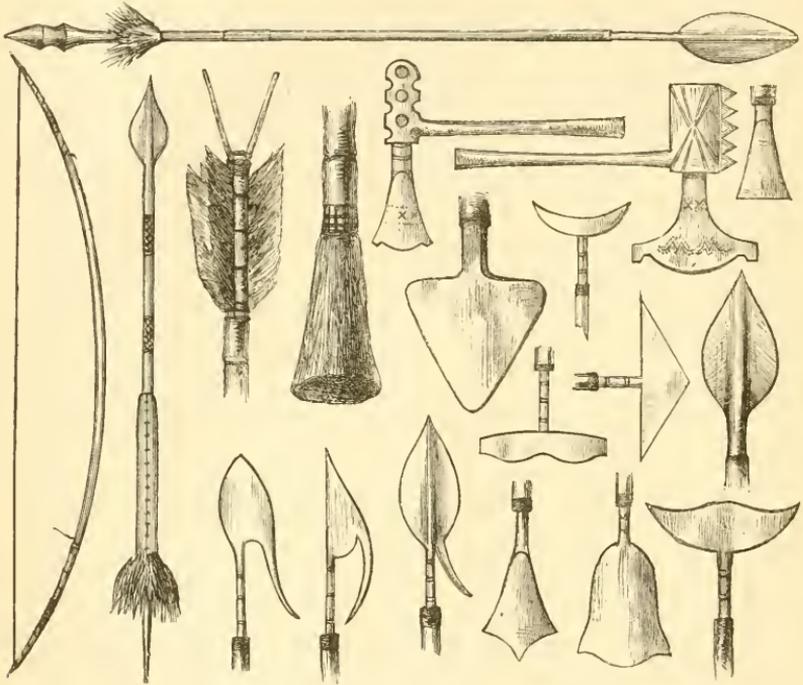
During this halt, another string of twenty slaves belonging to Coimbra ran away, and a day was lost in waiting while he looked for them; but the search, I am happy to say, was fruitless.

I had noticed the bad condition of this gang several times on the road, the poor wretches being travel-worn and half starved, and having large sores caused by their loads and the blows and cuts they received. The ropes that confined them were also, in some instances, eating into their flesh. And I saw one woman still carrying the infant that had died in her arms of starvation.

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How keenly, in the midst of these heart-rending scenes, I felt my utter powerlessness to assist these poor suffering creatures in the smallest degree may well be imagined.

That so many had escaped was a relief to me; although there was reason to fear that numbers of them died of starvation, in their endeavors to reach home, or fell into the hands of Lovalé men, who are reputed to be harsh task-masters.



BOW, SPEARS, HATCHETS, AND ARROW-HEADS.

The people of Lovalé are very savage in their manners and habits, and, being armed with guns, are much feared by passing caravans.

No tribute is demanded, as in Ugogo, except by one or two chiefs; but they invent many claims as a means of extorting goods from those passing through their villages.

Every thing in their mode of living is regulated by the magicians, or fetich-men, and they cleverly lay traps for the unwary traveler. Thus, should a stranger chance to rest his gun or spear against a hut in their villages, it is instantly seized, and

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not returned unless a heavy fine is paid, the excuse being that it is an act of magic intended to cause the death of the owner of the hut. If a tree which has been marked with fire should be cut down for building in camp, similar demands are made; and so on through an unlimited category.

Their dress is rude in the extreme, the men wearing leather aprons, and the women a few small thongs like the Nubian dress, or a tiny scrap of cloth. Their hair is plaited into a kind of pattern and plastered with mud and oil, and looks almost as though their head-dress were carved out of wood.

They import iron in large quantities from Kibokwé, and work it cunningly into arrow-heads of various fantastic forms and very prettily ornamented hatchets. The hatchets are also very ingeniously contrived, the upper part of the blade or tang being round, and it may be placed in the handle to serve either as an adze or axe.

At the moment of starting from Kafundango, I heard from Bastian that he intended leaving the caravan and marching toward Kassançi.

By this time we were so far south, that to have accompanied him would have added greatly to the distance, and, being short of stores, I dared not risk making my journey longer than was absolutely necessary. I therefore contented myself with giving him letters addressed to the English consul at Loanda, with particulars of my movements, in the event of Bastian being able to send them there. These letters were never delivered, and Bastian either failed to reach his master, or the master thought it advisable to suppress an Englishman's communication from the interior.

On this march we once again had the satisfaction of seeing some cows, the first specimens of the bovine race that we had met since leaving Ujiji. But my men and myself frequently suffered severely from hunger, the people only consenting to



HEAD-DRESS.

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sell provisions for slaves, cloth, and gunpowder, none of which I could give them.

Throughout the first part of Lovalé, the country consisted of a continuation of large open plains, patches of forest and jungle, and many neatly built villages. The huts were square, round, and oval, having high roofs, in some instances running into two and three points.

Our manner of marching was free from any variety. Sometimes we were delayed by runaway slaves; at others by the chiefs desiring Alvez to halt for a day, which he most obediently did, although it usually cost him some slaves; and he even supplied the requirements of one chief by a draft from his own harem.

Innumerable old camps along the road bore testimony to the large traffic, principally in slaves, which now exists between Bihé and the centre of the continent.

Fetiches were numerous in all the villages. They were usually clay figures spotted with red and white, and intended to represent leopards and other wild beasts, or rude wooden figures of men and women.

Some of the plains we crossed are flooded to a depth of two or three feet during the rainy season, when the water extends completely across the water-shed between the Zambézi and the Kassabé.

Indeed, the systems of the Kongo and Zambézi lock into each other in such a manner that, by some improvement in the existing condition of the rivers, and by cutting a canal of about twenty miles through level country, they might be connected, and internal navigation be established from the West to the East Coast. It would, of course, be necessary to arrange for



HEAD-DRESS AND HATCHET.

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passing some of the more important rapids by easy portages, or, hereafter, by locks.

When flooded, these plains are overspread by numerous fish, consisting principally of a sort of mud-fish and a small minnow-like fry.

The natives, taking advantage of small inequalities of surface, dam in large expanses, which become shallow ponds when the floods subside. Holes are then made in the dams, and the water is drained off through wicker-work placed in the gaps, when the surface of the ground which formed the bottom of



VILLAGE IN LOVALÉ.

the pond is found to be covered with fish. They are roughly dried, and exported to the neighboring countries, or sold to passing caravans.

On the 28th of August, we arrived at the village of Katendé, the principal chief of a large portion of Lovalé, which now consists of two or three divisions, although it was formerly under one ruler.

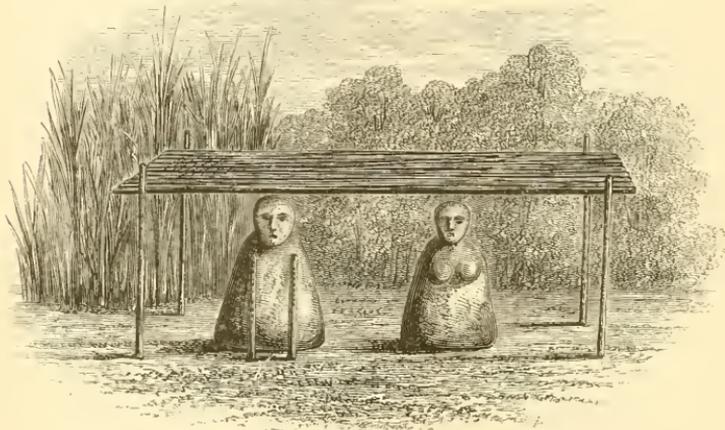
Dried fish was reported to be plentiful here, and especially on the Zambési, about fourteen miles south of our camp. We therefore decided on halting while men were dispatched to procure a sufficient quantity of fish to pay our way through Kibokwé. I sent a party on this errand with all my long-hoarded

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viongwa but two. And they were now the only remaining stores I had to depend upon after the fish should be expended.

Together with Alvez, I visited Katendé, and found him sitting in state under a large tree, surrounded by his councilors.

On either side was a fetich hut—one, containing two nondescript figures of animals; and the other, caricatures of the human form divine; while from a branch of the tree a goat's horn was suspended by a rope of creepers as a charm, and dangled within a few feet of the sable potentate's nose.



FETICH HUT.

He was dressed for the occasion in a colored shirt, felt hat, and a long petticoat made of colored pocket-handkerchiefs, and he smoked unremittingly the whole time, for he was an ardent votary of the soothing weed.

As it happened that his stock of tobacco was nearly exhausted, I gained his esteem by making him a present of a little, in return for which I received a fowl and some eggs.

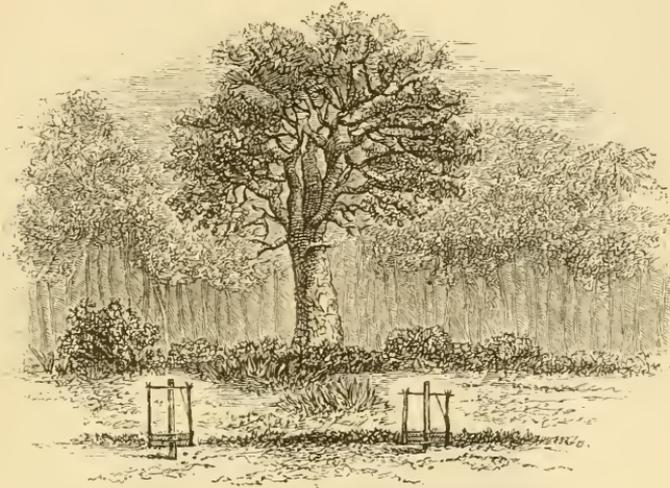
I questioned him about Livingstone, whom he remembered as having passed by his village; but there was very little information to be obtained respecting the great traveler, except that he rode an ox, a circumstance which seemed to have imprinted itself indelibly on Katendé's memory. Since Livingstone's time, he had changed the position of his village twice.

In the afternoon a number of natives came into camp, and

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from one of them I heard the following story or legend of Lake Dilolo, which well merits being related here as I received it :

“Once upon a time, where Lake Dilolo now is, stood a large and prosperous village. The inhabitants were all rich and well-to-do, possessing large flocks of goats, many fowls and pigs, and plantations of corn and cassava far exceeding any thing that is now granted to mortals. They passed their time merrily in eating and drinking, and never thought of the morrow.



GAME TRAPS.

“One day an old and decrepit man came into this happy village, and asked the inhabitants to take pity on him, as he was tired and hungry, and had a long journey to travel.

“No one took any notice of his requests ; but he was, instead, pursued with scoffs and jeers, and the children were encouraged to throw dirt and mud at the unfortunate beggar, and drive him out of the place.

“Hungry and foot-sore, he was going on his way, when a man, more charitable than his neighbors, accosted him and asked what he wanted. He said all he wanted was a drink of water, a little food, and somewhere to rest his weary head. The man took him into his hut, gave him water to drink, killed a goat, and soon set a plentiful mess of meat and porridge be-

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fore him, and, when he was satisfied, gave him his own hut to sleep in.

“In the middle of the night, the poor beggar got up and aroused the charitable man, saying, ‘You have done me a good turn, and now I will do the same for you; but what I tell you none of your neighbors must know.’

“The charitable man promised to be as secret as the grave; on which the old man told him that in a few nights he would hear a great storm of wind and rain, and that when it commenced he must arise and fly with all his belongings.

“Having uttered this warning, the beggar departed.

“Two days afterward the charitable man heard rain and wind such as he had never before heard, and said, ‘The words that the old man spoke are true.’ He got up in haste, and with his wives, goats, slaves, fowls, and all his property, left the doomed place safely.

“Next morning where the village had stood was Lake Dilolo; and to the present day people camping on its banks, or crossing in canoes on still nights, can hear the sound of pounding corn, the songs of women, the crowing of cocks, and the bleating of goats.”

Such is the true and veracious legend of Lake Dilolo.



HAIR-DRESSING.

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

João, the White Trader.—Putrid Fish.—Dishonesty of the Noble Savage.—Festive Natives.—Scanty Apparel.—Elaborate Hair-dressing.—Cataracts.—Sha Kélémbé.—Alvez proves Fickle.—Exchanging a Wife for a Cow.—An Attempted Burglary.—Baffled.—The Thief's Complaint.—Unparalleled Audacity.—Revengeful Threats.—Smelting-furnace.—High-flavored Provisions.—Sambo chaffs a Chief.—Forest.—A Well-dressed Caravan.—Wanted a Dairy-maid.—Friendliness of Mona Pébo.—A Well-ventilated Suit of Clothes.—“Sham Devils.”—Blacksmiths.—Am believed to be a Lunatic.—Alvez's Reputation among Traders.—I sell my Shirts for Food.—A Village eaten up by a Serpent.—An Eclipse.—Kanyumba's Civility.—Alvez tries to rob the Starving.—Natural Hats.—False Runors of Fighting on the Road.

DURING our stay at Katendé, Alvez received information that João, the white trader who had been to Urua, had lately returned from Jenjé, and was now at Bihé, fitting out a new expedition, and we might therefore expect to meet him.

Jenjé, as far as I could learn, is the country of the Kaffirs, over whom Sekélétu was king when Livingstone passed in that direction.

The men whom we sent to procure fish returned with only a few basketfuls, and we had to continue our march with this small supply, trusting to the chance of obtaining more as we proceeded. Happily, we were not disappointed, but were enabled to buy as much as we required.

The means of paying my way now consisted of two viongwa and about a dozen baskets of fish.

That these fish should be used as an article of diet is most remarkable; for, being only partially sun-dried, and then packed in baskets weighing about forty or fifty pounds, they soon become a mass of putrefaction. There can be no difference of opinion as to their unfitness for human food, yet the people seem to thrive on them.

The art of cheating is very well understood by the native fish-mongers; for in the centre of some of the baskets I found

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earth, stones, broken pottery, and gourds, so stowed as to make up the proper weight and bulk. Indeed, as far as my experience goes, the noble savage is not one whit behind his civilized brethren in adulterating food and giving short measure, the only difference being in the clumsiness of his method.

We were spared any further halts until the 7th of September, when we arrived at the village of Sha Kélembé, chief of the last district in Lovalé.

Our road lay across enormous plains—which are flooded in the rains—intersected by streams having trees growing along their banks; but on the last two days of the march we entered a country more thickly wooded, and broken into small hills.

Here we had our first view of the Lumeji, a noble stream over fifty yards wide and more than ten feet deep, with a swift current running in a very tortuous course through a broad valley bounded on either side by wooded hills.

On this portion of the route the people came into camp freely, and continued dancing, drumming, and singing all night long, thus effectually banishing sleep; and in the morning they added insult to injury by expecting payment for their unwelcome serenading. Their demands, however, were not exorbitant, as they were well satisfied with a handful of fish.

Fishing-baskets exactly similar to those in Manyéma were used here, and the women carried their loads in the same manner as those at Nyangwé, viz., in a basket secured on the back with a band across the forehead.

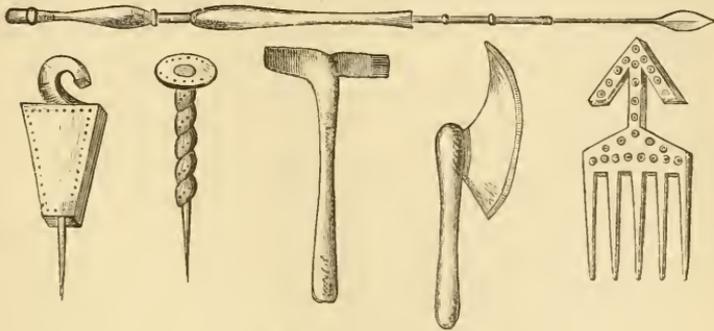
The women were so scantily dressed that a stick of tape would have clothed the female population of half a dozen villages. But though they neglected to dress themselves, they devoted much time to their hair, which was evidently considered the most important part of their toilet. It was arranged most elaborately, and, when finished, was plastered with grease and clay, and made smooth and shiny.

Some formed it into a number of small lumps, like berries; others into twisted loops, which were differently disposed, being sometimes separate from each other, and occasionally intermingled in apparently inextricable confusion. In some instances, the hair was twisted into a mass of stout strings, projecting an inch or two beyond the poll, the ends being worked into a kind

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of raised pattern. As a rule, the hair was brought down to the eyebrows and round to the nape of the neck, so as to entirely conceal the ears.

Many further adorned their heads with a piece of sheet tin or copper, punched and cut into fanciful patterns, and some wore a couple of small locks hanging down on each side of the face. There were numerous varieties, in working out these fashions according to individual taste, but all had a certain likeness to those here described.



ARMS AND ORNAMENTS.

On approaching Sha Kélembé's, the roaring of some cataracts of the Lumeji was heard; but I had no opportunity of seeing them, as the road led us away from the banks of the river.

To reach the village we passed what might well have been mistaken in England for an ornamental shrubbery, with bushes like laurels and laurestines, while jasmine and other sweet-scented plants and creepers rendered the air heavy with their odor. I thought I distinguished the smell of vanilla, but could not discover from what plant it proceeded.

Alvez was evidently on good terms with Sha Kélembé, and managed to make excuses to delay us till the 12th of September; but, notwithstanding this friendship, Sha Kélembé mulcted him heavily during his stay, and compelled him to pay two slaves and a gun to Mata Yafa—the paramount chief of the western portion of Lovalé, and not to be confounded with the Mata Yafa in Ulúnda. One of the slaves thus sent away was a woman who, I had reason to suppose, was the favorite concubine of Alvez; and another of his harem was bartered away for

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a bullock, so fickle in his attachments and utterly heartless and unfeeling was he.

Among other excuses for stopping here, Alvez expressed his opinion that João's caravan was just in front, and by starting we should miss meeting him.

While we were thus detained, a plot to rob me came to light, and, had it not been frustrated, I should have been altogether deprived of the means of buying the fish upon which we had now to depend as an exchange for food.

It appeared that Coimbra and some other men, including two of Alvez's slaves, having heard that I possessed some viongwa, determined to make an attempt at stealing them. They induced one of my people to enter into the plot, and rewarded him for his complicity by paying him about one-third of their value in beads, on the understanding that he would commit the theft. But, fortunately, my faithful Jumah, well knowing how valuable the viongwa were, had locked them up securely in a box with my books, and thus prevented their being stolen.

Coimbra and his limited company now heard that I had only two left, and when they saw one of these expended in the purchase of a goat, it awakened them to the rottenness of their speculation, and convinced them that there was little prospect of getting any return for the beads they had expended in bribing my man.

Feeling no shame whatever in declaring themselves thieves, and being abetted by Alvez, they brought a claim not only for the value of the beads used to encourage my man to rob me, but also, with an effrontery almost past belief, for the value of the fish they would have purchased with the viongwa had the intended robbery been completed. Of course, I objected to this preposterous claim with indignation; but Coimbra and the others openly declared that they would seize as a slave the man who had been bribed, if their demand were not settled.

I told Alvez, in unmistakable language, my opinion of those making this unheard-of claim, as also of others supporting them, and thus aiding and abetting barefaced thieving. He replied that if it were not settled, he would probably be robbed, and impressed upon me that we were not in a civilized country. Coimbra and the rest were, he said, "*Gentes bravos*," and would

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either kill or steal the man if deprived of their anticipated plunder.

In order to save this man, who, though he had proved himself a most shameless thief, was otherwise worth half a dozen of the ruck of the caravan, I consented to satisfy the demand; but, having no means of paying the scoundrels myself, was obliged to ask Alvez to settle the matter on the promise of recouping him at some future time.

Perhaps some who do not weigh the whole circumstances and surroundings of this affair may possibly think that I erred in yielding; but I could not fail to see, much as it annoyed me, that this course was absolutely necessary to prevent the wreck of the expedition.

The idea of having to pay men because they had failed in their attempt to plunder me was so entirely novel that I confess there appeared to me something about it almost ludicrous. I should imagine that these are about the only people in the world who would put forward, and seriously maintain, such a claim without expressing shame in the slightest degree.

Near the camp was a small and peculiarly shaped furnace for smelting iron, and I was told that the greater portion of the iron worked in Lovalé was smelted at this place. The ore is found in the form of large nodules in the river-beds, whence it is dredged up at the termination of the dry season.

Sha Kélembé's was left on the 12th of September, a large proportion of fish having been expended during the halt; and as it was impossible to keep such high-flavored stores in my tent on account of the effluvia, some of the remainder were stolen, leaving me with only one viongwa to cover expenses on the journey to Bihé.

The prospect was extremely disheartening, and already I had commenced to tear up and dispose of such clothes as I could possibly spare from my scanty kit.

Marching up the valley of the Lumeji, we turned to the right by the advice of Alvez, to avoid Mona Pého, chief of one of the three districts into which Kibokwé is divided. We passed many villages, and camped at the head of a valley drained by one of the numerous affluents of the Lumeji.

A number of natives came to my camp, which was an hour

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in advance of that of Alvez, and I had just succeeded in opening a conversation, when I heard a disturbance suddenly arise, and found that Sambo, who was always skylarking and in some sort of innocent mischief, had caused it by chaffing an old chief, who averred that he had been grievously insulted.

I inquired into the matter at once with due gravity, although it was difficult to avoid laughing outright at Sambo's comical account of the affair. But the old man could not see the joke, and was so deeply offended that before his pacification could be accomplished I had to part with my viongwa as a present. I owned a small private stock of flour—only sufficient for three or four days—and rice enough for two more, and the men were just as well, or badly, off as myself, and it therefore seemed extremely probable that we should pass some hungry hours before reaching Bihé.

The marching of the next day was through forest intersected by long glades with streams running through them, those



CROSSING A STREAM.

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passed on the latter part of the march falling into the Kassabé. The forests were very fine, with a scanty undergrowth of jasmine and other sweet-scented and flowering shrubs, while the ferns and mosses were exceedingly beautiful.

On camping, we were soon surrounded by the people of a caravan from Bihé which had halted here. They seemed to look with disdain upon us, who were travel-worn, thin, and mostly clothed in rags of grass-cloth, while they were fat and sleek, and decked out in print shirts, jackets, and red night-caps or felt hats.

This caravan was out buying bees-wax, so I borrowed some from Alvez to exchange with them for cloth. João, they said, was at Bihé preparing for another journey to Kasongo's country, having been down to Jenjé while Alvez had been away.

I endeavored to gather some items of news of the outside world from these people; but they knew nothing of it, rarely going to the sea-coast. The porters for the track between Bihé and Benguela are Bailunda, who never go east of Bihé, and the people of that place only engage for the interior.

Three more marches, the latter part being in a hilly country, brought us to the valley of the Lumeji. We crossed the river where it was fourteen feet wide and six deep, on a rickety bridge, and camped at the village of Chikumbi, a sub-chief of Mona Pého's. Here we remained one day, that Alvez's caravan might procure provisions for themselves; but for my men and myself it entailed the endurance of a little extra starvation.

There were many cattle about, principally black and white, without humps, and of moderate size; and although the people had long possessed them, the art of milking had been allowed to remain a mystery. Goats and fowls were plentiful; but being far too poor to buy any, I contented myself with honey and farinha, the meal made of cassava.

Chikumbi gave us a most astounding account of the road between Bihé and the coast. He declared it was closed, as also was that to Loanda. Six thousand people, under four traders, were reported to have banded together to attempt to break through, but had been unsuccessful.

Alvez asserted that he had heard the same story from the

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Bihé caravan we had met, and said it was perfectly true. He was so very positive in this statement that I at once concluded it must be false; especially as there is a considerable trade in bees-wax between Bihé and Benguela, and where there is traffic there must be roads.

Mona Pého's was near here, but Alvez decided not to visit him, as he would surely detain us for two or three days. There were also some Bihé people there as prisoners, and if it were known that Alvez visited Pého without procuring their liberation, their friends would, he said, plunder his settlement in revenge. Yet, after this declaration, we marched straight for Mona Pého's.

When we had been two hours on the road, we were stopped at a large village governed by a chief named Mona Lamba, who informed us that we must halt there, and not proceed until he had apprised his suzerain, Mona Pého, of our approach.

Mona Lamba was a good-looking young fellow, dressed in a blue jean coat with corporal's stripes on the arm, and a petticoat of red broadcloth; and although interfering with our progress, he was very civil, and invited me and a few others into his hut to have some refreshment. When we had seated ourselves, he produced a huge gourd of mead, and filled a pint mug for me. Being very thirsty, I emptied it at one draught, not knowing its strength; and I heard that Mona Lamba entertained a great admiration for me on account of my feeling no ill effects, as a pint is usually sufficient to make the natives intoxicated.

This mead is a mixture of honey and water made to ferment by malted grain. It is quite clear, and has the taste of strong sweet beer.

Mona Lamba brought a further supply of this liquor into our camp in the afternoon, but I refused his pressing invitation to drink, not wishing to forfeit the high opinion he held of my sobriety.

He very much wanted my Austrian blanket, but I named five bullocks as its price, for I could not possibly spare it. Then he wished to exchange coats as a token of friendship, and though I should have been the gainer, I had no inclination to assume corporal's stripes, so made him some small present to satisfy him that I reciprocated his friendly feeling.

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Before we started on the following day, he was again in camp with more mead, which he warmed over the fire, and, the morning being chilly, I found this stirrup-cup very comforting.

A short march brought us to a valley through which a small stream ran. On one side was Mona Pého's village, hidden among the trees, and on the other we made our camp, having to exercise the greatest care, in felling trees for building, not to touch any with bee-hives on them.

A very large party from Bihé was here engaged in collecting bees-wax, and I found that the account given by Alvez of their being forcibly detained was a gratuitous and uncalled-for falsehood.

Alvez bought cloth from these people, and I endeavored to obtain some from him. He promised to give it me on my note of hand, and then only supplied me with about a dozen yards, instead of the forty or fifty agreed upon.

In the afternoon Mona Pého called on us, being escorted by about twenty men, firing guns, and shouting and yelling as they drew near. He was dressed in an old uniform coat, a kilt of print, and a greasy cotton night-cap, and immediately behind him were some men bearing huge calabashes of mead. He insisted on my hobnobbing with him over this liquor; but as my men were around us and joined in draining the flowing bowl, it was all consumed without any disastrous results.

As a present he brought me a little flour, and a pig which was in an expiring condition, and died a natural death immediately it reached the camp; and, apologizing for having such a small supply of food, gave me cloth to buy something for my men.

Having to make him a return present, I was sorely puzzled, but managed to satisfy him with a flannel sleeping-suit. With this cloth, in addition to what I had screwed out of Alvez, I was enabled to serve out sufficient to provide my men with some rations, but it left me destitute.

From Alvez, Mona Pého wanted a slave with whom the latter was very loath to part, as he averred he could obtain fifty or sixty dollars for him in Benguela. The dispute thus arising delayed us a day, although it ended in the slave being given.

While we were here, a man came into camp dressed in a suit

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of net-work of native manufacture, covering every part of his body except his head, over which he wore a carved and painted mask. The net suit was striped horizontally with black and white, the gloves and feet pieces being laced to the sleeves and legs, and the join between the body and drawers being concealed by a kilt of grass.

The mask was painted to resemble an old man's face with enormous spectacles, and some gray fur covered the back part. In one hand he held a long staff, and in the other a bell which he constantly tinkled. He was followed by a little boy with a bag, to receive such alms as might be bestowed upon him.



SHAM DEVIL AT MONA PÉHO'S.

I inquired what this strange individual was supposed to be, and was informed he was a "sham devil," and afterward ascertained that his functions were to frighten away the devils who haunted the woods.

Those haunting the woods of Kibokwé are reputed to be both numerous and powerful, and each

possesses its own particular district. They are supposed to be very jealous of each other, and should one meet an opposition demon in its district, its annoyance is so great that it goes away to seek some place over which it may hold undisputed sway. "Sham devils" are supposed to closely resemble real devils, and, by showing themselves in their reported haunts, make them move to some other locality. In consequence, they are well paid by the inhabitants; and, being also the fetich-men of the tribe, they enjoy a comfortable income.

On the 21st of September we left Mona Pého's; and, before starting, I was informed that we should meet a European trader on the road, but who he was nobody knew. I was, of course, very anxious to see this strange trader or traveler, and solve the mystery.

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We passed through jungle with many villages—in one of which smiths were using hammers with handles, the first I had seen in Africa, except those for making bark-cloth—and then proceeded along a valley by the source of the Lumeji, which wells up in a circular basin about sixty feet in diameter, and is at its birth a stream fully six feet wide and four deep.

Climbing a steep hill, we found ourselves on a large plain, and shortly afterward saw a caravan approaching. I pressed on, anxious to ascertain whether this was the party of the reported white trader; but found that it was a caravan journeying to Katanga under charge of a slave of Silva Porto, a merchant at Benguela, who is known to geographers by his travels in company with Syde ibn Habib in 1852-'54.

The slave in charge spoke Portuguese, but could give me no news. He was greatly astonished at seeing me, and asked where I had come from, when some of Alvez's people replied that they had discovered me "walking about in Warua."

He then inquired what I was doing. "Did I trade in ivory?" "No." "In slaves?" "No." "In wax?" "No?" "In india-rubber?" "No." "Then what the devil did I do?" "Collect information about the country." He looked at me a moment as if fully convinced that I was a lunatic, and then went on his way in amazement.

From the next camp Alvez dispatched people to his settlement at Bihé, to fetch cloth to pay the ferry across the Kwanza, and I took the opportunity to forward maps and letters, hoping they might reach the coast before me.

We had five very stiff marches before reaching the village of Kanyumba, the chief of Kimbandi, a small country lying between Kibokwé and Bihé. On our journey we met many small parties of Bihé people buying bees-wax, and a large caravan,



SHAM DEVIL.

September, commanded by two more slaves of Silva Porto, on its way to  
1875. Katanga to purchase slaves.

The principal of the two was a stout old negro about fifty years of age, dressed in a long blue frock-coat with brass buttons, blue trousers, and broad-brimmed straw hat. He and his companion voluntarily informed me that I could not have traveled with a worse caravan than that of Alvez, an opinion in which I fully concurred.

On seeing the respectable appearance of the leader of this caravan, I hoped that I might obtain some tea or biscuits from him; but not a thing could I get, and I had to sell my shirts in order to keep us from actual starvation, and also to tear up my great-coat and dispose of it in small pieces.

During these five days' marching we entered the basin of the Kwanza, and crossed two of its principal affluents, the Vindika and Kwiba, both considerable streams.

I noticed a most curious hole in the side of a hill close to the source of a small stream, and thinking I saw a clear space in the jungle, I left the path to go toward it. After walking a few yards, I was greatly surprised to find myself standing on the edge of a cliff thirty feet high, overlooking a sunken space about forty acres in extent, the whole, except for about twenty yards, being surrounded by these cliff-like sides.

The bottom of the hollow was level and of red soil, with dry water-courses full of white sand, and numerous curious-looking hillocks of red clay were scattered over its surface. It seemed as though this cavity had been cut in the hill, and numerous model mountains placed there. Some natives told me that a village had once stood there, but the people were very wicked, and a great snake came one night and destroyed them all as a punishment, and left the place as I had seen it. And this they evidently believed.

At Kanyumba's I took the opportunity of observing an eclipse of the sun to determine longitude. I fitted the dark eye-piece of my sextant to one tube of my field-glasses, and put a handkerchief in the other, and managed to time all four contacts. The only notice taken of the eclipse by the people was that they ran to their huts. There were no groups of awe-stricken natives expecting to see a snake eating the sun, or sup-

posing that the end of the world was come, though the diminution of light was very considerable.

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Kanyumba was very civil, and sent me a calf as a free gift, for I had nothing whatever to present him with in return. This was the first meat I had tasted, with the exception of a dove I had shot, since leaving Sha Kélembé's.

When the old man heard I had walked from the other side of the continent and intended to go home by sea, he earnestly tried to dissuade me, promising that if I returned his way he would do every thing he could to assist me. If I went by water, he said I should be certain to lose my way, as there would be no marks whatever to guide me.

Alvez, ever ready for any dishonest action, tried to cheat me out of the calf Kanyumba had given me, asserting that he had paid for it; but from some of his followers, who were on any thing but good terms with him, I learned that this was entirely false, and therefore refused to surrender the veal.

The people of Kimbandi dress their hair very tastefully, sometimes wearing it on one side of the head, in the form of a small cocked hat trimmed with cowries, while the hair on the other side hangs down in long ringlets. Others make their hair resemble a low-crowned hat, the brim being trimmed with beads or cowries.

We left our hospitable friend Kanyumba on the 30th of September, and camped close to the banks of the Kwanza, where we were rejoined by men who had been to Alvez's settlement to obtain cloth to pay our passage across the river.

From them I heard that João—João Baptista Ferreira, as I now found he was called—was still at Bihé with another white man, Guilhermé Gonçalves, who had lately arrived from Europe. I was also informed that the letter sent by me had been dispatched to João for forwarding to the coast. My endeavors to gain any news of European affairs were unsuccessful, for no one had any ideas of any thing beyond Bihé and Benguela. They were entirely wrapped up in the affairs of their own little



KIMBANDI'S HEAD-DRESS.

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world, though, to judge from the sensational and untrue stories of dangers on the road so frequently circulated, there was evidently a demand for news of some sort.

The following day we crossed the Kwanza, and were then only one march from Alvez's settlement. It was, therefore, plain that the accounts given of fighting on the road were utterly unfounded.

These stories as they traveled from mouth to mouth had been greatly magnified, and it was said that no fewer than six thousand men, on their way to Bihé from the coast, had been driven back after four days' hard fighting. One leader of a caravan was reported to have lost all his stores and about two hundred men in the struggle.

This and similar *canards* had been recounted to me with every detail, the narrators evidently being blessed with the most fertile imaginations, and it was impossible to arrive at any certainty as to their truth or otherwise. I need hardly remark that they were fully believed by my people, who had become very gloomy at the prospect of a lengthened delay at Bihé. But now they were proportionately rejoiced, and all were in excellent spirits.



SHAM DEVILS.

## CHAPTER XXX.

The Kwanza.—Its Navigation.—Neat Villages.—Convivial Gathering.—A Head of Hair.—Cattle-plague.—The Kokema.—Filthy Villages.—A Lively Chase.—Reception of Alvez.—Payment of his Porters.—Soap and Onions.—My Ragged Crew.—Alvez cheats Me at parting.—A Man in Tears.—An Archery-meeting.—A Tornado.—The Town of Kagnombé.—Its Size.—Kagnombé's Officials.—A Secretary unable to write.—Mshiri's Men.—Their Journeys from Coast to Coast.—Kagnombé's Levee.—My Seat of Honor.—Kagnombé's Best Clothes.—His Full Style and Title.—Strong Drink.—Fetich Place.—Skulls.—Graves.—His Guards.—His Hat.—Senior Gonçalves.—His House.—Breakfast.—He tells Me his History.—His Kindness and Hospitality.—The Influence of Men of his Type.

EARLY on the 2d of October we broke up our camp, and, descending a bank twenty-five feet in height, came upon a dead level a mile and a half across. On the farther side of this flowed the Kwanza, which floods the whole of this plain in the rainy season.

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Before reaching the river we passed several small pools and swampy places, where numerous water-fowl were disporting themselves, and I shot a small but very pretty snow-white heron. The river was sixty yards wide, and more than three fathoms deep in the middle, with a current of barely three-quarters of a knot.

On the opposite side were two villages situated on a bank similar to that near our last camp. They were inhabited by the ferry people, who owned numerous canoes; but they were very miserable, rickety constructions, from sixteen to eighteen feet long, with only eighteen inches beam.

Instead of intrusting my box of journals and instruments to them, I put my india-rubber boat into working order, and ferried my people and stores across in her, much to the astonishment of the natives. It was fortunate I adopted this course, for several canoes capsized, and some slaves narrowly escaped drowning. Two who were tied together, and were unable to

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swim, would undoubtedly have been drowned, had not some of my men been with me sufficiently near at hand to render assistance.

The Kwanza, so far as I could learn, is navigable for some distance above the point at which we crossed. And since the vessels of the Kwanza Steamship Company trade regularly to the falls just above Dondo, it would appear that a moderate expenditure of capital and labor would enable small steamers to be put on its upper waters, thus to intercept the greater portion of the trade between Benguela and the interior, and assist materially in opening up the country to European enterprise.

Leaving the river, we soon entered a wooded and hilly country with many villages situated in large groves, in some instances surrounded by stockades. The huts were large and well built, being usually square, with walls about eight feet high, and thatched pointed roofs. The walls were plastered with white or light-red mud, and often decorated with rough sketches of men carrying hammocks, pigs, horses, etc.

There were also numerous granaries built on platforms raised about three feet from the ground. They stood eight to ten feet high, were circular in form, with a diameter of six or seven feet, and were covered by a movable conical roof of grass, the only means of access being by its removal.

Pigs and fowls were in great plenty; but the people being satiated with cloth, owing to their constant intercourse with the coast, would sell us nothing, or asked higher prices than we could afford.

After some hours' marching, we arrived at a village which seemed far more prosperous and civilized than the rest, and, on entering, were accosted by two very respectable-looking mulattoes who were the proprietors. They invited me to stay and drink with them; but, hearing that the Kokema was close in front, I pressed onward, and arrived early in the afternoon at a village named Kapéka, near the river.

Here I halted under some large trees to await Alvez's arrival; but he did not make his appearance until nearly sunset. He was then accompanied by the two mulattoes and a number of their wives, all dressed in their best, and some carrying small kegs of ponibé.

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The chief of Kapéka also came with a large pot of pombé as his share of the debauch, and a general drink round then commenced.



HEAD OF HAIR AT KAPÉKA.

The hair of the chief wife of the principal mulatto was frizzed to such an enormous extent that her head would scarcely have gone into a bushel-basket. She, as well as her husband, Francisco Domingo Camoen, was a light mulatto.

At the village there was a herd of about forty cattle belonging to the chief; but although they were imported from the Kaffir countries where they are commonly milked, no milk was obtained from them here, as the natives declared that they were much too fierce to allow of any attempt being made. Formerly the herds about Bihé were more numerous; but, some years since, a cattle plague, or murrain, swept them entirely away, and those in the country at this time had been brought from Jenjé.

Nearly two hours were occupied the following morning in ferrying the caravan across the Kokema, about forty yards wide and two fathoms deep at this point.

Shortly afterward, a disturbance arose between some of my people and the natives, owing to one of my men who retired into a patch of cultivated ground having been discovered there by the owner. He demanded compensation for his land having been defiled, and had to be appeased by a present of cloth.

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If they were only half as particular about their dwellings as their fields, it would be a good thing, for their villages are filthy in the extreme, and would be even worse but for the presence of large numbers of pigs, which act as scavengers.

Our road led through very charming country with steep hills, with scars and landslips exposing the red sandstone in vivid contrast to the bright greens of the grass and foliage.

Some of Alvez's porters here attempted to bolt with their loads of ivory, and this gave rise to a lively chase, terminating in their capture after a hard run.

Alvez, having friends at several villages, accordingly stopped to drink with them, much to the delay of our march; but in the afternoon we arrived near his settlement, and halted for stragglers to close up, so that we might make our entry in due form; and powder was served out, that a salute might be fired when we marched in.

We then entered the village, and were immediately surrounded by a horde of yelling women and children, who had assembled from far and near to welcome the return of the porters.

In front of Alvez's house half a dozen men were keeping up a rapid fire in response to the guns of our party. Among them were two of Alvez's assistants, one a civilized black man named Manoel, who, like his master, was a native of Dondo; the other a white man commonly known as Chiko, who had escaped from a penal settlement on the coast. Manoel at once came forward and conducted me to a very decent hut, which, he informed me, was to be my quarters during my stay.

On Alvez making his entry, he was mobbed by women, who shrieked and yelled in honor of the event, and pelted him with flour; and we learned that his long absence had almost persuaded his people to believe him to be lost; and could they have mustered sufficient men and stores, they would have dispatched a party in search of him.

Unlimited pombé was served out; and when comparative quiet had been restored, those who carried ivory gave up their loads, and others in charge of slaves delivered them over to the care of the women.

The porters were then paid from eight to twelve yards of

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cloth each, and a few charges of powder. This, together with the twelve yards every man had received before starting, made in all about twenty yards of cloth as pay, and a few charges of powder as a gift, for upward of two years' service. Of course men would not engage for such ridiculous rates of pay, were it not that they profited by rapine and robbery in passing through countries where the people did not possess guns.

However, they were well satisfied with the result of their journey, and announced their intention of starting, when the approaching rains were over, with as many of their friends as they could muster, to revisit Kasongo, for the purpose of obtaining more slaves from that enlightened ruler.



ALVEZ'S SETTLEMENT.

This to me was a day of luxuries, as Alvez, for a consideration, supplied me with some coffee, onions, and soap. This last commodity I had been without for nearly a year, with the exception of a piece about a couple of inches square which Jumah Merikani had given me, and I now thoroughly enjoyed its unsparing application.

Alvez's settlement differed only from Komananté, a native village adjoining it, in the larger dimensions of some of his huts; and although he had, according to his own account, been settled in Bihé for more than thirty years, he had made no attempt at cultivation or rendering himself comfortable.

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Here I was delayed for a week, with scarcely any thing to occupy my time. My first care was to enlist guides for my journey to the coast, and to obtain stores for buying provisions on the road, and also some extra cloth with which to clothe my people somewhat respectably for their entry into the Portuguese settlements.

Every stitch of European cloth had disappeared from the persons of my followers, and they were now dressed in rags of Warua grass-cloth. Indeed, some were so nearly naked that they could not possibly have appeared in any place having pretensions to civilization.

In order to procure this clothing, it was necessary to buy ivory and bees-wax from Alvez to exchange, as he assured me it was utterly impossible for me to get any credit. But I afterward found that he had misled me in order to seize another opportunity of fleecing me by charging a high price for the wax and ivory; for on meeting Senhor Gonçalves, he told me he would readily have sold cloth to me at Benguela prices, adding only the cost of portorage.

Further delay also arose through waiting for a guide. Alvez wished to send Chiko; but he refused, fearing he might be recognized, and Manoel was told off for the duty.

I had also to await the arrival of some Bailunda—who act as porters between Bihé and the coast—who were to carry thither some wax for Alvez, to be exchanged for stores which would enable him to proceed to Jenjé with the view of selling his slaves.

At last, on the 10th of October, I started. I selected a small number to accompany me on a visit to Kagnombé, the chief of Bihé, and Senhor Gonçalves, leaving the remainder to follow and rejoin me at the settlement of João Baptista Ferreira.

At the moment of marching, one of those whom I had directed to come on afterward commenced crying because his chum was going with me. He declared I had sold him to Alvez for a slave, and altogether made such a hullabaloo over the matter that I felt obliged to allow him to join my little party. This man was a specimen of some whom Bombay engaged at Zanzibar, and I had to drag across Africa.

We then marched through fertile and well-wooded country

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intersected by many streams. The villages were surrounded by plantations, tobacco being grown in small inclosed plots close to every hut, and I also noticed a very seedy-looking European cabbage. In the woods I frequently detected a scent like vanilla, but was unable to find the plant that emitted it. Guavas grew wild in great profusion.

In a clear space outside one of the villages some men were instructing the young idea how to shoot. The target was made of a root found in the jungle, and cut into circular form, about one foot in diameter. It was rolled slowly across the open space at about forty yards from the marksmen, and on an average one arrow in ten struck it. This was the only occasion on which I saw shooting practiced as an amusement in Africa.



VILLAGE IN BIHÉ.

After losing our way three or four times, we arrived at a village of considerable size, belonging to Senhor Gonçalves, and I was lodged in the large hut used by him on his visits. The whole population were his slaves, but the greater number were now absent on a journey to Jenjé, under the command of one of his sons. He possesses some half-dozen of these villages, the population of each forming the nucleus of a caravan, the remainder being composed of hired natives of the neighborhood.

We were fortunate in gaining the village when we did, for almost directly we had obtained shelter a heavy tornado came

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on, accompanied by torrents of rain. It had been preceded by a peculiar lurid light, which, as the sun had set some little time, must have been electrical.

Three hours' march from here was the town of Kagnombé, the largest I came across during my whole journey, being more than three miles in circumference. It contained a number of separate inclosures belonging to different chiefs, who used them when visiting the place to pay their respects to Kagnombé. Much space was occupied by cattle and pig-pens and tobacco-gardens, besides which there were three large gullies—the sources of streams flowing to the Kokema—so that the population, though large, was not nearly so numerous as the size of the town had led me to expect.

On arrival, I was met by Kagnombé's secretary, chamberlain, and captain of the guard, who wore red waistcoats as sign of their dignity. The secretary was more ornamental than useful, being unable to write; but a subordinate, a black man and native of Dondo, was better educated, and conducted the trade of Kagnombé with the coast.

These officials conducted me to a hut which had been prepared for my reception, and immediately, without allowing me any time for refreshments, commenced bothering me with questions as to what I intended to offer their chief as a present.

A Snider rifle and a little cloth which I obtained for the purpose while at Komananté were all I could well give. But with these they assured me he would be any thing but satisfied, and I was obliged to part with a large leopard-skin presented to me by Jumah Merikani, and which had been most useful as a rug.

Throughout the day crowds came to stare at me; and when driven by heavy showers to take refuge in my hut, the people did not scruple to follow me uninvited, and it was needful to keep a sharp lookout for pilferers.

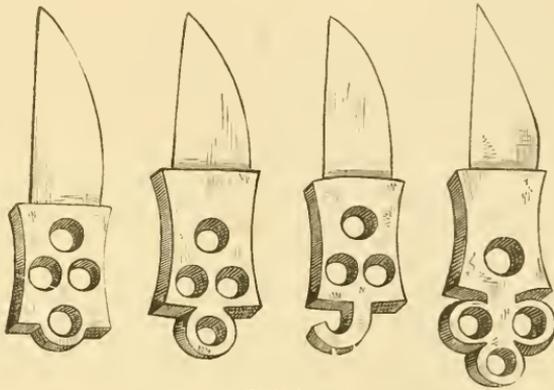
Among the crowd were some men attached to a caravan belonging to Mshiri, on the return journey from Benguela. They all had the Unyamwezi tribal marks, and the majority could speak Kinyamwezi. One asserted that he was a Mnyamwezi, but on cross-examination I found he was really a native of Katanga, but had once been to Unyanyembe.

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I have no doubt that many of Mshiri's men have visited both coasts, and that a message might be sent by means of these people from Benguela to Zanzibar.

Mshiri has issued an edict compelling all his subjects to adopt the tribal marks of the Wanyamwezi, and many natives of Bihé visiting Katanga have also complied with this order to curry favor with him.

About nine o'clock the next morning, a messenger informed me that Kagnombé was ready to receive me. Making myself as tidy and presentable as the scantiness of my kit would allow, and taking with me half a dozen of my men, I went to one of the gullies on the side of which Kagnombé's private compound was situated.



KNIVES.

The gate was guarded by men wearing red waistcoats, and carrying spears and knives; and, on entry, I found a double row of small stools placed for the accommodation of the audience, while at the far end was the large arm-chair of the great man himself, standing on my leopard-skin.

Seeing no particular place assigned to me, and not feeling disposed to occupy a stool on a level with my men, I sent for my chair. This proceeding was at first most warmly resisted by the officials, on the ground that no person was ever allowed to sit on a chair in the presence of Kagnombé: I therefore should not be permitted to introduce such a fashion. In reply I assured them that it did not matter, for I should simply withdraw from the levee, and not wait to see Kagnombé, upon which my chair was admitted, and I took my seat.

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When all was ready, the door of an inner inclosure was opened, and the chief appeared. He wore an ancient suit of black, bundled on anyhow, and a large gray plaid thrown over his shoulders, the ends being held up behind by a naked little boy. On his head was a dirty old wide-awake hat, and, notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, he was already about three parts drunk.

No sooner was he seated than he commenced informing us of his power, saying that he was a greater man than any other king in Africa; for, besides his African name, he had a European one. His full style and title was King Antonio Kagnombé, and his picture, the picture of Antonio Kagnombé, had been sent to Lisbon.

Further, he informed us that we were not to judge of his mightiness by the seedy appearance of his present attire, as very grand clothes had been given him by the Portuguese authorities when he was at Loanda.

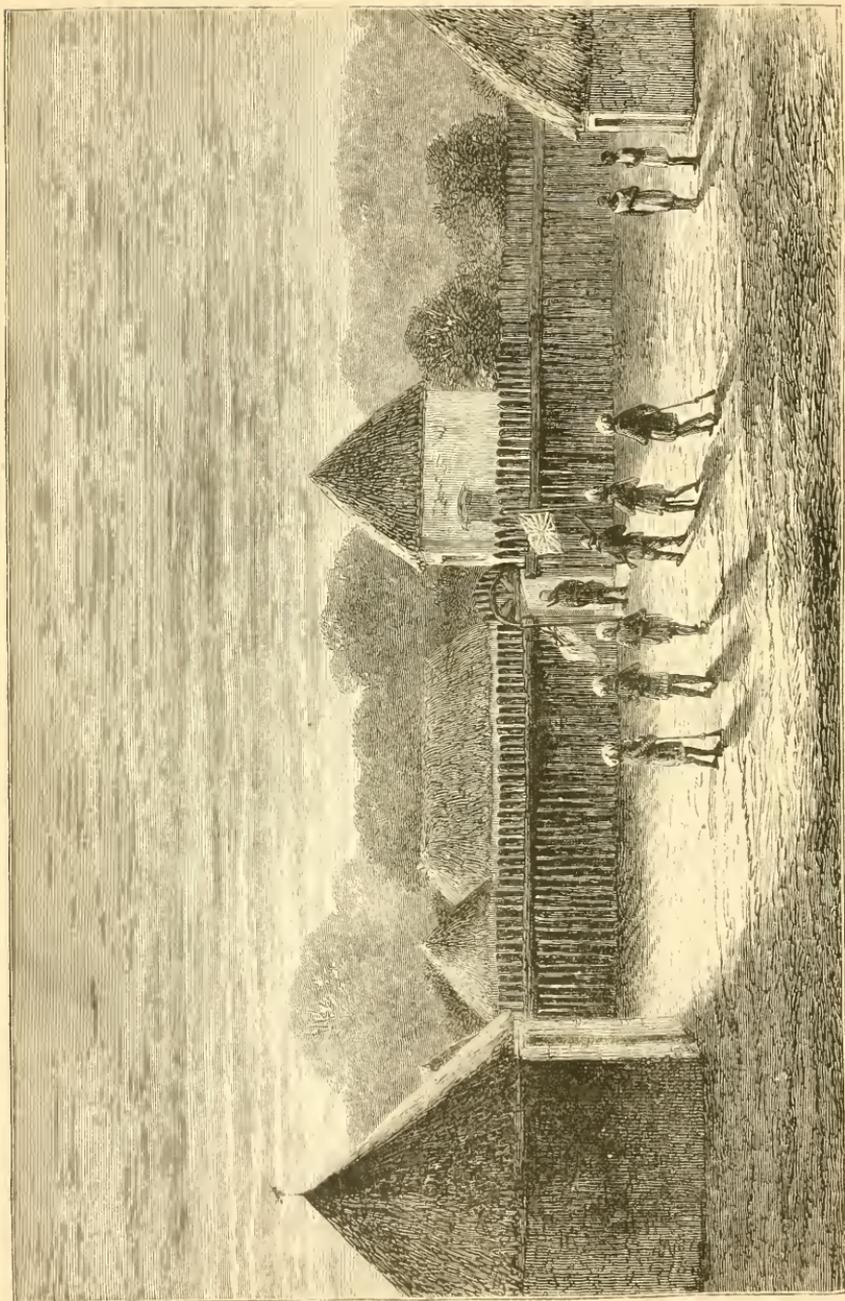
He had passed some years at that place, and was supposed to have been educated; but the sole effect of this education seemed to have been the blending of the vices of semi-civilization with those proper to the savage.

Having heard that I had been a long time on the road, he was graciously pleased to express his satisfaction at the presents I had made him, but desired me to remember that if ever I passed his town again, I must bring gifts more suitable to his greatness.

The oration being concluded, we moved into the inner compound, overshadowed by an enormous banyan-tree, and where some huge female bananas, producing seed, but no fruit, were growing. When the seats were re-arranged, Kagnombé entered one of the huts within the inclosure, and shortly re-appeared with a bottle of aguardiente and a tin pannikin.

He served out a "nip" all round, and then, putting the bottle to his lips, took such a deep draught that I expected to see him fall down insensible. But the only effect was an increase in his liveliness, and he commenced swaggering and dancing about in the most extraordinary manner, occupying intervals in his performance by further pulls at the bottle. When it was finished, we were free to take our departure.





THE HOSPITABLE SETTLEMENT OF SENHOR GONÇALVES, BIHÉ.

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I rambled about the town and neighborhood, and visited the great fetich place. Here the skulls of all the chiefs whom Kagnombé had conquered were kept spiked on poles, surrounded by the heads of leopards, dogs, and jackals.

Not far from this was the burial-ground of his family, the graves in which all lay east and west. Broken pots and crockery were scattered on each, and in the centre was a fetich hut, where offerings of food and drink were placed for the manes of the departed.

Outside Kagnombé's compound a large tree was pointed out to me as being the usual reception-place for the Portuguese. Here his chair is brought and put upon the summit of a small mound, the visitors having to sit on stones or roots at its foot. I was assured that my being allowed to enter his private inclosures was a mark of high honor, no white man having ever before been admitted.

Of the two inclosures, the outer one is really his main guard, and all night long men are stationed there on sentry. These guards are also employed to lead the van when Kagnombé engages in war, the duty of carrying his hat, which plays an important part in action, devolving upon the captain of the guard.

When a village which it is intended to capture is approached, the hat is thrown over the palisades, and a tremendous rush is made to recover it; for he who is fortunate in the attempt, and brings it back, is considered the hero of the day, and is rewarded with gifts of concubines and liquor.

The following morning, after having dispatched Manoel with farewell messages to Kagnombé, I started for the settlement of Senhor Gonçalves, and arrived there after a pleasant walk of a few hours.

Drawing near to the settlement, I was much impressed by its appearance of neatness and good order, and, on entering, found myself in a well-kept court-yard. In this there were a large store-house and two small dwellings, while a palisade in front divided them from the principal house, which was flanked on one side by a magnificent grove of orange-trees covered with fruit.

A Spanish mulatto met me, and led the way into the sitting-room, where Senhor Gonçalves's two sons and a white man, who

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had formerly been boatswain of a Portuguese man-of-war, were at breakfast.

This room quite astonished me. The floor was planked, the windows had green jalousies, the ceiling was of white cloth, and the walls were plastered and painted in a neat pattern; and upon the table, which was covered with a clean white cloth, all manner of good things were spread.

Senhor Gonçalves, an old gentleman of charming manners, welcomed me warmly, and, telling me not to stand on ceremony, bid me fall to. This I was nothing loath to do, and thoroughly enjoyed the best meal I had tasted for many a long day. Every thing was well cooked, and good biscuits, butter, and other "canned delicacies" helped to form the solids, which were washed down by *vinho tinto*, followed by coffee.

After breakfast, Senhor Gonçalves told me of himself and his doings here, and conducted me round his establishment. He had at one time been master of a ship, but, tiring of the sea, settled at Bihé thirty-three years ago. When he had been thirty years in Africa, he returned to Lisbon with the idea of ending his days there in peace; but his friends of former times being dead, and he being too old to make new ones, he never felt comfortable there, and after three years' absence determined to return to Bihé. He had only arrived about three weeks when I paid him this visit.

Before leaving for Lisbon he had a capital garden with European vegetables, and grew vines and wheat, which flourished marvelously. But during his absence every thing was neglected, and the only things remaining were his oranges—which were finer than any I had ever seen—and a hedge of roses thirty feet high, now in full bloom.

His principal trading was with Jenjé for ivory, and Kibokwé for bees-wax, and, altogether, trade was fairly profitable. Twice he was burned out and lost every thing, and was obliged to recommence business on borrowed capital, the high interest on which had nearly swallowed all his profits for a time; but now he was free and unembarrassed.

Each of the six villages he owned supplied a caravan. One was now traveling under the charge of a son, and another under a servant; and two more were about to start.

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His sons had lately returned from Jenjé, and said they had met English traders there with bullock-wagons, and had been most friendly with them.

We sat a long time, yarning and smoking good English bird's-eye after dinner, and then I was given a comfortable bedroom, and, for the first time since spending a night on board the *Punjáb*, I experienced the pleasure of sleeping between sheets.

Tempting as the hospitality and many comforts of this place were, I could not allow myself to think of lingering, but decided to start the next morning for João Ferreira's, where I had arranged to meet the main body of my men.

Senhor Gonçalves gave me a bottle of brandy and a few tins of meat for the road, and we parted, after an acquaintance of four-and-twenty hours, as though we had been old friends.

I firmly believe that if more men such as Senhor Gonçalves were to take advantage of the Portuguese dominions on the coast, and settle in the healthy uplands of Bihé, much might be done toward opening up and civilizing Africa.



TRAP FOR GAME.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

João's Settlement.—His Official Position.—Openly trading in Slaves.—Bad Specimen of the White Man.—A Fetich-man.—Fortune-telling.—Charms.—Infallible Cures.—Arms for Kasongo.—Probable Result.—Belmont.—Miserable Work.—Buffalo Herd.—Opposition by Bihé People.—Civility of the Chiefs.—The Kutato.—An Extraordinary River.—Dangerous Crossing.—Subterranean Streams.—Run-gi.—Suspected of the Evil Eye.—A Fetich-man declares Me free.—Untrustworthy Postmen.—Making and mending Clothes.—A Portuguese in Pawn.—A Festival.—Drink and Debauchery.—A Superior Chief.—Rheumatism.—A Glimpse of Paradise.—Visit to King Kongo.—Housed and fed by the Prime Minister's Wife.—The King's own Hut.—His Dress.—Strongly Guarded.—A Drunken Conference.—Pounding Corn.—My Beard excites Curiosity.—Hungry Times.—Caterpillars a Delicacy.

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BIDDING adieu to Senhor Gonçalves, who expressed many kindly wishes for my success, we crossed some open prairie country, apparently admirably adapted for growing wheat, and reached the settlement of João Baptista Ferreira.

It was a complete contrast to the one we had just left, being only a shade better than that of Alvez; but João accorded me a thoroughly hearty welcome, and I was not slow to appreciate his kindness. The men whom I had left at Komananté were here awaiting my arrival, and I immediately gave them some of the cloth I had obtained, so that they might clothe themselves for entry into Benguela, and the remainder I served out to procure rations for the journey to the coast.

João was the white trader of whom I had heard as having been to Kasongo's country, and he was preparing for another journey thither, for since his return from Urna he had paid a visit to Jenjé, and exchanged the slaves he obtained from Kasongo for ivory.

At Jenjé he met an Englishman whom he called George, and became most friendly with him. He had received from him a rifle and compass as tokens of amity.

From Jenjé he brought a riding-bullock, and from Benguela

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a donkey, both of which knew him well, and would follow him like dogs, which I accepted as a proof that there must have been some good in João's nature. Indeed, I must acknowledge that to me and mine he showed great kindness, and I wish I were not compelled, in the interests of Africa, to make any allusion to the dark side of his character. But "*Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra.*" I am constrained to declare that he was any thing but the right kind of man to create a good impression by trading in Africa. He was openly engaged in the slave-traffic, notwithstanding his holding a commission from the Portuguese Government as a district judge, and slaves in chains were to be seen in his settlement.

With my experience of the manner in which slaves are obtained, I could not but feel pained that white men who could thus disregard the feelings of fellow-creatures should be among the first specimens of Europeans seen by the untutored people of the interior. He told me, as rather a good story, how Kasongo had ordered hands and ears of slaves to be cut off in honor of his visit, and expressed his intention of taking about a hundred flint-lock muskets to that chief to exchange for slaves, and quite scouted the idea of going there for ivory. That, he said, could be obtained much more easily at Jenjé, to which place the road was comparatively easy and healthy.

A fetich-man visited João's while I was there, his errand being to tell the fortunes of the people about to journey to Kasongo's, and he also professed to cure diseases and expel evil spirits. He was followed by some friends, who carried iron bells, which they occasionally struck with small pieces of iron.

On arrival he seated himself on the ground, surrounded by his friends, and then commenced a monotonous recitative. In this he accompanied himself by shaking a rattle made of basket-work and shaped like a dumb-bell, while the circle of attendants joined in chorus, sometimes striking their bells, and at others varying the performance by laying them down and clapping their hands in a kind of rhythmic cadence. This being finished, the soothsayer was ready to be consulted, provided those coming to him were prepared to pay in advance for his predictions.

The principal instrument for reading the decrees of fate con-

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sisted of a basket trimmed with small skins, the bottom being formed of a piece of gourd. This was filled with shells, small figures of men, tiny baskets, and packets containing amulets, and a heterogeneous collection of rubbish.

The method of divining was something after the manner adopted by ancient dames in more civilized parts of the globe, who imagine they can look into the future by gazing intently at the dregs in the bottom of a tea-cup.

On being consulted, the basket was emptied of its contents; and as the queries to which answers were desired were put to the magician, he selected such things to be returned to the basket as he considered appropriate. He then gave it a dexterous twist, and, after carefully inspecting the manner in which its contents had arranged themselves, delivered the all-important answer to the anxious dupe.

Besides telling fortunes, he also did a lively amount of trade in charms and amulets, without which no African would consider himself safe on a journey. One charm I noticed was in very large demand, as it was supposed to prevent slaves from running away. It was composed of a large horn filled with mud and bark, and having three very small horns projecting from its lower end.

I had often seen these charms in the possession of Alvez's people, who placed them in the ground close to the owner's quarters in camp, and constantly anointed them with red earth and oil, in order to propitiate the spirit believed to exist within them. Alvez had one of these horns lashed to his flag-staff; but I believe he used the anointing oil more for his own purposes than those of the devil's.

When the fetich-man found no more buyers of charms, he offered to cure any disease with which any person present might be afflicted. To some he gave charms as a remedy, but to the majority he administered draughts made from various roots and herbs. He also showed himself an adept at shampooing.

João's principal stock for trading with Kasongo consisted of flint-lock muskets and powder; and when possessed of a sufficient number of fire-arms, I have no doubt he will try his hand at robbing caravans; for when I passed through his country he

had every inclination to take to highway robbery, but lacked the necessary power.

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After a day's halt at João's, we started for the coast, accompanied by a gang of Bailunda carrying gear belonging to Alvez, and intended for sale at Benguela. It was arranged that the head-man of this party should act as my guide, Manoel being interpreter between him and me.

We passed Belmont—somewhat inappropriately named, being situated in a hollow—and then over large down-like hills with very little wood, excepting around the villages, which were all shaded by groves of fine trees.

Belmont is the settlement of Silva Porto—a name well known to African geographers—which had once equaled, if not surpassed, that of Senhor Gonçalves; but its owner having discontinued traveling and settled at Benguela, it was placed under the care of slaves, and had consequently greatly deteriorated. Its orange-trees had run wild and were unpruned, and that which had formerly been a carefully kept garden was no better than a tangled waste.

The rains were now beginning to set in regularly, and at our first camp we passed a most miserable night. There was scarcely any grass or brush-wood with which the men could hut themselves, and they were consequently exposed to one continued downpour of cold rain.

I fared equally badly, for my grass-cloth tent was so thoroughly worn out and full of holes that the water came through it freely. There was not a dry corner where I could sleep, so I coiled myself up in a space about two feet square, with a piece of mackintosh over my head.

As day broke, the rain ceased, and we managed to light a fire, and I then gave each man a small nip of the brandy which had been given me by Gonçalves. After this we started, and, though wet and miserable-looking, my men were fairly light-hearted.

Gradually we entered more broken and wooded country, with stony hills showing out here and there. On these, villages were built and encircled by stone-walls and palisades, while others on the bare hills were surrounded by heavy groves of trees, and reminded me much of farms on the Wiltshire downs.

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While crossing a level table-land, I saw enormous flocks of birds, and what was supposed to be an extraordinarily large one in rapid motion was pointed out to me. The object had so curious an appearance that I used my field-glasses to obtain a better view, and then discovered that the dark cloud was caused by the dust and steam rising from a large herd of buffalo galloping madly to the eastward.

On the road we met many up-parties of Bihé people who had been trading with the Bailunda. They were usually rather drunk and abusive, and in some instances attempted to rob my stragglers, so that it required great forbearance and some tact to avoid getting into serious collision with them. They asserted that we had no right to be traveling in their country, as we should be the means of opening up the road to other strangers and traders, and so deprive themselves of their monopoly.

Although these people were thus unfriendly toward us, the chiefs of the villages were kind and civil, and invariably brought us pots of pombé. To have refused this proffered hospitality would have been a dangerous policy, and have lessened the good feeling which existed; but much time was sometimes wasted owing to these halts for refreshment.

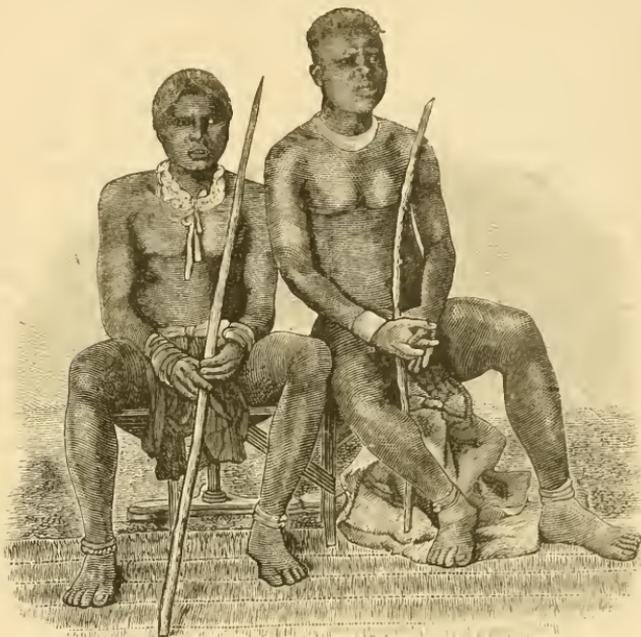
The nights were now constantly rainy, and we had some wretched experiences; but, being near the end of my journey, I felt inclined to make light of every trouble. And, in addition to being continually wet, we were badly provided with food; for the people, owing to their constant intercourse with the coast, were overwhelmed with cloth, and wanted only powder or aguardiente in exchange for provisions. We had neither of these articles of commerce, and consequently were frequently compelled to go hungry.

On the 18th of October we passed the Kutato, a most extraordinary river, forming the boundary between Bailunda and Bihé.

We crossed by a bridge then under water, the strength of the current being so great that some men were washed off, and only saved themselves by catching at bushes on the bank. On reaching the other side we found ourselves upon an island, situated among numerous rapids and cascades breaking out from a rocky hill-side. The difficulty of getting across seemed, at

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first sight, almost insuperable; but after a time we discovered that there were, however, places where it was possible to jump from rock to rock, and then to wade through the rapids themselves on narrow shelves, holding on, meanwhile, by ropes of creepers stretched from side to side for that purpose. A single false step or the snapping of the creeper-rope at these points would have been fatal, for nothing could have saved one from being dashed to pieces among the rocks beneath.



PORTEES FROM BIHÉ.

The stream below this was about sixty yards wide, very deep, and running like a sluice. I afterward heard that we were considered most fortunate in crossing without mishap; for at that season of the year people had frequently been lost in making the attempt, and it was often necessary to wait a week or fortnight before the passage was practicable.

Looking back from the other side, a most striking sight was presented by this mass of water bursting out of the precipitous hill-side, and broken by the rocks and little bushy islands into foaming cascades.

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Many small streams were passed, which occasionally flowed for some distance in subterranean channels. They worked in among loose stones which were covered with soil and vegetation, the under-ground portion of their course being sometimes only some forty yards in length; but in other instances they seemed to have disappeared altogether, and no doubt helped to supply the water which formed the "burst of the Kutato."

The following day we arrived at the village of Lungi, the dwelling-place of the head of the Bailunda who were accompanying me, and halted to enable them to prepare food for the road to Benguela. I was told this would occupy three days, so I decided to have a hut built, instead of remaining that time in my leaky tent. The men also managed to make themselves comfortable, wood and grass for building a camp being plentiful.

The wife of the head-man was now taken ill, and he, with an amount of marital affection which was very creditable, would not hear of leaving her until she recovered.

This arrangement being particularly inconvenient, I tried to reason with him against adhering to his resolve, and, to my surprise, I afterward found I was suspected of the evil eye, and was accused of having bewitched the woman by looking at her husband.

Although this would seem rather an indirect method of bringing about so dire a calamity, yet it was thoroughly believed in, and a fetich-man was brought to give his opinion of my optics. Fortunately, he declared that there was nothing evil about my eye-sight, and informed the head-man that it behooved him to assist me in every thing, and that on arriving at Benguela he would find I possessed an open hand.

This covert appeal to my generosity was not to be resisted, and I could not feel otherwise than grateful for his favorable opinion of me when under suspicion; so I gave him a piece of cloth out of my scanty stock, bringing my store down to four yards.

The brother of the guide who had expressed his determination to remain behind to nurse his wife now volunteered to conduct us to Benguela, but had to prepare his food before starting.

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The chief of Lungi, Menyi Hombo by name, had been a pombeiro of Senhor Gonçalves; and although he was well aware of my inability to make any return for kindness shown, was very hospitable, bringing us pombé daily, and presenting a goat to me, besides one to my men.

Here I received the unwelcome intelligence that the letters and map I forwarded before reaching Bihé were barely ahead of me now. It appeared that when they arrived at Komananté, Manoel at once sent them to João, who intrusted them to two runners to take to the coast. These worthies arrived at a village close to Lungi about a fortnight before me, but, meeting some chums just returned from Benguela with a large stock of aguardiente, remained there with them. In their opinion such an opportunity was not to be neglected, and from the moment of their arrival they had spent their time in one continued state of drunkenness. I immediately sent for the letters, and was fortunate in getting them; and, after this experience, I concluded it would be better to become my own postman.

Little worthy of record occurred during the stay at Lungi. The principal employment of the men was making clothes of a somewhat uniform pattern for entry into Benguela; and I had to look sharply after them, for they were much inclined to shirk their work, and expend the material I had given them in drink.

While writing in my hut one day, I was astonished at hearing that a white man had come to the camp and desired to see me. Who it might be I could not imagine, having been told that no white traders were in the country, excepting João and Gonçalves.

I found that my visitor was a young Portuguese, who, together with two companions, had come here to trade, having obtained a few stores on credit at Benguela.

His partners, however, quarreled so grievously that words came to blows, and one, after knifing and killing the other, ran off with all the goods, and left this young fellow destitute.

He was now in pawn to the chief of the village where he was staying, and was prevented from leaving, as the merchant who advanced the stores for the first venture refused to supply him with any thing further until he was paid. This forced de-

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tion did not trouble him greatly, for he was very comfortable, and well looked after by the natives, and did not appear to have any desire to be taken out of pledge.

At last the Bailunda had their food ready, but the chief of Lungi having told them that the following day was an important festival, they refused to start, being anxious to share in the customary bout of pombé-drinking.

I went to witness the performance, and, under a huge banyan-tree in the outer portion of the village, found singing, dancing, and drinking proceeding in great force. The men and women danced together, their suggestive motions being accompanied by ribald songs, and the scene was one of licentiousness almost beyond belief.

The chief, who was comparatively sober, remained in an inner compound shaded by large trees and barren bananas, like those at Kagnombé's. One part of this compound reached to the summit of an almost precipitous ascent, from which a charming view was obtained.

He informed me that, in consequence of having been in the service of Gonçalves, he had no desire to join in orgies such as the one I had witnessed; but added that he was powerless to prevent them, for if the people were deprived of their drink and dancing, they would rebel, and murder their rulers.

I had much trouble on leaving here, owing to many of my people having rheumatism and swollen limbs, caused by the wet and cold. Poor little Jacko, and a man named Yacooti, were unable to walk, and it was necessary to contrive litters for carrying them.

Almost directly after starting, we came upon rocky hills, with brawling burns rushing along their rugged courses, and here and there falls from twenty to thirty feet in height, the crystal water sparkling in the sunlight as it dashed from crag to crag. Large tree-ferns grew on the banks, and among the bushes were myrtle, jasmine, and other flowering shrubs, while a variety of beautiful ferns similar to maiden-hair, and other delicate kinds, flourished in the damp crevices of the rocks.

As we went forward the scenery increased in beauty, and at last I was constrained to halt, and surrender myself to the enjoyment of the view which lay before me.





MOUNTAINS BETWEEN BAILUNDA AND COAST.

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I will content myself with asserting that nothing could be more lovely than this entrancing scene, this glimpse of Paradise. To describe it would be impossible. Neither poet, with all the wealth of word-imagery, nor painter, with almost supernatural genius, could by pen or pencil do full justice to the country of Bailunda.

In the foreground were glades in the woodland, varied with knolls crowned by groves of large, English-looking trees, sheltering villages with yellow thatched roofs; shambas, or plantations, with the fresh green of young crops and bright red of newly hoed ground in vivid contrast, and running streams flashing in the sunlight; while in the far distance were mountains of endless and pleasing variety of form, gradually fading away until they blended with the blue of the sky. Overhead there drifted fleecy white clouds; and the hum of bees, the bleating of goats, and crowing of cocks broke the stillness of the air.

As I lay beneath a tree in indolent contemplation of the beauties of nature in this most favored spot, all thought of the work still before me vanished from my mind; but I was rudely awakened from my pleasant reverie by the appearance of the loaded caravan, with the men grunting, yelling, and laboring under their burdens. Thus the dream of fairy-land was dispelled, and the realities of my work, with its toil and trouble, returned.

That evening we camped in a wood, a clear space having literally to be cut out of the masses of sweet-scented creepers which festooned the trees.

Here I again divided the caravan into two parts, as it was necessary for me to visit Kongo, the chief of the Bailunda, at Kambala, and I had been informed that it would be impolitic to be accompanied by all my men on the occasion.

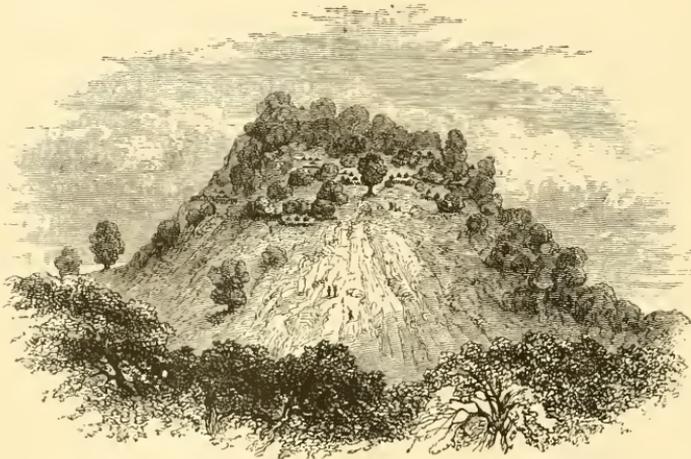
I therefore selected four of my own people, including Jumah, Manoel, and the chief of the Bailunda porters, and three of their immediate followers, leaving the remainder of the party to proceed by the direct road to the next camp, thus giving the invalids, who were steadily increasing in number, two short marches and a good rest.

Kambala is situated on a rocky hill in the centre of a wooded plain surrounded by ranges of hills. The entrance to the vil-

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lage was over a smooth sheet of granite, and then, passing through two or three palisades, we were conducted into a small division containing four huts, which we were invited to make use of.

The huts clustered about the rocks in a most extraordinary manner, advantage being taken of every shelf and projection capable of being built upon. Thus a next-door neighbor was generally either almost above your head or below your feet. Trees of fair proportions grew out of the crevices, tobacco was planted close to the huts, and the palisades were covered with flowering creepers.



KAMBALA.

Some of Kongo's principal counselors welcomed us on arrival, but the task of entertaining us fell chiefly upon the shoulders of the wife of the prime minister, he being absent on important duty. Our hostess brought a large supply of porridge and dried locusts for my people, and several inhabitants paid us visits, each bringing with him a pot of pombé.

My anxiety was to gain an early audience with King Kongo, and also to settle upon a suitable present. I had brought a rifle for him, but his people wisely preferred an old flint-lock carried by Manoel, for which I gave him the Snider. It was arranged by the court officials that I should see the king the following day, but I managed to overrule this delay, and our interview was then appointed to take place in the afternoon.

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The hour for our reception having arrived, we were taken to the very summit of the hill, where the king's hut and that of his principal wife were situated on a small level surface. This position was inaccessible on all sides save the one by which we approached, and was surrounded by a heavy palisade. On our way to it, no fewer than thirteen separate lines of stockading were passed, while the path was in some places so steep that we were obliged to use our hands to clamber up.



VISIT TO KING KONGO.

Just before reaching the royal compound, we halted by an open hut containing a large bell, which was tolled by men stationed on guard to give notice of our arrival, and there we waited until permission to proceed was obtained from Kongo. Watch and ward was kept at this post both day and night, to prevent any one approaching without due warning being given; and this also was the chosen scene of executions which, I heard, were rather frequent, though the barbarous practice of mutilation was unknown.

After a time we received permission to enter the royal precincts, and found a few stools placed round an antiquated arm-

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chair which served as King Kongo's throne. Among this group my seat was placed.

Kongo then entered, dressed in a much faded and dilapidated uniform, with a huge battered cocked hat on his head; and being very aged, and much under the influence of drink, he had to be helped along and placed upon his throne. I advanced and shook hands with him, but doubt very much whether he had a clear conception of who his visitor might be.

Some officials commenced a conversation with me, remarking that every thing they said was to be understood as the king's own words; but he had really very little voice in the matter. As usual, they asserted that Kongo was the greatest chief in the world. Taking me to a gap in the palisade, they pointed to the surrounding country as being under his rule, and showed me the position of several villages scattered about in the plain that lay at our feet, as being those that supplied the inhabitants of Kambala with food. The gun was then presented in due form, and we took our leave.

On returning to my hut, I passed a party of women pounding corn. They did not use pestles and mortars, as elsewhere, but pounded the grain on the polished surface of a granite rock, kneeling to their work, and using small mallets formed of a piece of hard curved wood.

When we reached our quarters, the prime minister's wife

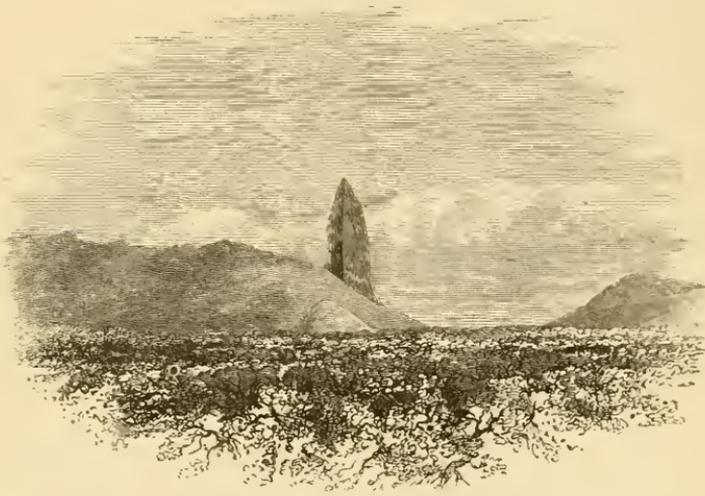


POUNDING CORN AT KAMBALA.

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was there with more porridge and locusts for my men, and a fowl for myself. After sunset we were left to our own devices, and, notwithstanding heavy rain, passed a comfortable night, as the huts proved quite weather-tight.

In the morning our hostess again waited upon us with our breakfast, and wished us all farewell. In return for her hospitality she asked me to send her a small brass bell from Benguela, a modest request which I gratified by forwarding half a dozen, together with a piece of good cloth sufficient to make her happy for a long time. From her features and appearance, which were decidedly prepossessing, I believe she had some



TEMBA LUI (THE "DEVIL'S FINGER").

amount of white blood in her veins, being, too, as light as a mulatto.

Much curiosity was excited here respecting my beard, and some strange stories were circulated by people who had seen me, and considered this appendage a noteworthy peculiarity.

We left Kambala by the same gate-way as we entered—which I believe to be the only means of getting in or out of the place, so jealously guarded is the rocky fortress of King Kongo—and soon afterward sighted an extraordinary peak standing up among the hills, more inaccessible than Pieter Bot's mountain at the Mauritius. It took the form of an enormous

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prism of granite, and its native name *Temba Lui*, meaning "devil's finger," was in keeping with its appearance.

Several villages on the road had cattle feeding near them, and the people looked in comfortable circumstances. Drink was offered to us at all, but flour was not forthcoming except for barter, and the want of this necessary food compelled me to begin to tighten up my belt.

In the afternoon we fell in with the rest of our party, and found Jacko and Yacooti able to walk again, though several other men were ill. According to Bombay, Yacooti died while on the march, and was thrown into the jungle by way of burial, upon which he came to life again, and was immediately able to walk.

At this camp we were joined by many Bailunda bound for Benguela with flour to exchange for aguardiente. One of them I noticed with a number of large cocoons in a basket, and, on inquiring what they were for, he cut one open, showed the caterpillar still moving inside, and, putting it into his mouth, swallowed it, smacking his lips with great gusto. Caterpillars in this particular stage were, I was told, considered a great delicacy.

The whole caravan being now assembled, I trusted we might reach the coast without further delays; for, in consequence of our halt at Lungi, the men had already expended much of their cloth, and unless we pushed onward it was probable we should have a hungry time on the road. I hoped, under these circumstances, that the men would see the necessity for marching, if only for their own sakes; but I was doomed to disappointment.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

My Dispirited Crew.—Native Bridges.—Bad Weather.—Secure Dwellings.—Break-down of my Men.—A Man missing.—Fallen out by the Roadside.—A Fearful Night.—Searching for the Straggler.—Delay Dangerous.—The Straggler arrives.—Past Recovery.—His Death and Burial.—Locusts.—The Slave-trade on the Coast.—Mode of Embarkation.—Failing Strength of my Carriers.—I throw away Tent, Boat, Bed, etc.—A Rush for the Coast.—Our Highest Camp.—Gay Umbrellas.—A Mulatto Settlement.—Cascades.—Numerous Up Caravans.—Their Trade.—No Food left.—Search for a Camp.—Dead-beat.—A Tedious March.—Skeletons of Slavers' Victims.—Starvation and Exhaustion.—The Sea.—Leaving the Worn-out Men behind.—The Final Effort.—Scurvy attacks Me.—Help.—A Good Samaritan.—A Haven of Rest.

ANOTHER wretchedly wet and rainy night seemed to deprive my people of the little energy they possessed, and the drag of the march was indeed painful. Instead of being as men who had nearly accomplished a difficult task, they looked and moved more like a funeral procession. The distance was not great, but the time occupied was dreadfully long, and on arriving at our camping-place the men were too dispirited to hut themselves properly, though rain was threatening. Others, who had lagged behind, did not reach camp till after dark.

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On the road we passed the Kukéwi, a large stream falling into the sea at Nova Dondo, and also one of its affluents, the Kuléli, besides numerous rills and streams.

Both these rivers were crossed on bridges constructed of poles planted in the bed of the stream; and upon others, lashed at the top, smaller poles and branches were laid to form the footway. When first laid down, these were secured to the cross-pieces by lashings; but they had rotted away, and consequently the bridges afforded a very precarious footing. That over the Kukéwi was more than a hundred feet long and twelve feet wide, and was a most creditable specimen of construction by uneducated natives.

The threatenings of the weather were not belied by the

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night, and in the morning more men professed themselves unable to bear their loads. One man was too unwell to walk, and it was with great difficulty I managed to find carriers for him.

Much of this illness was undoubtedly caused by want of shelter, so I resolved to remain in the rear of the caravan, to prevent any straggling and staying-about on the road, instead of hastening into camp; and a wearisome time I had on this march, occupying nine hours and a half, for more than four hours were wasted in driving the men along.

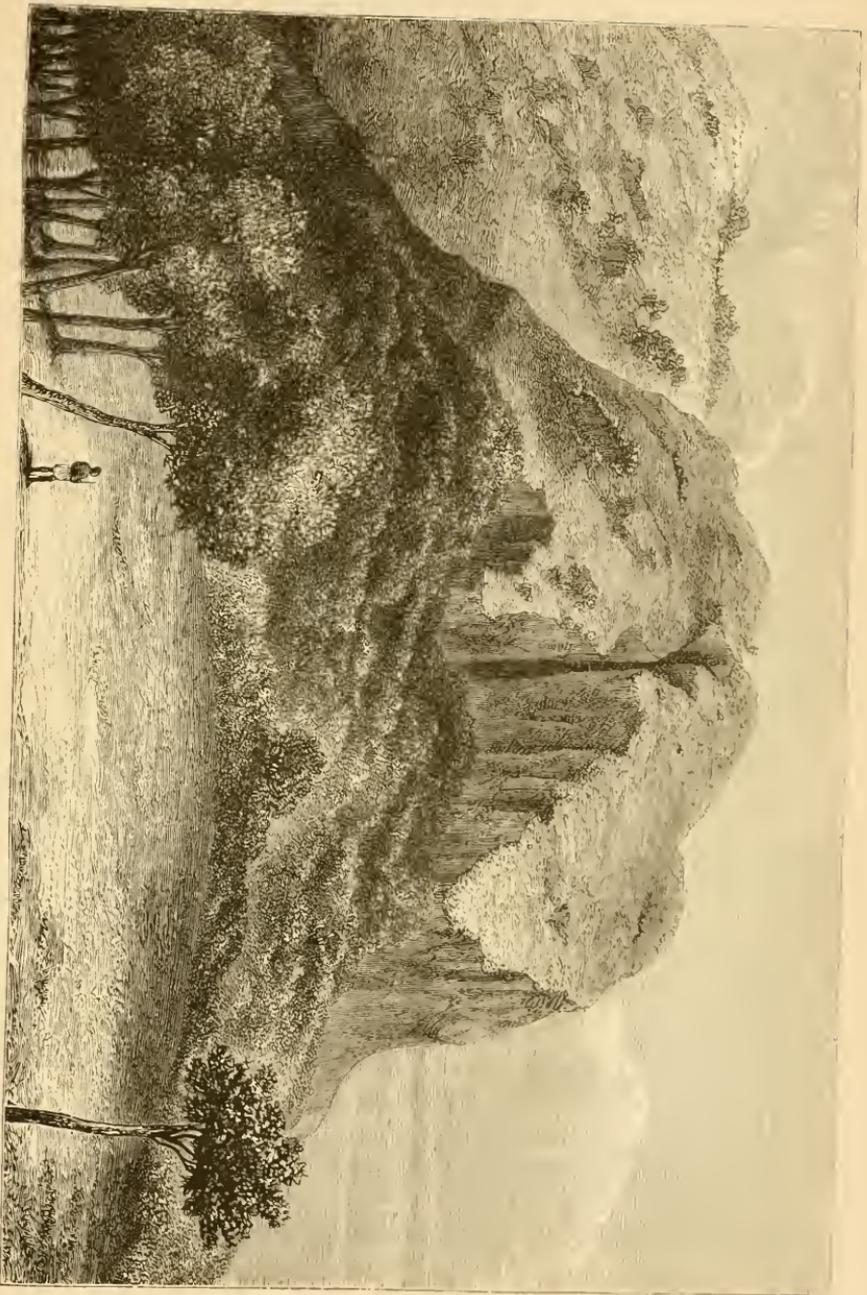
We passed through a break in a range of wooded mountains, with villages perched on their summits or nestled among the trees on the steepest slopes, so as to be easily defended, while in the valleys there were large plantations of cassava and Indian-corn.

The natives seemed very industrious, and put more energy into their work than I had seen for some time. Men and women were busy preparing their fields for new crops, and others, in couples, were carrying up to the villages at a smart trot enormous baskets of cassava slung upon poles. Among them was a man who spoke Portuguese. He came to inquire who we were, and gave the men some roots of sweet cassava.

Other hills, in every variety of shape and form imaginable, were now seen directly in front of us, while on the right of our road a portion of the range we had passed ended abruptly. Its appearance reminded me of the north front of the Rock of Gibraltar; and on the summit was the village of the chief of the district, to which no stranger had ever been admitted.

At the foot of this hill, named Humbi, the carriers of the sick man came to a dead stop, and declared themselves altogether incapable of taking him any farther, although I had detailed seven men for this duty, in order that they might constantly relieve each other. The camp was fortunately near at hand; so I allowed the carriers and their burden to remain here, and, pressing forward myself, sent other and fresher men to assist them.

Notwithstanding my care in bringing up the rear of the caravan, a man named Majuto was missing. It appeared that he proposed to another that they should leave the road and hide in the jungle, in order to rest and sleep, remarking that if



HILL AND VILLAGE OF HUMBEL.



I saw them lying down on the road, I should compel them to move forward. The other fellow refused, but let Majuto go, without telling any one about it until camp was reached.

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When I heard of his absence it was becoming dark, and heavy rain had set in, rendering it useless to think of sending people to seek for him; but I determined to halt the next day and send out a search-party, if he did not put in an appearance by the morning.

Of all the wretched nights I have passed, this was the worst. It rained so heavily that the ground was converted into semi-liquid mud, and my tent seemed to have given up all idea of keeping out the wet. I was also very anxious about the unfortunate Majuto; for, knowing him to be ill, I much feared that such a night, without food, fire, or shelter, would kill him.

As soon as day dawned I persuaded some of the Bailunda and the freshest of my men to go in search of the poor fellow, while others went foraging for food.

My experiences of the night made me resolve that, if possible, more comfort should be provided for all of us before turning in again, and accordingly built a hut for myself, and saw that the men sheltered themselves properly. The appearance of the sun also gave us an opportunity of drying our limited belongings, and before long we managed to give the camp a somewhat habitable appearance.

Several swarms of locusts passed during the day, some so thick as to obscure the sun, and my men gladly seized the opportunity of securing a number of them for food.

Both parties sent out in the morning returned during the afternoon. The foragers had obtained a small quantity of food, including a fowl, for which two yards of cloth out of the four I possessed had been given; but those who had been searching for Majuto came in without having seen or heard any thing of him, though they had been back to the place where he quitted the road, and had made inquiries of every native they met.

It was then four o'clock, and heavy rain had again set in, and no further search could be made that day. But I decided that, if nothing were heard of him meanwhile, I would myself have a thorough hunt the next day with men who had been resting in camp. If that should prove unsuccessful, I intended to make

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arrangements with the chief of a neighboring village to forward Majuto to the coast, should he be found.

Further delay in marching threatened to end in disaster, for every day the men became more feeble, and I was afraid of losing many if I lingered on the road.

All anxiety as to the fate of the straggler was put at rest at seven o'clock by his arrival, wet and wretched, and more dead than alive, having eaten nothing since leaving the caravan. I placed him under the charge of some of his chums, and saw him dried and shampooed, and made as comfortable as the circumstances of our case allowed; but the poor fellow was past recovery, and died a few hours later.

Manoel told me that if the Bailunda, who fortunately were in another camp, heard of the death of Majuto, we should be required to pay a heavy fine to the chiefs near before burying him. We therefore set to work cautiously and quietly by fire-light, and, digging a grave in one of the huts, scattered the earth about by the handful.

Then we buried the poor fellow according to Mohammedan rites, prayers being said by one of his co-religionists, and piled the earth over the grave so as to represent a sleeping-place covered with grass; and one of the carriers lay upon it for an hour or two to give it the appearance of having been used.

It was well that we took these precautions, for visitors came to our camp before we started; and had there been any visible signs of a grave, we should have had some trouble.

Soon after leaving camp, we found a swarm of locusts which had settled the night before, and were now so torpid from the cold that they could be shaken from the trees and gathered up in any quantity. Of this circumstance my hungry people were not slow to take advantage.

The manner in which the locusts covered the trees was most extraordinary, every twig and branch, and the trunk a short distance above the ground, being entirely enveloped by them. In many places they were two and even three deep. As the sun became more powerful, they began to work their wings without leaving the trees, making a noise like rushing water. Then the stronger ones commenced to move, and in less than half an hour they all had flown.

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Many natives were busily engaged in collecting them, and actually cut down trees of fair size which were thickly covered, in order to secure this delicacy.

Only two hours and a half were spent on the march this day, although we were six hours on the road; and one man, heedless of the sad fate of Majuto, straggled away and hid himself, and remained absent until the evening.

Up caravans were now rather frequently met, but being principally composed of and owned by natives, no news could be gathered from them.

A small party of Senhor Gonçalves's men also met us in the morning, and stated that slaves were no longer allowed to be taken into Benguela, and that all brought there lately had been liberated, and the importers punished. This was unexpected and unwelcome news for Manoel and the Bailunda accompanying me, whose faces at once lengthened considerably.

Manoel had informed me, only the day previous, that slaves were still exported from the coast, especially from Massomédés. He said they were held in readiness for embarkation, although scattered about the town in small parties, instead of being kept in barracoons as formerly; and a steamer came in for an hour or two, shipped the slaves, and was off again immediately. I inquired their destination, but he could give me no information on that point, and, indeed, was too ignorant to know much of the outside world.

After this day's exhibition, I saw that the marching powers of my men had gone from bad to worse, and that some decisive steps must be taken, or the caravan would never reach the coast, now only one hundred and twenty-six geographical miles distant.

Upward of twenty men complained of being unable to walk far or to carry any thing; swelled legs, stiff necks, aching backs, and empty stomachs being the universal cry.

Taking my pipe to my assistance, I sat down for half an hour's reflection, and then resolved on the action to be taken. It came to this: throw away tent, boat, bed, and every thing but instruments, journals, and books; and then, taking a few picked men, make a forced march to the coast, sending thence assistance to the main body. And this was no sooner decided than acted upon, for no time was to be lost.

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Manoel appropriated my abandoned tent, bed, and boat, and lodged them with a friend in a village near by; and early on the following morning I started—with five of my own men, Manoel and two of his, and the Bailunda, who said they could go at any pace—to make a rush for the coast, leaving three of Manoel's people to act as guides to the caravan.

Jumah, Sambo, Hamees Ferhan, Marijani, Ali ibn Mshangama, were the men who volunteered to accompany me.

My kit consisted of what I stood up in, and a spare shirt, a pair of slippers, a blanket, frying-pan, tin cup, sextant, artificial horizon, and writing materials; making in all a load of about twenty pounds, which was shifted from man to man on the journey.

My personal stock of food and stores for the road was composed of half the fowl obtained at Lungi, a little flour, and my last two yards of cloth.

The men were rather better off, as the cloth I had given them on leaving Bihé was not expended, and Marijani, who, being able to speak Portuguese, had acted as interpreter, had been presented with three pieces of cloth. Two of these I bought, to leave with Bombay for the use of the caravan.

We set out at a good speed across rough and broken country; but about noon the Bailunda, who had boasted about their pace, gave in, saying that they did not calculate upon going at such a rate.

About three o'clock we halted at a small camp situated upon a large open up-land, made ourselves as comfortable as might be, and took advantage of the stream running at the foot of the hills to enjoy a bathe. I felt rather stiff after the sharp march; but Jumah was an adept at shampooing, and took some of the kinks out of my muscles.

This camp was the highest point throughout the whole journey, being five thousand eight hundred feet above the sea, and the adjoining hills might have been eight hundred feet higher.

A large up caravan of Bailunda passed us here. Many of them had umbrellas which might have rivaled Joseph's coat for variety of color, each gore being a different tint. Red, pink, green, yellow, blue, violet, and white were sometimes to be found in one umbrella. Empty paraffine tins were carried

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by a number of porters, and I was much puzzled as to their use.

The next day we rose with the lark, and I was so hungry that I could not resist finishing the remains of my fowl, although well aware I could scarcely hope for another taste of flesh between this and the coast.

Leaving camp, we made a gradual ascent, and, passing through a gap, found before us a steep and almost precipitous descent, down which we went like goats, jumping from stone to stone.

Hamees Ferhan, my gun-bearer, now began to complain of fatigue, and I had to relieve him of my heavy rifle and cartridges, giving him my fowling-piece in exchange.

Another caravan with gay umbrellas and empty paraffine tins met us at the bottom of this descent, and the leaders expressed great astonishment at finding a white man with so few followers, and on foot. Their wonderment was still greater when told whence we had started the day before, and they declared they had never before heard of people getting over so much ground in a day. But harder marches were yet in store for us.

No sooner had we reached this valley than we had to commence the ascent of other hills, and on arriving at their summit found ourselves overlooking other ranges in front of us, their crests piercing the clouds which hung at our feet.

Away to the south was a village situated on a small conical mount, and this was the settlement of a colony of mulattoes springing from the intercourse between whites and natives.

These mulattoes generally possessed some small property; but being unable to hold any position among whites at the coast, and being too proud to mix freely with pure blacks, they had settled here. I was told they lived in peace and comfort, and, having large numbers of slaves, occasionally dispatched trading caravans.

Descending again, we went through a deep gorge with its sides clothed with trees, the graceful form and light foliage of the wild date-palm contrasting well with the darker and heavier shades of the acacias.

From amidst this mass of tangled wood a cascade burst forth, and fell in an unbroken sheet into a rocky basin seventy or eighty feet below, whence clouds of spray were scattered over

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the trees and ferns around. And then the waters, by a series of smaller leaps, joined a stream rushing through the centre of the gorge.

We were now upon a level plain covered with open forest; and, as we were about to enter the wood, I noticed a grave composed of a pile of loose blocks of granite, with a rough and massive wooden cross reared at its head. This, I was told, was the grave of a daughter of Major Coimbra (Coimbra's father), who married Syde ibn Habib, and died here in childbirth. After her death, Syde ibn Habib returned to her father's settlement at Boa Vista, and married her sister, evidently determined to have a better-half with some European blood in her veins. This second wife he took with him to Zanzibar.

On this march we met no fewer than ten up-caravans, numbering seventy to eighty men each. They were principally laden with small bags of salt, and bottles and kegs of aguardiente which they had purchased at Benguela.

A stream running through a muddy swamp, which we reached about noon, affording an opportunity for bathing, we halted to enjoy a dip and rest, and a bit of damper to appease our hunger. On resuming our march, we entered well-wooded but broken ground, with numerous torrents and rills, and outcrops and vast sheets of granite.

From a high hill we descried ranges of mountains still lying in front, while at our feet there was a decent camping-place, where we decided to halt. Before us was the river Balomba, eighty feet wide and waist-deep, flowing fast toward the north-west, and ultimately falling into the sea as an independent stream some little distance north of Benguela.

Caravans continued to pass us, bound up country; and nearly the whole number seen by us during the day traded only between Bailunda and the coast. They carry thither the flour of Indian corn and cassava, on which the slaves at Benguela are fed, and receive in exchange salt, aguardiente, and sometimes cloth. Their loads are light, and they travel fast, being no more than about three weeks absent from their homes in Bailunda.

During these journeys the men live almost entirely on drink, never eating more than a handful or two of porridge daily. Yet they seem to work well and thrive wonderfully. No

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women travel with these caravans, for, owing to the short time they are on the road, it is possible to manage domestic affairs without their aid.

This day we had eleven hours' hard walking, and were very glad indeed to camp. The height of the camp was three thousand eight hundred and seventy feet above the sea, nearly two thousand feet lower than our halting-place of the previous night, and considerably more than two thousand below the highest level we had crossed on this day's march.

After a good shampooing from Jumah ("Man Friday," as I called him, Jumah being the Kisuahili for Friday), I turned in to enjoy my well-earned sleep.

Five o'clock the next morning saw us on the move again. Crossing the Balomba, we passed some cultivated ground and villages perched upon small rocky hills, the huts corresponding so exactly with the color of the red sandstone rocks that I should not have noticed them but for curls of smoke rising into the morning air. On through jungle, across torrent-beds and streams, up and down we went, until we reached a level lying between two mountains.

Here there was much cultivation, the bottom being very fertile; and sugar-cane, Indian corn, and tobacco grew in profusion. We endeavored to persuade some people working in the fields to supply us with food, but they refused to enter into any commercial transactions with us.

Going empty away from these unsociable natives, we soon afterward met a large caravan carrying two apologies for flags, and bringing up the rear were some men wearing hats and coats.

They had a large stock of aguardiente; and some had evidently been engaged in lightening their loads that morning, being very overbearing and quarrelsome. First they attempted to hustle us out of the road, and then behaved toward us generally in a very objectionable manner. One fellow knocked up against me purposely, upon which I tripped just as purposely, though seemingly by accident, and sent him sprawling with his load, by way of a hint that he could not expect to have his own way in every thing.

We continued on the march until about two o'clock, when

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Manoel asserted that as we were close by the village of a chief whom he knew, we must stop to obtain flour, our stock being well-nigh exhausted. The exact locality of this village being unknown, I was thinking of dispatching scouring parties in every direction to search for it, when a child was heard crying about a hundred yards away, and on approaching the sound the village was discovered. Although immediately beside us, it was entirely hidden from the path by trees and rocks.

We succeeded in getting a small quantity of flour, and the chief brought me as a present a little Indian corn and a gourd of the sourest pombé possible. He expressed regret at not having heard of my intended visit, as he would then have given me something respectable, but now he had nothing prepared.

Marching on again, and passing some huge blocks of granite, we reached more level ground, well wooded and watered. We overtook two down-caravans, and even managed to pass them after a considerable amount of racing, for they did not at all appreciate being beaten by a white man upon their own ground.

Just before sunset we found ourselves amidst a swarm of locusts on the point of settling, and my people were anxious to collect them; but camp was still some distance ahead, and I knew we were much too tired and weary to make another start that night if once we halted. The camp we had decided to occupy was situated on a large open plain broken by occasional blocks of granite, named Kutwé-ya-Ombwa (the dog's head); but when we arrived, we found it already occupied by a caravan. Thus we were compelled to search for another in the dark.

After a while we stumbled upon a wretched little place, with which we were inclined to be satisfied, being thoroughly tired out; but it happened that one of the men engaged in picking sticks for our fire discovered a larger and better spot, to which we immediately removed.

I was almost dead-beat by this day's work; for, including all halts, we had been traveling for thirteen hours over rough and difficult country. But I knew that the first signs of fatigue betrayed by me would be the signal for the break-down of the whole party, so I struggled to keep up appearances. I managed

my stars, and boiled my thermometer to ascertain our height above the sea.

When day had dawned, I saw on the other side of the plain a range of sterile-looking mountains, which we reached after two hours' marching across the broken level.

On the right of the entrance to a pass there was a precipitous bluff, with great masses of rock—balanced like the Cornish rocking-stones—perched upon its summit. On the left, on the opposite side of a deep ravine, with a rapid stream flowing through it, were enormous dome-like mounts apparently formed of single masses of smooth granite. Their surface was washed clean by the rains, and they were devoid of vegetation, excepting a few cacti which had taken root in slight fissures near the summit. Farther down the pass were other masses, many of which had the appearance of bastions of some Titan forts.

Our path was along the northern side of this pass, over sheets of steep and slippery granite divided from each other by patches of thorny scrub, with rills draining down to join the stream we heard murmuring in the depths of the gorge hundreds of feet below us.

At times we were obliged to clamber over huge masses of stone on our hands and knees; at others to descend into the gorge to avoid some giant block jutting out beyond the path; and then to clamber again to our old level with the assistance of the creepers which grew in the crevices.

Graves and numerous skeletons testified to the numbers whose lives had been sacrificed on this trying march, while slave clogs and forks, still attached to some bleached bones or lying by their sides, gave only too convincing a proof that the demon of the slave-trade still exerted his influence in this part of Africa.

Clogs and forks were also hanging on trees, some being so slightly affected by the weather that it was evident they had not been there longer than a month or two. Doubtless they had been removed from some flagging wretches in the belief that weakness of body had extinguished all idea of escape, and in the hope that the strength which was insufficient to bear the weight of the clog might still prove enough to drag the unfortunate human chattel to the coast.

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We halted here to bathe in the stream, and gather fresh energy for the afternoon.

Fearfully hard work was now beginning seriously to tell on me, but I was wonderfully buoyed up by the knowledge that every step was taking me nearer to the coast and to rest. My head and legs, more especially the ankle I had sprained in Ulûnda, gave me much pain.



PEOPLE OF KISANJI.

After more hours of wearying clambering, we entered upon an open plain, and, to my sorrow, I noticed that it was surrounded by mountains which gave promise of hard labor on the morrow.

Shortly before sunset, we were near a village in the small district of Kisanji, and here made our arrangements for sleeping under some baobabs of which we had seen the first in the pass. I was so exhausted that when the men took the opportunity of having another bathe it was impossible for me to do the same, being only fit to lie under the shade of a baobab-tree.

Soon after settling down, a few men and women gathered around to stare at us, and I was surprised at their small preten-

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sions to any thing approaching civilized appearance, although they were not far from the coast.

A small and greasy cloth round their waists, and a mass of strings of beads—almost looking like a bolster—around their necks, constituted their dress. One woman wore, in addition, a small square of cloth, intended to hide her breasts; but it was a failure.

I tried to persuade the women to give me some milk for the cloth I had carefully hoarded up to this time; but they set a light value on my little store, and I had to borrow more from Marijani before I could procure about a quart; and very sour stuff it was, fresh milk being altogether unattainable.

We were off by half-past four the following morning, and soon came upon a number of up caravans just starting on their march. Now the mystery of the empty paraffine tins was explained, for a terribly noisy *reveille* was being beaten on them, and they certainly served the purpose of kettle-drums admirably.

Scrambling along a steep and rocky ridge of hills intersected by several water-courses and ravines with almost perpendicular sides, and then up a path not unlike a broken-down flight of steep steps, we reached the summit of the range.

What was that distant line upon the sky? We all gazed at it with a strange mingling of hope and fear, scarcely daring to believe it was the sea. But looking more intently at that streak happily left no room for doubt.

It was the sea; and Xenophon and his ten thousand could not have welcomed its view more heartily when they exclaimed *Θάλαττα! Θάλαττα!* than did I and my handful of wayworn followers.

There was little "go" left in me now. I was very nearly broken down; for, though my head and legs had ceased to ache so acutely, I was suffering excruciating pain in my back.

At almost every step I feared I should be compelled to lie down and wait for some assistance from the coast; but I thought of the poor exhausted fellows behind who were trusting to me to send them aid, and, being sustained by the near approach of the end of my journey, I still managed to keep on my legs.

The remainder of this day was spent in crawling over rocks

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and dragging through pools, waist-deep, dammed up in hollows since the last rains, and now slimy and stagnant. I confess that it was a relief when, about four o'clock, I heard some of my men declare they could march no farther; for, though I was fully aware of the vital importance of pushing on, and should have hesitated to suggest a halt, yet I was very weak, and glad indeed to rest.

One of my people and another of Manoel's being still able and ready to march, we dispatched them with the letters I had recovered at Lungi, and a note begging any charitably disposed person to send a little food to meet us on the road. I then eat my last morsel of damper, and turned in, intending the next day to make the final effort.

Somewhat refreshed by the night's rest, we continued our way through the pass until noon—the rays of the sun reverberating from the rocks making one feel as though in a furnace—and on emerging from it, made our midday halt at an angle of the Supa, which drains the pass and falls into the sea at Katombéla.

On going to this stream to bathe, I was greatly surprised at my curious appearance, being covered with purple spots; and I noticed that a slight bruise on my ankle had developed into a large and angry-looking place.

I was still more astonished on lighting my pipe by way of breakfast—for my pipe was now my only food—to find my mouth bleeding. Of the cause I was ignorant, for I did not then know that I was attacked with scurvy.

From some passing caravans, we heard that our two messengers had been seen that morning, and would by this time have arrived at Katombéla.

On again, across a rough and waterless plain lying between us and the hills behind Katombéla and Benguela, and then over precipitous hills formed of limestone, with many huge ammonites and other fossils, and having the appearance of cliffs which might once have faced a sea. They were intersected by ravines and dry water-courses, up and down the sides of which we clambered in the dark, slipping about and bruising ourselves.

But what did it matter? The next morning would see us at Katombéla.

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At the bottom of a ravine we found water, which was a god-send to me, for my mouth was still bleeding, and I had already used that brought by us from our midday halting-place.

Another steep climb brought us almost to the summit of the last ridge, where it was somewhat level; and numerous fires dotted about denoted the camps of caravans that had started that evening from Katombéla, and were halted here, ready to commence their march early in the morning, without being delayed by the attractions of the grog-shops. One of my men, a short way in advance of me, now shouted, "Here's our camp-master!" and, hastening on, I saw Manoel's messenger.

He had with him a basket containing wine, bread, tins of sardines, and a sausage; and although my mouth would not admit of my eating without pain, I managed to take some supper, for I had tasted nothing since the previous evening. From a note, in English, from Mr. Seruia, a trader at Katombéla, who had kindly sent out these provisions, I learned that my letters had been forwarded to Benguela. My messenger, it appeared, was too tired to return, so Mr. Seruia had sent one of his own people back with Manoel's man.

This was my last night outside the pale of civilization; and, though thoroughly tired, I was much too excited to sleep.

Long before the rising of the sun, we were all on the move, and, quickly finishing the remains of the supper, started on our last march. Twenty minutes brought us within sight of the sea, and I then noticed the position of Katombéla and Benguela with regard to each other. I had been puzzled on hearing that the former was passed before reaching Benguela, and could not understand the course of the last march; but now I found Katombéla situated on the sea-shore, instead of ten or twelve miles inland, as I had imagined from the description given me.

A man engaged in searching for runaway slaves told me that rumors respecting an Englishman coming from the interior had been rife for some time, but no one had believed them.

I ran down the slope toward Katombéla, swinging my rifle round my head, which I believe was almost "turned" for very joy; and the men, carried away with the same sense of relief, joined in the running till we approached nearer the town. Then I unfurled my colors, and went forward more quietly.

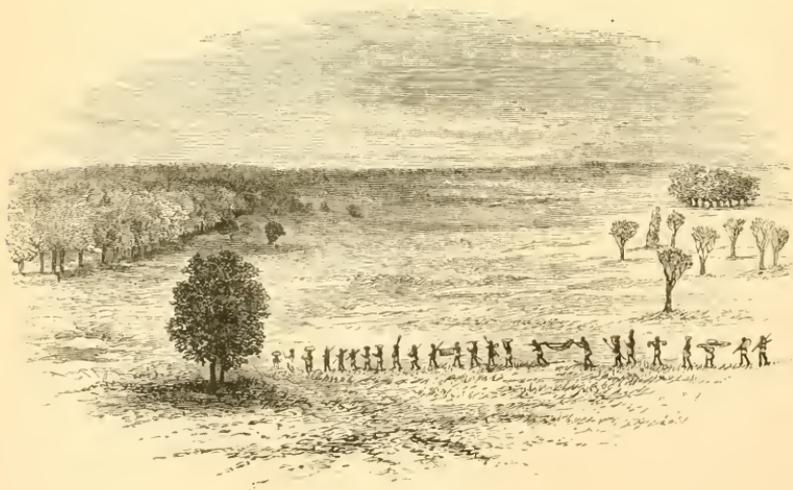
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Coming toward us I saw a couple of hammocks with awnings, followed by three men carrying baskets; and on meeting this party, a jolly-looking little Frenchman jumped out, seized the baskets, and instantly opened a bottle to drink "to the honor of the first European who had ever succeeded in crossing tropical Africa from east to west."

For this hearty welcome I found I was indebted to M. Canchoix, an old officer of the French navy, who had settled as a merchant at Benguela. Hearing of my approach between ten and eleven o'clock the night before, he had immediately started off to meet me.

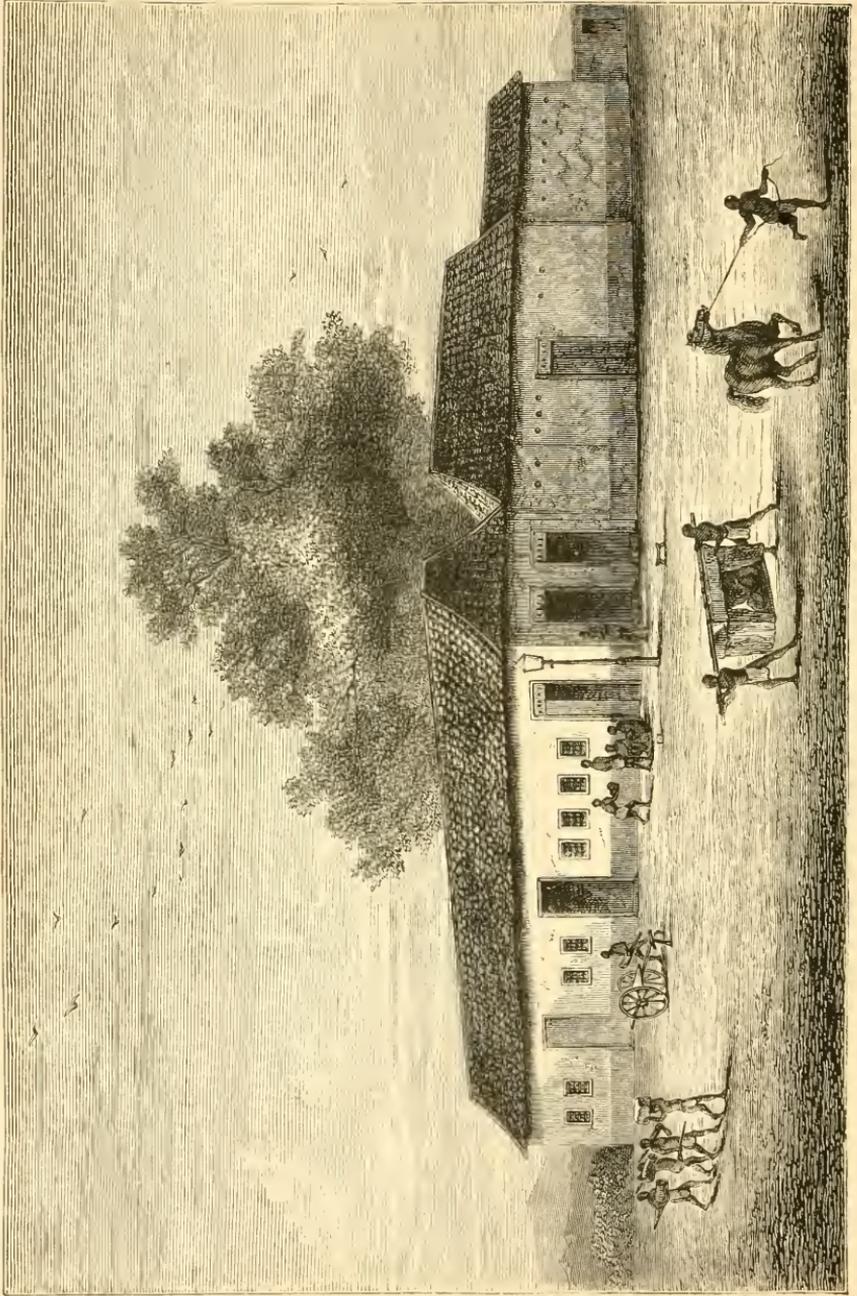
His other baskets were also full of provisions, which he distributed to my men, throwing loaves of bread at the hungry mortals; after which we moved on, and in a few minutes arrived at a house which he owned in Katombéla.

I need not say how greatly I have been grieved at receiving the sad intelligence of the death of this kind-hearted Frenchman while on his passage home to Europe. He had intended to visit England, and I had been looking forward to the pleasure of renewing the acquaintance of one who had so readily shown me the greatest kindness and attention when I was sorely in need of succor.



SCENE ON ROAD.





MAISON CAUCHOIX.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Peace and Plenty.—Katombéla.—My Illness increases.—Carried to Benguela.—Medical Advice and Good Nursing.—My Recovery.—Arrival of my Stragglers.—Death of Another Man.—Bombay's Objectionable Behavior.—An Original Character—Benguela.—Its Tumble-down Fort.—Convict Soldiers.—Their Loyalty.—My Men indulge too freely.—Arrival at Loanda.—Reception by the Consul.—Courtesy of the Governor.—An Amusing Incident.—My Men object to their Quarters.—Preparing to send them Home.—Liberal Offers.—Purchase of a Schooner.—Fitting her out.—Visit to Kinsembo.—No Charts Obtainable.—A Windfall.—Departure of my Crew in the *Frances Cameron*.—Leaving my Loanda Friends.—Homeward bound.—Meeting Old Faces.—Safe at Home.

AT the house of M. Cauchoix my men were provided with quarters and an unlimited supply of food, while I was conducted to a comfortable bedroom, and some new clothing was given me. And it was well that I obtained this fresh kit, for my old flannel shirt was so rotten that, in pulling it off rather hurriedly, my head went through the back of it.

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Having bathed and dressed, feeling the most thorough enjoyment at being once more restored to civilization, I received visits from Dr. Aguia, the judge at Benguela; M. Leroux, the Katombéla agent of my host; Mr. Seruia, and others.

I lost no time in requesting that arrangements might be made for sending men and food to the assistance of my people who remained behind, and Cauchoix kindly undertook to manage every thing for them. He consulted with the *chefe*—as the Portuguese officer in charge of a small settlement is called—and the native chief; and that evening twenty men with hammers, vegetables and other food, and cloth with which to buy a bullock at Kisanji, were started off to meet my worn-out stragglers.

The great soreness of my mouth had now increased; and on looking at it, Cauchoix at once saw that I was attacked with scurvy, but assured me that, with good diet, I should soon get well.

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My men were thoroughly enjoying themselves, and there was certainly some excuse for their indulging rather freely; but I was not prepared to find all, except Jumah, drunk within an hour after their arrival.

In the afternoon I went round Katombéla. It is a small place, consisting of about a dozen houses belonging to Benguela merchants, a square fort with a few honey-combed guns propped upon stones, a market-place, and some smaller buildings, such as grog-stores.

The only stone house was that in which I was being entertained, and during a recent rising of the natives all the Europeans had taken refuge there. The other buildings were of *adobes*, and whitewashed.

Although Cauchoix applied carbolic acid to my mouth while we were visiting the *chêfe*, I found it impossible to eat any thing when we returned to our quarters.

From this time I rapidly grew worse. My tongue became so swollen as to project beyond my teeth, and blood ran from my mouth. About two o'clock in the morning, Cauchoix, who was sleeping in the same room, seeing how ill I was, and that no time was to be lost in applying proper remedies, roused his men, and, laying me in a hammock, hurried me away to Benguela to obtain the advice of the medical officer there.

When we arrived, I was unable to speak or swallow, and my body was covered with blotches, with a variety of shades of purple, blue, black, and green, the rest of my skin being a deadly white. Dr. Calasso, in charge of the hospital, came immediately to see me, and ordered poultices to be placed on my throat and some solution to be injected into my mouth every ten minutes, while the clotted blood, which threatened to choke me, was extracted by means of pinchers.

My kind host, M. Cauchoix, and the doctor watched by me, never leaving me alone, for eight-and-forty hours. At the end of that time, thanks to those who treated me with such skill and care, I was able to swallow a little milk, and the disease had been conquered. Had it attacked me a day or two earlier, when out of the reach of medical advice, nothing could have saved my life.

Now that I could swallow, I began to pick up, and progressed

so rapidly toward convalescence that on the fourth day I was able to take an airing in a maxella, and called on the governor, Major Brito, who had constantly been to see me. November,  
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He had also most kindly furnished my people with quarters in a government building, and had directed the commissariat department to supply them with rations.

The next day, the 11th of November, the remainder of the men arrived, excepting Ferhan Mh  b  , who died after I parted from them. A few had been robbed of their clothes by the natives while straggling behind the caravan.

Bombay celebrated his return to civilization by getting exceptionally drunk, and behaving in a most insolent and abusive manner to several people, including the kind-hearted M. Cauchoix, when he was engaged in seeing the men properly lodged and the sick sent to hospital. I would have punished him for his blackguardism, had not those against whom he offended begged that it might be overlooked.

In the employ of Cauchoix there was rather an original character, who amused me much. He was an American, and had served in an English brig, but, having taken upon himself to give the captain and mate a severe thrashing, he was landed here and sent to prison. He was curious to know whether I had "been on my own hook," or had been "working for a company," and remarked that he should have liked being with me, except that "he didn't care about the darned walking." Among other callings, he had been master of an American bark, and traded in snakes, which he obtained up some African river. He was so pleased with this line of business that he inquired whether I could tell him of any big snakes, as, if so, he would be off in search of them at once.

Benguela is second in importance among the Portuguese towns on the West Coast, and carries on a considerable trade with the interior in bees-wax and ivory, and some of the merchants possess fishing stations along the coast. The town is laid out in wide streets, and the houses, being whitewashed, and the doors and windows painted in bright colors, had a very clean appearance. In a central position in the town is a tastefully arranged public garden, where a band performs on Sunday evenings. The only public buildings are a well-constructed

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custom-house, a very good hospital, the house of the governor, a court-house, and a church, which is never opened except for baptisms and burials.

There is also a large fort constructed in the form of a parallelogram, and having a sufficiently imposing appearance from the sea; but its armament consists only of honey-combed old guns of various calibres, either mounted on rotten, broken-down wooden carriages, or propped up on piles of stones so as to show their muzzles above the parapets.



CUSTOM-HOUSE AT BENGUELA.

The garrison numbers about thirty white soldiers, chiefly convicts, and two companies of blacks. Discipline is not rigidly enforced, for I found the sentry posted outside the governor's house sitting in the middle of the road, smoking a pipe and taking off his boots.

Besides the convicts serving as soldiers, there are others employed on public works; and they were then engaged in constructing a causeway across a portion of the plain lying between Benguela and Katombéla, which is flooded in the rainy season.

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The loyalty of the soldiers to their flag I did not expect to find very marked; but I was scarcely prepared for the proposal made to me by a white non-commissioned officer, that, if I desired to take the town, he would place himself and his comrades at my disposal, and would give up the fort to me, on condition that I should give them meat three times a week instead of only once, which was the allowance they received from the Portuguese.

The inhabitants of Benguela were all ready to show every kindness to me, and I was frequently invited to the houses of Dr. Agnia, Mr. Ben Chimol, and Dr. Calasso.

There are many good gardens, where European vegetables and fruits are grown, the light and sandy soil only requiring water to make it fertile; and that is always obtainable within six feet of the surface, though near the sea it is slightly brackish.

A few horses are also kept there, and the place boasts of one carriage; but the usual means of locomotion—as no white man ever walked during the day-time—is the maxella, which is slung from long poles, over which awnings are spread, and carried by two men. The bearers walk with a peculiar step, and avoid jolting, and altogether it is a very comfortable mode of moving about.

My men, I regret to say, did not behave very well, owing to the cheapness of vile spirits; and it was necessary to deprive them of their arms to prevent bloodshed in their drunken squabbles. One fellow hacked another over the head with a sword-bayonet, for which offense I had him confined in the cells in the fort, and kept on bread and water, for the remainder of our stay.

On the return of the mail steamer from Mossamédés, the southernmost Portuguese settlement, the governor ordered a passage for me and my men to San Paul de Loanda. Nearly all the town came to see us off; and as it was night before we sailed, there were fire-works in honor of the occasion.

The steamer was the *Bengo*, of Hull, but sailed by Portuguese officers under the Portuguese flag, the only Englishman on board being the chief-engineer, Mr. Lindsay.

On the morning of the 21st of November, a fortnight after

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my arrival at Katombéla, we anchored in the harbor of Loanda. I was puzzled at first how to get on shore, as none but private boats came along-side; but hearing English spoken by a gentleman who had come on board, I introduced myself to him, and he immediately offered me the use of his boat; and added that a maxella, waiting at the landing-place, was at my service to convey me to the consulate. For these friendly offices I was indebted to Mr. Edward Warberg.

Arriving at the consulate, my knock was answered by a little mulatto servant, who ran away on seeing me, and left me standing at the door in some astonishment; but another entrance on my right was soon opened, and the consul himself appeared.

He looked rather hard at me, as though wondering who the seedy-looking individual before him might be. I then said, "I have come to report myself from Zanzibar—overland."

At the mention of "Zanzibar" he began to stare, but at the word "overland" he stepped back a pace, and then, coming forward, placed both his hands on my shoulders, and said, "Cameron! My God!" The tone in which these words were uttered made me feel that in David Hopkins, the consul, I had found a true friend.

Bringing me some letters a year old which had been waiting here for me, he said, that on that very morning he had been looking at them with Carnegie, the vice-consul, remarking that I should never turn up to get them; and a few hours later I stood at his door! He lost no time in making me comfortable at the consulate.

On calling upon the Governor-general of Angola, Admiral Andradé, I was most warmly received, and to him I am greatly indebted for kindness and courtesy shown toward me during my stay. We inquired whether quarters for my followers could be provided in any of the Government barracks, and by his directions Lieutenant Mello, of the Portuguese navy, his aid-de-camp, made the necessary arrangements, and relieved me of all trouble, for which I was grateful, being still very weak. This officer had served for some years on board one of her majesty's ships, and was considered one of the English community at Loanda.

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Rather an amusing incident occurred in the afternoon, on the arrival of her majesty's ship *Cygnets*. The commanding officer, Lieutenant Hammick, being unwell, he deputed Sublieutenant Thomas to make an official call upon the consul, and it so happened that he landed at the same moment as my men. The populace of Loanda, imagining that this smart-looking officer had walked across from Zanzibar, followed him with great curiosity and many remarks, as he came up with my men, who were marching in a body with colors flying.

On arriving at the fort, where quarters had been provided, the men objected to enter, saying they did not understand why they should be put in prison after having followed me across Africa—for to the Zanzibar mind fort and prison are the same: in their language they are synonymous; but after some persuasion, and an assurance that the gates should remain open, they settled down.

A few days afterward, the *Spiteful* arrived, on her way to join Commodore Sir W. N. W. Hewett, and Captain Medlycott took a letter to him from me, asking for any assistance he might be able to render toward sending my men to Zanzibar.

However, as it was by no means certain that any of the ships at the disposal of the commodore could be spared to help me, I made every effort to find immediate means of sending them back.

M.M. Papé and Pasteur, the heads of the Dutch West African trading company, and consul and vice-consul for His Majesty the King of the Netherlands, offered to lend me a steamer to take my followers to St. Helena—whence there was communication to the Cape and Zanzibar—on the condition that I should pay for coals, stores, and harbor dues, they giving the use of ship and crew gratuitously.

Although this was most kind and liberal, I was obliged to decline, for, on calculating the expense, I found that it would cost more than buying and fitting out a vessel; so I determined either to charter or purchase some small craft that would do for the work.

The first offer I received was the charter of a schooner for one thousand seven hundred pounds, and I was to refit and provision her for the voyage. This I thought too much, and

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shortly afterward her sister-ship, the *São João de Ulloa*, being for sale, the consul and myself bought her for one thousand pounds, and fitted her out for the cruise.

There then seemed no prospect of finding any one to navigate her round the Cape, and I therefore made up my mind to do it myself.

Fortunately I was relieved from the necessity of this duty by Captain Carl Alexanderson, F.R.G.S.—well known to the Royal Geographical Society for his survey of the lower waters of the river Kwanza—volunteering to take the command. Knowing him to be a thoroughly good sailor, I intrusted him with the command, feeling perfectly confident that the navigation of the schooner—which, on transfer to the English flag, I had renamed the *Frances Cameron*, after my mother—could not be in better hands.

In refitting the schooner, we were assisted by men kindly lent from the Portuguese guard-ship by Admiral Andradé, and I also received help from the *Cygnét* when she was in harbor.

Some little trouble arose on a few occasions between my men and the native police, and it was amusing to see my fellows bringing a policeman's cap or sword to the consulate, to complain of the conduct of the man to whom either of these belonged. They rightly judged that the owner must reclaim his property, and then they would be able to identify him and state their grievance. Owing to the great consideration and kindness of the governor-general and Lieutenant Mello, nothing serious came of these squabbles.

As the schooner could not be ready to leave Loanda for some time, I went up to Kinsembo with Mr. Tait, a merchant who had a house there, that I might have an insight of a trader's life when away from any settlement. We had a tedious and disagreeable passage in a sailing-boat generally used for cargo, the bilges not being as clean as they might have been.

Kinsembo consists of half a dozen establishments belonging to different firms, and, being north of the Portuguese boundary, trade is carried on without any formalities as to custom-house, etc. I wished much to visit a famous rock called the Column of Kinsembo, on which there are reported to be inscriptions by Vasco de Gama and other early Portuguese discoverers; but

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when I had called on the chief, whose fetich would not allow him to behold the sea, it was time to leave for the south-going Portuguese mail at Ambriz, in order to return to Loanda.

Ambriz is about twelve miles south of Kinsembo, and just north of it is a stream which the natives will not allow the Portuguese to cross, although other Europeans can pass freely. This river may be considered the real northern boundary of the province of Angola, although our Government only recognizes the power of the Portuguese up to  $8^{\circ}$  south, while this river is in about  $7^{\circ} 48'$  south. At Ambriz, the Portuguese have a custom-house and other Government buildings, and a small garrison.

On returning to Loanda, I found every thing progressing satisfactorily. We were, however, at our wits' end for charts and sailing directions for the schooner; for, notwithstanding that Mello had given me all that could be found in the Government stores, I could get none for the Mozambique. But fortune favored us most unexpectedly by the arrival of a fine schooner flying the R.Y.S. burgee and white ensign. This proved to be the *Linda*, owned by Mr. F. Lee, a Royal Academician, who was returning to England from the Cape. He had visited Zanzibar the year before, and was supplied with the latest local charts and directions, which he very kindly gave to us.

At last, on the 8th of February, all was ready, and Captain Alexanderson set sail with a crew of four besides my Zanzibar men, accompanied some little distance by the boats of the English residents and those of the *Cygnets*, which was then in harbor.

The next day the *Sirius* arrived, having been ordered by the commodore to give me every assistance, and, if necessary, to take me and my people to the Cape, from whence they could be sent to Zanzibar by the mail steamer. As the men had already sailed, I had nothing to request except that, in case of falling in with the schooner, she might be given a tow.

My thanks are due to Messrs. Newton and Carnegie, and to Mr. George Essex, as well as to the consul, for their hospitality and great assistance rendered in fitting out and provisioning the vessel.

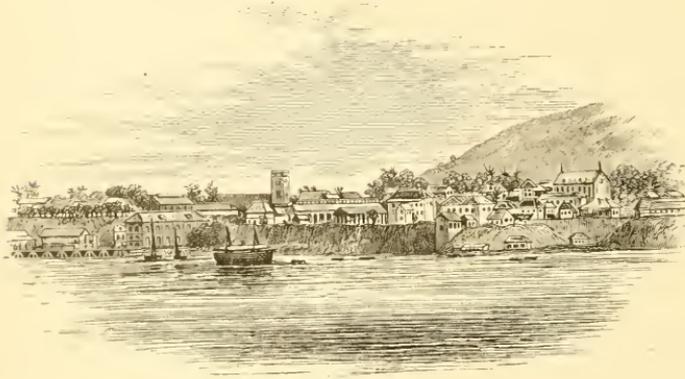
Soon after the schooner sailed, the steamship *Congo*, Captain

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King, arrived, and in her I took a passage for Liverpool. Our voyage home was long and tedious, owing to the number of ports at which we called, numbering nearly seventy.

At every place we touched I was most warmly welcomed. At Loango, Dr. Loesehe Pechel, of the German expedition, persisted in coming off to see me, although it was a perilous undertaking, causing him to be capsized six times in the surf.

At the Gaboon, the French authorities were most kind and courteous. Admiral Rébourt, commanding the South Atlantic squadron, was there in his flag-ship, and sent his barge to take me on board to breakfast with him, and his officers vied with each other in offering kindnesses of every description.



SIERRA LEONE.

At Lagos, where we staid three days, I was the guest of the lieutenant-governor, Captain Cameron Lees, and, before leaving, had the good fortune to meet the commodore on board the *Active*.

At Cape Coast I found Captain Strachan, C.M.G., as governor, who, until we met, had no idea that I was the same Cameron whom he had known as a small midshipman on board the *Victor Emmanuel*, when he was aid-de-camp to Sir Henry Storks at Corfu.

While I was at Sierra Leone the *Encounter* came in, and I had a joyful meeting with Captain Bradshaw, my old captain in the *Star* during the Abyssinian campaign.

Again, at Madeira, I met the Channel squadron and many old

friends — Admirals Beauchamp Seymour and Phillimore (another of my old captains), and Commander Fellowes among the number.

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And on the 2d of April we arrived in the Mersey, and it was with a heart full of gratitude to God for his goodness in protecting me through so many dangers, that I recognized my mother among those waiting to welcome me on my return to England, after an absence of three years and four months.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

Formation of the Continent.—River Basins.—Deserts.—The Water-sheds.—Zambézi.—Kongo.—Physical Geography.—Useghara Mountains.—Fertile Soil.—The Lugerengeri Valley.—The Kungwa Hills.—Gum-copal.—Timber-trees.—Fauna.—Snakes.—The Mukondokwa Valley.—Lake Ugombo.—Mpwapwa.—Barren Soil.—The Marenga Mkali.—Ugogo.—A Dried-up Country.—Ziwas.—Kanyenyé.—Usékhé.—Granite.—Khoko.—The Vale of Mdaburu.—The “Fiery Field.”—The Mabunguru.—Jiwé la Singa.—Uguru.—Unyanembe.—A Cultivated Country.—Ugunda.—Ugra.—The Kawendi Mountains.—Uvinza.

THE object of this and the following chapters is to discuss briefly the geography of that portion of Africa traversed by me, and its future prospects, both with regard to commerce and the abolition of the slave-trade.

Speaking roughly, tropical Africa consists of a central plateau—the lowest portion of which is the valley of the Kongo—separated from low tracts fringing the coast by lines of hills and mountains. These lines of mountains in some places approach closely to the coast, and at others recede from it, and also vary greatly in height; yet the ranges are perfectly easy to trace.

In consequence of this formation of the continent, it may be broadly described as forming three divisions—the low-lying and unhealthy littoral, the mountain ranges, and the central plateau. It is not necessary here to remind the reader that this plateau consists of almost every sort of country, presenting great natural diversities. Independent groups and ranges of mountains, great lakes and noble rivers, abound in the heart of the “Dark Continent.”

Another way of forming the continent into geographical divisions would be by considering each great river-basin to be one, and the water-sheds to be natural lines of demarkation.

Taking this as a starting-point with our present knowledge of Africa, the great basins would be those of the Nile, Kongo, Zambézi, Niger, Ogowai, and the rivers draining into Lake Tchad. The minor rivers draining the littoral and adjacent

mountains, which do not fall into any one of the main basins, and as a rule only receive the rain-fall of a small portion of the country, need not, in a sketch like the present, be classed independently.

Besides these basins, there are also the great deserts of the Sahara and the Kalahari, which separate fertile tropical Africa from fertile temperate Africa.

Of these, the Sahara is by far the largest and most sterile ; the Kalahari during the rainy season being covered with vegetation which affords sustenance to innumerable wild animals, while the Sahara, except in an oasis around an occasional spring, always presents the same sandy and parched appearance.

Having as yet such scanty data for our geographical knowledge of Africa, it is difficult to trace the precise water-shed between any two systems, and therefore my observations on the subject must necessarily be liable to great modifications as exploration gradually opens out regions now unknown.

The basin of the Nile is probably bounded on the south-west by the water-shed reached by Dr. Schweinfurth ; on the south of the Albert Nyanza, by the highlands between that lake and Tanganyika, whence the water-shed pursues a tortuous course to Unyanyembe (where, I believe, the basins of the Nile, Kongo, and Lufiji approach each other), and then follows a wave of high land running east till it turns up northward along the landward slopes of the mountains dividing the littoral from the interior. Passing by Kilima Njaro and Kenia, it extends to the mountains of Abyssinia, where the sources of the Blue Nile were discovered by Bruce, and so on to the parched plains bordering the Red Sea, where no rains ever fall. The western boundary of the Nile basin is, of course, the eastern portion of the desert.

The basins of the Niger and the Ogowai can not yet be defined with any degree of exactitude, and the northern boundary of the basin of the Kongo has still to be traced.

The Zambési drains that portion of the continent south of the Kongo system, and north of the Kalahari desert and the Limpopo, the northern boundary of the Transvaal Republic ; some of its affluents reaching to within two hundred and fifty miles of the West Coast.

The mighty Kongo, king of all African rivers, and second only to the Amazon (and perhaps to the Yang-tse-Kiang) in the volume of its waters, occupies a belt of the continent lying on both sides of the equator, but most probably the larger area belongs to the southern hemisphere. Many of its affluents fork into those of the Zambézi on a level table-land, where the watershed is so tortuous that it is hard to trace it, and where, during the rainy season, floods extend right across between the headwaters of the two streams.

The "Uellé," discovered by Dr. Schweinfurth, may possibly prove to be the Lowa, reported to me as a large affluent of the Lualaba, to the west of Nyangwé; or, if not an affluent of the Lualaba, it most probably flows either to the Ogowai or the Tchadda, an affluent of the Niger.

In the above sketch of the water-sheds, I but simply give my own opinion, liable to alteration, as every day may bring more accurate knowledge of the interior of Africa.

I will now endeavor to give an idea of the physical geography of the different regions on my route from coast to coast, and also to point out to what system the streams passed may be considered to belong.

On leaving Bagamoyo, the first portion of the journey was across the littoral region lying between the Useghara Mountains, the dividing range between the lowlands and the interior; but, before reaching them, I passed a range of hills, which are offshoots of their southern part.

The hills are drained principally by the Kingani and its affluents, the chief of which is the Lugerengeri, which falls into the sea close to Bagamoyo.

Between these and the main range is the Makata plain or swamp, drained by the Makata River—known higher on its course as the Mukondokwa, and as the Wami where it falls into the sea.

The first portion of this section of the route was composed principally of rolling grassy plains, with occasional small hills and strips and patches of jungle. It was but sparsely inhabited, and the villages lay concealed in the jungle on the summits of the hills.

The soil was composed of reddish sand and water-worn peb-

bles covered with dark vegetable humus, and seemed to be of inexhaustible fertility. The country was intersected by numerous nullahs, or temporary water-courses, which all drained to the Kingani.

Manioc (*Jatropha*) of the sweet sort, Indian corn (*Holcus sorghum*)—the Kaffir corn of Natal, and dourra of Egypt—ground-nuts, sem-sem, and castor-oil were grown by the inhabitants. Their only live stock were goats and a few wretched sheep and fowls.

Toward Msuwah the country began to rise decidedly, and outcrops of granite and quartz sometimes showed through the soft red sandstone which formed the upper stratum.

From Msuwah we continued on a fairly high level till we descended into the valley of the Lugerengeri, which is one of great beauty and fertility, and where sugar-cane was cultivated in addition to the crops previously mentioned.

Directly after crossing the Lugerengeri, the Kungwa hills were entered—part of the range mentioned by Burton as the Duthumi hills—a mass of mountainous granite and quartz elevations of very confused shapes and forms, surrounding a fertile and populous tract full of small conical hills. Their summits were crowned by villages, the slopes covered with Indian and Kaffir corn, and rice was cultivated in the small valleys.

Where not under tillage, the lower levels were masses of cane-grass and bamboo, growing high above the head of the traveler, and only allowing occasional glimpses of the beautiful scenery around.

Emerging from this basin by a pass in the hills, the tortuous valley of the Lugerengeri was again reached, and the path led along between the stream and a range of hills to the south, the sides of which were scored by numerous torrents, which in exceptionally rainy seasons bear desolation to the villages in their course.

The town of Simbawéni having been passed, the Lugerengeri was again crossed, and then the road lay close under a promontory-like hill of granite with cliff-like sides, to the Makata plain, a wide and open expanse of very slightly undulating ground with numerous fan-palms in some places, and on the drier spots clumps of forest-trees. The wet parts are sticky, clayey mud,

occasionally varied in the rainy season by stretches of mingled marsh and water from one to two feet in depth.

The mountains of Useghara rise abruptly in a mass of granite peaks on the western side of this plain. Here a few villages are to be seen, but the eastern part is entirely wild, and the favorite haunt of herds of giraffe, zebra, and buffalo.

Close to the coast in this district the semi-fossil gum-copal is found by digging from five to seven feet below the surface, and the copal-tree still grows in some parts.

The trees are principally acacias, of which there are many varieties, covered with masses of different-colored blossoms. There are also several kinds of valuable timber-trees and a few fruit-trees. Near the sea the cocoa-palm, the mango, the mfuv—producing a sort of damson-like fruit—jack-fruit-tree, oranges, sweet lemons, limes, the custard-apple, the papaw, gnava, and tamarind, also mzambarau—another plum-tree—are cultivated. African teak, black wood, *lignum-vite*, the mparamusi, india-rubber trees and vines, the wild date, the *Borassus flabelliformis*, the raphia (mwalé), and many kinds of thorns and creepers, grow luxuriantly in the woods; while bamboos and cane-grass fill the swampy bottoms, and the plains are covered with a variety of grasses, which attain a height of six or eight feet in the rainy season.

The inhabitants vary greatly in their manners. Near the coast they have mostly adopted the habits of the Wamerima: but the grass kilt, like that of the Papuans, is still to be seen near Simbawéni, and people smear their heads with red-ochreish earths and oil. In the villages at the foot of the mountains are seen extraordinary necklaces made of brass wire coiled horizontally—flemished, in nautical language—and extending sometimes a foot or more from the neck.

The rivers of these districts abound in hippopotami and crocodiles. Buffaloes, giraffes, zebras, antelopes of various sorts, ant-eaters, ocelots, occasional elephants, hyenas, leopards, wild cats, monkeys, wild pigs, beautiful little squirrels, jackals, the buku, a huge rat often larger than a rabbit, mongoose, the carrion crow, guinea and jungle fowl, a sort of francolin, numerous hawks, goat-suckers, orioles, and sun-birds, wild pigeons and doves, form a portion of the fauna. But though numerous in species, in-

dividuals are rare, owing to the quantities destroyed every year in the annual burnings of the grass, when every man and boy sallies forth intent on destruction.

To these people all flesh is meat, and vast quantities of beasts and birds are therefore destroyed by their human foes, while others perish in the flames.

Every pool and swamp swarms with frogs; and the insect world so teems with new and wonderful forms of life, that here the entomologist—as in tropical Africa generally—may find extensive fields for study and discovery.

Snakes are not numerous, and the greater portion are not venomous, though the cobra de capello exists and is much dreaded. There is also a snake which is said to be able to project its saliva to a distance of two or three feet; and when that saliva falls on man or beast, a lingering and painful wound results. Arachnidæ are common, and of several varieties, scorpions being by no means rare in the native huts; while the webs of gigantic spiders festoon the poles forming the roof, and are sometimes seen covering whole trees in the jungles.

The next portion of the route was the passage of the Useghara Mountains by the road leading from Rehenneko. The mountains are principally composed of granite and quartz. sheets of polished, wet, and slippery stone in the torrent-beds often making footing insecure. In some places red sandstone overlies the skeleton of granite, and acacias grow wherever soil is lodged, rising above each other “like umbrellas in a crowd;” and in the low-lying, moist hollows the mparamusi towers high above all its companions.

After crossing the first part of these mountains, we followed for some distance the valley of the Mukondokwa, of which Burton has aptly remarked that “the mountains seem rather formed for the drain than the drain for the mountains.” I can not do better than refer the reader who requires a more detailed description of the valley of the Mukondokwa than the nature of this book allows me to give, to the “Lake Regions of Central Africa,” by Captain Burton, a work which, for minuteness of detail, must ever stand foremost among books of descriptive geography. The route he followed soon after pass-

ing the village of Muinyi Useghara diverged from ours, which a short distance beyond the village left the Mukondokwa, and followed the valley of one of its affluents, the Ugombo, to the lake of the same name, in which it takes its rise.

The path on both sides was bordered by lofty hills, often surmounted by peaks and blocks of granite and gneiss, and showing in many places great seams of red sandstone half grown over with brush-wood.

Lake Ugombo is a sort of natural reservoir dammed up by small hills, and receives the drainage of a portion of the barren tract between it and Mpwapwa, which lies in the basin of the Mukondokwa, and in the rainy season is a very considerable sheet of water. Late in the dry season it is merely a pool sufficiently large to shelter the small number of hippopotami which remain, for, as the waters decrease, the greater number go down the river Ugombo to find a refuge in the deeper reaches of the Mukondokwa.

From Lake Ugombo there is a gradual, but considerable, rise toward the water-shed between the Mukondokwa basin and that of the Lufiji, the one lying immediately beyond it.

This portion of the route is barren and sterile, the soil composed of sand and gravel of quartz and granite overlying clay, with numerous and much-weathered bowlders of granite cropping out. The only vegetation consisted of wiry grasses, thorny shrubs, baobab-trees and kolquals, and other members of the family of *Euphorbia*. A few dry nullahs marked the spot where, in the rainy season, torrents flowed to Lake Ugombo.

The water-shed being crossed, a tangled net-work of nullahs, small rocky ridges, and patches of thorny jungle, extended as far as the slopes below Mpwapwa, and then, ascending a broad water-course, streams and pools of water were found flowing down the hills, and gradually losing themselves in the sands. Near these streams was much cultivation, and the people had herds of cattle.

A spur of hills stretches out to the westward from the range of the Useghara Mountains. Mpwapwa and its neighboring villages are situated on a terrace-like ridge half-way up the slopes of these hills, which are almost entirely of granite, and, as usual, clothed to their summits with acacias. The road lies

along this terrace from Mpwapwa to Chunyo, and there descends into the Marenga Mkali, which may be fairly considered as the commencement of the central plateau as well as of the large country of Ugogo, though nominally Ugogo is not entered till the Marenga Mkali is passed.

The Marenga Mkali is an open level tract for the first fifteen miles, with numerous small hills, chiefly composed of blocks of granite, often of a conical form, scattered about—there being only a scanty vegetation of thin grass and thorns—and intersected by numerous water-courses, which drain to “the river of Maroro” in the rainy season. Afterward it becomes more broken, and there is a good deal of thorny jungle.

Notwithstanding the want of water experienced in crossing the Marenga Mkali, most probably it might easily be obtained there at any time by sinking wells, especially those of the Abyssinian pattern, as the rain-fall during the season is very great.

Leaving the Marenga Mkali, the aspect of Ugogo is that of a brown, dried-up country, with occasional huge masses of granite, and the stiff *Euphorbia* clinging to their sides. There are no vivid greens or freshness of color, the only trees to be seen being the gigantic and grotesque baobab and a few patches of thorny scrub.

The formation is sandstone, in some places overlaid with a stratum of clay. The water is bad, and only to be obtained from pits made by the natives, to store some of the superabundant rain-fall, or by digging in the beds of the water-courses.

But in the rainy season all is different; the whole country is then green and verdant, and large expanses are covered with matama, pumpkins, and tobacco, which form almost the only crops cultivated by the inhabitants.

To the north of the route a wave of higher land forms the water-shed between the basin of the Nile and that of the Rwalia (the upper course of the Lufiji), across the latter of which it leads.

A peculiar feature of Ugogo is the small ziwās, or ponds, surrounded by verdure and acacias, as refreshing to the weary traveler as an oasis in the Sahara. Numerous water-fowl—duck, teal, and others—frequent these ponds all the year round. These ziwās are scattered about Ugogo in many places, and

often during exceptionally dry seasons afford the only supply of water the inhabitants can obtain, both for themselves and the large herds of cattle they possess. Sometimes even this last resource fails them, and then desolation and death reign around.

From this chain of ponds a jungle march across broken country leads to the district of Kanyenyé, a flat plain lying between two parallel ranges of hills running north and south. A few of the welcome ziwás are to be found in Kanyenyé, but generally the country is parched and arid.

Nitrous particles glisten in the water-courses and in the beds of dried-up pools, and these the natives collect and make into cones like sugar-loaves, and export to their neighbors.

Ascending to the summit of the range of hills on the west of Kanyenyé, another level plateau with fine forest and grass land meets the eye; and through a chain of rocky hills, formed of the most fantastic masses and boulders of granite of every shape, the road leads on to Usékhé.

A species of hyrax, or rock-coney, abounds in the crevices and holes of these rocks.

These boulders remind one of logans, churches, and the Druidic monuments of Stonehenge and elsewhere; but their enormous size precludes the possibility of their having been erected by human hands.

A narrow strip of jungle divides Usékhé from Khoko. This district, though inhabited by Wagogo, may be considered, as indeed might Usékhé, as belonging to a geographical division separate from that containing the Marenga Mkali and eastern Ugogo, which ends at Kanyenyé. Khoko is a fertile undulating plain, with many trees, and a few of those boulders which form such a conspicuous feature in Usékhé.

Khoko is also remarkable for a species of sycamore, or fig, closely allied to the banyan-tree, which grows to an enormous size, spreading out its branches over a large area. Three of these trees near the village of the chief sheltered the camping-ground, and under one side of a single tree our caravan of over three hundred found ample room and shade.

When Burton went from Khoko to the next sultanate of Mdaburu, there was a long tract of jungle to be passed. This

has now nearly disappeared, and the ground has almost entirely been brought under cultivation.

Mdaburu is another large fertile district, extending as far as the eye can reach, with a large population owning great herds of cattle, and is drained by the Mdaburu nullah—a line of creeks and pools where plenty of good water is to be found even in the driest seasons—becoming in the rains an impetuous stream running to the Rwaha, which was here within fifty miles of our route.

The soil of the vale of Mdaburu is a rich red loam, and the people are able to cultivate sweet-potatoes and various pulses, in addition to the matama, which formed the main crop of their eastern relatives.

Between Mdaburu and Unyanyembe lies a tract of country which is known as the Mgunda Mkali, or “Fiery Field,” and in former days was considered one of the worst pieces of traveling between Unyanyembe and the coast. It was once nearly an unbroken mass of forests with few watering-places, and nowhere could provisions be procured. But now all is changed; and although there are still many long and weary marches to be endured, and caravans constantly suffer from scarcity of water, much of the forest has been cleared by the Wakimbu, a branch of the Wanyamwezi driven from their former homes by war.

At many of the settlements they have formed, provisions can now be obtained, and water-holes have been dug, and natural watering-places discovered, so that the dreaded Mgunda Mkali of yore, where every caravan expected to leave the bodies of a considerable percentage of its numbers, is now faced without fear, and traversed without much difficulty.

The country immediately after leaving Mdaburu is broken and hilly, the granite showing in sheets and patches on the hill-sides. After three marches the Mabunguru nullah is crossed, very similar in its character to the Mdaburu, the easternmost affluent of the Rwaha passed on the road to Unyanyembe.

After the Mabunguru, the country rises considerably, and soon the highest levels before reaching Unyanyembe are attained. Many pools, mostly dried up, lay on this small portion of the route, and several small water-courses; but the direction

they took was so tortuous, that it was impossible to trace whether they belonged to the area of drainage supplying the Nile, the Tanganyika, or the Rwaha.

Where the land is cultivated around settlements, as at Jiwé la Singa, it everywhere presents a scene of wondrous fertility, and the whole of this level might hereafter be made a wheat-producing country.

From Jiwé la Singa onward the drainage decidedly belonged to the Nile area.

Just beyond that settlement is a small range of rocky hills, where the road leads over an *arête* about fifty yards in length, which blocks the pass between two of the hills. Few villages are to be seen in the country beyond, which is mostly covered with jungle. Water is scarce, though, no doubt, it lay in the hollows of the granite rock which in places showed out in great sheets, and probably is to be found everywhere within thirty feet of the surface.

The most cultivated portion of this district is near the village of the chief of Urguru, four long marches from Unyanyembe; and there, for the first time since leaving the coast mountains, rice cultivation was seen in the damp hollows. The country between Urguru and Unyanyembe is tolerably level, and almost entirely jungle. At Marwa, half-way on the road, numerous bowlders and granite hills stand out from the plain, and many fan-palms grow near them.

At the outskirts of Unyanyembe is a small dry water-course, an affluent of the Tura nullah, which in the rainy season spreads out a short way to the north-north-west into a lagoon or swamp, called the Nya Kuv, which drains ultimately into the Victoria Nyanza. This is according to Arab information, and, I think, worthy of credence.

It may be worth remarking the presence of the root *nya* in Nya-nza, Nya-ssa, Ma-nya-ra, and Nya Kuv. In Kisuhili, *ku-nya* means "to rain," and the "*ku*" being only the prefix of the infinitive mood, *nya* is the enclitic form of the verb.

This "dry stream" is the boundary of Unyanyembe proper, which is mostly cleared of jungle, and has long been pre-eminent for the large number of its population and the extent of their husbandry.

Indeed, the name Unyanyembe points to the extensive cultivation. *U*, country; *nya*, a form of the preposition *ya*, signifying "of," the *n* being introduced for the sake of euphony, and *yembé*, hoes: the whole meaning "country of the hoes," or "cultivated country."

This country is dotted with innumerable villages surrounded by impenetrable hedges of the "milk-bush." The juice of this plant is so acrid that if a small portion gets into the eye, it gives almost intolerable anguish, and frequently causes blindness. Wheat, onions, and different sorts of herbs and vegetables, as well as fruit-trees, imported from the coast, are cultivated by the Arabs round their settlement.

The southern part of Unyanyembe is intersected with numerous small rocky hills; but to the north it is more level, running into the plains of the Masai in one direction, and to those bordering the mid-course of the Malagarazi on the other.

Large herds of cattle are possessed both by Arabs and natives; but their numbers have of late years been much diminished by constant petty wars.

South-west of Unyanyembe the rocky hills cease, and the broad alluvial plain is partly occupied by jungle, and partly by the plantations of the people of Ugunda. Ugunda also means a cultivated country, *Mgunda* being synonymous with the Kiswahili *Shamba*, meaning a farm or plantation, and *Ugunda* a country of farms.

The drainage here is very partial, large tracts being in the rainy season only fit for growing rice. The main drain of the country is the Walé nullah, which afterward joins the Southern Ngombé, and forms part of the system of the Malagarazi.

Beyond the farthest settlements of the Wagunda lies a broad plain, bounded on the west by the Southern Ngombé. This plain is swampy in places, and it is well wooded in many parts, but there is little or no tangled undergrowth. Open and park-like stretches form the feeding-grounds of innumerable herds of game, among others the rhinoceros, lion, and buffalo.

The Southern Ngombé, in the dry season and at the commencement of the rains, consists of long reaches of open water separated from each other by sand-bars—what our Australian brothers would call creeks—but which unite toward the end of

the rainy season and form a noble stream flowing to the Malagarazi, and often spreading three and four miles over the adjacent country.

Ugara, lying beyond Southern Ngombé, is a flat plain covered with forest and jungle, except in places where the natives have made a clearance and formed a settlement.

From the summit of some small hills an unbroken horizon of tree-tops was seen in every direction save north-north-west, where two or three small conical hills appeared.

To the westward the country becomes more undulating; a series of hills of wave-like form rising gradually on their eastern sides, and on the west falling precipitously to the level of the plain, whence many streams flowed toward the Malagarazi.



VICTOR EMMANUEL MOUNTAINS, LAKE TANGANYIKA.

The Kawendi Mountains, on the west of Ugara, rise sometimes to the height of seven thousand feet above the sea-level, and are principally of granite formation; but patches of sandstone and a sort of immature clay-slate are also seen. The cliff-like sides and jutting promontories of this range suggest the idea of it having once been an archipelago.

The first part of Uvinza is very similar to Kawendi until the plain of the Malagarazi is reached at Ugara; the river then

works along the northern face of the mountains of Kawendi. This plain is intersected by the valleys of the Luviji, Rusugi, and other affluents of the Malagarazi, the waters of which, curious to relate, are perfectly fresh, though the soil is in many places impregnated with salt.

Drawing nearer to the Tanganyika, the country becomes more broken and hilly, forming a link between the mountains of Ujiji and Urundi and those of Kawendi.

In a jungle in Ukaranga—"the country of ground-nuts"—I picked up some nutmegs, well flavored and of good size, and various kinds of india-rubber plants abounded.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

The Lake System of Central Africa.—A Flaw in some Ancient Upheaval.—Correct Position of the Tanganyika.—Kawélé.—Ras Kungwé.—Kabogo Island.—Ruguvu.—Coal.—Rapid Encroachment of the Lake upon its Shores.—Formation of Cliffs.—Remains of an Inland Sea.—Makakomo Islands.—Gradual Disappearance.—Constant Additions from Main-land.—Ras Musungi.—Loose Masses of Granite.—Weather-worn Cliffs.—Fantastic Forms.—Numerous Land-slips.—Black Beaches.—The West of Tanganyika.—A New Geographical Region.—The Rugumba.—Black Speculum Ore.—The Kilimachio Hills.—Affluents of the Lualaba.—Underground Dwellings.—The Lualaba and Kongo.—Changes in River Channels.—Bee-culture.—A Barren Waste.—A Fertile Flat.

THE existence of a wonderful lake system in Central Africa, of which Tanganyika forms part, seems to have been known to the ancients, and if not actually ascertained was at all events conjectured, by the earlier European explorers in Africa. Laterly this lake system has been replaced in the ideas of geographers by expanses of desert.

The suppositions of the first Portuguese travelers and missionaries are wonderfully near the truth, and maps of Africa of two hundred years ago gave a far more accurate idea of the interior of the continent than those of this century, before the eyes of the world were opened by the discussion of old travels, the theories of Mr. Cooley, and the discoveries of Burton and Livingstone.

The Tanganyika, Nyassa, and Albert Nyanza, in my opinion—though of course this is only advanced as a theory—are in the line of a great flaw in some ancient upheaval.

Until I found the variation on Tanganyika to be  $17^{\circ}$  westerly, that lake was laid down on the maps as running due north and south; and I believe that, when variation is allowed for, Lake Nyassa will also be found to have a similar inclination to the meridian, both being parallel to the lines of upheaval of the mountains of the coast range and of Madagascar.

The Albert is parallel to the curve the coast mountains take to the eastward of north in running out to form the highland extending up to Cape Guardafui, and of which Socotra Abd-al-Kuri and the neighboring islets and rocks are the outlying fragments.

These three lakes, therefore, seem to lie in an interrupted fissure on the outside of one in a series of concentric upheavals.

In support of my belief that Lake Nyassa lies at an angle to the meridian like the Tanganyika, I am inclined to refer the reader to Mr. Cooley's "Geography of the Nyassa," a paper in which, notwithstanding the disadvantages of having to work with defective and, in many cases, erroneous data, the scientific writer made an immense advance toward breaking through the darkness which for so long had shrouded the interior of Africa.

Lake Victoria Nyanza owes its existence to some other cause, while of the many lakes to the westward of this line some are apparently formed by rivers dammed back by ranges of hills at the edges of table-lands, while others are simply lacustrine expansions of varying size of the rivers themselves.

The name of Tanganyika means "the mixing-place," being derived from *ku-tanganya*—in some dialects *changanya*—"to mix or shuffle."

The fact that I found no fewer than ninety-six rivers, besides torrents and springs, flowing into the portion of the lake which I surveyed, proves this name to be well deserved.

Behind Kawélé towered lofty hills, which could be seen long after the low land on which the town was built had disappeared below the horizon.

Proceeding southward from Kawélé, the shore of the lake at first consisted of dwarf cliffs of red sandstone, broken by landslips and fringed at their base by matélé, or cane grass, while behind were wooded hills rising higher and higher as they receded from the lake.

A level marshy plain extends at the mouth of the Ruche, whence the coast rises gradually until it culminates in the double promontory of Kabogo. This section is broken into deep inlets and bays by the mouths of the Malagarazi and other rivers; the Malagarazi running into the lake by the side of a long red quoin which can be seen from Ujiji. The cape at

Kabogo is not very striking, but it is well known as the point of departure of canoes bound to the islands of Kisenga on the west.

South of Ras Kabogo the lake forms a deep bay, into which many streams flow. The shores are low and marshy, though a short way back from the coast large mountains rise abruptly; and it was from one of these, Mount Massowah, that Livingstone and Stanley took their last look of the lake.

The southern limit of this bay is defined by Ras Kungwé, formed by a groin of the mountains of Tongwé. The first steps are seen rising almost precipitously out of the lake as soon as the cape is rounded, and down their faces rushing torrents are here and there visible through the tangled verdure which clothes the cliffs.

Grand masses of mountains rise behind, but, being hidden by those near the coast, are only visible from the western side of the lake, whence they present a magnificent *coup d'œil*.

The mountains continue to overhang the lake for some way to the south, then, receding from the shore, allow secondary lines of smaller grassy and wooded hills to rise between them and it.

At Ras Kiséra Miaga the main ridge seems to turn back to the eastward, and after a time to meet another range, which again overhangs the lake from the mouth of the Ruguvu to Ras Makanyazi.

In the angle between these two ranges lies a low country with small rounded hills, where many fan-palms and timber-trees flourish. Off this land lies the large level and fertile island of Kabogo. It is separated from the main by a channel in places nearly a mile wide, but narrows at both ends where there are sand-bars.

The hills overhanging the lake beyond the Ruguvu often take the form of cliffs, and on the face of one of these I saw a patch of what I believe to be coal lying in a great synclinal curve of other strata. The lake was so rough when we passed that it was impossible to land to get a specimen; but a piece of coal from Itawa was given me, and is probably of the same sort. It is a light, bright, splintery coal, very slightly bituminous.

The other strata showing close to the coal, which was lying on granite, were limestone and red sandstone, marble and slaty rocks, some patches of soft-looking gray chalk, and a reddish soil like that of the Wealden area, with lumps of stone looking like Kentish rag.

All the faces of the cliffs were so much torn and seamed by torrents and rains, that it is almost impossible, from merely a passing glance, to give a reliable description.

Just beyond Ras Makanyazi a sharp line seemed to divide the granite overlaid with sandstone from limestone cliffs, and shortly afterward the cliffs came to an end, and the mountains trended back a long way from the coast, the intervening country being formed of low and rounded hills and level plains.

The lake here is rapidly encroaching on the shores, and the contour is constantly changing. Near the mouth of the Musamwira—the drain of the Likwa Lagoon—where large villages stood a year or two ago, sand-banks only are now seen, and these are hourly decreasing in size.

After passing the Musamwira, the hills again approached the lake; but I observed a few inlets which might be utilized as boat harbors. At Ras Kamatété the hills run back again something in the same manner as near the island of Kabogo, forming a deep bay with low-lying level land around it. The southern horn of this bay is Ras Mpimbwé, a promontory consisting of enormous blocks of granite piled on each other in the wildest confusion.

The land is composed of a light-red sandstone, though it is hardly stone at all, with large masses of granite and harder sandstone imbedded: the water washes away the soft sandstone, and leaves the harder rocks either in piles or half-sunken reefs.

I believe that exactly the same process is going on here which in earlier ages formed the hills and mountains we came across between Liowa's and Ugogo, the rocky hills of Unyanyembe, and deposited the rocks in Ugogo about Usékhé and elsewhere. The whole country was apparently at one time an enormous lake, with a soft sandstone bottom overlying granite; and as it contracted, either through a general elevation of the bottom or from some other cause, the surf on the shores

cut away the sandstone, and left the harder rocks standing out in their present forms. Of this sea, most probably a fresh-water one, Tanganyika, the Nyanzas, and the Livingstone lakes are probably the remains.

It may have been salt—witness salt soil of Uvinza and Ugo-go—and freshened by the continued rain-fall of thousands of years. The country, except for a gradual elevation of the whole mass, was most probably left unvisited by any great geological convulsion after the days when subterranean fires formed the granite which constitutes the great mass of the whole.

The hills now again overhang the lake, and navigation is rendered dangerous by the number of sunken pinnacle and other rocks, some being only a foot or two below the surface of the water.

The Makakomo islands, which were next passed, had, according to the guides, once been part of the main-land—some within their own remembrance—and the outer island, which a few years back was populated and fertile, is now a mere barren heap of rocks, half submerged by the waters of the lake, proving that the wasting action is rapidly progressing.

A short way beyond the Makakomo islands some remarkable masses of granite were seen, two in particular towering up above the rest to a height of seventy or eighty feet, like a pair of giant brothers. Wooded hills now again formed the boundaries of the Tanganyika, but every here and there land-slips exposed the stony nature of their formation. The line of hills continued for some time nearly parallel to the shore.

At Ras Masungi, near the island of Polungo, the hills consist of loose masses of granite, looking as if they would slide down into the lake beneath at the slightest jar of an earthquake; indeed, they appeared so insecure that it seemed scarcely safe to camp at their base. Soon afterward, white limestone cliffs, rising up like columns and pillars, were seen from the lake.

At Ras Yamini the cliffs were very high, and composed of innumerable thin strata of a red stone about the thickness of a Roman brick. These cliffs were worn and broken by the action of weather and waves into fantastic forms bearing much resemblance to ruins of castles and fortresses, arches being hon-

ey-combed in their bases, and turret-like projections standing out in advance of the main portion. In some places two or three of the small strata projected slightly beyond the rest, forming a sort of band or string course, which added greatly to the resemblance of masonry.

The southern end of the lake had now been nearly reached. It lies niched into the edge of a table-land which overhangs it some four or five hundred feet. These cliffs are some of the grandest in the world.

The lake is still extending its sway in this direction as well as on the eastern shore, as testified by the numerous land-slips which form picturesque groins to the upright cliffs. Several grand water-falls pour down the face of these cliffs, the streams which supply them running tranquilly on the table-land till they take the sudden plunge which precipitates them into the lake.

Westward of the lake, this table-land runs into a fine range of mountains, and another range running up northward from them forms the western boundary of the trough into which the Tanganyika lies.

This range of mountains continues without any great change right up to Ras Mulango—the southern of that name—where they turn off to the westward, and most probably join the range damming back the waters of Moero.

Thence northward to the southern end of the mountains of Ugoma, also called Ras Mulango, all the country is low, consisting principally of small flat-topped hills of soft sandstone of a dark-red color covered with grass and trees. In one or two places the beaches were perfectly black; but as the surf was much too heavy for me to attempt to land, I could not ascertain the cause.

Mulango or M'lango signifies a door; and it is worthy of remark that the two Ras Mulango are situated at the northern and southern extremities of the low-lying land which here makes a break in the continuous fringe of mountains surrounding the lake, the two capes standing, as it were, at the doorway, or opening, through which the Lukuga flows.

Northward of Kasenge the mountains of Ugoma rise abruptly from the lake to a height of two or three thousand feet.

To the west of Tanganyika a new geographical, ethnological, zoological, entomological, and botanical region is entered. Close to the lake the road leads over the southern spurs of the Ugoma, the habitat of the mvuli, a tree very valuable to the natives, as the large "dug-out" canoes which they use in navigating the Tanganyika are made of the trunk.

The Rugumba flows into the lake just to the west of the south extremity of the Ugoma Mountains, through the northern edge of the flat plain near the entrance into the Lukuga; while the Rubumba, which takes its rise close to the source of the Rugumba, is found at a very short distance from the lake, flowing away from it. The country is hilly, with occasional plains until Ubúdjwa is passed, when it becomes mountainous in character.

Uhiya and Uvinza, the two next countries, are a series of ridges running in different directions from the Bamarré Mountains, which are the most important range in this part of Africa. Beyond them is another lesser ridge divided from them by a well-watered and fertile plain, and beyond this the country is practically level, with the exception of a few rocky hills, till the Lualaba is reached.

The mountains and hills are, as usual, composed of granite, gneiss, and quartz, with here and there a few patches of porphyry.

The lower levels consist of strata of sand and water-worn pebbles, and present the appearance of having been once the bottom of some great sea. These beds of sand and pebbles vary much in thickness and extent.

Between the Bamarré Mountains and the Tanganyika a red hematite ore is worked, but not in very large quantities.

After the mountains are passed, the soil on the surface in the plains is a rich red sandy loam, but in some of the water-courses a dark-gray shaly sandstone. Round Manyara and its neighboring villages this red soil is wanting; but whole hills are composed of a black speculum ore. The iron obtained from it being of excellent quality, accounts in great measure for the goodness of the smith's work.

The country near the Lualaba is again composed of sand and water-worn pebbles; but the river is clearly working down the

dip of the strata, for the country on the left bank stretches back for miles, and rises very gradually, while the right side is in many places bordered by cliffs. On the face of these cliffs are often to be seen numerous small strata of shaly sandstone, and in some places are curious round marks exactly like those caused by a round-shot striking brick-work too solid for it to breach.

Beyond the Lualaba and all along near the Lomâmi the country is generally level, with deep gulches grooved out by the innumerable streams, the sides showing more water-worn pebbles, sand, and a light yellow sandstone resting on the granite.

The Kilimachio hills are the commencement of a system of rocky hills composed of granite, gneiss, and a peculiar sort of vesicular rock, with occasional small pieces of granite imbedded in it, which had the appearance of being the granite really melted, and not simply metamorphosed by heat. It did not look like lava or slag, though no doubt somewhat of this nature.

These hills are the western extremity of the "Mountains of Rua," which Livingstone mentions as damming in the northern part of Lake Moero, and are also the same range that turns back from Lake Tanganyika, at Ras Mulango, to the south of the Lukuga.

It will be well here to trace the affluents of the Lualaba. The one that extends farthest west, and which, except for rapids, might be navigable to within one hundred and fifty miles of the Nyassa, is the Chambèzi, the principal feeder of Lake Bangweolo. From this lake it issues as the Luapula, and, flowing past the town of Ma Kazembé, is the chief supply of Lake Moero. From Moero it bursts through the mountains of Rua, and is then known by the natives as the Luvwa, though the Arabs call it Lualaba, and Dr. Livingstone adopted that name from them. Between the lakes Moero and Lanji it joins with the Lualaba proper, which is the central and lowest line of drainage.

The Lualaba rises near the salt marshes of Kwijila, and, flowing through Lake Lohemba, makes a considerable drop before entering Lake Kassali or Kikonja. Into Lake Kassali also flows the Lufira, beneath which river are the under-ground dwellings at Mkanna and Mkwamba.

According to the accounts I received, these caves pass right underneath the bed of the river, and are high and lofty. There are several openings on both sides of the river, and stories are told of strangers who had come to attack these troglodytes being hotly engaged at one entrance, and then suddenly finding themselves attacked in rear by a party which had sallied out from another. The inside of these dwellings is described as being of great beauty, with columns and arches of white stone.

The people here are greatly afflicted with goitre; and strangers residing among them are said to feel symptoms of that disease after drinking the water for a few days. This no doubt points to the existence of a limestone formation.

Other affluents of the Lualaba are the Luama and Lomâmi—both navigable streams—and the Lowa, described as coming from the north, and it is said to be as large as the Lualaba some distance to the west of Nyangwé. The Uellé of Dr. Schweinfurth may be an affluent, or perhaps the head-waters, of this great stream, which must receive the drainage of a very large portion of the continent.

The Lualaba, if it be the Kongo, of which I think there can be no doubt, must also receive the drainage of all the country north of the Zambési basin, until that of the Kwanza is reached.

The volume of the Kongo was roughly estimated by Tuckey at two millions of cubic feet per second; and even if this estimate be too large, there can be no doubt that the mighty river, over a thousand feet deep at its mouth, must receive the drainage of an enormous area.

The Kongo also rises very slightly when compared with other tropical rivers, and its rising takes place twice a year. This may be accounted for by the fact that its basin extends on both sides of the equator, and that, therefore, some of its affluents are in flood when others are low.

Beyond the ranges of Kilimachio and Nyoka are broad and well-watered plains extending to Kilemba, east of which is a shallow basin about five or six miles across, where the soil is salt and there are some salt-springs. Several of these basins were said to be near, but this was the only one visited.

From Kilemba to Lunga Mândi's the country consisted of

wooded hills, flat-topped table-lands of sand, and broad marshes bordering the streams.

The channel of the river is continually changing, and in a year or two no trace remains of its former course. This is owing to the growth of the semi-aquatic vegetation, which quickly chokes up every space where the water does not flow rapidly; and this accounts for the fact that toward the end of the dry season the actual channel is much smaller than in the rains.

If these swamps prove to be the modern representatives of the old coal measures, we should find ferns, papyrus (especially its roots) trees (some fallen on their sides and half rotten, others still standing), and stumps and grasses, among the vegetable fossils; while those of the animal kingdom should include skeletons of mud-fish and frogs, and also of an occasional crocodile, buffalo, or hippopotamus. Small thin sheets of sand might perhaps indicate where the different channels had once been.

The country in Ussambi consisted mostly of flat-topped sandstone hills. Strata of red and yellow sandstone alternated, and between them and the granite were usually masses of water-worn pebbles.

Ulúnda is a thickly wooded country, with gentle undulations, and occasional savannas or meadows watered by numberless streams, most of them running northward to the Kongo.

At its western side broad plains stretch right across Lovalé. They are light and sandy in the dry season, with belts of trees along the different water-courses intersecting them, but during the rains become quagmires and morasses. The water-shed between the Zambési and Kongo basins lies along the centre of these plains, which in the annual rainy season are waist-deep in water, and the two basins then actually join.

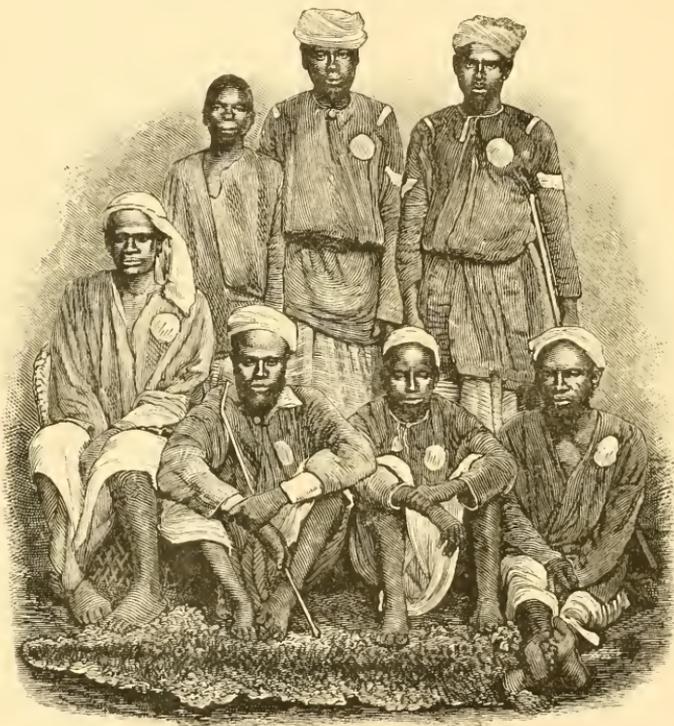
West of Lovalé is the country of Kibokwé, where the rise out of the central depression becomes very marked, and the country is nearly all covered with forests.

Bee-culture is here the chief occupation of the natives. The large trees are utilized to support their bee-hives, the produce of which forms a considerable and profitable item of barter. They exchange the wax for all the foreign-trade goods they re-

quire, and from the honey make a sort of mead, which is strong and by no means unpalatable.

The people work iron tastefully and well. They obtain the ore from nodules found in the beds of the streams.

The basins of the Kongo and Zambézi terminate in the western portion of Kibokwé, where that of the Kwanza commences. The country of Bihé is entered after the Kwanza is crossed, the eastern portion being formed of wooded hills of red sandstone with many running brooks and rills, while in the western part are wide prairies and bare downs with a few patches of wood.



A GROUP OF PAGAZI.

A peculiar feature is the number of streams which flow under-ground for a portion of their course; the most remarkable instance of this being the "Burst of the Kutato," the boundary between Bihé and Bailunda.

The eastern portion of Bailunda is moderately level, with rocky hills, on the summits of which are situated the villages of

the chiefs; but as the western portion is reached, the country breaks into mountains of every shape and form, among which are needles and cones of granite. In the foreground the hills are of red sandstone crowned with groves of magnificent trees, festooned with jasmine and other sweet-scented creepers.

At the western side of Bailunda the caravan reached the culminating point of the section across the continent.

A mountainous and rocky tract lies between this and the West Coast. In some of the passes the solid granite hills are cupola and dome-shaped, like the Puy-de-Dôme, in Auvergne. But even among this mass of rocky, sterile mountains lie fertile valleys, where the people cultivate large quantities of corn, which they carry down to the coast to exchange for aguardiente and cloth.

After passing Kisanji, forty miles from the sea, no more human habitations are seen till Katombéla is reached. Nearly thirty miles of this part of the road is through one continuous pass of bare granite rocks, with only the occasional shelter of a baobab-tree or a giant euphorbia.

To this pass succeeds a barren waste of sand and gravel, separated from the sea by limestone hills fringed by a low flat strip of land on the seaward side; and here the towns of Katombéla and Benguela are situated. This strip only needs irrigation to make it yield all tropical productions; and, as water is obtained everywhere close to the surface, large and productive gardens are easily cultivated.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

Africa's Future.—Slaves and Other Articles of Commerce.—Trade Routes.—Export of India-rubber increasing.—Internal Slave-trade.—Ivory Supply.—Products.—Sugar-canes.—Cotton.—Oil Palm.—Coffee.—Tobacco.—Sesamum.—Castor-oil.—The Mpafu-tree.—Nutmegs.—Pepper.—Timber.—Rice.—Wheat.—Kaffir Corn.—Indian Corn.—India-rubber.—Copal.—Hemp.—Ivory.—Hides.—Bees-wax.—Iron.—Coal.—Copper.—Gold.—Silver.—Cinnabar.—Mission Work.—Commercial Enterprise.—Establishment of Dépôts.—Scheme for advancing into the Interior.—Light Railways.—Steamers on Rivers.—Probable Results.—Shall Slavery continue?—How to stamp it out, and make Africa Free.

It now only remains to discuss the present state of trade and communication in Africa, and the future of this vast continent. To speak of the regions of the Sahara, the Cape, the Niger basin, and Somali land is, of course, out of my province.

I only desire to show the present condition of the large and fertile country I have traversed, the different routes by which it may be approached, and in what manner they may be utilized; and, above all, how the utilization of these routes may best serve to develop the vast latent resources of the country, and remove that blot on the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century, "the cursed slave-trade."

Slaves, ivory, bees-wax and india-rubber are now the only articles exported from either coast, with the exception of a small and local trade from the eastern littoral in gum-copal and grain.

Of these, ivory and slaves occupy such a prominent position, that it would be hardly worth while to mention the others, were it not that the existing trade in them proves that commerce in other articles besides slaves and ivory may be made profitable.

The trade routes at present are: Firstly, from the East-coast ports by land, which is in the hands of the subjects of the Sultan of Zanzibar from Brava to Cape Delgado, and in those of Portugal from that point to Delagoa Bay.

Secondly, the Nile route, on which the advance of traders has

been accompanied by so much aggression and cruelty that, in the words of Colonel Gordon, "it is impossible for an explorer to push his way except by force, as the natives are suspicious of the intentions of all strangers." Indeed, Mr. Lucas, after a considerable expenditure of time and money, has been obliged reluctantly to yield, and abandon all idea of proceeding to Nyangwé from the Nile basin.

Thirdly, the routes from the West Coast; of which those only at present used by Europeans or their agents are *viâ* Bihé and Kassanji. But here the Kongo would seem to offer a highway to the remotest parts of the continent.

Lastly, a route from Natal through the Transvaal by the Drakensberg to the tropical highlands, which has the advantage of possessing a terminus in British territory, and of avoiding the unhealthy coast districts; two facts which point to it as likely to prove hereafter one of the great highways into the interior.

The export of india-rubber to the value of forty thousand pounds from the Zanzibar ports, and the stoppage of the export of slaves from the East Coast—in which we have been so loyally aided by the sultan—are circumstances the significance of which it is impossible to overrate, showing that a brighter future is already dawning upon Africa. The fact that a new article of export has thus been profitably worked at a time when the depression of trade at Zanzibar is very great—owing to the suppression of the traffic in slaves—proves incontestably that a portion of the capital hitherto employed in that detestable traffic has been diverted into a more legitimate channel.

The whole trade of tropical Africa is at present dependent on human beings as beasts of burden; and valuable labor, which might be profitably employed in cultivating the ground or collecting products for exportation, is thus lost.

Besides this, in the countries where ivory is cheapest and most plentiful, none of the inhabitants willingly engage themselves as carriers, and traders are obliged to buy slaves to enable them to transport their ivory to a profitable market.

When the export slave-trade was flourishing, the carriers who brought the ivory to the coast were sold, and added to the gain of the trader. And it is to be feared, now that there is no market for these people, that they will be even more reckless-

ly expended than hitherto by the lower classes of East-coast traders.

Many of the larger merchants are wise enough to see that slave carriage is the most precarious and costly of all means of transport, and they would be glad to avail themselves of any other method that might be introduced.

On the lines occupied by the Portuguese, especially that from Bihé to Urua and Katangu, there is a vast amount of internal slave-trade; but the greater portion of those captured—for they are nearly all obtained by rapine and violence—are not taken to the coast, but to Kaffir countries, where they are exchanged for ivory. I should not be at all surprised to hear that much of “the labor” taken to the diamond-fields by the Kaffirs is obtained from this source.

The traders are not a whit behind their forefathers—who invoiced their slaves as bales of goods, and had a hundred baptized in a batch by the Bishop of Loanda, by aspersion, in order to save a small export duty—in their bad treatment of slaves, or their recklessness as to the means by which they are obtained.

The internal trade is principally carried on by slaves of merchants residing at the coast, and—as is always the case with those equally low in the scale of civilization—they are the most cruel oppressors of all who fall into their clutches.

Ivory is not likely to last forever (or for long) as the main export from Africa; indeed, the ruthless manner in which the elephants are destroyed and harassed has already begun to show its effects. In places where elephants were by no means uncommon a few years ago, their wanton destruction has had its natural effect, and they are now rarely encountered.

Having this probable extinction of the ivory trade in view, and allowing, as all sensible people must, that legitimate commerce is the proper way to open up and civilize a country, we must see what other lucrative sources of trade may hereafter replace that in ivory.

Fortunately we have not far to go; for the vegetable and mineral products of this marvelous land are equal in variety, value, and quantity to those of the most favored portions of the globe; and if the inhabitants can be employed in their exploi-

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tation, vast fortunes will reward those who may be the pioneers of commerce; but the first step necessary toward this is the establishment of proper means of communication.

Africa for some time to come will lack a sufficiency of labor to carry on the necessary mining and agricultural operations, and to supply men for making roads. But this will prove by no means an unmixed evil; for when the chiefs find it more profitable to employ their subjects in their own country than to sell them as slaves, they will lose the most powerful incentive toward complying with the demands of the slave-dealer.

An enumeration of some of the products which may form valuable articles of trade, and the localities in which they are found, will assist in giving an idea of the great wealth of the country.

The vegetable products are—

*Sugar-canes*, which flourish wherever there is sufficient moisture.

*Cotton*, cultivated almost everywhere, and grows wild in Ufipa and some other countries.

*Oil-palm* flourishes in marvelous profusion to a height of two thousand six hundred feet above the sea, all along the broad valley of the Lualaba, and in some places to a height of three thousand feet. This palm also grows on the island of Pemba, and might doubtless be cultivated with advantage on the East Coast.

*Coffee* grows wild in Karagweh and to the west of Nyangwé. The berry of Karagweh coffee is said to be small; but that of the plant near Nyangwé is as large as the Mocha bean, which it greatly resembles in appearance.

*Tobacco* is grown almost throughout the continent, and in some places is of very excellent quality. Ujiji excels in this respect; the leaf being smooth and silky, like that of the best Cuban plants.

*Sesamum* flourishes on the East Coast, near Zanzibar, from which place large quantities are exported to France, "the finest olive-oil" being made from it at Marseilles. It also grows in Unyamwezi, near the Tanganyika, and in Urua, and its cultivation might be indefinitely extended.

*The Castor-oil plant.*—Two varieties are met with everywhere, sometimes cultivated and sometimes growing wild.

*The Mpafu*.—A large and handsome timber-tree, with a fruit something like an olive, from which a sweet-scented oil is extracted, and under the bark an aromatic gum is found. Is common from the western side of the Tanganyika to the commencement of Lovalé.

*Nutmegs* were found close to the eastern shore of Tanganyika, near the town of Russûna, and at Munza. The fruit was very strong and pungent.

*Pepper*.—The common black pepper was common at Nyangwé. Chillies, large and small, are found everywhere; and in Manyúema and Urua there grows a pepper so excessively hot, that Arabs who would eat bird's-eye chillies by handfuls were unable to touch it. It is a small, round, red fruit about the size of a marble.

*Timber-trees*.—There are trees available for every purpose—some hard and others soft—and sufficiently numerous to supply all the wants of the country, and, no doubt, to form profitable articles of export.

*Rice* is profitably cultivated by the Arabs wherever they have settled, and in Urua is said to yield a hundred-fold. In Ufipa it grows wild.

*Wheat*.—Abundant crops of wheat are raised by the Arabs at Unyanyembe and Ujiji, and they were trying, apparently with success, to introduce it at Nyangwé. On the high lands round Unyanyembe, and in those of Bihé and Bailunda, it might undoubtedly be made profitable.

*Holcus sorghum*, better known as matama, or Kaffir corn, is grown throughout the country, both in dry and wet situations. In the latter, it is not planted till the end of the rainy season, but in both its yield is enormous.

*Indian corn* is grown everywhere; and where there is a long rainy season, three crops are often produced by the same patch of ground in eight months. Each crop yields from a hundred and fifty to two hundred fold.

*India-rubber*.—Vines, trees, or small shrubs producing this valuable article of commerce are to be met with nearly everywhere.

*Copal* may be considered as a vegetable, though now a semi-fossil. It is principally obtained near the Lufiji River.

though some is found near Mbuamaji, Laadani, and other places. The tree still grows near the coast, and in the very centre of the continent is again met with; and Arabs have assured me that they have found the semi-fossil gum when digging pits.

*Hemp*.—A very long-stapled hemp is found on the island of Ubwari, in the Tanganyika; and the fibrous barks of many trees are made into such excellent cordage that the place of hems is quite supplied by them.

The animal products are—

*Ivory*, of elephants and hippopotami, their hides, and those of other wild animals.

*Hides* of cattle might also be obtained in great quantities from the countries of the Masai, the Gallas, the Wasukuma, the Wagogo, Waganda, Wahumba, and others.

*Bees-wax* forms an important article of export from Kibokwé and Lovalé; and as bees are common throughout Africa, and in many places are hived in order to obtain the honey easily, a very large trade might soon be established in wax, which at present is often thrown away as useless.

Among minerals—

*Iron* takes the first place. It is worked in the north-west portion of Unyanyembe, whence it is carried in all directions. Hoes made there are even exported to the coast by down caravans. Hematite ore is common all about the country of Unyamwezi, and is found in Ubúdjwa and Uhiya, as also at and about Munza, in Urna. In Manyúema there is a beautiful black speculum ore in great quantities, and the iron produced from it is much valued. Dr. Livingstone also discovered much iron to the westward of Lake Nyassa. In Kibokwé nodules of ore are dredged up from the streams.

*Coal* has been for some time known on the Zambézi, and I heard of it near Munza, in Itawa, from which place I obtained a specimen, and I believe that I saw it on Lake Tanganyika.

*Copper* is found in large quantities at Katanga, and for a considerable distance to the westward.

*Gold* is also found at Katanga; and when I was with Haméd ibn Haméd he showed me a calabash, holding about a quart, full of nuggets, varying in size from the top of my little finger

to a swan-shot. I asked whence they came, and he said that some of his slaves at Katanga found them while clearing out a water-hole, and brought them to him, thinking that they might do for shot. He said he had not looked for more, as he did not know such little bits were of any use.

The natives, too, know of the gold; but it is so soft they do not value it, preferring "the red copper to the white."

I heard, when at Benguela, that gold had been found in copper brought from Katanga, and that a company was buying all the Katanga copper it could obtain, in order to extract the gold.

*Silver*.—From a man in Urua I bought a silver bracelet produced in or near this district.

*Cinnabar* is found in large quantities in Urua, near the capital of Kasongo.

*Salt*, which forms an important article in internal trade, is produced in Ugogo, Uvinza, Urua, near Nyangwé, and in Usambi, near Kanyoka.

Enough has been said to prove the existence of incalculable wealth in tropical Africa.

Already the rind of the continent has been pierced, and the Scotch missionaries on Lake Nyassa have demonstrated the feasibility of transporting a steamer past rapids, and have established a settlement on the shores of that lake. Mr. Cotterill is now engaged in tentative trade in the same direction, and I have no doubt that his efforts will be crowned with success. Bullocks have been driven from the coast to Mpwapwa by Mr. Price, of the London Missionary Society, and the church and university missions are pushing their way forward.

Missionary efforts, however, will not avail to stop the slave-trade, and open the country to civilization, unless supplemented by commerce. Commercial enterprise and missionary effort, instead of acting in opposition, as is too often the case, should do their best to assist each other. Wherever commerce finds its way, there missionaries will follow; and wherever missionaries prove that white men can live and travel, there trade is certain to be established.

The philanthropic efforts of His Majesty the King of the Belgians, if they meet with the support they deserve, although

not either of a missionary or commercial character, must also materially assist in opening up the country.

The establishment of dépôts or stations on a trunk route across the continent, where the tired and weary explorer may find a resting-place, and fresh stores and men to carry on his task, can not fail to do much toward systematizing the work of discovery, instead of leaving every man to hunt for his own needle in his own bundle of hay.

The establishment of these stations would necessitate the maintenance of regular means of communication between them, and therefore each new explorer would be able to travel direct to the one which is to serve as the base of his operations, without wasting time, money, and energy in getting into a new country. These stations might either be commanded by Europeans, or by men of character among the Arab merchants, who might be thoroughly relied on to do their duty in an upright and honorable manner.

By commencing from both coasts, a chain of stations some two hundred miles apart might be established in a comparatively short space of time; but money is needed.

There are many men well fitted to take charge of these expeditions whose means do not allow them to travel on their own account, but who would volunteer in hundreds if they could see their way to aiding in the work without endangering their scanty fortunes.

The promoters of the Nyassa mission are already talking of establishing stations between the coast, the north end of Nyassa, and the south of Tanganyika, and then, by placing steamers on that lake, to draw a cordon between the East Coast and the countries from which the greater portion of the slaves are derived. This is a practical and feasible plan; but whether it would not be a line of action that comes more under the scope of Government in suppressing the slave-trade, is a question that may well be asked.

I would recommend the acquirement of a port—Mombasah, for instance—from the Sultan of Zanzibar, by treaty or purchase, and thence to run a light line of railway to the Tanganyika, *via* Unyanyembe, with branches to the Victoria Nyanza, and to the southward through Ugogo. Such

a line may be constructed for about one thousand pounds a mile.

I allude here to the "Pioneer" form of railway, which seems to be best adapted to a new country.

Such a railway advancing into the country would at once begin to make a return, for the present ivory trade to Zanzibar should be sufficient to pay working expenses and leave a margin for profit, without making any allowance for the increased trade. Numbers of Indian merchants at Zanzibar would at once push into the interior, if they could do so without physical exertion.

On the Zambézi, Kongo, and Kwanza there should at once be placed steamers of light draught, good speed, and capable of being taken to pieces and transported past rapids that might be encountered. A steamer should be stationed on each section of a river, dépôts should be formed at the rapids for provisions and merchandise, and the goods should be carried past them by men stationed there for the purpose, or by bullock-carts, or small lines of tram-ways.

The affluents of the Kongo would enable our traders and missionaries to penetrate into the greater portion of the, at present, unknown regions of Africa.

The Kongo, at its mouth, is not under the dominion of any European power, and the principal merchants there are the Dutch. They would be delighted to see the trade of the interior in the hands of Europeans, instead of being dependent on the caprice of some of the most depraved of the West-coast tribes, who, ever since the Kongo has been discovered, have been engaged—in company with Europeans even more vile than they—in slave-trade and piracy.

A hundred and ten miles from the coast are the Yellala rapids (*Yellala* really means "rapids"), the farthest point hitherto reached by any European since the unfortunate expedition of Captain Tuckey, R.N., in 1816.

A portage of by no means a difficult character, and past which a tram-way might be constructed, would conduct an expedition to the upper waters of the river described by the gallant Tuckey "as a noble, placid stream from three to four miles in width."

We may well ask ourselves why we allow such a noble high-

way into regions of untold richness to lie neglected and useless. Why are not steamers flying the British colors carrying the overglut of our manufactured goods to the naked African, and receiving from him in exchange those choicest gifts of nature by which he is surrounded, and of the value of which he is at present ignorant?

The Portuguese hold the keys of the land route from Loanda and Benguela, and keep out foreign capital and enterprise, and are morally accomplices of slave-traders and kidnapers. If they threw open their ports, and encouraged the employment of capital and the advent of energetic men of business, their provinces of Angola and Mozambique might rival the richest and most prosperous of the dependencies of the British crown. But a blind system of protection, carried on by under-paid officials, stifles trade, and renders these places hot-beds of corruption.

Many of the Portuguese are aware of this and lament it, but say they are powerless. The Marquis Sa de Bandeira—now, alas! dead—was, and M. le Vicomte Duprat is, wiser than the majority of their countrymen. If their suggestions and advice, and those of men like Admiral Andradé, lately Governor-general of Angola, were followed, we might soon see a vast stride made toward the civilization of Africa.

A charter has lately been granted by the Portuguese Government to a company to place steamers on the Zambézi; and if the project be carried out vigorously, some results may soon be heard of from that quarter.

Many people may say that the rights of native chiefs to govern their countries must not be interfered with. I doubt whether there is a country in Central Africa where the people would not soon welcome and rally round a settled form of government. The rule of the chiefs over their subjects is capricious and barbarous, and death or mutilation is ordered and carried out at the nod of a drunken despot.

The negroes always seem prone to collect round any place where they may be comparatively safe from the constant raids of their enemies, and thus the settlements of both East and West Coast traders frequently become *nuclei* of considerable native populations. These people, throwing off the yoke of their own

rulers, soon fall under the sway of the strangers; and in any scheme for forming stations in Central Africa—be they for missionary, scientific, or trading purposes—the fact that those in charge would soon have to exercise magisterial powers must not be lost sight of.

If the great river systems of the Kongo and Zambési are to be utilized for commercial purposes, they ought either to be under the control of a great company like the H. E. I. C., able to appoint civil and military servants; or consular officers should be appointed for each district as it is opened up, to insure both the native and the new-comer having fair play.

By a glance at the map, the extraordinary ramifications of the twin systems of the Kongo and Zambési will be seen; and it is plain that the distance which the products of the interior would have to be carried before being placed on shipboard would be materially lessened if the rivers had flotillas on them, instead of having to provide transport over the three or four thousand miles of the Nile valley.

The advance of trade and civilization into the interior from the southward may be left to take care of itself. Every year the ivory-traders push farther north, and now they meet the Portuguese from Bihé in the country of Jenjé; and we shall not have to wait long ere the fertile and healthy lands round the Zambési are colonized by the Anglo-Saxon race.

The question now before the civilized world is, Whether the slave-trade in Africa, which causes, at the lowest estimate, an annual loss of over half a million lives, is to be permitted to continue? Every one worthy of the name of a man will say No! Let us, then, hope that England, which has hitherto occupied the proud position of being foremost among the friends of the unfortunate slave, may still hold that place.

Let those who seek to employ money now lying idle join together to open the trade of Africa.

Let those interested in scientific research come forward and support the King of the Belgians in his noble scheme for united and systematic exploration.

Let those who desire to stamp out the traffic in slaves put their shoulders to the wheel in earnest, and by their voice, money, and energy aid those to whom the task may be intrusted.

Let those interested in missionary efforts aid to their utmost those who are laboring in Africa, and send them worthy assistants, prepared to devote their lives to the task.

It is not by talking and writing that Africa is to be regenerated, but by action. Let each one who thinks he can lend a helping hand do so. All can not travel, or become missionaries



COLOR PARTY.

or traders; but they can give their cordial assistance to those whose duty leads them to the as yet untrodden places of the world.

But I would impress upon all who approach this question the necessity for not being too sanguine. Many a name must be added to the roll of those who have fallen in the cause of Africa, much patient and enduring labor must be gone through without flinching or repining, before we see Africa truly free and happy.

I firmly believe that opening up proper lines of communication will do much to check the cursed traffic in human flesh, and that the extension of legitimate commerce will ultimately put an end to it altogether.

But I am by no means so certain of the rapid extinction of slavery as a domestic institution. The custom is so deeply ingrained in the mind of the African, that I fear we must be content simply to commence the task, leaving its completion to our descendants.

And with regard to education and civilization: we must be satisfied to work gradually, and not attempt to force our European customs and manners upon people who are at present unfitted for them. Our own civilization, it must be remembered, is the growth of many centuries, and to expect that of Africa to become equal to it in a decade or two is an absurdity. The forcing system, so often essayed with so-called savages, merely puts on a veneer of spurious civilization; in the majority of cases the subject having, in addition to the vices of his native state, acquired those belonging to the lowest dregs of civilization.

Let us, therefore, work soberly and steadily, never being driven back or disheartened by any apparent failure or rebuff; but should such be met with, search for the remedy, and then press on all the more eagerly. And so in time, with God's blessing on the work, Africa may be free and happy.

# APPENDIX I.

## ENUMERATION OF PLANTS COLLECTED IN THE REGION ABOUT LAKE TANGANYIKA.

DRAWN UP BY D. OLIVER, F.R.S. AND L.S., KEEPER OF THE HERBARIUM, ROYAL GARDENS, KEW.

[The following notes comprise an enumeration of the species contained in a small parcel of plants received at Kew in February, 1875, and which had been collected by me in the southern basin of Lake Tanganyika. The flora of the region round the lake may be taken as belonging to the basin of the Kongo. The enumeration has been drawn up by Professor Oliver; the descriptions of new species are by him and by Messrs. Baker and Spencer Moore, assistants in the herbarium.] Appendix I.

The new species described below are marked \*.

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|---|--|
| <p><i>Clematis Kirkii</i>, Oliv.<br/> <i>Cleome hirta</i>, Oliv.<br/> <i>Courbonia decumbens</i>, Brongn.<br/> <i>Abutilon</i>? sp.<br/> <i>Hibiscus camuabinus</i>, L.<br/> <i>Gossypium barbadense</i>, L.<br/> <i>Dombeya spectabilis</i>, Boj. (M. T. M. in Trop. Afr. Flora, p. 227).<br/> <i>Waltheria americana</i>, L.<br/> <i>Triumfetta scnitribloba</i>, L., or<br/> <i>T. rhomboidea</i>, Jacq.<br/> <i>Ochna macrocalyx</i>, Oliv.<br/> <i>Vitis</i>, sp. nov.?<br/> <i>V. serpens</i>, Hochst., var. ? ?<br/> <i>Polycarpaea corymbosa</i>, Lam.<br/> <i>Crotalaria laburnifolia</i>, L.<br/> <i>Pueraria</i>?<br/> <i>Indigofera</i> (§ <i>Trichopode</i>) <i>cneata</i>, J. G. B.*<br/> <i>I.</i>*<br/> <i>I.</i> (§ <i>Dissitiflorae</i>) <i>dissitiflora</i>, J. G. B.*<br/> <i>I. hirsuta</i>, L.<br/> <i>I.</i>: an <i>I. torulosa</i>, J. G. B.?<br/> <i>I.</i> (§ <i>Tinctorie</i>) <i>Cameroni</i>, J. G. B.*<br/> <i>Phaseolus</i>, sp.<br/> <i>Erythrina tomentosa</i>, R. Br.</p> | <p><i>Eriosema rhynchosioides</i>, J. G. B.*<br/> <i>Dolichos</i>? sp.<br/> <i>Cassia</i>, sp.<br/> <i>Cesalpinaceae</i>, allied to the "Kobbo" of Dr. Schweinfurth, referred by him to <i>Humboldtia</i>.<br/> <i>Dichrostachys nutans</i>, Benth.<br/> <i>Rhus insignis</i>, Del., var. ?<br/>     Leafy specimen only.<br/> <i>Kalanchoe platysepala</i>? Welw.<br/> <i>Jussiaea villosa</i>? var.<br/> <i>Cephalandra</i>? sp.<br/> <i>Vernonia obeonica</i>, Oliv. &amp; Hiern, ined.<br/> <i>V. paniciflora</i>? Less.<br/> <i>Conyza aegyptiaca</i>, Ait.<br/> <i>Sphaeranthus</i>. Perhaps a new species allied to <i>S. peduncularis</i>.<br/> <i>Gutenbergia polyccephala</i>, Oliv. and Hiern.*<br/> <i>Leptactinia heinsioides</i>, Hiern, sp. nov. ined.<br/> <i>Oldenlandia</i>. Near <i>O. parviflora</i>?<br/> <i>Kraussia congesta</i>, Oliv.*<br/> <i>Jasminum auriculatum</i>, var. <math>\beta</math>. <i>zanzibarense</i>? (<i>I. tetense</i>, Kl.).<br/> <i>Strychnos</i>? sp. Leafy specimen only (per-</p> |
|---|--|

- Appendix I.      haps the same from Batoka country,  
Dr. Kirk).
- Strychnos*? sp. Leafy aculeate specimen.
- Asclepiadacea* (*Raphionacme*?).
- Convolvulus* (*Breweria malvacea*? Kl.).
- Iponoea*. Allied to *I. simplex* and allies.
- Convolvulus*? sp.
- Trichodesma zeylanicum*, R. Br.
- Heliophyllum indicum*, DC.
- Leonotis nepetafolia*, R. Br.
- Ocymum canum*, Sims., var.?
- Ocymum*. Near *O. obovatum*, E. Mey.
- Ocymum*, sp.?
- Sesamum*. Not in a state to describe,  
with very narrow leaves.
- Sesamum*. Perhaps the same species.  
Similar to a specimen collected by Dr.  
Kirk in South-eastern Africa, but not  
in fruit.
- Striga elegans*, Benth.
- Rhamphicarpa tubulosa*, Benth.
- Rhamphicarpa*. Perhaps *R. tubulosa*, with  
oblique rostrate included capsule.
- Rhamphicarpa Cameroniana*, Oliv.\*
- Rhamphicarpa*? Too imperfect for de-  
scription.
- Cyrenium adonense*? E. Mey.
- Thoubergia* near *T. oblongifolia*, Oliv.
- Nelsonia tomentosa*, Willd.
- Barleria limnogeton*, Spencer Moore.\*
- Hypoestes*, sp. Insufficient for description.
- Lantana*? sp.
- Lantana* near *L. salviaefolia*.
- Vitex*? Leaves simple. Not in state to  
describe.
- Vitex*. Leaves 3-foliolate; leaflets oblan-  
ceolate, obtuse, or broadly pointed, en-  
tire, glabrescent, more or less tomen-
- tose toward the base of the midrib be-  
neath. Not in flower.
- Cyclonema spinescens*, Oliv.\*
- Plumbago zeylanica*, L.
- P. amplexicaulis*, Oliv.\*
- Arthrosolen glaucescens*, Oliv.\*
- Amarantacea*, dub. Perhaps *Achyranthes*.  
Too decayed to describe.
- Euphorbiacea* an *Phyllanthus*? sp. Not in  
flower.
- Acalypha*, sp.?
- Habenaria*??
- Lissochilus*, sp.
- Walleria Mackenzii*, Kirk.
- Gloriosa viridescens*, Lindl. The typical  
plant, and also a form with very broad  
subopposite leaves.
- Asparagus racemosus*. Willd.
- A. asiaticus*, L.
- A. Pauli-Guiehmii*, Solms.
- Anthericum Cameroni*, J. G. B.\*
- Chlorophyllum macrophyllum*, A. Rich.
- Cienkowskia*? sp.
- Haemanthus*, sp.
- Gladiolus* near *G. natalensis*?
- Aneilema longifolia*, Hook.
- Commelyna*, two species.
- Nerine*, sp.
- Fuirena pubescens*, Kunth.
- Cyperus rotundus*, L.
- C. coloratus*, V.
- Setaria glauca*, Beauv.
- Tricholena rosea*, Nees.
- Stipa*, sp.
- Eragrostis poeoides*, Beauv.
- E. Chapelieri*, Nees.
- Eragrostis*, sp.
- Hymenophyllum polyanthos*, Sw.

INDIGIFERA CUNEATA, Baker. Suffruticosa, ramulis gracillimis dense pubescentibus, foliis perparvis subsessilibus simplicibus vel ternato-digitatis, foliolis minutis obovato-cuneatis crassis pilosis complicatis, floribus solitariis raro geminis, pedunculis gracillimis folio multo longioribus, calyce minuto dense setoso dentibus linearibus, petalis minutis rubellis, legumine cylindrico glabrescente atro-brunneo, seminibus pluribus.

Belongs to the section *Trichopodæ*, and closely resembles *I. trichopoda* in the flowers and their arrangement, but differs entirely in the leaves.

Stems very slender, suffruticose, terete, copiously branched, with ascending branchlets densely clothed with fine, variously directed, white, pellucid hairs, as long as, or longer than, their diameter. Stipules minute, setaceous. Leaves very minute, nearly sessile, simple and trifoliolate intermixed; leaflets obovate, cuneate in the

lower half, usually not more than a line long, complicate, digitate, subacute, clothed with hairs similar to those of the branches, but shorter. Flowers copious, solitary, or rarely geminate on a thread-like, nearly naked, ascending peduncle 3-4 lines long. Calyx  $\frac{1}{2}$  line deep, densely firmly pilose; teeth deep, linear. Corolla reddish, three times as long as the calyx, externally pilose. Staminal sheath  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch long. Pod cylindrical, sessile,  $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{5}{8}$  inch long, at first obscurely hispid, finally glabrescent, dark-brown, straight, many-seeded, not at all torulose.

- I. *DISSITIFLORA*, *Baker*. Suffruticosa, ramulis gracillimis teretibus obscure pilosis, stipulis setaceis, foliis petiolatis pinnatis, foliolis 1-4-jugis lineari-subulatis oppositis pallide viridibus setis paucis adpressis, racemis laxe 3-5-floris pedunculatis, calyce minuto dense griseo-hispido dentibus lanceolatis, petalis parvis purpureis, ovario cylindrico multiovulato.

Belongs to section *Dissitifloræ*, next *I. pentaphylla*, Linn., which it closely resembles in the flowers, but differs entirely in its leaflets and shrubby habit.

Stem erect, suffruticose, with copious, very slender erecto-patent branches clothed only with a few scattered, adpressed, bristly hairs. Stipules minute, setaceous, persistent. Leaves of main stem an inch long, distinctly stalked, with 3-4 distant pairs of opposite, linear-subulate leaflets, which are  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch long, gray-green, pointed, narrowed at the base, rather thick in texture, clothed only with a few obscure adpressed hairs like those of the branches. Leaves of branches often with only 3-5 leaflets. Racemes about as long as the leaves, laxly 3-5-flowered, distinctly stalked. Bracts minute, subulate. Pedicels nearly or quite as long as the calyx. Calyx  $\frac{1}{2}$  a line deep, densely bristly; teeth lanceolate, as long as the broadly funnel-shaped tube. Corolla purplish, three times as long as the calyx, shortly bristly. Ovary cylindrical, multiovulate. Ripe pod not seen.

- I. *CAMERONI*, *Baker*. Fruticosa, ramulis gracillimis teretibus obscure pilosis, stipulis minutis setaceis, foliis pinnatis breviter petiolatis foliolis 2-3-jugis oblongis subcoriaceis utrinque tenuiter pilosis, racemis densis brevibus conicis sessilibus foliis brevioribus, calyce, minuto oblique campanulato argenteo-sericeo dentibus deltoideis, petalis angustis elongatis extus brunneo-sericeis, ovario cylindrico multiovulato.

Belongs to section *Tinctoriæ*, next *I. torulosa*, Baker, from which it differs by its pilose leaves and branchlets, argenteous calyx, etc.

Habit quite shrubby. Branches slender, terete, thinly clothed with minute, adpressed, white hairs. Stipules and stipellæ setaceous. Leaves short-stalked,  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -2 inches long; leaflets 2-3-jugate, oblong, subcoriaceous, mucronate,  $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$  inch long, rounded at the base to a short petiolule; side ones opposite; both surfaces, especially the lower, clothed with short, minute white hairs. Flowers in dense racemes, an inch long, which are sessile in the axils of the leaves. Bracts lanceolate-navicular, minute, argenteous, caducous. Pedicels very short. Calyx obliquely campanulate, scarcely  $\frac{1}{2}$  a line deep, densely argenteo-sericeous; teeth deltoid. Corolla  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch long, densely brown-silky. Ovary cylindrical, multiovulate. Ripe pod not seen.

- ERIOSEMA RHYNCHOSIODES*, *Baker*. Volubilis, dense griseo-pubescent, stipulis parvis lanceolatis persistentibus, foliis longe petiolatis ternato-pinnatifidis subcoriaceis conspicue venulosis, foliolo terminali oblongo distincte petiolulato obtuso minute mucronato, floribus 4-8 in racemum capitatum densum longe pedunculatum dispositis, pedicellis brevissimis, calyce campanulato dentibus magnis lanceolatis, petalis

Appendix I. *purpureis extus pilosis, legumine oblongo applanato piloso inter semina haud constricto.*

Of the Tropical-African species this will have to be placed next *E. parviflorum*, E. Meyer; but it is very different in leaf and calyx, and has entirely the general habit of a *Rhynchosia*—so much so that it would be inevitably referred to that genus if the seeds were not examined.

A voluble herb, with long internodes. Branches densely clothed with short, rather spreading, gray hairs. Stipules small, lanceolate, persistent. Petioles  $\frac{3}{4}$ –1 inch long, spreading, densely pilose. Leaflets 3 subcoriaceous, oblong, 1–2 inches long, both sides thinly pilose, the lower with its veins and veinlets raised; the point bluntish, with a minute mucro, the end one largest, distinctly stalked, the side ones shorter and rather oblique. Flowers 4–8, crowded at the top of an axillary peduncle which much exceeds the leaf. Pedicels very short. Calyx 2 lines deep, densely clothed with short, spreading, gray hairs, the lanceolate teeth much exceeding the tube. Corolla twice as long as the calyx, much recurved, densely silky on the outside. Pod oblong, flat,  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch long,  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch broad, densely pilose, two-seeded, abruptly rounded at the base, not constricted between the seeds. Flattened funiculus attached obliquely to the extremity of the hilum.

GUTENBERGIA POLYCEPHALA, *Oliv. et Hiern, Fl. Trop. Afr.* iii. ined. Herba plus minus incano-tomentella; ramis teretibus striatis; foliis superioribus sessilibus lanceolatis v. ovato-lanceolatis acutiusculis basi obtusis cordatisve amplexicaulibus integris v. subintegris, supra glabris v. scabriusculis, subtus albido-tomentosis; capitulis parvis numerosis in paniculis cymosis dispositis, squamis involucralibus pauciseriatis, exterioribus linearilanceolatis, interioribus 8–12 subæqualibus ovali-oblongis 3-nerviis, achænio obovoideo 10–12-costato glabro v. parce breviter pilosulo.

We have the same from Kilwa (Dr. Kirk).

KRAUSSIA CONGESTA, *Oliv.*, sp. nov. Glabra, foliis ellipticis tenuiter coriaceis breviter obtuse acuminatis basi in petiolum brevissimum angustatis, floribus in cymis brevibus paucifloris axillaribus sessilibus v. subsessilibus congestis, pedicellis bracteolatis brevissimis subnullisve, calycis lobis rotundatis tubo obovoideo æquilongis, corollæ lobis tubo æquilongis fauce hirsuta, antheris apice appendicula gracili terminatis, stylo bifido glabro, ovulis in loculis paucis (circ. 4).

Folia 3–3 $\frac{1}{2}$  poll. longa.

RHAMPHICARPA CAMERONIANA, *Oliv.*, sp. nov. Herba verisimiliter 1–2-pedalis, caule ramoso tetragono 4-sulcato parce pilosulo v. glabrato, foliis sessilibus v. subsessilibus linearilanceolatis linearibusve basin versus sæpe utrinque grosse 1–2-dentatis v. pinnatifido-dentatis, floribus racemosis breviter pedicellatis, pedicello calyce brevioribus, calyce tubuloso-campanulato 10-costato, lobis lanceolatis acutis tubo subæquilongis, corollæ hypocateriformis tubo ( $\frac{2}{3}$ –1 poll. longo) gracili limbo amplo (1 $\frac{1}{2}$  poll. lato) paulo longiore, labio superiore breviter et obtuse 2-lobato, labio inferiore profunde 3-fido lobis subæqualibus late obovato-rotundatis, filamentis apice piloso-barbatis, capsula calyce paulo superante subtruncata v. orbicdata vix aut leviter obliqua, valvis coriaceis retusis.

Remarkable in the retuse fruit, which is neither beaked (except the persisting style-base) nor distinctly oblique.

BARLERIA LIMNOGETON, *Spencer Moore*, sp. nov. Caule subtereti, leviter tomentosio; foliis petiolatis, oblanceolatis, acutis, integris, primo tomentosis demum supra pu-

bescens; floribus spicatis spicis terminalibus; bracteis strobilaceis, inermibus, late ovatis, obtusis, sericeo-tomentosis; bracteolis linearibus, acutis; calycis laciniis exterioribus late lanceolatis, interioribus subulatis; corolla hypocraterimorpha, glabra, tubo quam calyx duplo longiore, segmentis limbi patentis obovatis; staminibus fertilibus 2 exsertis, sterilibus 3; capsula ignota.

Caulis erectus. Folia matura 3-3½ unc. longa; petiolus ½ unc. longus. Bracteæ ½ unc. longæ, nervosæ. Calycis laciniæ pubescentes, exteriores ½ unc., interiores ¼ unc. longæ. Corolla 1 unc. longa. Ovarium compressum, villosum; stylus crassus, glabrescens.

A very distinct species of the genus, with the habit of a *Crossandra*. Indications in some of the leaf-axils would lead to the presumption that the inflorescence may be axillary as well as terminal.

CYCLONEMA SPINESCENS, *Oliv.*, sp. nov. Piloso-pubescentis, ramulis teretibus interdum spinis rectis recurvisve supra-axillaribus oppositis folio brevioribus armatis, foliis late ellipticis rotundatisve obtusis v. mucronatis brevissime petiolatis v. subsessilibus, utrinque piloso-pubescentibus, pedunculis 1-floris axillaribus patentibus folio æquilongis v. eod. longioribus supra medium 2-bracteatis, bracteis anguste linearibus, calycis villosi tubo campanulato, limbo 5-lobo, lobis ovato-lanceolatis acutis, corollæ tubo cylindrico calycem superante, limbo 5-partito lobis obovatis integris apice obtuse rotundatis v. late acutatis venuloso-reticulatis, staminibus longè exsertis glabris, ovario glabro.

Folia 2-1¼ poll. longa. Bracteæ 3-4 lin. longæ. Flores 1-1¼ poll. diam.

PLUMBAGO AMPLEXICAULIS, *Oliv.*, sp. nov. Ramis glabris v. puberulis, in siccò longitudinaliter sulcatis, foliis obovato-ellipticis late acutatis integris v. undulatis glabris reticulatis subtus nervo medio venisque secundariis prominulis, lamina in petiolum late alatum continua basi conspicue rotundato-auriculata, auriculis amplexicaulibus, floribus cæruleis spicatis, spicis paniculatis glandulosis, bracteis ovatis breviter apiculatis, calyce anguste tubuloso costato puberulo parce glanduloso, corollæ hypocrateriformis tubo gracili poll. longo, limbi lobis obovatis obtusis nervo medio gracillimo-excurrente mucronatis, antheris exsertis.

Folia 2-5 poll. longa, 1½-3 poll. lata. Calyx ½-½ poll. longus.

ARTHROSOLEN GLAUDESCENS, *Oliv.*, sp. nov. Glabra, glaucescens, ramulis foliiferis (circ. ½-pedalibus) teretibus lævibus, foliis alternis adscendentibus linearibus planis utrinque leviter angustatis acutiusculis, floribus tetrameris capitatis, capitulis solitariis terminalibus multifloris, foliis involueralibus ovatis acuminatis glabris floribus brevioribus, receptaculo dense hirsuto-piloso, floribus puberulis, tubo perianthii gracili, lobis limbi patentibus ovato-lanceolatis acutis, antheris subsessilibus linearibus oblongis lanceolatisve plus minus apiculatis, squamulis hypogynis nullis.

Folia 2-3¼ poll. longa, 1-1½ lin. lata. Perianthium tubo ½ poll. longo.

ANTHERICUM (DILANTHES) CAMERONI, *Baker*. Caule pedali, foliis caulinis 4 anguste linearibus duris glabris persistentibus, racemo simplici laxifloro rachi insigniter flexuosa, bracteis parvis deltoideis, floribus semper geminis, pedicellis brevibus prope basin articulatis, perianthii segmentis lanceolatis dorso nervis 5 laxis purpureis vittatis margine angusto albo, staminibus perianthio vix brevioribus, antheris magnis papillois, ovulis in loculo pluribus crebris.

This comes nearest the common Cape *Anthericum triflorum*, Ait., wrongly placed by Kunth in *Chlorophytum*; but it may easily be known from that and all other species by the nervation of the perianth-segments.

Appendix I. Root not seen. Stem a foot high, with 3-4 leaves, which vary in length from 6 to 15 inches, narrow, linear, firm, persistent, acuminate, 3-4 lines broad, quite glabrous, with a thickened keel, and about 20 close distinct ribs on each side of it, the uppermost one rising from half-way up the stem, and reaching as high as the top of the raceme. Raceme simple, half a foot long, with a slender, very flexuose rachis. Bracts minute, deltoid. Flowers laxly placed, all up to the tip in pairs. Pedicels unequal, ascending or spreading, 1-3 lines long, articulated just above the base, and the flowers easily falling away by this articulation. Perianth  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch long; segments lanceolate,  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -2 lines broad at the middle, rather reflexed when fully expanded, with five distinct purple ribs in the centre, leaving only a narrow white border on each side. Stamens nearly as long as the perianth; anther linear, papillose, as long as the rather flattened filament. Ovary minute, oblong, with a large number of horizontal ovules in each cell. Style  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch long, filiform, declinate.



Appendix	Slave . . . . .	Mahika.	Water . . . . .	Méma.
II.	Fool . . . . .	Kinéma-néma.	Rain . . . . .	Mvula.
	(He has no wits) . . .	Kadi manango.	Fear . . . . .	Ulimoyo.
	A carpenter, a man } that adzes . . . . . }	Msonga.	Anger . . . . .	Bomana.
	An iron-worker . . . .	Mvisendi.	War . . . . .	Luana.
	Wizard . . . . .	Mganga.	Sweat . . . . .	Changa.
	Witch . . . . .	Mfwishi.	Dirt . . . . .	Visha.
	Idol . . . . .	Kavita.	Strong . . . . .	Mumi.
	Ghost . . . . .	Kilui.	Long . . . . .	Mulampi.
	Soul . . . . .	Miliwa.	Short . . . . .	Mwipi.
	Body . . . . .	Vili vili.	Large . . . . .	Mkata.
	Heart . . . . .	Mula.	Small . . . . .	Kishéshè.
	Leg . . . . .	Mienga.	Slim . . . . .	Mshu.
	Foot . . . . .	Uswaya.	Heavy . . . . .	Chaléma.
	Arm . . . . .	Kuwoko.	Light . . . . .	Chaperla.
	Fingers . . . . .	Minwè.	Good . . . . .	Viyampi.
	Finger-nail . . . . .	Mala.	Bad . . . . .	Chawola.
	Head . . . . .	Kutwè.	Old . . . . .	Mununu.
	Mouth . . . . .	Makanu.	Slowly . . . . .	Vishi-vishi.
	Tongue . . . . .	Luvimi.	Quickly . . . . .	Bukiti-bukiti.
	Teeth . . . . .	Néno.	Raw . . . . .	Muvichi.
	Nose . . . . .	Miona.	Cooked . . . . .	Kukenda.
	Eyes . . . . .	Masa.	Bare . . . . .	Vitupu.
	Eyebrow . . . . .	Mazigi.	Bitter . . . . .	Kisuku.
	Eyelash . . . . .	Kofio.	Half . . . . .	Kipongo.
	Ears . . . . .	Matwi.	Siek . . . . .	Uvéla.
	Hair . . . . .	Mwènè.	Black . . . . .	Afita.
	Beard . . . . .	Mwèvu.	White . . . . .	Sitoka.
	Stomach . . . . .	Muuunda.	Red . . . . .	Ushila.
	Breasts . . . . .	Mavélé.	Other . . . . .	Wangi.
	Bone . . . . .	Chikupa.	Ants . . . . .	Manyo and mpazi.
	Flesh . . . . .	Mwita.	“ white . . . . .	M'swa.
	Blood . . . . .	Mashi.	Antelope . . . . .	Kashia.
	Skin of a man . . . . .	Kova-kova.	“ small sort . . . . .	Kabruka.
	Skin of a beast . . . .	Kiséva.	Ape . . . . .	Buya.
	Sun . . . . .	Minyia.	Bees . . . . .	Nyuki.
	Moon . . . . .	Kwési.	Bird . . . . .	Ngoöni.
	Star . . . . .	Kanyenya.	Buffalo . . . . .	Mboö.
	Day . . . . .	Mfuko.	Cat, jungle . . . . .	Paka.
	Night . . . . .	Cholwa.	Crocodile . . . . .	Nandu.
	To-day . . . . .	Lélo.	Dog . . . . .	Mbwa.
	To-morrow . . . . .	Usikwa.	Duck . . . . .	Kisulolo.
	Yesterday . . . . .	Kesha.	Eggs . . . . .	Mayi.
	Cold . . . . .	Masika.	Elephant . . . . .	Holo.
	Wind . . . . .	Luvula.	Fish . . . . .	Mwita wa luwi.
	Clouds . . . . .	Malè.	Fly . . . . .	Lanji.
	Heat . . . . .	Changa.	Fowl . . . . .	Zolo.
	Fire . . . . .	Miriro.	Frog . . . . .	Nyunda.
	Hunger . . . . .	Njali.	Goat . . . . .	Mbuzi.
	Thirst . . . . .	Nafwa kilaka.	Guinea-fowl . . . . .	Kanga.
	Food . . . . .	Wulio or Viliwa.	Hippopotamus . . . .	Chobu.
			Hornets . . . . .	Matembo.

Hyena . . . . .	Kumungu.	Road . . . . .	Mishinda.
Leopard . . . . .	Nge.	Tree . . . . .	Chiti.
Lion . . . . .	Tambu.	Fork of tree . . . . .	Kihanda.
Lizard . . . . .	Sambatu.	Bough . . . . .	Mikamba.
Monkey . . . . .	Kima.	Bush . . . . .	Tusoudè.
Ox . . . . .	Ngombè.	Thorn . . . . .	Miba.
Pig, jungle . . . . .	Nguruwè.	House . . . . .	Mzuo.
“ tame . . . . .	“ a mbuzi.	Roof . . . . .	Mukalo.
Rat . . . . .	Mkoswè.	Wall . . . . .	Bilu.
Scorpion . . . . .	Kaminiè.	Chair . . . . .	Kipōna.
Sheep . . . . .	Mkoko.	Bedstead . . . . .	Mtangi.
Snake . . . . .	Nyoko.	A wooden head-rest . Msama.	
Bananas . . . . .	Makondè.	Spoon to scoop up . . . . .	Lutuwa.
Bamboo . . . . .	Sununo.	To stir with . . . . .	Mpanzi.
Beans . . . . .	Kundè.	Farm . . . . .	Kurimi.
“ small red . . . . .	Atandawala.	Boma . . . . .	Kihango.
Castor-oil . . . . .	Mono.	Load . . . . .	Misélo.
Flour . . . . .	Ukula.	Earthen pot . . . . .	Kisuku.
Flower . . . . .	Kulongo.	Bowl . . . . .	Luvu.
Fruit . . . . .	Kuba.	Basket . . . . .	Kisaku.
Ground-nuts . . . . .	Nyumu.	Gourd . . . . .	Mungu.
(Voianzeia . . . . .	Konkota.)	Mat . . . . .	Chata.
India-rubber . . . . .	Kudimbo.	Cloth . . . . .	Mbwisha.
Indian corn . . . . .	Mavèlè a wahemba.	“ grass . . . . .	Kissandi.
Matama . . . . .	Mavèlè a lua.	Cowries . . . . .	Mbéla.
Oil . . . . .	Máni.	Beads . . . . .	Malungo.
Oil-palm . . . . .	Ngazi.	Bag . . . . .	Mkolo.
Pepper . . . . .	Lungito.	Box . . . . .	Kipōwu.
Pumpkins . . . . .	Máni.	Net . . . . .	Wanda.
Rice . . . . .	Mwélè a mpunga.	String . . . . .	Sondè.
Semsem . . . . .	Ulongo.	Fire-wood . . . . .	M'kuni.
Sugar-cane . . . . .	Miongè.	Coals . . . . .	Makaa.
Tobacco . . . . .	Fanga.	Medicine . . . . .	Wanga.
(Pipe . . . . .	Mtonga.)	Honey . . . . .	Bukè.
Yam . . . . .	Kulungu.	Gunpowder . . . . .	Bwanda.
		Cartridge . . . . .	Vissongho.
Fever . . . . .	Pachési.	Bow . . . . .	Ūta.
Hole . . . . .	M'kina.	Bowstring . . . . .	Kiremba.
Salt . . . . .	Mwèpu.	Arrow . . . . .	Mikétu.
Thing . . . . .	Kintu.	Quiver . . . . .	Chibungo.
The game of Bao . . . . .	Kisolo.	Spear . . . . .	Mkovè.
The seeds they } play it with . . . }	Masoko.	Club . . . . .	Kavombogoni.
Country . . . . .	Nshi.	Shield . . . . .	Ngao.
Earth . . . . .	Vilowa.	Sword . . . . .	Lupete luwando.
Sand . . . . .	Vilowa a vitanda.	Knife . . . . .	Lupétè.
Mud . . . . .	Vilowa a mèma.	Axe . . . . .	Kasolo.
Stone . . . . .	Uivè.	Adze . . . . .	Chongo.
Hill . . . . .	M'kuna.	Hoe . . . . .	Lukaso.
River . . . . .	Luwi.	Iron . . . . .	Kilonda.
Opposite bank . . . . .	Ushiga.	Copper . . . . .	Mwambo.
Pond . . . . .	Liziwa.	Canoe . . . . .	Watu.
		Paddle . . . . .	Kwuhò.

Appendix	To be able.....	Ku misashani.	Forget.....	Nailuwa.*
II.	" ache.....	" fimpa.	To follow.....	Ku mlonda.
	" alter.....	" shintani.	" get.....	" sambaganyo.
	" amuse.....	" shikuta kipona.	" give.....	" mavire.
	Annoy.....	Ulilukampo.*	" go.....	" enda.
	Answer.....	Wavinga.*	" heal.....	" watuha.
	To arrive.....	Ku fika.	" hear.....	" omvana.
	Assemble.....	Mulwi.*	" hoe.....	" ndima.
	To bake.....	Ku shia.	" kill.....	" taha.
	" bathe.....	" vamëma.	" know.....	" wonwa.
	" bear fruit.....	" vutala.	" ".....	" juka.
	" beat.....	" kúpila.	" laugh.....	" séka.
	" beg.....	" lomba.	" leave.....	" vika.
	Behave.....	Ndi kuva.*	" lie.....	" uwerla.
	To believe.....	Ku mambo.	" like.....	" swacho.
	(To say it is well...)	Meiyampi.)	" love.....	" zimina.
	To bend.....	Ku téma.	Make.....	Kanguvilè.*
	" bite.....	" inusumè meno.	" ".....	Kivéla kovè.*
	" blaze.....	" wanka.	Measure.....	Wiku viku.*
	" bleed.....	" tamba.	To meet.....	Ku sambaganya.
	" boil.....	" vila.	" order.....	" wambana.
	" break.....	" kata.	" open.....	" shita lamo.
	" build.....	" waka.	" pay.....	" futa.
	" burst.....	" wala jika.	" pick up.....	" wōya.
	" buy.....	" ota.	" plaster a house..	" bua.
	Call.....	Mwitè (call him).*	" play.....	" wakaiya.
	To carry.....	Ku éla.	" pull.....	" koka.
	" chew.....	" sakao.	" put.....	" vika.
	Clean.....	Kiampi.*	" put down.....	" tula.
	To clothe.....	Ku vala.	" run.....	" enda uviro.
	" come.....	" henga.	" run away.....	" wanyema.
	" cook.....	" ipika.	" say.....	" nèna.
	" cross.....	" chalakata.	" see.....	" tala.
	" cry.....	" malilo.	" sew.....	" fuma.
	" cut.....	" tèla.	" be sick.....	" véla.
	Delay.....	Kafia.*	" sing.....	" vemba.
	To die.....	Ku taha.	" sit.....	" shikata.
	" dig.....	" kola.	" shave.....	" tenda.
	Draw water.....	Kaseka.	" show.....	" lambōla.
	To drink.....	Ku toma.	" shut (the door). {	" shita (kuchiwè-
	" eat.....	" shia.	" ".....	lo).
	" enter.....	" twéla.	" sleep.....	" lala.
	" excel.....	" pita.	" smear over.....	" isinga.
	" fall.....	" fiona.	" smell.....	" muka.
	" fasten.....	" tói.	" smoke (tobacco).	" toma (fanga).
	" fatten.....	" nuni.	" spoil.....	" chavola.
	" fear.....	" china.	" suck.....	" fwama.
	" feed.....	" awana.	Swim.....	Kōya.*
	" fight.....	" pulwa.	Take.....	Kanutvalitè.*
	" ".....	" huana.	To take away.....	Ku fundula.
	Fill.....	Chintè.*	" tell.....	" sapwila.
	Fly.....	Chatambaka.	" throw.....	" sumbu.

To thunder . . . . .	Ku ngalu.	To walk . . . . .	Ku kananga.	Appendix II.
“ wait . . . . .	“ nga.	“ wash . . . . .	“ kenda.	
“ wake . . . . .	“ taluka.	Work . . . . .	Weila mingéla.*	
“ want . . . . .	“ sakacho.			

I will beat you . . . . .	Nsaka niku kupilé.
When a sultan dies, what do the Wa- rua do? . . . . .	Lufa a Mlohè tulonga na mini la lèlo Warua?
Give me water to drink . . . . .	Navila méma nitomè.
He is very drunk . . . . .	Wakolweho katoma vibí.
Is there a big dance to-day? . . . . .	Wazia an-ngoma ikata lélo?
No, yesterday . . . . .	Vituu keshá.
Where do you get iron? . . . . .	Wabòya hi kilonda?
Does Kasongo pay tribute to Mata Yanfo? No, he does not . . . . .	Kasongo ulambulakwé Mwata Yanfo? Vituu, kalumbulaho.
Kasongo is afraid of Daiyi a Kèjèra . . . . .	Kasongo aliwo moyo na Ðaiyi a Kèjèra.
How many children has Kasongo? Kasongo goes to war to steal food and people's children: he has nothing . . . . .	Kasongo wana wangavo a watula? Mlohè renda kuli luana wakeva udio ni wana waneni: kali luhéto.
Where has Kasongo gone? . . . . .	Kasongo (Mlohè) aendi hi?
Kasongo has been cutting off ears and noses to-day . . . . .	Ya lélo Mlohè wachiwa matwi na mulu.
Do the Warua eat men? . . . . .	Walua nawo walia wantu?
No, they don't . . . . .	Vituu, viso.
Who make the knives of the Warua? . . . . .	Walongo lupéto Warua?
People near Munza work iron . . . . .	Wantu walipépi a Munza wafula kilonda.
Where do they get copper? . . . . .	Wawè ahi mwambo?
Do they make knives of stones? . . . . .	Walongo lupétè uivè?
No . . . . .	Vituu.
Warua pray to God, and He gives them what they want . . . . .	Walua sakalésè Vidie, angavilé chonsaka.
Have the Warua any songs? . . . . .	Walua nè nimbo?
Can you get a man to tell me one? . . . . .	Wasamba kania muntu unéna mkwao?
Have the Warua any tales? . . . . .	Walua né vishima?
I want to hear both songs and tales . . . . .	{ Nsaka kunyukisha wami wawili mimbo na vishima?
Warua shave their heads . . . . .	Walua watenda mévu.
Women tattoo their bellies . . . . .	Wakazi wataa an tappo chali.
When the Warua want fire, what do they do? . . . . .	{ Walua wasoka mililo walangukka?
They rub sticks . . . . .	Mufio wavié mililo.
Is that a heavy load? . . . . .	Kisaka chaléma?
No, it is a light one . . . . .	Vituu, chapèra.
What have you in it? . . . . .	Mulichika ukisaka?
Sugar-canes and bananas . . . . .	Miongè na makondè.
Put your load down . . . . .	Sela kisaka chovè.
Carry the box . . . . .	Usélé kitundu.
Catch hold of the rope . . . . .	Tambula mionzi.
The cloth is spoiled . . . . .	Mbwisha yavola.
The axe cuts . . . . .	Kasolo kawiti.
Give me your bow and arrows . . . . .	Gawilé uta na mikétu yovè.
The bowstring is broken . . . . .	Kilemba wachivika.

Appendix	What have you to sell? . . . . .	Wasela ka a kuota ?
II.	What do you want? . . . . .	Usakaka ?
	Tell a man to bring some grass-cloth . . . . .	Sowili muntu a kalètè kissandi.
	Where do they get the stuff to make grass-cloth black? . . . . .	Kiaviloha ya afiti ha vissandi ushiti kwé- hi ?
	I want some fat goats . . . . .	Nsaka mbuzi munumè.
	Bring goats and six fowls . . . . .	Letè mbuzi na wazolo tusambi.
	He has some beans . . . . .	Muntu waianè kundè.
	Give my slave an earthen pot . . . . .	Gavilè mahika mwavilé a kisuku.
	Bring me some ivory (a tusk), and I will give you some knives . . . . .	Letèlè lino, nikwavilè lupèto.
	Go and cut some fire-wood, and I will give you salt . . . . .	Enda katiavè kuni na mkwavilè mwépu.
	Have you any potatoes to sell? . . . . .	Dinë wambala sakatè notè ?
	I want eggs and bananas . . . . .	Nsaka mayi a zolo na makondè.
	There are none . . . . .	Hatupu.
	Sell me the skin . . . . .	Niotā kiséva.
	He does not want to sell it; he will give it you . . . . .	Kiswe kuota, usaka kungavila.
	I will drink palm-wine . . . . .	Nitoma malovu.
	He shot two guinea-fowl . . . . .	Nataha wakanga tuwili.
	Let the sheep go . . . . .	Mkutuhila mkoko.
	They eat frogs . . . . .	Walia vyula.
	The pot is full . . . . .	Kisuku chayala.
	The water has flies in it . . . . .	Méma mabi.
	He is eating . . . . .	Ulia.
	Monkeys eat fruit . . . . .	Mpuyè walè matungulo.
	Birds drink water . . . . .	Ngoōni utoma méma.
	Bamboos grow near water . . . . .	Sunumu ili papa na méma.
	Ask if pigs (tame) are good . . . . .	'Nge wakwata nguruwè a mbuzi.
	The cat stole a fowl . . . . .	Paka wawata zolo.
	Rats (large jungle rats) are very large . . . . .	Senzi a kuno vakata.
	Rats eat ivory . . . . .	Wampuku walia méno.
	The meat stinks . . . . .	Mivita lina vinio.
	What is the name of that animal? . . . . .	Mwita la lisua mwitaka ?
	He has told people to kill a goat . . . . .	Wanèna wantu wakatahè mbuzi.
	Pound this corn . . . . .	Utwè matava.
	Make a fire . . . . .	Wanza mililo.
	Go and draw water . . . . .	Wendè katéka méma.
	Does he drink pombé? . . . . .	Walintoma malwa ?
	He does not, but he smokes bhang . . . . .	Kashwè malwa, liloma liamba.
	How many fowls have you there? . . . . .	Zolo wanga wo waia navo ?
	Does the water boil? . . . . .	Méma avila ?
	I am very hungry; I want to eat . . . . .	Nafanzala; usaka kulia.
	Give me food . . . . .	Ngavilè wulio.
	Is this a river, or what? . . . . .	Keki luwi ikika ?
	He has hidden . . . . .	Wafia.
	He is clever . . . . .	Kalima langa.
	He is a bad man . . . . .	Tambula miouzi.
	Do all the people carry shields, or only the chiefs? . . . . .	Wanzololo wangerla ngao é mlohhe ?
	All the chiefs carry them . . . . .	Wauzerla mlohhe wonzolo.

He knows the road.....	Wayuka ushinda.	
The earavan has crossed the river.....	Walwendo wawukakala luwi.	
How many days till he comes back?....	Mafuka wanga wahingili?	
What is he doing?.....	Wakalangaka?	
Will you show the road?.....	Unombolè mishinda?	
Follow this road.....	Enda diè la mishinda.	
Take him to the river.....	Mutwatè ku luwi.	
Tell me what your name is.....	Lisè yovè lisina wiani.	
I have come from Kiremba.....	Narya wa Kiremba.	
Have you seen my men?.....	Uwaono watu wami?	
I have not seen them; that man yonder has.....	} Vitupu chamwénévo; wamkona ava.	
Tell my men to go back.....		Tunéné tu hingi wakwétu.
I want a boat and guide.....	Nisaka watu na kilima nashinda.	
Where are the paddles?.....	Wavilè masuki?	
Go quickly and tell him I am waiting....	Enda ukatè ukumkugila kogo.	
Are you ready?.....	Uliwa kiti?	
Let us be going.....	Twendè wosololo.	
That man is telling a lie.....	Muntu awa anénà ovéla.	
Some one has stolen a gun.....	Muntu waiva utawa imputa.	
It is very hot.....	Awalénè ulovu.	
The sun has come out.....	Mwina ankata.	
There are many clouds above.....	Makumbi avangevila kélú.	
The rain is very heavy now.....	Mvula unoko ulovu.	
Is to-day's camp far, or close to reach?..	Makumbi a lélo kuteka palambi a pépi?	
Where do you come from to-day?.....	Wataluka hüya lélo?	
Where are you going?.....	Wiudapi shangali?	
Have you any news?.....	Tala ipo?	
He killed his brother.....	} Wataha tula yani (tula, big brother—mka- sandi, small brother).	
He has lost his axe.....		Kasola kasimina.
He laughed, he cried.....	Useba, ulila.	
He dreams bad dreams.....	Nalota nvibi.	
Is that a magician or a witch?.....	U kilè mganga ó mfwishi?	
What will that idol do?.....	Kishi kilongoka?	
Antelopes' horns are a great medicine....	Kisengo tambuluku wanza mkatampè.	
He is a poor man.....	Mulanda.	
He has no wealth.....	Kalilo pato.	
He is a good man (he speaks well).....	Ayo muutu miyampi.	
He has bad anger.....	Uli nésungu ibi.	
He beat his people, and they all ran away.....	} Wakupila wantu wanti, wanyuèma wano. lolo.	
The men only make war.....		Wantu waluu luana.
The women do all the work.....	Wanawakaza wasaka mingilo wosolola.	
Truly she has no children.....	Uinë vinè uli wanawo a watula.	
She is pregnant.....	Ulinè limi.	
To-day I have seen a woman who has borne eight children.....	} Lélo tuamono malwa mnakazi avutula wana mwanda.	
They love their children.....		Usaka wana wandi.
Little children are mischievous.....	Waléwakaiya numo wana wachè.	
That man is dead.....	M'ntu wafu.	
Where do you bury people?.....	Kwzika m'ntu kwéhi?	

Appendix	He has killed an elephant.....	Wataha holo.
II.	A crocodile has caught a man.....	Nandu kikwata m'ntu.
	Shut the door.....	Shita kutiwélo.
	Go and bathe.....	Enda koyè méma.
	This is dirty.....	Ulina uko.
	Make it clean.....	Katokè si viyampi.
	Wait a bit.....	Kungila kashi.
	Don't be in a hurry.....	Likà kulonga ukili.
	Don't make a noise.....	Kisotunwa.
	Go away.....	Talaka nano.
	He is here.....	Ulipano.
	He is not here.....	Patapungé.
	He is yonder.....	Akwanaka kutupwiyè.
	He is not yonder.....	Uliakwa kulampè.
	This is a tall tree.....	Munti mulampi.
	That is a big house.....	Mzuo kata.
	How are you?.....	U lina mini?
	I am not well; sickness has seized me much.....	} Ifili viyampi, luva luanka ména.
	I am quite well.....	
	He is blind.....	Fofa.
	He has lost an eye.....	Kisongo.
	He is deaf.....	Mbulu.
	He is thin.....	Wanyanyè.
	He is getting fat.....	Mwita mununè.
	He has long hair.....	Visuki mulampi.
	To chip the teeth.....	Kuku la néno.
	That is a short man.....	Muntu mwéka mwipi.
	He is a strong and brave man.....	Mwiyampi kayukile uzenzanyi.
	He is a bad man.....	Awè mubi.
	He is a thief.....	Ngivi.
	He threw a stone.....	Waela niwè.
	The stone hit me.....	Wantahè uiwè.
	He rejoiced much.....	Washalmi <i>or</i> shelengami.
	I cut my finger.....	Makéka chàla chàmi.
	Dig a big hole.....	Kola kina mkata.
	Let go.....	Ulékè.
	Build a house quickly.....	Wakanzu nozuo ukiti.
	A very large dog.....	Mbwa ukata katà.
	A lion is fierce.....	Tambu mukali.
	The leopard has torn the goat.....	Ngè wakwatà mbuzi.
	Dogs like men.....	Mbwa uli viyampi wantu.
	The goat has borne two kids.....	Mbuzi yavutula wana tuwili.
	Good-bye.....	Enda ku lala.

## NAMES AND TITLES OF KASONGO.

Mkonzo.....	Means fleet of foot.
Kirenga.....	" killer of men.
Kowimbi.....	" " "
Moena Tanda.....	" king of all countries—of the whole world.
Mwénè Munza.....	" chief over all other men.
Vidiè.....	" God—he claims divine power.

Kungwe Banza is the name of the great devil of the Warua, and is applied to Kasongo, as he is supposed to be descended from or related to him.

Mlua, or Mrua, means that he is the great Mrua.

Mlunda means that he is the great Mlunda; it also means friend.

A man or woman uses as a second name the name of his or her mother. For instance, Kasongo is called Kasongo Kalombo, Kalombo being his mother's name.

Mwènè and Mona are titles.

Appendix  
II.

## KIRUA NAMES.

There is no distinction between male and female names.

Bambarrè.	Kassali.	Lukungu.	Mza Kulla.
Bula.	Katwamba.	Lunga Mândi.	Nabanda.
Buya.	Kifwamba.	Lupanda.	Nandu.
Chala.	Kikonja.	Luwangwè.	Ngàwa.
Chikara.	Kilo.	Luwendi.	Ngöi.
Choöni.	Kimè Kinda.	Luwèti.	Ngöi Mani.
Daiyi.	Kindèle.	Malalè.	Nionè Ootè.
Darambo.	Kingo.	Malova.	Numbi.
Darla.	Kirua.	Mamjania.	Poiyo.
Deri.	Kirumba.	Manana.	Pomwimba.
Fuma Juerla.	Kirunga Sungu.	Masengo.	Pupundu Langu.
Fuma Mwana.	Kisiko.	M'kanjila.	Sambi.
Fumè a Kina.	Kitambara.	Mombèla.	Sanga Tambi.
Fumo.	Koga.	Mona Kaiyi.	Senga.
Irunga.	Kokolo.	Mona Kasanga.	Senga Wana.
Kadièra.	Koma Swinzi.	Mpanga.	Shèkè Shèkè.
Kaiyumba.	Komwimba.	Mshina.	Sungu.
Kajiri.	Kongwa.	Mtombo.	Tambwi.
Kalala.	Kopa Kopa.	Mtuwaji.	Tootè.
Kalalina.	Kowemba wemba.	Musena.	Twitè.
Kali èlè.	Kulu.	Mwambaiyi.	Ukwa Kanuno.
Kalu Kulako.	Kusèka.	Mwèhu.	Wana Mpunga.
Kalulu.	Kwádi.	Mwènè Kasovo.	Wana Ngao.
Kamwania.	Luehilu.	Mwenzi.	Wapana Visiwe.
Karenga.	Lukonja.	Mwèpa.	Wondo.
Kasongo.			



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