

On 17th August, 1870, Monanyembe, the chief who was punished by Mohamed Bogharib, lately came bringing two goats. One he gave to Muhamad, the other to Moenekus' son, acknowledging that he had killed his elder brother. He had killed eleven persons over at Linamo in our absence, in addition to those killed in villages on our S. E. when we were away. It transpired that Kandahara, brother of old Moenekus, whose village is near this, killed three women and a child, and that a trading man came over from Kasangangaye, and was murdered too, for no reason but to eat his body. Muhamad ordered old Kandahara to bring ten goats and take them over to Kasangangaye to pay for the murdered man. When they tell of each other's deeds they disclose a horrid state of bloodthirsty callousness. People over hill N.N.E. of this killed a person out hoeing; if a cultivator is alone, he is almost sure of being slain. Some said that people in the vicinity, or hyænas, stole the buried dead; but Posho's wife died, and in Wan'yamesi fashion was thrown out of camp unburied. Muhamad threatened an attack if Manyema did not cease exhuming the dead; it was effectual, neither men nor hyænas touched her, though exposed now for seven days.

The head of Moenekus is said to be preserved in a pot in his house, and all public matters are gravely communicated to it, as if his spirit dwelt therein. His body was eaten, the flesh removed from the head and eaten too. His father's head is said to be kept also. The foregoing refers to Bambarre alone. In other districts graves show that sepulture is customary. Here no grave appears. Some admit the existence of the practice here; others deny it. In the Metamba country adjacent to the Lualaba, a quarrel with a wife often ends in the husband killing her and eating her heart, mixed up in a huge mess of goat's flesh. This has the charm character. Fingers are taken as charms in other parts. In Bambarre alone is the depraved taste, the motive for cannibalism.

Bambarre, 18th August, 1870.—I learn from Josut and Moenepembe, who have been to Katanga and beyond, that there is a Lake N.N.W. of the copper mines, and twelve days distant. It is called Chibungo, and is said to be large. Seven days west of Katanga flows another Lualaba, the dividing line between Rua and Lunda or Londa. It is very large, and as Lufira flows into Chibungo, it is probable that the Lualaba west and Lufira form the Lake. Lualaba west and Lufira rise by fountains south of Katanga, three or four days. Luambai and Lunga fountains are only about ten miles distant from Lualaba west and Lufira fountains. A mound rises between them, the most remarkable in Africa. Were this spot in Armenia it would serve exactly the description of the garden of Eden in Genesis, with its four rivers, the Gihon, Pison, Hiddekel, and Euphrates. As it is, it possibly gave occasion to the story told Herodotus by the Secretary of Minerva in the City of Saïs, about two hills with conical tops, Crophi and Mophi. Midway between them, said he, are the fountains of the Nile, fountains which

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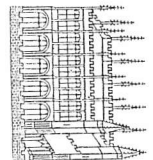
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it is impossible to fathom. Half the water runs northward into Egypt; half to the south towards Ethiopia. Four fountains rising so near to each other would readily be supposed to have one source, and half the water flowing into the Nile and the other half to the Zambesi, required but little imagination to originate seeing, the actual visitor would not feel bound to say how the division was effected. He could only know the fact of waters rising at one spot, and separating to flow north and south. The conical tops to the mound looks like invention, as also do the names.

A slave, bought on Lualaba east, came from Lualaba west in about twelve days. These two Lualabas may form the loop depicted by Ptolemy, and upper and lower Tangan-yika be a third arm of the Nile. Patience is all I can exercise. These irritable ulcers hedge me in now, as did my attendants in June, but all will be for the best, for it is in Providence and not in me.

The watershed is between 700 and 800 miles long from west to east, or say from 22° or 23° to 34° or 35° east longitude. Parts of it are enormous sponges; in other parts innumerable rills unite into rivulets, which again form rivers. Lufira, for instance, has nine rivulets, and Lekulwe other nine. The rose of a garden watering-can is a not very apt similitude, as the rills do not spring off the face of it, and it is 700 miles across the circle; but in the numbers of rills coming out at different heights on the slope, there is a faint resemblance, and I can at present think of no other. I am a little thankful to old Nile for so hiding his head that all "theoretical discoverers" are left out in the cold. With all real explorers I have a hearty sympathy, and I have some regret at being obliged, in a manner compelled, to speak somewhat disparagingly of the opinions formed by my predecessors. The work of Speke and Grant is part of the history of this region, and since the discovery of the sources of the Nile was asserted so positively, in making a somewhat similar claim it seems necessary to explain, not offensively, I hope, wherein their mistake lay. My opinions may yet be shown to be mistaken too, but at present I cannot conceive how. When Speke discovered Victoria Nyanza in 1858, he at once concluded that therein lay the sources of the Nile. His work after that was simply following a foregone conclusion, and as soon as he and Grant looked towards the Victoria Nyanza, they turned their backs on the Nile fountains; so every step of their splendid achievement of following the river down took them further and further away from the Caput Nile. When it was perceived that the little river that leaves the Nyanza, though they called it the White Nile, would not account for that great river, they might have gone west and found headwaters, as the Lualaba, to which it can bear no comparison. Taking their White Nile, 80 or 90 yards, or say 100 yards, as its breadth, the Lualaba, far south of the latitude of its point of departure, shows an average breadth of from 4000 to 6000 yards, and always deep. Baker discovered the lower portion of Tan-

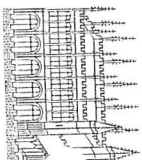


ganyika. He came further up the Nile than any traveller in modern times, but turned when about 700 miles short of the sources. A Dutch lady explorer deserves our sympathy more than any other, for after the severest domestic affliction, the loss of her two aunts by fever, she nobly persevered until after she was assured by Speke and Grant that they had already discovered in Victoria Nyanza the sources she sought. Had they not—honestly enough no doubt—given their own mistaken views, she had shown so much wise foresight in providing not only a steamer, but means of further progress by land and water, she must inevitably have reached the true headwaters. I cannot conceive of her stopping short of Lake Bangweolo. We great he-donkeys say exploration was not becoming her sex. Considering that more than sixteen hundred years have elapsed since Ptolemy put down the results of early explorers, and emperors, kings, philosophers—all the great men of antiquity—longed to know the fountains whence flowed the famous river, and longed in vain—exploration does not seem to have been very becoming the other sex either. She came further up the river than the centurions sent by Nero Cæsar, and showed such indomitable pluck as to reflect honour on her race. I know nothing about her save what has appeared in the public papers, but taking her exploration along with what was done by Lady Baker, no long time could have elapsed before the laurels for the modern re-discovery of the sources of the Nile should have been plucked by the ladies. In 1841 the Egyptian Expedition under D. Arnauld and Sabatier reached Lat. $4^{\circ} 42'$. This was a great advance into the interior as compared with Linant in 1827, $13^{\circ} 30' N.$, and even on the explorations of Jomard (?); but it turned when nearly a thousand miles from the sources.

24th August, 1870.—Four gorillas or sokos were killed yesterday. An extensive grass-burning forced them out of their usual haunt, and coming on the plain they were speared. They often go erect, but place the hand on the head, as if to steady the body. When seen thus, he is an ungainly beast. The most sentimental young lady would not call him a "dear," but a bandy-legged, pot-bellied, low-looking villain, without a particle of the gentleman in him. Other animals, especially the antelopes, are graceful, and it is pleasant to see them, either at rest or in motion. The natives also are well made, lithe and comely to behold. Soko, if large, would do well to stand for a picture of the Devil. He takes away my appetite by his disgusting bestiality of appearance. His light-yellow face shows off his ugly whiskers, and faint apology for a beard. The forehead villainously low, with high ears, is well in the background by the great dog-mouth, teeth slightly human, but the canines show the beast by their large development. The hands, or rather the fingers, are like those of the natives. The feet of the flesh is yellow, and the eagerness with which the Manyema devour it leaves the impression that eating sokos was one stage by which they arrived at

III

IV



Page 299 has a note/correction
attached (starts "Sokos collect
together...").

I have photocopied page 299 twice:

- 1) with note in place
- 2) with note moved out the way.

being cannibals. They say the flesh is delicious. The soko is represented by some to be extremely cunning, stalking, successfully, men and women while at their work, kidnapping children, and running up trees with them. He seems to be amused by the sight of the young native in his arms, but comes down when tempted by a bunch of bananas, and as he lifts that, drops the child. The young soko in that case would cling closely to the armpit of the elder. One man was cutting out honey from a tree, and naked, when a soko suddenly appeared and caught him, then let him go. Another man was hunting, and missed in his attempt to stab a soko. Soko seized the spear and broke it, then grappled with the man, who called to his companions, "Soko has caught me." Soko bit off the ends of his fingers, and escaped unharmed. Both men are now alive at Bambarre. Soko is so cunning, and has such sharp eyes, that no one can stalk him in front without being seen by his small sharp eyes, hence, when shot, it is always in the back. When surrounded by men and nets, he is generally speared in the back too, otherwise he is not a very formidable beast. He is nothing, as compared in power of damaging his assailant, to a leopard or lion. ~~He~~ is more like a man unarmed. It does not occur to him to use his canine teeth, which are long and formidable. Sokos come down in the forest, within a hundred yards of our camp, and would be unknown but for giving tongue like fox-hounds. This is his nearest approach to speech. A man hoeing was stalked by a soko, and seized. He roared out, but soko giggled and grinned, and left him as if he had done it in play. A child caught up by a soko is often abused by being pinched and scratched, and let fall. He is said sometimes to use a spear drawn out of his own body, but this is denied by some. Soko kills the leopard occasionally, by seizing both paws, and biting them so as to disable them, Soko goes up a tree, groans over his wounds, and sometimes recovers, while the leopard dies. At other times, both soko and leopard die. Lion kills him at once, and sometimes tears his limbs off, but does not eat him. Soko eats no flesh. Small bananas are his dainties, but not maize. His food consists of wild fruits, which abound. One, Staféne, or Manyema Mamwa is like large sweet sop, but indifferent in taste and flesh. Soko brings forth at times twins. Never catches women. A very large soko was seen by Muhamad's hunters sitting picking his nails, tried to stalk him, but he vanished. Some Manyema think that their buried rise as sokos. One was killed with holes in his ears, as if he had been a man. He is very strong, fears guns, but not spears.

2nd December, 1870. Sokos collect together, and make a drumming noise, some say with hollow trees, then burst forth into loud yells, well imitated by the natives. If a man has no spear, soko goes away satisfied. If wounded he seizes the wrist, lops off the fingers, and spits them out, slaps the cheeks of his victim, and bites without breaking the skin. Draws out a spear, but never uses it; takes some leaves and stuffs them into his wound to staunch the blood;

Sokos live in communities of about ten, each having his own female. An intruder from another camp is beaten off with their fists and loud yells. If one tries to seize the female of another, he is caught on the ground, and all unite in boxing and biting the offender. A male often carries a child, especially if they are passing from one patch of forest to another over a grassy space. He then gives it to the mother. ~~He has a hole in his ears. He has a hole in his ears.~~

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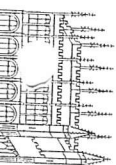
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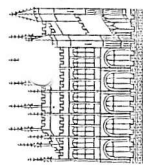
that the beads were not enough. The Arabs said, "They are about to desert, and that is a slave custom." I spoke long to them, advising them earnestly not to desert, and lose all their arrears of pay. But on going out from me, one called out, "Who will he get to carry his things"? Then a loud "Ha, ha, ha," to make me hear it. On telling them that Seyd Majid had punished those who deserted Speke, and the Consul would certainly be angry to hear that I had been thrown away by them in the middle of the cannibal country, where I could get no carriers, as the Man-yema will not go to the next village, Simon said, "Give me a bit of paper, to tell that I am a very bad boy." This was supposed to be witty, and he added, "Let Sayed Majed chain me, beat me, shoot me, I won't go to Lualaba." Abram said, "The others intended to throw down my bundles, and run away in the forest." "He was tired with seven years' work." These two are the ringleaders. Katombe, at whose voice they trembled, spoke mildly, and they said they would go; but seeing that he did nothing, again refused. The knowledge that I won't punish as the Arabs do is the reason of their desertion. The murders they committed at Kabarre (?) destroyed what little of moral nature they possessed. I would not have brought them from Ujiji as the deterioration was then visible in stealing from me to pay their prostitutes; but Thani behaved so strangely to my packet of letters, refusing it, then sending it back, because he did not know the contents. I feared its destruction, and then I should be waiting for other men from Zanzibar in vain. I therefore strained my utmost to finish up my work with what I had. But now these worthless slaves had me at their mercy, and wished to be masters, to take what beads they chose, and go or remain just as it suited their fancy. They thought that I did not know where they got food, and when declaring their rations of beads too small, they bought grass cloth, clothing, knives, spears, and dainties. With three, Susi, Chuma, and Gardner, I set off, intending to join Muhamad Bogharib or Josuf on Lualaba. We went with three deputies from the head Arabs and their slaves; but they hated me, and tried to get away from me. I, however, kept up, and on the fourth day passed through nine villages destroyed by the worthies, who did not wish me to see more of their work. Then met with Muhamad Bogharib and Josuph coming back from Kasongo's. I slept at a village a little way from them, and was met in the morning with the news that a man of the party which eschewed my company had been stabbed by night in *revenge for the slaughter of relatives* and burning of nine villages. Muhamad refused to engage in a wholesale massacre to revenge the dead one, and seeing that I had no friend, and only three people, Susi, Chuma, and Gardner, I turned back. The mud was grievous. Some 20 or 40 yards of the path on each bank is mixed up by the feet of passengers into a deep sticky mass. You may put one foot on each side of the walk, and waddle onwards; but soon that fails you, for the rank vegetation often usurps the few inches



of foothold you have, and down you come into the mire. As I waded it all my feet were torn to pieces, and irritable eating ulcers begun, which have disabled me ever since. Often, too, the path takes the bed of the rill for 50 or 60 yards, as if the first passenger had gone that distance, seeking a space of forest less dense for his path. Near a village the road running along a rivulet may have been to make it difficult for an enemy to find the path by night. The approaches to hamlets on the side of a hill are certainly made with a view to confuse marauders, for they come near the dwellings and then ascend to the point above the highest point of the village; and they go winding up and down the steepest parts of the slope, the rank vegetation being left so that it is impossible to take a straight course.

I now spoke with my friend Muhamad, and he offered to go with me to see Lualaba from Luamo, but I explained that merely to see and measure its depth would not do. I must see whither it went. This would require a number of his people in lieu of my deserters, and to take them away from his ivory trade, which at present is like gold digging, I must make amends, and I offered him 2000 rupees, and a gun worth 700 rupees, R. 2700 in all, or £270. He agreed, and should he enable me to finish up my work in one trip down Lualaba, and round to Lualaba west, it would be a great favour. The severe pneumonia in Marunga, the choleraic complaint in Manyema, and now irritable ulcers warn me to retire while life lasts. Muhamad's people went north, and east, and west, from Kasonga's. Sixteen marches north, ten ditto west, and four ditto E. and S.E. The average march was $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours, say 12', about 200' N. and W. Lat. of Kasongo, say 4° south. They may have reached 1° , 2° S. They were now in the Balegge country, and turned. It was all dense forest—never saw the sun except when at a village, and then the villages were too \wedge apart. People very fond of sheep, which they call ngombe, or ox, tusks never used. They went off to where an elephant had formerly been killed, and brought the tusks rotted and eaten or gnawed by 'Dere' (?)—a Rodent, probably the *Aulocaudatus swindermanus*. Three large rivers were crossed, breast and chin deep. In one they were five hours, and a man in a small canoe went ahead sounding for water capable of being waded. Much water and mud in the forest. This report makes me thankful I did not go, for I should have seen nothing, and been worn out by fatigue and mud. The river of the Metunda had black water, and two hours to cross it, breast deep. Crossed about forty smaller rivers. River Mohunga—breast deep. River of Mbite also large. All along Lualaba and Metumbe the sheep have hairy dewlaps, no wool, Tartar breed (?), small thin tails.

A broad belt of meadow-land with no trees, lies along Lualaba. Beyond that it is all dense forest, and trees so large, that one lying across the path is breast high. Clearances exist only around villages. People very expert smiths and weavers of the "Lamba," make fine large spears, knives, and needles. Market-places called "Tokos," nume-

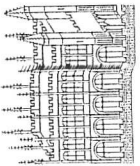


rous all along Lualaba. To these the Barua of the other bank come daily in large canoes, bringing grass-cloth, salt, flour, cassava, fowls, goats, pigs, and slaves. Women beautiful, with straight noses, and well-clothed; when the men of the districts are at war, the women take their goods to market as if at peace and are never molested. All are very keen traders, buying one thing with another, and changing back again, and any gain made is one of the enjoyments of life. I knew that my people hoped to be fed by Muhamad Bogharib when we left the camp at Mamohela, but he told them that he would not have them. This took them aback, but they went and lifted his ivory for him, and when a parley was thus brought about, talked him over, saying that they would go to me, and do all I desired. They never came, but as no one else would take them, I gave them three loads to go to Bambarre. There they told Muhamad that I would not give them beads, and they did not like to steal. They were now trying to get his food by lies. I invited them three times to come and take beads, but having supplies of food from the camp women, they hoped to get the upper hand with me, and take what they liked by refusing to carry or work. Muhamad spoke long to them, but speaking mildly makes them imagine that the spokesman is afraid of them. They kept away from my work and would fain join Muhamad's, but he won't have them. I gave beads to all but the ringleaders. Their conduct looks as if a quarrel had taken place between us, but no such excuse have they. On leaving Nassick African Asylum, where they had been clothed, fed, and taught for years, they sent an anonymous note to me, abusing all the teachers, and complaining of bad treatment. They were sent to their own people, but had all been slaves, and remained with me only to escape being made to work again. If the freedmen in America turn out well it will be because they were taught to work. These might either work, play, or do nothing at Nassick, and not one of them could handle a tool. They hoped for long to get back to a life of idleness, and such as they described would have any English boys. The teachers feared that if punished for idleness they would run away, and bring discredit on the Asylum. They were of the lowest or criminal class in Africa, and boasted in my hearing that when fed to the full they stole pigs—kept them and fattened them with their extra food at the school, and killed and eat them.

When returning to Bambarre the people of Moenemohia came to fight us. They were drunk, and fled as soon as they saw resistance. No danger of being turned upon made my good boys rush off unbidden, and capture women and goats. Another case occurred, and off they ran, but captured only fowls and tobacco. Two of them have captives now bound in their possession. I am powerless, as they have left me, and think that they may do as they like, and the "Manyema are bad" is the song. Their badness consists in being dreadfully afraid of guns, and the Arabs can do just as they like with them and their goods. If spears

alone were used the Manyema would be considered brave, for they fear no one, though he has many spears. They tell us truly "that were it not for our guns not one of us would return to our own country." Moenemohia killed two Arab agents, and took their guns. This success led to their asserting, in answer to the remonstrances of the women, "We shall take their goats, guns, and women from them." The chief, in reporting the matter to Moenemger (?) at Luamo, said, "The Englishman told my people to go away as he did not like fighting, but my men were filled with "malofu," or palm-toddy, and refused to their own hurt." Elsewhere they made regular preparation to have a fight with Dugumbe's people, just to see who was strongest—they with their spears and wooden shields, or the Arabs with what in derision they called tobacco-pipes (guns). They killed eight or nine Arabs. The Manyema villages are situated on slopes, often on the spurs of mountains for the sake of quick drainage. The streets run nearly east and west, to catch the full influence of the sun. The huts are of a square form, the walls being of well-beaten clay. They are well *supplied with firewood piled up on shelves along the walls inside*. This is the women's work. Thatch of leaves or grass, low in the roof, and still lower by each housewife having from twenty to thirty neatly-made baskets, and as many earthen pots, hung to the ceiling. A raised platform of clay is the sleeping place, a fire at its side gives light and heat, while a wall screens it from the middle compartment, another wall divides off a private room for stores. The villages are very numerous. A clump of them forms a district with its headman. It is usually isolated from every other; nothing would induce men to go into next district. They came five or six miles through the intervening forest, then, after civilly inviting us to come back by the same route on our return, went back. Fear of being killed and eaten was the reason assigned, or simply they were at war with their next neighbours. No traders seem ever to have come in before this. Barma brought copper and skins for tusks, and the Babisa and Baguha coarse beads. The Bavira are now enraged at seeing Ujijians pass into their ivory field, and no wonder; they took the tusks which cost them a few strings of beads, and received weight for weight in beads, thick brass wire, and loads of calico.

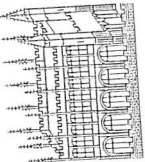
BAMBARRE, 25th August, 1870.—One of my waking dreams is that the legendary tales about Moses coming up into Inner Ethiopia with Merr his foster-mother, and founding a city which he called in her honour "Meroe," may have a substratum of fact. He was evidently a man of transcendent genius, and we learn from the speech of St. Stephen that "he was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and in deeds." The deeds must have been well known in Egypt, for "he supposed that his brethren would have understood how that God by His hand would deliver them, but they understood not." His supposition could not be founded on his success in smiting a single Egyptian. He was too great a man to be elated by



a single act of prowess, but his success on a large scale in Ethiopia afforded reasonable grounds for believing that his brethren would be proud of their countryman, and disposed to follow his leadership, but they were slaves. The notice taken of the matter by Pharaoh showed that he was eyed by the great as a dangerous, if not powerful, man. He "dwelt" in Midian for some time before his gallant bearing towards the shepherds by the well commended him to the priest or prince of the country. An uninteresting wife, and the want of intercourse with kindred spirits during the long forty years' solitude of a herdsman's life, seems to have acted injuriously on his spirits, and it was not till he had with Aaron struck terror into the Egyptian mind, that the "man Moses" again became "very great in the eyes of Pharaoh and his servants." The Ethiopian woman whom he married could scarcely be the daughter of Reuel or Jethro, for Midian was descended from Keturah, Abraham's concubine, and they were never considered Cushite or Ethiopian. If he left his wife in Egypt she would now be some fifty or sixty years old, and all the more likely to be despised by the proud prophetess Miriam as a daughter of Ham. I dream of discovering some monumental relics of Meroe, and if anything confirmatory of sacred history does remain, I pray to be guided thereunto. If the sacred chronology would thereby be confirmed, I would not grudge the toil and hardships, hunger and pain, I have endured—the irritable ulcers would only be discipline.

This Manyema country is unhealthy, not so much from fever as from debility of the whole system, induced by damp, cold, and indigestion. This general weakness is ascribed by some to maize being the common food. It shows itself in weakness of bowels and choleraic purging. This may be owing to bad water; there is no scarcity, but it is so impregnated with dead vegetable matter as to have the colour of tea. Irritable ulcers fasten on any part attacked (?) by any accident, and it seems to be a spreading fungus, for the matter settling on any part near becomes a fresh centre of propagation. The vicinity of the ulcer is very tender, and it eats in frightfully if not allowed rest. Many slaves die of it, and its periodical discharges of bloody ichor makes me suspect it to be a development of fever. Support seems to be essential, but the ichor forcing its way out is so painful, the supporting bandages have to be loosed. I have found lunar caustic useful. A plaister of wax, and a little finely-ground sulphate of copper is used by the Arabs, and so is cocoa-nut oil and butter. These ulcers are excessively intractable. There is no healing of them before they eat into the bone, especially on the shins. The pain causes slaves to cry the whole night long.

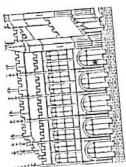
Rheumatism is also common, and it cuts the natives off. The traders fear these diseases, and come to a stand if attacked, in order to use rest in the cure. "Taema," or Tape-worm, is frequently met with. No remedy is known among the Arabs and natives for it. Syphilitic skin diseases are common among Manyema; large scabs on face and body,



even among children. The Arabs increase them by impure intercourse. Filthy talkers all. White leprosy is also common. Malachite ground on a stone with water is good for irritable ulcers.

When Speke saw that his little river out of the Victoria Nyanza would not account for the Nile, the more philosophic course would have been, instead of conjecturing a backwater, to strike west across the great valley, and there not to mention Baker's water, which he too might have called a Lake, he would have come to the central Lualaba, not 90 or 100 yards, but from 2000 to 6000 yards, and always deep—this near the bottom of the trough—and then further west another Lualaba, a worthy companion to that in the centre. The central Lualaba I would fain call the Lake River Webb, the western the Lake River Young. The Lufira and Lualaba west form a Lake, the native name of which, "Chibungo," must give way to Lake Lincoln. I wish to name the fountain of the Liambai or Upper Zambesi, Palmerston fountain, using these two names by way of placing my poor little garland on their tombs, and adding that of Sir Bartle Frere to the fountain of Lufira. Three names of men who have done more to abolish slavery and the slave-trade than any of their contemporaries.

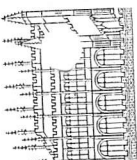
4th October, 1870.—A trading party came from Ujiji, arrived on 23rd September, left for N.W. four days afterwards. Report an epidemic raging between coast and Ujiji, and very fatal. Syde bin Habib and Dugumbe coming. They have letters and perhaps people for me, so I remain, though the irritable ulcers are well-nigh healed. I fear that my packet for the coast may have fared badly, for the Lewale has kept Musa Kamaal by him, so that no evidence against himself or dishonest man Musa bin Saloom should be given. My box and guns, with despatches, I fear will never be sent. Zahor, to whom I gave calico to pay carriers, has been sent off to Lobemba. Muhamad sowed rice yesterday. Has to send his people, who were unsuccessful among Balegga, away to the Metambe, where they got ivory before. I cannot understand very well what a "Theoretical Discoverer" is. If anyone got up and declared in a public meeting that he was the theoretical discoverer of the philosopher's stone, of perpetual motion for watches, should we not mark him as a little wrong in the head? So of the Nile sources. The Portuguese crossed the Chambeze some seventy years before I did, but to them it was a branch of the Zambezi and nothing more. Cooley put it down as the New Zambesi, and made it run backwards, up-hill, between 3000 and 4000 feet! I was misled by the similarity of names and a map, to think it the eastern branch of the Zambesi. I was told that it formed a large water in the south-west. This I readily believed to be the Liambai, in the Barotse Valley, and it took me eighteen months of toil to work back again to the Chambeze in Lake Bangweolo, and work out the error into which I was led. Twenty-two months elapsed ere I got back to the point whence I set out to explore Chambeze, Bangweolo, Luapula, Moero, and



Lualaba. I spent two full years at this work, and the Chief Cazembe was the first to throw light on the subject. "It is the same water here as in the Chambeze, the same in Moero and Lualaba, and one piece of water is just like another. Will you draw out calico from it that you wish to see it? As your chief desired you to see Bangweolo, go to it, and if in going north you see a travelling party, join it; if not, come back to me, and I will send you safely by my path along Moero."

8th October, 1870.—Mbarawa and party came yesterday from Katomba at Mamohela. Reports that Jangeonge (?) with Moeneokela's men had been killing people of Metamba or forest, and four of his people slain. He intended fighting, hence his desire to get rid of me when I went north. Got one and a half tusks, but little ivory, but Katomba's party got fifty tusks. Abdullah had got two tusks, also been fighting, and Katomba had sent a fighting party down to Lolinde. Plunder and murder is Ujijian trading. Mbarawa got his ivory on the Lindi, or as he says, "Urindi," which has black water, and is very large. An arrow could not be shot across; its 400 or 500 yards had to be crossed by canoes, goes into Lualaba. It is curious that all think it necessary to say to me, "The Manyema are bad, very bad." The Balegga will be let alone, because they can fight, and we shall hear nothing of their badness. My slavelings join in the chorus of the Manyema being bad. The Babemba were good, said Simon, and he killed two because he was safe.

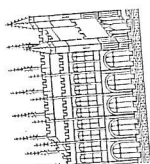
10th October, 1870.—Came out of hut to-day, after being confined to it since 22nd July, or eighty days, by irritable ulcers on the feet. The last twenty days I suffered from fever, which reduced my strength, taking away my voice, and purging me—appetite good, but the third mouthful of any food caused nausea and vomiting—purging took place of profuse sweating. I am thankful to feel myself well. Only one ulcer open, the size of a split pea. Malachite was the remedy most useful, but the beginning of the rains may have helped the cure, as it does to others. Copper rubbed down is used when malachite cannot be had. We expect Syde bin Habib soon. He will take to the river, and I hope so shall I. The native traders reached people who had horns of oxen, got from left bank of Lualaba. Katomba's people got most ivory, namely, fifty tusks; the others only four. The Metamba or forest is of immense extent, and there is room for much ivory to be picked up at five or seven bracelets of copper per tusk, if the slaves sent will only be merciful. The nine villages destroyed, and 100 men killed, by Katomba's slaves at Nasangwas, were all about a string of beads fastened to a powder horn, which a Manyema man tried in vain to steal. Katomba gets twenty-five of the fifty tusks brought by his people. We expect letters, and perhaps men by Syde bin Habib. No news from the coast had come to Ujiji, save a rumour that some one was building a large house at Bagamoio, but whether French or English no one can say. Possibly the



Mission, urged on by Colonel Playfair and Dr. Kirk. Tozer, curiously enough, follows the policy of Bishop Mackenzie, which he so formally repudiated. Rearing boys got from captives of men-of-war, and writing to India that to teach the young thus obtained, is the great secret of Mission-work. He does not know that the especial instruction of the young has been advocated and acted on for the last thirty years in Africa, India, South Seas, and elsewhere. Possibly the erection of a huge establishment on the mainland may be a way of laboriously proving that it is more healthy than the island, to which he was driven by fear of death. It will take a long time to prove by store and lime that the higher lands, 200 miles inland, are better still both for longevity and work. I am in agony for news from home. All I feel sure of now is that my friends will all wish me to complete my task. I join in the wish now, as better than doing it in vain afterwards.

The Manyema hoeing is little better than scraping the soil, and cutting through the roots of grass and weeds, by a horizontal motion of the hoe or knife. They leave the roots of maize, ground-nuts, sweet potatoes, and dura, to find their way into the rich soft soil, and well they succeed, so there is no need for deep ploughing. The ground-nuts and cassava hold their own against grass for years. Bananas, if cleared of weeds, yield abundantly. Muhamad sowed rice just outside the camp without any advantage being secured by the vicinity of a rivulet, and it yielded for one measure of seed one hundred and twenty measures of increase. This season he plants along the rivulet called "Bonde," and on the damp soil. The rain-water does not percolate far. The clay retains it about two feet beneath the surface. This is a cause of unhealthiness to man. Fowls and goats have been cut off this year in large numbers by an epidemic. The visits of the Ujijian traders must be felt by the Manyema to be a severe infliction. The huts are appropriated, and no leave asked. Firewood, pots, baskets, food used without scruple, and anything that pleases is taken away. Usually the women flee into the forest, and return to find the whole place a litter of broken food. I tried to pay the owners of the huts in which I slept, but often in vain, for they were hidden in the forest, and feared to come near. It was common for old men to come forward to me with a present of bananas as I passed, uttering with trembling accents, "Bolongo," "Bolongo" ("friendship," "friendship"). If I stopped to make a little return present, others ran for plantains or palm-toddy. The slaves eat up what they demanded, without one word of thanks; but, "They are bad, don't give them anything." "Why, what badness is there in giving food?" "Oh! they like you, but hate us." One man gave me an iron ring, and all seemed inclined to be friendly, yet they are undoubtedly bloodthirsty to other Manyema, and kill each other.

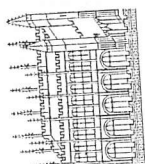
13th October, 1870.—Lion's fat is said to be a certain preventive to the bite of the tsetse. Lions are very numerous in Uroro, and many are killed and the fat sold. The



Garaganza use it to protect their cattle, and when smeared on the animals, the tsetse comes not near them on account of the smell. On coming inland the safe way to avoid tsetse in going to Merere's is to go to Mdonge, Makinde, Zungomero, Masapi, Irundu, Nyangore, then turn north to the Nyannugams, and thence to Nyembe, and so on south to Merere's. A woman chief lies in the straight way to Merere, but no cattle live in the land. Another insect lights on the animals, and when licked off bites the tongue, or breeds, and is fatal as well as tsetse. It is larger in size. Tipotipo and Syde bin Ali come to Nyembe, thence to ~~Nsama's~~ ~~cross~~ Lualaba at Mpweto's, follow left bank of that river till they cross the next Lualaba, and so into Lunda of Matiamoo. Much ivory may be obtained by this course, and it shows enterprise. Syde bin Habib and Dugumbe will open up the Lualaba this year, and I am hoping to enter the West Lualaba, or Young's River, and if possible go up to Katanga. The Lord be my guide and helper. I feel the want of medicine strongly, as much almost as of men.

16th October, 1870.—Moenemgor, the chief, came to tell me that Monamyembo had sent five goats to Lohombo to get a charm to kill him. "Would the English and Kolo-kolo (Muhamad) allow him to be killed while they were here?" I said that it was a false report, but he believes it firmly. Monamyembo sent his son to assure us that he was slandered, but thus quarrels and bloodshed feuds arise. The great want of the Manyema is national life. Of this they have none. Each headman is independent of every other. Of industry they have no lack, and the villagers are orderly towards each other, but they go no further. If a man of another district ventures among them, it is at his peril. He is not regarded with more favour as a Manyema than one of a herd of buffaloes is by the rest. He is almost sure to be killed. Moenekus had more wisdom than his countrymen. His eldest son went over to Moyembo's, who was subject to the father, was killed by five spear wounds. The old chief went and asked "Who had killed (slain) his son?" "None knew, perhaps the Bahombo." He went thither. They denied it. Then they said, "Perhaps Monamdenda." He denied. Question repeated, received same answer—"Didn't know." The old man then died. This, though he was heartbroken, was called witchcraft by Monamyembo. Eleven people were murdered, and after this cruel man was punished he sent a goat with the confession that he had killed Moenekus' son. This son had some of the father's wisdom. The others he never could get to act like men of sense.

The sites chosen for some of the most signal Grecian oracles were marked by the rushing forth of a living spring from the recesses of the native rocks of Greece, the Castalian springs at Delphi, the rushing stream of the Hercynia at Lebadea. It was felt that nothing could so well express the Divine voice, speaking from the hidden abysses of the unseen world, as those inarticulate but lively ebullitions of the life-giving element, from its unknown mysterious sources.



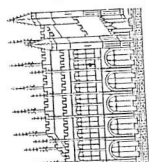
The prophetic utterances in the remoter East were the bubbling, teeming springs of life in those hard primitive rocks, in those dry parched levels. "My heart is inditing," is bursting, bubbling over with a good matter. This image would be drawn from the abundant crystal fountains, which all along the valley of the Jordan pour forth their full-grown streams, scattering fertility and verdure as they flow over the rough ground, "boiling or bubbling over" of the "Divine fountain of Inspiration within the soul."

"The words of judgment bursting out one by one, slowly, heavily, condensed, abrupt from the prophet's heavy and shrinking soul; each sentence wrung forth with a groan, as though he had anew to take breath before he uttered a renewed woe; each word forming a whole for itself, like one heavy toll of a funeral knell" (Pusey). (Jowett)—"At the time when our Saviour came into the world the Greek language was in a state of degeneracy and decay. But that degeneracy may be ranked among the causes that fanned the growth of Christianity. It was a preparation for the Gospel, the decaying soil in which the new elements of life were to come forth, the one common speech of the then civilized nations of the world. The definiteness of earlier forms of human speech would have imposed a limit on the freedom of the Gospel. A religion which was to be universal required that the division of languages, no less than of nations, should be broken down. It pleased God through broken and hesitating forms of speech to reveal the universal truth, for which the Greek of Plato would have been no fitting temple."

19th October.—Bambarre. The ringleading Nassick deserters sent Chuma to say that they were going with the people of Muhamad, who left to-day, to the Metamba. I said that I had nought to say to them. They would go now to the Metamba, which on deserting they said they so much feared, and left me to go with only three attendants, and get my feet torn to pieces in mud and sand. They probably meant to go back to the women at Mamohela, who fed them in the absence of their husbands. They were told by Muhamad that they must not follow his people, and he gave orders to bind them, and send them back if they did. They think that no punishment will reach them whatever they do. They are freemen, and need not work or do anything but beg. "English," they call themselves, and the Arabs fear them, though the eagerness with which they engaged in slave-hunting showed them to be genuine niggers. To lie without compunction seems to be one of their Indian acquisitions. Abram said, "That I told him to beg!" And Simon said that I had spoken to him only once, and he would have gone, or intended to go; till I took the gun from him. Besides my entreaties, Katemba spoke persuasively several times, and he refused to go. The gun would have been used to steal from the Manyema, as it was when we came back here to bully them for four fowls.

20th October.—First heavy rain of this season fell yesterday afternoon. It is observable that the permanent halt

XVII



to which the Manyema have come is not affected by the appearance of superior men among them. They are stationary, and improvement unknown. Moenekus paid smiths to teach his sons, and they learned to work in copper and iron, but he never could get them to imitate his own generous and obliging deportment to others. He had to reprove them perpetually for mean shortsightedness, and when he died he virtually left no successor, for his sons are both narrowminded, mean, shortsighted creatures, without dignity or honour. All they can say of their forefathers is that they came from Lualaba up Luamo, then to Luelo and thence here. The name seems to mean "forest people"—*Manyuema*.

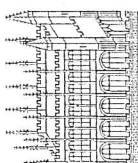
The party under Hass-ani crossed the Logumba at Kanyingere's, and went N. and N. N. E. They found the country becoming more and more mountainous, till at last,

^ days from Morere, it was perpetually up and down. They slept at a village on the top. They could send for water to the bottom only once, it took so much time to descend and ascend. Rivers all flowed into Kerere or Lower Tanganyika—Hot Fountain. Water could not be touched nor stones stood upon. Balegga very unfriendly. Collected in thousands. "We come to buy ivory," said Hass-ani, "and if there is none we go away." "Nay," shouted they, "you come to die here!" then shot with arrows, and when shot was returned, they fled and would not come to receive the captives.

25th October, 1870.—Bambarre. In this journey I have endeavoured to follow with unswerving fidelity the line of duty. My course has been an even one, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, though my route has been tortuous enough. All the hardship, hunger, and toil were met with the full conviction that I was right in persevering to make a complete work of the exploration of the sources of the Nile. Mine has been a calm, hopeful endeavour to do the work that has been given me to do, whether I succeed or whether I fail. The prospect of death in pursuing what I knew to be right did not make me veer to one side or the other. I had a strong presentiment during the first three years that I should never live through the enterprise, but that, weakened as I came near to the end of the journey, and a strong desire to discover any evidence of the great Moses having visited these parts bound me, spell-bound me, I may say, for if I could bring to light anything to confirm the Sacred Oracles, I should not grudge one whit all the labour expended. I have to go down the central Lualaba or Webb's Lake River. Then up the Western or Young's Lake River to Katanga head waters and then retire. I pray that it may be to my native home. Syde bin Habib, Dugumbe, Juma Merikano, Abdullah Masendi are coming in with 700 muskets, and immense store of beads, copper, &c. They will cross Lualaba and trade west of it. I wait for them because they may have letters for me. I have had no letter from the Foreign Office. The last I had was a piece of the most exuberant impertinence that ever left the

(Dns map)

XVIII



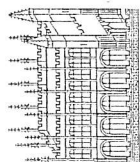
Foreign or any other office. I was to have no claim for any services rendered, no position when my work was done. Lord Russell's name had been obtained to it, though a statesman like him might bind future governments to *give*, he never would enjoin them *not to give*. This bore internal evidence of being the effusion of the supernumerary under Secretary Murray. I expect only the same treatment that Murray would claim for himself—the offer of other work, or of being provided with another office. The slave-trade on the West Coast having ceased, he ought to have resigned, but he thought to earn his salary by unjustly stopping mine. The only annoyances I have suffered were from this, as Lord Clarendon called it, “ungracious and unjust” letter, and from a letter of busy-body instructions from the Royal Geographical Society.

28th October.—Moenemokata, who has travelled further than most Arabs, said to me, “If a man goes with a good-natured, civil tongue, he may pass through the worst people in Africa unharmed.” This is true. Time also is required. One must not run through a country, but give the people time to become acquainted with you, and let their first fears subside. XIX

29th October.—The Manyema buy their wives from each other. A pretty girl brings ten goats. Saw one brought home to-day. She came jauntily with but one attendant, and her husband walking behind. They stop five days, then go back and remain other five days at home. The husband fetches her again. Many are pretty, and have perfect forms and limbs. They hoe large spaces for maize. It is merely scraping the surface, the soil is so rich and no more is needed.

31st October.—Monangoi, of Luamo, married to the sister of Moenekus, came some time ago to beg that Kanyingere be attached by Muhamad's people. No fault has he, but ‘he is bad.’ Monangoi, the chief here, offered two tusks to effect the same thing. On refusal, he sends the tusks to Katomba, and may get his countryman spoiled by him. “He is bad,” is all they can allege as a reason. Meantime this chief here caught a slave who escaped, a prisoner from Moenemohia's, and sold him or her to Moenemohia for thirty spears and some knives. When asked about this captive, he said, “She died.” It was simply theft, but he does not consider himself bad.

2nd November, 1870.—The plain without trees that flanks the Lualaba on the right bank, called Mbuga, is densely peopled, and the inhabitants are all civil and friendly. From fifty to sixty large canoes come over from the left bank daily to hold markets. These people too are good, but the dwellers in the Metamba or dense forest are treacherous, and murder a single person without scruple. The dead is easily concealed, while on the plain all would become aware of it. I long with intense desire to move on and finish my work. I have also an excessive wish to find anything that may exist proving the visit of the great Moses and the ancient kingdom of Tirhaka, but I pray give me just what

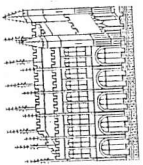


pleases Thee my Lord, and make me submissive to Thy will in all things.

I received information about Mr. Young's search trip up Shiré and Nyassa only in February, 1871, and now take the first opportunity of offering hearty thanks to Her Majesty's Government, and all concerned in kindly enquiring after my fate. Musa and his companions are fair average specimens for heartlessness and falsehood of the lower classes of Muhamadans in East Africa. When on the Shiré we swung the ship into mid-stream every night, in order to let the air put in motion by the water pass from end to end. Musa's brother-in-law stepped into the water one morning, in order to swim off for a boat, and was seized by a crocodile, the poor fellow held up his hand imploringly, but Musa and the rest allowed him to perish. On my denouncing his heartlessness, Musa replied, "Well, no one tell him go in there." When at Tenna a slave woman was seized by a crocodile, four Makololo rushed in unbidden, and rescued her, though they knew nothing about her. From long intercourse with both, I take these incidents as typical of the two races. Those of mixed blood possess the vices of both races, and the virtues of neither. A gentleman of superior abilities has devoted life and fortune to elevate the Johanna men, but fears that they are "an unimprovable race." The Sultan of Zanzibar, who knows his people better than any stranger, cannot entrust any branch of his revenue to even the better class of his subjects, but places all his customs, income, and money affairs, in the hands of Banians from India, and his father did before him. When the Muhamadan gentlemen of Zanzibar are asked "why their sovereign places all his pecuniary affairs and fortune in the hands of aliens," they frankly avow that if he allowed any Arab to farm his customs, he would receive nothing but a crop of lies. Burton had to dismiss most of his people at Ujiji for dishonesty. Speke's followers deserted at the first approach of danger. Musa fled in terror on hearing a false report from a half-caste Arab about the Mazitu, 150 miles distant, though I promised to go due west, and not turn to the north till far past the beat of that tribe. The few liberated slaves with whom I went on had the misfortune to be Muhamadan slaves in boyhood, but did fairly till we came into close contact with Moslems again. A black Arab was released from a twelve years' bondage by Cazembe, through my own influence and that of the Sultan's letter. We travelled together for a time, and he sold the favours of his female slaves to my people for goods which he perfectly well knew were stolen from me. He received my four deserters, and when I had gone off to Lake Bangweolo with only four attendants, the rest wished to follow, but he dissuaded them by saying that I had gone into a country where there was war. He was the direct cause of all my difficulties with these liberated slaves, but judged by the East African Moslem standard, as he ought to be, and not by ours, he is a very good man, and I did not think it prudent to come to a rupture with the old blackguard. "Laba"

XX

XXI



means in the Manyema dialect "medicine;" a charm, "bog-anga." This would make Lualaba mean the River of Medicine or charms, but we do not hear of its being famed among them as the Ganges is in India, and possibly this is not the proper meaning of the word. Muhamad and others found its banks very healthy, and it yields abundant food both in its waters and on its banks. The sacred river does not accord with the fact of Lualaba being applied to the Lufira when it becomes large, and also to the third Lualaba or Young's River still further west, dividing Rua from Londa. Hassani thought that it meant great because it seemed to mean flowing greatly or grandly.

Cazembe caught all the slaves that escaped from Muhamad, and placed them in charge of Funga-funga; so there is little hope for fugitive slaves so long as Cazembe lives. This act is to the Arabs very good. He is very sensible, and upright besides.

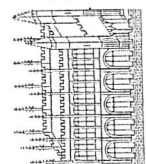
3rd November, 1870.—Got a Kondohondo, as the large double-billed Hornbill (the *Buceros cristata*), Kangomira of the Shiré, and the Sassassa of Bambarre. It is good eating—the fat of an orange tinge, like that of the zebra. I keep the bill to make a spoon of it. An ambassador at Stamboul or Constantinople was shown a hornbill spoon, and asked if it were really the bill of the Phoenix. He replied that he did not know, but he had a friend in London who knew all these sort of things. The Turkish ambassador in London brought the spoon to Professor Owen. He observed something in the divergences of the fibres of the horn which he knew before, and went off into the Museum of the College of Surgeons, and brought a preserved specimen of this very bird. "God is great—God is great," said the Turk. "This is the Phoenix of which we have heard so often." I heard the Professor tell this at a dinner of the London Hunterian Society in 1857. XXII

There is no great chief in Manyema or Balegga; all are petty headmen, each of whom considers himself a chief. It is the ethnic state, with no cohesion between the different portions of the tribe. Murder cannot be punished except by a war, in which many fall, and the feud is made worse, and transmitted to their descendants. The heathen philosophers were content with mere guesses at the future of the soul. The elder prophets were content with the Divine support in life and in death. The later prophets advance further, as Isaiah: "Thy dead men shall live together, with my dead body shall they arise. Awake, and sing ye that dwell in the dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs. The earth also shall cast out her dead." This, taken with the sublime spectacle of Hades in the fourteenth chapter, seems a forecast of the future, but Jesus instructed Mary and her sister and Lazarus, and Martha without hesitation spoke of the resurrection at the last day as a familiar doctrine, far in advance of the Mosaic law in which she had been reared. XXIII

Ikweni Alumwa = Lualaba salutation.

Uko Ilma Zamwu = Manyema ditto to men.

Ditto Shanga Kakaka ditto to women. XXVII



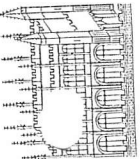
Monyungo chief was sent for five years among the Watuta to learn their language and ways. He sent his two sons and a daughter to Zanzibar to school. Kills many of his people. Says they are so bad that if not killed they would murder strangers. Unruly; ordered some of them to give their huts to Muhamad; refusing, he put fire to them, and they soon called out, "Let them alone; we will retire." He dresses like Arabs, has ten loaded guns at his sitting-place, four pistols, two swords, several spears, and two bundles of the Batuta spears. Laments that his father filed his teeth when he was young. The name of his very numerous people is Bawungu, Country Urungu. His other names are Ironga, Mohamu.

The Basango, on the other hand, consider their chief as a deity, and fear to say aught wrong, lest he should hear them. They fear both before him and when out of sight. XXVII

The father of Merere never drank pombe or beer, and assigned as a reason that a great man who had charge of people's lives should never become intoxicated so as to do evil. Bange he never smoked, but in council smelled at a bunch of it, in order to make his people believe that it had great effect on him. Merere drinks pombe freely, but never uses bange. He alone kills sheep. He is a lover of mutton and beef, but neither goats nor fowls are touched by him.

9th November, 1870.—Sent to Lohombo for dura, and planted some Nyumbo. I long excessively to be away and finish my work by the two Lacustrine rivers, Lualaba of Webb and Young, but wait only for Syde and Dugumbe, who may have letters; and as I do not intend to return hither, but go through Karagwe homewards, I should miss them altogether. I groan and am in bitterness at the delay, but thus it is. I pray for help to do what is right, but sorely am I perplexed, and grieved and mourn. I cannot give up making a complete work of the exploration. XXIX

10th November, 1870.—A party of Katomba's men arrived on their way to Ujiji for carriers. They report that a foray was made S. W. of Mamohela to recover four guns, which were captured from Katomba and his people killed when last here. Three were recovered, and ten of the Arab party slain. The people of Manyema fought very fiercely with arrows, and not till many were killed and others mutilated would they give up the guns. They probably expected this foray, and intended to fight till the last. They had not gone in search of ivory while this was enacting, consequently Muhamad's men have got the start of them completely, by going along Lualaba to Kasongo's, and then along the western verge of the Metamba or forest to Loinde or Rindi river. The last men sent took to fighting instead of trading, and returned empty. The experience gained thus, and at the south-west, will probably lead them to conclude that the Manyema are not to be shot down without reasonable cause. They have sown rice and maize at Mamohela, but cannot trade now where they got so much ivory before. Five men were killed at Rindi or Loinde, and one escaped. The reason of this outbreak by men who have been so peaceable XXX

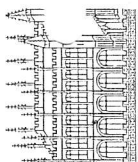


is not divulged, but anyone seeing the wholesale plunder to which the houses and gardens were subject can easily guess the rest. Mamohela's camp had several times been set on fire at night by the tribes which suffered assault, but did not effect all that was intended. The Arabs say that the Manyema now understand that every gun-shot does not kill. The next thing they will learn will be to grapple in close quarters in the forest, where their spears will outmatch the guns in the hands of slaves. It will follow, too, that no one will be able to pass through this country. This is the usual course of Suaheli trading. It is murder and plunder, and each slave as he rises in his owner's favour is eager to show himself a mighty man of valour, by coldblooded killing of their countrymen. If they can kill a fellow-nigger, their pride boils up. The conscience is not enlightened enough to cause uneasiness, and Moslemism gives less than the light of nature. I am grievously tired of living here. Muhamad is as kind as he can be, but to sit idle or give up before I finish my work are both intolerable. I cannot bear either, yet am forced to remain by want of people. Merciful Father, help me!

11th November.—Wrote to Muhamad bin Saleh at Ujiji, for letters and medicines to be sent in a box of China tea, which is half empty. If he cannot get carriers for the long box itself, then he is to send these, the articles of which I stand in greatest need.

Friends of a boy captured at Monanyembe brought three goats to redeem him. He is sick and emaciated. One goat was rejected. The boy shed tears when he saw his grandmother, and the father too, when his goat was rejected. "So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter."—Eccles. iv. 1. The relations were told either to bring the goat, or let the boy die. This was hard-hearted. At Mamohela ten goats are demanded for a captive, and given too. Here three are demanded. "He that is higher than the highest regardeth, and there be higher than they. Marvel not at the matter." I did not write to the coast, for I suspect that the Lewale Syde bin Salem Buraschid destroys my letters in order to quash the affair of robbery by his man Saloom. He kept the other thief, Kamaels, by him for the same purpose. Muhamad writes to Bin Saleh to say that I am here and well. That I sent a large packet of letters in June, 1869, with money, and received no answer, nor my box from Unyanyembe, and this is to be communicated to the Consul by a friend at Zanzibar. If I wrote, it would only be to be burned. This is as far as I can see at present. The friend who will communicate with the Consul is Muhamad bin Abdullah the Wuzeer, Seyd Suleiman is the Lewale of Governor of Zanzibar, Suleiman bin Ali or *Sheikh* Suleiman the Secretary.

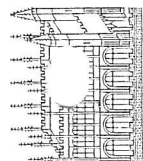
The Mamohela horde is becoming terrified. Every party going to trade has lost three or four men, and the last foray



lost ten, and saw that the Manyema can fight. They will soon refuse to go among those whom they have forced to become enemies. One of the Bazula invited a man to go with him to buy ivory. When well in among Zulas, he asked if his gun killed men, and how. He was shown a ball and powder, and stabbed his informant dead. No one knows the reason of this, but the man probably lost some of his relations elsewhere. This is called murder without cause.

When Syde and Dugumbe come, I hope to get men and a canoe to finish my work among those who have not been abused by Ujijians, and still retain their natural kindness of disposition. None of the people are ferocious without cause; and the sore experience which they gain from slaves with guns in their hands usually ends in sullen hatred of all strangers. The education of the world is a terrible one, and it has come down with relentless rigours on Africa from the most remote times. What the African will become after the awfully hard lesson is learned, is among the future developments of Providence. When He, who is higher than the highest, accomplishes His purposes, this will be a wonderful country, and again something like what it was of old, when Zerah and Tirhaka flourished, and were great. The soil of Manyema is clayey and remarkably fertile. The maize sown in it rushes up to seed, and everything is in rank profusion if only it be kept clear of weeds. Bambarre people are indifferent cultivators, planting maize, bananas and plantains, and ground-nuts only. No dura, a little cassava, no penisetum (?) or meleza (?), pumpkins, melons, nyumbo, though they all flourish in other districts. A few sweet potatoes appear, but elsewhere all these native grains and roots are abundant and cheap. No one would choose this as a residence, except for the sake of Moenekuss; and the people are honest, never steal, though stolen from by our people, as Simon and Amoda of my party, and others of Muhamad's. Oil is very dear, while at Lualaba a gallon may be got for a single string of beads; and beans, ground-nuts, cassava, maize, plantains in rank profusion. The Balegga, like the Bambarre people, trust chiefly to plantains and ground-nuts. To play with parrots is their great amusement.

13th November, 1870.—The men sent over to Lohombo, about thirty miles off, got two and a half loads of dura for a small goat, but the people were unwilling to trade. "If we encourage Arabs to trade, they will come and kill us with their guns," so they said, and it is true. The slaves are overbearing, and when this is resented, then slaughter ensues. Got some sweet plantains and a little oil, which is useful in cooking, and with salt as butter on bread, but all were unwilling to trade. Monangoi was over near Lohombo, and heard of a large trading party coming, and not far off. This may be Syde and Dugumbe, but reports are often false. When Katomba's men were on the late foray, they were completely overpowered, and compelled by the Manyema to lay down their guns and powder-horns, on pain of being instantly despatched by bowshot. They were



mostly slaves, who could only draw the trigger and make a noise. Katomba had to rouse out all the Arabs who could shoot, and when they came they killed many, and gained the lost day. The Manyema did not kill anyone who laid down his gun and powder-horn. This is the beginning of an end which was easily perceived when it became not a trading, but a murdering horde of savages, and when wherever invited by old fends in order to get goats, and then sell the captives back for ten goats each.

A small bird follows the sassassa or *Buceros cristata*, screams and pecks at his tail till he discharges the contents of his bowels, then leaves him. It is called "play" by the natives, and by the Suahele "Utane" or "Msaha"—fun or wit. He follows other birds in the same merciless way, screaming and pecking to produce purging. Manyema call it "Mambambwa." The buffalo bird warns its big friend of danger, calling "chachacha." Rhinoceros bird calls out, "Tye, tye, tye, tye," for same purpose. Manyema call buffalo bird "Mojela," "Suahele," "Chassa." A climbing plant in Africa is known as "Ntulungope," which mixed with flour of dura kills mice. They swarm in our camp and destroy everything, but Ntulungope is not near this.

The foray above mentioned was undertaken by Katomba for twenty goats from Kassessa! Ten men lost for twenty goats, but they will think twice before they try another foray.

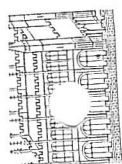
One dollar a day is ample for provisions for a large family at Zanzibar. Wheat, rice, flesh of goats or ox, fowls, bananas, milk, butter, sugar, eggs, , mangoes, potatoes. Ambergris is boiled in milk and sugar, and used by the Hindoos as a means of increasing blood in their systems. A small quantity is a dose. Ambergris is found along the shore of the sea at Barawa or Brava, and at Madagascar, as if the sperm whale, changoi, got rid of it while alive. Lamoo or Amu is wealthy, and well supplied with everything, as grapes, peaches, wheat, cattle, camels, &c. The trade is chiefly with Madagascar. The houses are richly furnished with furniture, dishes from India. At Garaganza there are hundreds of Arab traders. There too all fruits abound, and the climate is healthy, from its elevation. Why cannot we missionaries imitate these Arabs in living on heights?

(Copy.)

MANYUEMA COUNTRY (180 miles say west of Ujiji),
15th November, 1870.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD STANLEY.

MY LORD.—As soon as I recovered sufficiently to be able to march from Ujiji, I went up Tanganyika about 60 miles, and thence struck away N.W. into the country of the Manyema or Manyema, the reputed cannibals. My object was to follow down the central line of drainage of the great Nile Valley, which I had seen passing through the great

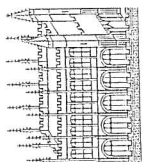


Lake Bangweolo, and changing its name from Cambeze to Luapula, then, on passing through Lake Moero, assuming the name Lualaba, and becoming itself a great River in Lake, at first eight or ten miles broad, with several inhabited islands in it, and then holding a breadth of from two to six miles, as far as it is known. I soon found myself in the large bend which this great Lacustrine River makes by going west, and then turning away to the north. Two hours were the utmost I could accomplish in a day, but by persevering I gained strength, and came up with the trading party of Muhamad Bogharib, who by native medicines and carrying me, saved my life in my late severe illness in Marungu. Two days before we arrived at Bambarre, the residence of the most influential Manyema chief, called Moenekuss, we met a band of Ujijian traders, carrying 18,000 lbs. weight of ivory bought in this new field for a mere trifle, in thick copper bracelets and beads. The traders had been obliged to employ their slaves to collect the ivory, and slaves with guns in their hands are often no better than demons. We heard but one side of the story. The slave version, and such as would have appeared in the newspaper if they had one. "The Manyema were bad, they were always in the wrong, wanted to eat the slaves, and always gave them first occasion to capture people, goats, sheep, fowls, and grain." The masters did not quite approve of this, but the deeds were done, and their masters and men joined in one chorus, "The Manyema are bad, bad, bad, very bad." In going west of Bambarre I followed the Luamo, a river of from 100 to 250 yards broad, which rises in the mountains opposite Ujiji, and flows across the great bend. When near its confluence I was among people who had been maltreated by the slaves, and they naturally looked on one as of the same tribe with their persecutors. Africans are not unreasonable, though smarting under wrongs, if you can fairly make them understand your claim to innocence, and do not appear as having your "back up." The women here were particularly outspoken in asserting our identity with the cruel strangers. On calling to one vociferous lady, who gave me the head trader's name, just to look if he and I were of the same colour, she replied, with a bitter little laugh, "Then you must be his father!" The worst the men did to us was to turn out in force, armed with their large spears and wooden shields, and send us out of their districts. Glad that no collision took place we returned to Bambarre, and then, with our friend Muhamad, struck away due north; he to buy ivory, and I to reach another part of the Lualaba, and buy a canoe. The country is extremely beautiful, but difficult to travel over. The mountains of light grey granite stand like islands in new red sandstone, and mountain and valley are all clad in a mantle of different shades of green. The vegetation is indescribably rank. Through the grass, if grass it can be called, which is over half an inch in diameter in the stalk, and from ten to twelve feet high, nothing but elephants can walk. The leaves of this megatherium grass are armed with minute

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spikes, which as we worm our way along elephants' walks, rub disagreeably on the side of the face where the gun is held, and the hand is made sore by fending it off the other side for hours. The rains were fairly set in by November, and in the morning or after a shower these leaves were loaded with moisture, which wet us to the bone. The valleys are deeply undulating, and in each innumerable dells have to be crossed. There may be only a thread of water at the bottom, but the mud, mire, or Scotticé "glaur," is grievous. Thirty or forty yards of the path on each side of the stream are worked by the feet of passengers into an adhesive compound, by placing a foot on each side of the narrow foot-way, one may waddle a little way along, but the rank crop of grasses, gingers, and bushes, cannot spare the few inches required for the side of the foot, and down he comes into the mire. The path often runs along the bed of the rivulet for sixty or more yards, as if he who first cut it out went that distance, seeking a part of the forest less dense than the rest for his axe. In other cases the "Muale" palm, from which here, as in Madagascar, grass cloth is woven, and called by the same name "Lamba," has taken possession of a valley. The leaf-stalks, as thick as a strong man's arm, fall off, and block up all passage save by a path made and mixed up by the feet of elephants and buffaloes. The slough therein is groan-compelling and deep. Every now and then the traders with rueful faces stand panting, the sweat trickles down my face, and I suppose I look as grim as they, though I express a hope that good prices will reward them at the coast for ivory obtained with so much toil. In some cases the subsoil has given way beneath the elephants' enormous weight. The hole is filled with mud, and one, taking it all to be about calf-deep, steps in to the top of the thigh, and flops on to a seat soft enough, but not luxurious! A merry laugh relaxes the facial muscles, and I conjecture that this gruesome fun is all I shall ever get for the exploration. Some of the numerous rivers which in this region flow into Lualaba are covered with living vegetable bridges. A species of dark glossy grass with its roots and leaves is the chief agent in felting (?) into a mat that covers the whole stream. When stepped upon it yields twelve or fifteen inches, and that amount of water rises on the leg, at every step the foot has to be lifted high enough to place it on the unbent mass in front, and this fatigues like walking in deep snow. Here and there holes appear which we could not sound with a stick six feet long. This gave the impression that anywhere one might plump through and finish the chapter. Where the water is shallow, the lotus, or sacred lily, sends its roots to the bottom, and spreads its broad leaves over the floating bridge, so as to make believe that the mat is its own, but the grass referred to is the real supporting agent.

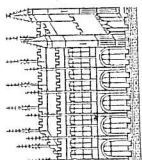
Between each district of Manyema broad belts of the primeval forests still stand. Into these the sun, though vertical, cannot penetrate, except by sending down at mid-day thin pencils of rays into the gloom. The rain-water stands for months in stagnant pools made by elephants' feet,

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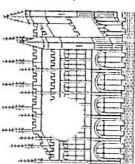
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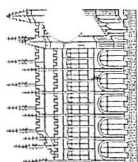
and the dead leaves decay on the damp soil, and make the water of the numerous rills and rivulets of the colour of strong tea. The climbing plants, from the size of whipcord to that of a man-of-war's hawsers, are so many, the ancient path is the only passage. When one of the giant trees falls across the road, it makes a wall breast high to be climbed over, and the mass of tangled climbers brought down makes cutting a path round it a work of time, which travellers never undertake. The shelter of the forest from the sun makes it pleasant, but the roots of trees high out of the soil across the path keep the eyes constantly looking down, and a good shot gun does no harm to parrots or guinea fowls on their tops. I have heard gorillahs, here called Sokos, growling within fifty yards without getting a glimpse of them. Their call to each other resembles that of a tom-cat; not so loud or far-reaching as that of a peacock. When in flight they give tongue not unlike fox-hounds. His nest is a poor contrivance, resembling that of our Cushat dove. Here he sits in pelting rain, with his hands on his head. The natives call it his house, and laugh at him for being such a fool as after building it not to go beneath it for shelter.

Bad water and frequent wettings told on us all by choleraic symptoms and loss of flesh. Meanwhile the news of cheap ivory caused a sort of Californian gold fever at Ujiji. It prevented me from getting any carriers, save the worthless liberated slaves, who, by thieving, lying, and cowardice, have been a perpetual annoyance during all this journey. The traders, eager to secure all the Pagazi or carriers, spread the report that I would go away to my own country, and leave them, as Speke did his at Suez. We were now overtaken by a horde from Ujiji, numbering 600 muskets, all eager for ivory. The elephants' tusks had been left to rot with the other bones in the interminable forests where the animals were killed. The natives knew where they had been left, and if treated civilly, readily brought the precious teeth, many half rotten, or gnawed by rodent animal to sharpen his teeth, as London rats do on leaden pipes. I had already in this journey two severe lessons that travelling in an unhealthy climate in the rainy season was killing work; and besides being unwilling to bear company with the new comers, I feared that my present weakness by further exposure might result in something worse. Went back seven days, and on the 7th February last went into winter quarters at a camp formed by the heads of the above-mentioned horde. I found these men as civil and kind as I could wish. A letter obtained from the Sultan of Zanzibar, through the kind offices of Sir Bartle Frere, has been of immense service to me with most of his subjects. I had no medicine. Some though, sent for twice, has been unaccountably detained at Unyanyembe by the Arab Lewale or governor. Two English guns in the box are certainly not too much for his virtue. Rest, boiling all the water I used, and a new species of potato famed among the natives as a restorative, soon put me to rights again.



The rains continued into July, and fifty-eight inches fell. The mud from the clayey soil was awful, and laid up some of the strongest, in spite of their intense eagerness for ivory. I lost no time after it was feasible to travel, in preparing to go north; but my attendants were fed and lodged by the slave women whose husbands were away from the camp on trade, and pretended to fear going in a canoe. I consented to refrain from bringing one. They then feared the people, though the inhabitants were reported by the slaves to be remarkably friendly. Elsewhere I could get the country people to carry from village to village, and was comparatively independent when, as it appeared with some, they deserted into the arms of prostitutes six times over. But in Manyema no one can be induced to go into the wet district, for fear, they say, of being killed and eaten. I was at their mercy, and entreaty was answered by calling when out of sight, "Who will carry his things?" and a loud laugh to make me hear. The head Arabs remonstrated, and they literally trembled, and consented to go anywhere; but on finding that no compulsion was to be used, refused again. When I had gone with only three attendants, I could not regret the absence of the rest, for three of them had previously gone unknown to me to a slave-war, and came back boasting that they had killed four of the people, whose kindness to us had touched my heart, and nothing could exceed the eagerness with which, uninvited, they ran off to help to enslave their countrymen. Nothing but danger would have deterred them from slave-hunting, and here there is none, for the report of a gun makes the Manyema flee in terror. On no account would I have brought them here, but I suspected that my letters to the coast for other men had been destroyed, and I had a sore longing to finish my work and retire. The country to the north is even more difficult than that I have described, for except a broad belt of buga or prairies along the right bank of the Lualaba it is all forest, saving the clearances round each village, and these are ten miles apart. The rivers and rivulets are innumerable; I crossed fourteen in one day from knee to thigh deep.

Muhamad's party was five hours crossing one in flood. A man in a small canoe went sounding among the trees to find where it was only breast deep. In another case they were two hours in a river from breast to neck deep, and they saw nothing but gloomy forest, though they went near to what the Balegga call Uerere, or Lower Tanganyika, named by its discoverer "Albert Nyanza." For the first time in my life my feet failed. When torn by rough travel, instead of healing kindly as heretofore, an irritable-eating ulcer fastened on each foot, and laid me up for five months. These are common here, and slaves, whose wailing may be heard all night long, are often killed by them. I have been minute even to triviality, that your Lordship may have some idea of the obstacles to progress in this region. Exploration is only possible by canoe, and as soon as I get men who have been taught to work, four or five will finish



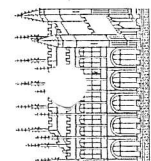
all I have to do. What remains to be accomplished may be understood by the following. This great Lacustrine river, which I call Webb's Lualaba, is only one of three, each of which, having the same native name, requires an English epithet to distinguish it. The River Lufira rises in a fountain south-west of this, which I would fain call Bartle Frere's fountain and river. When it becomes very large it is called Lualaba. West of this one, again, another great river begins in a fountain, and from its source down its only name is Lualaba. I wish to add Young's fountain and river as distinctive terms. Young's Lualaba and Bartle Frere's Lualaba unite and form a Lake, the native name of which is "Chibungo," but I am fain to call it "Lake Lincoln." Looking back from this to the sources, an earthen mound gives out four full-grown gushing fountains, not more than ten miles apart. The largest of these fountains, at which a man cannot be seen on the other side, is the source of the Liambai or Upper Zambesi. This I name after good Lord Palmerston. Near it rises the Lunga, which further down is called Luanga, and still further off, Kafue or Kafuge. I would name it Oswell fountains. These four fountains gushing forth so near to each other, and forming great rivers, are probably the unfathomable springs of the Nile, mentioned to Herodotus by the Secretary of Minerva in the city of Sais, from which half the water flowed "from Young's and Bartle Frere's fountains 'northward into Egypt,' and the other half from Palmerston's and Oswell's fountains, 'into Inner Ethiopia.'" I heard of this remarkable mound and fountains, some 200 miles distant on the south-west; again on the south-east, 150 miles off; again on the north-east, 180 miles distant, and now on the N. N. E. Many intelligent Arabs who have visited the spot give the very same information, as having excited their admiration as much as that of the natives. I have ventured to give names by anticipation. I shall write no other letter till I have either succeeded or fallen. The names of Palmerston, Lincoln, and Frere, I wish to honour as of men who have done more for the abolition of the slave-trade and slavery than any of their contemporaries. The great and good men Palmerston are no longer among us, and I desire to place, as it were, my poor little garland of love on their tombs. By degrees the conviction has crept across my mind that all we moderns can fairly, in common modesty, claim, is the re-discovery of the sources of the Nile, which had sunk into oblivion, somewhat like the circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnician Admiral of one of the Pharaohs, about 600 B.C. He was not believed because he reported having the sun on his right hand in passing round Libya. This stamps the tale of the Admiral to us as genuine. By placing the fountains of the river of Egypt between 10°-12° South Latitude, Ptolemy gained genuine geography from men who had visited this very region. By making the water collect into two or three large Lacustrine rivers, extant specimens of those which in prehistoric times abounded in Africa, and in the south are still called "Melapo," in the north

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"Wodys"—both words meaning the same thing—river-beds where no water ever now flows. He did what no mere theorist would dream of doing. Ptolemy's predecessors were probably the real collectors of the facts he made use of, and the former explorers must have travelled extensively. Had I left at the end of two years, I could have given little more light on the country than the Portuguese, who in their three slaving visits to Cazembe, asked for slaves and ivory alone, and heard of nothing else. I inquired about the waters till ashamed, and almost afraid of being put down as being afflicted with hydrocephalus. I had to feel my way, and every step of the way, and was generally groping in the dark—for who cared where the waters ran? Many a weary foot I trod ere I gained a clear idea of the drainage which flows from the watershed in 10°-12° South, on which stand Ptolemy's Mountains of the Moon. The length of this watershed is between 700 and 800 miles from west to east. Here the fountains of the Nile do unquestionably arise. The mountains on it are between 6000 and 7000 feet above the sea. The idea of melting snow, if I remember rightly, is not Ptolemy's. Kenia and Kilimanjaro are said to be snow-capped, but no one ever reached the snow. They send no water to any part of the Nile, and never could have been meant by the correct ancient explorers. LXI

I would fain crave your Lordship's approbation of my labours, but the supernumerary Under-Secretary Murray's impertinent letter forbids any Government from allowing me any claim, no matter what services I may render.

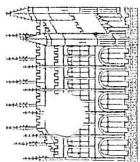
(Signed) DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

22nd November, 1870. — Copied foregoing despatch. It will be delivered by Muhamad Bogharib into the Consul's hands at Zanzibar. LXII

24th November.—Herpes is common at the plantations in Zanzibar, but the close crowding of the houses in the town they think prevents it. The lips and mouth are affected, and constipation sets in for three days. Cured by going over to main land. Affections of the lungs are cured by residence at Bariwa or Brava, and also on main land. The Tafari of Halfani took my letters from Ujiji, but person employed I do not know.

25th November.—Wrote to Tom, Agnes, Young, Webb, Oswell, Dr. Hamilton, Sir Roderick, Sir Bartle Frere, Tracey, Stearns of Bombay, Maclear, Bleek, Brother John in Canada, Lord Kinnaird, and Mrs. Braithwaite. Letters to be delivered by Muhamad Bogharib into Colonel Playfair or Dr. Kirk's own hands at Zanzibar. LXIII

29th November, 1870.—*Safura* is the name of the disease, clay or earth eating, at Zanzibar. It often affects slaves, and the clay is said to have a pleasant odour to the eaters; but it is not confined to slaves, nor do slaves eat in order to kill themselves. It is a diseased appetite, and rich men who have plenty to eat are often subject to it. The feet swell, flesh is lost, and the face looks haggard. The patient can scarcely walk for shortness of breath and weakness, and



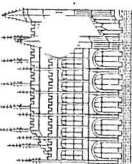
for help and mercy. Lion's fat is regarded as a sure preventive of tsetse or bongo. This was noted before, but I add now that it is smeared on the ox's tail, preserves hundreds of the Banyanwesi cattle in safety while going to the coast. It is also used to keep pigs and hippopotamus away from gardens. The smell is probably the efficacious part in "Heresi."

12th December.—It may be all for the best that I am so hindered, and compelled to inactivity. Advance to Lohombo was the furthest point of traders for many a day. Slaves returning with ivory were speared mercilessly by Manyema, because they did not know guns could kill, and their spears could. Katomba coming to Moenekuss was a great feat three or four years ago; then Dugumbe went on to Lualeba, and fought his way, so I may be restrained now in mercy till men come. Those I had were not men, nor yet slaves. Hybrids between bond and free, so petted and coddled as to think the English feared them.

The neggeri, an African animal, attacks the testicles of man and beast, cuts them off, and retires contented. Buffaloes are often castrated by him. Men who know it, squat down, and kill him with knife or gun. Zibu or mbuide flies at the tendon Achilles-Ratel (?) Fisi ea bahari, probably the seal, is abundant in the seas, but the ratel or badger probably furnished the skins for the Tabernacle. Bees escape from his urine, and he eats the honey in safety. Lions and all other animals fear his attacks of the heel. The Babemba mix a handful, about twenty-five to a measure, of castor-oil seeds with the dura and meleza they grind. Usage makes them like it. The nauseous taste is not perceptive in porridge, and the oil is needed where so much farinaceous or starchy matter exists, and the bowels are regulated by the mixture. Experience has taught them the need of a fatty ingredient.

Moamba-Chassa, brother of do.—Chambeze, other brother of Chassa do. in way. Moenewifa, large country; Komanga, and six days to Barari thence.

Goambari is a prisoner at Merere's, guarded by a thousand or more men, to prevent him intriguing with Monyungo, who is known as bloodthirsty. In the third generation Charura's descendants numbers sixty able-bodied spearmen. Garahenga or Kimamure killed many of them. Charura had six white attendants with him, but all died before he did, and on becoming chief he got all his predecessor's wives. Merere is the son of a woman of the royal stock, and of a common man. Hence he is a shade or two darker than Charura's descendants, who are very light coloured, and have straight noses. They shave the head, and straight hair is all cut off. They drink much milk, warm, from the teats of the cows, and think that it is strengthening by its heat. The descent is—1. Charura; 2. Mokuasu; 3. Moemyegumbe; 4. Mamerere. Merere-Mogandira, son of 3, died after one year's rule. Kimamuye, a coward, followed second son of 3 made Merere general. Goambari, called Monyungo to fight Merere. Kimamure, or otherwise Garahenga,

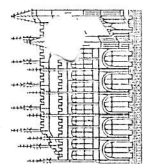


killed many by Merere's hand; calls himself his slave, but rules him and all besides.

December 23rd, 1870.—Bambarre people suffer hunger now because they will not plant cassava. This trading party eats all the maize, and sends to a distance for more. Manyema buy from them with malofu, or palm toddy. Rice all coming into ear, but Manyema planted none. Maize ripening. Mice a pest. A strong man among the Manyema does what he pleases, and no chief interferes. A man's wife of ten goats was given off to a Mene man, and his child, now grown, is given away too; comes to Muhamad for redress. Two elephants killed were very large, but have small tusks. They come from south in the rains. All animals, as elephants, buffaloes, and zebras, are very large in Basango country; tusks full in the hollows, weigh very heavy; animals fat and good in flesh. Eleven goats for the flesh. LXXIII

24th.—Between twenty-five and thirty slaves have died in the present epidemic, also many Manyema. Two yesterday at Kandawara. The feet swell, then the hands and face, and in a day or two they drop dead. It came from the East, and is very fatal. Few escape who take it. A woman was accused of stealing maize. The chief here sent all his people yesterday, plundered all she had in her house and garden, and brought her husband bound in thongs till he shall pay a goat. She is said to be innocent. Monangoi does this by fear of the traders here; and, as the people tell him, as soon as they are gone the vengeance he is earning by injustice on all sides will be taken. I told the chief that his head would be cut off as soon as the traders leave, and so it will be, as also Kasessa's. Three men went from Katomba to Kasongo's to buy Viramba. A man was speared belonging to Kasongo. These three then fired into a mass of men who collected, one killed two, another three, and so on; so now that place is shut up from traders, and all this country will be so as soon as the Manyema learn that guns are limited in their power of killing, and especially in the hands of slaves, who cannot shoot, but only make a noise. These Suaheli are the most cruel and bloodthirsty missionaries in existence, and withal so impure in talk and acts, spreading syphilis, buboes, and chancres everywhere. The Lord sees it. LXXIV

28th December, 1870.—Moenembay, the most intelligent of the two sons of Moenekuss, in power, told us that a man was killed and eaten a few miles from this yesterday. Hunger the reason assigned. On speaking of tainted meat, he said that the Manyema put meat in water for two days to make it putrid and smell high. The love of high meat is the only reason I know for their cannibalism, but the practice is now hidden on account of the disgust that the traders expressed against open man-eating when they first arrived. Lightning very near us last-night. The Manyema say that when it is so loud fishes of large size fall with it; an opinion shared in with them by the Arabs, but the large fish is the *Clarias Capensis* of Smith, and it is often seen migrating in single file along the wet grass for miles. It is probably this that the Manyema think falls from the lightning. LXXV



30th.—Rain daily. A woman murdered without cause close by the camp. Murderer said she is a witch and speared her. Body exposed till affair is settled, probably by a fine of goats. The Manyema are the most bloody, callous savages I know. One puts a scarlet feather on ground, and challenges those near to stick it in the hair. He who does so must kill a man or woman, and so none dare wear skin of musk cat, Ngawa, unless he has murdered. Guns alone prevent them from killing us all, and for no reason either.

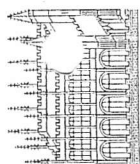
16th January, 1871.—Ramadân ended last night, and it is probable my people and others from the coast will begin to travel after three days of feasting. It has been so rainy I could have done little though I had had people. LXXVI

22nd.—A party reported to be on the way hither. This is likely enough, but reports are so often false doubts arise. Muhamad says he will give men when the party of Hassani comes, or when Dugumbe arrives. My Nassickers coolly assert that they did not desert. After this it will be impossible to take the ringleaders, but some will believe them, as for instance, Mr. Tozer and Co.

24th January, 1871.—Muhamad mentioned this morning that Moenemokana, and Moeneghera his brother, brought about thirty slaves from Katanga to Ujiji, affected with swelled thyroid glands or "*Goitre*," and that drinking the water of Kanganyika proved a perfect cure to all in a very few days. Sometimes the swelling went down in two days after they began to use the water, in their ordinary way of cooking, washing, and drinking. Possibly some ingredient of the hot fountain that flows into it, for the people on the Lofubu, in Susama's country, had the swelling. That in bays were decidedly brackish, while the body of Tanganika was quite fresh. LXXVII

The odour of putrid elephants' meat in a house kills parrots. The Manyema keep it till quite rotten, but know its fatal effects on their favourite birds.

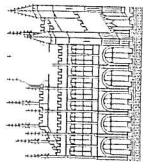
28th January, 1871.—A safari, under Hassani and Ebed, arrived with news of great mortality by cholera (*Towny*), at Zanzibar, and my "brother," who I conjecture to be Dr. Kirk, has fallen. The men I wrote for have come to Ujiji, but did not know my whereabouts. When told by Katomba's men they will come here, and bring my much longed for letters and goods. 70,000 victims in Zanzibar alone, and it spread inland to the Masoi and Ugogo. Cattle shivered, and fell dead. The fishes in the sea died in great numbers. Here the fowls were first seized and died, then men. Thirty perished in our small camp, made still smaller by all the able men being off trawling at the Metamba, and how many Manyema died we do not know. The survivors became afraid of eating the dead. Formerly the pest kept along the seashore, now it goes far inland, and will spread all over Africa. This we get from Mecca filth. Nothing was done to prevent the place being made a perfect cesspool of animals' guts and ordure of men. A piece of skin bound round the chest of a man, and half of it hanging down, pre- LXXIX



vents waste of strength, and he forgets and fattens. Ebed's party bring 200 frasilahs of all sorts of beads. They will cross Lualaba, and open a new field in the other, or Young's Lualaba. All Central Africa will soon be known. The evils inflicted by these Arabs are enormous, but probably not greater than the people inflict on each other. Merere has turned against the Arabs, and killed one; robbing several others of all they had, though he has ivory sufficient to send down 7000 lbs. to the coast, and receive loads of goods for 500 men. He looks as if insane, and probably is so. He will soon be killed. His insanity may be the effect of pombe, of which he drinks largely, and his people may have told him that the Arabs were plotting with Goambari. He restored Muhamad's ivory and slaves, and sent for the other traders who had fled; said his people had spoken badly, and he would repay all losses.

Two young elephants were sent by Mteza to Seyed Majid by one of the Lewale. Watuta came stealing Banyamwezi cattle, and Mteza's men went out to them, and twenty-two were killed. The Lewale's people did nothing. The Governor's sole anxiety is to obtain ivory, and no aid is rendered to traders. Seyed Suleiman the Wanzeer is the author of the do-nothing policy. Sent away all the Sepoys as too expensive. An old man and avaricious. The Biagogo plunder traders unchecked. One of the young elephants died on the way to the coast. It is reported that Egyptian Turks came up and attacked Mteza, but lost many people, and fled. A Moslem Mission to Mteza was a falsehood, though the details given were circumstantial. Falsehood is so common, one can believe nothing the Arabs say, unless confirmed by other evidence. They are the followers of the Prince of lies—Mohamad. His cool appropriation of the knowledge gained at Damascus, and from the Jews, is perfectly disgusting. All his deeds were done when unseen by any witnesses. It is worth noticing that all admit the decadence of the Moslem power, and they ask how it is so fallen. They seem sincere in their devotion and teaching the Koran, but its meaning is comparatively hid from most of the Suaheli. The Persian Arabs are said to be gross idolators, and awfully impure. Earth from a grave at Kurbelow is put in the turban and worshipped. Some of the sects won't say "Amen."

Moenyegumbe never drank more than a mouthful of pombe. He said the wisdom of a chief was dangerous. He kills people, and it ought never to be excited by beer. When young, he could make his spear pass right through an elephant, and stick in the ground on the other side. He was a large man, and all his members were largely developed. Hands, fingers, all in proportion to his great height; lived to old age with strength unimpaired. Goambari inherits his white colour and sharp nose, but not his wisdom or courage. Merere killed five of his own people for exciting him against the Arabs. The half-caste is the murderer of many of Charura's descendants. His father got a daughter of Moenyegumbe for courage in fighting the Babema of



Ubena. My long detention in Manyema leads me to believe they are truly a bloodthirsty people. Cold-blooded murders are frightfully common, and they say that but for our presence they would be still more frequent. They have no fear of spears or shields. Guns alone frightened them. They tell us frankly, and quite truly, that but for our firearms not one of us should ever return to his own country. Some kill in order to be allowed to wear the red tail feathers of a parrot in their hair, and they are not ugly like the West Coast Negroes. Many men have as finely formed heads as could be found in London. We English, if naked, would make but a poor figure beside the strapping forms and finely shaped limbs of Manyema men and women. Their cannibalism is doubtful, but my observations raise grave suspicions. A Scotch jury would say, "Not proven." The women are not guilty. The cholera came along the seashore from Mecca, but this year it came inland and made great havoc. Goats and fowls died, not by the pest, but by its companion. Cattle shivered and fell dead. About thirty people died in our small camp, and how many Manyema we do not know. Letters from Mecca told of its coming from that focus of filth, but the rest of the world must do nothing, for political economy says we must not interfere.

4th February, 1871.—Ten of my men from the coast have come near to Bambarre, and will arrive to-day. I am extremely thankful to hear it, for it assures me that my packet of letters was not destroyed. They know at home by this time what has detained me, and the end to which I strain.

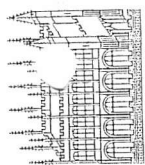
Only one letter reached, and forty are missing. James was killed to-day by an arrow. The assassin was hid in the forest till my men going to buy food came up. I propose to leave on the 12th. I have lent Dr. Kirk a cheque for Rs. 4000. Great havoc was made by cholera, and in the midst of it, my friend exerted himself greatly to get men off to me with goods. First gang of porters all died. When they came to Ujiji, Shereef, the headman, stopped with four, and is now feasting and drinking on my goods, though he knows me to be here.

8th.—The ten men refusing to go north, influenced probably by Shereef, and my two ringleaders, who try this means to compel me to take them.

9th February, 1871.—The man who contrived the murder of James came here, drawn by the pretence that he was needed to lead a party against the villages, which he led to commit the outrage. His thirst for blood is awful. He was bound, and word sent to bring the actual murderers within three days, or he suffers death. He brought five goats, thinking that would smooth the matter over.

11th.—Men struck work for higher wages. I consented to give them six dollars a month if they behaved well; if ill I diminish it, so we hope to start to-morrow. Another hunting quelled by Muhamad and me.

* 12th February.—The men sent are all slaves of the Banians, and came with a lie in their mouths. They were



Lascars or soldiers. They objected to going to-day, so I wait till to-morrow. Orders given to-day not attended to, so I had to treat them as slaves, and promised, on the word of an Englishman, that I would shoot the ringleader against my orders. Muhamad swore that he would kill them if they contended with me, and they gave in; and but for Mabruki being sick we should go to-morrow.

(Unyembe, six dotis each to Ujiji, three each of the Pagazi, three Pagazi, four dollars each. Ghamees Sudi Salem from 12th February onwards.)

13th February, 1871.—Mabruki seized with choleraic purging detains us to-day. Gave Muhamad five pieces Americano, five ditto Kanike, and two frasilahs samisami. He gives me a note to Hassani for 20 thick copper bracelets. Yesterday crows came to eat the meat of the man who misled James to his death spot. We want the men who set the Mbanga men to shoot him. They were much disappointed when they found that no one was killed, and are undoubtedly cannibals.

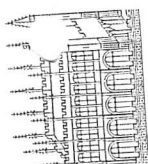
16th, Friday.—Started to-day. Mabruki making himself very ill, as all who have been at Nassick codling school do. Muhamad roused him out by telling him I travelled when much worse. Chief gave me a goat, and Muhamad another, but in coming through the forest on the neck of the mountain the men lost three, and have to go back for them, and return to-morrow. Simon and Ibram were bundled out of the camp, and impudently followed me. When they came up, I told them to be off, or I would certainly shoot them.

17th February.—Waiting at a village on the Western slope for the men to come up with the goats. If they have gone back to the camp, Muhamad would not allow the deserters to remain among his people, nor would I. It would only be to imbue the minds of my slaves with their want of respect for all English, and total disregard of honesty and honour. They came after me with inimitable effrontery, believing that though I said I would not take them, they were so valuable, I was only saying what I knew to be false. I warned them off, and they went away among Manyema. The goats were brought by a Manyema man, who found one fallen into a pitfall and dead. He ate it, and brought one of his own in lieu of it. I gave him ten strings of beads, and he presented a fowl in token of goodwill.

18th February.—Went on to a village on the Lulwa, and on the 19th reached Moenemgoi, who dissuaded me so earnestly against going to Moenekurumbo for the cause of Molembalemba that I agreed not to venture.

20th February.—To ford with only one canoe now, as two men of Katomba were swept away in the other, and drowned. They would not sell the remaining canoe, so I go N. W. on foot to Moene Lualaba, where fine large canoes are abundant. Grass and mud grievous, but my men lift me over the waters.

21st February.—Arrived at Monandewa's village, situated



on a high ridge between two deep and difficult gullies. People obliging and kind. Chief's wife made a fire for me in the evening unbidden.

22nd February.—On N. W. to a high hill called Chibande a Yunde, with a spring of white water at the village on the top. Hunger from some unknown cause, but people cultivating now on the plain below with a will.

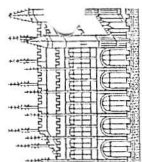
23rd February.—On to two large villages with many banana plants around, but the men said they were in fear of the traders, and shifted their villages to avoid them. We then went on to village Kahombogola, with a feeble old man as chief. Country beautiful and undulating. Light-green grass covers it all, save at the brooks, where the eye is relieved by the dark-green of lines of trees. Grass tears the hands and wets the extremities constantly. Soil formed of the débris of granitic rocks; rough and stony, but everywhere fertile. One can rarely get a bare spot to sit down and rest.

24th February.—To a village near Lolande River. (?) Then cross Loengadye, and sleep on bank of Luha. To Mamohela, welcomed by all the Arabs, and got a letter from Dr. Kirk and another from the Sultan, and from Muhamad bin Nassib going to Karagwe. All anxious to be kind. Katomba gave flour, nuts, fowl, and goat. A new way opened to Kasongo's, much shorter than that I followed. I rest a few days, and then go on.

1st March, 1871.—I was to start this morning, but the Arabs asked me to take seven of their people going to buy biramba, as they know the new way. The offer was gladly accepted. I gave a note to Katomba to take my double-barrelled gun at Ujiji. I pay him thus for all his services, and he gives me a young she soko to be carried for me there—Ujiji. She is a most friendly little beast, came up to me at once, making her chirrup of welcome, smelled my clothing, and held out her hand to be shaken. I slapped her palm without offence, though she winced. She began to untie the cord with which she was afterwards bound, with fingers and thumbs, in quite a systematic way, and on being interfered with by a man looked daggers, and, screaming, tried to beat him with her hands. She was afraid of his stick, and faced him, putting her back to me as a friend. When allowed to unloose herself she walked away, using the hands as crutches, treading, on the backs of the fingers, on the spaces between the first joint from the nail to the second. The knuckles and back of the hand being held perpendicularly. Sometimes she walks upright, but the crutch movement, in which the feet are lifted forward together, is the common way of going. She holds out her hand for people to lift her up and carry her, quite like a spoiled child; then bursts into a passionate cry, somewhat like that of a kite, wrings her hands quite naturally, as if in despair, and sometimes adds a foot to make the appeal more tender. She sits eighteen inches high. Her black long hair was beautiful while she was tended by her mother, who was killed. She eats everything; comes and sits down on

LXXXIX

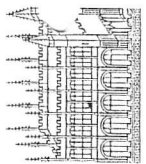
XC



my mat beside me, as a child would do, covers herself with a mat to sleep, makes a nest of grass or leaves, and wipes her face with a leaf. When wounded soko stuffs leaves into the hole. Is not mischievous as the monkeys are. I presented my double-barrelled gun to Katomba, as he has been very kind when away from Ujiji. He gave me the soko, but will carry it to Ujiji for me. Have tried to refund all that the Arabs expended on me. I left Mamohela on *2nd March*, and came to Munanounda's. Seven of Moeneokila's people go with us and serve as guides. On the *3rd* we came to Monangongo.

4th.—Headman hid himself from fear, as we are near to where bin Juma killed five men. Then on *5th* we came through the same dense forest as on *4th*, and reached villages beside some hills, called Mobasilonge. The village at which we sleep is called Basilonge. Most of them are very pretty; and stand on slopes; the main streets, east and west, allow the bright sun stream his clear rays from one end to the other, and dry up the moisture of the frequent showers. A little verandah is often put in front of the door. Here at dawn the family gathers round the fire and sit, in the enjoyment of the delicious air, talking over their little domestic affairs, and waiting till the sun warms them. The leaves of the forest trees around and near them are bespangled with thousands of dewdrops. The cocks crow and strut about, the kids gambol and leap, the older goats make believe fighting. The fairy scene is no doubt one never forgotten by the young, whose infancy is gilded by the picture, whose beauty is quite indescribable. Thrifty wives often make the heap of grass roots, which bake their clay pots, or make salt, serve as the morning fire. In some cases all the village is deserted as we come near. Doors are shut, and a bunch of leaves or a handful of green reeds placed across them, to say, "No entrance here." Chickens not caught, while all the fowls and goats are carried off. Wait for the hens, and tell like the smoking fires of flight from the slave-traders. They have found out that I am not a slaver, and when the people remain stand calling as I pass, "This is the good one; Bolongo: friendship, friendship." They sell their fine iron rings eagerly for a few beads. The rings are out of fashion since beads came in. "Slaves" slap grown men in sheer wantonness. I have threatened to thrash them if I see them, but out of sight of me they do it still. The owners confess that all the mischief is done by slaves, and then when Manyema resent and kill the nasty curs, vengeance is taken by guns. The free men behave better than the slaves. The Manyema are far more beautiful than either free or bond of Zanzibar. The men say, "If we had Manyema women we should get beautiful children." Many women are very pretty, and the men handsome. Hands, feet, and limbs perfect. Orifices of the nose widened by snuff-takers. Teeth not filed, except a little space between two front incisors.

5th March, 1871.—We heard to-day that Muhamad's people passed us on the west, with much ivory. I lose thus



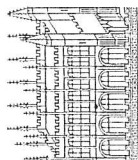
twenty copper rings I was to take from them, and all the notes they were to make for me of the rivers they crossed.

6th.—Passed through very large villages, with many forges in active work. Men followed us, as if to fight, but we got them to turn peaceably. We don't know who are enemies, so many have been maltreated and had relatives killed. The rain of yesterday made paths so slippery that the feet of all were sorely fatigued, and on coming to Man-yara's, I resolved to rest on 7th near Mount Kimazi. Gave a cloth and beads in lieu of a fine fat goat from chief, a clever, good man.

9th March, 1871.—We marched about five hours across a grassy plain without trees—buga or prairie. The torrid sun nearly vertical, sent his fierce rays down, and fatigued us all. Crossed two Sokoye streams by bridges, and slept at a village on a ridge of woodland overlooking Kasonga. After two hours this morning, we came to villages of this chief, and at one were welcomed by the Safari of Salem, Mokadam, and I was given a house. Kasonga is a very fine young man, with European features, and very clever and good. Has four guns. Muhamad's people were led by his, and spent all their copper for some fifty frasilahs of good ivory. From this party men have been sent over Lualaba, and about fifty frasilahs obtained. All praise Kasonga. This place is about six miles east from Lualaba, and very healthy.

10th.—Muhamad's people are said to have gone to Luapanya, a powerful chief, who told them they were to buy all their ivory from him. He had not enough, and they wanted to go on to a people who have ivory door-posts; but he said, "You shall go neither forward nor backwards, but remain here." He called an immense body of archers, and said, "You must fight these." They killed Luapanya and many of his people, called Bahika; crossed a very large river, the Morombya or Morombwe, and again the Pembo River, but don't seem to have gone very far north. I wished to go from this in canoes, but Kasonga has none, so I must tramp for five or six days to Moene Lualaba to buy one, if I have credit with Abed.

11th.—Had a long, fierce oration from Amur, in which I was told again and again that I should be killed and eaten. People wanted a white one to eat. I needed 200 guns; must not go to die. I told him that I was thankful for advice, if given by one who had knowledge, but his vehement threats were dreams of one who had never gone anywhere, but sent his slaves to kill people. He was only frightening my people, and doing me an injury. Baker had only twelve people, and came near to this. "Were the people cannibals?" &c. &c. I left this noisy demagogue, after saying I thanked him for his warnings, but saw he knew not what he was saying. The traders from Ujiji are simply marauders, and their people worse than themselves—thirst for blood more than for ivory. Each longs to be able to tell a tale of blood, and Manyema are an easy prey. Hassani assaulted the people at Moene Lualaba's, and now they keep to the other bank, and I am forced to bargain

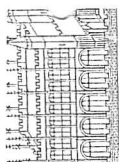


with Kasonga for a canoe, and he sends to a friend for one, to be seen on the 13th. This Hassani declared to me that he would not begin hostilities, but he began nothing else. The prospect of getting slaves overpowers all else, and blood flows in horrid streams. The Lord look on it! He will have some tale to tell, Muhamad Bogharib.

12th.—Fashid left to-day for Moene Lualaba's, and I went for Kasongo's messengers to return. This spot is pretty, land undulating, with trees enough to be beautiful. Rice grows well, and food is abundant. Kasongo says that he has but one tongue, and never lies. He is a contrast to the Arabs, who are nearly all liars. Musa and party are fair average specimens of Moslem falsehood. The only difference between their and them is that Mohamad lied to force his countrymen to give up idolatry. The impudence of his lies is their chief feature. As a trader he went to Damascus, and heard of St. Paul's translation to the third heaven, Mohamad at once conceived the idea of a translation to the seventh heaven. He had no miracle to show in evidence, but without shame tried to appropriate Moses' bringing water out of the rock, but with the characteristic of all false miracles for no reason, did not take water, as all others did, on his camel, and worked his miracle where it was not needed. XC VIII

13th.—Sent my people to examine the canoe. Kasongo's men did not reach it yesterday, afraid, because their headman Kasongo gave Hassani and Muhamad's people ivory, to assault the people at Moene Lualaba's. The trap laid was twenty-five copper bracelets given as debt. They killed many, and captured many more, for no reason but to get slaves, and hope not to return here. They were market people, famed by all as good and civil. Kasongo's goodness extends only to the traders. I told him that they would attack him too, when they had finished all about him, and he would go yet in a slave-yoke, like other Manyema. It is terrible this Manyema trade. It is simply stealing people, and shedding human blood, as a sort of salvo, or accompaniment, to be able to say, "We fought Kasongo's enemies." Marvel not at the matter, there be higher than they. XC IX

14th March, 1871.—Men did not return yesterday. I heard only lately of Young's search for me on Nyassa, and am deeply thankful to Her Majesty's Government, and all concerned, in taking trouble to ascertain my fate. Musa and his companions are fair average specimens of the lower classes of half-caste Mohamadans. One need never expect aught from them but heartlessness and falsehood. One like themselves, who had been properly punished by Manganja, came past us, and reported that he had been plundered by Mazitu, or Batuta, 150 miles distant N. Musa was terrified, and, though I offered to go due west till far past the beat of the Batuta, as soon as I turned my face thither, ran away. They alleged no other reason whatever, but fear of Batuta. The Sultan, who knows his people better than any one else, entrusts all his revenue and money affairs to Banians from India. His father did the same. C



He says if he put his customs' income in the hands of his own Mohammadan subjects, they would purloin the whole. This being true of the better classes, nothing better can be expected from their inferiors. C1

15th.—Falsehood seems ingrained in their constitutions. No wonder that in all this region they have never tried to propagate Islamism. The natives soon learn to hate them, and slaving, as carried on by the Kilwans and Ujijians, is so bloody, as to prove an effectual barrier against proselytism. The Mohammedans have in all their intercourse in East Africa propagated nothing but syphilis and the domestic bug. In spreading the disease they have been distressingly successful even in Manyema. Filthy talkers all, their speech to the natives is too disgusting to be noticed. To avoid provoking ill-will, I listened as if I heard it not.

16th.—The party here assaulted Kasongo's people yesterday, and killed three men, capturing, as usual, women and children. My men not come back. I fear engaged in some broil.

17th-18th.—Not come yet, though two men were sent after them.

19th.—As I feared, having killed three men—I am clear of blood guiltiness. No large canoe seen. People angry, because Kasongo sent traders to them, killed their guide and wounded others. I can send nowhere, without danger of my men eagerly engaging in bloodshed.

20th.—I am heartsore, and sick of human blood.

21st.—Kasongo's brother's child died, and he asked me to remain to-day while he buried the dead, and he would give me a guide to-morrow. Being rainy I stop willingly. Dugumbe is said to purpose going down the river to Kanagumbe River, and build on the land Kanagumbe, which is a loop formed by the river, and is large. He is believed to possess great power of divination, and even of killing unfaithful women.

22nd.—I am detained another day by sickness of one of the party. Very cold rain yesterday from the north-west. I hope to go to-morrow towards the Lakoni, or great market of this region.

23rd March, 1871.—Left Kasongo. He gave a goat and guide. Country gently undulating, showing green slopes, fringed with wood! Grass from four to six feet. Luamba or cotton meadow grass, nyassi in patches. Reached Katenga's, about five miles off. Many villages; people passed us carrying loads of provisions, cassava, from the chitoka or market. Soil a little sandy, allows good drainage. C17

24th.—Great rain in the night and morning, and sickness of the men prevented our march.

25th.—Went to Mazimwe $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles off. Many hamlets at each station. Country undulating and grassy—trees scarce. Patches of arum at every village, and cassava far off, on account of the pigs, which are now plenty. A black ugly pig. Crossed a rivulet, the Lohemba.

