

GLAVE IN NYASSALAND.

BRITISH RAIDS ON THE SLAVE-TRADERS.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN AFRICA, FROM THE JOURNALS OF THE LATE E. J. GLAVE.¹



TATTOO OF THE SIKHS AT FORT LISTER. (SEE PAGE 593.)

July 18, 1893. Arrived at Aden at eight this morning. The *Peshawur* sailed away about noon. We found awaiting us the *Kilwa*, in which we are to travel to the Zambesi. I met Dualla, Stanley's old servant. He is the husband of three wives, wears a beard, and with an air of great importance sails about Aden in flowing robes of silk; evidently he is much respected. He is a Somali by birth. I gave him Stanley's address, to whom he will write.

He says he is writing a book of his experiences.

August 1. Reached Zanzibar about noon. It seems to be in a very quiet state; the natives are cheerfully submissive to British authority, and there is every sign of the decay of Arab influence. The slave-trade is very quiet, though natives of Zanzibar are nearly all slaves. Sir John Kirk, an authority, says that only five per cent. of the slaves shipped

¹ As was described in *THE CENTURY* for October, Mr. Glave completed his remarkable journey across Africa

from east to west in May, 1895, and had the sad fate to die of fever while waiting for the departure of the home-



ZANZIBAR—A CARGO OF SLAVES RELEASED BY A BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR.

to Pemba are caught by the British gunboats; ninety-five per cent. get away. Only recently a dhow was caught having fifty-three aboard. The dhow was flying French colors, and the slaves were from the district near Lake Nyassa. In olden times there was a tax on each slave coming into Zanzibar; then if a slave was ill beyond the possibility of recovery, his master killed him rather than run the risk of his dying before he could be sold.

When a dhow is chased, the Arabs always tell the slaves not to be captured, because the white men will eat them; by thus intimidating

ward steamer. His journals are in large part discursive notes for the papers he intended to write. In preparing this paper and those which are to follow, those passages from the journals are given which form a narrative of special interest to the general reader.

Among his effects were found many letters of introduction in Arabic and other languages. The following characteristic letter may fitly serve as an introduction to these papers, in supplement to Mr. Stanley's «Story of the Development of Africa» in THE CENTURY for February last:

2 RICHMOND TERRACE, WHITEHALL, S. W.,
June 21, 1893.

TO ALL MY FRIENDS: It is with a strong hope that this open letter of introduction may be of some service to my friend, Mr. E. J. Glave, with such gentlemen

them they get their captives to escape from the war-ship's boats when the dhow is run ashore. Slaves are well cared for when they reach Zanzibar; they soon forget their past hardships, and get strong and well, and are apparently happy and contented. There are large clove plantations here, which yield a profit only when worked by slave labor. Slaves are still reaching the coast, but the difficulties are now so great that comparatively few caravans make the attempt.

August 17. Last night the cutter of the flag-ship *Raleigh* caught a dhow with five

whom I call friends or kindly acquaintances, that I venture to supply him with it. His own personal worth may in many cases render it unnecessary, but youth is often modest and diffident, and those who might wish to make his acquaintance might be deterred from similar feelings from addressing him. I beg then simply to say that Mr. Glave was one of my pioneer officers on the Congo, where he performed excellent and most faithful service. He has since been traveling in Alaska and Western America, and has lately been sent by THE CENTURY to write up articles such as may be published in a high-class illustrated magazine. Any assistance, advice, or suggestion from residents in Africa will be of immense value to a stranger, and I would most cordially plead for their good offices to my friend whenever practicable.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

slaves on board. The dhow was flying French colors, so that this morning the French consul took charge of her; she will be condemned, and her slaves sent to the missions to be educated. It is of course against the law to sell and buy slaves in Zanzibar, but it is always being done in spite of the law. Tippoo Tib is said to own about six thousand slaves here in Zanzibar. He is now trading legitimately, and owns much property.

September 3. Left Zanzibar at daylight by the steamer *African*.

September 9. Consul Ross told me day before yesterday that a great many slaves leave the coast of Africa between Quilimane and Mozambique, and are taken to Madagascar and the Comoro Islands. Off the mouth of the Chindé I was met by A. G. Hunt, and invited by him to be his guest on board the British gunboat *Herald*, an invitation which I gladly accepted. The gunboats are on the river to check both Portuguese and slave-raiding influences. The Portuguese are still dealing in slaves. Here at Chindé the British have a concession of territory from the Portuguese, and anything landed within the limits of the concession pays no duty. This great benefit to commerce seriously affects the Portuguese cus-

toms revenues. All the trade is going into the British concession, the Portuguese always making small trouble about small difficulties. The Portuguese commandant lives in a grass hut still, though his nation has been here for four hundred years.

September 12. To-day we left Chindé on board the *Herald*. This boat and the *Mosquito* make small exploring trips up-stream. We left at twelve noon, and steamed up the channel to the right of the Chindé; after a while we reached a very narrow but deep channel, passed several villages, and entered the Zambesi about six at night. The experiment successfully proves a new way into the Zambesi from the coast. The natives along the bank were very friendly; the women courtesy in a graceful way. The men in our boat threw biscuits to the natives, for which they appeared very grateful, clapping their hands, grinning, and scraping their feet on the ground.

September 24. Left Chindé on board the *John Bowie* to-day. The Zambesi is a magnificent highway to the heart of Africa, and is playing a great part in the suppression of the slave-trade. We are towing a lighter, which, with our steamer, is loaded in fine trim with Major Manning's 110 Sikhs, 6 tons of car-



ZANZIBAR—ARAB SLAVERS CAPTURED BY A BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR.

TIPPOO TIB AT ZANZIBAR.¹

tridges, camp equipment, and slaves. The Sikhs all sleep on shore to-night. In a little while tents were pitched and camp-fires blinking. The navigation of the Zambesi is exceedingly difficult on account of the sand-banks stretching from shore to shore with winding channels. The *John Bowie* is drawing only 22 inches now, and even with this draft she is constantly sticking on sand-banks.

September 26. Passed to-day about twenty miles from Chupanga, the spot where Mrs. Livingstone is buried. There is now a large house there, occupied by a Portuguese; to the right of the house there is a large tree, and Mrs. Livingstone's grave is near this. A thick haze, composed of flying sand and smoke from the grass fires, enveloped the land, and the thick forest to the rear of the grave could be but indistinctly seen, though the big tree stood out boldly as a stanch monument. How the conditions of life in the land have changed! It was of course the work of Livingstone and his wife that pioneered civilization into these parts. There are a few villages here and there; but as we are conveying Manning and

his Sikhs post-haste up-stream, we call nowhere, and at a distance see only the tops of huts peeping out from the banana groves. The natives line the beach and climb to the summit of ant-hills to view the passage of our steamer.

September 27. We entered the Shiré River this evening. We are passing fine hilly lands clothed with warm-tinted shrubs and rich tropical vegetation. Much tobacco is under cultivation in the native villages.

September 30. At Port Herald, the first British settlement, we heard that Nduné from Makanga is on a big slave-raiding expedition with the Ngwengé people. He is fighting the Portuguese, who thus far have had the worst of it.

October 1. Passed several new villages springing up owing to the security to life and property enjoyed under British protection. Yesterday the scenery was very fine, more wood to be seen, and timbered hills on both banks in the distance; grass plains everywhere, and plenty of game.

October 5. Left Chiromo on foot by a level trail along the south bank of the Ruo. There is plenty of water everywhere along this trail. This is a big caravan with 450 carriers, 110 Sikhs, and about twelve servants. The carriers are constantly stopping either to drink, smoke, eat, or rearrange their loads. The carriers are paying their hut tax by carrying loads.

October 8. To-day we met on the way Mr. Bell, the chief of the Milanji district. The native chiefs are refusing to pay taxes, the principal offender being Mkanda. He is an old slaver, and owns a lot of guns and powder. It is said that a big caravan will shortly leave the coast with powder for him. Nicoll, the chief of the Fort Johnston district, captured the other day about nine hundred pounds of powder which had passed through Portuguese territory. Major Manning, Captain Edwards, Bell, and I with twenty-five Sikhs visited Mkanda's village to-day. The natives were all drunk and uncompromising. Bell demanded that they should bring their guns down as a sign of surrender; they refused. They were warned that their village would be burned. One hut was fired; still they were obstinate, and so the whole village was destroyed. One native put a bullet just on the top of Manning's head. We did not leave the village till six, and a hooting crowd of drunken warriors followed behind, peppering us with an occasional shot. At night a charge of slugs was fired into the camp, and a native wounded. This morning the natives all com-

¹ With the exception of this and the pictures on the two previous pages, the illustrations of this article are from sketches and photographs made by the author.—EDITOR.

plained of having been wounded by shots fired during the night. Old sores were trotted out as wounds. Some carriers looked upon the opportunity as one permitting them to apply for new cloth to wear, claiming that their own had been worn and torn during the nocturnal affray. At a quarter of four we reached Fort Lister, which is in charge of Captain Johnson. The importance of this place is due to its situation on the old slave-route from Lake Nyassa to Quilimane.

October 12. We learn that Mkanda, whose village was burned, has retaliated by attacking the mission and burning some of the houses and looting their stores. Johnson, Edwards, Manning, Bell, one hundred Sikhs, one hundred carriers, and a seven-pounder, have gone to inflict retribution. Mkanda is a large slave-owner, and derives a big profit from commerce in powder and guns, which he obtains through the territories of the Portuguese in spite of the Brussels Act. Only recently a lot of powder was captured by the British, some of it bearing French labels, some of it having passed through German territory, and bearing the marks of the German custom-house. Such men as Mkanda are the middlemen in the traffic of ivory, slaves, and ammunition. Fort Lister is about four thousand feet above the sea-level on the mountain pass between Mtebin and Milanji. It is a most picturesque position. Away to the southward stretches a vast valley divided between grass plains and timber, thickly populated, with here and there mountains upon which live powerful chief-

tains. They are all slavers, and have selected mountain homes for safety. They are good fighting men, and fearless.

October 15. No news of Captain Johnson and his expedition. I have written to him and to Edwards disagreeable information of the



FORT JOHNSTON.

running away of 350 carriers. Toward midnight I learned that they had cleared out. They had been detained for six days, and had become thoroughly discontented. Their pay was to be the remission of taxes, but, having failed to fulfil their obligation, they will forfeit their pay, and will still have to pay the administration three rupees tax upon every hut. Search-parties scoured the country last night, but succeeded in capturing only a few stragglers, who say the whole caravan was making its way through the forest and would not take a beaten track. This is a great misfortune; it makes the situation extremely complicated. We were entirely dependent upon them for our conveyance to Zomba and Fort Johnston; our presence is urgently needed there. Possibly I may receive a little blame for this, but I am not at all responsible, and shall have no difficulty in making my case good.

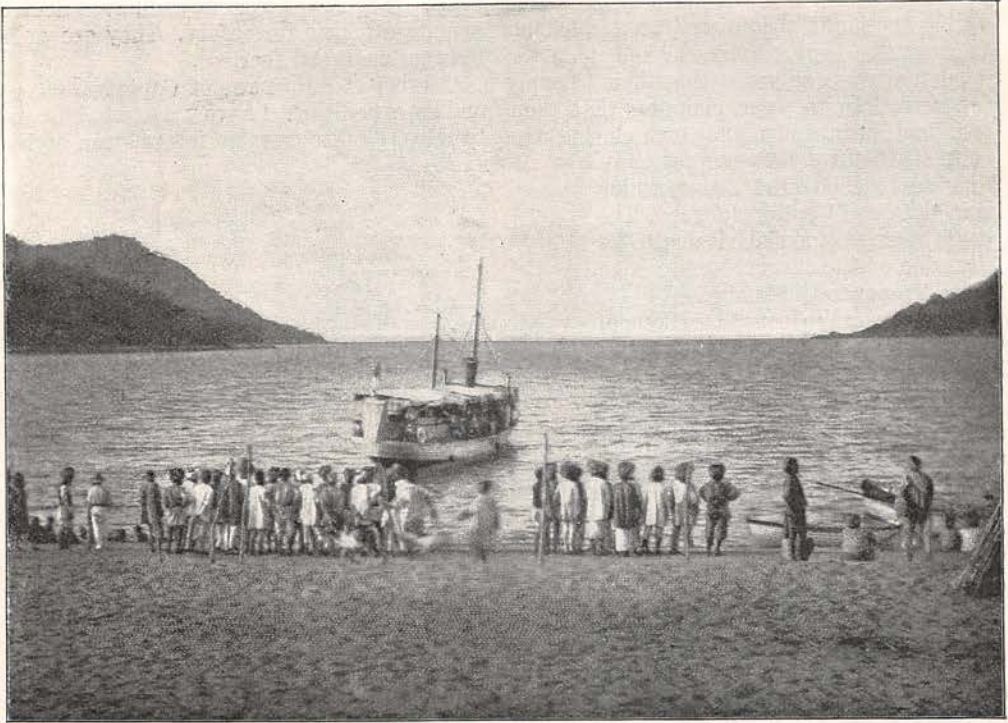
October 16. Johnson, Edwards, Manning, and Mr. Clownie arrived in camp to-day without any one hurt. They have killed a few of the enemy, and destroyed a number of villages. The natives at first appeared rather plucky, but soon grew discouraged. The missionaries were attacked in the afternoon, and, instead of defending themselves, ran away, throwing down their Martini-Henry rifles and revolvers and ammunition, with which the enemy peppered the expedition. One of the missionaries slept in the fork of a tree; a native stole his clerical suit, and is wearing it in the most barefaced way.

November 1. Left Pimbi this



SKELETON DHOW USED BY THE NYASSA NATIVES AS A PROTECTION AGAINST CROCODILES WHEN SETTING FISH-NETS.

The wood of which it is made is so light that it will sustain three or four men without sinking very low.



BRITISH GUNBOAT "ADVENTURE" AT MONKEY BAY, LAKE NYASSA. SIKH SOLDIERS ON THE SHORE.

morning. The African Lakes Company have become so careful that they compel their agents to pay their own funeral expenses; so many agents died that an order was actually issued compelling the agents to die at their own expense. For a long while the Company has enjoyed a monopoly of trade.

November 5. This morning I marched, with Major Johnson and one hundred Sikhs, from Fort Johnston to the southern end of Lake Nyassa. There is an expedition on foot to fight some of the slavers in the neighborhood. The two gunboats, *Adventure* and *Pioneer*, are employed, and also the *Ilala* and *Dormira*, two boats belonging to the African Lakes Company. H. H. Johnston, the commissioner, is traveling on the *Adventure*; Major Johnson, Captain Edwards, Dr. Watson, and I are passengers on the *Dormira*, and also one hundred Sikhs and ten Makua gunners.

Reached Kota-Kota, a third of the way up the west shore, the stronghold of Jumbé, the Queen's representative on Lake Nyassa; formerly he was called Sultan Jumbé as representative of the Sultan of Zanzibar, but on the advent of the British Central African administration he entered their service. Now, some of his sub-chiefs have risen against him,

principal among them being Kiwaura, who lives within a few miles of Kota-Kota. He has recently made a raid on Jumbé's settlement, burned seventy-five huts, and carried away forty of his people. As this territory is under the British flag, the administration is bound to defend Jumbé, especially as Kiwaura is a slave-raider. Kota-Kota is a big, straggling village composed of grass and clay huts, peopled by Jumbé's followers, slaves, Arabs, etc. Every important household is surrounded by a grass-padded fence.

November 7. This morning there was great excitement upon the arrival of the Sikhs and Makua with the armament. All the natives were summoned by a war-drum to assemble on the common with their weapons. Groups of old men and women admired the young warriors as they sprang in the air, throwing up their shields and stabbing with glistening blades. They assembled in a circle about one hundred and fifty yards in diameter; war-drums and rattles were then introduced. Suddenly wildly dressed men sprang into the circle and engaged in mock combat. About twenty men would conduct the war-dance, then another twenty would take their places. This continued for two hours; then the crowd formed in groups about the white men's

forces to watch the soldierly conduct of the Sikhs.

November 8. At six o'clock we marched out of Kota-Kota; two and a half miles away we reached hills overlooking Kiwaura's stronghold. Native porters brought up ammunition, guns were placed in position, and shots were fired into the fortress seven hundred yards away. The fortress is a clay wall half a mile in circumference, with a deep dike in front, and the clay wall generously loopholed. The shots at once took effect, firing the houses, and soon the village was in flames. Some of the enemy stole away to the left and captured a number of Jumbé's people; but the main body remained in the stockade, their women fleeing away over the plain at the back. When the village was well in flames a party of the Zanzibari, headed by the *Adventure's* head man, approached the stockade and suggested peace. A half-breed Portuguese came out under a flag of truce and visited Commissioner Johnston; he wished to know the terms of peace, which were that all their ivory should be brought, and also all the guns laid down as a sign of submission. He did not deliver the correct message, but advised the natives to renew the fight, so another exchange of shots took place. Then an old native came in and prayed for peace. The same message was given him, but for a long time there was no reply; however, by this time Jumbé's people had entered the stockade and were looting right and left.



MAKWINDA, MEDICINE-MAN AND CHIEF OF JUMBÉ'S FORCES.

By and by the old man returned, bringing a tusk weighing about forty pounds, and promising to comply further with the terms of peace; he then returned.

The forces in action were about three thousand of Jumbé's people armed with bows and arrows, spears, shields, guns (percussion and flint-locks), one hundred Sikh soldiers, and two gun-crews with seven-pounders. There are known to be ten or twelve tons of ivory in the town. After one stockade had been looted and burned, the natives came out and dilly-dallied about terms of peace, with the object of getting time to hide the ivory in the adjacent swamps. Finding that the natives had collected in a smaller stockade, Sharpe and Johnson decided to assault the place. Two shots were fired from the hill into the stockade; then the Sikhs were thrown out in line. The order to advance was given, and the soldiers moved rapidly toward the stockade, clambered to the summit, and began firing into the enemy. Finally they climbed over the stockade and completely routed the enemy with big losses. We lost one Sikh and one native killed and three wounded. The position which the natives held was an exceedingly strong one, and without cannon victory would have been impossible. The place was abso-



JUMBÉ'S WAR-DRUM, SIX FEET LONG, FOUR AND A HALF FEET IN DIAMETER, WITH CARVINGS IN A HARD ALMOST GRAINLESS WOOD.



A BAND OF JUMBÉ'S IRREGULARS.

lutely impregnable against the efforts of natives. The Sikhs were most gallantly led by their officers, and behaved with great bravery. There were some ghastly sights in the village. About a dozen people altogether were found in slave forks. When the last stockade was attacked, hundreds of women and children fled toward the white men and gave themselves up; some were slaves of Kiwaura, others were wives and relatives. They were all taken prisoners, to be returned when the enemy submits. There were frightful noises: goats bleating, a wounded bullock roaring, wounded natives wailing, drums beating, women and children screeching and crying, bugles blowing, commands to troops in the smoking, crackling village, and hot wind from the burning huts. Many old women seemed grateful at finding themselves well cared for in the hands of the whites. Kiwaura, the chief of the village, has for many years been the terror of the whole land; perfectly safe in his stronghold, he has raided the land and compelled the neighboring tribes to abstain from all peaceful occupations, and devote their time and energy to saving their liberty. The removal of Kiwaura and the destruction of his fort are hailed by all the natives with the greatest delight.

Kiwaura was originally a slave of Jumbé's, but gradually developed by slave-raiding and ivory-trading into a powerful chief; then he refused to submit to any authority. When Jumbé has sent mes-

sengers to him, Kiwaura has cut off their heads and stuck them on his palisades, or mutilated them; one man returned with only two fingers on his hand, and between these a note was found firmly lashed. Kiwaura held to his defiant attitude till the Sikhs were charging through his stockade with fixed bayonets; then he escaped, wounded, into a swamp at the rear

of his stockade. As he was plunging through the swamp he was shot in the head, and lay half submerged in the shade of a palm-tree. His fortification must have been directed by a mind far superior to that of the ordinary savage; the intelligence of the white man was distinctly apparent.

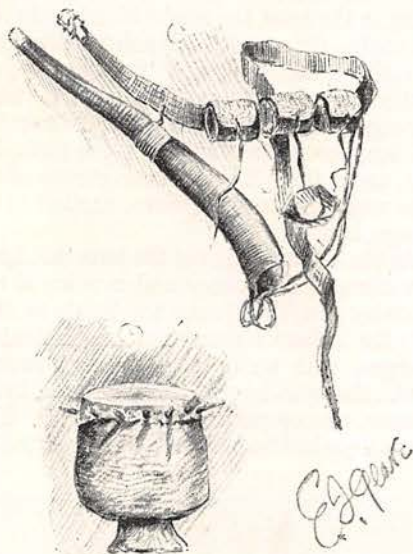
The territory north and east and west of Nyassa is peopled with descendants of Zulus. In the time of the reign of Chaka several thousand Zulus rebelled and left Zululand; they marched away in one big band, crossed the Zambesi, losing many men in the operation, and then struck north and spread all over the country as far as the southern end of Lake Tanganyika. Then many retired south on the west and east side of Nyassa. In the west there are several big Zulu chiefs still in power—Mpiseni, Mbara, Mwas, etc.; all have



SCENE IN JUMBÉ'S VILLAGE OF KOTA-KOTA.

large herds of cattle, and many seem like Zulus proper. All are raiders, known by different names according to the locality, as Angoni, Watuta, etc. They raid the weaker tribes, take them prisoners, treat them well, and do not allow them to have any herds. On the east of Nyassa they are the Wagillis. Throughout Nyassaland the Arabs do but little raiding. The Angoni do the raiding, and all the slaves are brought to a market center, where the Arabs buy them and the ivory, and take them to the coast. An established route from Tanganyika to the coast via Nyassa and the Zambesi will do more than anything else to destroy the slave-trade.

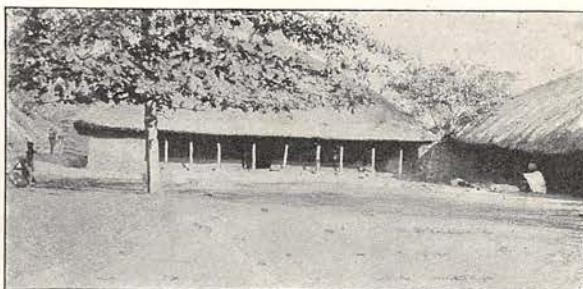
November 11. This morning one of Jumbé's dhows, weighted down with human freight, crossed the lake with some Arabs in charge.



YAO BULLET-POUCH, POWDER-HORN, AND DRUM.

Probably they were slaves, but the thing was done so openly that it would be difficult to prove it.

The growing stockades of the native villages are formed of the euphorbia, a sort of cactus, which branches like an ordinary stunted tree, and forms a mass of foliage composed of sections of solid green pulpy growth. Bullets and cannon-shots take but little effect upon such a boma; the shots pass through and leave the boma bleeding with a thick, creamy white juice, which is poisonous, and, if it enters the eyes, will blind. Such stockades are found everywhere.



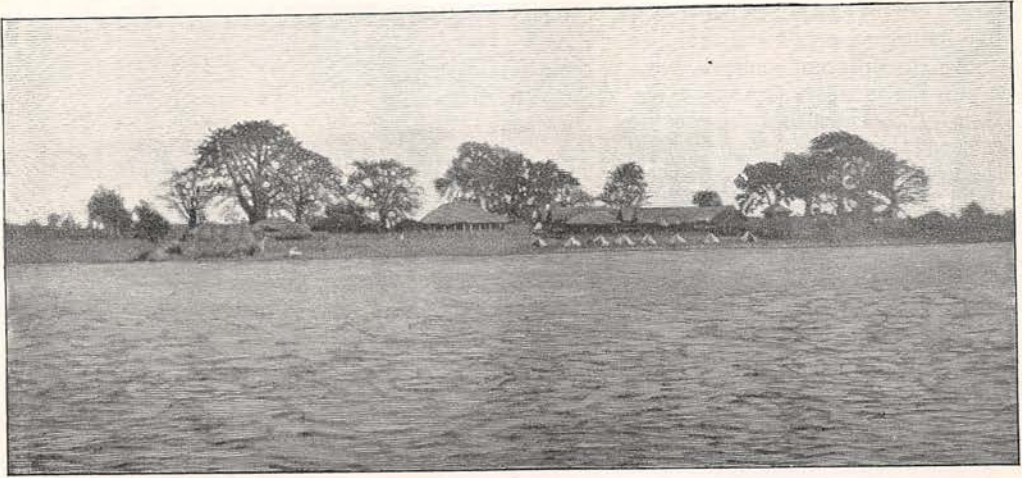
JUMBÉ'S HOUSE AT KOTA-KOTA, WITH LARGE VERANDA WHERE COUNCILS ARE HELD.

November 13. Left old Jumbé's house at Kota-Kota at six this morning, and embarked on the *Dormira*. About eight we came up with the *Adventure* and *Pioneer* and *Ilala* lying off Kachuru village, near Point Rifu. When the Nordenfeldts and seven-pounders had cleared the grass, Captain Edwards, with about thirty Sikhs in a big boat, and with all available small boats also filled with men, landed and took up a position on shore on a ridge of sand overlooking the village. The boats then returned and brought off the remainder of the force; the whole party was then thrown out in skirmishing order. Major Johnson commanded on the left, and Captain Edwards on the right. Upon reaching the village the natives fled; not a soul was found in the huts; log fires were burning, and pots of food cooking; goats wandered about, hens cackled, and the village looked inhabited except for the lack of people. A portion of the town was already burning, having been fired by one of the shells. Sharpe, who had marched down from Kota-Kota, came in at the end of the village just too late to cut off the retreat of the fugitives. Old Jumbé's people, who had also marched down one thousand strong, intercepted some of the runaways. The owners of the village, followers of Makanjira, our bitterest enemy, have recently killed three whites. Captain McGuire was killed fighting against them in fair fight, and Dr. Boyce and Engineer McEwen were enticed ashore by a flag of truce and treacherously murdered.

November 15. This morning a dhow came in and anchored off the rocky bluff between Kachuru



WOODEN WAR-DRUM WITH LION-SKIN HEAD, TAKEN IN THE FIGHT AT FORT MCGUIRE. YAO BOW AND ARROW AND STABBING-SPEAR.



FORT MCGUIRE AT MAKANJIRA'S, ON THE EAST SHORE OF LAKE NYASSA.

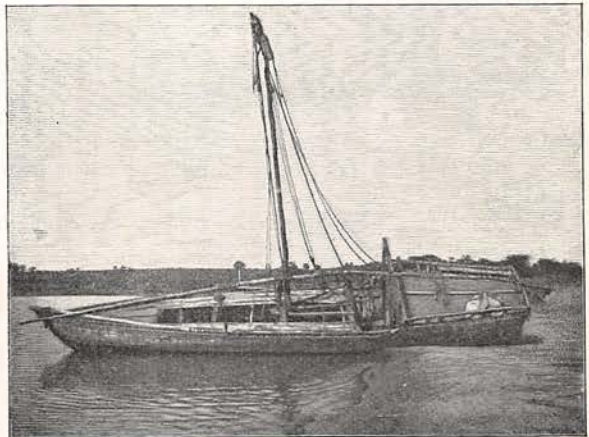
and Leopard Bay. The dhow contained forty fighting men and forty kegs of powder, which were being despatched to the relief of Kiwaura by Makanjira, who did not know that the former had been killed. The *Pioneer* was despatched to attend to a dhow which was anchored close in shore; she put charges from her Nordenfeldt into the dhow, and also shells from her seven-pounder. The crew climbed behind the rocks and desperately defended their craft from close attack. Villiers of the *Pioneer* approached as near as possible and peppered them with his guns, killing several. Jumbé's people swarmed along the beach to the base of a hill; behind it the natives pluckily lay in ambush and wounded several. The enemy have an impregnable position, and can be dislodged only with a great loss of men. The native allies have completely surrounded the hill, and the gunboats can harass only the side overlooking the lake.

November 17. Left Kachuru and steamed south to Monkey Bay, where the British have a depot for stores; a very pretty place, the rocky hills being profusely clothed in tropical foliage.

November 19. We left Monkey Bay at midnight, and crossed over to the east shore of Lake Nyassa; signal-fires were burning in the villages that we passed. Makanjira's settlement extends for about nine miles, the villages being in groups on shore or on the plains, and on the ridges of the hills distant about two miles. Even in broad daylight the villages are hidden in the foliage, but we could locate

them by the haze of smoke hanging over each. At night the natives keep small fires going in the huts, the smoke filtering through the roofs. On certain high points, as we came in sight, a big tongue of fire shot up, evidently from some very inflammable torch. The signal-fire was answered in all directions, and tongues of fire shot up on the plain, hillside, and ridge. We could see groups of savages rushing here and there, excited at the prospect of war.

As the sun peeped over the huts the *Adventure* changed her course, and, running as near shore as possible, opened the battle by firing into the village a succession of Nordenfeldt charges, with an occasional seven-pounder shell. She was immediately followed by the *Pioneer*, who opened fire with her guns. When the natives had been driven from cover, all the



ONE OF JUMBÉ'S DHOWS AT FORT MCGUIRE, FORMERLY USED AS A SLAVE FERRY.



LIEUTENANT VILLIERS, OF THE BRITISH GUNBOAT «PIONEER,» AND A CARAVAN OF SLAVES SURRENDERED TO HIM.

boats were loaded with Sikhs, Makua, and Atonga, and a landing was made without opposition. The Sikhs and the Makua were thrown out in skirmishing order, and advanced over the brow of the rising ground which sloped to the beach; here they cautiously lay down. In the mean time gangs of men were busy with spades and hoes throwing up the sand into solid earthworks. In a few hours' time a barrier five feet in height extended along our front in all directions where danger was possible, and redoubts were made for men and guns. The *Adventure* shelled the enemy immediately in our vicinity, and the *Pioneer* cruised along the coast and harassed every accessible point with her guns. She also succeeded in capturing a dhow, which she took off to Monkey Bay. This is a rich haul, as it deprives the enemy of their means of transportation to the other shore in carrying on the traffic in slaves and ivory. One we captured and burned at Kasembi's, one was shelled and disabled, and now one is captured here; humane authority is certainly establishing itself. About five o'clock a white flag was hoisted, but it received the unusual response of a shell from a nine-pounder. This ruse of Makanjira's is played out entirely.

November 20. The

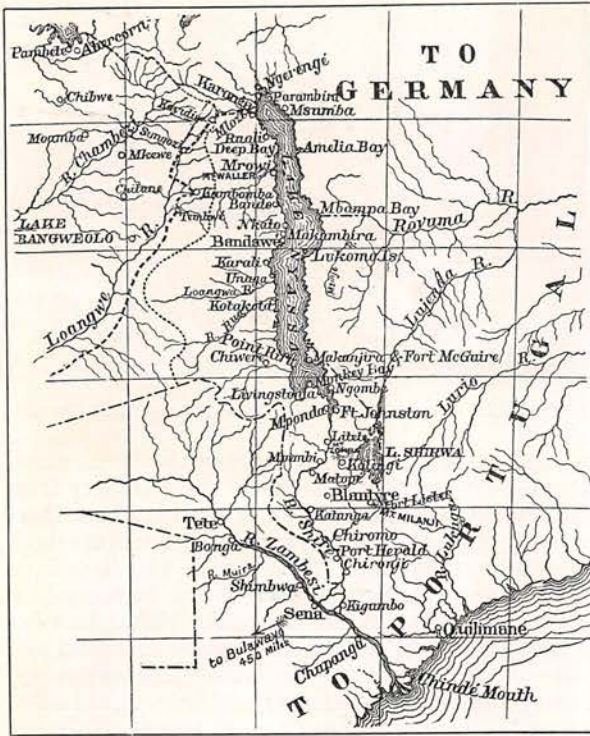
chief part of Makanjira's town has been burned. His warriors, known for their bravery from Nyassa to the Indian Ocean, have been thoroughly beaten by a handful of men in one day's hard fighting. Those chiefs who have been so persecuted by him will now turn, combine with the British, and render Makanjira's defeat complete. Makanjira, the scoundrel who whipped and stripped Johnson, the missionary, and Buchanan, Her Majesty's consul, was killed a few months ago by one of his sub-chiefs; but another chief of the same name has taken his place, equally antagonistic to the whites. Makanjira's is a great slaving center; the coast men buy their ivory and slaves here, and transport them overland to Quilimane and Kilca; the Portuguese close their eyes to all such traffic. Most of the powder coming to this part of the world comes from that quarter through Portuguese hands.

November 21. Miles of country were passed over to-day, huts destroyed, and everything of value was taken. Jumbé was left behind at Kachuru when we came here, and Kuruunda, the chieftainess, was starved out; a caravan of 140 slaves was also captured. They had been gathered in the interior, and were to be sent overland from here to the coast with Arabs and their ivory.

November 22. Major Johnson started to brick the fort on the side toward Makanjira's village. In every direction the huts have been burned and the natives driven helter-skelter into the hills beyond. Makanjira himself, who is not really a big chief, has fled with his flocks, his ivory, and his people; his power is thoroughly broken. Yesterday Makanjira sent an old man as messenger to sue for peace. Commissioner Johnston's terms were 50 tusks of ivory, 50 loads of grain, 250 guns, 50 goats, and the giving up of all men implicated in the



MAKANJIRA'S LETTER SENT TO FORT MCGUIRE, WRAPPED IN PIGSKIN AND FASTENED IN A SPLIT BAMBOO.



MAP OF THE ZAMBESI AND NYASSALAND.

murder of Boyce and McEwen, the war to continue till the terms are accepted. Captain Edwards has a wretched fever; he got it during the excitement of Monday's fight, and has been plagued by high temperature ever since.

November 24. This morning the *Pioneer* left Fort McGuire (as the works at Makanjira's are called) with Kuruunda, her attendants, and ten slaves; reached Monkey Bay in the afternoon, and wooded.

November 25. The *Dove* reached us at seven in the morning, and conveyed us to Fort Johnston. At present there are only about three feet six inches of water on the bar at the connection between the Upper Shiré and Nyassa. I found all my goods carefully stowed away, and in charge of a young Sikh, who was very nice to me.

November 26. While at Fort Johnston I have lived in my tent, and have employed my time going over my stores and arranging everything for a trip up the lake with Villiers in the *Pioneer*.

November 27. This morning at noon we got under way. Two hours after dark we were nearing what appeared to me to be a wall of black rock. Gradually it opened and showed a tiny waterway. The engines were slowed down, and we crept in between the rocks.

It was a very clever piece of navigation. Having found the mouth of Monkey Bay, we steamed ahead full speed, and anchored without any hitch about eight o'clock.

November 28. Started out hunting at five o'clock. Came upon a small herd of *mswala*; followed them carefully, but could not get near enough to have a shot. After an hour I found that I was not alone in being interested in the *mswala*. A leopardess had stepped in between me and the game. When I first saw her she was crouched like a cat. Then she moved stealthily into some thick bushes, and crept rapidly toward the buck. For about a quarter of a mile I moved stealthily and quickly toward the game. I was then within a short distance of them, and could faintly hear the creatures in among a clump of trees. I was thinking how best to stalk and get a shot, when the leopardess again appeared about eight yards from me and close to the *mswala*. She had cleverly crept to windward, and was now almost within striking distance. She

crouched and moved her head slowly from side to side in order more clearly to see her game. To get a better view she slowly raised her head and sat on her haunches. Then she took a still better view by putting her front paws on a log, which raised her two or three inches higher. Then she showed her head and shoulders above the grass, and I succeeded in putting a Snider bullet through her. She was six feet in length. It is a very rare thing to see a leopard at all, and most unusual to see them in the daytime. The natives were delighted. I find the killing of the leopard raises me to a heroic plane, while, as a matter of fact, the mere killing of the beast was as easy as the shooting of a retriever dog.

December 5. This evening we reached Deep Bay, near the north end of Nyassa, the station in charge of Mr. Crawshay. It is an exceedingly important place. There are Arab ferries here, and slave-traders are settled near by in powerful stockades. Only recently the Germans captured 211 slaves on their way to the coast with ivory. Crawshay knew of their whereabouts for several weeks, but he was powerless to act outside his own earthworks. Crawshay stopped a letter the other day from one slaver to another. In it there

was reference to a batch of runaway slaves, and instructions to cut their throats if they were recaptured.

Baron von Eltz, the German commissioner, made a plucky attack on a slave caravan on November 21. For several days he had heard of a big caravan on its way to the coast from Mlozi's stronghold. He had native allies as spies all over the country bringing him in news of the movements and whereabouts of the caravan. At last they were camped in between two large native villages, allies of the Germans. Von Eltz immediately despatched messengers to the chiefs of the two villages, telling them to stay the caravan from passing through their territory, either to advance or retreat. The caravan was over seven hundred strong, there were seven owners of ivory, and fifty-three owners of slaves, and a host of slaves and some followers. When Von Eltz had the caravan blocked, he embarked in his boat, proceeded post-haste to the spot, at once surrounded the whole caravan with native allies, and compelled all to march down to his station at Parambira. He had only five Zanzibari soldiers, a non-commissioned officer, a few native recruits bearing rifles, and a host of native allies; but without firing a shot he captured the caravan. The women and children he transported in his boat to the station; the men marched overland. Upon reaching the station he questioned the slaves as to their owners, where they were caught, what ivory was in the caravan, etc. He found it difficult to obtain trustworthy information on the subject. When there is a possibility of the caravan meeting whites the slaves are warned not to impart any information. Moreover, they are told, that should they fall into the hands of whites, they will be mercilessly treated and possibly killed.



CHURCH AT BLANTYRE BUILT BY NATIVES UNDER THE DIRECTION OF EUROPEANS.

January 26, 1894. Left Lukomo Islands midway on the east shore to-day. While at the mission I had strange evidence of the want of confidence missionaries have in natives. I was asked to have a cigar. The cigars had been carefully locked up, and it was explained that the natives were too light-fingered to admit of anything being left lying about. On the face of it this does not seem very strange, but in contrast to the honesty of the natives in the employ of laymen, it certainly suggests that the religious teaching of the mission is less effective than the practical discipline of the laymen. The Universities Mission at Lukomo has been established about seventeen years, and by this time it really ought to be expected that the morals of the natives would be improved beyond the crude characteristics of the ordinary savage.

January 27. This afternoon I reached Captain Edwards's place, Fort McGuire, and found that he had done much hard work; houses have been built for himself, barracks, etc., and a strong earth stockade, impregnable to any native effort. Kasembi has built a village near the fort, and some of Makanjira's people have come back and made peace with the whites; others still remain stubbornly hostile.

February 2. Left Fort Johnston for a trip south to Blantyre in the *John Kirk*, a big wooden whale-boat, with Atonga polers, rowers, and paddlers, willing chaps, but not expert.

February 4. Detained at Mpimbi, as carriers are not forthcoming. Mpimbi is the be-



LEOPARD SHOT BY GLAVE AT MONKEY BAY.



ANGANJA WOMEN.

ginning of the navigable water used by the administration at Fort Johnston. The river is full of crocodiles; people are constantly being taken by them. Hoare shot a big crocodile, and found a pair of bracelets in its stomach. The natives foolishly risk the water every day. They walk in knee-deep to get water, and even swim across the streams. By making a small fence about the place where they get water many lives would be saved; but that means work, and each African thinks he will not be a victim.

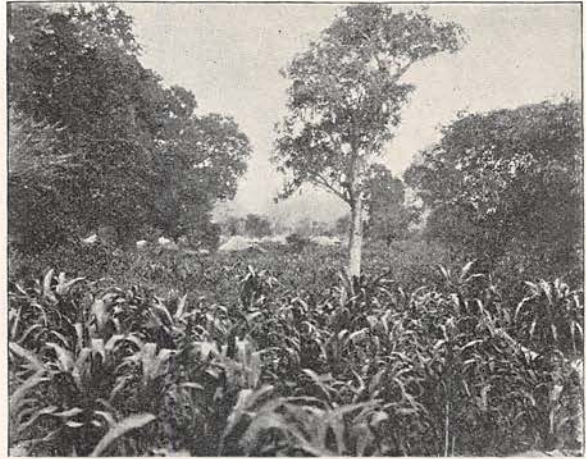
February 7. Reached Blantyre just after lunch, where I visited Vice-consul Sharpe. Blantyre is the receiving-station for Nyassaland. There is any amount of good land suitable for coffee-planting round about, but lack of transportation is the great drawback to the country's development. A railway is needed from Katunga to Matope or Mpimbi, so that steam communication may be established between Nyassa and the sea; a railway of only a hundred miles is necessary. Everybody there looks healthy and robust. I ride as little as possible in a *machila*, a piece of canvas slung on a long bamboo; but it is the only means of transportation one has, except walking, and a traveler should always be provided with a *machila* in case of excessive fatigue or indisposition. Natives do not like *machila* work, although twelve men may take their turns during an eight hours' march; still, each one much prefers to carry all day

long fifty or sixty pounds. Two carry you for five minutes at a jog-trot, then the others lope alongside, and, without any cessation of operations, they relieve their companions by shifting the *machila* pole to their shoulders. It is very hard work. Some men out here never walk at all; they always travel by *machila*, and consider it healthier.

February 22. Returned to Fort Johnston to-day; hear that Captain Edwards, about the 6th or 7th of this month, was attacked at Fort McGuire by two thousand of Makanjira's warriors about four in the morning. Edwards immediately swept round to the rear of the enemy and punished them severely; after two and a half hours' fighting the enemy fled. So long as Fort McGuire is in the hands of a white man the ferry from the west shore near Point Rifu is useless. Jumbé's people were brutally gleeful over this victory. They cut off the heads of two of the enemy and scrimmaged with them on the beach. The African delights in the shedding of blood; he does not long delay the death of his victim, because he is impatient to shed blood; he has not the patience to put enemies to prolonged torture like the Chinese.

Caravan roads in Africa are narrow paths for marching in single file, through long grass that cuts like a knife, or through woods; the natives instinctively know when they are passing under thorn-trees; they slow their pace, as the path is always strewn with thorns. In the dry season the carrier covers himself with a cotton rag, and sleeps in apparent comfort in a temperature and under conditions which would compel the white man to cover himself with a pair of blankets. A carrier, as a rule, has a few cobs of corn or a pouch of flour of *mapira* or maize wrapped round his waist in his loin-cloth; he has, besides this, always a stock of snuff in an empty cartridge-case or little gourd; the snuff is composed of powdered tobacco, the ashes of aromatic leaf, and seeds of the castor-oil plant; men, women, and children incessantly take snuff. Only a few people smoke, and then not a long smoke, but a few violent draws, which they inhale into the lungs till they are to an extent stupefied. This applies to all the people in this part of the world. Some of the carriers have a small mat to sit on or to lie on at night, or to cover themselves with in case of rain; and some have a side of a biscuit tin with a handle fixed to it. The tin is turned up at the sides, forming a kind of flat dish, and pop-corn is made on this. This is the favorite way of eating dry corn. When the corn is green it is toasted, boiled, or steamed by being baked in the

husk. The carrier sometimes has little pockets of dried fish or paste of baked ants, but he is quite a nabob if he possesses such luxuries. He will take a load weighing fifty pounds; sometimes he carries the load on his head, with a ring of reeds as a pad for his head. He always carries a stick, so that when the load is on one shoulder he can pass the stick over the other shoulder and under the load, so that the labor is divided. They have one or two earthen pots among them, and when camp is reached they gather up firewood and start fires, and do their cooking, chaff one another, drink much water, and take snuff till late in the evening. Then their chaff, laughter, singing, and talking cease; they have all dropped asleep, which an African can do without any difficulty at all times and anywhere. With us it is sometimes rather a hard task to go to sleep, especially in this country; for anxiety and responsibility keep the mind of a white man in a state of uneasiness and wakefulness. An average march is fifteen miles; more can be done, but fifteen miles is enough; more unfits the man for the next day's journey. When it rains, and the native is near long grass or shrubbery, he very soon throws a rough roof over his head. The carrier is rationed with a



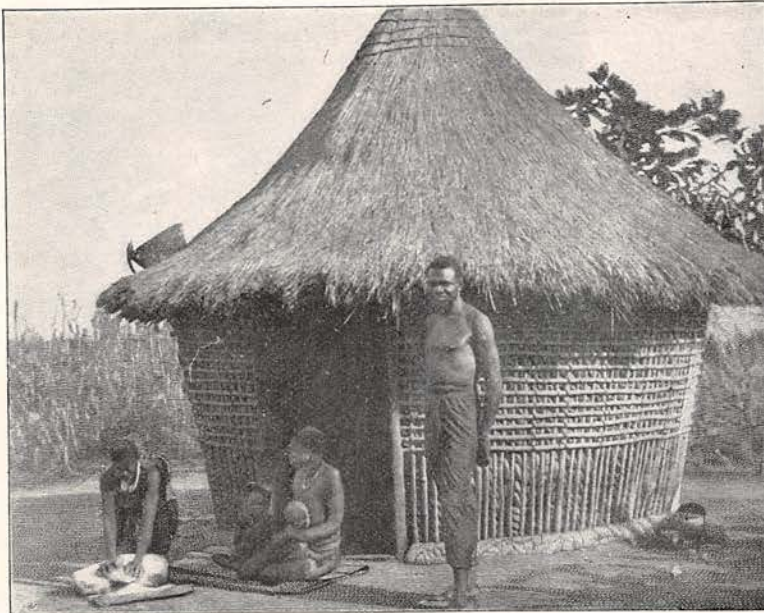
ANGONI VILLAGE NEAR LAKE NYASSA, A FIELD OF MAIZE IN THE FOREGROUND.

little cloth to buy food; the usual rate is one yard a month.

A word as to African insects. In the swamps the mosquito is a vicious little fanatic. He assails you in clouds without the slightest provocation, and remains till killed. He is a keen observer, and if you are sitting in any posture which stretches your garments tightly over your leg, you feel a sharp sting which tells you the mosquito has noticed the fact. A small hole in your mosquito net he notices at once, and will struggle through it, a wing and leg at a time, and when inside calls to a few friends and tells them the way he entered. They perch on the barrel of your rifle when you are getting a bead on a fidgety buck, and bite in some painful spot just as you are about to pull the trigger. Other insects annoy you. Big moths, inquisitive about your lamp, enter your room at full speed, flutter noisily about your lamp, or try to commit suicide in your soup, leaving the fluff of their wings floating on the surface. The jigger burrows into your flesh, and starts in to raise a family in a little white bag beneath the surface of your skin. The proverbial little ant is a terror to mankind. The large brown driver ant, marching in swarms of millions, with giant ants as leaders and officers, is a dreadful enemy. They move over the ground like a dark-brown ribbon a foot wide, devouring every living thing they meet, from a grasshopper to a goat, if the beast cannot escape. Their heads are



ANGONI WARRIOR—ON THE LEFT IS A SECTION OF GROWING STOCKADE (SEE PAGE 597).



ANKONDE HUT NEAR THE NORTHWEST SHORE OF LAKE NYASSA.

the neighborhood were a menace all the time. At first they could not understand the meaning of allegiance to the Queen; they wished to be under Kasembi, the native chief, but this could not be permitted; they must be under the orders of Captain Edwards. Ali Kiorgwé played his cards well; for he explained that Kasembi was relatively a small boy, while Edwards, as the representative of the Queen, was the father.

furnished with terrific nippers; if you are bitten, and attempt to pull away the insect, you will find that the head remains in your flesh. They will enter your house; no matter how well filled your larder was before the visit, it will contain nothing but bones afterward. The white ant does not bite you; his particular province is to destroy your most valuable property—your best trunks, your favorite shoes. In one night he will so attack a wooden box that when you lift it in the morning the bottom will drop out; he will eat a living eucalyptus-tree, and when he is in the district the poles of your house in a few months' time will crumble into dust. At a certain stage of his existence he has wings, which he sheds at your meal-times into your dishes. Scorpions and tarantula spiders are only occasionally met. Large beetles come from long distances to see you, and end their journey by striking you in the face. Many insects of smaller caliber settle on the back of your neck, and when you try to brush them off sneak down your back. Small saw-flies feel particularly curious about your right eye when the left one is closed and you are trying to get a bead on a buck.

Fort McGuire, February 24. Many of Makanjira's people came in to submit today—men, women, and children, lean-looking creatures, who have certainly had a hungry time of it. This is a most satisfactory conclusion to the war. It was no victory till now, for the enemy in arms on the hills in

Kasembi was forcibly beaten by Makanjira's people, and fled to the hills. The English beat Kuruunda, and put Kasembi in place again; it was only the strength of the English that enabled Kasembi to return. Now the people who came in were all under the orders of the white man. For convenience, head men would be placed over them, who would be permitted to exercise a certain amount of authority. When Ali Kiorgwé had fully explained the situation, all the natives were asked if they agreed to live under the white men. All rose up and swore to obey the whites. Then Edwards set aside a place near the fort where the people could make a temporary camp, and a lot of guns were given to the submitters, who were put in very good humor. Edwards is doing exceedingly well to patch up a peace and get the people to come and live about the fort. They will soon see the advantage of it, and the success of the campaign will be a great blow to slavery.

Makamda, Makanjira's ambassador, told the following story on coming to the fort. He said that among the animals the rabbit had the reputation of knowing good places in the forest and on the plains. When elephants, zebras, leopards, and even lions, decided upon having some jollification, they called in a rabbit and asked him to provide a suitable place for the entertainment; he also was supposed to be an expert at drumming. Then Makamda said, "I am the rabbit,

and I come from Makanjira; he is the lion, and sends me to search a suitable place.»

March 6. The steamer *Hermann von Wissmann* arrived to-day, with Baron von Eltz and Gillmore on board, the latter to disembark and stay at Fort McGuire as assistant to Edwards. I take passage up to Karonga on this boat. Captain Edwards has done splendid work at Fort McGuire. It is a model station, well built, well conducted, and thorough discipline is paramount. He has transformed what was once a most important slave-center into a powerful stronghold of civilization.

March 7. Left Fort McGuire at about five this morning and slept at Msumba, in Portuguese territory. The *Wissmann* bought a little wood at the usual price; the wood is three feet long, is piled as high as the width of common calico, and then is sold by the length of the pile at the price of one yard of calico for one yard of wood. There are wooding-stations all along the shores of the lake.

March 8. We steamed to Lukomo to-day and visited all the missions. The Lukomo missionaries have spent no time in making themselves comfortable. They have no gardens, and their houses are flimsy things, built of mats principally, and thatched with grass; but they have all good roofs over their heads. They keep the Africans in their places, and

they are doing the best they can to improve the character of the native. Late in the afternoon we reached Bandawé, a Livingstonia mission station. Bandawé seems to be noted for its carpentry and brick-making. There is a nice row of cottages built of brick and roofed with grass, and with good doors and windows. There are houses for the whites, a school-house, joinery shop, and a building for printing. There is a fairly good road running parallel with the houses, but it loses itself in the grass three hundred yards from the lake, in which only a tiny path, almost hidden by overhanging grass, leads. A visitor from the lake gets soaked by brushing his way through the dripping grass.

While at Lukomo I learned that the slave-trade in that district is very brisk. Slaves are brought across over from the Bandawé villages by way of the Lukomo Islands to the mainland in Portuguese territory. A week or two ago a large caravan of two hundred and fifty slaves, carrying the British flag, started from Unaga for the coast; one of the slaves was sold for corn. Caravans are constantly crossing, easily avoiding the gunboats, which make infrequent visits to this portion of the lake. Stations are needed at Jumbé's and at Point Rifu, with well-organized intelligence-departments attached to each.



A SLAVER, PLACED IN A SLAVE FORK BY MR. CRAWSHAY, AT DEEP BAY, UTILIZING HIS ENFORCED LEISURE IN SEWING.

March 12. I left Crawshay's place at five in the morning, and reached Karonga about ten o'clock; found there, much to my surprise, three Belgian officers from the Antislavery Society on Lake Tanganyika. The world has to thank Captain Jacques for good work done in destroying the power of the Arab slavers; their favorite hunting-grounds between Tanganyika and the Congo are now no longer safe for them.

March 19. By appointment went out to Kopa-Kopa's stockade. Have always heard it was a very strong place; this is not so. I found Kopa-Kopa very intelligent, and interested to know all about *Oha* (Europe). I explained to him clearly the spirit of the Brussels Act. If Arabs and coast men decided to trade legitimately, they could stay at peace with the whites and suffer no interference. He told me if he could get together some ivory and plenty of food for the way, he would go to the coast. There was no longer a chance for making money, with slavery stopped, and most of the ivory going direct to Karonga. Three plagues have visited this part of the country in recent years: first, of mice, which ate up the roots of the rice and maize; then came the cattle plague, which attacked beasts both wild and domestic, and killed all the buffaloes; and now the locusts. As I returned from Kopa-Kopa an immense cloud of locusts were darkening the air. They sped along at the rate of four miles an hour, settling on every patch of maize, millet, or sorghum. All the natives were out, old and young, beating drums, shouting, rushing here and there, and beating crops with swishes to drive the pests away. In spite of their efforts the crops will be destroyed. The natives are very careless about the future; knowing well that they are always subject to locusts, they do not take the precaution to grow manioc, which locusts do not eat.

March 21. This morning I left Karonga in a machila for the Ngerengé Mountains, where the Livingstonia mission has stations, of which Dr. Kerr Cross and wife have charge. Dr. Cross has been out here about seven years, and did excellent service during the Karonga war against the Arabs. He has seen several large slave-caravans in forks, but none recently. He feels certain that slaves are still being traded at the Arab stockades.

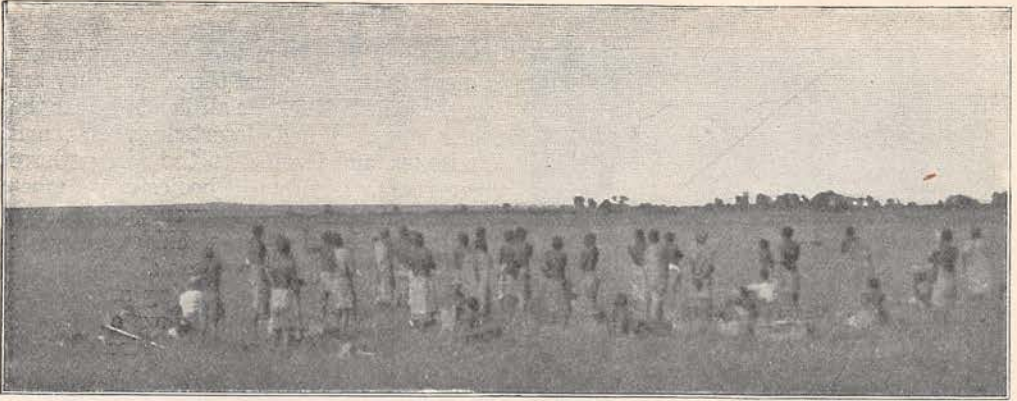
I gave the boy I engaged at Jumbé's a loin-cloth. The next day I saw a stranger with it. I asked the boy why he had parted with it; he said the stranger had told him he would probably go to England with me, and so he

exchanged the cloth for a pair of white duck trousers, which he thought would be more suitable for the climate there.

March 25. This morning at eight o'clock I went in machila straight to Kopa-Kopa; thence by an easy road for a caravan to Mlozi's stockade, about five miles off. The way led through plantations of maize, etc.; then through a park-like country with fine, short grass, fair-sized trees here and there, and again plantations immediately fronting Mlozi's clear space. The huts, with grass roofs, were crowded together, and there were many grass fences surrounding groups of huts. These are to conceal slaves so that white men may not see; they are supposed to be for general privacy. There were many slaves about, but none in forks, and nothing to suggest the business carried on except two skulls on posts at the outer gate of the stockade. I had a long talk with Mlozi. He says the big caravan captured by the Germans was not his; the ivory was his, but not the slaves. He was very polite, and offered me fowl and curry.

March 31. I started in the *Ilala* for Deep Bay to see Crawshay, who was very ill. At Senga and in the interior slaves are constantly appealing to Crawshay. During my visit of three days three cases came up. When I was at Mlozi's, a man who gave his name as Kisebau expected a caravan of trade goods at Amelia Bay, and wished to send two men across to get news of it; he asked me to give him a letter to Mr. Crawshay asking permission for the two men to cross. When I reached Deep Bay a day or two afterward I found in a slave-fork a man whom I had never seen before, but this fellow had presented the letter which I gave to Kisebau. It seems that four men appeared, one being a slave, who was being taken across, of course for sale. He was an Awemba who had been forced into a slave fork. The second case was that of a woman who hailed from Senga. She complained that she had been taken in a fight by Awemba, and sold to Kopa-Kopa; he sold her to Kayuni, who was about to send her to the east side of the lake in exchange for cattle or goats. She was released, and Kayuni put into chains and imprisoned. The third case was that of a small boy who looked after goats. He told one of Crawshay's boys that he was a slave who had been bought by Chitapweté at Mperembi's for cloth and hoes. Mperembi's people had captured him in a raiding encounter in the Senga country; the boy was released and the master put in chains.

E. J. Glave.



A HALT IN THE REGION WHERE DR. LIVINGSTONE DIED.

GLAVE'S JOURNEY TO THE LIVINGSTONE TREE.¹

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN AFRICA FROM THE JOURNALS OF
THE LATE E. J. GLAVE.

KARONGA, LAKE NYASSA, April 27, 1894. Engaged from to-day Selemani and Mkenga at six francs a month and rations.

April 28. Marched from Karonga to Kapororo, 4½ hours on a good trail, with four or five watercourses to cross; can manage without getting wet by straddling a native's neck. It is a splendid, dry, flat country; actually a plain with scrub-bush every hundred yards, and patches of forest occasionally. There is no timber serviceable for building. I slept in a house belonging to the African Lakes Company, a creepy sort of habitation at night. Rats galore raced about the roof, chasing one another, and squealing most piteously. I was awakened in the morning by cocks crowing. There was a hush of night insects; the houses in the dawning light were an indistinct, dull brown; the grass was wet with dew. I heard the shuffling of reed doors slid to one side, or their grating on clay flooring when flung open. A few natives begin to appear, exchange morning greetings, and start to blow up fires; men, women, and children crowd around the fires; the gilded clouds in the east withdraw, the sun peeps on the horizon, fires are soon deserted, and daily work begins.

May 7. The men supplied by Mlozi and Kopa-Kopa came in this morning for their loads, and picked them up cheerfully. These

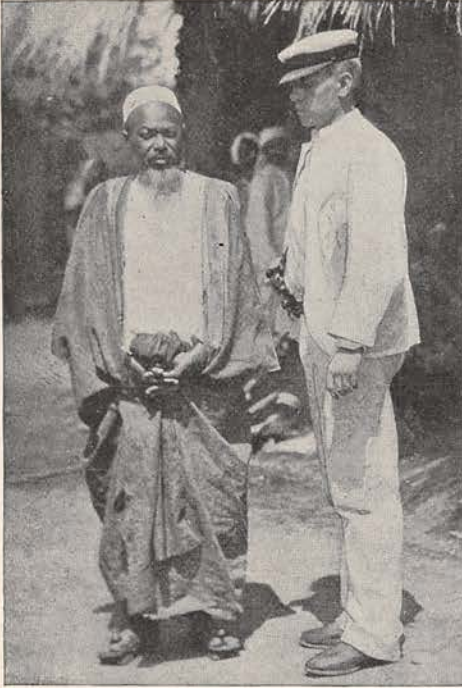
men are paid at sixteen yards of cloth a month and rations, and, as we are going through a country abounding in game, there is every prospect of their having plenty of food. They know the white man keeps his word, and altogether they have a comparatively pleasant four months before them. They are all natives, many being slaves.

I wished to proceed the next day, but some of the carriers wanted another day with their families, and to settle any business they had on hand, so I agreed to wait over till the following day.

Mlozi has refined hands and feet; he is very nervous and fidgety, constantly twitching with his fingers at a piece of string or straw. The first time I saw him he hung down his head and played with a hair for two hours.

May 9. At 7:20 Croad and Enisley left for Karonga, and I started for the interior, making an imposing departure; the men in white filed out with the loads, women trotting after them dressed in bright-colored cloth; the roofs of the *tembé* were crowded with people; inquisitive youngsters ran alongside the trail, picking their way in among the stalks of maize. Mlozi, Kapandsam, and Juma Nne, son of Mlozi, went with me for a quarter of a mile to the crossing of the Lukuru River; I there bade all good-by and joined my men, marching through plantations of the Ankondé for about an hour; we then entered the pass of the Stevenson road, and followed it. In places some hard work had been done by the engineers. After three hours' marching we reached the foot of the range over

¹ For an account of Glave's adventures about Lake Nyassa, with the British forces operating against the slave-raiders, see THE CENTURY for last month. All the illustrations to this article are from photographs taken by the author.—EDITOR.



MLOZI AND GLAVE.

which the trail ran, ascent being very gradual. About three quarters of an hour took us to the plateau, then the trail wound about among hilltops. We camped at Makongwa, where Teleka's people had left some hastily built grass huts, which came in handy.

May 10. This morning we left at 6:30 in a drizzling rain; upon putting down my tent I found a black snake about two feet long in the grass flooring; the natives said it was a good omen, and predicted a prosperous journey. I wish good omens would take a more agreeable manner of expressing themselves.

May 11. Got under way at 6:30, and passed over a rugged country rising to about five thousand feet. Many slave-sticks were seen on the road. Mlozi and his allies have conducted several expeditions against the Senga. Many slaves were caught. Upon nearing the point on the Stevenson road where the trail from Senga joins it, the chains are taken off the slaves and hidden, and the forks thrown away, many of which we saw, and then small bands are marched into the stockades under safe escort, clothed to resemble the wives and children of the slavers.

May 12. Left camp at 6:45; marched over an undulating country for two hours through scrubby acacia; then through fine grass-lands between the hills; no game; many deserted gardens securely fenced against wild beasts;

owners had fled from the Angoni, who are a curse to the land, and the sooner they are checked the better. On all hands I hear the same story. I find deserted villages and stockades, and learn that the Angoni have been there. I find small bodies of refugees living on miserable sustenance in hovels, surrounded by stockades, hidden away in thick clumps of bush, the men always armed with poisoned weapons, fearing at any moment they will be the victims of Angoni spears, and their wives and children carried away as slaves. Throughout the whole way we are meeting armed Wanyika scouting so as to get warning beforehand of roaming Angoni. Missionaries are settled near Mombera, but their teaching does not seem to have the effect of diminishing Angoni slave-raiding.

My men are doing remarkably well; a little tactful jockeying is having a good effect; yesterday the sons of old Mwewé, who died last year, gave me a young bullock, which was killed to-day, and every one had a good slice of fresh meat, besides which I gave each man a cup and a half of maize flour, and, naturally, the whole caravan is in good humor. As a single white man, I need but little meat, and the only reasonable means of disposing of the remainder is to share it with the men.

May 14. Camped at 10:45 at the village of Stambuli of the Wanyika. We are now near the head waters of the Loangwa. I think the plateau we have passed over is worth the attention of coffee-growers when it is considered practicable to plant so far away from the sea. (See map, page 772.)

At the villages I camp in the stockades, and am on view all day; so long as there is any daylight men, women, and children are peeping over the slanting roofs and round the tall clay granaries with hard, fixed stare; at first they remain silent, then they begin to exchange among themselves ideas concerning the white arrival; they are keenly observant of every movement I make, but they are ready to bolt the moment I display unusual signs of activity. If I strike a match, or sneeze, or sharpen a pencil, every head disappears, to reappear when assurance is felt that it was a false alarm. The youngsters without such keen sense of danger are generally in the foreground, but when there is a stampede they are caught up and carried off. When it is chilly the people cross their arms over their breasts, and hang a hand over each shoulder. They have never seen a white man before in these districts, but the natives do undoubtedly appreciate a visit from a white man's caravan when they fully

realize that he is friendly, just, and peacefully inclined.

I went out this afternoon, and came upon tracks of a small herd of zebra, and followed them up till I saw my game. I shot a female zebra and her young. I shot the old one for food, not knowing of the existence of the little one at the time. One of the natives accompanied me back to camp to send people to bring in the meat, and he was giggling and laughing to himself the whole way for about one and a half hours. It was a study to watch him, his head ducked, his elbows nipping his sides, his heels spurring the air. Every now and then he slapped his thighs with his hands, and occasionally uttered a faint cry of delight; again he several times stopped short in the trail, and I had to wait a moment or two while he viewed imaginary game, then took aim and fired, and jumped in the air as the imaginary game was hit. When we reached camp he would not return with the men; he said he wished to stay and tell his friends all about the zebra; he gave them an elaborate, exaggerated edition of the performances I had witnessed on the way back.

To-night, at Chifundu's, all the natives have brought their drums to a clear space outside my hut, and are dancing and singing

as merrily as crickets. Everybody takes part, my own men, and even the dignified coast men of Mpata, and my two Zanzibaris; three drums are energetically beaten, and about two hundred voices are in the singing. There are always two women in the center moving along by short, quick steps in time to rapid drumbeats; the women hang down their heads and arms very modestly; two men more energetically advance toward and retreat from the women, sometimes holding them tightly by the shoulders, at other times holding them gently by the waist. By and by the two couples retire to the audience, and others take their places; all the time the two pairs are dancing, members of the audience advance from the circle and spring here and there with graceful bounds. Good nature and politeness pervade the whole performance, which began soon after sundown and lasted till 6:30 this morning.

May 24. We reached Kambombo's village at ten, having marched three hours southeast from Mwenya-Kondé. The boma covers about two acres, houses thickly packed. I pitched my tent in an open space near the chief's circular hut with low veranda. Kambombo is a tall fellow about fifty. He was seated on a mat, dressed with the usual loin-cloth, head shaved, but wore a tight-fitting cap of plaited



DRUMMING FOR THE DANCING CIRCLE.



CUTTING UP A ZEBRA.

cord, a bunch of small buckhorns about three inches long sewn to the cap just over his forehead; he had a snuff-box, the beautifully beaten iron of which shone as though it were silver, also an *isanje*, a musical instrument, upon which he played very well. His favorite wife sat near him on the mat, her hair daubed with clay and fat, in which some very nice skewers of copper, iron, and ivory were stuck; she had beaded bracelets, and wore in her upper lip an immense iron-dish ornament holding as much as a champagne glass; her under lip was studded with an ivory peg; she is a hideous creature, but the chief thinks much of her; she had a girl attending her pipe, which she had to smoke out of the corner of her mouth because of the lip-ornament. I noticed that inferior strangers in approaching the chief first squatted, then lay down on the right side in front of the chief as evidence of obeisance, which he acknowledged by a slight grunt and a nod.

Strangers coming to see the chief squat with back toward him, then fall back till their shoulders touch the ground; at the same time the

others assembled clap hands. They always sit down to smoke, and I have often seen them remain dazed for several moments before they could regain their feet. They are all great snuff-takers; when a man produces snuff all beg a pinch. I notice some of them look about carefully before taking a pinch to see what sort of demand there is going to be on their private stock.

May 27. Reached Tembué's. The old chief was too drunk to say more than «*Jambo sana*» («*Shake hands*»); he riveted his lips to a hubble-bubble pipe and sucked away at that for a moment; then he called his wife to help him lift the big *pombé* jar to his mouth, he having lost a hand; he buried his head in this and had a very prolonged drink. (See portrait page 771.)

Old Tembué lost his hand in this way. Some years ago he became intoxicated on *pombé*, and at night quarreled with his head wife. After disputing noisily with her for a long time, he snatched up his gun and left the tent in a rage, and passed out of the stockade, saying he would go and sleep at a small village of his at some distance from his



A GUIDE SHOWS GLAVE HOW TO AIM AN ARROW.

main settlement. His head man and adviser Msika rushed after him, and implored him to return, and not run the danger of prowling Angoni or lions. Finding the chief obdurate, Msika attempted to restrain him by grasping his gun, and in the struggle it went off and blew off Tembué's right hand close to the wrist, the gun having been loaded with a big oblong slug. Hearing of the accident and its cause, Msika was seized, and the villagers would

is a very sensible old lady. She promises to give me guides to Kambuidi's. She also is persecuted by the Angoni. A month ago a small party came down, but Chikwa's people drove them off before they could catch any people. The village of Chifunda, a few hours from here, has been persecuted by the Angoni; but rather than endure being all killed off, or carried into slavery, they have voluntarily settled with the Angoni as their slaves.



GLAVE'S MEN FORDING THE LOANGWA RIVER NEAR RONDU'S VILLAGE.

have killed him if Tembué had not objected, admitting that it was his own fault. He now always keeps his right hand covered with the folds of a cloth thrown over his shoulder.

The Wangwana element at Mpata and Kawali's warned me against Tembué as thoroughly bad. Upon arriving I was shown a clear space to pitch my tent, people brought water and wood, huts were provided for my men, and any amount of food sold to them. Tembué insisted upon my hoisting the British flag in his village to warn the Angoni that he is the white man's friend.

May 31. Reached Chikwa's. Since leaving the hills we have had generally a slight south-southwest breeze; these plains are not at all stifling. I have been surprised at the temperate air. As a rule we have a clear sky and a dazzling sun all day long, but in spite of this the air does not become oppressive. Chikwa

I note at Chikwa's that the little baby strapped to his mother's back has a rough-and-tumble time of it, but takes it all good-naturedly, and one hears very little crying in the village. The mother goes to the fields with baby on her back, bobs about for hours in the hot sun, weeding, hoeing, and doing general gardening; carries huge jars of water on her head; scrapes him repeatedly as she bends and enters the narrow, low doorways of native huts; gives him a thorough shaking as she vigorously pounds corn with a long wooden pestle; takes him by the wrist, ducks him in the stream till he is nearly suffocated, and then spreads him on a mat to dry.

June 6. Very cold last night; the thermometer must have dropped to near the freezing-point. All the men are suffering from colds; one has a serious chest complaint—spits blood; am afraid I shall lose him. This



KAMBOMBO AND HIS FAVORITE WIVES.

whole country is a low plateau, and has a temperate climate. On the shores of Nyassa at night I slept with the door of the tent open, and threw just the lightest wrap over me, and felt comfortably warm. Here, however, as soon as the sun goes down it is chilly, and it takes three good thick blankets to keep me warm. It seems as though in this climate a man must have some ailment or other; there is a poison in the air which enters the system and materializes into some malady, generally fever more or less severe. I take my portion in ulcers and boils and twinges of rheumatism.

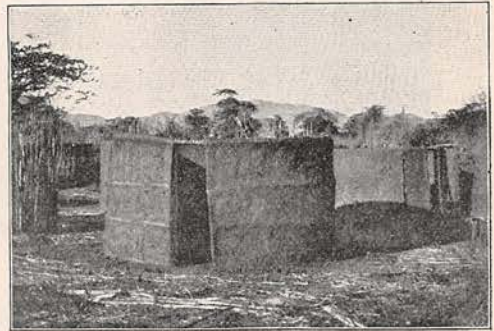
The sick man's brother is with us also, and although a good worker, is absolutely indifferent to his brother's illness. There is no sympathy for another's pains in the soul of the African. When a chief dies, there is a lot of bellowing and assumed grief; the tears are not real, but only part of the ceremony attending death. Upon the death of a young child, the mother does actually feel grief most keenly, and is for some days inconsolable, refuses meat and drink, rolls on the ground, tears her hair, and lacerates herself in her despair.

June 10. At 7:30 passed the river Katulamenda, flowing from northeast away into the Loangwa, now dry. We came to a very swampy place; a few weeks ago it was the feeding-ground of herds of elephants; everywhere there were trails of the animals; the soft ground was pitted a foot deep with their ponderous feet; trees had been uprooted, and branches torn off; some had been here recently, not more than four days ago. During the wet season they had plowed the ground into pits and sharp ridges; now, hard-

ened by the sun, they make unpleasant walking. As water became scarce and the swamps parched, the elephants moved off, and are now said to be in numbers on the Loangwa; just beyond this swamp was the site of a number of stockaded villages destroyed three years ago by Mombera's people. There were six of them; two were destroyed by the Angoni, who clambered into the stockades and killed or captured every soul.

June 11. Reached Kambuidi's at 9:15. Kambuidi is a very affable man, lean and old, but good-natured; likes the whites, he says. Joseph

Thomson gave him a British flag and a letter; the letter was taken away from one of his men by an Arab, and an Arabic letter given in exchange, which I shall endeavor to obtain. The flag was floating over his village near by, and was destroyed by the Angoni. Shall make him another flag. He asked me if Queen Victoria



A CLAY HUT IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION AT KAMBOMBO'S.

was black. Have met here an Arab trader, Buana Sulimani, who is going to the Luapula. Seems a decent old chap, but I suspect he is a cunning rogue, like the rest of them. He is going to the Luapula; so am I. He knows that country; I do not. He promises to give me men as far as Kasembi's.

Soon after you get started on a journey with black followers all your breakable property—cups, saucers, etc.—will be smashed or lost; but the gentle African, notwithstanding, will wear round his ankle a thin thread of beads for three years; he will tear his way through matted grass, and follow a wounded buck through tangled jungle, without injury



TEMBUÉ IN GLAVE'S CHAIR.

to his ornament. It is remarkable how an ornament sticks to a native.

The dancers seen at Kambuidi's were Bisa and Luangeni. There were four drummers, and one old man with rattles, who gave a very picturesque performance; the drummers had small, barrel-shaped drums with tightened skin at either end; the drums were suspended by rope from the left shoulder. The drummers played to any crude, untrained songs in splendid time, and while playing and singing danced about most gracefully, some steps resembling closely the waltz. All wore long loin-cloths of bark, reaching from the waist almost to the ground. They were wonderfully active, dancing and singing vigorously, whirling round on one leg, and spurring the ground with the other foot; they sang, drummed, and danced in perfect time. The old man had two rattles, each composed of five small, round, dried wild fruits with noisy, rattling seeds; these were threaded *en brochette* on thin sticks, one of which the old man held in each hand, and kept time with the others, besides doing his share of the dancing.

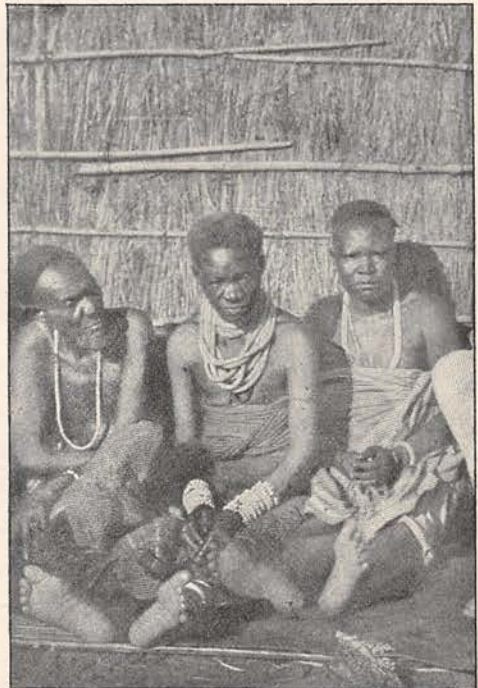
Another dancer was also on hand, who played an independent part; for some offense he had had his hands cut off when young; he had bells and rattling things about his waist, also catskins, and two buffalo-tails so tied that

they stuck out at right angles to his body; he wore on his head a bunch of feathers; on his legs leggings of small dried fruits as big as tennis-balls. He stamped about, keeping the feathers nodding and the buffalo-tails wagging to the rhythmical sound of the rattles on his legs.

When I sent ahead of my caravan two of my own men to announce to Kambuidi my coming, the men saw several slaves squatting about in slave-sticks, but by the time I had arrived these had entirely disappeared. I have now learned that the slaves had been bought by a party of Wangwana slave-traders here, at present under the leadership of Buana Sulimani.

A drunken old man came to see me to-day; he was full to bursting with pombé, the native drink. He came into my tent, and squatted, breathing hard, and murmuring in a husky voice that he wished to see the white man; had never seen one. He had one hand full of toasted locusts, which he crunched with a crackling sound. He had to be expelled by force from my tent, where he wished to lie down and go to sleep, and uttered loud grunts of indignation as he was dragged out to find another sleeping-place.

In African travel it is always wise to visit the biggest chief in any part of the country.



KAMBUIDI AND HIS FAVORITE WIVES.



KIZILA AND TWO OF HIS WIVES.

a British flag, and hoisted it. Buana Sulimani, the Arab trader, who is camped near by, had been drinking pombé, and he and his people got excited, put on their cartridge-belts, and arrived post-haste at Kambuidi's, asking why that flag was hoisted without the Arab's permission. Kambuidi said he had asked the white man to hoist it, and the old chief came rushing to my tent in a very nervous state, and asked my assistance. By the time I reached Kambuidi's village the «enemy» had retired without carrying out their threat of hauling down the flag. I sent immediately to the Arab, told him I was responsible for that flag, and should resist by force any interference with it. I asked his explanation of what had happened. He said, with usual Arab cunning, that it was nothing at all; his men had been hunting, and had just returned; of course he wanted to see the British flag flying everywhere. He said he would on no account do anything to offend the white man. Seeing that he was backing down, I sent word to say that I should stay next day at Kambuidi's to guard that flag and fight any one who interfered with it. Sulimani moves about the country with the ultimate object of taking ivory to the coast, but he buys slaves whenever he has the chance, and barter them for ivory. I accused him of having in his possession a woman with a small child and a boy, both in slave-forks, purchased here. He admitted to one of my men, a coast man, that he did buy slaves, and that he had to protect himself by keeping them in chains or slave-forks. He wished, he said, to travel with me, but knew under these circumstances it was

impossible. There appears to be a good deal of slavery going on at Kambuidi's.

June 16. Left Kambuidi's at 6:30, passed through some villages, and reached Kizila's on the Loangwa at 10:30.

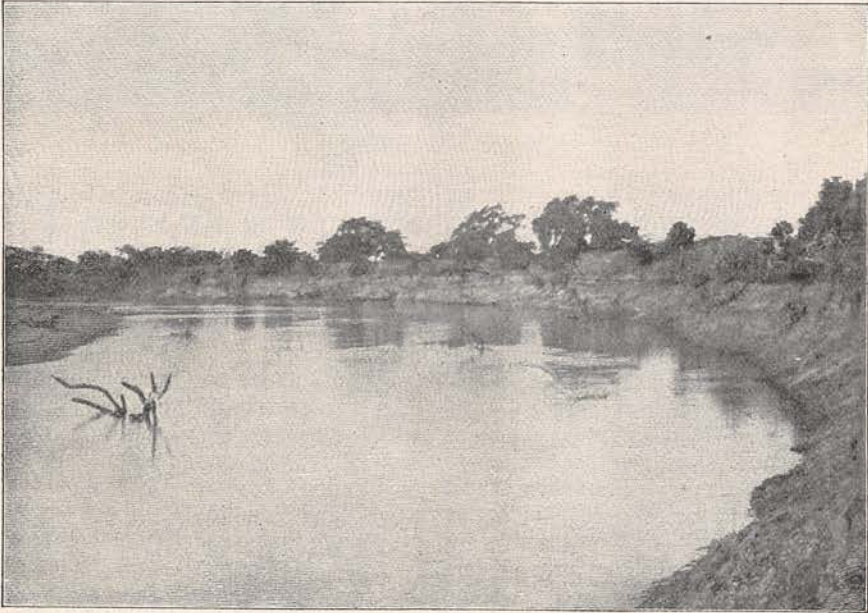
June 20. Very cold night and early morning, and does not get warm till the sun is two hours above the horizon. The hills we passed to-day run in immense billows about north and south; they constitute roughly the foot-hills of the Shinga mountains, about fifteen miles ahead of us. I should say the whole land is suitable for coffee. I regret very much I have no thermometer or aneroid. Saw plenty of game-tracks, but no animals; have not seen a beast for two whole days, which is very usual on these trips. Saw what are undoubtedly fossilized trees; at a distance of a few yards they so resemble the ordinary dead tree that you cannot tell the difference. There are many of them lying about, but they have not the marked appearance and delicate coloring of the Arizona production. The trees all seem to have become fossilized as they stood, for they are broken in small sections as if the weight of falling had smashed them up. I saw only one or two whole trees lying fossilized. All were much bigger than anything growing at the present time.

June 21. Left camp on the Kavuntimpa at 6:10. Reached the stockades of Kitara at 9:00; halted twenty minutes. Kitara is a good-tempered-looking chap. Thomson and party left a flag here; Kitara does not allow Arabs in his stockades; they have always camped outside. I obtained two guides from

Kitara, who gave me flour, milk, and a goat. He is the most friendly, good-tempered, sensible chief I have met since leaving home. The natives, I notice, generally have a chum; the pair consists, as a rule, of one strong man with a certain amount of influence; the other a weaker creature, with nothing to say for himself. The latter derives a certain amount of protection and respect from the stronger man's acquaintance, and is content to do what drudgery or hard work falls to the partnership. In engaging guides I notice always one who carries all the belongings; his chum, a stronger man, takes the lead in

Chuci; a rather small stockaded village on an island in a lake, and Mayilo enjoys a similar situation. Crossed my caravan in nine small canoes, which made three trips backward and forward. Chuci, the chief, is a young, good-looking man. The village is built on an island for protection, but they have plantations on the mainland, and those who go to work in the gardens are frequently kidnapped. Everywhere one goes it is the same story of persecution; and yet a very little civilized power would check slavery.

These people of Ilala have the fashion of shaving their hair, leaving only a small patch



THE LOANGWA RIVER AT KIZILA'S.

all things, knows the road; the other acquiesces in everything said or done.

June 25. This afternoon I went hunting; had to cross a deep stream; Mama Yao went first, and found the water up to his neck. He returned, and carried me on his shoulders; my weight pressed him into the soft river-bottom, and for several seconds he moved along pluckily with the water up to his eyes; but he stuck to it, and after a few steps reached a shallow place without pitching me over his head. Frost last night; grass thickly covered. I felt bitterly cold at night, in spite of three blankets. It is very miserable for the blacks.

June 28. A very cold wind, varying from east to southeast, blowing all day and yesterday. Even in the sun it is bitterly cold. Crossed in canoes to a village, a dependency of Mayilo, in charge of his younger brother

on the crown of the head, like a woolly skull-cap. They file their teeth to points, like the Senga and Bisa people, and wear nothing but bark-cloth. The Luapula is said to be six days from here; our next stopping-place will be the village of Karonga Nzofu. The swamps we have passed are the identical sponges mentioned by Dr. Livingstone.

At Msekeni two of my men, who were in the rear of our party looking after the sick man, were taken for Angoni, and might have suffered; all the drums were sounded, and the natives outside the stockades rushed back helter-skelter for defense.

June 30. The village of Mayilo is surrounded by a boma of stakes, clayed four feet up; the three gates are firmly closed at night. The natives do not venture outside at night for any purpose, and this gives the



KITARA.

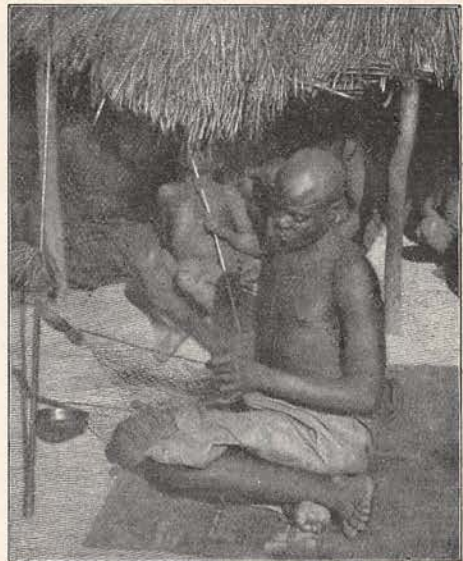
village a very pretty aspect. The place is horribly infested with the burrowing flea, «the jigger,» the pest of men, women, and children, who are a mass of horrid sores. Through lack of washing, and removing the jigger when he first enters, big sores are found all over the feet. I felt very sorry for the children, who were all more or less lame, and many stumping about on their heels, unable to put foot to ground, owing to swollen toes. The moaning of women at night, and the bellowing of youngsters, were most distressing to hear. I tried to impress on them that constant washing and attention to their feet and occasional flooding of the low, clayey ground in hut and street would cure the evil; but it was too much like hard work to be adopted. The flooding could be done without the slightest injury to property, as the streets are quite level, and the clay floorings of grass brick are raised about a foot above the ground; but no precautions are taken, and even the babies are permitted to squat on the bare ground as though the jigger did not exist.

July 3. Shot a puff-adder to-day three and a half feet long; it was on a bare patch of sandy ground, and right on the trail; a native had gone before me, and must have stepped in the immediate vicinity of the reptile. It was evidently dozing in the sun; I was but a foot away when I noticed it. I immediately stepped back a pace or two, and called to one

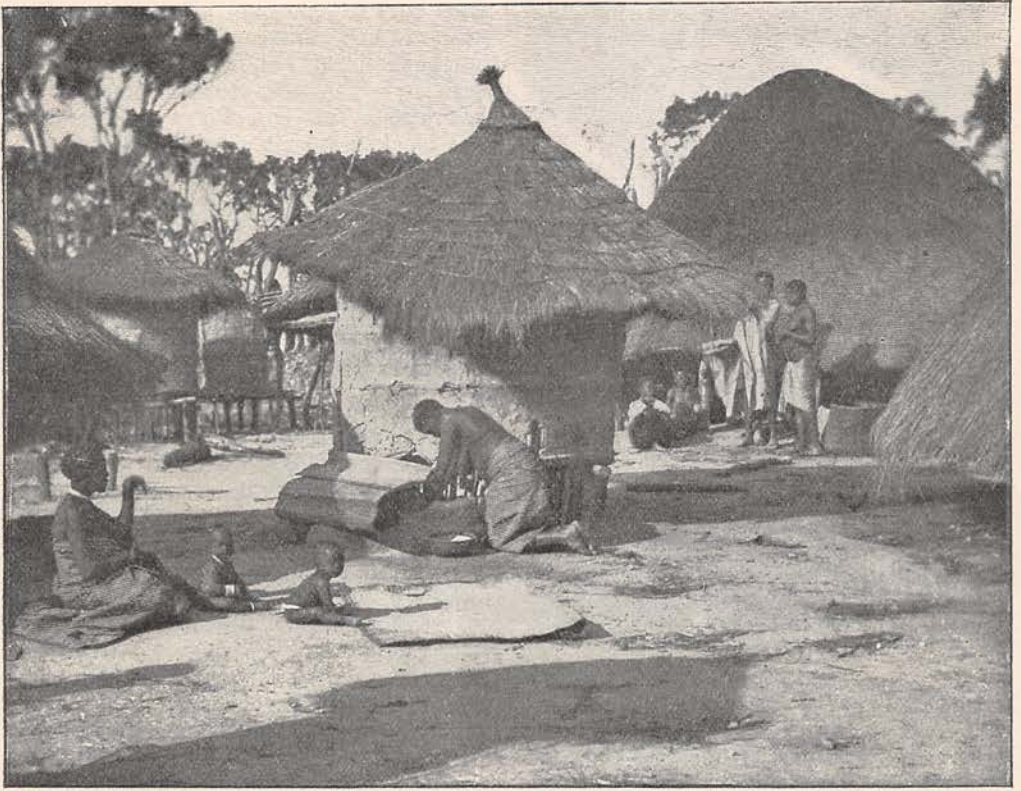
of my boys to hand me my shot-gun. The snake was now awake, and by the time I had the weapon in my hands he was making toward me in the most defiant manner, with head raised a foot from the ground, and the little black sacs each side of his head, and reaching down his sides five or six inches, filled. The skin was spoiled by the charge of shot, which cut him in two pieces about seven inches from the head; both parts continued to wriggle in the most lifelike manner; the stump of the body continued to pop about till it reached a hole, and then disappeared. I imagine the wriggling was merely nervousness; one of my men, seeing the exit, remarked that I had better take far away the part of the body with the head, as the cunning beast would come back by and by, fix himself together, and be as good as ever.

There is no definite trail between Mayilo's and Karonga Nzofu, owing to the bands of thieving, murderous Awemba Chiquanda. Natives passing between the two villages just strike through the woods and over plains, taking their bearings as they from time to time reach well-known points, mountains, streams, and swamps.

We are camped to-night in a batch of rude huts, about twenty-five in number, used by a party of Awemba raiders on their trip a few months ago to the Ilala villages to kidnap; they did not, however, break into any of the stockades; the natives stood to their posts and beat them off. Chiquanda, the Awemba chief on the Chambezi, is the main offender;



KNITTING A FISH-NET AT KITARA'S.



SCENE IN MAYILO'S VILLAGE—WOMAN MAKING FLOUR, NEAR A GRANARY.

he sells slaves and ivory to the Wangwana traders, some of whom are always in his village. Two caravans left for Chiquanda's from Mlozi's stockades, or rather tembé, at Kawali's while we were there. They both had cloth, guns, powder, and cattle, and said they were going solely for slaves. There is always a market for them, especially young girls. There is no doubt that these people, Wabala, Wasenga, Wabisa, Watshera, are dreadfully persecuted, and need aid. The following posts are necessary: One near the head waters of the Loangwa, at the pass over the mountains, to protect the Wanyika villages scattered on the hills. One at Kawali's, to check the slave-trade, and entry of guns and ammunition into the tembé of Mlozi. Another at Kambombo's or Tembué's: these to hold in check the Wangwana and the Angoni of Mombera, and the other chiefs west of Bandwé. Then a post at Kambuidi's, or ten miles west, at the crossing of the Loangwa at Kizila's, to control caravans from Kota-Kota and from the west of Chinama's and Karonga; also to hold in check Mpeseni, the Wawemba, and Chikunda of Matakenia. Still another here in the vicinity of Mayilo's. With two white men at

each, and a garrison of fifty men, and an additional one hundred and fifty to be trained as soldiers by the whites, the country could be placed under humane government, and the population saved from utter annihilation, the inevitable ending if aid does not arrive. The amount of timber-cleared country everywhere seen is evidence of the big population once living here. Murder and the slave-chains have left but a few stockaded villages, where the people are heroically standing by their homes. It is at present an uneven contest: the Walala have but a few old flintlocks; the Awemba unlimited supplies of guns and ammunition. The Walala, however, build good stockades of stout poles, with clay banking, and the ground outside is cleared of all shrubs, stones, and grass which would shelter an enemy. Thirty years ago, nearly. Livingstone found this country suffering the vilest persecution at the hands of slavers; the extent of the traffic has abated only because there is a scarcity of population, and the few remaining natives take better precautions for their defense.

The Ilala are a nation of blacksmiths; all the hoes in this part of the country were

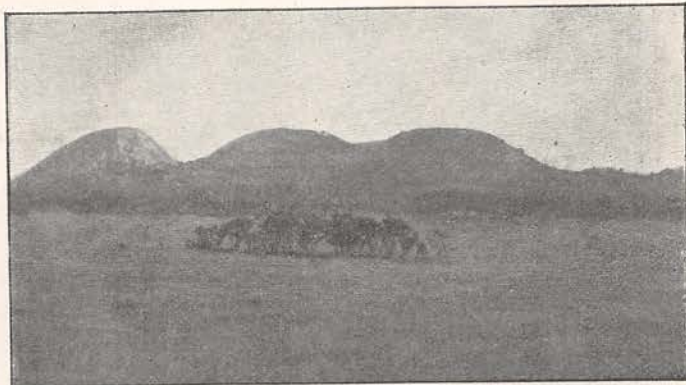
made by them; but that industry has now been forsaken, owing to troublous times.

July 5. Camped on the river Molembo, which collects all the small streams in this part of the country, and flows into the Luapula. It was bitterly cold last night; the grass was covered with thick frost this morning, which remained till the sun appeared above the hills and tree-tops. The native guides started off quite jauntily at 6:30, and our way led through a thin forest-country; then we came to a sheltered dale in which the grass was still thick with frost; this emphasized the fact to the native mind that it was very cold in this part of the world, and when we got on clearer ground, although we were then in the sun, the imagination of

the natives was so affected by the frost-covered grass that they wanted to build a fire and squat down and warm themselves, and I have no doubt they thought I was very harsh because I ordered them to keep the trail, and be content with what warmth the sun and exercise would provide. One of my guides, an old stager named Kapumba, says he has often seen the Luzi Bazi Lake at Mayilo's covered with thin ice.

The forests in this part of the world are very sparsely timbered; you do not have to cut your way through them. Often we have

had no native trail to follow, but have kept on our way without difficulty; the leaves form a delightful shelter from the sun, the stems are far apart, and you can often walk two hundred yards in a straight line without obstruction. A native, examining the tracks left by a party of natives, tells fairly ac-



VIEW OF THE SHINGA MOUNTAINS NEAR THE IMPAMANZI RIVER.

curately the number and business; he notes the tracks of men, women, and children, examines the ground about a tree, sees where the weapons were leaning, and notes the number of guns, spears, and marks of bows and arrows on the ground.

I reached the Rukuru River at 1:30, crowded into six small canoes; gave each canoe-owner one fathom of white cloth. Karonga Nzofu's stockade is just on the other side of the Rukuru. The swamp we slept in last night was the Ilamba River; it runs north-northeast to join the Rukuru.

July 8. This is a red-letter day in my career. I have visited the place where Dr. Livingstone's heart is buried beneath a big tree, called *mowula*, and by the Ilala *mpundu*. Although done twenty years ago, the inscription is in a splendid state of preservation. The tree shows no disfigurement, and, moreover, the carving is not on the bark, but on the grain of the tree itself. It is a hardwood tree, three feet in diameter at the base; at thirty feet it throws out large branches; its top is a thick mass of foliage. When Livingstone died the heart and other viscera were buried beneath this tree, and the bark was cleared off for a space of two and a half feet square; in



MAYILO AND HIS FAVORITE WIVES.



GLAVE AND A GROUP OF HIS MEN AT THE LIVINGSTONE TREE.

this space Jacob Wainwright (whose account my discovery verifies to the letter) carved the inscription with no dunce's hand, the letters being well shaped and bold.¹ The tree is situated at the edge of the grass plain, and is very conspicuous, being the largest tree in the neighborhood. It is about five miles south-southwest from the present site of the village of Karonga Nzofu, an important Bisa chief, whose father was a friend of Livingstone. Chitambo's is now ten miles away. It was originally near the tree; in fact, Livingstone died a few minutes' walk from the old village of Chitambo. About ten years ago Chitambo was so harassed by the Awemba raiders of Chiquanda that he left his village. The sacred tree has often heard the fierce yell of the man-hunters, and the screams of women and children and wounded men. Livingstone's long prayers for Africa's deliverance have not yet received fair response. Since his death new raiders have appeared in the shape of Awemba from the north. There

is now no vestige of Chitambo's old village standing—merely a big space covered with young timber. The Livingstone tree looks sturdy and healthy, and likely to last many years. I do not see how I can contribute to the future recognition of the place; metal, if I had it, would be stolen. There are no stones in the district to make a cairn. The tree will outlive any wooden cross I might erect. Several of the older men at Karonga Nzofu's remember Dr. Livingstone, and describe his appearance very well indeed; they mention the cap he always wore.

July 9. To-day I revisited the tree where Livingstone died, and in order to guide others to the exact spot, in case this tree should disappear from any cause, I selected another big tree likely to last many years, cleared away two and a half square feet of its bark, and in the space marked as follows: «This tree is magnetic southwest of the tree where Livingstone's remains are buried, and is forty-five paces from it.» I brought away a

¹ In September, 1894, Glave forwarded from Lake Tanganyika, by way of the east coast, a brief statement of his discovery, and pictures of the tree, which were printed in *THE CENTURY* for May, 1895. In that article it was stated that «Jacob Wainwright—the Nassick boy, who read the burial service—chiseled on the

tree the words: «Dr. Livingstone, May 4, 1873. Yazuza, Mniassore, Vchopere.» The body, after such embalming as the natives could give it, was inclosed in canvas, lashed to a pole and thus carried to Bagamoyo, on the coast opposite Zanzibar. It was buried in the center of the nave of Westminster Abbey on April 18, 1874.—EDITOR.

bit of the bark of the memorable tree—a dead part, so as not to be guilty of vandalism.

Livingstone's grave is in a quiet nook, such as he himself desired, in the outskirts of a forest bordering on a grass plain where the roan buck and eland roam in safety. When I visited the place turtle-doves were cooing in the tree-tops, and a litter of young hyenas had been playing near by; in the low ground outside the hole leading to the cave were their recent tracks; they had scampered into safety at our approach.

July 10. As Karonga Nzofu has sent in word that he is coming to see me from his other village, I feel bound to stay till his arrival, although this detention is very irksome. My time is running short, I am still a long way from Kasembi's, and my stock of cloth and provisions is getting miserably small; but I am confident of getting there by some means or other. I believe the people we shall meet ahead will not be so docile and friendly; it is only my opinion. In case of a row, I don't know how my men will act; some of them have already put down their loads and sought the shelter of trees because they mistook a stampede of zebras in the distance for some hostile demonstration, and I sincerely hope they will not be called upon to show their fighting powers.

July 11. I am a very lean individual; I never was symbolic of an alderman, but I could not fill out any of the clothes made for me during the last twenty years. It is the constant walking, the general responsibility, and all its worries; to pilot fifty natives is hard work. The holding of them in check,

the feeding of them, commanding such discipline as compels them to respect native rights, the dealing with natives, handling the chiefs properly, so as to obtain food and guides and information, and the constant anxiety of meeting slave caravans or parties of raiders, keep a man's mind very busy thinking what is going to happen next.

Karonga Nzofu came in last evening; was heralded by the proper beating of drums and the screaming of women. A big party of stalwart warriors, armed with a few guns, but mostly with spears and bows, accompanied him. He is a young man, not more than twenty-two or twenty-three, but has all to say in the village. He is the rightful heir on his mother's side; his own father is nobody, and dare not sit on the same mat with his son. Parentage commands no respect. It is the same with Mayilo at Luzi Bazi; his mother was sister of Mguempe, the former chief; his father is a man of no importance.

July 12. Left Karonga Nzofu at 11. Camped at 12:30 on account of the reported want of water ahead. The streams hereabout are the same ill-conducted waterways described by Livingstone so correctly. In the forest there is a broad space, about one mile of grass land, at a distance looking perfectly dry; each side drops in gradually till you reach black bog, spongy and of bad odor; you sink into this sometimes up to your waist; as you withdraw your foot the place refills; in the extreme bottom of the sag you often lose this bog, and find sandy bottom. The whole land is under water during the rainy season, and the natives go out into the plantations in canoes, and catch fish.

Had to shoot a small bullock to-day, which was a present from Karonga Nzofu. I was loath to kill the brute, which was not yet half grown, but it refused to be led, and when ropes were made fast to it, it started off at a gallop, and dragged the men all over the place, turned, and charged its would-be leaders, knocking down a few; then it took thorough charge of matters, and made straight for a big group of natives, scattering them right and left. Then the animal freed itself, and made off across a grass plain. I had



GLAVE'S TENT PITCHED AMONG GRASS HUTS LEFT BY A SLAVE CARAVAN, NEAR LAKE BANGWEOLO



DANCERS IN KARONGA NZOFU'S VILLAGE. FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH.

already wasted about two hours catching and leading it, and there was no telling what might happen in an attempt to get it across the Lulimala; so I bowled it over with a bullet, and shared it out among the men.

July 13. Reached the village of Kawai, on the Lulimala; quite a small stockade of Walala, with about fifty huts, the population composed of remnants of the villages raided by Chiquanda. After old Chitambo died, the villagers divided; half are here mixed up with the people of Kawai; the remainder have gone to another Ilala village ahead called Katonga. The village of Chitambo was, of course, formerly near the tree beneath which the heart of Dr. Livingstone was buried. Ten or twelve years ago, when the people were driven from their village by the Awemba, they moved toward the Luapula, and made a small stockade. Here Bia and Franqui put up the bronze tablet in memory of Livingstone.¹ It has been carried away by the caravan in charge of Kasaki and Mz'e

Karuma. These are coast men, Waswahili slave-traders and -raiders. They are said to have a stockade somewhere between Lake Bangweolo and the Luapula. The two have gone to Nyungwe, near the junction of the Loangwa and Zambesi, with a large caravan of slaves and ivory. The chiefs of this caravan knew of the robbery, and to some natives whom they met at Karonga's on the Lulimala they made a boast of having robbed the white man's grave.

An hour after leaving the deserted village called Mwenje, where the tablet was placed, I reached the present stockades of Kawai and Chitambo, the son of the old Chitambo of Livingstone's time. Here I found a letter, dated July 6, 1892, written by Captain Bia and Lieutenant Franqui, who brought the present from the Royal Geographical Society, London, and also the tablet. The tablet was put up at least eight miles from the spot where Livingstone died. The letter, signed by Bia and Franqui, states their mission, and enumerates

¹In THE CENTURY for May, 1895, the following statement was made, gleaned from Glave's letter: «Mrs. Bruce—the daughter of Livingstone—and her husband sent out a tablet commemorative of the explorer's death, which the Belgian officers to whom it was consigned put up about eight miles from the tree. Eighteen months before Mr. Glave's visit, the tablet was carried off by the chief of a slave caravan. Three

years before Mr. Glave's visit, an English explorer visited the region, and at a point supposed to be twenty miles from the tree despatched a (trusted follower) with native guides to visit it. He returned with a strip of bark in which an inscription had been cut; but when and where are not quite clear, since the lettering on the tree found by Mr. Glave was clearly cut in the wood after the bark had been removed.»—EDITOR.

the different articles of the big present Chitambo's successor received. Upon my arrival, the letter was brought to me, and the theft by Kasaki explained. They did not know of the robbery till after its perpetration, but anyhow they would have been powerless to resist the coastmen's force. The village in which the tablet was raised had to be abandoned on account of the Wawemba slave-raiders. A party of slave-raiders and -traders then stole the tablet raised in honor of Livingstone.

This does not look as though slavery had had its death-blow; it should remind the world of its yet unfinished task.

The following inscription was on the tablet stolen by Kasaki: «David Livingstone died here May 1, 1873.»

There are two flags in the village of Kawai, one a small white one, with union crosses in red; the other a white ground, with bold lettering in red. A tree about the middle of the village had been lopped of its branches, and on the remaining stump the two flags had been lashed, put there, I presume, by Joseph Thomson, and still in a good state of preservation. I have now seen all that is to be seen connected with Livingstone's death.

E. J. Glave.

SONNY'S DIPLOMA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «SONNY'S SCHOOLIN'.»



YAS, sir; this is it. This here 's Sonny's diplomy that you 've heerd so much about—sheepskin they call it, though it ain't no mo' sheepskin 'n what I am. I 've skinned too many not to know. Thess to think o' little Sonny bein' a gradj'ate—an' all by his own efforts, too!

It 's a plain-lookin' picture, ez you say, to be framed up in sech a fine gilt frame; but it 's wuth it, an' I don't begrudge it to him. He picked out that red plush around the inside o' the frame hisself. He 's got mighty fine taste for a country-raised child, Sonny has.

Seem like the oftener I come here an' stan' before it, the prouder I feel, an' the mo' I can't reelize that he done it.

I 'd 'a' been proud enough to 've had him go through the reg'lar co'se o' study, an' be awarded this diplomy, but to 've seen 'im thess walk in an' demand it, the way he done, an' to prove his right in a fair fight—why, it tickles me so that I thess seem to get a spell o' the giggles eve'y time I think about it.

Sir? How did he do it? Why, I thought eve'ybody in the State o' Arkansas knowed how Sonny walked over the boad' o' school directors, an' took a diplomy in the face o' Providence, at the last anniversary.

I don't know that I ought to say that either, for they never was a thing done mo' friendly an' amiable on earth, on his part, than the takin' of this dockiment. Sir? Why, no; of co'se he was n't goin' to that school—cert'n'y

not. Ef he had b'longed to that school, they would n't 'a' been no question about it. He 'd 'a' thess gradj'ated with the others. An' when he went there with his ma an' me, why, he 'll tell you hisself that he had n't no mo' idee of gradj'atin' 'n what I have this minute.

An' when he riz up in his seat, an' announced his intention, why, you could 'a' knocked me down with a feather. You see, it took me so sudden, an' I did n't see thess how he was goin' to work it, never havin' been to that school.

Of co'se eve'ybody in the county goes to the gradj'atin', an' we was all three settin' there watchin' the performances, not thinkin' of any special excitement, when Sonny took this idee.

It seems that seein' all the other boys gradj'ate put him in the notion, an' he felt like ez ef he ought to be a-gradj'atin', too.

You see, he had went to school mo' or less with all them fellers, an' he knowed thet they did n't, none of 'em, know half ez much ez what he did,—though, to tell the truth, he ain't never said sech a word, not even to her or me,—an', seein' how easy they was bein' turned out, why, he thess reelized his own rights an' demanded 'em then an' there.

Of co'se we know that they is folks in town thet says thet he ain't got no right to this here diplomy; but what else could you expect in a jealous community where eve'ybody is mo' or less kin?

The way I look at it, they never was a diplomy earned quite so upright ez this—never. Ef it was n't, why, I would n't allow

GLAVE IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.

PEACE AND WAR BETWEEN LAKES BANGWEOLO AND TANGANYIKA.

FROM THE JOURNALS OF THE LATE E. J. GLAVE.¹

SOUTH OF LAKE BANGWEOLO, July 16, 1894. Left Katonga's at 7. I am now in the territory of the Congo Free State; they have a long, difficult, and expensive route from the westward; the route from the east is more desirable. But the B. C. A. (British Central Africa Company) imposes heavy duties; there should be a better spirit of coöperation existing, whereby one government in Africa should aid and favor another. There is a big business to be done with the Belgians in Tanganyika and vicinity when prices are more reasonable. (See the map on page 925.)

July 17. Lake Bangweolo is called Bangwoolu by the Walala. When we reached the Luapula we found a swift current, low banks about one hundred yards apart, the actual water about fifty yards in width, flanked by swamps on each side, a mass of tiny lakes in the swamps beyond. These swampy regions are occupied by the Watwa, a nation of fishermen, upon whom we had to depend for canoes in crossing.

When I arrived at the Luapula, the natives were afraid; they heard my rifle yesterday as I was hunting, and thought war had come. I succeeded in making friends. The natives are very provoking at times; they are overbearing when they have an opportunity to thwart you or humbug you. In crossing rivers in their canoes, they get pay beforehand, take some of your loads, then stay in midstream and demand more pay. The tact and patience exercised by a white traveler are the only things which save many a row.

July 19. Passed the river Lifuci flowing into the Luapula. About a quarter of a mile of swamp to wade through, at the deepest up to the armpits; a cold south wind blowing; wretchedly cold water, icy—felt benumbed; waded through in my clothes; to strip means to expose one's self to leeches.

The African strikes a happy medium with regard to benefits derived from a fire. He lies so close as to get the utmost heat and just escape the roasting-point; his thick hide

will stand a lot of toasting—a degree of heat which would blister the skin of a white man. On the coldest night, provided he has plenty of dry wood, he can keep himself comfortable outdoors with the thermometer down to freezing-point. He builds a big fire, which he keeps going all night, the attention apparently costing no sacrifice of his rest; during the night he shifts his position to adapt himself to the fire. Sleeping in flannels, with an overcoat and three blankets, I have failed to keep warm; have had a chilled spot in the small of the back, as if a block of ice were there. My men by their fires have been more comfortable; but it has been very miserable for them marching in the early morning, with frost on the grass, in bare feet and loin-cloth.

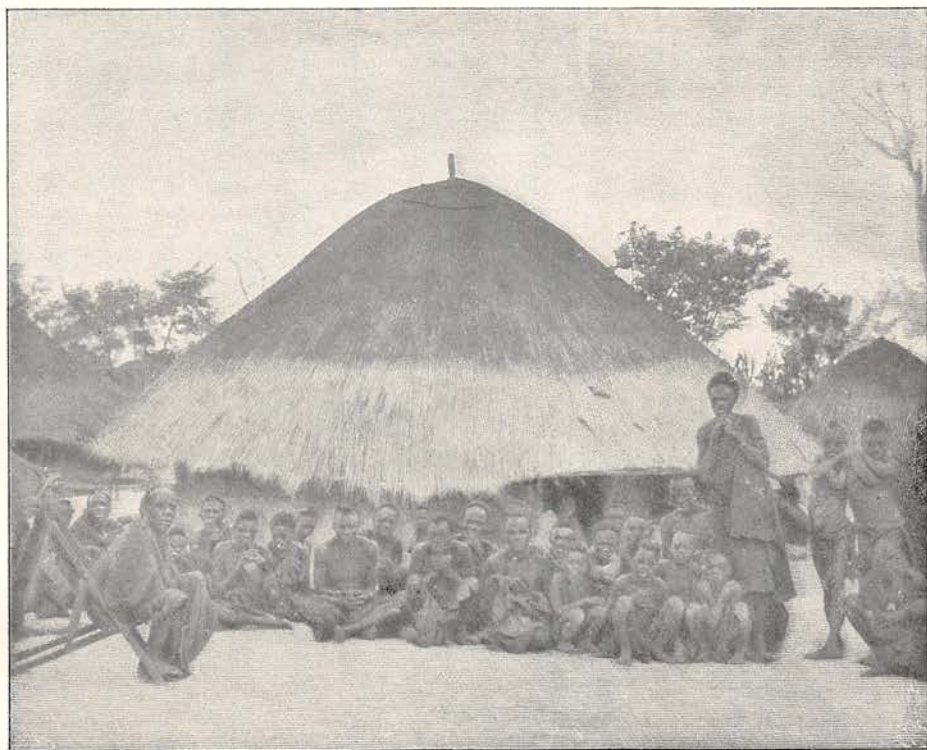
July 20. Reached Kalasa's at 11. He is a tall, slim, straight fellow, wrapped from head to feet in a shawl. He is not a communicative individual, and would, I should say, be a very disagreeable man if he were not firmly handled. He has a very large village, with plenty of space between the huts, which are of fine light-gray, almost white, clay, roofed with grass; am not getting on very well with him.

July 21. Yielding to Kalasa's wish, but much against my own inclinations, I have stayed over here to-day in order not to offend the old fellow. A man should have fifty rifles when coming through this country. It would save him a lot of humbug and delay, and with such a force he could chase and capture any slave caravan he might hear of.

I have changed my mind about Kalasa; he is a better fellow than I at first judged. He consulted his charms secretly in his house to-day, and discovered that my heart was good, that my intentions were honest; gave me a good, big bullock, and furnished guides.

July 27. At 8:30 halted at the village of Swala. Yesterday happened the first act of theft on the trip. We camped within a quarter of a mile of a village; groups of natives brought meal, peanuts, eggs, etc., and traded against the slave-raiders on Lake Nyassa, and his journey to the Livingstone tree.—EDITOR.

¹ See THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for August and September, for accounts of Glave's experience in the war



KALASA AND SOME OF HIS VILLAGERS IN FRONT OF THE CHIEF'S HUT.

with my men with the greatest confidence. One of my men was bathing in a pool near by, and left his cloth and knife near the trail; a party of natives passing seized the knife and ran away; hearing of this, I quietly took from a man in the boma a very fine spear, and refused to return it till the knife was brought back. The natives saw the justice of this, and trading went on as if nothing had happened. This morning the knife was returned, and so I handed back the spear.

July 28. Till now I have been free from fever, but most of my men have had touches, lasting generally two or three days. At present I am suffering from a big blister under the heel and running up toward the ankle, which gives me constant pain while walking.

July 30. In describing the number of slaves taken by Kasaki, a native takes a handful of sand, and slowly lets it fall to the ground, signifying the number by the innumerable particles. What a blessing it is to be sound of wind and limb! My sore heel is most painful, and renders me perfectly useless on the march. For three days I have struggled on, avoiding as long as possible the hammock and machila; but I have suffered such downright agony, and feel so certain that I am aggravating my suffering, that to-

morrow I shall be carried for the first time on the trip. I have been foolish not to take to the hammock before. How the poor slaves must suffer over long trails with their blisters and worm-eaten sores utterly uncared for!

July 31. Yesterday, on arriving at Kisunka's, the chief was absent, so I made camp outside the village. I then sent a messenger to Kisunka informing him of my arrival. He sent word that he was at a small village of his a few miles off, and asked me to come in the morning and see him there. However, at early morning to-day a messenger came to my camp from him, saying that during the night Kisunka had reflected that it would be more hospitable to come to see me, as I was a stranger. In the forenoon the old fellow arrived at his village, and informed me by messenger that he would take a rest, and then come to see me. I sent back a suitable message, stating that I was precluded from visiting him by a bad foot. In the afternoon Kisunka appeared—a handsome African, seventy years old, I should say, tall, and as trimly built as a greyhound, of very dark hue; looks black against the other natives. He was accompanied by about fifty of his young warriors, fine, strapping fellows, healthy and slick, armed with bows and arrows and spears and

a few guns. Many came into my boma, but the chief ordered the remainder to stay outside. But as soon as the old fellow was seated, those outside could not repress their curiosity to see and hear all that was going on inside. The chief told me his entire belongings were mine during my stay. He was uneasy, owing to the impetuosity of his followers, and left early so as to restore peace and quiet. During the whole



of the purpose of the camera, and I generally succeed when I stay over a day in a village.

August 1. I visited old Kinksunka to-day. He has a fine, large village of about three hundred huts and a host of small granaries. When he came to see me yesterday, I told him I had heard of a white man be-

day the camp has been crowded with native men and women and children trading their corn and *mitara* and manioc, hairpins, copper ornaments, etc., for beads and cloth. There has been no squabbling, nothing to mar the general good feeling. It is absolutely impossible to do any literary work from the hubbub constantly maintained from morn to night. If you close the tent the heat becomes insufferable; as soon as you open it a solid mass of Africans stop the current of air. Old and young are in constant boisterous conversation, discussing and arguing about you and your property; and those not so engaged are shouting at the top of their voices, telling their friends not to make such a din. It is difficult to produce any sort of camera for the first time without creating a stampede. The nozzle holding the lens is always considered some sort of gun. I always show them some photographs beforehand, and try to convince them



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. J. GLAVE.

VIEWS AT DIFFERENT POINTS OF THE RAPIDS OF THE LUAPULA RIVER, CALLED JOHNSTON FALLS.

ing at Mlela Mangé, and I was anxious to send a message to him. Immediately on returning to his village, he sent me two fine, strapping fellows, to whom I paid a fee of two yards of blue cloth each, gave them the letter, and off they started at a dog-trot. It is a very busy village; the blacksmith's bellows consist of two bags of softened buckskin, which his assistant grasps, one with each hand, and

works them. They are both tied to a nozzle of wood or clay tubing pointing to a charcoal fire. The blacksmith has very primitive tools, — an anvil of hard stone, a hammer of iron, — but he turns out excellent work. I have never seen the process of smelting, but all the Wausi and Walala obtain their iron by smelting from the rough ore. The furnaces are made of clay, charcoal is the heating power, and the pure melted iron runs free through clay tubing.

August 2. Kisunka furnished me with two guides to Kasembi; they arrived in good time this morning, with hair trimmed, and wearing the cloth I gave them yesterday. Kisunka himself came to see me off. By some Kisunka would be called a savage. According to my judgment, he is a gentleman, a man of character and personal force, whose commands are obeyed by some thousands of people.

August 3. Reached the Luapula River, a mile or two above Johnston Falls. Here the river was a quarter of a mile wide; up-stream there is a magnificent clear stretch of placid water; below, the stream hisses and roars, tumbling over sunken rocks, and hurling itself against numerous rocky islets. Farther down-stream it is wilder still. On the west shore a thickly timbered hill slopes abruptly to the water's edge; on the east it is bounded by a rocky waste. The Luapula finds its way blocked by rocky hills, divides its force, and continues through available gaps and fissures, and tumbles over a lengthy slope of rocks in noisy falls. Along the Luapula's banks, and in mid-stream, the rock shows that in the remote past it has been subject to great heat. In some places, at short distances, you see what appear to be patches of dark-colored pebbles; on approaching, you find that they are deeply embedded in a rock setting. Deep wells are found everywhere, looking like burst bubbles, which I have no doubt they are. The survey and scientific investigation of these falls would afford an interesting study. In the distance of a few miles, the Luapula tumbles by a rugged way to a level lower by several hundred feet. In the quiet of the night the wild flood maintains a loud, dull swish, combined with a continuous roar. Alfred Sharpe, the first to visit these falls, left a flag, but the natives say it was washed away.

August 4. From the village of Kisunka to the falls there is a considerable drop, creating a noticeable change of temperature. I no longer sleep in my overcoat. Since being on the Tanganyika-Nyassa plateau I have not been troubled with mosquitos till now. We

see here and there clumps of banana-trees. The heat during the day has increased to a remarkable degree. When the Luapula is needed as a highway for commerce, these falls will be found a serious obstacle; but an overland trail of a few miles brings one to navigable waters again.

I camped in the shade of a big tree just outside of Kisawa's village. The chief sent me a big sheep and two baskets of meal, and then came himself, surrounded by forty or fifty people, and preceded by a monkey-look-



KALASA'S HEAD MAN WITH A PIPE.

ing old fellow with a drum, and a young fellow with a double-barreled gong, both of which were beaten vigorously from the village to my tent, upon reaching which the old fellow sat on the ground, laid the drum on his knees, and continued the performance. The chief arrived, and seated himself in my chair, which I offered him. He said that Kasembi is dissatisfied with the white man's occupation of this country. Promises were given that peace would result from it, but Kasembi says that war has increased. I hear that one of the B. C. A. officers, who arrived at Kasembi's with the idea of ascending the Luapula to the falls, there to build a station, was stopped by Kasembi, who refused to sanction this step.



GLAVE'S TENT IN KALASA'S VILLAGE.

The natives are very deliberate in their formalities. One who brings you a message does not rush up and deliver it, and bolt away. He first puts his weapons in a place of safety, then seats himself comfortably near you on the ground, and after a breathing-spell tells what he has to say. He does not understand hurry. If you reach a village at noon to-day, no matter how important it may be to keep moving, the chief will feel very much disappointed if you do not spend the whole of the next day in camp in or near his village.

August 5. Kisawa volunteered to send two men with me to Kasembi's. Did not suggest any pay; told off two of his young warriors, and gave them instructions; they clapped their hands after each sentence to signify their acceptance of his instructions. Two others have come of their own accord; the only baggage of one is two sticks, upon each of which are threaded four dry rows of fruit, which rattle. The youth owning this property has long hair plaited into ropes, which fall to his neck, and form a screen to his eyes. He is constantly keeping the rattle going, and singing (principally about me) in a most flattering manner, in which performance his friend joins; but the latter confines himself to singing; he has other use for his hands, which carry two baskets full of manioc flour, a *banghi* pipe, and spare rattles. For the first hour they stayed at my heels. All the time they kept up the rattling and singing, and told me it was what they came for, and that they would thus entertain me until we reached Kasembi, four or five days off. I spoke to them firmly, but kindly, told them their music was excellent, but must be heard at a distance to be properly enjoyed. The distance I pointed out was about ten miles away. My musical friends took the hint good-naturedly, but at times they break out into their boisterous entertainment.

My pet goat died to-day. It had traveled with me from the Wanyika country on the

Tanganyika-Nyassa plateau. It had a kid at Mayilo's, which has been carried in a basket, and has thrived. To-day the poor brute became very ill, and I had her carried, but she died on the boy's shoulders. I had hoped to reach the B. C. A. station on Lake Moero, and then hand her over to the whites, asking them to care for her. I had no way of nourishing the poor little kid, having no tinned milk, or means of getting fresh milk, so I had him destroyed.

I am grieved about the death of this poor old goat. She had behaved splendidly; over dry places she kept the trail like a man, halted when the caravan halted, and started with it without any urging. When crossing a river in a canoe, she remained perfectly quiet, as she did when carried on a man's shoulders across swamps. After the kid came, she followed the basket till it was opened, then toddled off for green stuff, and kept charge of her offspring till next morning. Although we sometimes had other goats, she always took the lead, and refused to allow any of the others to take her place. But for this pet, I would have brought a dog with me.

August 7. Halted at 7:50, and sent men ahead to warn Kasembi of my coming. Arrived at his village at 10:20, the day's march being nearly all the way through manioc plantations.



KISUNKA.

August 8. Kasembi is an important creature in his own estimation. A man cooks for him. The men who carry water for him are armed. If any one careens against them and spills the water, the offender is killed. Kasembi never walks; he is carried. If one of his villages kills an elephant, the tusks are brought to him; he picks out the finer of the two, and gives the other to the slayer. Any dead ivory found is brought to him; he takes all, and gives the finder a little cloth. In conversation he repeatedly remarks, «Mimi Kasembi» («I am Kasembi»).

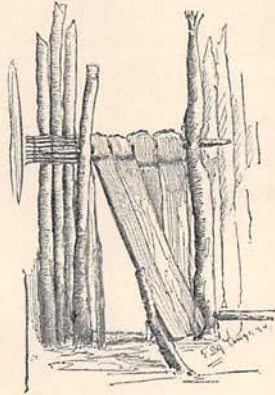
My man Frogalah told him that the woman chief of the Watshlwa, of his name, had a largervillage than this one here, which was a fib, but it made this proud creature very unhappy. He has been spoiled by the whites giving him big presents.

Before arriving yesterday, I sent on ahead a splendid present of cloth with silk fringe and gilded braid. My two men had first to show it to one of his underlings; he, in turn, took it to two other inferiors. These three discussed it, dilating upon the smallness of the gift; eventually, however, they conveyed it to the royal presence, and after a while my two messengers were admitted. Kasembi immediately began to comment upon the gift. Was he a boy, to receive one present only? Did not the *mzungu* (white man) know how big a chief Kasembi was? My men assured him I did, and that I had sent this cloth in advance, and the actual present would be forthcoming later. This satisfied him to an extent; he sent one of his favorite satellites to show me a camping-place a quarter of a mile from his stockades—a clear, sandy place, away from dry wood and water, and no possible shade. My tent was hardly pitched before Kasembi's head man appeared, demanding the present I had promised; the chief was awaiting it. I sent word that I promised to give the chief a present according to my means; I should suit myself with regard to the time of giving. They were rather taken aback at this. Kasembi's wishes appear to be attended to without delay.

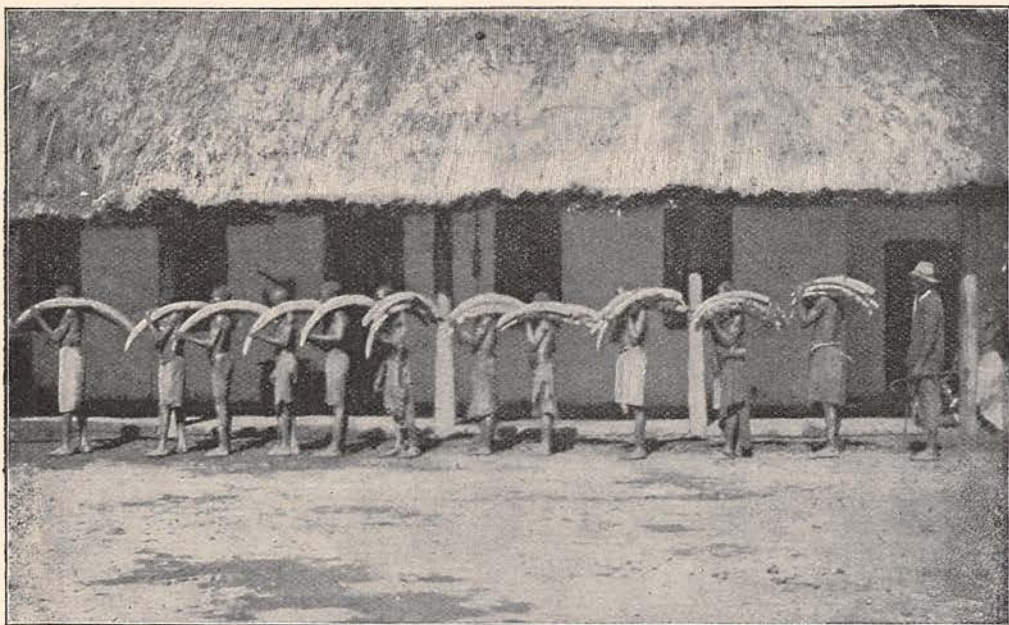
During the afternoon Kasembi sent me a goat and two baskets of flour, about twenty-five pounds. In the evening I sent him down one Kanzu Arab brown holland shirt, one silk-and-cotton cloth for a turban, eight yards of wide handkerchief, four yards of American, eight yards of Kanicki, about half a pound of beads, and twenty assorted fish-hooks. He was good enough to accept these things, but impressed upon my men the necessity of bringing another present when I was permitted to see him. He is too large an insect altogether; has been spoiled. A letter was left in his care for me yesterday; I applied for it, but he refused to give it up until we had met, and yesterday he would not see me. It was his sacred day, he said. I sent several times yesterday, and demanded the letter, and emphasized my request by expressions as strong as it was discreet to employ; but he was immovable. If I had had a force of any reliability with me, I would have had that letter yesterday; but this is one of the great drawbacks of having only a small force.

To-day I am to see him, when his Majesty feels inclined graciously to grant the interview. At eight o'clock this morning Kasembi sent two men to wait near my tent, and when they should hear drums in his village I was to go down and see the chief. His three head men escorted me down to the stockades. Before entering the gate, a messenger was sent in to ask if we might enter; receiving permission, we passed through the gate. Upon entering, we found a big clear space, and crowds of people lining it; a dozen drums of different sorts were being beaten gently, and several double gongs were sounding. At one corner of the square Kasembi was seated on an immense litter; his body was wrapped in bright handkerchief stuff. He wore a fine necklace of big lions' claws,—immense ones,—and had a fringe of long hawks' feathers standing up from his head.

I was not allowed to approach near him, being told to seat myself about fifty feet away, so I could not get a detailed look at him. Difficulties were added by his being in the shade, as he held over his head a red-and-white umbrella. He had the litter lifted high on the heads of his bearers, so that he might the better see me. The litter was made of thin bamboo firmly lashed to two parallel big bamboos, the ends carried out on each side seven or eight feet. This affair was carried by twenty men, five at each handle. The litter was covered with handkerchief cloth, on which Kasembi sat cross-legged. He sent across a messenger to ask me where I came



GATEWAY AT KISUNKA'S.
From a sketch in Glave's Journal.



PART OF AN IVORY CARAVAN.

from and where I am going. I gave the necessary information, at the same time saying I wanted two of his people to act as guides to the Kalungwizi; also, that I was anxious to have my letter. Both were promised me, but it is now late in the afternoon, and I have not seen the letter yet.

I felt in a very bad humor; in the first place, I am suffering from an inflamed eye; this, combined with the constant begging by these people, keeps me in a disagreeable frame of mind. I gave, I am sure, the smallest present he has ever received from a white man, but with my present means I could not conscientiously give more, and, feeling this, I would not. I was quite prepared to pull up my tent and declare my independence by starting for the Moero B. C. A. station by compass. The first white man who comes here with any force at his back should lower Mr. Kasembi several notches. He told my men yesterday that he would see me at a distance, but I must not attempt to shake hands with him.

The letter left in charge of Kasembi reached me this afternoon. It was from Dr. Watson, giving me news and directions as to the road between Kasembi and Rhodesia. This evening, I hear, Kasembi is drinking heavily of pombé, and says he will not give me guides. I shall start off early to-morrow morning, guides or no guides. There is a big drinking-bout in the village to-night—

drumming, shouting, singing, and incessant firing of guns; this continued past midnight.

August 9. Left Kasembi's at six o'clock, by compass, no guides forthcoming; traveled for two and a half hours, and reached the Mberezi. Kasembi, hearing I had gone, sent at once his chief man and two guides, with a small tusk of ivory as a present; he sent ahead another man, who was profuse in salaams, to arrange for my crossing the Mberezi River. But this was of no assistance to me. It cost twenty yards of cloth to get men and goods over, and canoes were produced only after a good deal of hesitation. At first I was told I must wait till to-morrow; the canoes were away fishing. This proved to be a lie, the too frequent sequence to an African's assertions. They feel no shame in lying to serve their own interests; when found out, they merely grin, as if it were a joke to utter falsehood.

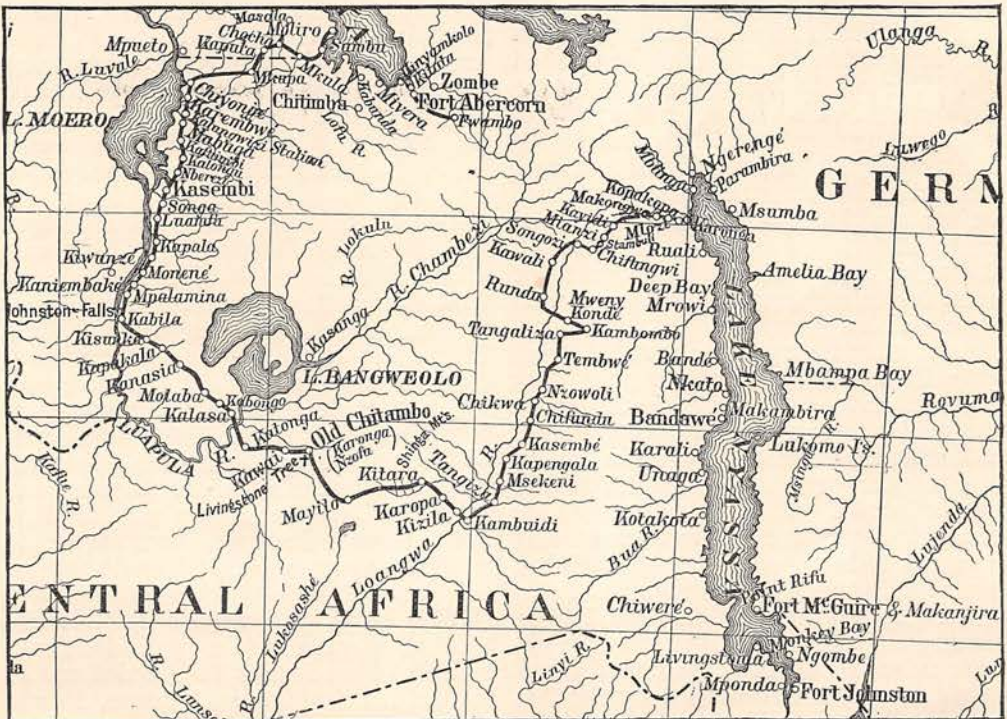
I have always something the matter with me which interferes with my efficiency. Now it will be a wretched ulcer near my knee-joint to hinder my walking; at another time one near my right elbow to weaken my arm and give me unsteady aim in shooting. Then I am cured of these, and feel miserable and feverish; but snap shots of deafening quinine make me strong and cheerful, and fit to bear the strain of a few days' visit from malarial neuralgia, which seizes my head, makes tender every tooth, and stabs me unmercifully

with acutest pain, till the head is aching with hammering throbs, and the eyes, through pain, are curtained by a mist. In due time I recover from this, and become dyspeptic, or cannot wear my largest shirt because of a swollen spleen. I gradually reduce this, and then blisters on the feet, and erysipelas in the ankles, make walking the worst kind of agony. Illness to me in Africa is as the bubble in a spirit-level: it moves and changes its position, but never ceases.

August 10. My men have no stamina; half are on the sick-list, and I believe we present a very emaciated, dilapidated appearance.

Yesterday I had to submit to a good deal of humbug from Kipambezi, Kasembi's head man, whom the chief had sent to aid me. First, upon reaching the crossing at Mberezi, he said we should have to camp on the Lefu River till next morning, as there were no canoes; all were away with fishermen. I then applied to the natives direct, and promised cloth to each paddler. In a quarter of an hour seven good-sized canoes appeared, to each of which I gave one fathom of cloth. Kipambezi urged that I should pay in advance, and deposit all the cloth with him; the paddlers, however, knew that such property, after running the gantlet through Kipam-

bezi's hands, would be considerably decreased. I quite agreed with the natives, and handed to each paddler his pay. Thus far Kipambezi had not scored; he was disappointed at not having his own way, and getting no part of the pay for canoe work; so without consulting me with regard to where I wished to camp, he led the way to a tiny village, a very indifferent place for a camp; but as my men were about played out, I pitched my tent here. In the evening he appeared with an admiring crowd behind him, in which was a scrubby-looking individual whom he introduced as the *mfumu* of the place (about six tumbledown huts). The *mfumu* brought me a miserable little chicken, certainly not more than two weeks old, and a cupful of manioc flour. I told the *mfumu* it was my intention to give him a fathom of cloth, as I was camping on his ground, but I did not want either his flour or the chicken. This rather nettled Kipambezi, who was expecting that I would give a desirable present of cloth, of which he would get a share. Another disappointment. Seeing that I should have a lot of trouble with the one-eyed, impudent, grasping, lying scoundrel, I determined to get rid of him quickly. I sent two of my head men to him to explain that I knew



GLAVE'S ROUTE FROM NYASSA TO TANGANYIKA.

Kasembi, out of kindness for the whites, was depriving himself of the service of Kipambezi by sending him with me; I did not wish to cause the big chief of Ulanda this annoyance. The two young fellows sent by Kasembi would answer my purpose as guides. He (Kipambezi) might return to his chief, and resume his important duties. I should give him two fathoms of American, and some beads, the same present he would have received if he



KASEMBI.

From a sketch in Glave's Journal.

had gone farther. He agreed to this, said it was a good idea, and was to receive the promised cloth in the morning. Early this morning he came to my tent with his salvetongued «Mornin', Srwana,» and I gave him the cloth and beads, for which he thanked me. When all the loads were ready for the day's start, I called for my guides; after a while they appeared with Kipambezi, all with a very cheeky air. Kipambezi said he was returning, and so were the two young fellows he had brought. He expected I would go on my knees and beg them to show me the road. Kipambezi carried his bow and arrows; the other two carried guns; besides, one carried the cloth I had given Kipambezi in the morning, the other the leg of the buck I shot and gave them yesterday, and the small tusk Kasembi sent me, which my men had given the guides to carry. Much to Kipambezi's astonishment, instead of urging him to allow the two young guides to go on, I replied at once, «Go, all of you, if you want to.» At the same time, my men pounced on them, and took away my tusk of ivory and the cloth I had given to Kipambezi in the morning. I considered he had certainly forfeited this by leaving me in the lurch. The incident might have caused considerable delay, but, as luck would have it, three men were starting that morning from the village to go to work for Dr. Watson. One agreed to act as our guide;

so away we started without any delay, and Kipambezi and his two young fellows returned to Kasembi with some lying story to account for their quick return.

Crossed a wretched swamp to-day, all the time in mud and slush of a rich chocolate color, and of the consistency of pancake batter, bamboos and long papyrus grass growing thickly everywhere; the trail was a way cut through this; by constant use a deep channel has been formed, but it is easier to follow this muddy trail than to break one's way through a new place.

On my first opportunity I shall send to Kasembi a letter to be interpreted to him by any white man who may visit him. I shall explain fully the conduct of his lying lieutenant.

August 11. We are now without a guide again; our man, who has been kindly and generously treated, and promised four yards of American upon reaching Kalungwizi, has deserted us without any cause.

August 12. Upon reaching a few huts where the natives smelt iron, we met with a native, Kangala by name, who has taken a letter to Watson, and promised to reach him to-night.

Nzigora died to-day in a very sudden and extraordinary manner. For a few days he had been suffering from a swollen neck, which I painted with iodine, and gave him a gargle of permanganate of potash for sore throat; for two or three days he traveled empty-handed; then he carried a light load for three days, and seemed quite well, except the swelling in the neck, which seemed, however, to give him no inconvenience. To-day he started off as usual, made no complaints, and showed no signs of unusual fatigue; after a three hours' march, upon reaching the Kabikwa stream, the whole caravan was resting, and he quietly dropped off to sleep. After a half-hour's stay I gave the word to start, and went ahead with the guide. Reaching another stream after this tramp, I received news that the head man at the rear of the caravan had been unable to rouse Nzigora. They carried him to the water, and bathed his head, but he was quite helpless, and he never spoke again. Word was sent to me, but the lazy messenger did not reach me till I arrived an hour ahead at the river Matizi. I sent back immediately a machila to have him carried on the way. After death he looked like a healthy, full-blooded man. I attribute his death to heart-disease. He was a very quiet, willing fellow, never squabbled with any one, and his death has cast a gloom

over all my men; but blacks die off very quickly, once they have lost heart, so I have made light of his death.

The natives are returning to build substantial villages in this district, now there are white men at Kalungwizi to protect them; formerly they were constantly pillaged by the Ruga-Ruga of Abdallah Bin Suliman, the coast trader and slaver.

August 13. The natives are, strange to say, leaving Belgian territory, and coming to settle about the B. C. A. stations. I can assign as a reason only the erratic thinking apparatus of the African. The Belgians are undoubtedly the friends of the natives, and no nationality is displaying such zeal in removing the lawless influences of the land. The Belgian policy is liberal and thoroughly antislavery. Within the last few years they have done wonders. So why the natives should leave Belgian territory and come to the British I cannot say. The British in this part of the world have not proved that they can master the slavers. Abdallah is in their territory, and his slaving is well known.

This morning, at nine o'clock, I was met on the trail by two smart Manyema in military uniforms, who saluted in soldierly style, and handed me a letter from Dr. A. Blair Watson, saying they were at my disposition to guide me to the B. C. A. station on the Kalungwizi. What a treat, after the usual experience with lying, deceitful guides, to have disciplined blacks to pilot one! The education received from a white man does improve them wonderfully. They are taught the difference between right and wrong; they have to respect authority, and are punished for lying, deceiving, and thieving, so avoid committing these offenses, and thereby enjoy more bodily comfort. Upon reaching the Kalungwizi, I found a good, wide road leading to the ferry, where a native in B. C. A. pay lives in a small hut, and is always on hand with a canoe to ferry people across the stream, here very deep and rapid. Upon crossing the Kalungwizi, another wide, well-kept road led up to the B. C. A. station, one half of which is surrounded by a high clay wall, the other half by the ordinary pole stockades, the whole inclosure being one hundred and fifty yards long and sixty yards wide. In the inclosure surrounded by clay walls are the station-house, stores and attendant house of the white man's personality, cook-house, servants' houses, etc. In the inclosure of stout stakes are the huts of the black employees, principally the soldiery, who are generally Wanyamwezi, who were nothing but raiders till



DR. A. BLAIR WATSON.

the whites took charge of things. Upon reaching the boma, I was received by Dr. Watson, magistrate and collector, whom I had known at Lake Nyassa. He was very kind, gave me a good room, and I had a tasty meal served to me. He is a very well-informed man, and I was pleased to know he thought my journey a very successful one. The finding of the Livingstone tree interested him greatly.

In the courtyard are buried two white men, Bainbridge and Kydd, the only two whites previously in charge of the station. Kydd died first, and was buried within the boma, a very unreasonable notion; and Bainbridge, as a dying request, asked to be buried beside his companion. The two graves, conspicuously close to the station-house, form no cheerful prospect for their successor Watson, who is certainly philosophical; for he has told his people, in case he dies, he is to be buried outside the boma, so as to set a better example, as he drolly told me.

This is the most distant of the B. C. A. stations. Watson is most anxious to extend his work, but his hands are tied by the economy of headquarters. He has a force of about twenty-five Wanyamwezi soldiers, and three



DR. WATSON'S HOUSE AT THE KALUNGWIZI STATION.

or four station workers, and a fine house solidly framed, but not completed, for want of funds. He has no cloth at all, and only a few beads for rationing his men; his boma, tembé, and bastion are solid, and he is perfectly secure: but a good deal of lawlessness exists, which he cannot check without force.

After I had left Kasembi's, some Awemba arrived, and were in a great rage because I had escaped them; and I heard after, reaching the Kalungwizi, that a big party of Kasembi's people, fully armed, had followed me for thirty miles. They would not admit that they were after me, for they said at the villages they passed through that they were merely walking about! However, they could not very well have surprised me; for, as I had not quitted Kasembi on very satisfactory terms, I realized the possibility of his sending a party to harass me, and I was prepared to take care of myself.

A company station must certainly be placed at Kasembi's to control the slave-trade and check the importation of contraband goods. Carson, the missionary, visited Kasembi a month or two ago, with the idea of arranging for the purchase of a plot of land on which to build a station. Kasembi would not hear of it.

August 23. To-day Croad and Worringham arrived at the station by the Kalungwizi River, in the new whale-boat, a steel, flat-bottomed affair. Although the station is only four or five miles from the shore of Lake Moero, still the Kalungwizi winds about in a stream twelve miles long, reaching far out into the lake. The large, swampy flats form a home for many elephants. The stretch of twelve miles is navigable in strong boats, but is very dangerous in canoes, as the stream is infested with hippos of a fierce type, that attack every craft. The new boat was to have gone to Johnston Falls to take up the chief, Worringham; but now Captain Weatherly's expedition will occupy the place instead of the B. C. A. agent.

August 25. Left Kalungwizi early this morning. Watson, who has been very kind during my visit, came part of the road with me. He has a cleared road twenty feet wide running

north for six miles from his station, which he cannot complete for want of funds. After leaving this road, for twelve miles the way is over a flat plateau, in few places undulatory. Reached a small village, Karembwe's, and camped near the lake. Karembwe's is one of the salt-making villages; a sandy clay is dug out of the marshes, and placed in grass funnels; water poured on this dissolves the salt; this solution trickles through the green filter into a trough, after which it is boiled and strained, and a fine, large-crystal salt is obtained. It is a great trade in this part of the world. All villages make salt, which is put up in loads about five inches in diameter by four feet long. All these people, the Waitawa, are very polite; most of them hail you with, «Mornin'»; they do not seem able to manage the «good.»

August 28. Just before reaching Mkupa's village, an abrupt descent is made to the valley below, which is the outer edge of the great Moero swamp. Here at Mkupa's I heard of the war between the Belgians and the slavers. I learned that the two Belgians were Captain Descamps and Lieutenant Duvivier, who were bombarding Masala's tembé. Many of Mkupa's men are allies of the Belgians.

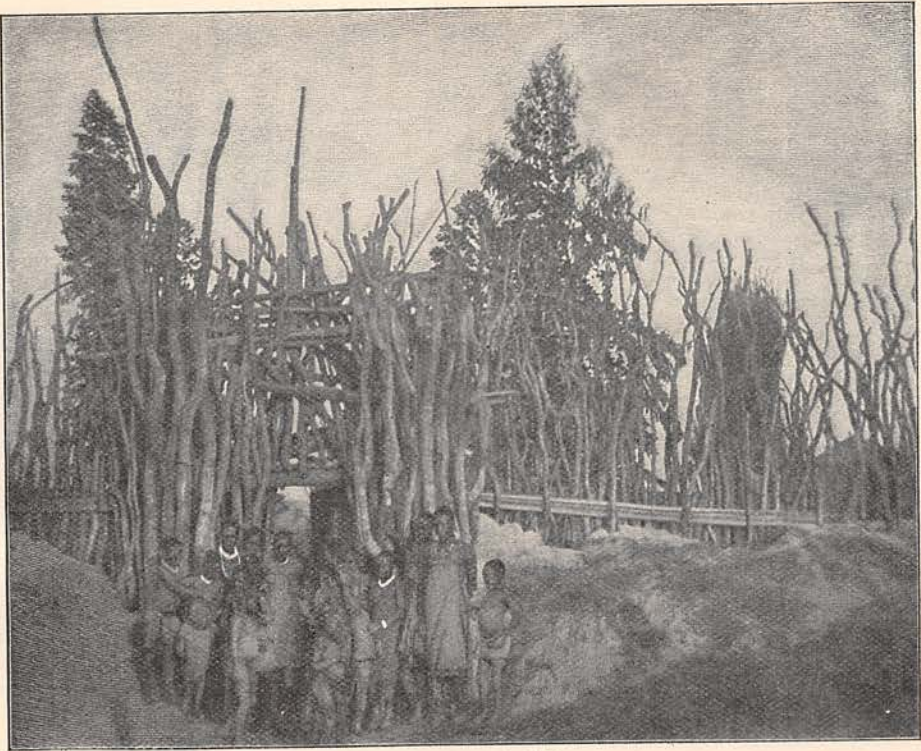
August 29. Crossed an immense plain; slightly rising ground to the east and west

of us. The B. C. A. station at Choma is a very pretty place, with strong stockades and compact, well-built clay houses. I sent two natives from here with a letter to Descamps and Duvivier at Kitetema, a native village near Masala's tembé.

August 30. Camped at Chocha. The chief of this place, and all the able-bodied fellows, are away at Kitetema, ready to help Descamps. In the afternoon I went out hunting, and wounded a roan antelope; upon returning, saw a party of men approaching a long distance away. The natives



ONE OF DR. WATSON'S NATIVE SOLDIERS.



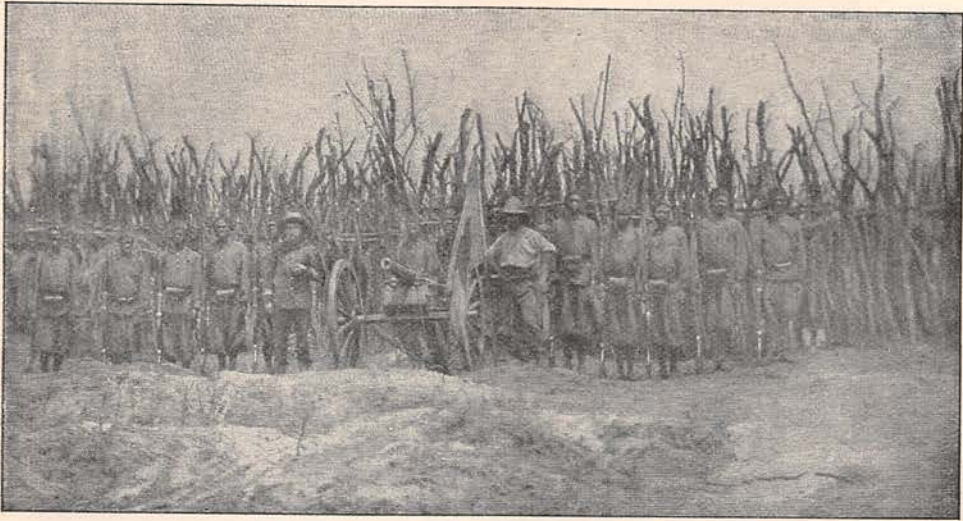
AT THE VILLAGE GATE.

with me were scared, and wanted to beat a hurried retreat to the tembé. I halted my men, and waited till the party approached sufficiently near to be distinguished. I then saw they were in uniform, and they proved to be Belgian native soldiers, Man-yema. One bore a very kind note from Descamps, inviting me to visit him, and placing ten soldiers and a young corporal at my disposal. Upon reaching me, they fell in and saluted in fine style; then explained they had come to escort me. We all tramped back to Chocha's, where I made them comfortable for the night, got them a hut, and gave them a big feed of zebra and porridge, which put them in thorough good humor.

August 31. After five hours and thirty minutes' marching, we came in sight of Masala's tembé. As we marched along the trail within two hundred yards of the place, a few shots were fired in our direction, the bullets falling short, and making little puffs of dust in the parched, sandy soil. Upon coming in sight of the Belgian defenses, Captain Commandant Descamps and Lieutenant Duvivier came out to meet me. Their appearance outside the boma was acknowledged by a salvo from the enemy. Captain Descamps is about forty years old, I should say; he

is a man of medium build and height; has had much African experience. When Captain Jacques's term of service was completed, Descamps was appointed captain-commandant of the antislavery movement on Tanganyika. About a year ago he arrived, with reinforcements and supplies for the Belgian forces, and with two big guns, and shells. Descamps reached Karonga just as one thousand carriers arrived transporting his supplies. He had no reliable escort, and if the Arabs had been resolute and a little plucky, they could have attacked Descamps on the way. Upon arriving at Kituta, on the shores of Tanganyika, he made his way up to Albertville in two dhows, sent down for him by Captain Jacques; and immediately after the arrival of the cannon, Rumaliza's people, who had so pestered them, were driven off without delay. A month or two after Descamps's arrival, Jacques left for home by the Nyassa route.

Captain Descamps and Lieutenant Duvivier escorted me to their tight little boma, about sixty yards square, made of stout poles varying from twelve to twenty feet in height, with several layers at the base, and reaching up about six feet. Within this there is a rough arbor of grass, where the whites live; their tents, also pitched, provide sleeping accom-



CAPTAIN DESCAMPS, LIEUTENANT DUVIVIER, AND THE GUN-CREW.

modation; and also within the inclosure are rough shelters of branches and grass for the Manyema and their wives, the servants, etc. This part has a wing attached, where trenches have been dug three feet below the level of the ground, with rough roofs of grass as a shelter; yet another wing is occupied by the native allies, who have come from all parts of the country, their bomas being of about the same character as the one described. Two of them are in charge of capable Manyema; each boma has a big tree with a platform in the higher branches protected by layers of planks, in which sentinels are placed to report any movement within Masala's tembé, which is composed of thick clay walls twelve feet high, loopholed, and with a ditch. There are said to be five lines of clay walls inside encircling the huts, many of which have been burned by Duvivier, who fired some smoldering material into a grass roof by means of bow and arrow. The enemy have dug holes for water, and have made deep pits and trenches as protection from the shells from the big gun. Masala had prepared himself for a big siege by laying in a stock of food for several months, and to judge from their incessant firing they must have a good supply of ammunition. Both Descamps and Duvivier had been on the Congo, and we had lots to talk about concerning old times and common acquaintances. Vast plantations of sweet potatoes and manioc surround the tembé, furnishing unlimited supplies of food to the besiegers, who have been living for a month on that produce. Descamps has certainly four hundred people.

Msemewé and Masala, coast men and employees of Abdallah Bin Suliman, are the two principal raiders, each with a tembé of his own within a few miles of each other. Msemewé some time ago pulled down the British flag in Mkula's village, danced on it, and asked Mkula where his friends the British were? Worringham, according to instructions received from the chief of the district, sent three messengers to Masala with the idea of opening up communication with the slavers. Masala's people killed one of the three men, ill-treated the other two by flogging, then took all their cartridges away, gave them back the guns, and started them off with insulting and defiant messages to the white man who had sent them. Duvivier first attacked the stronghold of Masala; he cut away the boma outside the tembé, and set their huts on fire, and actually entered their tembé, losing two men; and then he returned to Moliro for reinforcements, and eventually Descamps appeared with the big gun.

In the mean time Masala was receiving reinforcements from all sides. The Belgian forces have now been surrounding Masala's (the name of the place is Kitetema) about one month. Duvivier shot Msemewé, and Masala is also said to have died of his wounds. The big gun has fired about sixty shots into the tembé, but they appear to use no bursting shells. Every shot strikes the tembé wall rather high up, and drills a clear way through the walls and huts till its power is spent; a cloud of thick dust follows its destructive line of travel. As the tembé is full of people, the majority being women and chil-

dren and slaves, Descamps is anxious to avoid unnecessary slaughter.

From the beginning of the trouble to the time I visited Masala's, the besieged had fired five thousand shots. They are determined to fight till the last, they say. They appear to have some slight hope that relief will arrive from Abdallah, he having massed hosts of Awemba; they also feel the chance that the Belgian force may retire, disgusted with a prolonged siege; but Descamps is a determined man, and Masala will be destroyed without doubt if he does not surrender. It is the last stand of the slavers in this part of the world.

The advanced pickets of the Belgian force exchange with those behind the walls words of defiance and promises of annihilation, punctuated freely by the most murderous curses. During these conversations the white man's pickets, under cover of darkness, approach within one hundred yards of the walls, and are safe from the random shots fired in their direction. On one side of the tembé there is a large swamp of papyrus grass, and the besieged could escape in small parties of two and three; but they cannot get away with their women and children and slaves.

September 1. This morning and afternoon I had a walk round the tembé, at a distance

of two hundred yards from the walls, having accompanied Descamps on his tour of inspecting the different bomas. A few shots were fired in our direction as we marched along in Indian file, with a guard of about twenty Manyema behind us. Upon returning to the boma, I photographed Descamps's gun-crew, and as I had to be somewhat exposed during this operation, about half a dozen shots were fired at me during the time; it is not at all comfortable to have one's head under the black cloth when a bullet is hissing overhead. I naturally completed my business with as much despatch as possible.

The Manyema drill very well, but Descamps himself sights and fires the big gun. Occasionally the gun is quietly sighted in the daytime, and fired at night, when the besieged are not expecting it. A few people who have tried to escape from the tembé have been captured. During the afternoon a most boisterous shouting was started, accompanied by the peculiar shrill cry made by women, who give the sound a trembling effect by rapidly wagging the tongue during the effort—quite a general noise all over Africa. At the same time a red flag was waved from behind the walls. Descamps fired two shots into the excited crowds inside. Both balls



CAPTAIN DESCAMPS.

LIEUTENANT DUVIVIER.



WITHIN A VILLAGE STOCKADE.

riddled the walls, as usual, and threw up clouds of smoke; but the violent intrusion upon their gaiety did not bring the uproar to a close. It was carried on for several minutes after the big gun's reports. The native allies attributed the noise to the ceremony of appointing a new leader within the walls; possibly this may have been so. At night, in the exchange of conversation between the besieged and the pickets, those inside claimed to have killed a white man during the day. What had given them this idea I do not know. There was a good deal of loud wailing this evening, women mourning those killed during the day; and the pickets heard the men admonishing the mourners, saying, «Cry? You should rejoice! A white man has been killed by us to-day, one of the leaders of our enemies.»

Descamps is always thinking that they may surrender, and save the slaughter of an assault, but I think this delay injurious to the spirit of his soldiers. He told me that he would take the place a few days after my departure. Descamps I found to be an exceedingly nice gentleman, good-natured, brave, intelligent, and most kindly disposed. He will aid me to reach Kasongo and descend the Congo; if he does this, I shall always be grateful to him, as he will provide me with opportunities of obtaining material of the utmost value.

September 2. Said good-by to the Belgian officers at 6:30 this morning. Captain Descamps and a small escort of four men accompanied me about a mile and a half, and I con-

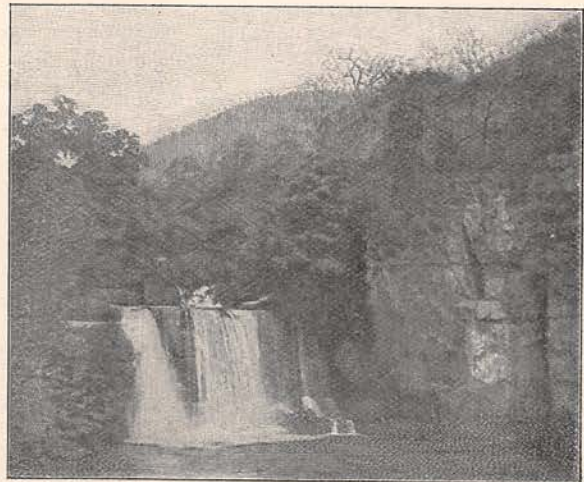
tinued through the usual African scenery, small, scrubby bush, burnt grass plains, and, in this particular neighborhood a good deal of swamp and papyrus grass.

September 3. Left Chimba Marwe's early this morning. Tramped along the plateau for the first part of the way, which gradually dipped, ascended a rough piece of broken country, low, rocky hills, and finally made an abrupt descent by a very rocky trail to the shores of Tanganyika overlooking the south end of the lake, with its glorious bay encircled by rocky highlands. Soon reaching the flats, I arrived at the village of Teleka, a large tembé of clay. The old fellow, whom I had met at Nyassa, came out to meet me.

I delayed but little, continuing my way to Sumbu, the B. C. A. station in charge of W. B. Knight, a most hospitable man. I had written him the day before, and he kindly sent out a machila, so that I was carried for about two miles to his station, which I found as ill provided as Moero: no men, no ammunition, no goods, and consequently but little influence.

Teleka has been settled here fifteen years, and has during that time made several trips to the coast. In fact, he has just now returned to his tembé from Kilwa, a German post on the Indian Ocean. He had two hundred and seventy carriers, many of them women, all heavily loaded, the principal part of his cargo being guns and ammunition.

The Belgian native troops are dressed in loose trousers, at the bottom drawn close to



FALLS OF THE LUAGUA RIVER NEAR THE SOUTH END OF LAKE TANGANYIKA.



TANGANYIKA FISH, NSINGA, MUCH LIKED BY THE NATIVES FOR ITS OILINESS.

the leg half-way down the calf by a running tape, mottled indigo shirt, red facings, red fez, breech-loading rifles, no shoes, broad belt, and cartridge-pouch.

September 5. Finding letters and papers here for Descamps and Duvivier,¹ I had them forwarded to the seat of war, as they asked me. Two Wanyamwezi guides given me by Watson returned with their men, carrying letters as far as Chimba Marwe's.

The southern end of the Tanganyika district is a slow part of the B. C. A. machinery. Marshall, at Abercorn, has a boat which is kept at Kituta, and will carry one hundred and fifty loads; yet it remains idle. Watson has nothing in his station, not even a yard of cloth. For five weeks there have been goods waiting for him at Kituta, but none have been sent to Sumbu to be despatched.

September 8. All my men engaged from

Mlozi and Kopa Kopa returned to-day. They have done very well indeed, and I must write to Karonga, and give a list of their services, and recommend them to other white travelers.

September 10. The brother of Teleka came in, and reported that a man out of Mkula's village had reached their village, and warned everybody to be on guard, and not travel abroad, as the roads were unsafe, Mkula's warriors being on the war-path, bent on killing not only Wangwana, but any of the white man's people who may fall into their hands. News also came that the Belgians had defeated Masala, the tembé being carried by assault. The Belgians are now said to be moving on Msemewé's village, which will make no defense. The result of this fight will have an important effect on politics in this part of the world.

¹ On October 25, 1894, Glave, then at Moliro, Tanganyika, entered in his journal: «Heard news of Duvivier's death on Lake Moero. He was hunting hippos from a canoe; wounded one, which upset the canoe. He told his four men to remain by the canoe. They wished to swim ashore and return for him with another craft. He

would not hear of this, but started to swim with his heavy boots, clothes, etc. When he had gone some distance, he threw up his arms and with a cry disappeared. This was repeated four times. His body was not found. It is not known whether he was seized by a crocodile or a wounded hippo, or succumbed to cramp or exhaustion.»—EDITOR.

E. J. Glave.

NEW CONDITIONS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

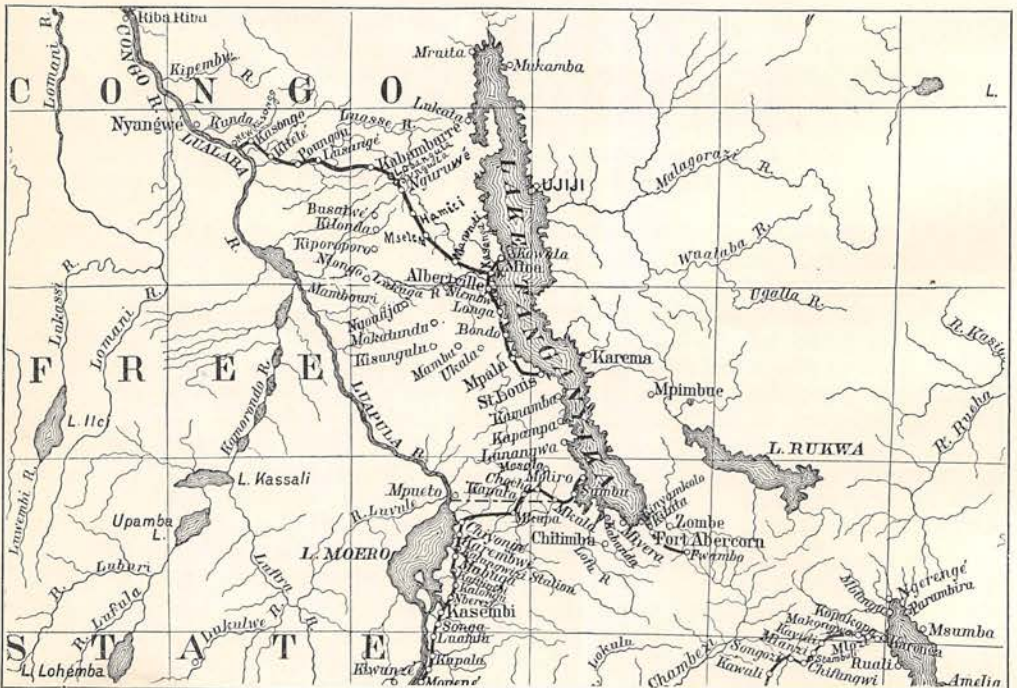
THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION BETWEEN LAKE TANGANYIKA AND THE CONGO.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNALS OF THE LATE E. J. GLAVE.

LAKE TANGANYIKA, September 19, 1894. Reached Kinyamkolo, the London Missionary Society's station, a splendidly situated place. The natives are not coddled by the missionaries, but are taught to work and are kept busy. At present the staff is the Rev. Mr. Thomas, in charge, and Mr. A. Purvis and wife; besides, there are Mr. Hemans and wife, colored missionaries from Jamaica, he being a school-teacher. The educated blacks have not been found to be so successful as white men. Instinctively the natives acknowledge a white's authority, but they have not the same respect for a black, unless his unusual intelligence and learning are backed up by physical force. What a difference the presence of a white woman makes to a household in Africa! Her presence checks a white man's tendency to become brutal. With barbarous surroundings even the mildest character often becomes brutal. This is pardonable, as,

living among the African natives, there is never anything to suggest the finer feelings, gratitude, pity, mercy, charity being unknown to them. You may aid a native even to the extent of saving his life; he takes it as a matter of course, even though you are put to expense and trouble. He expects the winds to be favorable, rain to fall at the proper season to refresh the crops, game to be abundant and not dangerous, and in war to suffer no losses. When the smooth run of his life is checked by accident or misfortune, the blame is placed on evil spirits.

About one thousand people are settled within the stockade. During the last few years the general health has much improved; a few years ago there was so much sickness and so many deaths that the home society thought of abandoning the station. There seems to be a good deal of jealousy in the mission; in fact, throughout this land one



MAP OF GLAVE'S JOURNEY IN THE TANGANYIKA REGION.



VIEW IN THE NATIVE QUARTER OF FWAMBO, A SECTION OF THE VILLAGE STOCKADE IN THE REAR.

hears one missionary speak of another in anything but brotherly terms. The one feeling of Christian fellowship, of disregarding one another's small faults, is very noticeable among the Catholic missionaries, who in times gone by have purchased hundreds of homeless little slave boys and girls; these have been brought up in the Catholic faith, knowing no other, and knowing no friends save their masters, the white fathers.

September 21. I left Kituta early this morning, and after four hours' marching reached Fort Abercorn, a sturdy stockaded little place with houses built of white clay from the ant-hills. Locusts are hovering about in tremendous swarms, and during the coming season they are expected to play havoc with the new crops. Leaving Abercorn, I marched for three hours to Fwambo. When Stanley visited the south end of Tanganyika the rocky mountains came down to the water's edge; but now the waters in the lake have diminished, and large flats stretch out half a mile from the foot of the mountains. I am assured by careful observers that, although the lake is gradually receding generally, there are places where the waters are gaining on the land, suggesting a local sinking.

About fourteen thousand people are gath-

ered within the palisades of the Fwambo mission. All of the boys and girls must go to school, and many make rapid progress. I saw one youngster, not more than seven, who wrote a splendid hand, and another, ten or eleven, did some difficult sums. Mr. Alexander Carson, in charge of the mission, believes thoroughly in the industrial cultivation of the African, and in sufficient Christianity to come within the grip of their understanding. There is a good carpenter-shop, well stocked with tools, where boys make chairs, tables, etc. There are native iron-foundries in the immediate neighborhood; iron is smelted in native furnaces, and the mission employees shape out very cleverly large nails, bolts, screws, hinges, catches, and latches. Brick-making also is successfully carried on.

Some time ago Rumaliza showed Mr. Swann a piece of quartz bearing free gold, and said he knew where there was plenty on the east shores of Tanganyika. I have seen none, although I have seen plenty of good quartz. There is any amount of iron, which is easily worked by the natives. Coffee is the best means of developing the land. Good peat is said to have been found at Kinyamkolo, also an excellent fiber for rope. Cattle thrive on the Tanganyika plateau. The land must be developed by whites and blacks in company.

The natives want cloth; they are ashamed to wear bark cloth. Once natives have been in the employ of whites and have earned cloth, they always return and continue to work. Women without beads are looked down on. The natives possess a certain honest jealousy among themselves; they like to have good cloth and



THE SCHOOL-HOUSE AT FWAMBO.

other possessions like their neighbors, and are ambitious even to possess more than others. At present more merchandise means the ability to marry more wives to enhance their importance. Those who have joined the church, of course, may not have more than one wife, but others have several. Few natives are really converted; most are found after a while to be breaking the laws which they have solemnly sworn to respect. The argument which I have often heard advanced, that after a time there will be so much cloth in the land that the natives will no longer take any interest in obtaining more, does not hold good. Where a labor-market has been established the number of workers increases year by year.

KINYAMKOLO, October 9. A miserable fever tucked me into the blankets to-day.

October 10-12. The wretched fever returns every day. I cannot eat anything. I have taken any amount of quinine, which has the effect of giving me grotesque visions as soon as I close my eyes. Mr. and Mrs. Purvis and Mr. Thomas have done everything for me.

October 14. I am truly grateful for the kindness of the missionaries. At about ten at night we left Kinyamkolo in the *Morning Star*, en route for Sumbu, and hoisted the sail with a favorable breeze.

October 16. Early this morning we had a strange experience. Several large fish, over four feet long and very thick like salmon, came about our slow-moving boat and grappled vigorously at the paddles, showing no fear. I shot two with my Martini, but unfortunately they sank before we could pick them up. Whether we were considered an

enemy in their waters, or whether we were looked upon as food, I don't know, but this lasted for an hour at intervals. We could have shot several, but desisted from useless slaughter, as we could not regain the creatures before they sank—very much to the disgust of the boatmen. If we had had a boat-hook or gaff we might have obtained a few. At ten this morning we reached Sumbu.

October 17. Went down to see Teleka today, and took his photograph. After returning I was attacked by fever and had to turn into blankets. Purvis is in the same condition.

October 19. Left Sumbu at five this morning. I still have fever, and turned into the cabin. We journeyed by paddle and oar close along the coast, steep and rocky, sparsely wooded, with scrubby, gnarled bush dropping to the water's edge, and here and there good, sandy landing-places. We reached Moliro at nine in the evening. M. Demol came off in his canoe and offered me a room, which I accepted for that night. I covered myself up in blankets. In the morning the fever was gone, but I was still without appetite. Demol speaks very little English, Purvis no French; my slight knowledge of French comes in very handy. The station here (Poste de Moliro) of the Belgian Antislavery Society is built on a slope rising gradually from the lake. There are groups of low, rocky, sparsely wooded hills to the southwest, fine, rich, undulating land extending toward the north, with hills in the distance. The lake at this point curves into an immense, picturesque bay.

October 21. Purvis left in the *Morning Star* this afternoon. Only a good, seaworthy boat



CONSPICUOUS TREE AT MPALA PRESERVED BY THE NATIVES BECAUSE DR. LIVINGSTONE CAMPED UNDER IT DURING HIS FIRST VISIT TO LAKE TANGANYIKA.



M. DEMOL, IN CHARGE OF POSTE DE MOLIRO, FEEDING A BUSHBUCK AND A DOG.

can stand the wind at present blowing. M. Demol is making extensive gardens of manioc, sweet potatoes, peanuts, *mtama*, *kaffu* corn, and maize, and hopes to have enough to feed all his men next year, in spite of locusts, which are bound to appear. In the morning men and women fall in for work. The women go to the gardens under the superintendence of women; they leave off at ten, so as to have time to cook for their husbands. The men drill till eight, and afterward work in the gardens till twelve; then rest till three, and work till six. They are very orderly. Two long lines of huts, well built, with a street between, lead to the lake. Two other parallel lines of huts extend from the back gate. All except ten Zanzibari are liberated slaves. Slaves have to serve seven years, being well cared for, fed, and clothed, during that time; afterward they are at liberty to go where they will. The soldiers are clad in a blue drill shirt, knickerbockers, and red fez; they carry chassepot rifles. Many have recently deserted. The Belgians are rather free at flogging; even women are not exempt. It was my original idea to wait here at Moliro for Descamps; but I cannot afford the time it must of necessity take before he returns from Lake Mweru. The Belgians are con-

ceited about what they have done, and about their capabilities generally. Of course they compare most favorably with the British authorities south of Tanganyika, but they have not a better officer than Captain Edwards, and if the British Central Africa Company had an efficient staff in the district, things would be very different.

October 27. Demol is very kind-hearted and hospitable, but I don't think the released natives are very happy with the Belgians; there is too much stick for the slightest offense. Attacked by another fever to-day, the third in three weeks. Have arranged to leave here by canoe for Mtoa next Tuesday. Demol is having the canoe renovated, a mast put in, a sail made, and a small part roofed.

October 28. Demol finds great difficulty in getting me sufficient paddlers; when his men go out with the request, the natives leave their villages and run to the mountains.

November 2. Obtained a scratch crew, and left this morning; ran a few hours with sail, when a north wind sprang up, compelling us to seek shelter.

November 9. Made about six hours to-day, owing to adverse wind and rough water. Under such conditions I put in to the beach and wait till there is no danger; and when it



GATEWAY OF THE STOCKADE, POSTE DE MOLIRO.

rains I put in and without delay get everything under cover. Why lose everything for the sake of a few hours? Not I. Our boatmen will run a canoe till she swamps and rolls bottom up; they will then clamber on top, and paddle ashore with their hands if paddles are lost; they have nothing to lose but a few roots of manioc, and in a quarter of an hour their scrap of clothing is all the better for the washing and drying. Take no black man's advice, unless he has property to lose or has your confidence by past experience.

November 11. At eight reached Captain Joubert's at St. Louis. He is living in a large, airy, comfortable clay house, with his black wife Yanese, an Itawa girl, to whom he was married by the missionaries at Mpala. He has been married about five years; his first child, a girl, died at the age of two; he has another pretty little girl, Louise, now two and a half years old, strong and healthy, to whom he is devotedly attached. He is a citizen of the Congo Free State, fifty-three years old, and well preserved. He was first in the service of the mission for three years. He is very religious, and has done great good, rendering the land secure.

November 16. This morning Père Roehlens sent me down a donkey to ascend the hills to his station, called Baudoinville. The trail was, generally speaking, fairly good; but

there were one or two steep climbs where I had to dismount. The mission has a fine situation on the plateau, about one and a half hours from the lake. Many rough clay buildings serve every purpose till the government buildings are finished. A very fine dwelling-house is in course of construction, also a hospital built of fire-burnt bricks and stone, of very artistic design. There are magnificent plantations of rice, sweet and European potatoes, onions, haricots, and ground-nuts, and good vegetable gardens, besides fruit-trees, including the mango, fig, papaw, and pineapple. The coffee-plantation is worked by mission boys and redeemed slaves, three or four hundred of both sexes; and the school is attended by many youngsters. The village is flourishing; three *pères* and three *frères* superintend the work, and a company of sisters are expected next year. The men are living on good terms, and are altogether of a jolly disposition, intelligent, hospitable, and charitable. They teach the youngsters to work, as well as give religious teaching. They are much liked by the people.

November 7. Spent the morning with Père Roehlens, and took photographs of the mission. Of these Catholic missionaries one has been in Africa eighteen years without returning home; Roehlens, eleven; Père Guillemet, nine; Herrboert, six. The *frères* work for the cause of religion merely for their clothes and food. Nearly everybody about Tanganyika is subject to hematuric fevers, Jacques and one or two *pères* alone escaping; but of late, owing to successful treatment, they are not regarded as very dangerous. In the afternoon I returned to Captain Joubert at St. Louis. He is very hospitable, but a very indifferent cook, and is content without any service. Without trouble he could surround himself with a few comforts to make life more pleasurable. He has decided to stay here, and leave his bones. Why not do so gracefully? He does not care for European things, except coffee, tea, sugar, and sardines.

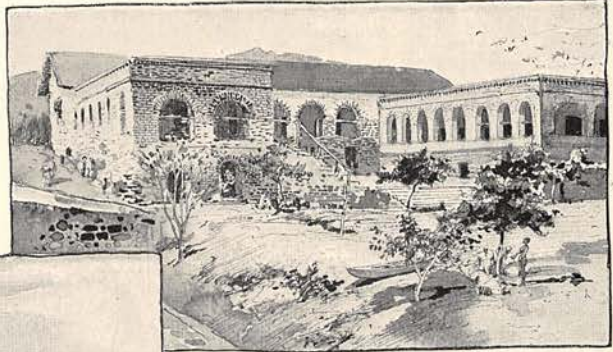
November 8. Père Herrboert arrived this morning, and at eleven we embarked in his boat, the *Bwana Edward*, with all my loads aboard, and my canoe following. It is a splendid dugout, with a good sail and sixteen paddlers, and will stand any sea; it was made by the missionaries; a cabin could be fitted aft. We reached Mpala past midnight, and had a slight lunch of omelet and fruit at 2:30 A. M., the missionaries good-naturedly insisting on making something, and I must say I was very hungry and made no violent resistance. Mpala has a fine brick boma, and a building

roofed with tiles. A great many natives are settled in the neighborhood, under the protection of the missionaries. In 1885 the Pères Blancs settled on Tanganyika. If their methods, so faithfully applied, do not have good results, then I shall think the case of the Africans hopeless. The pères are light-hearted, jolly fellows, devoted to their own religion, and not frantically opposed to others differing from them in views; they are on good terms with the English Protestant missionaries.

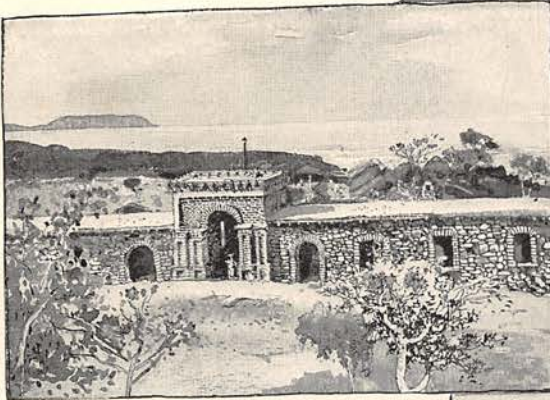
In combination with the expedition of Dhanis from the west,

gois, an ingenious man, and has an altar made of odd scraps of wood and empty cans.

I find that fevers, dysentery, etc., have lately seriously affected my nerves. After firing one shot from my rifle I tremble abominably, and cannot hold the gun steady even with



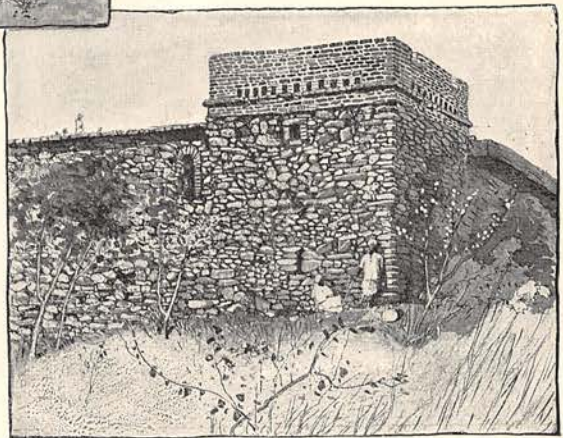
NEW BUILDINGS OF THE FRENCH CATHOLIC MISSION AT MPALA.



GATEWAY AND ROOFED WALL OF THE MPALA MISSION.

the whole country from the Congo to Lake Tanganyika has been swept clear of Wangwana and Arab slavers, all, including the greatest of all slavers, Rumaliza, so magnificently beaten that they will never recover power in this part of the world. These men, especially the Wangwana, who were the slaves of the Arabs and were doing their dirty work, are now allies of the whites, and have been successfully employed against their old masters.

November 9. Had but little favorable wind; arrived at Mpala at 2:30 A. M., and unmercifully woke up Père de Beerot. Père Guillemet, the chief, is absent. The mission has a splendid station, surrounded by a high stone-and-brick wall, which with another wall forms a superior tembé construction. The house covers three sides of a square, with open court in the center and wide verandas all around. It is built of brick, with tiles for the roof; the carpenter work is good—all, of course, done by the mission. Their church was decorated by Frère Fran-



A CORNER TOWER OF THE WALL OF THE MPALA MISSION.

religious rites. There was a lot of formality which I did not attend to. Nearly the whole service was in Latin. There was very good singing, and the natives were attentive. Dozens of candles were burning about the altar.

About eleven o'clock Père Guillemet arrived from his journey. He was interested to know all about my journey, especially the finding of the Livingstone tree. He paid a great compliment to the Antislavery Society for their

work in ridding the land of slavers. Spent the day with the pères, and late at night bade them good-by, reluctant to leave. They loaded me up with fresh vegetables and fruit. If I make any money I shall certainly do something for this mission.

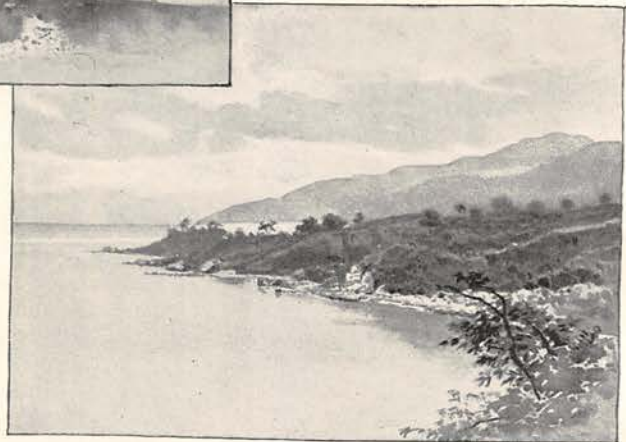


WEST SHORE OF TANGANYIKA NEAR
MOLIRO, LOOKING NORTH.

November 15. Arrived at Mtoa, the station which was completely destroyed by fire a few weeks ago. I found Miot very much disheartened at the loss of the station. Altogether he has had little luck. Before the expedition of Dhanis and the operations of the Antislavery Society, slaves in chains and forks were constantly tramping through Manyema to Mtoa, and then by canoe across to Ujiji. While out hunting here the other day for a few hours in the vicinity of this station, I passed ten skeletons in the course of my tramp. These I saw by walking haphazard through plain and forest. But thousands have died here: many, too ill to be worth the passage-money across the lake, were knocked on the head; many ran away or died of starvation. Dhanis, only thirty-two years old, who has had supreme control of the war against Arabs on the Upper Congo, pluckily drove the slave-raiders from point to point, whipping them at every turn, driving them from their depots, occupying their tembés, his own force embracing as allies the native tribes, till Rumaliza, thinking his influence and name enough to give fresh courage to the lawless, arrived from

Ujiji—but all to no avail: the force against him was too thoroughly managed, too determinedly conducted, to admit of his armed slaves offering any resistance. If coöperation had been carried out, the Germans would have kept Rumaliza east of the lake, powder-cara-

vans and other ammunition would not have been permitted to leave the east coast, and Teleka would not have been permitted to supply the slaves of Abdallah with supplies to carry on the war against Captain Descamps. If Portugal and the British would do their part, slavery would at once become a thing of the past. The Belgians have driven out the slavers from their domains, and have done it well. To-day from Tanganyika to the Congo it is as safe as in the streets of Brussels.



WEST SHORE OF TANGANYIKA NEAR MPALA, LOOKING SOUTH.

November 21. Not feeling well. When I feel better I shall get men together and make a start for Kasongo *via* Kabambarré, and with as little halting as possible shall get down to the Atlantic and home.

November 30. I am fortunate in obtaining from Miot thirty Wanyamwezi porters to accompany me to Kabambarré. These men have been in the service of the Antislavery Society, and are full of good spirits and fun, careless of everything so long as they have wife, food, and drink, but loyal; something can be made of them.

December 1. Left Kasanga [near Mtoa] at 6:30. Got men to help carry the loads across the Lufumba River, where the water was up to the armpits. My men were afraid of the water; could not carry their loads across. The



CAPTAIN JOUBERT, IN COMMAND OF STATION ST. LOUIS, HIS NATIVE WIFE, AND HIS CHILD LOUISE.

natives had to arrange this, and then take the big Wanyamwezi by the hand and lead them over.

December 4. A good trail; thick clumps of matted tropical forest; immense trees festooned with creeper; plenty of rubber of two kinds—one vine with yellow fruit like the orange, one tree with small red-cheeked fruit like little apples. At first a gradual ascent, then a gradual descent, the trail winding about over the hills; no open spaces, all wooded more or less, on the tops of hills sparsely; small timber generally in the hollows, and a mass of tropical foliage roofing the trail, supported on massive columns; a great many butterflies of the ordinary sorts. It is a fine soil, and the immense country is now almost uninhabited.

December 6. Left Mselem's at six, and reached Hamici's at eleven. Splendid trail, but not having been used much, the foliage has grown very thick, and carriers with loads have difficulty in breaking a passage through. The natives tell me that before the Wangwana came into the country there were flourishing villages and any amount of food from Mtoa to Kasongo; but now they have all been driven away by the Wangwana slavers, and no permanent villages are met, only a few new villages springing up since the whites

took decisive measures against the slavers. But I do not think the Belgians are going the right way to work. When the whites asserted their power the slaves belonging to the elephant-hunters ran away and joined the native villages. The white men were appealed to, and the chiefs to whom the slaves had fled were bound and retained until they had delivered back all the slaves to the Wangwana. This they did to regain their liberty; but when they were told that they must leave their mountain retreats and come and build their villages near the caravan road, they naturally failed to carry out their promises.

The British are more successful than the Belgian officials in gathering natives about them. A native told me to-day that formerly a Mgwana caravan, seeing a man, would catch him, give him a load to carry, cloth to wear, and shave his head, and immediately ship him across Tanganyika, sometimes in chains or fork. West of the lake he was called *rafiki* (friend), but once aboard a dhow he was *mtumwa* (slave).

The road from Mtoa is infested with wretched dark-brown and black ants, which bite most unmercifully; they are found in swarms, covering the trail for fifteen yards, and even with the most hasty dash some of the insects manage to get on you, and if you

do not attend to their removal with despatch you will have their angry little nippers buried in your flesh. This whole land appears to be a low, undulating plateau with no open plains of any size.

December 7. It is said, but I must have it corroborated, that the white officer at Kabambarré has commissioned several Mgwana chiefs to make raids in the country of the Warua, and bring him the slaves. They are supposed to be taken out of slavery and freed, but I fail to see how this can be argued out. They are taken from these villages and shipped south, to be soldiers, workers, etc., on the State stations; and what were peaceful families have been broken up and the different members spread about the place. They have to be made fast and guarded for transportation, or they would all run away. This does not look as though the freedom promised has any seductive prospects. The young children thus «liberated» are handed over to the French mission stations, where they receive the kindest care; but nothing justifies this form of serfdom. I can understand the State compelling natives

to do a certain amount of work for a certain time; but to take people forcibly from their homes, and despatch them here and there, breaking up families, is not right. I shall learn more about this on the way and at Kabambarré. If these conditions are to exist, I fail to see how the antislavery movement is to benefit the native.

December 8. Six hours' marching from Nguruwé's to Mpiamsekwa's, the easterly limit of the Arab zone under the Kabambarré authorities. Saw gray parrots for the first time day before yesterday.

The Belgians are employing the Wangwana and their followers to fight the natives; and if captives are taken they are handed over to the authorities at Kabambarré. State soldiers are also employed without white officers; this should not be allowed, for the black soldiers do not understand the reason of the fighting, and instead of submission being sought, often the natives are massacred or driven away into the hills.

To-day I met in Sungula's village thirty-five Baluba soldiers bound on a fighting expedition against the natives to the south of here,



LES PÈRES BLANCS (THE WHITE FATHERS) OF THE FRENCH CATHOLIC MISSION AT BAUDOINVILLE
NEAR STATION ST. LOUIS.



FREED SLAVE GIRLS AT THE BAUDOINVILLE MISSION POUNDING CORN.

because these people do not consent to send tribute ivory to the whites at Kabambarré. Sungula is a tall, wiry coast man who has killed eighty elephants and owned three hundred slaves; two hundred have run away and joined the natives. He says some of his slaves he bought; others had trouble in the villages, and, fearful of punishment, gave themselves up; some were caught in fights against the natives. Sungula tells me that previous to the last fight of Rumaliza and the Belgians he was invited to join the campaign by Sefu, son of Tippu Tib, who came to Sungula's village, and wrote letters to Rumaliza, who was at Ujiji. When Rumaliza fled he called at the village of Sungula, and advised the latter to remain in the country and accept the Belgian flag. Sungula gave me enough corn to feed my men, also fowl and eggs for myself. I gave him a return present.

At Mpiamsekwa's the Manyema soldiers complain that the native hunters do not go off after elephants. Sungula says the reason is that when the hunters are absent the

Manyema soldiers take their wives. This is a heinous offense in the eyes of the natives, who have a superstition that if the wife does not remain constant when the husband is away fighting or hunting dangerous game, the hunter will be sure to suffer serious failure, wounds, or death. The natives of the Congo have the same idea, which prevails generally throughout central Africa.

All the ivory that Sungula now gets he sends to the white men at Kabambarré, and receives cloth in exchange. He seems fairly contented with his lot. His people are all hungry-looking creatures; they are having a time of short rations till the corn ripens, when there will be plenty. Now they live chiefly on wild fruits, the oily nut of the fanpalm, the acid fruit of the rubber-vine, and certain insipid roots known to the natives. Sungula is very intelligent, and does not badger one by begging. He does not seem pleased with the big party of Baluba soldiers without a white man; thinks the natives, upon seeing the forces brought against them,



NATIVE DUGOUT CANOE IN WHICH GLAVE TRAVELED FROM MOLIRO TO MTOA, WITH TWENTY PEOPLE ABOARD AND A TON OF CARGO.

will submit and pay the desired *hongo*; but the black soldiers are bent on fighting and raiding; they want no peaceful settlement. They have good rifles and ammunition, realize their superiority over the natives with their bows and arrows, and they want to shoot and kill and rob. Black delights to kill black, whether the victim be man, woman, or child, and no matter how defenseless. This is no reasonable way of settling the land; it is merely persecution. Blacks cannot be employed on such an errand unless under the leadership of whites.

December 10. Very glad to reach the village of Lobangula. He makes the following complaint against the Manyema soldiers who arrived at his village two days ago: The soldiers saw one or two guns leaning against the huts loaded and capped; fired off two of these in the air; then went searching through the village, and found in the huts other guns loaded and capped. In two huts where guns were found two natives were made fast and beaten, one very badly lacerated, his shoulders being cut most unmercifully; the other bears marks of the chicot on his back and a swollen eye as the result of beating. The chief arrived on the scene, and asked the reason of this treatment. The Manyema replied that the villagers had been arming to fight against the whites. The chief replied that this was not so. He had acknowledged the whites, and hoisted the flag given to him by the white men at Kabam-

barré; moreover, he was engaged in collecting rubber for the whites. He explained that he was menaced by his near neighbors, and as a matter of precaution his people kept their guns in readiness. The soldiers were not satisfied with this explanation. The chief was seized and bound, and kept so for several hours, and released only after he had consented to pay to his persecutors one goat, ten fowls, and two slave girls; then he was set free and the eight guns were returned. Then the hut of Loban-

gula was rifled. The brutal action of the soldiers so terrified his people that many fled into hiding and have not returned. Yesterday the sergeant of the soldiers gave me two fowls; evidently they were of the lot received as ransom; and my servant saw the skin of a goat which was spread on the ground to dry. Lobangula says that in the future, when he hears of the approach of a party of soldiers without white men, he and his people will go into hiding till they have passed, as he is afraid of them.

Lobangula asks, What became of all the slaves who were taken over the road by Tippu



SLAVE BOY WITH CARVED CHAIR, AND IDOL FROM THE RUA COUNTRY WEST OF TANGANYIKA.

Tib, Rumaliza, and Nzige? Formerly a marriageable girl could be bought for sixteen yards of white cloth, a very young girl for ten, and a man for the same price. Kasongo was a great slave-market. Bwana Nzige has fled to the coast with Rumaliza. Lobangula says Tippu Tib and Nzige were the first to

are beaten; the women are taken by force. Msa says he is afraid to complain to Kabambarré for fear that out of revenge the soldiers will inflict persecution worse than ever. The whole country is being upset by the brutal and thoroughly unjustifiable conduct of the soldiers.



TRUMPETERS, DRUMMERS, AND WHISTLERS AT KABAMBARRÉ.

«bore a hole through» the country between Tanganyika and the country of the Man-yema. In collecting rubber the natives cut the rubber-vine into small pieces, put the rubber-juice first on the chest, then take it off and make it into a ball.

December 11. After five hours' hard marching from Lobangula's I reached Bwana Msa's place, in a hollow surrounded on all sides by wooded hills. After the fight with the whites he remained quiet, and when the white men came to Kabambarré he asked for a Congo Free State flag. After receiving it he thought he would be free from attack; but a party of black soldiers, under a head man, Furahani, attacked the village, looted the place, and killed three of his people. Since then the State soldiers have inflicted repeated persecution on him, stealing everything he has. He has given them food each time they have passed. Not content with this, they steal everything on the plantation and in the houses. If the rightful owners object, they

Msa has lots of slaves, as have all his people; and they seem to be happy enough. Slavery is finished in this part of the world, so far as raiding is concerned; but the Wangwana are allowed to retain the slaves which they own. In fact, it would be difficult to put them back in their own villages; and once in the hands of the Wangwana, under the white man's government, their chief troubles are over. They are compelled to work, but that is always good for Africans; it is the only way to elevate them. Slaves who have been a long time with the Wangwana do not wish to return to their villages even if given the opportunity.

Msa is very intelligent; he wears spectacles, and reads Arabic fluently. I showed him the letters given me by Tippu Tib in Zanzibar. He read them, and told me the contents. Tippu asked everybody to show me kindness, and if necessary give me cloth or anything I might want, and he himself would stand security for the payment. Had



VENDERS OF POTTERY ON MARKET-DAY IN NYANGWÉ.

I got into a tight corner, these letters would have proved very valuable.

December 12. I am visiting at Bwana Msa's to-day. My men are tired, footsore, and hungry, and some sick, and I myself have a very sore heel; a day's rest is desirable for everybody. My sick men are suffering from sore heads and maimed feet. They got their stomachs full of mtama flour and fish to-day, and have been standing on their heads and dancing. There is no better remedy for African ailments than a full belly. African travelers nearly always have crow's feet sprawling from the outside corners of the eyes, which should be credited to the constant blinking caused by the sun's rays, and by the long grass drooping over trails in the wet season, the sharp-pointed blades cutting, spitting, and flicking one's face.

December 14. Reached the Kabambarré station at noon; met very kindly by Lieutenant Hambrusin and Mr. Sinade, his second, just arrived.

December 16. Spent a very quiet day in

Kabambarré. Hambrusin has been here since April last [1894. The place was captured on the previous January 25]. He has a good substantial brick house in course of construction and nearly finished, needing only doors and windows and plastering. He has a big force at the station: four hundred soldiers, with their women and children—in all over one thousand people. From the open square in front of the station-house a most picturesque street forty meters wide runs away, lined on each side by well-built clay huts of uniform size, made for two men and their families. There are one hundred of these huts in one street already occupied; another long street is in course of construction to accommodate the remainder. Banks of banana-trees and clumps of tropical forest make the place very picturesque. The plantations are superb, and Hambrusin is still busy making other plantations. Fruit is brought in from the neighboring Wangwana settlements.

December 17. Yesterday the natives in a neighboring village came to complain that

one of Hambrusin's soldiers had killed a villager; they brought in the offender's gun. To-day at roll-call the soldier appeared without his gun; his guilt was proved, and without more ado he was hanged on a tree. Hambrusin has hanged several for the crime of murder.

December 18. The tribute exacted from the natives consists of rubber, ivory, and labor. From six till about seven Hambrusin himself gives instruction to the soldiers, who march headed by a band of drummers beating native instruments and whistling. The bugle-call is understood and very well produced by the soldiers.

Hambrusin was through all the fighting against Rumaliza; he says that Dhanis and Pontier are to receive the credit of the campaign. Pontier mastered the country between Stanley Falls and Kasongo, and Dhanis that between Lusambo and Kasongo, and as far as Kabambarré.

All the troops here are Baluba, and from the neighboring tribes, men taken in the fights; they are to serve seven years at a small salary, cloth and provisions; after seven years they are free to go where they like; here the men and women are married. Hambrusin is a stern master, but without that the spirit of this big horde of men would be decidedly rebellious. He has been alone for several months; one of his agents returned home, and two died here of hematuric fever.

I do not think the natives are making much out of this partition of Africa; something should be done to permit their earning a living, to give them comfort and content. Formerly an ordinary white man was merely called *bwana* or *mzungu*; now the smallest insect of a pale face earns the title of *bwana mkubwa* (big master). During the campaign against the Arabs by the soldiers of the Congo Free State many cannibals were to be seen, so officers tell me, provisioning themselves from the killed.

This antislavery movement has its dark side also. The natives suffer. In stations in charge of white men, government officers, one sees strings of poor emaciated old women, some of them mere skeletons, working from six in the morning till noon, and from half-past two till six, carrying clay water-jars, tramping about in gangs with a rope round the neck, and connected by a rope one and a half yards apart. They are prisoners of war. In war the old women are always caught, but should receive a little humanity. They are naked, except for a miserable patch of cloth of several parts, held in place by a string about the waist. They are not loos-

ened from the rope for any purpose. They live in the guard-house, under the charge of black native sentries, who delight in slapping and ill-using them, for pity is not in the heart of the native. Some of the women have babies, but they go to work just the same. They form indeed a miserable spectacle, and one wonders that old women, although prisoners of war, should not receive a little more consideration; at least their nakedness might be hidden. The men prisoners are treated in a far better way.

December 21. To-day I saw an old woman prisoner who had died, being dragged to burial by her fellow-prisoners in the rope gang.

December 23. No work to-day, as the men on the station received an advance during the week. Natives came in crowds to trade; certainly several hundred natives are at the station with maize, bananas, potatoes, fowls, etc. The market lasted from seven in the morning till four in the afternoon. Hambrusin will encourage the natives to this, and hopes to have a market every Sunday in the future.

When Hambrusin took over the station the men were in a rebellious state, ill-treating the natives, robbing, and even killing. Hambrusin executed a few, and the natives, seeing that they would have justice from the whites, remained friendly. There are dozens of villages about Kabambarré, all friendly and submissive, and with large, flourishing plantations. The natives pay tribute by working, gathering rubber, and carrying loads to and from Kasongo.

December 25. Spent another Christmas in Africa to-day—a very pleasant one. I must not forget the kindness of the Belgians. Everywhere they have rendered me kindly aid and saved me all sorts of bother and expense. Their hospitality has been unbounded. Nobody, however, has pleased me so much as Hambrusin, Belgian lieutenant of artillery, who was all through the war, did valuable work as an artilleryman, and was always in the thick of the danger. With his Krupp gun he played a most important part in the downfall of Rumaliza.

There is one blemish on the generally admirable aspect of the Kabambarré station—the miserable, hard-worked, half-starved prisoners, under control of brutal sentries, who delight in every opportunity of ill-treating the wretches placed in their care. But this will end now that Hambrusin has the help of white men. When he was alone for so long he was helpless to attend to everything himself, and had to leave the most responsible work in the hands of his black leaders.

Everything is done in military style, and the discipline is splendid. The men arise at the bugle-call in the morning, and form in line two deep; the roll is called, and then they drill for two hours under the supervision of the whites. They march well, each forty men under a corporal, who instructs his men by word of command in French. After morning drill there is an hour's repose; then the bugle sounds again, and the men turn out for work. Hambrusin inspects the line, sees that all are there, and in response to a bugle-call the head men file in front of their officer, salute respectfully, and receive instructions for the respective squads; they retire to their places, half turn, and march away in order, headed by the buglers, who conduct them to their particular work.

December 26. Left Kabambarré this morning. Lieutenants Hambrusin, Sinade, and Steeman saw me on my way. Marched from the station on the main road, flanked on each side by the soldiers' huts; the men off duty turned out and saluted me as I passed; and *moyo*, the friendly salute of the Baluba, was exchanged with my men. Hambrusin engaged for me forty-two Wabangobango carriers, two for each load; good, strong, willing fellows. Hambrusin has the natives well in hand. I sent word yesterday that I needed carriers, and they turned up in force to-day, quite prepared, and no grumbling. I pay them one fathom Amerikani each to carry a load to Kasongo. Hambrusin also supplied me with an escort of five soldiers and a corporal, two boys as servants, and a cook, the last three to go as far as Nyangwé. I am most grateful for the kindness; if I had been denied aid, I should have been put to great expense and trouble. Hambrusin informed me that he had received orders to prohibit strangers from passing from Tanganyika to the Lualaba *via* Kabambarré and Kasongo; but that he did not think the regulation applied to me, as I was an ancient employee of the Congo Free State, and, moreover, my recommendations were a sufficient passport through the newly acquired land.

December 29. Last night camped at the village of Kestro. Kibonge, who ordered the assassination of Emin Pasha, is being deserted, and one of his own people, in consideration of cloth, is leading Lothaire to Kibonge's hiding-place. The district of Piana Kiteté (Piana means «successor of») is said to be full of incorrigible thieves and bravados, who have attacked caravans several times; but I am assured that Kiteté's people have been most unmercifully persecuted by the State

soldiers, who arrive in the villages, and without any payment save blows and curses, take fowls and bananas, destroy cooking-pots, etc.

December 30. All the natives on Tanganyika Lake and from Mtoa to Kasongo speak more or less Swahili, most of them fluently. Natives who have first been under the Wangwana element are the best people to deal with; they have been taught by harsh lessons not to humbug their superiors, and they are taught to be clean besides. They learn to desire good cloth, to build good houses, and to make plantations extensive enough to guard against a drought. I camped near the village of Piana Kiteté to-day. He is in a sad frame of mind; says that he and his people have been fought and raided now four times for no reason that he knows of. Nearly all the women and children have been taken from his villages by Kibangula, Kalombola, and Falabi, the *nyamparas* of Kasongo. Kiteté swears he has done the whites no harm, nor have the Congo Free State soldiers or porters been molested by him. On the contrary, he received the Congo Free State flag, and sent goats to Kasongo. The last goats he sent to Kibangula, and also some slaves; and the slaves were accepted, and the guardians of the goats were also retained as captives. He says his people's huts have all been burned, and they have been so hunted that they have not made new huts. A soldier on the trail has women, and always a boy servant; his wife carries his sleeping outfit, food, etc., cloth, and sandals; his boy carries his cartridges and gun. Often a wife carries the gun. Some of the soldiers have several wives, and are quite large insects. Piana Kiteté says all his people want to emigrate to more peaceful regions, but he restrains them.

A native accompanying a white man, even as ordinary porter, an occupation as humble as that of a pack-donkey, calls other natives *wachenzi*, a scornful word for «savage.» A military spirit prevails through the whole settlement of Kabambarré. My escort are constantly whistling the bugle-calls, and shouting out military commands in French. Experience proves that youths of fourteen and sixteen are as useful and as plucky as matured soldiers.

January 1, 1895. Marched from Myula's village, near the Lulindi River, to Piana Mayengé's village. The land traveled over is undulating; we are constantly marching over grass-covered hills with sparse growth of stunted bush. The natives are all friendly to the whites, and peaceful among themselves. *Mandiba* (small mats of the fiber of palm-

trees) are the current coin from Piana Lusangé to Kasongo.

We see people who carry knives in sheaths, worn over the right shoulder and slung to the right side, the handle of the knife just below the armpit. Also, we see more spears than have been present for a long time. Guns are scarce; probably they have them, but the power is now in the hands of the whites. The Wangwana and Arab traders are not yet allowed in the country by the Congo Free State—a wise precaution, I think; they would smuggle powder into the country, and intrigue with the natives, and the Congo Free State would have their battle against the lawless element to fight over again. Besides, if the Wangwana traders are permitted, the profit goes out of the hands of the Congo Free State. Piana Mayengé has built a fine large house to entertain travelers; it is made of clay, with broad verandas and five large rooms.

I learn that Sefu, Tippu Tib's son, left the boma at Ogella, and joined the fighting outside. He was using a short Winchester, fired three shots, then had his arm shattered; he retired into the boma, and handed his gun to Bwana Jama. Sefu died a few days afterward. Tippu Tib did not want the Wangwana and the whites to fight; he knew the inevitable conclusion of such a contest, and sent letters to Raschid, Sefu, Rumaliza, and Nzige, telling them how to come to terms with the whites and open up trade relations. Nzige was the only one who wished for peace; the others tore up Tippu's letters in rage.

Kasongo was built on two parallel slopes facing each other, with a gentle ravine between large clay or brick buildings. Limes, oranges, bananas, papaws, pomegranates, and guavas are growing everywhere. Some establishments were surrounded by a tembé wall; others consisted merely of one big house. There were immense plantations. It was the most important ivory-mart in central Africa; all agree that it was far bigger and more important than Ujiji. Many Arabs were permanently settled here in the past; now they are all gone to New Kasongo to be under the eye of the whites. Many ivory-traders here were immensely rich.

Kasongo shows signs of having been a most important town, certainly the largest I have yet seen in Africa. For a square mile the ground is covered with masses of large clay or sun-dried brick of houses which contained numerous rooms. Each Arab *mgwana*, or man of any importance whatever, had a

large house for himself and wives; their followers and slaves lived elsewhere. The houses are now in utter ruins. A broad road running from west to east, thirty feet wide, was kept clear of grass when Kasongo was occupied. The large houses were built on each side of the way. Now a prolific outburst of foliage threatens to hide every vestige of this famous place. Only a few Wangwana of minor importance are now here; all others have gone to settle, by order, near the Congo Free State station at New Kasongo, on the Lualaba. The roofs have been pulled off the bomas, and all wood-work of any value, such as doors and windows, has been taken by the white man for building purposes. New Kasongo is four hours west from here.

January 3. Reached New Kasongo, and was kindly received by Lieutenant Francken and Messrs. De Corte and Perrotte. The station is surrounded by villages that pay tribute in different ways. Some do paddling; others build; others, again, bring in wood for building purposes. The chiefs to the west of here supply mandiba mats as their tribute. Some bring in ivory and rubber.

The place has a population of fifteen thousand, nearly all slaves. I left New Kasongo, and followed the right or east bank of the Lualaba to Nyangwé, which is built on a treeless plain; all the timber for building purposes comes from the opposite bank of the river. Lemery has done good work here. He has a herd of forty head of large-horned cattle. Magnificent avenues of forest trees are seen, and clean roads lined with mango, guava, palm, and banana. A small island opposite the station has five hectares of rice in perfect condition, and in other places are maize and manioc; besides there are the plantations in the vicinity of the station. Lemery says Nyangwé can be made to produce fifteen tons of rubber a month when more tribes are brought under control. Also a good deal of ivory is brought in as tribute and for sale.

In connection with the station there are five thousand auxiliaries, who are sent all over the country to beat the natives into submission to the State. They go in bands of one thousand men, women, and children, and all belongings, settle upon a suitable spot in a rich district, then bring the natives under their control, and prepare the way for a white man to establish a post. The natives, who are all cannibals, are persecuted till they submit; then there is no more trouble.