

## NEW CONDITIONS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

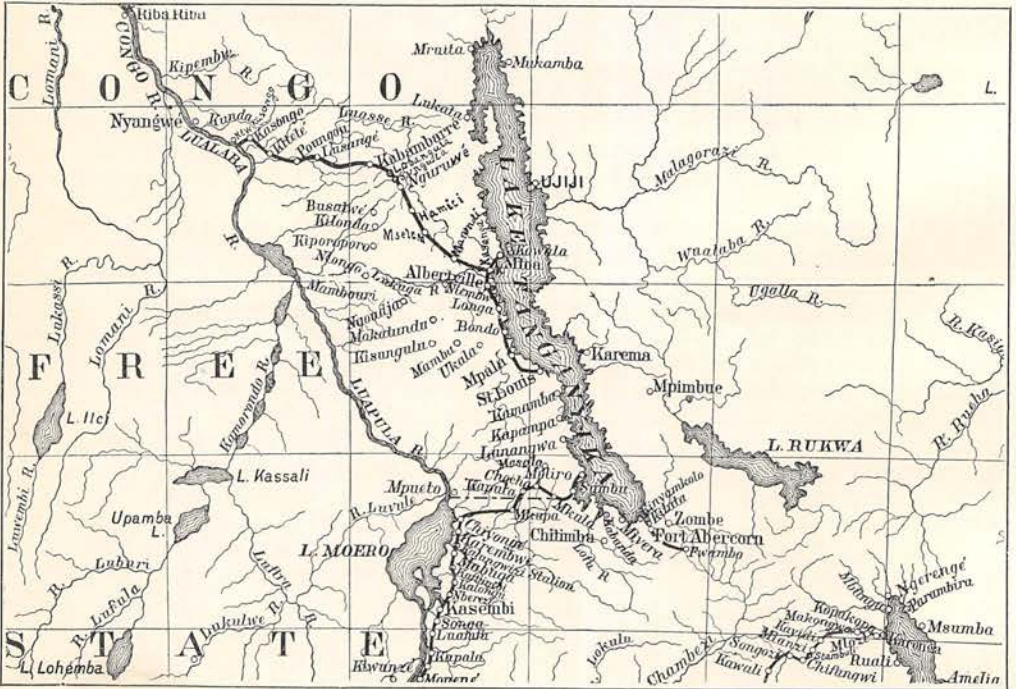
THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION BETWEEN LAKE TANGANYIKA AND THE CONGO.

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 Rumlalza 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 to-day, 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.

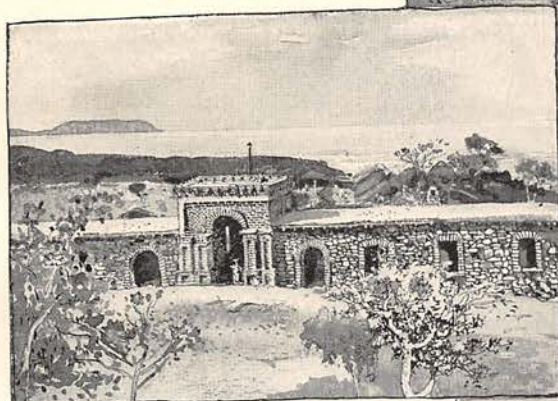
In combination with the expedition of Dhanis from the west,

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.



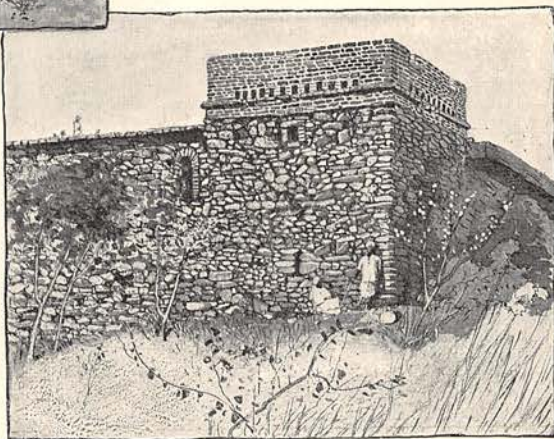
GATEWAY AND ROOFED WALL OF THE MPALA MISSION.

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, Rumliza, 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 deBeerot. PèreGuillemet, 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 rest. I hope this is not going to last any length of time.

November 11. Went to mass to-day to please the missionaries, who thought the natives would think it strange if all whites did not attend the same



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 PèreGuillemet 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



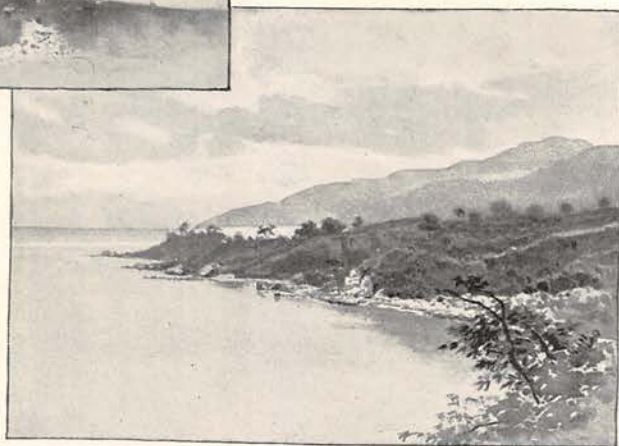
work in ridding the land of slavers. Spent the day with the pères, and late at night bade them good-by, reluctant to leave. They loaded me up with fresh vegetables and fruit. If I make any money I shall certainly do something for this mission.



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 Rumlaliza, 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 Rumlaliza east of the lake, powder-caravans 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 Mpianmsekwa'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 Mpianmsekwa'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

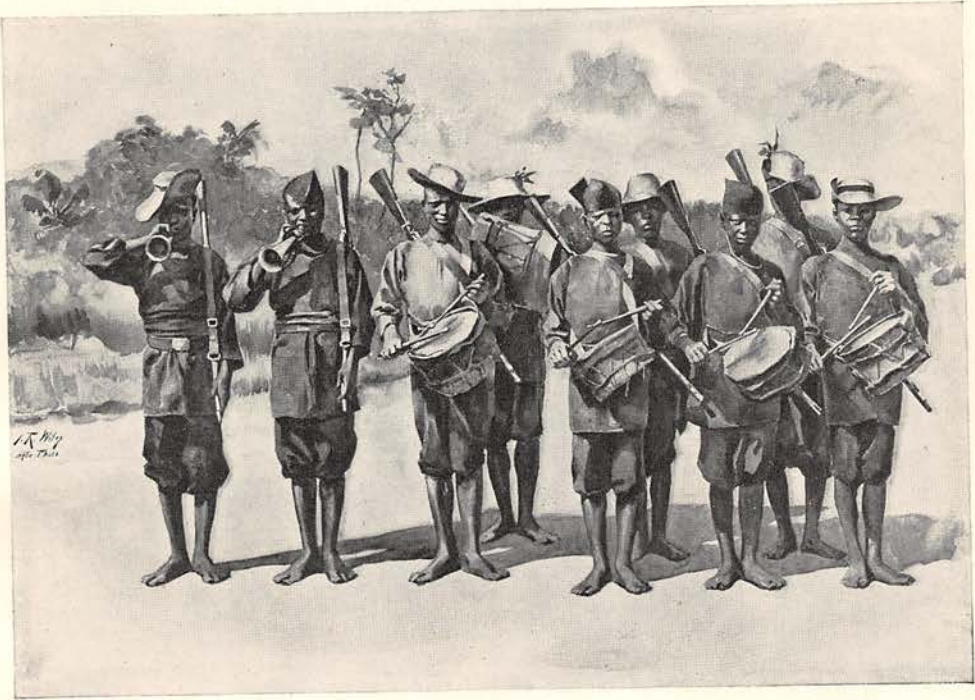


SLAVE BOY WITH CARVED CHAIR, AND IDOL FROM THE RUA COUNTRY WEST OF TANGANYIKA.



Tib, Rimaliza, 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 Rimaliza. 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

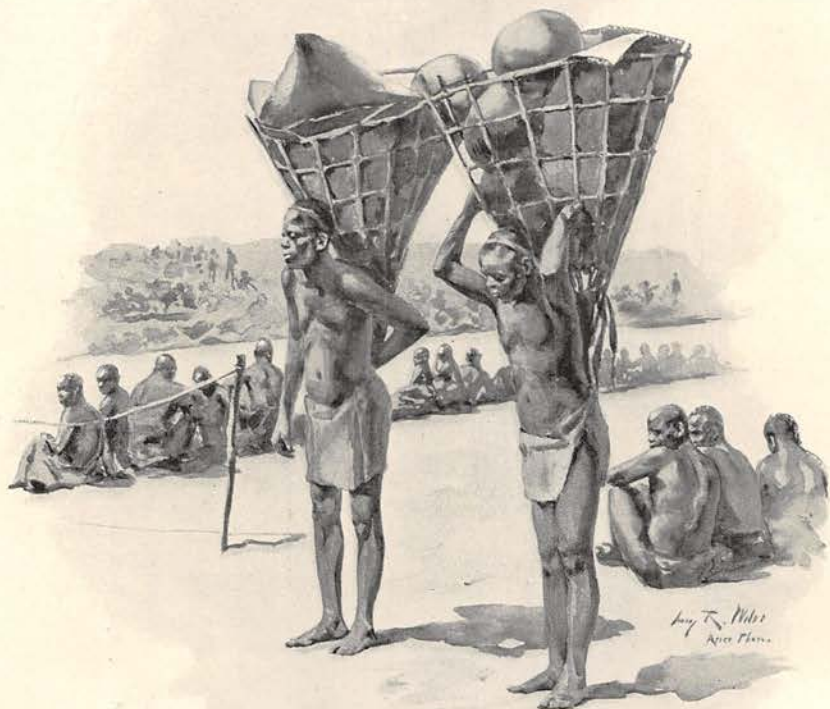
«bore a hole through» the country between Tanganyika and the country of the Man-yema. In collecting rubber the natives cut the rubber-vine into small pieces, put the rubber-juice first on the chest, then take it off and make it into a ball.

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 Kasongé 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, Rimaliza, 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.