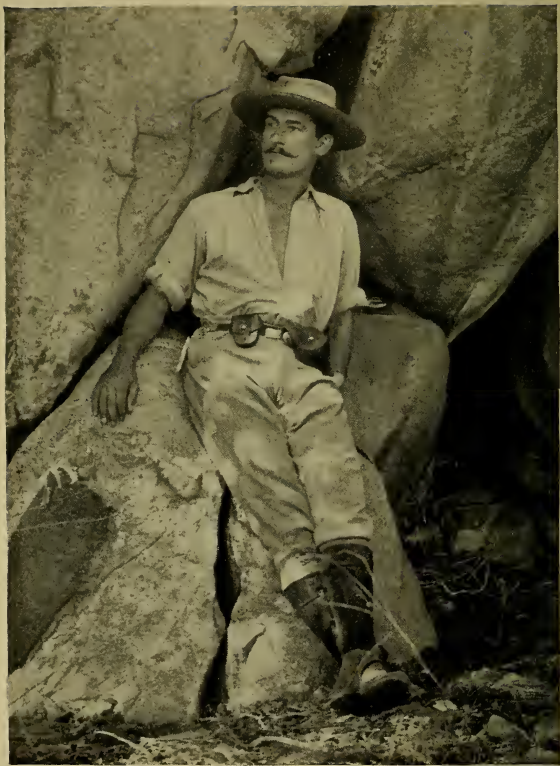




THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA



Lionel Orde

THREE YEARS
IN
SAVAGE AFRICA

BY
LIONEL DECLE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
H. M. STANLEY, M.P.

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WITH 100 ILLUSTRATIONS AND 5 MAPS

FROM ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS, SKETCHES, AND SURVEYS BY THE AUTHOR

M. F. MANSFIELD
NEW YORK

1898

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TO
CECIL JOHN RHODES

TO WHOM WE OWE

THE OPENING OUT OF THE FAIREST PROVINCES OF AFRICA

TO THE TRADE AND CIVILIZATION

OF ALL NATIONS

This Book is Dedicated

AS A TRIBUTE OF ADMIRATION AND GRATITUDE

TO THE MOST CREATIVE OF STATESMEN

AND THE MOST GENEROUS OF MEN

INTRODUCTION

MR. LIONEL DECLE, the author of this book, has conferred upon me the honour of introducing him to the British public. During the last three years he has been heard from repeatedly. After his return from his great African journey he came into notice as the champion of the cause of Mr. Stokes, that unfortunate trader who, it will be remembered, was so summarily hanged by an official of the Congo State. He then became attached to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, for which he wrote several vigorous articles upon African events and politics, and afterwards he represented the journal in Russia during the last days of the late Czar and the wedding of the present Emperor. To students of African travels and geography he is not so well known as this book shows he deserves to be.

Mr. Decle, though domiciled in England, is a Frenchman by birth and parentage, and comes from a good family. From his earliest youth he exhibited an aptitude for travel. At nine years old he was taken to Italy, and a year later his parents took him to Egypt and up the Nile. In successive years he accompanied his people to Belgium, Holland, Germany, Spain, Switzerland, until he had almost gone the round of Europe. When he was fourteen he first became fascinated with mountain climbing, and by the time he was eighteen he had accomplished several first ascents and climbed many of the highest peaks of the Alps. It was during this period that he acquired the art of observing, through his father's insist-

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ence that he should carefully describe his impressions and note down every incident of his rambles and excursions.

Between 1881 and 1885 he made the grand tour of the world on a more extended scale than is usually followed by the ordinary globe-trotter. He visited the whole of India, up to the frontier of Thibet. He penetrated into Burmah, Cochin-China, Cambodia, China, and Japan besides paying visits to the Straits Settlements, Java, and the Pescadore Islands. After the traverse of America, he returned home ripe with knowledge, having seen many lands and many cities.

Finally, after performing several minor journeys, Mr. Declé, in 1890, was entrusted by the French Government with one of those scientific missions, about which we have heard rather frequently from Continental travellers. Mr. Declé's mission was to proceed to South and East Africa, to study their ethnology and anthropology, for which he was peculiarly well qualified by his training during years of travels, and a lengthened practice of observation. The results of his researches are embodied in the narrative of *Three Years in Savage Africa*.

On his return from Africa, however, Mr. Declé was received with marked coldness by both the French Government and the French Press. He was reproached with having been too partial towards the British Administrations in the various countries he had travelled, and especially with having been too biassed against the French *padres* in Uganda, and having charged them with political intrigue. Another cause of the censoriousness of the French was his staunch support of Mr. Cecil Rhodes' African policy. The British, on the other hand, received him most kindly, and paid him high compliments for his brilliant feat of African travel, and, as I have said, he ultimately became a contributor and special correspondent of an English newspaper. After his trip to Russia he was offered by the *Times* and *Pall Mall Gazette* a commission to represent them during the late French campaign in

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Madagascar, but as the French Government was anxious to have him organize the native transport of the expedition, he accepted that office instead. In July, 1895, this duty terminated, and on coming to England he joined the staff of the *Pall Mall* once more. On the dismissal of his friend Mr. Cust from the editorship he also resigned and a little later he accompanied Mr. Cust on a nine months' tour in South Africa.

It should be mentioned that as Mr. Decle was brought up by an English nurse he speaks our language as well as his own, perfectly, and almost without an accent. He is also proficient in German and Portuguese, and has a sufficient knowledge of Hindustani and Kiswahili for colloquial purposes.

After these preliminary remarks about our author's personality, it is time for me to try and describe, as briefly as I may, his great African journey, the methods of his travels, and the results obtained from them.

This journey extended over 7000 miles, between Cape Town, at the extremity of Africa, and Mombasa on the eastern coast, a little south of the equator. It cuts across four different zones of exploration; first, the South African, with which scores of explorers from Livingstone to Selous are associated; second, the Nyasa zone which gave fame to such men as Livingstone, Kirk, Bishop Mackenzie, and lastly Sir H. H. Johnston; third, the Tanganika zone, which recalls the names of Burton, Speke, Livingstone, and others; and fourthly, the Equatorial zone, which reminds us of the exploits of Speke, Grant, Emin Pasha, Mackay, and many a C. M. S. missionary. His object was to study the ethnology and anthropology of the interior tribes and nations of Inner Africa, as has been already said, and to achieve this he united these zones by one continuous journey. Notwithstanding these extensive travels he modestly disclaims being an explorer, denies having any financial interest to gain, and states that he had no political mission or was attached to any

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administration, and that France had no claims to any portion of Africa that he visited. The journey grew to such a length solely through trifling circumstances. Frequently he was tempted to return through illness, or finding himself at advantageous points for easily reaching the coast, but again and again he was led to turn his face away from the sea—and so he continued his wanderings until finally he reached Uganda, whence, after a time, failing health obliged him to make his way to Mombasa.

Despite the necessity of paying due regard to the principal objects of his mission, it is too clear that Mr. Declé was possessed with an innate love of adventure, as well as a very laudable curiosity to see as much of Africa as possible. South Africa was attracting public attention at that period by its treasures of diamonds and gold, and its politics as represented by the names of Rhodes and Kruger. It is rather significant of the effect of his political studies that the record of his travels is dedicated to Mr. Rhodes “as a tribute of admiration and gratitude to the most creative of statesmen, and the most generous of men.” The dedication fitly includes the chief reasons for the esteem with which all South Africans regard Mr. Rhodes, since there is no doubt that his munificence as evinced at Cape Town, Kimberley, Johannesburg, Bulawayo, and Salisbury, and to numberless individuals, has stirred the hearts of the people as much as his bold and successful projects for aggrandizing the empire have won their admiration.

When Mr. Declé commenced his journey, the Great South African trunk railway had only reached Vryburg, the Chartered Company was but just then in possession of Mashonaland; Lobengula was still in his kraal at Bulawayo; Mr. Rhodes was heavily subsidizing British Central Africa; the Germans had not yet advanced to Lake Tanganika; and Uganda was being nursed by Sir W. Mackinnon: consequently all the regions he visited

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were still somewhat benighted, though the dawn was breaking and the sounds foretelling the changes so soon to come were in the air. Therefore a last look around at the countries destined to be awakened out of their long sleep cannot fail to be interesting.

The traveller reached Cape Town in May, 1891, by one of the Castle steamers. By the few remarks he makes upon this fine seaport he reveals the fact that Africa was a *terra incognita* to him. He imagined it to be a kind of Bombay or Calcutta and is sadly disappointed. He does not find it picturesque, because the savages he expected to meet are mere "black-looking villains" dressed in European clothes, who drink hard, hate work, and speak Dutch. From this kind of plain speaking, in which he indulges at the outset, we are led to believe that whatever he thinks worth telling, will be told in as clear idiomatic English as he can command, and we gather that his whole aim is to honestly describe all that he sees.

His real African experiences begin at Vryburg, the terminus of the railway. He there invests in buck waggons and becomes the owner of thirty-six draught oxen, and starts across the veld on the 25th of June. His first trek and the night following are described in vivid words. His camp is deluged by rain, the lightning is terrific, the thunder crashes are appalling, the canvas is stripped off the waggons, the wind and rain extinguishes the lanterns, and drenched to the skin and in utter darkness his little expedition passes the first night. This misadventure is ominous—it seems to us calamitous occurrences are frequent. His waggons stick in the sand, thirty-four oxen are hitched to one waggon, but despite tremendous tugging and frantic yelling, shrieking, and whipping, it is immovable. They dig out the sand from before the wheels and try again without success, until at last they are obliged to unload, and then only can they move it. On the next trek they have to pass a morass, into which one of the waggons sinks four feet, and the

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united efforts of thirty-four oxen cannot budge it. Night is falling, the traveller is "dying" of hunger, but as the provisions are in the vehicle behind he must make an effort to reach them. The first step he takes sinks him to the knees in muck. He recovers himself, remounts the waggon, and has to sit caged in it all night with famishing vitals.

This rough baptism of the traveller ends in a rheumatic fever, and while suffering from its effects, he comes across an English farm. The owner is affable, gives him milk, and shows him where to outspan. This is in such contrast to the treatment he received from a Cape Boer, that we are not surprised at his abuse of the Cape Dutchmen in general, whose intelligences he says are "dull and dry," like the country of their birth.

On the fifteenth day from Vryburg he reached Mafeking, which is now a considerable town on the open and treeless prairie, 4194 feet above the sea, and 870 miles from Cape Town. Mr. Declé found it to consist of a few buildings, chiefly of corrugated iron, grouped around the market square. Since then it has become famous as the starting place of the young lads who followed Jameson into the Transvaal. We lately made the journey from Vryburg to Mafeking in a few hours in a comfortable railway carriage, and the touch of an electric bell brought us a meal, five o'clock tea, or a mint julep whenever it was needed. At night we slept between snowy sheets, during the day we wrote our letters or read novels. But Mr. Declé had to undergo veritable torture during his journey. Sleep was impossible while the waggons were moving, as he was pitched continually from one side to the other, and narrowly escaped fracturing his head against the hard wooden walls of his vehicle. Added to which the monotony was terrible. "Nothing," he says, "is more tiring to the sight and depressing to the spirits than these limitless plains for days and weeks at a stretch." The dust was also blinding, for the red sand was kicked up by the feet of

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the oxen, and the waggon moved through a moving cloud of fine sand.

But notwithstanding these unpleasantnesses, the traveller by ox-waggon has greater opportunities of studying nature than the rail tourist. He has daily talks with chiefs and people, and becomes familiar with their nature and lives, hears their local traditions, discovers their vices and their virtues. We, flying by rail at twenty - five miles an hour, get but mere glimpses of brown faces and scantily costumed bodies, a momentary peep at clusters of huts, and a passing glance at the top of an uniform bush. Those who are not students of primitive humanity will not care to be banged against rocks in a springless buck-waggon, or jerked against boulders with the waggon bed at an angle of 40° , or stuck in fetid mud for hours; nor would they like to be subjected to tropical downpours, or to be baked in the sun, and, when they want to wash, be charged a shilling for a basin of water or a sovereign for helping one out of the mud; and they certainly would object when just going to sleep to have their tent or waggon canvas whipped off by a tornado and to have the trouble of outspanning and inspanning every six miles of a thousand mile journey. How many of us would like to be devoured by anxiety about our cattle, who must needs stray far to get nourishment, and are therefore exposed to lions and other feral creatures; who sicken from eating poisonous plants, or the badness of the water, fatigue, and thirst? Men like Mr. Declé must, however, suffer all these horrors, and worse. He risked catching typhoid by drinking from tainted pools and wells, nay, sometimes he had to quench his thirst with liquid manure.

At Palapshwe, a town of 15,000 people, typhoid epidemics raged from the refuse being thrown near the drinking water. While he was there more than forty people died daily from typhoid. It was also one of the worst places for horse sickness, and hundreds of oxen

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perished daily from lung disease, and the heaps of carcasses increased the insanitation. Mr. Declé confesses to have had enjoyments during his troublous waggon journey, but with the horrors above mentioned—the great heat, the gnats, stinging Boers, tiresome natives, mud, dust and flies, which harassed and aged him—these must have been very rare, or we should have heard more of them. His reflections are such as belong to a forgiving disposition. “After all,” he says, “a journey to Central Africa is not so very terrible. It is very monotonous. One must be endowed with an inexhaustible fund of patience and a good stomach, bear many things without disgust, be able to drink putrid water, eat no matter what, be without meat, sugar, or salt for days, sleep whole nights in water, remain long without washing; for if one only makes up his mind to endure the mean, degrading life, there will be no disappointment.” But, alas! how many of us could endure all these things?

Every few pages or so we have a bold sketch of a native chief, who is stripped of all romance. Men like Ikaneng—who is jet black, six feet high, with a full grey beard, and dressed in European clothes—who is unkind to our traveller because he has no letter for him from the Colonial Government; or, like Khantura, who was once half-executed by Lobengula and subsequently became an independent chief, and now passes his time in smoking bhang; or, like Khama, who is presented in such an unpleasant light, and appears to be too good to please South Africans.

Missionaries do not seem to have taken kindly to Mr. Declé. His experiences with them cause us to imagine that in hospitality they are inferior to the natives. Their houses, for instance, contain no guest-room, while the native village always contains a “lekothla,” or guest-house, for the reception of the stranger, and possesses a “king’s field,” the produce of which is devoted to a visitor’s wants.

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Within four months Mr. Declé reached the Zambezi. He crossed the river, and for two months lived among the Barotse people. His remarks upon this nation are full of interest, and despite his gift of condensation, the notes he gives of them prove him excellently qualified for the investigation of native manners and customs, and show his genius for making dry matter agreeable reading.

In December, 1891, he starts on his return from the Zambezi, with only two tins of sardines, an ounce of salt, and ten pounds of coffee for provisions, while his kit is reduced to two flannel shirts, two under vests, three pairs of stockings, a patched pair of knickerbockers, and a hat without any crown to it. His barter stores are extremely limited—for they consist of only six yards of sheeting and a pound of beads. His means of defence are a revolver and a rifle with five cartridges. Awful as his experiences were from Vryburg to the Zambezi, they are tame compared to those he meets on his return journey. Misery in one shape or another haunts him continually, and such startling adventures happen to him, that we expect every minute to read that one of them has been his last, and wonder to what other hand is due the rest of the book. Fortunately he passes through his many perils safely, and arrives at Palapshwe again.

Though woe-begone and terribly emaciated, he has no sooner recovered a little strength, than he abandons his purpose of going home and prepares to visit Lobengula at Bulawayo.

The troubles along the road to Bulawayo are principally at the crossing of the flooded rivers. They are described in a vivid style, which makes us realize his danger and fills us with anxiety for him; but while we constantly expect a final catastrophe, good fortune rescues him from every predicament.

We who have just seen Bulawayo preening itself for the great destiny which awaits it, and entertaining 300 guests at the Palace Hotel, can relish the description of the place

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as it appeared to Mr. Declé in February, 1892. "Imagine a huge plain, extending for miles, with only two or three trees rising above a short, miserable-looking grass, all over which were strewn human bones, the remnants of Lo Ben's victims. In the distance rose a flat-topped hill, Thaba Induna—the Hill of the Induna—so named because a number of induna (generals) were once put to death there. On the left was a rise, on the top of which could be seen the tips of a stockade, Lobengula's kraal. In the middle of the plain were three groups of miserable tumble-down native huts, half a dozen of which stood together surrounded by a reed fence. These were the habitations of the only three European settlers in the place."

At Hope Fountain Mission, 12 miles from Bulawayo, he receives such hospitality from a missionary that amply makes amends for any unkindness shown to him by other reverend gentlemen. During a whole month he enjoys the delights of a Christian home, and is nursed until health and strength are recovered.

In his remarks upon the Matabele, he exhibits his aptitude for observation and study of the natives, and is always felicitous in his description of their character.

In the latter part of April, 1892, he leaves Hope Fountain and endeavours to discover a better watered route to the Victoria Falls; but after varying difficulties he returns a third time to Palapshwe in Khama's territory, intending to go back to Cape Town. However, meeting a party of officers at that place, he becomes animated with a desire to visit the Zimbabwe ruins, and in July he starts for Mashonaland. The first sign of the coming civilization he meets is a frontier bar, at which an English profligate who has run through £100,000 deals out drinks at the small wage of £20 per mensem. The patrons of the bar are of all classes, from the British peer to the Yankee cowboy. Among the Company's police he is astonished to find brilliant conversationalists, men who have been intimate with the best club society in London,

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naval and military officers, who appear to be sufficiently happy with £9 a month, and rejoice in their outdoor life.

After his visit to the ancient ruins Mr. Decle returns to Fort Victoria, disposes of his waggons and cattle, and travels by mail cart to Fort Salisbury. His chapter on Mashonaland is remarkable for its good sense, its happy forecasts, and its appreciation of the agricultural value of the soil. The tone is excellent, and shows unmistakable evidence of ripening judgment. He has not only the knack of getting at valuable facts, but he has a retentive memory, and charmingly relates what he hears. Such faults as may be here and there in the book professional critics may be left to deal with, and therefore I confine myself to pointing out the undeniable merits of book and author. I think, however, some of the strictures on the Congo Free State might have been omitted, at least until he had visited it.

In October Mr. Decle begins what we may call the second stage of his journey, that which takes him across the Zambezi through Nyasaland to Ujiji on Lake Tanganika. Among the numerous incidents of travel at the outset of this stage are his meeting with a man called Sagamuga, who has strong inclinations to murder him, a visit to the great caves of Sinoia, his experiences with a real Portuguese, who has a white skin but a black heart, whose glib welcome ends in curses loud and deep, his travels with a Governor and a doctor, and the pitiful condition in which the three pass a night.

The historical chapters on the Portuguese of the Zambezi and British occupation in Nyasaland are most entertaining, because Mr. Decle is always so frank, genuine, and faultlessly simple in his diction. He is never ambiguous or dull, and every sentence, despite the fact that he writes in a language foreign to him, runs smooth, as though he were to the manner born.

At Zomba he meets with Sir H. H. Johnston, the

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Commissioner of Nyasaland. After a stay of several days, during which he enjoyed unstinted hospitality, he fears he is outstaying his time, and meditates going down the Zambezi and home, but consulting his host new ideas are furnished to him. "Why not," said Sir Harry, "go to Nyasaland, cross to Lake Tanganika, and thence to Ujiji? From there you could reach the Victoria Nyanza, and thus get to Uganda. Then perhaps you would find Sir Gerald Portal and march down to the coast with him."

Needless to say, he eventually accepted the suggestion and accomplished it to the letter. He took passage in the steamer *Domira* in March, 1893, as she was bound for Karonga at the north end of Nyasa Lake. The voyage he calls a heart-breaking one. He was stranded in the mud for nine days while racked with fever, diarrhœa, and stomachic pains. Getting freed finally, the steamer ran for ten minutes and plunged again into a sand-bar, which held her for three days longer. Freed a second time, a day was spent in cutting fuel and replacing one of her twin screws which had been smashed. Then came perils from storms, as the boat was terribly overcrowded. The cabin was a mere "cupboard with two bunks, while the fare consisted largely of cockroaches, bugs, flies, fleas, and ants." The unpleasant lake voyage lasted twenty-six days—the lake being 360 miles in length.

Reaching *terra firma*, he started with a caravan of sixty-seven men on his march overland between the Nyasa and Tanganika. On the fourth day he was on the uplands, which he likens to the plateaus of Mashonaland. Our traveller meets with the usual troubles that beset the white who depends upon black porters for his transport. One of the men is caught stealing and is flogged, presently the porters desert in a body because they think they are underpaid; but as he hates reciting commonplace annoyances, he stops further mention of them to find room for the odd bits of information which he gathers about native pests, diseases, superstition,

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wars, &c. He is clever in lightening his paragraphs, and before we are aware of it we arrive with Mr. Declé at Lake Tanganika, though the march has consumed the best part of a month. At Kituta, at the south end of the lake, he chartered an arab dhow, by which after nine days' sail he reached Ujiji, "more dead than alive."

When Captains Burton and Speke, in February, 1858, came to Ujiji as the discoverers of Lake Tanganika, the bazaar was some hundred yards from the edge of the lake. When thirteen years later I met Livingstone at this place, the market-place was just about the same distance from the water. At present it is about half a mile, which shows how much the Lukuga outlet has emptied the lake. From this town Mr. Declé proceeds to give us a view of East Africa as it existed in 1893, some twenty-one years later than when I first saw it. We may therefore call Ujiji the terminus of the third stage of our traveller's journey.

After a running commentary on the Arab slavers, the slave trade, and the aborigines, and giving his usual dig at the Congo State, Mr. Declé adapts himself to the habits of the Central African traveller, engages a caravan of porters, and starts for Urambo, so named after the famous Mirambo. In blackmailing Uhha he meets with various difficulties, which are tided over with his customary good luck. At Mtali's he encounters the van of the Germans who are going to occupy and Germanize the lake port. With the commanders he settles a quarrel between Mtali and his brother, though the peace did not long continue. Soon after his departure he heard the boom of the German cannon, and came near being involved in a war with the Wahha in consequence. Though Mr. Declé sometimes imprudently mixes himself with local questions, he passed through without bloodshed, and safely reached Urambo, where, according to him, he was "petted and spoiled" by another missionary. The mission was founded in 1881, and since then its moderating

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influence on the turbulent, war-loving Wanyamwezi has been most marked. Tuga Moto, Mirambo's son, now reigns in his father's place, and received Mr. Declé with perfect courtesy and in a way most unusual to natives. One of the curiosities of this place is a necklace of human teeth, all of which have been extracted from the heads of Arabs slain by Mirambo in the war 1872-76.

In remarking upon the characteristics and customs of the Wanyamwezi, Mr. Declé again shows his talents for stringing together ethnological facts in a pleasing manner. His sentences are not clogged with native names and words, consequently such chapters look clean and attractive, and invite perusal.

Of his march to Tabora, the once great *entrepôt* of the Arabs in Central Africa, Mr. Declé remembers little, as nearly the whole time he was lying in a hammock in a semi-conscious state. This settlement will be remembered by readers of African books as the refitting place of many African explorers, such as Burton and Speke, Speke and Grant, Livingstone and Stanley, Cameron and Dillon, &c. Since the advance of the Belgians up the Congo it has lost its importance, and only a few Arabs cling to it.

At the latter end of August, 1893, Mr. Declé struck northward to gain the shores of the Victoria Nyanza. The traveller has often been the victim of misadventures at every stage of his journey. He has suffered greatly from thirst and starvation, he has oft been in danger from wild beasts and wild men, but on this stage we find him tortured by jiggers and ticks, put to flight by swarms of wild bees, and much disturbed by vermin. It is wonderful how the jiggers have spread across the continent. In the sixties they were first brought to St. Paul de Loanda along with some lumber from Brazil. In the eighties the Congo Expeditions carried them up the Congo. The Emin Relief Expedition conveyed them through the Great Forest to Kavalli. In 1891-2 the Soudanese of Emin brought them to Uganda, and just about the same

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time Tippu Tib's Manyema carried them to Ujiji and East Africa, and the Arabs of Ujiji imported them to Nyasaland.

During this journey Mr. Decle had opportunities of viewing the German military stations at Muanza, Bukoba and Ukerewe, and reflects severely on the German methods of civilizing as pursued by the non-commissioned officers. He cites several instances of excessive abuse of authority, and according to him the worst practices of the aboriginal chiefs, or slave-trading Arabs, were innocent compared to the barbarities perpetrated by Germans intoxicated with power. Fortunately about the time that the whipping business which he daily witnessed was beginning to pall on him, the expected boats arrived, and he was enabled to depart across Lake Victoria.

The description of the fourth stage of his journey embraces nearly a half of Mr. Decle's book. It begins with his trip to Uganda, and ends with his exit out of Africa at Mombasa. He precedes his adventures in Uganda with a *résumé* of the events that led to the British occupation, and this leads to the account of how he became involved in "Roddy" Owen's brilliant dash upon Unyoro. The whole chapter is exciting, as with his accustomed easy style he glides along from adventure to incident, smoothly blending instruction with interest, and never allows a paragraph to lag. Anyone who has doubts regarding the causes by which Emin's old troops fell in the esteem of the English officials in Uganda, need but glance at a few pages of Chapter XIX. There he will find that the alertness of Major Owen and the firmness of Captain Macdonald saved Uganda from the fate of Emin's old province of Equatoria. Troops which had so long enjoyed their own sweet wills could not possibly be depended upon for long, but they received their first lessons of discipline from Owen and Macdonald, and if the control of them is always as firm there will be no occasion to repeat it.

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Stimulated by the magnetic influence of Owen, Mr. Decle soon enrolled himself as a volunteer in the service of the British, and thus the man who was said by the Germans to be going to Uganda to make the English "sit up" is actually found to be working a Maxim against the enemies of the English. It is not the first time by many that Mr. Decle, who was expected to denounce the British, turns round to bless them. His services against Unyoro were heartily acknowledged by Col. Sir Henry Colvile. The expedition against Kabbarega was, as we know, a complete success, though the Germans anticipated it would be "chewed up, as the English had no discipline." Whether there is discipline or not, there must be something equally good to enable young British officers to succeed so well as they do, even when tremendous odds, as on this occasion, are arrayed against them.

When he finally determined upon returning to the coast, Mr. Decle's good luck, which had often saved him from a desperate position, aids him once again. Col. Colvile wants his dispatches to reach Mombasa, and thereupon lends him an armed escort and fifty Snider carbines. Mr. Scott Elliot, who has just arrived in Uganda, is dissatisfied with forty of his men and wishes to discharge them, upon which Mr. Decle gladly enlists them, and these with his own thirty followers make up a sufficient force to venture through Masai land. On the 6th February, 1894, he turns his face towards home. At the crossing of the Nile he has considerable difficulties with native ferrymen and chiefs, and the conduct of two missionaries angers him. Reaching Lubwa's—the scene of Bishop Hannington's murder—he obtains the assistance of the officer commanding, by which he passes through Usoga without trouble. Early in March he finds himself in Kavirondo, the villages of which are remarkable for their high earth ramparts and deep fosses. The people go about stark naked, and strange to say the men take kindly to field work.

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A few days later he met the Masai, who were obviously bent on plundering; but the long mileage which he has covered since leaving Cape Town has taught him much, and timely precautions save his camp. He then enters a country where herds of antelope, zebra, hartebeest, wildebeest abound, and, of course, our traveller must try his hand at game-killing—in which he is fairly successful. With hunting incidents, visits from lions, and predatory Masai, he varies this stage of his journey most entertainingly, and at the end of March arrives at Kikuyu. Formerly the aborigines of this region had an evil reputation, but the civilized administration is gradually weaning them from their bad habits, and, being devoted to agriculture, they will no doubt in time become valuable subjects.

After a needful rest for himself and carriers he set off in early April for Machakos, another of the British stations. The natives are intelligent and industrious, and form a kind of patriarchal republic. Mr. Declé furnishes many interesting particulars concerning their political organization, laws, and curious manners, but their personal appearance does no justice to their many excellent qualities. The vicinity of the station is notable for its great crops of bananas and masses of flowers. It is situated at an altitude of 5400 feet above sea level, surrounded by hills with cultivated slopes, and so temperate is the climate that European fruit and cereals would probably do well.

The country between Machakos and the coast is crossed over hurriedly by master and men, as all are anxious to reach civilization as soon as possible. Of Ukambani and its uninhabited plains, of Teita with its grassy plains, and the waterless deserts Nyika, we therefore hear little. Just as the third year of his travels is completed, Mr. Declé has the pleasure of finding himself on board a steamer bound to Zanzibar, with the comfortable reflection that he has been the first to unite the four zones of African exploration in one long continuous journey of 7000 miles.

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After the exciting narrative which has been hurriedly outlined in this introduction, Mr. Declé proceeds to give a summary of his impressions upon what he has seen, but each reader must determine for himself whether he renders a fair and judicious judgment upon administrations and individuals. He confesses to having expressed himself here and there with a too great candour, and it may be that he has been a little inconsiderate, it being true, as he says, that most travellers find it easier to find fault^d in men and things than to discover their good qualities. However, if administrations and individuals do not mind the criticism the reader is benefited by the candour of the critic. Mr. Declé's honesty of intention is unquestionable, and therefore we are enabled to see the reverse side of things from one who has no personal interest to serve. We must also be lenient to youth and overlook the impulsiveness of a generous temper. Otherwise if we harshly blame, we shall lose more than we gain, and we would rather, as seekers after truth, hear a sincere witness give his testimony in his own way than not at all. Besides, Mr. Declé is as frank about his own acts as he is with regard to the acts of others.

The book now published is really a prose kinetoscope, which faithfully translates the spirit rather than the details of three years' travels. From the Cape to Mombasa the long extent of country glides by the reader without giving him any fatigue or sense of weariness. The easy style enables us to see the natives without anger or disgust, though we are often aware that they must be trying and sometimes dangerous. No page is dull, there is scarcely one paragraph we wish to skip. It is all so refreshingly frank and related so simply. One adventure follows another so rapidly, the dangerous situations in which he is so often found lead us on to see what will eventually become of him. The lack of small details makes us sometimes imagine that he has an aptitude for misadventure, and we are often persuaded that he is beyond hope of

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salvation. But the style is natural to the writer; his art is the outcome of his own artlessness. His touch is light, his language clear and idiomatic, his tastes are simple, and the result is one of the brightest books of travel we have ever read. The ideal German would have exhausted volumes in elaborating the minutiae of such a journey as Mr. Declé so successfully accomplished.

The author's remark that "things have changed enormously ever since Mr. Stanley's great journey, and that Africa is in the rapidest state of transition," is confirmed by the even greater changes that have taken place in the Dark Continent since he passed through—brief as the time has been. For Bulawayo is now connected by rail with Cape Town; great waterworks have been established in the city and its neighbourhood. Bulawayo is great for its broad avenues and wide streets, its several brick churches, its handsome edifices, its club, its scores of villas and populous suburbs, its grand public pleasance, and its newsboys who run through the streets crying out the titles of the daily newspapers.

Salisbury is not the town that Mr. Declé knew; its population now numbers as many thousands as it then did hundreds. Two railways are approaching the town, the farms in the neighbourhood are flourishing, and the mines are in a forward state of development.

Even Portuguese Tete has improved, being now the head of the Zambezi navigation. Every point touched by the traveller between Bulawayo and Mombasa would require to be described anew to do justice to it. The overland telegraph has reached Blantyre, the steamers afloat on the Nyasa are larger and more numerous, the transport is perfected, the slave trade has been totally extinguished, and the advance of Nyasaland has been phenomenal since 1893.

The shores of Lake Tanganika also bear evidences of the changes Africa has witnessed of late years. The West Coast is studded with military stations and great mission

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establishments, and regular communication is maintained as far as Lake Kivu. Thence down the East Coast as far as Ujiji the land has been fairly occupied by the Germans.

As for Ujiji, the difference between what Mr. Declé saw and what it is now is most surprising. A fortnight after he left it the improvement began. An English traveller last year declared that its population amounted to 20,000; that it was arranged in one long, wide street, lined with mango trees; that the government buildings were of stone and double-storeyed; and that it held a garrison of 200 soldiers.

The greatest changes have, however, occurred in Uganda and British East Africa. British authority has been established over all the regions between Lake Victoria and the White Nile. There is a strong administration supported by Indian troops in Uganda. Indian merchants have established businesses there, and the exports for 1896 amounted to £30,000. The whites now number about 250; Christian work is represented by 378 churches and 100,000 converts. Mombasa is connected by a long bridge with the mainland, and the head of the great railway is now near the 150th mile from the coast. Two steamers have been floated on the Nyanza, and a good road, suitable for waggons, runs between the rail-head and the lake shores. Loaded porters perform the journey in much less than ninety days, while one bicyclist has been known to do it in twenty-one days.

It is safe to say that since Mr. Declé's time over 6000 whites have settled along his line of march, and when we think that each white, on an average, has ten blacks in his service, we can form an estimate of the improvements that are being made with 60,000 labourers.

Great, however, as has been the advance during the last four years in the heart of "savage Africa," it is nothing to what it will be four years hence. Rhodesia is only just beginning to feel the benefits of its new railway, but by January, 1902, the country will be permeated by railways,

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the Zambezi will be joined by rail to Nyasa, while we may well hope that the locomotive will have reached the headwaters of the Nile. With the aid of the ox-waggon and the fickle pagazi the white civilizer did wonders ; but the locomotive, which is the great labour-saving machine for Africa, will have increased his powers many fold, and in the future we shall hear no more of stirring incidents, disasters, and distresses, such as Mr. Decle relates.

With this rapid glance at Mr. Lionel Decle's personality, unique journey, and its vivid record, I heartily recommend the narrative to English readers for its intrinsic interest, and the greatness of the achievement.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

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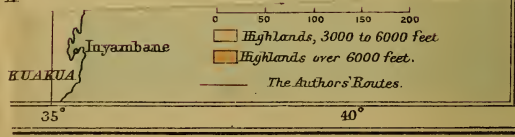
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I have to thank the managers of the "Pall Mall Magazine" for permission to reproduce several of my photographs. The portrait of the late Major Owen is by Chancellor and Co., Dublin.





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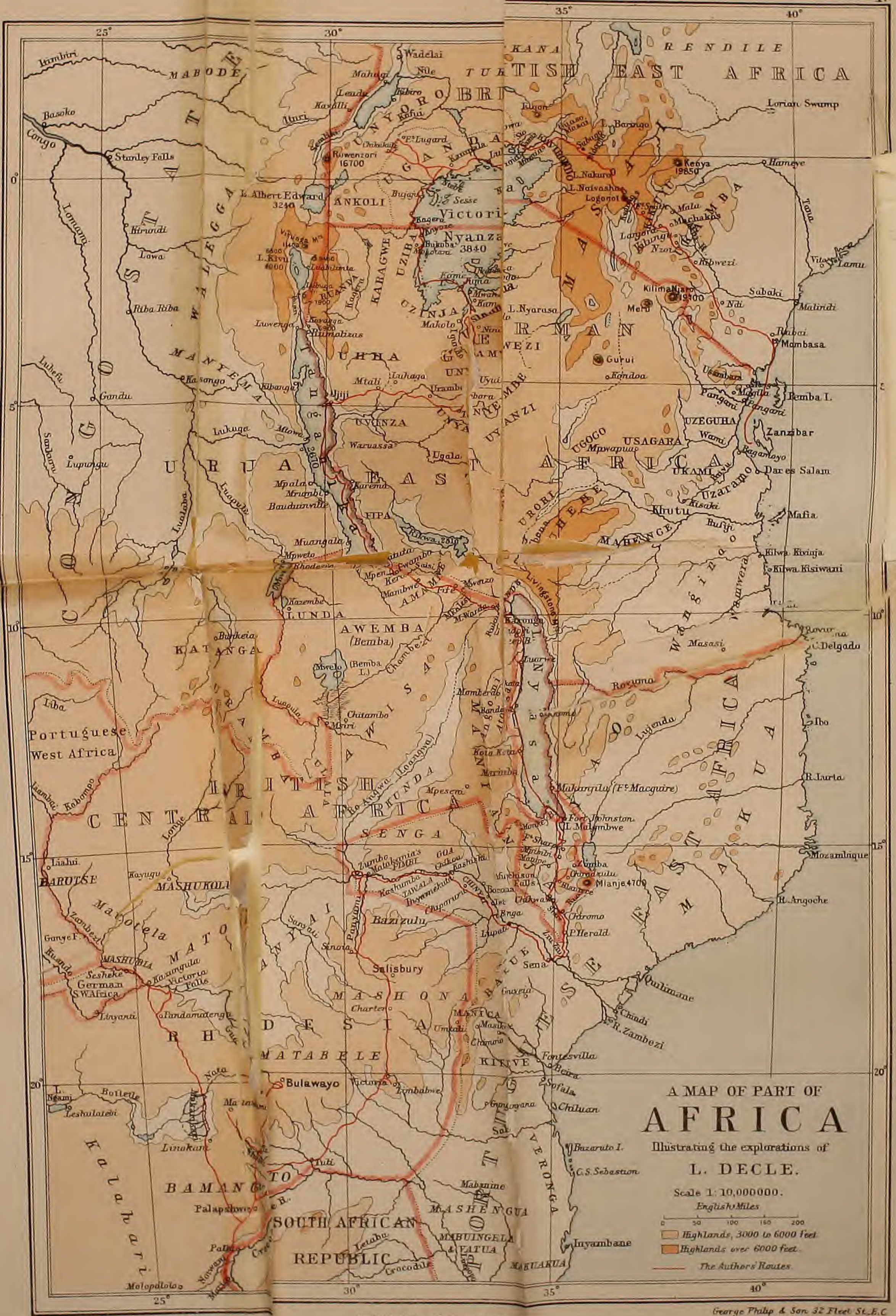
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THREE YEARS
IN
SAVAGE AFRICA

PREFACE

BEFORE proceeding with the description of my journey, I want it to be understood that I do not wish to pose as an "explorer." Although I have often been described as such I really have no claim to the title. To Livingstone, Stanley, Burton, Speke, Grant, and a few other great pioneers we are indebted for our present knowledge of Africa. Before them and their work the great Continent was an unopened book, and they have left nothing to be discovered. To place myself in their category would be as preposterous as it would be impertinent.

I have, it is true, performed the longest journey that has yet been achieved at one stretch from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean; but although I have covered a distance of over 7000 miles, and have been the first to go from the extreme south of Africa to above the equator, the whole of my travel cannot be compared with the smallest journey of Mr. H. M. Stanley, the greatest explorer that ever lived. The real interest of my trip, for the public, arises from the fact that I have been able to study and compare the chief



A MAP OF PART OF
AFRICA

Illustrating the explorations of
L. DECLE.

Scale 1: 10,000,000.
English Miles

- Highlands, 3000 to 6000 feet
- Highlands over 6000 feet
- The Author's Routes

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

portions of the vast territory between the Cape and the Nile, now in the hands of the British, Portuguese, and German nations.

Those who preceded or who followed me into portions of the regions that I crossed, have been there either as traders, prospectors, missionaries, or administrators; each has seen and judged things from his special point of view, and in relation to the particular aim before him. On the other hand, I had no financial interest in any of the countries I visited, nor was I attached to any religious mission, or any executive or administrative department of any Government having sovereignty in the districts through which I passed. A Frenchman in lands where my own country had neither claims to urge nor rivalry to fear, I was in a position to form an independent and unbiassed opinion.

My journey was performed at the most interesting period of the history of Africa—just on the eve, or at the beginning of its transformation, while still in a primitive state, into European Colonies. To offer to the reader a useful book will be my object; and I will endeavour to confine the narration of my personal adventures to facts that may be of use to others, in enabling them to avoid the mistakes I have made, or to assist them with the experience I have gained. The preparation of this volume has been necessarily slow, inasmuch as it has involved the sifting of larger masses of information than will possibly be apparent from the mere reading of its pages. Perhaps I may allude to the difficulty of writing in a language which, though it has become to me a second mother tongue, must needs continue to present certain difficulties. Further and constant interruptions in the work have occurred. I had only been a few months in Europe when I started for

PREFACE

Madagascar in connection with the French Expedition to that island. Upon my return I was able to bring to light the murder of the unfortunate Stokes, and my time was fully occupied with collecting evidence of the guilt of Major Lothaire, and as I was about to set to work finishing the writing of this book, I had to start on a fresh visit to the Cape. For assistance in the preparation of the book under these difficulties I am much indebted to my friend Mr. G. W. Steevens, who has written some of the chapters from my notes and seen the whole through the press, and to my secretaries, Mr. C. F. Mant and Miss A. Otter.

I must not close this introduction without addressing my deepest and sincerest thanks to all those who helped me throughout my journey. My special thanks are due to Sir Harry Johnston, K.C.B., not only for generous hospitality and advice in Africa, but also for the kindest aid in that part of the work which relates to his Administration. Neither must I forget the Right Honourable C. J. Rhodes, who granted me special facilities to travel on the Cape Railways and in the various portions of Rhodesia, where I also received much help and assistance from Dr. Jameson. I must also mention Col. Sir Henry Colvile, whose guest I was during the whole of my stay in Uganda, and who gave me a large number of porters with an armed escort of two-score men to accompany me to the coast. Last, but not least, I must pay a tribute to the memory of my poor friend Roddy Owen, whose sad death in the Soudan has brought sorrow to so many hearts. A most brilliant soldier, one of the bravest men that ever lived, he was always a true and loyal friend to me, and the memory of the happy time I spent with him during the Unyoro war will for ever live in my heart. To mention by name all those who have given me their hospitality and assistance would take pages; and I feel bound to

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

acknowledge that it is owing to the help I received chiefly from British, and also from Portuguese and German officials, traders, and travellers that I managed to complete my trip.

There now remain but a few words for me to add, and although it grieves me to say them, I feel bound to do so in order to vindicate my character. When I returned to Europe after my long journey I was treated with marked coldness by my countrymen: the official world had no abuse strong enough for me. I had committed the great crime of openly expressing my admiration for the British Administration in South Africa, Rhodesia, Nyasaland, and Uganda, and when I tried to prove that I had merely been fair and impartial in my reports, I was told by a high official that I had no right to be fair and impartial with regard to Anglo-African questions. I need not comment upon this startling theory, neither can I help comparing the reception given to me in France—my own country—with the one I received in England. The kindness that was shown me in this country went deep to my heart, and increased tenfold the true love I had always felt for the British nation, whose dominions have been to me a kind of second fatherland; the only nation where individual liberty, broad-minded ideas, and true civilization really exist; a nation that throws its doors wide open to all, irrespective of nationality or creed—in a word, the greatest nation in the world. And I hope to see the day when the union of England and France will be an accomplished fact. Allied together we would defy the world, and become for ever the arbiters of all nations.

CHAPTER I.

THE START

ON the 24th of April, 1891, I sailed from Dartmouth on board the *Grantully Castle*, and arrived at Cape Town in the middle of May. My first impression was most disappointing. I expected to find a place resembling Bombay or Calcutta; like them, with plenty of natives in picturesque costumes, etc., etc. On landing I got into a hansom cab, and on my way to the hotel the only native gentlemen I came across who could boast of the smallest tinge of the picturesque were those who composed a detachment of the Salvation Army in full dress. I presented my letters of introduction, among them one to the Governor, Sir Henry Loch, who received me with the greatest possible kindness and courtesy in every way. He introduced me to Mr. Cecil Rhodes, then Prime Minister, who gave me most valuable introductions to the officials of the Chartered Company. After a few days I came to the conclusion that natives did not exist at Cape Town. Black gentlemen, it is true, were to be met with in the grog shops, the headquarters of the Salvation Army, and the gaols; but from an anthropological point of view they were but of slight interest, and served only to show the result of the devolution of a fine savage into a degraded, European-dressing, hard-drinking, work-hating, Dutch-speaking, black-looking villain: for such is the free-born, dark-skinned citizen loafer of the Cape Colony, the proud and respected owner of a vote.

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I soon made up my mind to proceed farther up country in order to try and discover genuine natives, and perhaps also to try and escape from the too kind and generous hospitality of the "Cape Towners." So I started for Kimberley. The journey from Cape Town to Kimberley takes thirty-six hours, across practically a desert covered with short yellowish grass, strewn with stones. Every now and then the grass is replaced by patches of heather—but the stones are everywhere. The whole stretch of country is without a drop of water, and consequently without a single tree. In the midst of this desert, there rise from time to time low ridges of hills as naked and arid as the plain itself. Here and there are stations, round which are grouped a few houses, all having a more or less desolate appearance; and one hails one's arrival at Kimberley as a relief from the dreadful monotony of travelling for a day and a half in a railway carriage through a country so uninteresting and woebegone.

Kimberley is a striking example of a settlement sprung out of speculation. It is partly a camp and partly a city, consisting of a few hastily erected shanties side by side with splendid and substantial stone buildings. You feel that a wave of speculation has been sweeping over the country just as a cyclone sweeps over a town; but, while the latter leaves behind a mass of ruins and houseless inhabitants, the former throws up a quantity of buildings too numerous for the wants of dwellers in the place.

The entire life of the place has concentrated itself in the gigantic undertaking known as the De Beers Mining Company, one of the most powerful corporations in the world—the gigantic conception of Mr. Rhodes, who, by amalgamating all the diamond mines, stopped the fall in the prices, regulating the supply by the demand.

Having decided to start for the interior, I immediately set to work to get my equipment ready. Travelling in South Africa is very different from a journey in other parts of the Great Continent. No large caravan—in fact,

THE START

no caravan at all—has to be organized; the whole of the transport is done by huge waggons drawn by sixteen or eighteen oxen, and on to which from 5000 to 6000 lbs. weight of goods can be piled. First, the buck-waggon, a huge and cumbrous machine generally about thirty feet long and six or seven across, and divided into two parts; the front open and uncovered, the back for a length of about ten feet covered by an awning and rising about fifteen feet from the ground. This is the sleeping accommodation, and half-way up is a frame covered with intertwined strips of raw hide used to support a mattress. Covered waggons are smaller and narrower than the others, with fixed awnings over their whole length, and capable of holding about 4000 lbs. weight of goods. To carry loads as transport for business purposes buck-waggons are, no doubt, superior; but for the traveller or explorer intending to carry out a long trip in the interior of South Africa I should strongly advise the use of covered waggons—they can be drawn by fewer oxen, and can pass under trees that will catch the buck-waggon, while they are more comfortable in every way. A slower, more uncomfortable, dirtier, and generally more detestable kind of transport it is difficult to imagine. How much better to travel by caravan—impossible until one is north of the Zambezi. Unfortunately I was induced to invest in buck-waggons. The selection of waggons and oxen is by no means as simple as would at first appear. A list of the small extras that are necessary would cover pages; and, however careful you may be, you will find when you are well started that one half of what you require has been forgotten.

The choice of servants is also a very difficult matter. Each waggon requires a driver, a leader, a herd boy, a cook, a boy to get wood, water, etc.; and a servant to look after your own things. All the natives in Cape Colony being “gentlemen,” not only ask monstrous wages (£3 to £6 per month for drivers, cooks, and servants, and £2

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

to £3 per month for the others), but have also to be supplied with daily rations of wheat, flour, coffee, and sugar, and with meat twice a week. Considering that such luxuries are not to be found in the veldt, and that in such places as Palapshwe and Mashonaland flour costs from 6d. to 10d. per lb., sugar 10d. to 1s., salt 6d., and everything else in proportion, enormous quantities have to be carried. The question of provisions is therefore a most serious one, and, for a year's journey, tons of them have to be bought; although most people—myself included—take a great deal too many. I purchased sufficient tinned provisions for six months; but here I made a mistake, as I have since found that it is better to take a herd of sheep and goats and some fowls in coops. In this way you always have fresh meat, which is both more wholesome and more economical than consuming tinned provisions. The sheep and goats travel well; they find their own food, and as they walk behind your waggon you are able to save a lot of weight. In this connection I should like to say what a boon it would be to travellers and explorers in the interior if an African Society could be formed with branches at Cape Town, Zanzibar, Aden, &c., having an information office and library where any traveller might be able to consult books and maps, and get from some competent official all information as to the district he wished to visit, and learn at the same time what trade goods, outfit, and provisions he was likely to require for his journey, and where he could best get them; where also he would be informed where he would be able to replenish his stores, and be put in communication with competent persons. The Society might also publish a monthly journal dealing especially with Africa, and get its members and those possessing information to furnish particulars about their routes, discoveries, and other interesting facts; for Africa is of such importance now that even the Royal Geographical Society, with its very extended sphere of

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action, cannot cope with the continent to the extent it deserves.

But to return to my own arrangements. After having purchased ponies and donkeys for the journey, I found myself ready to start.

The railway from Cape Town to Vryburg was then completed, and the road between the two places being very bad, I was advised to send everything on by train. With very pleasant anticipations I took up my quarters in one of the best hotels of the place. My first step



MY WAGGONS.

towards beginning my journey was to try the oxen in the waggons and superintend their loading up. My dismay can be imagined when I discovered that, despite my large expenditure, an enormous quantity of accessories had still to be procured before I should be in a position to start. I obtained all these at Vryburg, and on the 25th June I was ready to start in earnest.

The waggons, one drawn by eighteen and the other by sixteen oxen, proceeded very slowly. A "leader" marches at the head of each team, guiding the two front beasts by means of a strap of raw hide (reim) attached to their horns. The "driver," armed with an immense

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lash, usually of giraffe hide, fixed to the end of a bamboo pole some twelve to fifteen feet long, walks alongside. Each ox has a name, corresponding usually to some physical peculiarity, and after a little time becomes quite familiar with it; each has also his allotted place in the team, into which he drops quite naturally. To start his beasts or to urge them to an extra strong pull, the driver yells and shrieks in the weirdest manner; to stop them he utters only one or two prolonged calls, followed by a peculiar whistling sound.

My first halt was near a pond a few miles from the town. A trek of a couple of hours enabled us to reach the spot, and near a farm—a kind of hut built of mud—I had the oxen outspanned and the ponies hobbled; the donkeys I left at liberty. I had the tent unfurled when a storm burst upon us, accompanied by a deluge of rain. I fixed the tent as well as I could, and profiting by a lull in the storm my men started a fire and prepared their dinner of meal boiled in an iron pot. For the first, but, alas! not the last time I sat before a tin of “bouillie-beef,” washed down with tea. We had hardly finished when the storm began anew, worse than ever, my tent threatening to come to the ground every minute. Everything was so dark that it was impossible to go forward a single step without knocking against some stone or tumbling into some hole. The flashes of lightning followed one another incessantly, illuminating the whole horizon; and the noise was awful. I rushed out to see if the waggons were well covered over, when to my dismay I saw by the light of a vivid flash that the large piece of sailcloth used to cover the waggons and their contents was scudding away, leaving all the packages to the mercy of the tempest. I called the men together, and we set to work to cover the waggons up again. The job was a stiff one, as the saturated sails weighed tremendously heavy, and over and over again were blown out of our hands. The wind and the rain extinguished the lanterns, so it was in utter darkness and

THE START

not until we had got wet to the skin that we managed to fix the wretched things. All night long the rain fell in torrents, and my bunk under the awning, although covered with one of the sails, let in the water, which literally poured over me. I soon found out that the sails before being used must be saturated with melted fat, or else they let the water through them. I expected to see at least three-quarters of the provisions spoilt—the meal and flour a paste, the sugar a syrup, and the tobacco a pulp. What was my delight then, when the morning came, to find that the rain had stopped and that no serious harm had been done to the goods. The sugar was a little wet, and one or two sacks of meal were slightly damp, but nothing had been really spoilt. It was Sunday, June 28th, before I started again, the waggon in which I rode leading the procession. I had hardly gone a couple of miles when news was brought me that my second waggon had got stuck. I outspanned my team and started to the assistance of the waggon, which I found sunk up to the axles in sand. The two teams, consisting of thirty-four oxen, tugged for more than an hour, but without the slightest result. We then tried digging out the wheels with our spades, without better success; there only remained one thing to do, and that was to unload the waggon. If it is remembered that this means undoing all the ropes, and shifting more than 4000 lbs. weight of things on to the ground, and then replacing them on the waggon, and all this with only eight men to help, it must be admitted that such a job was no easy business. However, we all lent a hand, and it was only after we had removed everything that we succeeded in getting free. We loaded up once more and started again, having wasted five hours over this incident. I had no time to lose, for night comes on very quickly in these parts, and as soon as I came to a “vley” (the South African name for a pool), where I could water my beasts, I halted. It was icy cold, and after a light meal I turned in, fervently praying that I

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was not destined to have many nights or days like my first.

The next day (June 29th) we set off at about 6.30 a.m., the pools all round being covered with a thin coating of ice. Until 11 o'clock we followed a track strewn with enormous stones which knocked the waggons about to such a degree that every moment I expected to see them go to pieces; but they stood it in a wonderful way, and I began to see what African waggons are capable of. To right and left extended an immense plain covered with a yellowish grass, dotted here and there with stones, and patches of thorny heather—the South African veldt.

In the morning we caught sight of some "steinboks," little gazelles hardly bigger than a dog, but so wild that it is impossible to get within four or five hundred yards of them. At 11 o'clock I came to a farm, Mismifontein, where we stopped; we outspanned so that the beasts might feed and drink. The farm, like so many in this part of South Africa, consists of a mud hut of two rooms, and was occupied by a Dutch farmer and his family of nine children. No sign of cultivation: a few cows and a dozen fowls and ducks were all the stock that I could see. It is hard to realize what these people live upon. But there was one comfort about the place. For the first time since we left Vryburg I found a well of clear water—a real luxury, as we had had nothing to drink but muddy stuff for four days. About three o'clock in the afternoon, just as I was preparing to start again, a regular shower of locusts descended, covering the plain as far as one could see, their white wings shining in the sun so as to give the effect of a fall of snow. At the distance of about a mile from the farm I reached a kind of swamp of wet clay. I crossed this morass on my horse, which sunk up to its knees, to try and find a firm spot where the waggons might pass, but without success. There was no choice; I had the two teams attached to the heavier waggon, and we drove on as hard as we could. The

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first waggon sank a bit but did not actually stop. It had almost crossed the bog when one of the oxen yoked to the pole fell. His head sank in the mud, leaving but his eyes visible, and it was only with the greatest trouble that we kept his head up that he should not be suffocated. Then the drivers, by means of yells, oaths, and blows, succeeded in freeing the waggon; but all this took a long time, and night was fast coming on. The waggon in which I rode had not yet crossed, and I returned with the oxen to fetch it. When it started, it was still light, but in these latitudes there is no dusk, and by the time we got to the swamp it was already night. Major, my head man, called out to the leader to go right ahead and then turn to the right. The leader understood to the left, and took the team into the middle of the bog, into which the waggon sank four feet or so. The united efforts of all the thirty-four oxen could not disengage it. My beasts were exhausted, and the men done up. It was no use thinking of getting out without unloading the cargo, so I decided then, not being able to do anything else, to remain there till the next morning. But I was dying of hunger, and all the provisions that had been broached were in waggon No. 2. By the light of a lantern I got down from my waggon; I had hardly put my foot to what I trusted was earth, when I sank up to my knees in muck. I remounted my waggon, and stayed there caged-up all night. Next morning we had to unload the waggon, and so got it free.

A few evenings after this I perceived a strong light on the horizon—the plain was on fire behind us, and the wind was blowing the conflagration in our direction. Luckily the breeze was slight; I saddled my horse and started with one of the men to ascertain the importance of the fire. If I found it near us, the only thing to do would be to set light ourselves to the herbage in front of us, and walk behind the fire that we had started. On our way we perceived two other fires, one to our right and

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one to our left ; the one at our back, however, commenced to die out, and in any event was very far off. So we returned to camp having nothing to fear. These fires, which are of frequent occurrence in the veldt, are only dangerous when the grass is long. Mr. Colenbrander once lost all his oxen in one of them, and his waggon itself barely escaped destruction. They are usually lighted by natives in the hope of improving the grass the following year. The evil of the practice is to be found in the fact that tracts of land for miles are denuded of herbage, leaving nothing to eat for the beasts of transport. Natives caught firing grass are very severely dealt with.

On July 3rd I found my beasts somewhat knocked up by the march of the day before, so I determined to give them a few hours' rest, and did not start till 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Even then I did not get further than about six miles, for seeing a transport of four waggons sink into the mud about 400 yards ahead of me, I determined to halt rather than spend another night in a swamp. For two or three days I had had a little rheumatic fever, and next morning I woke with every joint in my body aching. Sooner or later we were all attacked by the fever, more or less.

On Monday, the 6th July, at about half-past nine a.m., we arrived at a rather large farm, comprising one building of real bricks. The owner was a most affable Englishman. He gave me a large glass of milk, and pointed out a good place where I could outspan and water the oxen. This was a pleasing contrast to the Dutch farmer, who never dreams of offering you anything, nor misses an opportunity of trying to extort a few shillings from you for having outspanned near his farm ; and if he sells you a dozen eggs, for which he charges two or three shillings, he won't let you carry them to your waggon, a distance of perhaps only a hundred yards, without first having made you pay for them ; and even then he won't lend you a dish to carry them in. Yet these people are British subjects and

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electors, who send representatives to the Colonial Parliament, though they have never learnt to speak English, and won't even allow their children to be taught English. They call themselves Dutchmen, but they hardly know where Holland is; it is enough for them that their great grandfathers were born out there: they are themselves "Afrikanders." Their intelligence is dull and dry, like the country of their birth. To squeeze their neighbour is their sole aim in life, and whether such neighbour be English, Dutch, or native, makes no difference to them.

On Thursday, the 9th July, I inspanned at 6.30 a.m. and trekked for three hours, believing, from the information I had received, that we were ten or twelve miles from Mafeking. At 11 o'clock I sent two men on horseback to the town, while I determined to remain with the waggons. About an hour later several waggons met us, and the drivers told us that we were quite near Mafeking. A few minutes later a native on horseback informed me that it would take two hours and a half to ride to the place, adding that the road was dreadfully bad; and shortly after the driver of a mule cart said we were twelve hours from Mafeking, also assuring us that the track was terrible. By this time I was so accustomed to hear as many different accounts of distances as there were people to give them, that I did not pay much attention to the stories I was told. All were unanimous, however, as to the state of the road, so I caused the wheels to be well greased and all the brakes to be put carefully in order. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon I determined to go on horseback to Mafeking, whatever the distance might be. After riding about two miles I came to a post-house, where I was told that Mafeking was 16 miles off, and that from this point to the town there was no water. I left word for my head man to halt at this station, and to start next day at sunrise. I galloped on for a couple of hours, crossed an enormous bog in the

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dark, and arrived about 7.30, absolutely frozen and dying of hunger, at Mafeking. I had a good dinner at Isaac's Hotel, and I went to sleep in a good bed. At 2 o'clock next afternoon a messenger sent by my head man arrived with the news that the waggons were about two hours from Mafeking, on the other side of the swamp. An hour later I was in the saddle on the way to meet them, and I joined them just as my men were about to inspan. The two teams were joined and the first waggon started; the oxen crossed the bog sinking to their bellies. The waggon sank to the axles, but moved on notwithstanding. The front wheels had nearly reached the other side—one more pull and it would have been safely across—when, as always happens at a critical moment, one of the "skeys" (thick pieces of wood placed on either side of the animal's head and driven into the yoke) broke. We had to change it, and then, whipping up the oxen to the shouts of the drivers, the waggon moved. I thought the difficulty had been conquered, but the wheels had hardly made half a revolution when the chain broke. After much trouble we repaired it. Again the animals were whipped, again the drivers howled, again the beasts gave a strong pull—and the chain broke again. Three times did this occur. Meanwhile, four waggons which had been following us tried to cross at another spot, and after having broken their chains four times succeeded in getting across with the help of my teams. When, however, I asked the drivers to help me in their turn, they only consented to do so upon my paying them £1. Needless to add that they were Boers. I was perfectly frozen, and as the waggons could not possibly reach Mafeking that evening I started alone in the dark. But I had not come to the end of my bad luck. Stopping a moment to light a cigar I dropped the reins on my horse's neck; the beast was frightened at the noise made by striking the match, and bolted into the veldt before I could catch the reins up again. I lost the track,

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and it was only after wandering about for two hours that I reached the river, which I was obliged to follow for quite two miles before I found the ford. After having again wandered about for some time I reached Mafeking, dead beat.

Mafeking, the last settlement in British Bechuanaland, was even then one of the most important stations of this part of Africa. The "town" consisted of a big open place called the "Market Square," round which



A SOUTH-AFRICAN STORE.

were grouped a few buildings, mostly of corrugated iron. Two hotels, five or six stores, a barber, a butcher, and a baker composed the commercial part of the place. One building standing by itself contained the law court, the Post, and the Government offices. Add to this a church and a few private houses, where the clergyman, the magistrate, and the doctor lived, and you have Mafeking as it was in 1891. About three-quarters of a mile off is a big native village. Mafeking owes its origin to the expedition of Sir Charles Warren, who established his headquarters there. It is from Mafeking that the greater part of the

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goods destined for the interior is expedited. The railway now runs from Vryburg to this place and much further; but at this time goods came by rail to Vryburg, and thence by waggon to Mafeking, where most of the transport contractors of the South used to stop. Others did the service from Mafeking to Tuli. Most of the trade between Mafeking and Mashonaland was then, and still is, in the hands of Messrs. Julius Weil & Co., most enterprising merchants who have rendered great services towards the opening out of Bechuanaland.

For three days I remained at Mafeking, devoting the time to cleaning up and to doing certain necessary repairs to the waggons. On the fourth day (July 14th) I started again. From this point I organized our "treks" in African fashion. We used to travel from five o'clock in the afternoon till nine at night; we then rested till two in the morning, when we would go forward again until six or seven, when a halt was called till five in the afternoon. In this manner our beasts had ample time to drink, feed, and rest, and also avoided the great heat of the day. This arrangement, though all very well for the animals, was for us a veritable torture. It was impossible to sleep while the waggons were moving. I was continually pitched from one side of the affair to the other, and it was only by the greatest care that I could prevent myself from breaking my head against the sides of the waggon. The thing creaked the whole time: I could even feel it yield and bend, yet it resisted in a wonderful manner.

From Baldapits, where we arrived on the 17th of July, the country changes entirely in appearance. There are quantities of trees, and hills of a respectable height, instead of the arid plains that we had hitherto traversed. Nothing is more tiring to the sight and depressing to the spirits than those limitless plains for days and weeks at a stretch. The tops of the hills are yellowish, and dotted here and there with patches of bush, just like an African's head with its short bunches of crinkly hair.

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On the 18th July we reached Aasvogel Kop; and here the country is very picturesque. In the west rose a mountain with rocky sides towering high above us; in the east another less lofty, and about two miles away; other hills were dimly discernible in the south. The valley in which we pitched our camp consists of a beautiful lawn, dotted here and there with trees. In fact, it was the first picturesque country we had come across since our start. We devoted our day to shooting, but, with the exception of a few partridges, we saw no game. At half-past four we were off again. The road was very bad: one moment our waggons would go over some big stone, and the next fall into a rut. The dust was blinding, for the soil is red sand, into which they sank to some depth. The previous night had been fairly mild, and, for the first time, we were not frozen; in fact, the weather altogether was warmer than we had before experienced.

Next day we arrived, at last, at a spot full of real African life and colour. Ramootsa was its name—a big native village of nearly 12,000 souls. The inhabitants form part of the tribe of the Bamalati, under the chief Ikaneng, son of Magholi. The village is composed of thatch-covered huts, enclosed by a strong wooden stockade. The Bamalati are of a deep bronze colour. Their costume consists, in the main, of a grey felt hat of European manufacture, trimmed with feathers. Their bodies are covered with skins of various animals fixed to the left shoulder, and they wear sandals attached in Japanese fashion. The women wear the upper part of the body naked. They are dressed in either a kilted skirt falling to the heels, or some skin bound round the middle. A few of them, however, cover the breast with a piece of calico, fixed round the neck and falling down to the waist. Their heads are bare, or covered with ochre; some wear a simple bandage on the forehead. The hair is worn short. For ornaments they string glass beads round the neck, and wear bracelets

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of copper wire, whilst from one or two to as many as twenty-four rings of copper wire are worn below the knee. The feet are quite bare. Some are tattooed on the face and some on the arms. These tattooings represent tribal marks.

The next morning, accompanied by the telegraph clerk, who acted as interpreter, I paid a visit to the chief Ikaneng. I had to thread my way through a maze of lanes, all of which, strange to say, seemed to lead into other lanes inside, forming a regular labyrinth; but probably this was so arranged to facilitate the defence of the place in case of attack. We arrived at a kind of square, and my guide pointed out the chief's hut. It seemed to me to differ neither in height nor size from any of the others, but near it was a clear space of four or five yards roofed over with branches. This is called the lekothla: here the chief shows himself, receives visitors, and administers justice. Ikaneng was seated on a chair under the lekothla. He was a fine man, powerfully built, at least six feet high, jet black, and wearing a full grey beard—this last a very rare adornment among natives. Although over sixty-five years old, he looked hardly more than fifty. He had on a suit of greyish check clothes, flannel shirt, yellow shoes of untanned hide (*veldshoons*) and woollen socks. A broad-brimmed grey felt hat completed his costume. The only piece of jewellery that he displayed was a gold watch and chain. He was seated on a low chair, holding in his hand a stick, or rather wand, of steel, about a yard and a half long, at the extremity of which was fixed an old brass door-handle. When we approached he stretched out his hand. I did likewise, and he held mine in his for some seconds. He signed to us to sit down on seats in front of him, and my guide explained that he had sent for his interpreter, as he did not know a word of either English or Dutch. While we were waiting, I examined the natives surrounding him. There were

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half a dozen of them all seated or crouched outside the lekothla. The most striking in appearance was a toothless old chap with a wrinkled face. He was quite naked with the exception of a narrow cloth about his middle, and a blanket thrown over his shoulders. Round his neck was a strap, to which were suspended half a dozen leather sheaths, which contained knives, scissors, and the like. He was the local witch-doctor. The rest were a lot of old men, who seemed fast asleep. At length the interpreter arrived, and my guide commenced by explaining in Dutch that I had been sent by the French Government to study the people of the country. Unfortunately the chief could not be made to understand what or where France was. Then my guide stated that the Governor of the Cape, Sir Henry Loch, had given me letters of introduction. "Sir Henry Loch," "the Cape," "Governor": neither the chief nor the interpreter seemed to understand what all this meant, though Sir Henry was at that moment Governor of Bechuanaland. At last my guide explained that the Government had furnished me with letters of introduction to the officials of the country. The chief thought there was one for him, and insisted on having it. Did I come from the Government? "No," my guide replied; I had come to ask permission to take his portrait. "Well," said the chief, "you are nothing but humbugs. First you say 'Government,' then you say, 'Not from the Government.' Bring me a letter from Sir Sidney Shippard, and I will do anything you require." It was not the slightest use persuading or insisting. My guide told me that the chief was a most obstinate man, and always worse when he was in a bad temper. So I took my leave without having succeeded in photographing him. He shook me most cordially by the hand, and I retired. Next morning (July 20th) I arrived at Gaberones, about ninety miles from Mafeking, a native village of considerable size, under the rule of the chief Linchwæ, whose capital is at Mochudi.

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I passed the day in the company of Lieutenant Whight, who commanded the police camp established there. The camp consisted of a long alley edged with mud-plastered huts, and roofed over with branches and thatch.

The way in which the natives construct these huts deserves a special mention. A certain number of branches about the thickness of a man's arm and about six feet in length are piled up on the ground. Without the assistance of any cord to trace it, a man plants these posts one after the other in the ground in a perfect circle. Four boards, leaving a square hole of about eighteen inches, are fixed to one of the sides of the round part so as to furnish a window. Unlopped branches are arranged in the shape of a funnel to form the roof, and tied together at their extremities, while half-way down they are attached one to the other by strips of bark. A sort of mortar, composed of sand and cow-dung, is then laid thickly on the posts planted in a circle, resulting in a wall of about nine or ten inches thick. The roof is then covered with a thatch made from blades of grass about a yard to a yard and a half long, commencing from the bottom and tapering off gradually to the top. A trellis of reeds forms the door, which is very low, not rising above four or five feet from the ground. At the end of this double row of huts a small fort was erected.

That evening the town was *en fête*. From my waggon I could hear the sounds of singing and the beating of tom-toms, long monotonous chants interspersed with yells, followed at intervals by a kind of strident cry interrupted by applying the hand to the mouth. I got near the part from whence this noise proceeded, and after endless turning among the huts I thought I had attained my object, for on the other side of a thick hedge the concert was being held. I followed this hedge, but in vain, for on all sides the ring whence proceeded the singing was enclosed by thick, high branches, through which it was impossible to see anything. I got near the

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hedge and tried to pull myself up by means of a big branch, in order, by looking over the top, to see what was going on on the other side. I was just mounting when two natives rushed on me and seized me from behind. They were in a tremendous state of excitement, gesticulating and uttering cries, none of which, of course, I was able to understand. They then addressed themselves to my head man, who had accompanied me, and explained to him that a festival of young girls was taking place, from which all males were rigorously excluded. This was a breach of etiquette indeed; but I charged my man to assure them that I had no desire to infringe their rules, and having thus appeased them, I was invited to enter one of the huts, where I found a number of other natives seated round a fire. I gave them sixpence with which to buy some native beer, and we became the best of friends.

The following evening (July 21st) I left Gaberones, intending to make for the Marico river. The road was excellent, and having started at six o'clock, I did not outspan until ten. From Gaberones to Palla camp I had the choice of three routes. The most interesting was by Mochudi, the capital of the chief Linchwee. This road, however, was unfortunately very bad and almost without water the whole of the way. But for this consideration I should have followed it, since Lieutenant Whight informed me that about four miles from Mochudi there is an immense stone covered with fossilized impressions of the greatest interest: traces of human feet of colossal dimensions, and of the feet of certain animals differing entirely from those we know at the present time. I think it only right to refer to this, for the information of any future travellers in these districts. Following the advice given to me I chose the road along the Marico river.

On the 23rd of July I reached John's Staadt on the river Marico. The town consists of a number of

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“locations” of about twenty huts apiece, some distance apart from one another. I started with my photographic apparatus for one of these villages. When I came inside it, I noticed a native of a quite different type to any I had hitherto come across. His skin was as black as ebony, and he was very muscular. His look was most intelligent, and he was very quick in his movements and exuberant in gesture. At the moment of my arrival he had just lighted a “dakka” (Indian hemp) pipe. This pipe consists of a horn filled with water. Into the water descends a wooden tube surmounted by a clay bowl in which the tobacco is placed. By applying his hands to the opening of the horn, leaving but a small interstice whereto to apply his lips so as to inhale the smoke after it had passed through the water, he filled his lungs with smoke, which he inhaled with all his might and main in a most laughable manner; then throwing back his head and showing his eyes all bloodshot, he puffed out the smoke from his mouth, coughing, gasping, almost suffocated—but triumphant. But hardly had the cough stopped when he began again, even more violently than before. After five or six repetitions he stopped to take breath. The most curious part of the performance was that each time that he stopped to take breath he commenced spitting. Yet etiquette requires that this should be done with great ceremony through a tube of straw. I must add that the practice of smoking Indian hemp is followed by most deplorable results. It produces at the time a drunken excitement, followed by stupor, and those much addicted to it soon suffer from regular delirium tremens. The custom is found in every part of Africa I have visited. The fellow was absolutely naked with the exception of a narrow leather girdle, from which hung in front three wild cats’ skins with a single skin behind. Round his neck he wore an amulet, consisting of a bit of lizard skin forming a little bag of about an inch square; the object of this, he sweetly informed my servant, was to make girls

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love him. With most expressive and intelligible signs he gave me to understand that he did not belong to that part of the country, but that he was a Matabele—a bath-servant of King Lobengula—escaped a few months previously because Lobengula wished to put him to death. According to his story, one of the king's wives was one day in her hut about to take her bath, and called one of the men-servants to assist her. Khantura (this was the name of our gentleman) ventured to remark to Mrs. Lo Ben that she ought to be ashamed of herself to call a man to help her take her bath instead of summoning one of her women. Of course the lady complained to the King, her husband. Lobengula called Khantura before him, who openly declared that the lady was the mistress of the other attendant; whereupon the King ordered him to be executed. Khantura, however, after receiving a violent blow from a knobkerry on the back of the head, was left for dead, but recovered and managed to escape to John's Staadt, in the British Protectorate; and although the King had since then frequently sent word to him that he had pardoned him, and that he wished him to return, he knew his master too well to trust him.

I asked him if he would like me to take his portrait. He accepted with delight, and led me inside the village to the court-yard of a hut, where about thirty men, women, and children were assembled. The men were squatting round an immense earthen vessel containing Kafir beer, and received us in the most cordial manner. Soon after they put their pots aside, and commenced to dance, shrieking and brandishing their clubs about in a most terrific manner. Their dance consists of one long slow step forward with one foot, while they strike the ground heavily with the heel of the other, singing all the time in slow monotonous rhythm, interrupted by formidable shouts. There was no instrumental accompaniment. While this was going on I was preparing

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my apparatus, and when it was ready I asked permission to photograph them. They did not understand. All the same they showed no fear, as the natives of other villages had done. Shortly afterwards a number of children came round me—a little mite of about five years old caught hold of my hand, and after having examined and felt it, caressed it. I caught hold of his chin, turning up his face to mine, on which he smiled.

This was the first time I had seen native children so tame; generally when you approach them they run away, uttering cries like those of a young monkey when you take him in your hand. I called one of the men, and told him to look into the camera. He was astounded and delighted, and made the others come. Then men, women, and children impatiently waited their turn to look on the piece of ground glass. But they did not push. They took the greatest care not to upset the apparatus, and although more or less drunk, they were all gracious, affable, and attentive. In short, I passed two most interesting hours in their midst.

In this place the huts differed from those we had hitherto come across. Their dimensions are about the same, but they are in the shape of a huge beehive; the thatch is much neater, and kept together by strips of bark about four inches apart. The spaces also in front of each hut are oblong instead of round. The ornaments of the people are also different. Some of the women wear massive thick copper necklets. Men and women wear necklaces of blue and white beads interspersed at intervals by three brass buttons. In the ears three iron wires are frequent, and some of the children wear a piece of wood a little more than an inch in length. As in other tribes the babies are carried about by children of eight or ten years old, pickaback, and supported by a skin attached to the shoulders and round the waist. Huts are of bee-hive shape, very similar to those of the Wahha.

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From this point I had to follow the Marico river, and then the Limpopo or Crocodile up to its junction with the Notwani. As I proceeded, the aspect of the country greatly changed. As the Marico widens, the belt of trees by which it is bordered becomes broader and the vegetation more abundant, the whole plain being covered with brushwood. The Crocodile, at the point where the Marico joins it, is more than two hundred yards across, and very rapid. It runs at the bottom of a ravine, which it quite fills in the rainy season. You can see the marks of its highest level on the banks, about sixteen feet from its actual level. It is fairly abundant in fish, but it is impossible to procure specimens without a boat. It is infested with crocodiles.

CHAPTER II.

KHAMA

AFTER passing the picturesque valley of Sofala, to our great relief, at last we caught sight of the Palapshwe Hills. My oxen had greatly suffered from their journey. The previous rainy season had been one of the worst for many years, and scarcely any rain had fallen, so that the grass was already dried up, and was hardly sufficient to nourish the animals. To give them a rest before setting out on my long journey across the desert was a necessity. On the other hand, I had been warned against the demoralizing influence over the men of a stay of several weeks in a large centre, and especially in one like Palapshwe, which was well known for its immorality, so that I had to consider whether I would camp in the town itself or outside.

I therefore decided to ride there and see the place before making up my mind. The town is built on the side of a hill, the top of which forms a plateau, over which rises a range of high and well-wooded hills.

I had to follow for several miles a large plain covered with deep sand into which my horse sank nearly a foot deep, before I reached the base of the hill. Thence I had to pick my way among a mass of huge boulders strewn all over the place. So bad, so impassable did the place look that I thought that I must have mistaken the road. I was thinking of turning back when I came across some natives, each carrying a Bible in one hand and a gun in the other. In vain I asked them where Palapshwe was

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—they did not seem to understand;* when fortunately there appeared a mounted policeman of the Bechuanaland Border Police, and he informed me that I was on the right road (?). How my waggons were to pass over this mass of rocks I could not make out.

At last I reached a few huts, and found myself on flat ground, where heavy sand succeeded the stones. Catching sight of a corrugated iron roof I started at a canter, but



KHAMA'S PEOPLE.

my horse, tired out, stumbled and rolled heavily over me. I picked myself up with mouth, nose, eyes, and ears full of sand, my chin, nose, and forehead torn to bits, and feeling considerably dazed.

On the threshold of a hut sat a native perusing a Bible, who interrupted his reading to have a good laugh over my accident; but when I asked him for water to wash my damaged face, he replied in a Christian spirit and broken English, "Yes, you give shilling."

I washed as well as I could, and went on my way.

* The name of Palapshwe is unknown to the natives, Khama's capital being known to them by the name of Mangwato.

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I soon reached the store of the Bechuanaland Trading Association, but was informed by a boy that the master was asleep. However, the manager soon appeared, and having read Mr. Rhodes' letter of introduction, he offered me food and refreshment. I explained to him my plans, and he advised my taking up my quarters in the town, and showed me the outspanning place. Taking everything into consideration, I decided to follow his advice. It was necessary that I should be among the natives to be able to study them, and access to the place is so difficult that camping at the foot of the hill was out of the question.

I rode back to my waggons. It was with great difficulty that the oxen had managed to drag the waggons through the heavy sand as far as the Lechaneng Vley at the foot of the hill. The next morning I anxiously watched their progress over the mass of boulders leading to the town. Every minute I thought the whole concern would go to pieces, the wheels going over the boulders and then dropping heavily down on the other side. Sometimes the whole waggon was standing on two wheels with the others lifted up in the air as if about to capsize, but although at an angle of nearly forty degrees the waggon did not tumble. At times they were shaken all over, squeaking and trembling like a living creature. At last, sick of the sight of the falling oxen, the waggons threatening to break to pieces, I rode ahead to choose a camping place.

Half an hour later the waggons arrived, mine minus its awning, which had been torn away by the projecting branch of a tree. Hundreds of waggons have to pass this place—many have met with the same misfortune—but not one of the drivers who has gone by has ever thought of cutting this branch down. I have seen many a place of the same kind in South Africa; either it is a branch that carries away the awning of a waggon, or a tree against which all the waggons will bang themselves,



KHAMA, CHIEF OF THE BAMANGWATO.

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doing great damage. The accident over, the drivers deplore it and go on. Time after time they will pass the same spot, meet with the same accident, spend a lot of time in repairing its consequences; but they would not dream of exerting themselves for five minutes in order to remove the cause, and so save others, or even themselves on their return journey.

We outspanned near a tree at the "outspan," where all waggons go. This "outspan" is on a large open space some ten acres in extent, covered with grass. On one side at the foot of the hills stands a forge, erected by a Scotchman, doing a large business. Next to this place are stores belonging to the Bechuanaland Trading Association. The centre is a swamp, and on the other side begins the native town. In the middle of this swamp numerous holes have been dug. In these the natives come and wash their clothes, their domestic utensils, and themselves. Cattle, horses, donkeys, and goats feed on the grass. Still nearer to the native huts, holes to the depth of twelve feet are dug, in which refuse is thrown. The water rises at the bottom of these holes, and the whole of such refuse and filth is carried, by means of infiltration, to lower down the village, whence the people fetch their drinking water.

Now, if one considers that 15,000 people throw their refuse near their drinking water, it is easy to understand how constantly epidemics rage in Palapshwe. When I was there over forty people were dying daily of fever—typhoid evidently, but it never came into Khama's head to get a doctor to reside among his people. The place was reputed one of the worst for horse sickness, and hundreds of oxen were carried away by lung disease. Add to that that the flesh of these dead animals was consumed by the natives, and offered for sale to the white men, and you will understand how reluctantly I took up my quarters there.

Palapshwe, or Mangwato, as the natives call it, is the

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residence of the Ba-mangwato, the most important of the Ba-kuana tribes, and is ruled by the chief Khama. So much attention has been directed to him and his people of late years, that a detailed description is necessary. The Ba-kuana, or Bechuana, tribes are closely allied by physical appearance, language, and customs to the Ba-suto; agriculture and cattle-raising is their chief pursuit, and they possess some of the warlike spirit of the Zulu, to whom, however, physically and intellectually, they are very inferior. The Ba-mangwato are the most northern of the Ba-kuana tribes; they consist of 15,000 to 20,000 individuals, nearly all of them huddled up together in a huge village. Their chief, Khama, is nominally the ruler of the huge tract of country south and west of Matabeleland; but this territory of nearly 175,000 square miles consists almost exclusively of arid, waterless, uninhabited desert—the Kalahari. Until a few years ago Khama and his people were settled at Shoshong, a hundred miles west of the Crocodile river; but one day the chief took it into his head that the place was unsuitable, and all his people had to follow him up to Palapshwe.

I will now endeavour to sketch their ruler. Khama has always been described as the Christian King of Africa, and given as a model of what the civilizing influence of Christianity can make of a black savage. I can scarcely say that the result is very encouraging.

From his youth Khama got under the influence of the missionaries; the teaching of one of them, well known for his meddling in politics, was not lost on the young savage. Self-asserting, intensely fond of power, the boy seized the first pretext to break out in open rebellion against his father. Circumcision is practised among all the Ba-kuana; but when the time for the performance of this ceremony arrived, young Khama, incited thereto by his religious teacher, declined to submit to it. Although still a boy, he collected around him a number of followers dissatisfied with his father's rule, and

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successfully waged war against him. Soon after this, to convert all his followers to the Christian faith became his chief ambition; but having been taught that the great Queen Victoria was the head of the Anglican Church, he decided to become the head of the Mangwatan Church. He began by personally holding weekly services, then daily ones, preaching his own sermons. Then, having heard that teetotallers were certain to go to heaven, he decided that all his people should become abstainers. He forbade the brewing of "joala"—native beer, or rather sour porridge. At first sight this appears a wise and most commendable decision; but it must be remembered that this beverage, intoxicating when consumed in enormous quantities, is perfectly harmless in moderation, and really forms the only food of aged people. To enforce this law the chief organized a most elaborate system of espionage; the offenders were expelled the country, and their goods confiscated, a portion of them being given to the informer.

So elaborate is this system of espionage that no native is allowed to leave on a journey alone, and two men, at least, are always sent out together; everyone fears his neighbour in Khama's country.

The occupation of Mashonaland by the Chartered Company brought Palapshwe into enormous importance, as it is situated on the road from Mafeking to Macloutsie, and money soon began to flow into the place.

To build a cathedral now became Khama's great ambition: he subscribed £3000, and all his people had to contribute to the fund. Unfortunately the cathedral became a source of Homeric quarrels between Khama and his moral adviser, the Rev. Mr. Hepburn, who had been in Palapshwe for nearly twenty years. The whole thing resulted in a violent contest, and Khama purely and simply turned his old friend out of the country at a day's notice, refusing even to allow him to return to collect his property. Khama's professions of loyalty to

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the British Government, his having asked to be placed under British protection—chiefly in order to be protected against the Matabele—made him a kind of spoilt child whose whims were humoured in every way. His personal importance grew daily in his own eyes.

When, however, it became necessary to place a magistrate in the district the chief began to fret. He could not or would not realize that he had to submit to British laws, and when it became rumoured that the Chartered Company was going to take over the country, his wrath knew no bounds. At the bottom of his heart Khama hates white men, and since his visit to England, where he was treated like a great man, probably despises them also.

To give an idea of Khama's attitude towards white men I shall anticipate my narrative a little and give an instance of what happened between the Resident Magistrate, myself, and him. When I returned from the Zambezi the young Basuto boy who had accompanied me there was suffering from very bad rheumatic fever, and was unable to go to Matabeleland. I left him in charge of one of Khama's men, who undertook to take care of him upon being paid five shillings a week. When I returned to Palapshwe this native came to me and said that the boy was dead. At the same time he claimed fifteen weeks' payment for the keep of the boy and one pound for funeral expenses. "But," I said, "how do I know that the boy died when you tell me, and what are these funeral expenses?"

"Well, master, no one would help me to bury the boy, as he was a stranger, and as to the date of his death you can ascertain it by asking Khama."

I asked the man if he had reported the death to the English magistrate, but he replied in the negative. I therefore declined to pay what he asked for. The next morning Khama came to my waggon. I bade him good morning, and he opened the conversation by saying that

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he wanted me to pay at once the amount claimed by his man.

"Look here, Khama," I replied, "how is it that the boy's death has not been reported to the magistrate? He was a British subject from Kimberley, and I must have a certificate of his death."

"The man reported his death to me," said Khama, "and that's enough."

"No, my friend; the magistrate is here to administer the law, and he alone can give a death certificate. Besides, I do not understand you when you come and say that you want me to pay your man at once; you are the chief of the Bamangwato, but the magistrate is the chief of the White Men, and I do not recognize your right to give me orders."

"The magistrate," said Khama; "what is that to me? If you won't pay I will prevent you from going away."

"You had better not try this game, Khama, for I would then prove to you that the magistrate is here to administer the law."

Khama rose in great rage and went away.

Two days later Mr. Moffat, the Commissioner, returned to Palapshwe during the night. Early in the morning Khama again came to me.

"I want you to come with me to Mr. Moffat at once," he said.

"What," I replied, "are you now Mr. Moffat's orderly? Has Mr. Moffat sent you to me? If so, where is his letter?"

"What do you mean?" said the wily chief.

"I mean that if Mr. Moffat wishes to see me he will write to me; but as I told you before, I have no orders to receive from you."

"So you decline to come to Mr. Moffat?"

"Yes."

"Very well"—and Khama rose, trembling with rage.

After breakfast I called on Mr. Moffat and explained

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the case to him. He said that he would at once send for Khama. Soon after the latter came and was reprimanded by Mr. Moffat for not having reported the boy's death to the magistrate. Then Mr. Moffat asked me what claim the chief was making. I told him. "Why," said Mr. Moffat, "it is preposterous. Give me two pounds for the man; that is more than ample." Khama was much dissatisfied with the turn things had taken, and left me with a look of contempt. That was the only time Khama ever looked me in the face.

CHAPTER III.

ACROSS THE DESERT

ON the 30th August I determined to leave Palapshwe. My original idea had been to go straight to Mashonaland, chiefly in order to visit the Zimbabwe ruins; but having learnt that Mr. Bent, the well-known archæologist, was himself carrying out some important researches there, I concluded it would be a waste of time, and determined to make for the Zambezi. My prolonged stay at Palapshwe had for its chief object to give the oxen a rest, but the delay had done them little good. They were in a dreadful condition—thin, weak, and in some instances with their bones showing through their skin. I had to replace many of them by fresh ones at the cost of £8 per head. As I feared would be the case, Palapshwe had also a very demoralizing influence upon the men; women and dissipation had done their usual work, and when I announced my intention to start there was an immense amount of grumbling. The boys insisted upon a large increase of wages, declaring that they were not going to travel in a country of which they knew nothing, and where they were sure to be either eaten by lions or drop from fever. In short, of all my original followers but two remained faithful—my head man, Major, and his nephew Joseph, both Basuto, in whom up to then I had rightly placed the utmost confidence. I had to engage fresh drivers, leaders, and cooks.

I was warned of the great difficulties that awaited me

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on the road to the Zambezi, and from all I heard I was terribly afraid that I should not be able to reach the river by the end of the year. My fears were greatly accentuated by the state of my oxen, and at one moment I was almost tempted to give up my plan. Ultimately I made up my mind to try, and on the 2nd of September I made a start. It was necessary to retrace my steps over the terrible piece of road to Lechaneng Vley that I have already described, a distance of about six miles, at the end of which we outspanned. Here already I could see that the oxen were done up, and on their last legs. From Lechaneng I proceeded for a couple of days, without any incident worth noting; our pace was desperately slow. It was curious to observe the gross blunders that all the maps of this part of Africa contained. Rivers, mountains, and stations are put down anyhow; as for the roads marked, most of them existed only in the imagination. For want of a sextant it was impossible to ascertain our exact position, but I did my best to correct the most glaring mistakes. The road all this time was very sandy and heavy. I observed a temperature of 96 degrees at noon, and 57 at ten o'clock at night.

On September 5th the heat was intense, the temperature at noon being 105 degrees under the tent. Spring began to show signs of appearance, the trees and flowers beginning to put forth much brighter hues. The road commenced to be a little better, and the sand was not quite so plentiful, but the aspect of the country remained quite flat, dotted only here and there with small trees. For two days we had had no drinking water—the little we found had an awful bitter taste, and was only fit for the oxen. Added to this, flies of all descriptions—common flies, wasps, bees, bluebottles, daddy-longlegs, minute flies with red eyes, which sting even through your clothes, surrounded and followed us in myriads, making a terrible noise and never leaving us at rest for a moment. I was in a state of dirtiness impossible to describe, covered

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with a thick layer of black dust, and unfortunately too short of water to dare to wash myself. The next day, September 6th, we reached the foot of Mount Tshaneng, having trekked for ten hours, and covered a distance of about twenty-two miles. It was absolutely necessary to do this that we might reach a place where we could water our beasts. Here we found a small clear stream, and at last I was able to wash myself, and take a much-needed



IN KHAMA'S COUNTRY.

bath. Only those who have done this when they were in a state like I was then, know the meaning of the word "luxury."

On the Thursday, the 10th September, we reached a small river, Metsi Moshu (white water). The road for some time had been getting more and more difficult, and at certain places there was none at all. The waggons were always sinking in the black sand, and we were forced continually to harness two "spans" to one waggon, and then go back and fetch the other.

The river runs over a bed of enormous sandstone rocks, the water being limpid and excellent. But fording this

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river is most troublesome to the waggons, which are compelled to descend a deep and very steep ravine over enormous stones. At one point one of the waggons, while passing over one of these rocks, dropped down a depth of nearly four feet, and the shock broke one of the sides in two. Luckily the iron braces kept the pieces together, otherwise I do not know how we should have managed to go on.

Somewhat late in the day we arrived at Sokoso, after a terribly slow journey, having made only six miles in nine hours. The road is very sandy and passes over several ranges of hills. Branches of trees continually barred our passage, and the axe was in constant use. Since we left Palapshwe we had not come across a single village; here and there we met a few bushmen tending Khama's animals, but the country is practically uninhabited. It is well wooded everywhere, and every now and then we came across big trees, sometimes as much as twenty and twenty-five feet high. I found but few of the big ant-hills of which I had heard so much; they are indeed scarce, and are met with chiefly between Palla and Cecil Camp, along the Crocodile river. Birds were very rare, and the toucans, numerous before, had absolutely disappeared; a few partridges, pheasants, and small geese were all the game we saw.

We occasionally met small bands of five or six natives coming from the Zambezi and going to the colony to work in the mines. Their costume consists simply of a belt, to which is attached a skin passing between the legs and fastened at the back. Over the shoulder they carry a stick, to each end of which a gourd is fixed. A native hatchet and an assegai complete their equipment. A fact worthy of notice is that they have no notion of time or distance. Thus we met a band at Tshaneng, which is about four hundred miles from the Zambezi, whence they had come. On being questioned, some answered that we were five days from the Zambezi, while others said that it would take us two months to get there.

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Yet these people march on an average twenty miles a day, and consequently must have been travelling for some three weeks. The best way to find out when they had started was to ask them how big the moon was. Their provisions for such a long trip were very meagre. A little maize was all they carried with them, and as there is no money in their country, they were unable to buy anything *en route*; so with about thirty pounds of maize they are able to cover nearly a thousand miles. They were all fine men, very black and very muscular, and mostly appeared to be from twenty to twenty-five years of age.

It is curious to reflect that as one penetrates further into the interior one loses, at the same time, the notion of great distances. (With some it is rather the notion of time that is lost.) By doing twelve miles a day, you end up by getting over 350 miles in a month. These daily marches gradually become a habit, and you think nothing of them. But when—say at the end of a couple of months—you look back, you are quite astonished to find you have cleared 700 miles. On the other hand, when you travel in a railway train, or a *diligence*, the rapidity of the journey itself, the constant change of scenery, climate, and the appearance of people give you a much more exact idea of the distance you are covering as you go along, than you can ever get while travelling in savage parts. The same remark applies to the reader of a book of African travel: in a few hours there appear before him a crowd of incidents and events which take the traveller as many weeks or months to experience, and it is for this reason that the reader exaggerates the dangers and difficulties of such a journey, which in reality is somewhat monotonous. A great deal of perseverance, inexhaustible patience, and a philosophy proof against every attack, are the real elements of success. "To be prepared for everything, to despair at nothing": this is the only motto that an African traveller should adopt. How intoxicating, fascinating,

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and glorious it is to travel in Central Africa—sometimes! But when at ten o'clock at night you find yourself in the open country in the midst of a whirlwind that almost carries you off your legs, and when, after having experienced over a hundred degrees of heat at midday, you see the thermometer gallop down nearly to freezing-point; when added to this your only companions are two oxen and a waggon, and, to crown your joys, you have only had a piece of bread and a cup of milk throughout the whole day,—why then you are apt to lose sight of the glory.

Such was my condition at ten o'clock at night on September 11th. I left Sokoso at six o'clock, and jogged along at a terribly slow pace till nine, the waggons again sinking deep into the sand. Till then we had moved very slowly—but we moved; when, coming to a fairly steep ascent, the oxen protested, putting forth all the *vis inertia* of which they are capable when they give their mind to it. Blows rained down upon them, the air resounded with the most inhuman yells that can issue from a native's throat (and that is not a trifle), but nothing was of any good. For each ox that pulled, five went backwards; in fact, one of them calmly dropped to the ground. Tom (one of the drivers) cut him about the head with his "shambock"* until his arms failed him—William relieved him with fresh force, but no better success—I kept leaping into the air, agitating my arms and howling with all the strength of my lungs—the beast bellowed, but did not budge. At last William, by means of biting his tail (a method usually infallible), persuaded him to rise to his legs. I then decided to harness the two teams together, and thus to send off one of the waggons to the place where we intended to pass the night, and then to let the beasts return and fetch the other. I stayed behind with the second waggon, and was not "fetched" till nearly three hours later, and then I was forced to come to the conclusion

* Whip made of hippo hide.

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that the animals were too tired to proceed any further that night; in fact, one of them had fallen on the way and had refused to rise. As the first waggon contained all the provisions, I had nothing to eat till the next day, when I overtook it about 9.30 a.m. On my way I found the fallen ox, and, although I tried my hardest, nothing would induce him to rise. So perforce I left him as a feast for the vultures, feeling sure that I should find his bones on the return journey if I did not leave my own somewhere ahead.

The next day (September 13th) we stopped near a well—a hole about half a yard in diameter and a yard deep, containing a bucket of yellowish water—or rather of liquid mud. There was just enough for the men and myself, but the poor beasts had to go without. At half-past one that afternoon we started off again. The sky was covered with thick clouds, and at the moment of setting out a dust-storm arose that lasted more than half an hour, and nearly blinded us. The animals had not touched water for nearly two days, and I was so afraid that they would not hold out that I sent them forward to Mesa, where I foresaw I should have to stay some days to rest them. At seven o'clock we started for Mesa, which is situated at one quarter of the distance between Palapshwe and the Zambezi, and arrived there the same night. We passed another caravan of natives proceeding south.

Unfortunately I again lost two oxen. When we arrived they fell down exhausted, and we could not get them up again. Out of kindness, and to spare them a long agony of hunger and thirst, I put a bullet through their heads. That evening I was surprised by a very odd spectacle. Two young Englishmen rode into our camp, each mounted on an ox, and followed by a third loaded with baggage, driven by two boys about ten or twelve years old. Having started the previous April for the Zambezi they had first directed their steps towards Lake N'gami, across the Kalahari desert. There their oxen died one

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after the other, and one of the native chiefs refused them permission to cross his territory, giving his men distinct orders to kill them if they attempted to pass northwards. They waited, however, hoping that the chief would change his mind; but their provisions became exhausted. They had not sufficient oxen to draw their waggon, so laying in a stock of maize-flour and maize-ears—roasted like coffee—and mounting two oxen, with a third to carry their provisions, they turned back. All the time they had to undergo terrible privations, constantly having to pass whole days without water; they were, at the same time, without food, as water was necessary to cook their flour. It was with real joy that they learnt that an expedition was on the road, and they made straight for our camp. I offered them what I had, and they passed two days with me. Then I gave them some provisions with which to continue their journey, at the same time entrusting them with letters, pleased at having the opportunity of sending news home. I am afraid they furnished me with stories, a little in the style of Baron Munchausen, about the Bushmen. According to them these tribes were very ferocious, never missing an opportunity of killing any Europeans that they met if only they could surprise them, and they robbed and plundered whenever and wherever they had a chance. This was by no means our experience. We had been in constant contact with them for a fortnight, and they never once attempted to steal from us. Often when we had thrown away our empty tins they would come and ask our permission to take them away.

It was with deep anxiety that I left Mesa. I knew that the next water was nearly sixty miles distant, and I wondered how the oxen, in their miserable state, would ever manage to cover this distance; on the 20th September we had already been forty-eight hours without water. The beasts were a pitiable sight, and I began to be much afraid, as our chance of relieving them seemed still very

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distant. First one would fall and then another, and, once they were down, we had great difficulty in getting them to rise again. I sent one of my party forward to reconnoitre, and he returned reporting water about twenty-five miles distant. At last, after having been sixty-seven hours without water, I reached Mathlalamabedi with one waggon and the double team, the other waggon having been "left till called for."

But here again there was not enough for the oxen to drink, so I unyoked them, intending to send them forward a march of about three hours, to where I heard there was a large well. But I had hardly got them "outspanned" when they rushed off at full gallop in the direction of the water, which they could now smell. Our difficulty then was to prevent them getting there, for the well is dug out to a depth of about thirteen feet below the level of the ground, and is only about fifteen feet in diameter; if they all arrived at the same time, there was great danger that they would knock one another about, and that some of them would get suffocated and trampled on. Already the first relay, to the number of sixteen, which had been sent on first, had escaped from their driver and rushed ahead, and had managed to crush one of their number, which I found afterwards lying in the water unable to rise. After an immense amount of trouble we hauled him out by means of "reims" attached to his horns and legs, but even then we could not get him to his feet. At Mesa an ox had fallen exhausted, but I succeeded in getting him up by administering to him about half a bottle of brandy. I tried this method once more here, but without success at the time, although two hours later the beast managed to get up. We ourselves were dying of thirst, but the water was so terrible that even the "boys" had not the courage to touch it. Imagine a mass of blackish mud, upon the top of which was a stagnant ooze of liquid animal manure. Covered with this layer of filth, it gave forth a putrid odour which

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completely impregnated you if you touched it. I fished up a pailful, and having thrown some alum into it I filtered it over and over again, and having well boiled it made some coffee and determined to try it. The coffee was bitter, with a distinct ammoniacal taste, and in the evening I was seized with violent vomiting. But if I had the courage to drink it, I was not bold enough to wash in it, the smell was too dreadful. Yet for three days I had not passed a drop of water over my face or hands, and I was covered with a thick layer of dust, which, as I freely perspired, adhered to me all over.

The worst was that I was forced to remain near the waggon, as the oxen could not return until the next day, and then they would have to go back and fetch the other waggon; so there still remained the prospect of three more days without a wash, not counting that if I wished to drink at all I should have to make the best of this putrid water. Near the well we found half a dozen Bushmen, two of whom were living skeletons, all shrivelled up, with face and body covered with wrinkles; they were at least eighty years old. Their hair was perfectly white, and their bodies, almost mummified, covered with ulcers, presented a striking contrast to the natives we had up to then come across. After all there was nothing to be surprised at in their appearance, when one remembered that every day of their life they partook of this kind of water; they consumed it without the slightest sign of disgust. They begged us to give them some tobacco, from which they might make snuff; they never smoke. Their food consists of whatever they can find—locusts, dead animals, and even snakes. One of my men having shot a python, got the Bushmen to skin it, and this done these men carefully took away the flesh and, after cooking it, eat it. What is still more incredible, in the body of the python was a small gazelle, covered with slime, and this was also eaten up by the Bushmen.

The following day I sent the oxen to fetch the second

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waggon, and when they returned I sent them once more to Linokani, some six miles ahead, where they had been watered before. My orders were to bring back the animals as soon as they should have drunk, but as they had not returned late in the day, I sent some of the men to the place where the oxen were watering, and they returned with the news that five of them were *hors de combat*—one dead and four dying. It was absolutely impossible



MASARWA NOMADS IN THE KALAHARI DESERT.

to go forward under these circumstances, and to go back was equally difficult. On Friday, the 25th September, the situation became still more serious, for having then stayed the three previous days in the neighbourhood of the stagnant pool I previously described, with nothing but putrid water, I found myself down with a bad attack of fever.

On Sunday, the 27th September, we shifted our camp to Linokani, and it became absolutely necessary to make up my mind what I would do.

I needed at least fifteen fresh oxen before I could

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move; then I *might* reach the Zambezi before the rains. I had said that I would go there, and I was determined to keep my word. Only how, without the fifteen oxen—how on earth was it to be done?

That evening another complication declared itself. My men deserted *en masse*, Major and Joseph alone remaining faithful. The others, declaring they had no desire to die at this spot, set out without any means of carrying water, and without provisions, for Palapshwe. They must have suffered terribly before they got there, if indeed they ever did. I had now nobody I could send for help. I entrusted some letters to a Bushman, but I had not the slightest faith that they would be delivered, as I had to pay him in advance. I determined to abandon the waggons, take one ox, on which I should load enough provisions to last for two months, my donkey to carry my photographic outfit, and my pony to ride. I left Major in charge of the waggons, taking only with me Joseph, the other Basuto boy—a lad of fifteen—who had remained faithful; in this way I hoped to get to the Victoria Falls. In the meantime I trusted that help would arrive, and that at least one of my waggons would come and pick me up. Of course I risked losing a waggon and all it contained, but what could I do? I had determined to go to the Zambezi, and I thought I might just as well try to get there as remain in this swampy desert until help came.

It took two days to reach Mathlala. At first the pack ox refused to carry his load, and commenced by sending everything flying into the air; afterwards it became more docile, and did its work fairly well. At this point the appearance of the country changed considerably. We came across numbers of trees with very thick trunks, from which proceeded masses of leafy branches, sometimes reaching to the ground. Approaching Mathlala the country was well wooded, but before us there again stretched out an immense bare plain,

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unrelieved by timber or vegetation of any kind. After a trek of about four hours across this we halted, having seen a very pretty mirage effect of Lake Makarikari. At one part, for a distance of about two miles, the plain is covered with thousands and thousands of white shells and enormous quantities of huge ant-hills, from which white ants pour in myriads. On the 4th October we arrived near Lake Makarikari, but were unable to get to the water, as it was very far out and there are quick-



IN THE KALAHARI DESERT.

sands all along the borders of the lake. Again we saw a mirage: an island apparently suspended in mid-air. The next day in pelting rain we reached Kuadiba, which is the name of some wells, and not of the river marked on the map. Near these is a small Mangwato village. The natives—fine men, and very different from the Bushmen we had been previously meeting—brought us some cream of tartar fruit (the fruit of the baobab tree), about twice the size of an egg, which when dissolved in water gives to the latter a slightly acidulated taste. I passed the afternoon in taking photographs in the native village, which consists of a few huts made out of branches and covered with straw. The native utensils

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are of a most primitive kind, consisting of earthen pots for cooking, gourds* for boiling water, mortars for grinding corn, and spoons, made of a kalabash cut in two, for ladling liquids. The native costume is composed of a kaross round the middle, with a few ornaments of beads and some copper and tin bracelets, and earrings of the ordinary sort. I bought a few articles, and found that the most useful things for barter were red beads and knives. The next day (6th October), after a trek of four hours, we arrived at the Chuani river, where we found another temporary village of native huts. These were occupied by native hunters. Here we ate some giraffe meat, which we found stringy but of a very delicate flavour, and almost black in colour. The water of the river is salt, and the natives collect the salt in the form of very transparent crystals. I entrusted some letters, asking for help, to some Ba-mangwato who happened to be there; but I did so with little hope that they would arrive in time to be of any service, seeing that the men had no intention of starting for a month, and thus my letters could not get to Palapshwe till late in November.

For two long terrible days we crossed enormous plains in a perfectly torrid heat. These plains run along one of the Ma-Karikari salt lakes, and must have been part of the bed of the lake. No vegetation grows on the sand, which is impregnated with salt, so that the reflection of the sun makes the heat intolerable. I was so exhausted I could hardly stand on my feet. We had scarcely any water left, and were literally dying of thirst. The second day (October 9th) we made a start at seven in the morning, and after going two hours, crossing the dry beds of three rivers, we arrived at a well of detestable water. Three-quarters of an hour later we halted, certain

* It seems at first sight absurd to think of boiling water in a kalabash, but I have often seen it done. The only precaution to be taken to avoid burning the gourd is to keep it far enough away from the fire.

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that we were in the neighbourhood of water but not knowing where it was. At last, after a search of two hours, whilst following a path at right angles to the road, we found a pool of 150 feet by 15 feet, and about 3 feet deep. The water was excellent, and it was a rare piece of good fortune to have found it, for the morning before I had only had a pint, and since then none at all.

On the following day (October 10th), after a march of sixteen miles across enormous plains, not quite so arid as the ones we had crossed before, we arrived at the river Nata. The waters were very salt, and undrinkable; but on the left of the road, about 150 feet from the river, we found three small wells. Some Bushmen, who were looking after Khama's cattle, brought us milk, and we had plenty of fish and birds—the latter abounding in enormous quantities on the Nata. That night we started again, and went for three hours, keeping for at least half the time along the bank of the river. The country was terribly flat, and we were besieged by clouds of gnats. We camped in an old kraal, but were kept awake all night by the stings of the gnats and the bites of the vermin. A few hours' march in the morning brought us to the Nata drift, and there I decided to have a rest under some beautiful trees.

On the 12th October we started again in the evening. For the last few days, and especially during the nights, we had suffered the most varied tortures, being positively devoured by the insects: ants—black, red, and white, big and small—spiders, beetles, mosquitoes, and flies of all sizes and colours.

Taking stock at this time, I found that I had only twelve boxes of sardines and five tins of beef left. Luckily I had 100 lbs. of flour and 20 lbs. of coffee. We started at 8 o'clock in the evening, and trekked till half-past two in the morning, having found water after a march of two hours. We were then crossing some enormous plains, called the Mokuarani Flats, or "Palm Plains"; as a fact, those

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trees are very abundant at this point, and we halted under an enormous one standing quite alone. We were in the country of big game, and we found several giraffe and lion spoor; but we had something else to do than attempt to follow it up, though all night I slept with my rifle ready.

For the next five days our journey presented no incidents worth recording. We marched as long each day as the heat would permit over the thick sand, halting wherever we were lucky enough to find water, which was not often. All along the route we found the traces of giraffe, elephant, koodoo, and other animals, but never actually sighted any. At two o'clock in the morning of the 19th October I was awakened by the sound of feet approaching, and saw a caravan of a dozen porters, accompanied by a European, coming from the direction of the Zambezi. We entered into conversation. The man represented himself as an English minister, giving me an excellent address in the country, and adding that he belonged to the Primitive Methodist Mission at Shesheke, and that he had intended to go into the country of the Mashukolumbwe, but that the loss of his oxen had prevented his doing so. I afterwards found out that he was merely a carpenter attached to the Mission, and that he had just been dismissed. He gave us, however, lots of information concerning the road to the Zambezi, telling us where we should find water and the time that it would take us to reach our destination. We found that we were actually seventy miles from Pandamatenga, and 130 miles from the Zambezi.

The 19th, 20th, and 21st of October were terrible days. I pushed on as hard as I could, but progress was slow as the ground was still very thick with sand, and the heat terrible; for hours I was without water, and as I was able to get but little sleep, the fever again attacked me.

At 8 o'clock on the 22nd of October I arrived in sight of Pandamatenga, and reaching it a little later, rejoiced

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in the sight of a number of habitations and human beings. I was very kindly received by Henry Wall, a native hunter, who had taken up his quarters here. The frightful ordeal was over, and only those who have come through anything of the sort can imagine what a joy it was.

I stayed in Pandamatenga until the afternoon of the 26th October. I had engaged six porters (Mashubias and Barotses), and it was arranged that I should go and say good-bye to Henry Wall. I started on ahead, and shortly afterwards my porters arrived. They said that the loads were too heavy, that they had all been ill in consequence, and that six more porters must be engaged. I gave my consent to this, and that night we camped near a small river. At sunrise two of the men started off to find the extra porters, and at the end of about an hour and a half returned with a troop of six, two of whom were children. Thus I had a train of twelve, and seeing that they had only a load of 300 lbs. to carry between them, it cannot be said that they were over-weighted. I grew more experienced in the ways of porters before I was done with them.

My men formed a curious collection of different types: two or three Mashubias, who possessed no particular points of interest; some Barotses, carrying themselves with a peculiar air of pride—they had very fine features and seemed much more intelligent than the others; a Batoka and his two children, all with two of their front teeth extracted, giving them an aged and sulky appearance; and lastly, a Mashukolumbwe, with hooked nose and protruding lips which he would thrust forward.

It was very hot when we started, and at the end of half an hour the men stopped. In vain I ordered them to proceed: they calmly commenced to light a fire by means of a rod rubbed against a piece of dry wood and some tinder. Having quietly smoked their pipes, a good many of them indulging in dakka (see p. 24) for about three-quarters of an hour, they started again.

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Twenty minutes later they stopped once more, this time demanding food. I refused point blank, and ordered them to go on, but they would not move an inch. Half an hour having elapsed I began to lose patience, and having repeated my order to rise, to which they paid not the slightest attention, I walked towards the biggest of the band, the Mashukolumbwe, and put forward my hand to seize him by the scruff of the neck. My gentleman did not give me time, but, stepping back, grasped his assegai and pointed it towards me. I had my revolver out in a second, and stood facing him with it. All the rest bolted and hid behind trees, and it was only when I had returned my weapon to its case that I could prevail upon them to come out and start again. We had not got forward another mile when they stopped again, declaring that it was too hot to proceed. There was nothing to be done, so I was forced to give in. The heat really was terrible; we were worried by flies, gnats, and minute bees, that simply put me to torture, getting into the eyes, nose, and ears, and penetrating underneath my shirt. The men lit a fire, and hoping that perhaps after eating they would make up their minds to go on, I distributed some millet to them. Two hours passed before they were ready, and all through the day it was the same thing: march for half an hour and rest for twice that time, so that it was nearly dark before we arrived at Gazuma, a distance of ten miles from our starting-point, which had taken us ten hours to traverse.

We halted on the borders of an immense flat near a vley, and hardly had we stopped when the sky became overcast with ink-black clouds; a violent wind arose, and all of a sudden we were plunged in complete darkness. Lightning appeared on the horizon, and thunder could be heard growling in the distance. The storm quickly approached us. Near the place where we had halted there were only two or three trees, and by the light of the flashes of lightning I made my men cut some

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branches with which to make a shelter. They had only got down a few branches when the storm burst over us; torrents of rain fell, and we put the baggage, as well as we could, under shelter. As for ourselves, we had to accept a soaking with resignation, for the rain continued all through the night without ceasing.

The next morning (28th October) we started at 6.30; after having crossed the plain we entered a forest. My men marched much better, for they had had no water and nothing to eat, and they were anxious to get to a well. This we ought to have found near a dried-up vley, and when I arrived there I discovered that all my men had become separated, having scattered themselves in the forest to look for fruit and honey. For the first time I was able to witness the truly marvellous intelligence (I use this word purposely) of the honey bird. This little creature, very fond of honey, can only obtain it with the help of man, as the hives are usually in the middle of a dead trunk. When the honey bird catches sight of men, he whistles until he has attracted their attention, and then flutters from branch to branch, waiting for his two-legged partners, and leads them to the hive. With axes the men break the trunk open, taking the honey away, but always leaving a little for the honey bird.

We walked on till three o'clock, when we stopped, wondering what had become of the others. We had marched very quickly, and ought to have caught them up much sooner. After an hour we heard shouts, which we answered, when two of the men appeared, announcing that we had passed the water and that it was about an hour and a half's march in the rear. We retraced our steps, and when we reached the wells found only four of the eight men who had separated themselves.

The water was in a well about eight feet deep, with three pools, each containing about four quarts. We filled our calabashes, and then had to wait till the water had oozed once more through the sand, an operation that took

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about five minutes for every quart. After we had waited an hour the other men came up, the Mashukolumbwe in a violent perspiration and carrying triumphantly a dozen beautiful honeycombs. This was the honey of the big bee, a certain number of which were still adhering to the comb. They are larger round than our European bees, but much shorter and of a greyish colour. The natives declare that they have no sting; in fact, they removed them with their fingers without harm. The honey is very aromatic, and the natives are extremely fond of it.

After having prepared some food we were just getting ready to start when about one hundred yards from us we saw a human form, which immediately disappeared. With savage yells my fellows started in pursuit, and in about twenty minutes returned, leading a little old man, who was trembling all over. He was a Masarwa Bushman, and had taken us at first for Matabele, of whom they are terribly afraid. When he perceived a European he was perfectly reassured. I had just bought an ostrich egg of him for a cup of grain, when suddenly there appeared by him, without anybody having previously remarked his existence, a little monkey, who squatted behind the old man and looked at us with astonished eyes. It turned out to be the Masarwa's little boy, and he offered to sell him to me for another cup of grain. I offered him half a cup, and he accepted. He had got up to go, leaving the little animal behind him without an adieu, when I called him back and told him I was only joking, and that I did not want to buy his little one. His face grew very long, and he insisted that the bargain had been completed. I then explained to him that he might keep both grain and child, at which news his serenity returned. What I really wanted, I said, joking, was a boy from ten to twelve years of age. This he informed me would be much dearer, and would cost at least a pound of powder. I told him that was too dear, and without waiting for his reply we continued our way. The old fellow plunged into the

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forest, his little boy trotting quietly behind him. He was about four years old, and as agile as a young gazelle.

The next day my men marched very well, never stopping until 8.30 p.m., when the rain began to fall again, and when we found it necessary to construct a shelter out of the branches of trees, under which we again managed to sleep. When I awoke the following morning (October 29th) the sun was shining brilliantly. We emerged from the forest, and struck the long valley of Leshuma, which is bordered by a low range of well-wooded hills, and where numerous springs of good water are to be found. At this point we were not more than thirteen miles from the Zambezi, and I calculated to reach it towards ten o'clock in the evening. Nevertheless at the end of half an hour the men stopped and clamoured for food. The experiences of the first day were repeated, and I refused absolutely to give them anything to eat. It was of the utmost importance that I should reach the river quickly, as the Leshuma valley is infested with "tsetse," and my donkey ran the risk of being stung. Neither entreaties nor threats were of the slightest avail, the men declaring that they would only start when the sun had reached a point that they indicated, and which meant two o'clock in the afternoon. In a tremendous passion I took all the grain and gave it to my donkey, determined that if they insisted on remaining they should at least do so on an empty stomach. They consoled themselves by smoking their dakka pipes, and would not budge an inch, and as a matter of fact it was past two before we again made a start.

At the end of an hour and a half's march we entered a forest. Here the vegetation assumed a very grand appearance, gigantic trees rising high above a very thick underwood. At about five o'clock we emerged from the forest, and found a vast plain stretched at our feet, and before us on the horizon a range of wooded hills. We could not be far from the river, which I felt

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sure must flow at the foot of these hills. We were walking through some high grass, when what was my astonishment to find an enormous mass of water at my feet.

The Zambezi! At last I had arrived, not without difficulty; but still I had accomplished what I had said I would.

The river flows between low banks fringed with high grass. On my left was the Linyanti, which here throws itself into the Zambezi. The two bodies of water at this point are about the same size, nearly seven hundred yards across. Between the two lies the island of Mpalera, on which were growing some palm trees, sole indication of tropical vegetation. I might easily have fancied myself on the banks of the Seine in Normandy if it had not been for a crocodile that was playfully sporting in the middle of the stream. On the other side of the river appeared the huts of the French Evangelical Mission. That very morning, when leaving camp, a native messenger whom I had sent from Pandamatenga to the missionaries announcing my arrival, gave me a letter from M. Jalla, chief of the mission, bidding me welcome and asking me to fire a gun to announce my arrival. I therefore discharged my rifle several times, and shortly afterwards was answered from the other bank. After waiting half an hour I perceived a boat crossing the river; it was hollowed out of a tree, and was propelled by three rowers, standing up, fore and aft. At last it reached me, and a young Frenchman, M. Vollet—a recently-arrived missionary—bade me welcome, explaining M. Jalla's regret that he was unable, through indisposition, to come himself. He also told me that I could not cross that day, for the country was very unsettled, and the natives very sensitive, adding that M. Jalla had been forced to send to Shesheke to ask the chief's permission for me to enter the country. Meanwhile I installed myself in a native hut belonging to a native hunter, another of Westbeach's old

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men, who had settled down there after his master's death.

I will here give an extract from my diary:—"So here I am on the Zambezi, in that part of Central Africa that for so many years I had been longing to visit. After all, a journey in Central Africa is not so very terrible. It is very monotonous; you must be endowed with an inexhaustible fund of patience and a good stomach. You



MY HOUSE ON THE ZAMBEZI. (*See page 63.*)

must be ready to put feelings of disgust aside, to drink water more or less putrid, to eat no matter what, to go very often without meat, salt and sugar, to remain days together without washing, to sleep whole nights in the water, and frequently to remain for twenty or thirty hours without a shred of dry clothing on you. If you make up your mind to the worst you won't be disappointed. You must get accustomed to live from day to day without trying to know what will happen on the morrow,

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You must be ready to change your route and plans from one hour to the other. African travelling is a constant struggle against the elements, man, and animals; you are the slave of these three greatest factors of life in savage parts."

These remarks, written at the time, show the frame of mind I was in. Whether it is a failing or not, I have always made it a rule throughout my life to try and make the best of the present circumstances, letting the future take care of itself. "Forward" has been my motto, and the result has been pretty satisfactory, after all—up to the present.

At the end of a few days, permission to cross the river came from the chief of Shesheke—a gentleman afflicted with the harmonious name of Nwiangnia Nwongio—and I therefore shifted all my worldly possessions to the northern bank of the Zambezi. My servant Joseph was, however, so ill that I had to leave him in charge of the hunter. When I reached Kazungola, I found the mission station a few hundred yards from the river; it consists of a well-built house with two wings. Mr. and Mrs. Jalla bade me welcome, and asked me to share their lunch. The meal over—the first real meal I had sat down to for nearly three months—Mr. Jalla asked me where I was going to put up. The question seemed, to say the least, peculiar, considering that there was no other house there but his own; and it was hard to think that I should not be even offered the shelter of a roof, and that a countryman of mine, knowing all the hardships I had gone through, being aware that I was alone, ignorant of the language, without even a servant, should deny me the hospitality of his roof in the heart of Africa. But the situation was such a serious one for me that, putting all feelings of pride aside, I begged him to put me up. He replied that this was impossible, as he was expecting an English missionary. I did not insist, but left to look about and find what I could do. I soon discovered an old tumbled-down house, consisting of two

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rooms, that had been erected by the first missionaries who settled down there. It was now used as a stable for goats, and I determined to take up my quarters in it. I returned to see Mr. Jalla, and at first he made some objection; but I declared that I *would* make my quarters there, and I proceeded to do so. I had secured the services of a boy of twelve, and, Mr. Jalla having been induced to lend me two of his men, I set to work to make the place habitable. I made a bed by sticking four poles in the ground, and fastening cross sticks and reeds on to them. Over this I placed a heap of dry grass. After sleeping for so long a time on the ground this was almost comfortable. With reeds I made a kind of shelf and a table, and an old box made a substitute for a chair. I shall never forget the misery of the days I spent in that place. It was inhabited by all the pests in creation—vermin, rats, wasps, scorpions, and snakes. Once while I was writing a puff-adder jumped from among my papers, and, falling in my lap, slid down one of my legs; and another time I woke up with the sickly sensation of something cold passing over my face. I jumped out of bed, and soon after discovered a huge puff-adder between my blankets. Mr. Jalla asked me, it is true, to partake of lunch at his house, but for breakfast and dinner I had to share the porridge cooked by my boy. To add to all this, the roof of the hut was in so dilapidated a state that the rain used to pour through it in torrents. Immediately after my arrival I had sent fresh messengers to the chief of Shesheke to ask for his leave to go there, and it was with true delight that I hailed the arrival of canoes sent to fetch my baggage. I decided to go myself overland, and prepared for an immediate start.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BAROTSE*

THE next morning we left at about 8.30, and after a three hours' march arrived at a fairly large village called Mombova. We halted under the "lekothla," the kind of open shed used by the chief to receive strangers. Crowds of people came to see me, saluting me with cries of "Tumela." Mokumba, the chief of the district, was away, but just as I was about to start the small chief who represented him in his absence came and demanded "setsiba" (a present). I promptly refused, and asked him what he meant by asking a present without even bringing me one. My answer evidently greatly astonished him, and without further discussion I proceeded on my way. Soon afterwards an intelligent looking native approached and offered to accompany me; though I refused his offer I could not get rid of the fellow, and I gave him to understand that he was wasting his time, as he would not get anything for his trouble.

Soon after leaving Mombova we passed some women working in the fields: most of them wore strings of beads on the breasts, their costume merely consisting of a skin round the waist; some of them had children tied across their loins in another skin. The men wore large wooden combs in their hair and bands of beads on their foreheads; to their hair were also attached duck's feet, hare's tails, and quills containing medicines.

* The correct plural is Marotse, but I retain the form crystallized by usage.

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One of them wore a regular helmet made out of the beak of a pelican.

As far as Mombova our path had been across the plains, and all the way huge grey flies had surrounded us in myriads. But a little way out of Mombova we entered a forest well known for its lions; the tsetse fly was also very abundant, while the heat was intense, and rendered more disagreeable as it was damp at the same time. We soon reached a small river, nearly dried up (the Umgwezi), in which, however, were still to be found a few pools of



TYPE OF BAROTSE.

excellent water. My men had marched well, seeing that between half-past eight in the morning and two in the afternoon they had only rested half an hour at Mombova. After a short halt we set off again about a quarter-past two. Our path still lay through the forest, and we passed numerous lots of natives at different times. At 6.30 p.m. we reached and crossed a small river, close to which we settled ourselves for the night, one of the most miserable I ever spent. We had scarcely halted when such a perfect deluge of rain poured down that we found it impossible to light a fire for cooking, so I had to be content with a piece of wet bread. I spread out my blankets

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under a tree, and with four sticks, rigged up my macintosh sheet and mosquito net above me. The soil, however, was soaked through, and all I could do was to heap up some damp grass and try and keep myself above the water. Then rolling my blanket round me, I managed to sleep till two o'clock in the morning, when I awoke—dreaming I was drowning. Rain was still pouring in torrents and I was soaked to the skin, while the boots which I had beside me were full of water, and I had to empty them and put them on immediately, or else I should never have got into them again. I fell asleep again, and on waking at daybreak found the rain had not in the least abated. I had no more bread; there was no chance of fire-kindling, and consequently nothing to eat. Like all natives, my men strongly objected to marching in the rain, and it was only with the greatest trouble I could persuade them to proceed. We started at 7 o'clock in the morning, and in the midst of the driving rain crossed some large plains between belts of forest; the ground was covered with clay which caked under and along the side of my boots, large quantities even penetrating inside, which rendered walking neither easy nor pleasant. Right and left the grass was very high, and the path so slippery that we almost fell at every step, while the ever-accumulating mud made the weight of my boots unbearable.

About 1.30 p.m. we entered the forest, and at 3.45 crossed the river Kasaia. The rain had ceased, and we were able to make a small fire and cook some millet, of which I was in great need. At 4.30 we started again; so did the rain, and for hours we trudged on through that dreadful clay. As night began to fall the path got better, and I set my men going at a good pace; but at 8.30 they stopped and refused to proceed, saying they were done up. As a matter of fact we had accomplished eighteen hours' good walking in the two days, so that I reckoned we ought to be quite near Shesheke; however, it was no good

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making a fuss, as the men would not go on. It was raining in torrents all the time; besides, we were in the middle of an immense plain with no tree of any size worth mentioning, so it was useless seeking shelter. I simply rolled myself up in my blanket and fell asleep, almost floating in water.

Next morning we were on the march at 7 a.m.; it had rained continuously through the night, and I had not a dry thread on me. I took off one boot to get rid of the mud, and removed an enormous handful; but I had so much trouble to get it on again that I made no experiment with the other. Without knowing it, we had been sleeping about a mile from a village. At last, about 10.30 a.m., the rain having somewhat abated, we reached Shesheke; the boats bringing my heavy luggage had arrived the night before. I cannot describe how pleased I was to take a bath and get a change, for during three days I had been soaked to the skin and up to my knees in heavy mud. Yet more pleased was I to think that now at last I was settled among genuine African natives.

Dr. Livingstone was the first to introduce us to the Upper Zambezi. About 1840 he entered on the career of a missionary, and founded a mission at Kolobeng in Bechuanaland, near the chief Sechele; but, attracted by the unknown, he soon pushed northwards, and in 1849 he discovered Lake N'gami, situated to the south of the Zambezi in the middle of the Kalahari Desert. From there his idea was to reach Sebitoani, the King of the Makololo, whose power extended right over the Upper Zambezi. He sent a messenger to Sebitoani, who replied by asking the Doctor to come to him. But Livingstone was a very long time before he was able to put his plan into execution, because of the ill-will of Leshulatchi, the chief of Lake N'gami, who would not allow him to pass. At last, after two fruitless attempts, Livingstone arrived on the Zambezi. There on the island of Mpalera he found Sebitoani, the chief of the Makololos,

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who was a native of Basutoland, but had quitted that country shortly after its invasion by Sekonyela, the chief of the Mantalis, and with incredible perseverance cut a way by force of arms to the Zambezi, after having covered a distance of nearly 2000 miles. He found on his arrival on the Upper Zambezi that the Matoka were in power there. They were an extremely fierce tribe, given to all kinds of cruelties, their villages being ornamented with the skulls of their enemies. Sebitoani's contact with them nearly resulted in his downfall. At the very first the Matoka came across the Basuto, hoping to surprise them, but Sebitoani kept the chief of the Matoka at arm's-length, and on the other side of the river the two enemies came to blows. The Matoka were beaten, leaving an immense number of cattle in Sebitoani's hands. The Basuto chief then established himself on the banks of the Katone river, but was constantly harassed by the warlike Matabele, sometimes conquering, sometimes conquered. At last, in order to avoid these incessant conflicts, he decided to go higher up the river; and after having beaten the Barotse, who defended themselves bravely, he took possession and settled down in their valley. Nothing daunted, the Matabele determined to revenge their last repulse, and sent an impi along the right bank of the river Zambezi. On their arrival Sebitoani appeared to receive them in a most friendly manner, and conducted them to an island where he had already despatched some herds of cattle. While the Matabele gorged themselves with meat in happy ignorance of their fate, the canoes departed, and when famine had done its work and the Makololo judged their enemies sufficiently weakened, they fell upon them and slaughtered them to a man. When the news of this treachery reached the Matabele, Umsili Gazi sent out a fresh impi, who built their own canoes this time; but the fever reduced them to such a state of weakness that they were forced to retire. On their march homewards they were fiercely attacked by

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the Matoka, and only five finally returned to the country to tell the tale. Such at least is the version of the affair as narrated by the Makololo.

Sebitoani, by his kindness and justice, soon gained the affection of the tribes he had conquered, and they were not long in accepting his rule with a good grace. When once his rule was established, he divided his power, according to an old Barotse custom, with his eldest daughter, Ma Moeriosane, who succeeded him on his death, which occurred from inflammation of the lungs, shortly after Livingstone's arrival. Livingstone decided to stay and explore the Upper Zambezi, but not wishing to expose his family to the dangers of the murderous climate, he returned to the Cape in 1851. In 1853 he started again and went straight to Linyanti (on the river of that name), then the capital of the Makololo, but to-day abandoned. The king was then the son of Sebitoani, Sekeletu, who, though he refused to be converted by Livingstone, yet accompanied the celebrated traveller with an escort of 160 men. Livingstone first betook himself to Shesheke; then he conceived the idea of opening communications with the West Coast, and for this purpose Sekeletu furnished him with an escort of 27 men. Foreseeing his possible death, Livingstone confided his journal to Sekeletu, begging him to try and forward it to his father-in-law, Mr. Moffatt, in case any disaster happened to himself. However, he arrived quite safely at Loanda, and six months later returned to the Zambezi, not without having endured most terrible sufferings. He then began to think of establishing himself on the Zambezi, but the extreme unhealthiness of the country caused him to hesitate. The quantity of rain, the periodical inundations, and the prodigious quantity of matter in a state of decomposition—which, after each overflow, remains exposed to the rays of a tropical sun, while the density of the forests prevent the air from circulating—render the climate most dangerous even to

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the strongest constitutions; so the Doctor determined to leave the country—this time by a new route to the East Coast. No man who has tried the discomforts and discouragements of African travel can sufficiently admire the indefatigable energy of this illustrious explorer.

After Livingstone's departure grave trouble arose, which upset the empire of the Makololo. When Ma Moeriosane succeeded her father she found herself unable to govern, and yielded her power into the hands of her brother Sekeletu. But a very influential personage, Mpempe (the very wicked), sought to possess himself of the sovereignty; on one occasion he organized a plot to kill the Queen and the young King when they were ascending the river in company with Dr. Livingstone. But the conspiracy was discovered in time, and Mpempe put to death. Sekeletu proved himself a most cruel ruler. He was extremely superstitious, and always fancying that people were trying to bewitch him, wherefore he caused numbers of chiefs, with their entire families, to be put to death. Somewhat later, as Livingstone tells us, some young Barotse gave the first signal for revolt by making for the north, in the country of Masiko, and killing a Makololo. The Matoka of Sunanane declared themselves independent, and those of Monemba followed their example, as did also Mashotlane, the chief of the Falls. At last, on Sekeletu's death in 1864, a revolution broke out; a portion of the Makololo put themselves in opposition to the regency of Impololo, the uncle of Sekeletu, and went and settled on Lake N'gami. After their departure all the other vassals of the Makololo rose, and Impololo was put to death.

I was able to make some very interesting notes, from an anthropological and ethnographical point of view, on the Marotse and the natives of the Upper Zambezi generally.

The absolute ruler is the King—"Morena," "N'Kosi." His power is unlimited. In theory he is proprietor of all

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his people and of everything they possess. Among the Barotse he is chosen by the most powerful chiefs from among the royal family, and is always a male. Next to him ranks the Queen, his sister, who shares his power. The King is assisted by a Prime Minister, called "Gambella," and a Council of State composed of the other chiefs of the tribe. A curious and signi-



A STREET IN SHESHEKE.

ficant feature of the Barotse Cabinet is that it contains a minister especially appointed to soothe the King's anger. He is called Matamoyo. His hut is in close proximity to the lekothla, and its courtyard is sacred. Every morning the King goes in state to the lekothla, attended by guards beating drums and playing on the instruments of the country. Here he remains till noon, dispensing justice, hearing complaints, receiving petitions, and the like. On one side of this open space lies a vast circular enclosure. Along the whole length of its inner wall is a row of women's huts, their courtyards divided off by branches. In the middle is an enormous

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hut set apart for the King. He alone of all males has the right to a hut entirely to himself. He is elaborately hedged about with ceremony. His people address him as "Tao" (lion) or "Namane Etauna" (great calf). To perform the grand salutation the people go down on their knees, raise their hands high in the air, and cry aloud three times, "Ocho," which means "Great King." Yet more complicated is the name by which chiefs demonstrate their respect. They, too, lift their arms on high, crying, "Tao Tona Siche."

Then they kneel down, pour water or sand into the hollow of their hands, and spread it over the King's arms. The next step is to strike their heads against the ground, then, beating their palms together, they intone general praise of His Majesty. This is called "Shalela," and is not unlike the salaam of the Indian. When the King has had enough of this, the chief officer calls out "Puma Noko" (the King is satisfied.) Considering how much he gets of it, His Majesty seems a good deal less easily satisfied than I should be in his place.

The country is divided into districts with a chief over each; these again into villages ruled each by a subordinate chief. All these chiefs are nominated by the King, and must be of pure Barotse blood. Arrived at his village the chief's power over it is unlimited—always remembering the superior authority of the King. He wears on his head a distinguishing ornament (*sekala*), made of ostrich feathers. A great chief has a specially big feather for specially big occasions. On the march the principal chief always goes first, and his canoe similarly precedes those of lesser men. When the chief comes to a village he has the right to half the young of the cattle; the other half goes to the King along with half the butter produced in the village; this is melted before it starts, and very nasty it is. Indeed, the chief may take from anybody anything he happens to possess—his cattle, the

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produce of his handiwork or cultivation, even his children ; but the King in turn can take what he pleases from the chief. Private property, therefore, does not really exist. In each village, however, every inhabitant has his own field, but one must be cultivated for the chief and one for the King. The old women of the village usually look after the King's field. From its produce comes a present to any traveller or ambassador of a neighbouring chief passing through. It is likewise drawn upon for the King or Queen if they be travelling by, or for a chief on his way to or from the King. Each chief pays tribute in skins and children. If it fails, or is insufficient, the necessary revenue is secured by a raid on the village.

Personal freedom, speaking strictly, is as non-existent as personal property. Each chief has his slaves, and the whole people, of course, are potentially the slaves of the King. Children do not belong to their parents. The people at large, however, are virtually free, unless they are requisitioned by King or chief, which usually happens when they are children. There is no export trade in slaves, yet I have often been offered a child in exchange for a gun. One can buy a child for an ornament—the same price which is required for the purchase of an ox. If a slave falls sick on a journey and retards the march he is killed out of hand.

The greatest crimes among the Barotse are any attempt against the King, and witchcraft. It is thoroughly characteristic of the institutions of the country that theft is considered as a crime only when it affects a chief. Infanticide, usually by strangulation, is fairly common. Assassination is rare ; while rape and adultery are severely punished. The punishment most in practice is strangulation, after which the body is thrown into the river. Crucifixion is rarer, but I have known cases of it. Another punishment consists in tying the criminal's hands behind his back, binding his feet, and then leaving him stretched out upon the sand with his face to the sun.

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Hanging by the wrists is also in vogue among these tribes. Every chief can sentence to death; usually he executes the sentence himself, and on the spot. If a person who has been found guilty escapes, or is reprieved, he is nearly always pardoned afterwards. Fines, in the form of children and cattle, are frequently exacted; children often hang themselves when they hear they are to be thus enslaved. Suicide, indeed, is common enough. A man will kill himself on the tomb of his chief; he thinks, as he passes near by, that he hears the dead man call him and bid him bring him water.

These natives believe in transmigration of the soul into animals: thus the hippopotamus is believed to shelter the spirit of a chief. Nevertheless they do not appear very clear that the soul cannot be in two places at once; else, if a chief has become a hippopotamus in the Zambezi, why should one slay one's self to bring water to his tomb? The Barotse chiefly worship the souls of their ancestors. When any misfortune happens, the witch-doctor divines with knuckle-bones whether the ancestor is displeased, and they go to the grave and offer up sacrifice of grain or honey. They believe in a Supreme Being, "Niambe," who is supposed to come and take away the spiritual part of the dead. Thus, to express a man dead, they say, "O Nkeloe had" (he has been taken). They understand what fainting is, and distinguish it from death, saying "Umeletsi" (he is stiff). In time of war they carry the assegais that the King uses to the tomb of some departed warrior, that he may bless them and so insure a victory. They also bring to the tombs cooked meat, which they leave there a few minutes and then eat. When they go to pray by a grave they also leave some small white beads. Whilst an Englishman was journeying to Lialui, he passed near a little wood where there lay a very venerated chief. The boatmen stopped, and, having sacrificed some cooked millet, their headman designated a man to offer up a prayer, which ran thus: "You see us; we are worn-out

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travellers, and our belly is empty; inspire the white man, for whom we row, to give us food to fill our stomachs." The tombs of kings—about five-and-twenty of them—are sanctuaries or places of refuge; so also are the residences of the Queen and Prime Minister. Sometimes the spirits of the dead return to this world: the Barotse term for this is "Litosela." Cognate to this worship of ancestors is the great respect displayed for parents and the old—especially the eldest of a family or tribe. They have altars in their huts made of branches, on which they place human bones; they have no images, pictures, or idols.

The Barotse are very superstitious. Like true Africans, they will never allow that a man can fall ill or die (even by an accident) without somebody having cast a spell to bewitch him. The sorcerers are supposed to carry on their persons pieces of wood and feathers containing medicine poison. When they wish to kill anybody they penetrate secretly into the hut and spread or sprinkle over the meat the medicine which causes anyone who touches it to fall ill. When blood is found spilt in a courtyard it is a sign that a sorcerer has passed by. They believe in dreams: a woman often comes asking for a handful of millet, because she has dreamt that she is going to have some sickness if a certain person does not give her a handful of grain.

Another flourishing superstition is akin to the European were-wolf. They believe that at times both living and dead persons can change themselves into animals, either to execute some vengeance or to procure something that they wish for: thus a man will change himself into a hyæna or a lion in order to steal a sheep and make a good meal off it; into a serpent to avenge himself on some enemy. At other times, if they see a serpent it is one of the "Matotela" or slave-tribe, which has thus transformed himself to take some vengeance on the Barotse.

The ubiquitous witch-doctor is, of course, to be found among them, though not in the same potent and pestilent

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authority as among the Matabele. When anybody is ill the doctor diagnoses the disease by throwing the divining bones. Before a war the doctors concoct a special medicine, and, taking some of the froth from it, mark with it the forehead of those who have already killed a man. Similarly when they are about to start for the chase they arrange themselves in a circle at sunset, and the doctor comes with the bark of a tree filled with medicine, and with his finger marks the chiefs on the forehead in order to give them authority over the animals. The Queen's husband marks her himself in the same way. On the occasion of a storm, should a thunderbolt fall near a hut the doctor sprinkles the people with medicine to protect them. When a man is accused of practising magic they force him to undergo a terrible ordeal: they place a stone at the bottom of a jar of boiling water and make him take it out; then they shut him up in a hut, and if the skin peels off his hand he is a sorcerer. In such a case the punishment is death, and he is either burnt alive or strangled and thrown into the river.

Often when a person dies, poison is given to his fowls in order to see whether he has been the victim of magic. If they die he has been bewitched. Certain chiefs are supposed to have a special gift for the preparation of terrible poisons, whereof the Barotse are acquainted with various kinds.

The Barotse have no family names. Each individual has a name of his own, and they add a kind of inverted surname, derived from their children. A man is called Ra (father of) and a woman Ma (mother of), with the name of the child added. A chief usually takes the name of his district, or coins a special term of eulogy for himself. Thus Lewanika was formerly called Robosi, but he changed his name to Lewanika because this means "He who collects all around him," or Emperor. From ten or twelve years, children eat and sleep separately from their mothers; the women always eat apart. Nevertheless,

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family feeling subsists strongly—at any rate, in form. Relations take leave of each other with elaborate ceremony. They spit upon each other's faces and heads—or rather pretend to do so, for they do not really emit saliva. They also pick up blades of grass, spit on them, and stick them about the beloved head. They also spit on the hands: all this is done to warn off evil spirits. Spittle also acts as a kind of taboo. When they do not want a thing touched they spit on straws and stick



TYPE OF MASHUBIA
(Barotse Country).

them all about the object. On meeting after a long absence, relatives kiss hands, and children so greet their fathers every morning if they have slept apart. Outside the bonds of kinship greetings are less tender and less studied—always excepting the honour done to the King, as I have already described. For small chiefs it is sufficient to cry “Shangwe” (my master) two or three times and strike the hands together; the chief acknowledges the salute by rubbing his hands. For myself, I observed—and this was my introduction to the anthropology of the Barotse—that when a native met me, whether for the first time or not, he said “Tumela,” which means “hail.” If I

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met a band of them they all said "Tumela"—not in chorus but one after another. They also dignified me at times as "Nwiangnia Morena"—son of a king.

They do not smoke tobacco, but make it into a kind of cake, taking it in the form of snuff mixed with the ashes of certain woods. They smoke *dakka* (Indian hemp) through water, out of a horn, spitting through blades of straw. They hardly ever take more than a mouthful at a time, the pipe being passed in a circle to each in turn.

Circumcision is not practised among the men or boys; but when a girl arrives at the age of puberty she is sent into the fields, where a hut is constructed far from the village. There, with two or three companions, she spends a month, returning home late and starting before dawn in order not to be seen by the men. The women of the village visit her, bringing food and honey, and singing and dancing to amuse her. At the end of a month her husband comes and fetches her. It is only after this ceremony that women have the right to smear themselves with ochre.

The women are betrothed from infancy and marry as soon as they arrive at the age of puberty. There are no marriage ceremonies. When a man wishes to marry he goes and finds the father of some little girl of five or six years of age and asks for her hand. If his request is granted thenceforth he is bound to provide food and clothing for her, and send from time to time grain, skins, beads, and so on. After puberty, having previously sent an ox to her father, he comes and takes her. Husbands do not care for large families, and should they increase rapidly will frequently send the woman back to her people. Polygamy is common. On the death of a husband his brother has the control of the children and the first claim to the widows; if he does not exercise this right they are free to take another husband. The duty of the wife is to cook the food, fetch water, clean

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out the hut, and work in the fields. She does not sew; that is the husband's part.

Funerals take place at night, and generally immediately after death, while the body is still warm. If the person when alive possessed the skin of an animal they wrap the body in it, and also in a plain mat, and then bury it near the hut. But death inspires them with a mortal terror, and thus the hut of a dead man is nearly always abandoned. Anything that has been used for the burial, such as the wood on which the corpse was carried, is left near the grave. It is the fashion to display great external signs of grief—howls and cries of lamentation and the like. Formerly the graves of chiefs were distinguished by elephants' tusks turned towards the East. All cattle belonging to the deceased are killed, and any animal of which he was particularly fond, such as the cow whose milk he drank, is killed first. They bury in the kraal itself those who died in the kraal, but whenever it is possible the dying are taken out and laid in the fields or forest. There are two reasons for this: first, they think that away from other people there is a better chance of the invalid making a recovery; and, secondly, wherever the person dies he must be buried, therefore, if possible, far from their habitations. When a man dies, visits of condolence are paid to the relations, the visitors bringing a calf or a head of cattle as a mark of sympathy, which is killed and eaten as a kind of consolation. The night after the funeral is passed in tears and cries. A few days later the doctor comes and makes an incision on the forehead of each of the survivors and fills it with medicine in order to ward off contagion and the effect of the sorcery which caused the death. They place on their tombs some souvenir of the profession or vocation of the defunct: for example, if he had been a hunter, horns or skins; if a chair-maker, a chair; and so on. Over the grave a sacred tree is planted. This tree is a kind of laurel, called Morata.

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The costume of the Barotse is simple, consisting of the skin of some small animal attached to a belt of grass or leather; another skin hangs down behind. In cold or wet weather they cover the shoulders with a skin, usually of antelope, which they also use to wrap round them at night. Another mode of dress is the "setsiba," which is said to have come into vogue since the time of Livingstone. This "setsiba" is a piece of calico, which is passed through the belt so as to hang down in front, then gathered between the legs, and passed through the belt behind, hanging down at the back.

Their ornaments are many. The most usual is the circlet worn round the calf; it is made of copper wire or cords placed very close together just where the calf begins. In these regions you never see more than three rings on each leg. Round the waist is a belt, either of lizard skin or covered with shells, beads, or buttons. The women sometimes wear a band round the chest, passing over the breasts. Round the neck hang strings of beads—big ones of all colours; and little beads (less sought after) are sometimes worn on a leather band in patterns; snake skins rolled round the neck also serve as necklaces, while charms are very much appreciated.

Every man carries a small scoop of iron, which is used to clean out the nose, to take snuff, to scrape off the perspiration, mud from the feet, to cut fruit, and to insert snuff deep inside the nose.

Men and women wear the hair short, but a few let it grow to about seven or eight inches long. Some wear a band on the forehead where the hair begins to grow. They use wooden combs, and some fasten to the back of the head a little string of beads two or three inches in length. They also stick feathers in their hair (ostrich plumes preferably), also hares' and ducks' feet, while some even wear a serpent's skin round a plait of hair on the forehead. The women carry their "nose-cleaner" stuck

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in the hair. They all have their ears pierced. The commonest kind of earring is from one to half a dozen circles of copper wire. Others wear a ring of beads, and some, less smart, merely a button, or a fairly long and thick piece of wood. Nearly all (men included) wear pins and needles of wood, and carry a snuff box—either a horn or a cartridge—while some have pieces of horn or ivory. Rings are very unusual. The commoner bracelets are of plaited straw or string, of which they wear as many as twenty. Then come bracelets of giraffe, buffalo, or hippopotamus skin, with a few of copper; while those of ivory are worn only by royalty. It is customary for hunters to wear bracelets made from the entrails of animals. Women smear their hair and skin with ochre as an ornament; but this privilege, as I have said, is reserved to the marriageable.

Among the Mashukolumbwe and Matoka two or four of the front teeth are drawn out. Other tribes file the incisors. They are usually, though not always, covered with scar-like designs on the stomach, below the breasts, and on the arms. Sometimes you find some of them with drawings, generally in blue, on the forehead and beneath the eyes.

The weapon most in use is the assegai, without which a man never travels; the boatman takes it with him to cross the river, the shepherd to the fields. It is used for everything. As a means of defence they either thrust or throw it. It serves also as a pickaxe and spade to dig out holes, and plant branches wherewith to make a shelter. It is a knife to cut grass, twigs, and meat. It is a razor for feast days, and used to cut the hair; in short, it is the indispensable instrument of their everyday life. The more highly-placed natives have guns, generally old muskets (Tower pattern, 1807), which they handle very skilfully. The chiefs nearly all possess Martini-Henrys, and some also knives. Hatchets assume all sorts of shapes. To cut wood they simply employ a

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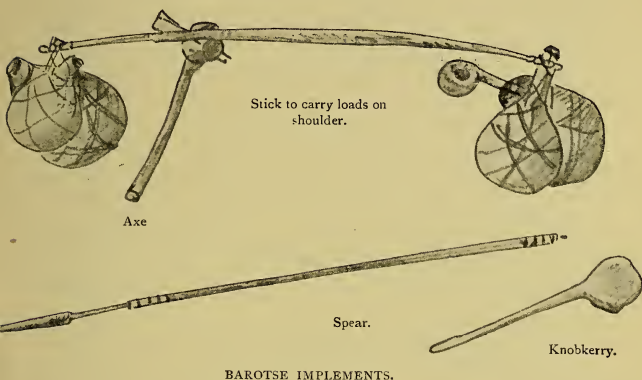
chisel mounted like an axe, with which they strike short quick blows, or else they employ it like a plane, seizing it in both hands; as a chisel, for handwork, they draw it from the handle. They have also picks.

Their manufactures comprise cords, pottery, leather, baskets, stone instruments, and metal-work. The Zambezi tribes are very hard-working people. Much of their time is given to utilizing the iron that they find in the beds of the rivers, out of which they make assegais, knives, picks, hatchets, and chisels for wood-cutting; they are clever at wood-carving and sculpture. They make seats, mortars, and pots with covers of all shapes and sizes; these are nearly always round, and are really very well fashioned. Everything is made out of a single piece, as they have no idea of joining. They thus carve out their own boats, which are naturally very solid and can attain a good rate of speed. They are also very deft at making baskets out of straw; these are of all shapes and colours. They know also how to work in clay, making bottles and pots in a kind of terra-cotta very prettily ornamented. They dig holes in the ground, and cover the vessel they wish to bake in red-hot ashes. After baking, it is polished with a piece of horn, usually the foot of an ox or antelope. They only know of one colour for ornamenting their pottery—red—which they produce by the use of ochre. From leather they make bracelets and shambocks, mats from reeds, fishing-nets from a string they manufacture. From the fibre of the palm-tree they make bark cloth, with which they cover their grain. The cords used for common purposes are made by cutting out a strip from a simple palm-leaf; for finer objects they make a cord by rolling these strips on their knees. They know neither the use of nails, nor how to weave. I think I have said that the men do all the sewing, never the women. Straw hats form a large portion of their work, in order to sew which they have to make holes for the thread. Gold, silver, and silk

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are unknown. They have cotton, but not the least idea how to use it. With feathers they make large "pompons," which the chiefs use to decorate their heads, but they look most like a dusting-brush.

The native habitations on the Zambezi are well made and well arranged. They consist of several huts surrounded by an enclosure of bamboo or branches. These huts are divided inside; the inner compartment



is the sleeping-room, while the outer gallery is the place where they spend the day and receive their guests. The usual position of the natives is a squatting one, but on the Zambezi they use little seats. The partitions in the huts are made from a mortar composed of earth and cow-dung. The door is ornamented with different designs. They light no fire in these huts; a separate hut is generally used for cooking purposes. In a corner of the courtyard is placed the altar on which they deposit their offerings—bones, and birds' tails or feathers. Every woman has a hut to herself. The chief has no special dwelling—the King only, as I have

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explained, enjoys this prerogative—but he lives sometimes with one wife and sometimes with another.

Their usual manner of making a fire is with a stick of hard wood, about four and a half feet long, and rather thin. With an assegai they make a hole in a piece of very dry wood; they then take tinder (made of the dried fibres of the palm), and insert the extremity of the stick in the hole. One man keeps the stick between two pieces of wood so that it shall not jump out of the hole, while another turns the stick; first slowly, between the palms of the hands, and then quicker, until at the end of a minute or two smoke begins to appear; they drop the smouldering pieces so produced on to the tinder, which soon catches fire. Then they place the tinder on the grass and blow. As soon as a flame springs up, they place on it little twigs of very dry wood, and as soon as these have caught, sticks a little bigger, and then pieces of wood are piled over, until they crown the whole with the largest of all. It sounds ordinary enough, but the Barotse are astonishingly deft at it. I have seen an enormous fire obtained thus in less than five minutes.

The natives about Shesheke are very great hunters; in fact, hunting is one of the necessities of existence on the Zambezi. The elephant furnishes ivory, which is their means of procuring all sorts of merchandise; other animals supply food and skins, which are the clothes of the country.

Besides the private hunts every year, there are big hunts organized, generally under the direction of the Queen; these take place some time after the cessation of the rains. At this period the whole of the country in the neighbourhood of the rivers is transformed into a vast lake, from the middle of which arise little islands where the game takes refuge. Then, accompanied by a numerous body of slaves and chiefs, the Queen goes to some village on the borders of the river. All the

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inhabitants and their canoes are requisitioned, and a certain number of the canoes surround one of the islands. Some of the men land and start the game, which take to the water, where they meet their death. Thousands of beasts are thus captured. They are then cut up, and the natives gorge themselves with meat; what they do not eat is dried in the sun. Half the skins go to the King; then the Queen distributes one or two skins to each chief and to some of the favoured slaves, and keeps the rest herself.

Fishing is carried on by means of nets or baskets. They also fish with a special kind of assegai. What fish they do not eat they preserve with salt, which is found on the Linyanti, about three hours' journey from Kazungula and also to the north of Shesheke.

Agriculture is scarce, and rudimentary; it resolves itself into the production of millet, maize, and peas. Women exclusively are occupied with field work. They use but a single instrument, the spade, and there is no irrigation of any kind. The results are proportionate to the methods, though the soil is good, and should be extremely fertile.

One or two further fragments of raw material for anthropology, I was able to collect among these tribes. They have no knowledge of writing, though they make patterns on their utensils and engrave cleverly enough on wood and iron. They have no more definite standard of measurement than most other savages. To indicate the height of a person they stretch out the hand at a certain level; to measure cattle they span the length between the tips of the horns. Distance is reckoned by pointing to the sun and mentioning so many days. They tell the time of day by the sun, but calculate long periods by moons. The new moon is the occasion of grand festivities. It is a general holiday; men of all ranks sing and dance, while the women assemble apart and give vent to strident howls

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of their own. They kill oxen, which they cook in the public places and begin to eat with the appearance of the moon. Their most fashionable instrument of music, besides the drum, is a kind of piano. On this they can really perform airs of a kind, and that in four-time, not five-time like the Arabs. The piano is often accompanied by songs pitched very high, and sung through the nose; the instrument consists of a square piece of wood hollowed out, on which are fixed a number of pieces of iron: it is played with both hands.



BOATS ON THE ZAMBEZI AT KAZUNGULA.

Their boats, as I have said, are dug out of the solid trunk of a tree; each one of them has a crew of five, the men rowing in a standing position, with oars about 10 feet long.

CHAPTER V.

THE RETURN THROUGH THE DESERT

WE were at the beginning of December, and the rains had started in right down earnest. My provisions were nearly exhausted; their inventory did not take long to make. I found that one tin of corned beef, two tins of sardines, one ounce of salt, and 10 lbs. of coffee constituted the whole of my stores. My worldly possessions consisted besides of six yards of unbleached calico and one pound of red beads. These were my trading goods. My wardrobe was not much more plentiful. I had the remnants of what had been two flannel shirts, two under-vests, three pairs of stockings—or rather of the legs of what had once been stockings—a pair of knickerbockers, patched up with samples of the various qualities of calico used in the interior, and a hat that my boy had carefully placed on the top of the fire to dry, a process by which one half of the crown had been reduced to cinders, and which I had been compelled to repair with a pad of cotton wool between two pieces of calico. I also possessed one gaiter, a broken pipe, and a very thin piece of "Pears' Soap." My only hair-brush and comb had attracted the kind attention of the rats, and they had left very little of them. Fortunately my razor was still in good order, for during the whole of my trip I always shaved every day, a beard being misery to me. In my saddlebags, which never left me, were my notebooks and the forty photographic plates that I had exposed and developed

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during my stay on the Zambezi. I had only reserved a dozen for the Victoria Falls. My medicines consisted of half an ounce of quinine, and, if I add to this my photographic apparatus and my photographic tent, I shall have given a full description of my paraphernalia. No; I must not forget to mention two blankets and a macintosh sheet that I used as my bedding.

Under the circumstances I considered it imperative to make an early start before fever knocked me up altogether. I had hoped when I arrived at Shesheke to ascend the river to Lialui, the capital of the Barotse nation. But for this it was necessary to get permission from Lewanika. I sent a message to ask for it, but though I waited and waited it never came.

The first question to be considered was that of porters. A good many natives constantly leave for the south in order to go and work in the gold and diamond mines. A dozen or so join together, and they are usually glad to escort a white man. However, when I tried to get some I found the greatest difficulty. In several instances, natives, emboldened by the meekness of the missionaries who had allowed themselves to be robbed and half murdered by their flock, thought that they would stand a splendid chance of doing the same with a solitary traveller in a solitary hut, with only a boy of twelve as a companion. Several times they tried their hand with me. I endeavoured to impress upon their minds that I was not a missionary, and that I should allow no natives to come and rob me, and, further, that any man who should either threaten me or lift up sticks or assegais over my head would soon find himself a corpse. Judging these threats to be empty ones, one fellow broke out one night into my hut and only escaped after getting a sound thrashing. But he was determined to have his revenge, so that the next night he came to my place, and, setting a huge stone through the opening that served as window, dropped it on the structure I used as a bed. Fortunately

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for me I happened to be out just at the time, and thus escaped being crushed, as the stone weighed some 60 lbs. Having my revolver at hand, I fired two shots on the author of this practical joke. The missionaries, terrified at my doings, were daily predicting that I would get them and myself butchered. They had long talks on the subject with their people, and thus got me the reputation of being a bad, cruel man, and the natives christened me "Ra-di-Tao" (the father of the lions) So that, when I wanted men, all were afraid to come with me. At last I managed to get together eighteen fellows. Remained to get food for five days, until I reached the Victoria Falls, where I hoped to get more. But while before this villagers constantly came to offer me food, now that I wanted some, none came forward. I sent a boy to try and get some, but he could only find about twenty pounds of mealies and twenty pounds of monkey nuts; but to purchase these I had not enough calico. I therefore went to M. Jalla and asked him to let me purchase from him a piece of thirty yards. He pleaded that he was short of goods, and would only let me have fifteen yards of damaged cloth. He also gave me about five pounds of mealie meal for my own use.

On the 6th of December, just as I was going to start, boats from the King came to fetch me, and a most kind letter from M. Coillard, the French missionary at Lialui, was handed over to me. He invited me to share his hospitality, and offered to supply me with whatever trading goods I might require. This was most tempting; unfortunately, having no news from Major, who was alone with my waggon at Linokani, right in the middle of the Kalahari Desert, I dared not leave him alone any longer, and I reluctantly had to give up an excursion that would have entailed three months' more travelling. Therefore, on the 8th of December, I bade good-bye to M. and Madame Jalla, and I crossed the Zambezi *en route* for the Victoria Falls. Two ways lead

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from Kazungula to the Falls—one along the northern bank of the river (this road keeps pretty far from the river and passes through numerous villages), the second through the forest, along the southern bank. For several reasons I chose the latter; firstly, I knew that the chief of the village on the northern bank, near the Victoria Falls, was an old villain who demanded an exorbitant price for the loan of his boats, and having but a very limited supply of trading goods left, I ran great risk of being unable to cross the river; secondly, the forest to the south being full of game, I hoped to kill a sufficient quantity to be able to dry it up and lay aside a reserve that would take me to my camp at Linokani. Unfortunately, there was a good deal of wind blowing when I crossed the Zambezi, and the fellow who was carrying my cartridge bag, in his hurry to bale out the dug-out canoe that was conveying him to the other side, dropped the bag in the river and I was left with five cartridges! The day before I left Kazungula, a miserable, half-starved boy of sixteen came and implored me to take him with me; he told me that he was a slave and had been bought by a native hunter established in Mr. Middleton's hut on the southern bank, adding that he was constantly beaten by this man and his wife. I engaged him and promised him my protection. I had hardly landed on the southern bank when I heard most awful howls. I rushed to see the cause of this and found Courteman, my rescued slave, tied up and the hunter beating him with a stick. I ordered him to desist, but the hunter began to abuse me, declaring that the boy belonged to him, and that he would not let him go even if he had to shoot him to prevent his doing so. In answer, I ordered my other men to untie the boy and told him to march along; thereupon the hunter caught hold of me by the arm and used the most abominable language. This was more than I could stand, so drawing my revolver I covered him, and declared that if he did not let go of my arm I would

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shoot him down. His wife rushed out of her hut with a gun, shouting "Murder"; his other slaves appeared with sticks. I immediately collared my man and informed his wife that unless she put her gun down at once, her husband was a dead man. This calmed her, and soon order was restored. I then explained to the man the hideousness of his conduct, showing him what a good man I was not to take him with me as a prisoner to hand him over to H.M. Commissioner at Palapshwe for slave dealing. He fell on his knees and implored me to do nothing of the kind, and I magnanimously consented to forgive him upon the production of a fowl. I am ashamed to say that had he thought of bribing me with the offer of a second fowl I might have silenced my humanitarian scruples and handed back his slave. The latter, however, had thought it better to disappear, and I did not see him again until late that night. He had spent the day hidden in the reeds.

I found my donkey full of grass, and in splendid condition; and at 3 p.m. I made a definite start in the pouring rain. We marched through long grass, and soon reached the forest, and at 6 p.m. halted for the night. The ground was most uneven, and the only flat spot I could find lay at the foot of a tree. I got some grass collected and my blankets stretched on the top of it. My porters, who all carried a fire stick, the end of which was covered with a reed to preserve it from the rain, had soon managed to light some fires, in the way already described. How they did it, with the wood all damp from the heavy rain of the day, seemed perfectly marvellous. I have often tried myself with dried wood, but always unsuccessfully. Joseph, my Basuto boy, who had not yet recovered from his fever, began to pluck



TYPE OF MATOKA
(Near Victoria Falls).

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the fowl, and I set to to roast some monkey nuts. The men put their mealies in their pots on the fire, and I was trying to dry my clothes when the rain began anew. It soon fell in torrents, putting the fires out, and the only thing I could do was to turn in between my blankets: and in the dark, starving with hunger, with the rain falling in buckets-full over me, I meditated on the vanities of this world and on the glory of African travelling. Soon, however, Joseph brought me a cupful of monkey nuts that he had rescued from the ashes. I tried to eat them, but the rain had made a cake of them and the ashes, and I had to give it up. I carefully enquired after my precious fowl, and Joseph assured me that it was safe in the fork of a tree.

I soon found that I was lying down in a hole where the rain collected, forming a pool, so that I had to move away. I could find no other place to lie down, so had to spend the night propped up against a tree; and when morning came I looked a most disconsolate object. I was soaked through and half frozen; my men had lighted a fresh fire, and were squatting round it shivering with cold. With what delight I swallowed a cup of boiling coffee that Joseph had just prepared for himself, I need not tell. I then thought of changing my shirt, the only article of clothing I had to change, so I told Joseph to bring the second and only other one I possessed. He produced a piece of hard pasty stuff. I asked him what he meant—what had been done to that shirt. It turned out that it had been washed with soap of my manufacture. Being short of soap, I remembered having read in a little book on travelling how to make soap. “Take,” said the author, “some ashes, put them into boiling water, pour fat over it, and get an old woman to stir the mixture for twenty-four hours.” I had followed the prescription; I had got an old woman to stir up the stuff for twenty-four hours, and I had obtained a residue of rather nasty appearance which I had given to a boy, with which to

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wash my precious shirt; and this was the result! Whether the woman I had employed was not old enough or whether she did not stir the stuff during the twenty-four hours I could not tell, but there remained the fact that I was now reduced to one shirt, and a wet one at that. I gave the second to one of the boys. After a lot of trouble he managed to get it on, and it looked like a piece of antique armour after many fights. Although he wore it for over three months, without ever taking it off, it never looked more dirty than the first time he put it on, and remained quite as stiff.

At 6.30 a.m. we made a start. There was no sign of a footpath, and we had to cut our way through the forest. We kept the Zambezi in sight the whole time, marching along the river fifty yards or so from it, as otherwise, had we kept along the higher ground upon which grows the forest, we should have had to climb constantly up and down the various ravines cut out by the small rivers running into the Zambezi. Our march was most difficult, and our progress very slow; constantly we had to cross bits of swamp covered with high reeds, making use of the paths cut through them by the numerous hippopotami who come out to feed during the night. These ponderous beasts sink deep in the soft ground, so that one has to hop along on the bits of dry ground between the holes made by the hippos. During the whole of the journey we never had anything dry on us, as whenever the rain stopped we were equally wet through, the water dripping from the reeds, about 15 feet high, through which we had to wind our way. My unfortunate donkey was constantly falling into one of the holes left by the passage of the hippos, and it took the combined efforts of several men to extricate him. The second day of our march we camped on high ground near the river. Determined to try and sleep under a cover of some kind, I got the men to build a long shelter of branches. When this was finished they all spread along the forest in order to try and find something to

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eat. The instinct of these people is most marvellous. Guided by the honey-birds some of them always brought back some honey. Two kinds of bees are found along the Zambezi. One kind, very small, half the size of a common house fly, makes its nest in the hollow of dead trees: very little honey is found in these nests. Another kind of bee, the grey one I have described before, gives a most delicious honey. Some of it contains large quantities of red pepper, but as a rule it has a delicious flavour, quite different from that of our European honey. Others of my men used to bring back long black roots resembling a horseradish. These are the roots of the huge creepers that climb up the trees. When cut they are full of a milky and sticky juice, and their taste is very acrid. Others at times caught small *tsipa*, a striped animal half monkey, half squirrel. Turtles, of the land species, were pretty numerous. I caught a very large one nearly two feet long. Inside we found some eggs; these were excellent, but the white, even after thorough boiling, remained transparent and gelatinous. I had some soup made of the flesh, and I scarcely ever enjoyed a better meal. This second evening was splendid, with a pure bright sky, and I thought that we should escape rain. Towards eight o'clock four hippos came gambolling within a few yards from the bank; but having, as I explained before, only five cartridges left, I did not want to waste a shot unless I felt certain of a bag. So I took up my position in a tree hoping that the hippos would come out to feed, when I should kill one on land, and thus get enough meat to last us a month. Shooting one in the water would have been useless, as a wounded or dead hippo always sinks, for a couple of hours at least, and it is necessary to have a boat to secure the carcass. I was disappointed in my expectations, as, having probably scented us, the animals did not come on shore. Towards 2 a.m. a terrible storm arose; the shelter I had built was useless to keep off the deluge

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that fell over us, and when morning came the rain was still falling in torrents. To my dismay I found that the bag containing my few clothes had been left in a hole, and only the top of it appeared above the water. The natives hate travelling in the rain, almost as much as they object to walking in the sun, and nothing would induce my men to start while it lasted. One of them—the witch-doctor of the party—went through a curious ceremony. Taking a quantity of branches from a bush of a certain kind, he piled these over a huge log that had been burning against a tree and that the rain had not yet put out. The bush began to emit large volumes of smoke. Taking one of these smoking branches the witch-doctor shook it in the air, shouting, “Rain, rain, go away; you are no good for men on the road; go away, go away!” This he repeated several times, and a few minutes later the rain stopped. He came triumphant to me and asked me what I thought of his wonderful power.

During the day we came across the spoor of several lions, and we saw large herds of reedbuck and other antelopes; but of course I could not fire a single shot, being compelled to keep my five cartridges in case of a night attack by a lion. That evening and night were as wet as the previous ones. The following day’s march was chiefly through the forest, as we had to abandon the river-side, the banks being most precipitous. We passed several rapids, near which large herds of hippos could be seen; these animals are very partial to quick-running water. The river in these parts is very imposing, being nearly a mile and a half broad. The next day we came again near the river and reached a native village. We found numerous monkeys of several species in the forest around it. The natives of this village brought us some dried plums of a peculiar kind (the stone adhering to the flesh, as is the case with all the fruit found in Africa), but asked such exorbitant prices for them—two yards of

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calico for each basket holding hardly over one pound—that I could not buy any.

At the end of the fourth day's march we began to hear the noise of the Victoria Falls, although we were still over ten miles from them. The next morning we caught the first sight of three huge columns of what looked like steam rising up high in the air. The native name given to the Falls, "Musia Tunia" (cloud and noise), is most appropriate. Gradually as we approached the noise increased, and at last we reached the southern end of the Falls. Above them the river is over a mile broad; the water boiled and rushed in a wild way. Right in front of us, between an island on the brink of the chasm and the bank where we stood, a huge mass of water, over a hundred yards broad, rushed madly along, then suddenly turning to the left seemed to disappear into the bowels of the earth.

In order to see the Falls properly one has to turn round so as to get a view from the opposite side of the chasm into which they fall. After taking a cup of coffee I therefore decided to go and camp at the place where I could get the best view, as I intended taking a number of photographs. How fatal this decision turned out will be seen presently. We had to make our way through a dense forest covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, the place being constantly covered with the shower of water that drops from the columns of spray rising from the Falls.

I find it an absolute impossibility to describe the Falls of the Zambezi. All that I had read about them and all the descriptions that had been given me had created an impression in my mind quite different from the real thing. I expected to find something superb, grand, marvellous. I had never been so disappointed. Of course, to anybody who passed half his existence in South Africa, like Livingstone, or who had never been out of his country before, like Serpa Pinto, it is possible that these Falls present a wonderful sight. But anyone who has travelled

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about in the world cannot help saying, "After all, other wonders of nature have impressed me much more than this." When reflecting a little on what had more struck my imagination, I could not help thinking of the Pyramids of Egypt, of the Taj of Agra in India, of the Temples of Rangoon in Burmah, and of those of Nikko in Japan. But I shall be told those are the works of man. Quite so. Let us take the works of Nature. Can one ever forget



THE TOP OF THE VICTORIA FALLS FROM THE RIGHT BANK.

the panorama of the Col du Géant in the Alps when seen on a fine clear day? What is more marvellous than the Bay of Naples, or more grandiose than the range of the Kinchunjunga Mountains on the frontier of Thibet in the Himalaya, or, again, the Yosemite Valley in California? Or, to make a closer comparison, what spectacle is more imposing than the Falls of Niagara?—the more you look at them the more you are compelled to wonder. The Falls of the Zambezi produce quite another sort of impression. It is hell itself, a corner of which seems to open at your feet: a dark and terrible hell, from the

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middle of which you expect every moment to see some repulsive monster rising in anger:

The stream above the Falls is about 1800 yards wide: all of a sudden it disappears into a gulf about 130 yards deep and at most 100 yards broad. All the water that falls to the bottom of this chasm leaves it through a gorge just as deep and hardly 100 ft. broad. This gorge winds in and out for many miles towards the east, then gradually broadens until the river has resumed its normal course and proportions. It is only by means of a plan that it is possible to understand the topography. The one shown here is from Mr. Fry's survey, and conveys a far better idea of the place than any description. If it were possible to see the Falls in all their height and breadth, the spectacle would certainly be magnificent. But the water, hurled down from such a tremendous height, gets broken against the rocks and forms a current of air which sends up above the chasm a column of water—mixed with vapour—which rises to an enormous height and falls back again in the form of rain. At certain points the water pours on you in pailfuls.

A few hours after my arrival I made my men build me a strong shelter of branches (about thirty feet long), hoping to pass several days near the Falls, that I might take a series of photographs of them, and, as far as possible, get out an exact plan.

I went out to take some photographs, and as I returned to my camp I fixed up my photographic tent in order to develop the plates. I had just begun developing one of them when I experienced a feeling of faintness that gradually grew so strong that I had to abandon the plate I was washing, and had only strength enough to rush to the shelter and throw myself down on my blankets. For the next three days I was almost the whole time unconscious with heavy fever. My servant Joseph had been feeding me with a little sour milk one of the men had bought from some native fishermen. The third day, when

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I recovered my senses, I found that one half of my porters were also attacked with fever, so I determined to leave this pestilential spot and to move a few miles higher up the river. I was hoisted on my donkey, and, supported by a man on each side, I managed to reach a spot higher up and drier, where I found an old shelter. I then discovered



PLAN OF THE VICTORIA FALLS.

G. Philip & Son.

at the bottom of a bottle a few of Messrs. Burroughs and Wellcome's tabloids of Warburg's fever tincture. I took four of them, and half an hour later began to perspire profusely. In the evening I felt so much better that I decided to make a start the following day. My men told me that the natives whose villages were on the northern bank of the river could not be induced to bring us food, as there was a rumour that the Matabele were raiding in

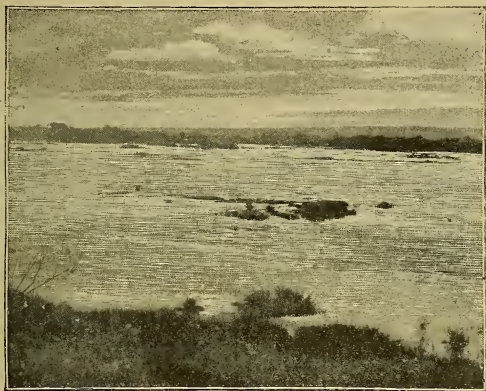
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the neighbourhood. Our only chance was therefore to push on towards Pandamatenga as speedily as possible, as this was the only place where we could hope to get food. It took us three days to get there, over a most difficult country, very hilly, and with seven or eight rivers running at the bottom of deep ravines. All our food was exhausted, and during these three days we had to live on roots: we found a large number of thick black ones, very acrid, somewhat resembling horse-radish. It was with real delight that I caught sight of the houses, with the prospect of a real meal, of which I was greatly in want.

As soon as I reached Pandamatenga I went to Henry Wall's house, some four miles from the old station. There I was most kindly received by the old hunter, who offered me a cup of milk and some slices of bread and butter, followed afterwards by a hearty meal: a splendid stew with a dish of young mealies that I shall never forget. I was delighted to hear that my pony was in splendid condition; in fact, I found him with a glossy skin, looking better than he had ever done. When, however, I mentioned that I wanted to purchase food for my party and myself, Henry replied that it was quite impossible for him to let me have the smallest quantity. He and the other hunters had been ill, and had been unable to do any cultivation that year, and they had not even enough to carry them through the summer, which corresponds to our winter—December to June. I offered to pay whatever price he liked to mention, but in vain, and all he would promise was to send me a small basket of 10 lbs. of wheat to make bread for myself. This was serious news. My camp was nearly 300 miles away; with the exception of coffee I had no provisions whatever, and we had been living on roots before reaching Pandamatenga. Even marching hard I could not possibly get to my camp under fifteen days. Counting my men, Joseph, and myself, I had twenty mouths to feed, and putting down our daily allowance at the smallest amount necessary to

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keep body and soul together, one pound of grain per man per diem was the least we required. This meant 300 lbs. I had to get. I mounted my horse and returned to my men in a most dejected frame of mind. In the afternoon Henry came over to me. I had put up in the abandoned station of Westbeach,* and we discussed once more the question of food. He declared that he could not spare me a single pound of grain, but added that he was bringing me the side of a sable antelope that one of his men



THE ZAMBEZI ABOVE THE FALLS.

had just shot. I immediately got the meat cut into strips and hung up to dry.

Early the next morning I saw a dark-skinned, corpse-like European coming from the south. He was accompanied by a little black girl about twelve years of age, who was a most distressing sight; her bones literally protruded through the skin, and both were

* Pandamatenga was originally a Jesuit Mission Station. When it was abandoned, Westbeach, an English trader, took up his quarters there, but after his death the place was abandoned and was used as a store by the native hunters of Westbeach, who remained on the spot.

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ravenous. I had just had some soup made out of the meat given me the day before, and after they had been comforted a bit, I tried to find out their history. It was rather peculiar. It appears that a few months previously a caravan of Mambari (native traders from the West Coast) came to Lialui, the capital of the Barotse. With them was a Portuguese, accompanied by two boys and two girls. He stated, through the men of the caravan, that he was a colonel in the Portuguese army, and wished to go to Zumbo, the westernmost Portuguese station on the Upper Zambezi. He had no trading goods, and possessed only a Martini-Henry rifle and ammunition. Lewanika—the King—declined to send him to Zumbo, but in exchange for his Martini-Henry supplied him with a boat and food to take him down to Kazungula, also giving him an old matchlock gun. M. Coillard, the French missionary, gave him a letter for M. Jalla, at Kazungula, asking him to try and send him down to Palapshwe by some waggon when one should be going down there. On the way down the river, while the boat party was camping on the shore, lions came during the night and carried away the two boys. Ultimately he reached Kazungula with the two girls, aged respectively twelve and eight, his wives, according to his statement. He was given a hut and food, and during the month he spent there, he was constantly firing his matchlock without any reason, and behaving in a most eccentric fashion. M. Jalla was therefore glad to get rid of him when the waggon that had brought Mr. Vollet from Bechuanaland returned south.

His story of what had happened since, was the following. The driver of the waggon had daily ill-treated him; had threatened to take away his wives, until, terrified, he ran away from the waggon when they reached the Makarikari Salt Lakes, taking with him his wives, his matchlock, an enamelled plate, and a small basketful of mealies. He then retraced his steps towards the

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north. The food supply was soon exhausted, and his wives, these children of twelve and eight, began to be unable to go on. Fortunately he came across a party of natives who gave him an old spear and a little mealies in exchange for his matchlock. Very soon the small girl was unable to proceed, and she died. Here the fellow, with tears in his eyes, gave me a most appalling description of how he had been compelled to dig a grave with his hands. After that he had had to carry on his shoulders the other girl, until he was picked up by some of Henry's hunters.

I confess that I felt full of pity for the poor fellow. Although I did not credit the whole of his tale, I could not help thinking what an awful position his was—a European alone, friendless, foodless, in the middle of Africa. I gave him one of my three pairs of stocking legs (the feet had been worn to shreds) and half a yard of calico, and I divided with him the half-ounce of quinine I possessed. I then made him what I considered to be a most liberal offer. If he was willing to leave the little girl he called his wife in charge of Henry Wall, who consented to take care of her, she would be sent down to join him by the first waggon going to Palapshwe. In the meantime I would lend him my donkey, and take him down in this way to my waggon, sharing with him my scanty stock of food. When I reached my waggon I would give him some clothes, take him to Palapshwe, and there give him £5 in order to enable him to communicate with his Consul and await the help that the latter might send him. He thanked me, called me "Excellencia," and his father, and other very touching names that I did not understand. But later on in the day, when Henry Wall came to take charge of the little girl, my Portuguese friend said that before starting he should like me to sign a contract. "A contract," I said; "what do you mean?" "Yes, your Excellency must write down his promises; that he will

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give me a suit of clothes, a Martini-Henry carbine, and 500 rounds of ammunition plus one hundred thousand reis (about £20) when we reach Palapshwe, and then I shall be his Excellency's slave, and shall never leave him." I was dumbfounded. "Why, man," said I, "are you mad? I don't want you. When you reach Palapshwe you can write or wire to your Consul; and it strikes me that you do not realize that what I am proposing to you is a great favour." "No contract, no go; me no want Consul, want contract," was his reply in broken French. This was too much for me, and I told him to go to a place said to be still warmer and more dreary than the Kalahari Desert—if such a thing is possible.

All this had made me forget the more important subject of food. A great misfortune occurred during the day; a heavy shower of rain came, and the meat that had been hung up to dry, got soaked, and I much feared that it would soon rot, which duly happened. In the afternoon I saw a native bringing on his head a huge basket full of mealies—about 60 lbs. I went to him and asked him whether this was for me. "No," he replied; "I am bringing this for the men who look after Henry's cattle." I assured him that he made a mistake, and as he would not be convinced I drew my revolver. At once he dropped his basket and bolted. I hurriedly got my men to pack up my ill-gotten food, and without waiting for explanations gave the signal to start. How I was to cover the 300 miles that separated me from my camp was a question that I dared not consider.

It was a real comfort after so many hardships to be once more on a horse, and I expected to be able to proceed at a brisk pace and to reach my camp in twelve or thirteen days.

However, we had scarcely been two hours on the road when I felt an intense lassitude creep over me; I felt cold and could hardly resist falling asleep. I soon started vomiting, and got so weak that I could not proceed a

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single step further. I dismounted, and lay down there and then, among a mass of small sharp stones. In vain did Joseph implore me to come on a little further, where we should find a better camping-ground; I declined to move, and could not even be induced to lie on my blankets. Joseph covered me up with them, and I was told afterwards that I was delirious the whole night. In the morning I woke up with all my limbs aching; but we had to go on, as not a single hour could be wasted. When we camped that evening I had the food brought to me, and after carefully measuring it, I found that there was just enough to allow each man one quarter of a pound of mealies per day, the smallest amount sufficient to keep alive men who had to cover twenty miles daily, in heavy sand. This bare allowance would, I calculated, just last twelve days, after which we should have to starve.

I began to feel violent pains in the left shoulder and in the knees, with daily attacks of fever; quinine brought on instant vomiting, and shortly afterwards I was unable to get on my pony without assistance. For a man who is suffering from bilious fever and the beginning of rheumatic fever, to ride twenty miles daily on half a cup of boiled mealies, and to sleep in the rain day after day, is not exactly the treatment I should recommend. Daily I got worse. On Christmas Day I reached Gerufa Vley. A poor Christmas dinner I had—a handful of boiled mealies and a little honey my men found. All night the hyænas kept us awake. The next morning we came across the corpse of the poor little girl whose death and burial my Portuguese had so dramatically described. The corpse was scarcely decomposed; part of it only had been eaten by the animals, and the face showed signs of intense suffering, so that it was evident that the scoundrel had abandoned the child to die of hunger and thirst. A further proof of this was that we found traces of the spot from which she had dragged herself along, and near her was a half-eaten piece of palm fruit.

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I was riding ahead of my men when, all of a sudden, I found numerous fresh spoor of oxen, and a little further on I caught sight of several ponies. I hurried on and found two waggons; these belonged to an American and an English officer, and I rejoiced to think that at last I should get something to eat and sufficient provisions to take me to my camp. How I was to be disappointed will soon be seen. I was greeted most cordially by the two travellers, who had heard about me. They asked me to breakfast, but I was so done that I could hardly eat, and only enjoyed a cup of coffee with sugar and milk. How delightful it seemed also to smoke a cigarette. I explained to them the terrible plight I was in; but, although they condoled with me, no offer of help was forthcoming. Putting pride aside, I asked them to give me a few tins of preserved meat and sundry provisions to go on with. What was my astonishment—nay, my disgust—when the American, the owner of the waggons (the British officer only accompanied him as a companion) excused himself on the ground that their tinned provisions were at the bottom of the waggons. Then I begged for at least a little flour. "Well," said the American to his companion, "you might give him a couple of pannikins of meal." The Englishman took me to his wagon, and gave me about four pounds of Boer meal. He also gave me about a pound of sugar, and begged me to accept a packet of cigarette papers and a good supply of tobacco—his own property. He was so ashamed of the shabbiness of his companion that he apologised for it. "You see," he said simply, "all the things here are his own, and I can't dispose of what isn't mine; but I'm disgusted." This is the only time during the whole of my African experience that I have found a white man unwilling to assist another white man. I should have done more for a starving native than he did for me; in fact, I often have. How many times have I been pressed to accept the half of

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the scanty provisions or clothing of a European, an utter stranger whom I met for the first time; and how often have I done the same, and rejoiced to be of use to one of my fellow creatures. There is no room for churls in Africa.

But enough of this. I shall not quote the name of this young American, a man of wealth, who started with grand plans: he was going to reach the Congo from the Cape, and, like many others, stopped short at the first



TRAVELLING IN THE KALAHARI.

difficulty. That evening I slept near Watcha Vley, feeling too bad to go any further that day. When I awoke the next morning I found that my legs could not carry me any longer. The pains in my knees and general weakness increased every day, and I had to be hoisted by four men on to my pony. I suffered real agony in the saddle, and, in order to remain on horseback the least possible time, I adopted the following system. Early in the morning I used to start ahead, and holding hard to the pommel of my saddle, go at a brisk pace until I reached a pool or until I had ridden for four or five hours. I then

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used to let myself drop down, tie up my pony to a stump, and await my men. Several disagreeable incidents happened to me in this way. One day I had started ahead for my afternoon march. Towards 5.30 I reached Tamakaliani Vley, and after securing my pony I crawled under a shelter I had built on my way up. All of a sudden I heard the roar of a lion: it seemed to be quite close by; my pony was shaking with fear, and trying to break the reins by which I had fastened him to a tree. His master, I confess, was not less afraid. I only had a revolver, and I was helpless. Looking round I caught sight of the lion a quarter of a mile away, fanning himself with his tail and already rejoicing at the good meal he was going to enjoy. With what longing I looked at a tree that was close by; I made a desperate effort to rise, but in vain. Being unable to do anything else I remained still, but I felt most uncomfortable. Then it struck me that the lion would probably prefer a well-fed pony to a half-starved, bilious, fever-stricken, tobacco-stinking piece of humanity like me: and I awaited the course of events. A few minutes later—minutes that seemed hours to me—my men came along singing, and the lion disappeared. That night we made big fires all round the camp; but although we heard the lion once or twice, he did not come to disturb us.

Another time I had to cross a huge plain, at the end of which a big palm tree stood as a landmark. The waggon track made a long detour to the left, so I thought of taking a short cut: the sun was broiling hot, and when I reached the middle of the plain I suddenly noticed that the palm I was making for was swinging round. I understood that I was pretty near fainting, and had to brace myself up, as, had I fainted, my men, who were certain to follow the waggon track, would not have failed to go on, thinking that I was ahead; and therefore I stood a good chance of feeding the

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wild beasts. At last I reached the palm tree, and pushed on ahead until 10 a.m. I let myself drop under a shady tree, and, having fastened my pony to a stump, went to sleep. When I awoke I looked at my watch; half-past eleven and no sign of my men; I felt certain that they must have passed on without seeing me—a foolish idea, considering that my pony was tied up within a couple of yards of the path; but my fever-worked brain did not realize this. I waited a quarter of an hour, half an hour; no one. I made up my mind to go and look for them, so, crawling on all fours, I approached my pony. This frightened him; he backed, broke the stump to which he was fastened, and started away. Well knowing how difficult it was to catch him, once loose, and how apt he was to stray away, I determined to catch him myself, as had I lost him, I should have been unable to go any further. So I crawled on all fours towards him; with the pains I suffered in my knees this was agony. At last I got within two yards. I stretched out my hand to seize the reins, but at this moment off he started and went fully fifty yards further, when he stopped to graze. Once more I went after him, crawling on my belly this time. My hands were torn by the bush and thorns, but I managed to get within a yard of him; I was just going to grasp the reins hanging on the ground when off he went as before. The strain on my nerves was such, my position seemed so desperate, that I sobbed violently like a child. I was nearly 150 yards from the road, too weak to get back there, and running the risk of being left behind should my men pass on, which they might do at any moment. I was in this uncomfortable state of mind when I noticed that my horse had caught his hind fetlock in the reins and was unable to move on any further. He lugged and pulled and shook his head; would the rein stand the strain? I trembled at the thought of its giving way. Once more I braced myself up, and taking a piece of wood as a support I dragged myself like a snake

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towards the horse. At last I secured him; but there remained to get on his back. I threw the snaffle reins over his head, and then seizing hold of the stirrup managed to haul myself on to my knees. I then caught hold of the mane with one hand and of the saddle with the other, and with a desperate effort stood on my legs, the sweat pouring from my forehead. I then caught hold of the off-side stirrup leather and hoisted myself half-way up the saddle; then, catching the girth, I gave a shove forward; the saddle turned, but I lay across the back of the pony. I then managed to lift my right leg over his hind quarters, dragging it over with my right hand. At last I was mounted. But another difficulty arose; the sun had disappeared behind clouds, and having no compass I had not the faintest idea where the path lay. I remembered having noticed three palm trees near the place where I had gone to sleep, and I now looked for them; but to the right, to the left, and behind me were three different groups of three palms. I decided to try them all. My first attempt was a failure, but at last I got to the road. No men were to be seen. I tried to discover their spoor. No fresh spoor was visible in the sand—where could they be? It was now one o'clock, and they ought to have been here by ten at the latest. I was about to start back, when one of them appeared. I had not had a drop of water since six the previous night, and with the exertions I had just had to make I was almost unable to speak through intense thirst. The man who had just appeared carried two calabashes, and I asked him for water. He tapped one to show me that it was empty, and declared that he had no water. I was so desperate that I threatened to shoot him if he did not bring the other calabash at once. Frightened, he hastened to produce it, and I drained the hot, muddy contents, nearly one gallon, that tasted like nectar to my parched lips. The whole caravan soon turned up; it appeared that they had stopped to cut down palms, the

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young shoots of which gave a pretty good food. They gave me some, and it tasted like the very best of celery. The poor fellows had so little to eat that I had not the heart to abuse them for their delay, and we started again.

That same evening I had to quiet a small rebellion. Improvident, like all natives, they grumbled when I distributed the small daily ration. One of the Barotse—the reigning tribe of the Upper Zambezi—declared that they were superior to the others, who were but slaves, and that therefore they should have double rations. I told them that they should have nothing of the kind, as myself—the big master and a white man—was satisfied with the same ration as my men. Thereupon the fellow seized the calabash, containing what remained of the food, and was making away with it, when I ordered Joseph, my Basuto boy, to catch hold of him and to bring him to me. Seizing him by his necklace, I told him to beg pardon on his knees. I was myself on my knees. But, instead of doing so, he seized an assegai near at hand. Before he could lift it up I had dealt him a violent blow on the face, and he dropped stunned. The men, who thought me half dead, were much astonished at the result, and the defaulter came and humbly begged to be forgiven. I took this opportunity to warn the others that they had better never attempt to threaten me, as I should not hesitate to shoot any man who did so. I explained to them the wonderful power of my revolver by firing five shots at a tree; having never seen a revolver, they were perfectly astounded, and never gave me any trouble after that.

On New Year's Eve we reached the Nata drift, but the water being utterly unfit for drinking purposes I pushed on to the next camp, close to the salt-pans. I got there once more ahead of my men and dropped down from my pony close to a pit, but when it came to drinking out of it I found myself in great trouble. The hole was

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about two feet deep and two feet wide. I tried to put my head in it, but only managed to get my forehead in the water, and made so much sand fall in that I had to scrape it away gently before the water reappeared. I then tried to put my two hands in it as a cup, but once more the sand covered the little water at the bottom before I had managed to reach it. It never entered my head to get a straw to suck it through, Bushman fashion, and I spent two hours alongside the tantalizing fluid until my men came and I got a cup. Grass was collected under a tree, and I lay on it. When I sent for the food to distribute it, to my horror I discovered that there was but one day's rations left, and we were still one hundred miles from my camp! There was nothing to do but to march on as hard as we could go. Accordingly, after a couple of hours' rest, I got hoisted once more on my pony, but I was so exhausted that I immediately fainted. My men put me back on my improvised bed, and it was not till late at night that I recovered my senses. I had a violent fever, and was unable to think of anything; in fact, I felt pretty certain that the next day would be my last, and my thoughts centred into one, "*Que diable suis-je venu faire dans cette galère?*"

The next day—New Year's Day, 1892—it was evident that the state of my health made it absolutely impossible for me to proceed any further. After having well studied the situation from every point of view, I decided on the following plan: I would kill my donkey, whose flesh I would dry in the sun, then I would send my servant ahead with my pony and sixteen of my men till they got to my camp. I would only keep two men by me, on whom I could depend. As soon as my servant got to the camp, Major (the man I had left in charge) was to come to me on horseback, as quickly as he could, bringing some provisions for me.

Meanwhile I hoped that my health would improve with rest, although the place where I was was not very favour-

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able, seeing that I had to sleep under a tree which hardly protected me from the sun, and that I had only muddy water to drink. The flesh of my donkey would partly suffice to feed my servant and his caravan, and I would keep the rest for myself and my two men. Ten days, at least, must pass before help could come.

What I most feared was to lose consciousness, and to be buried alive by my escort under the impression that I was dead. This idea no doubt was due in great measure to the state of my mind, arising from my feverish condition—but the thought was none the less disagreeable.

I was just about to put my plan into execution, and sacrifice my poor donkey, when a native caravan appeared on the scene, accompanied by a transport waggon. This was an embassy of King Khama, returning from a mission to the King Lewanika. I soon concluded an arrangement with the chief of the expedition, who agreed for a sum of money to carry me to my camp in his waggon. I was then lifted in by four of my men and placed on the top of a pile of bales of all kinds. I cannot be sufficiently thankful for the kindness that was shown me by these natives. Although very short of provisions themselves they shared their food with me. My poor men were less lucky, and when we arrived at my camp, at Linokani, for three days they had eaten nothing. I cannot possibly describe what I suffered during the six days that this journey lasted—every shake of the waggon seemed to break my pain-stricken limbs. The day after my arrival I was very annoyed to find that two of my men failed to answer to the roll-call. Since my departure from the Zambezi they had always lagged behind, arriving at camp after the others. I was told that for three days no one had seen them. I immediately sent some men with provisions, to try and find them, but no trace of them was ever discovered. Evidently they must have died in some bush—a habit of natives and wild beasts.

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They must certainly have died of hunger, for that part of the desert was absolutely uninhabited.

When we reached Linokani I was "unloaded" from the waggon and carried into a good hut, that, according to my orders, Major had built, with the help of Bushmen, during my absence. In this hut he had made a bed by sticking posts in the ground and stretching cross-pieces of wood over them; with a thick layer of grass this made a very good bed. I gave orders to distribute four pounds of flour to each one of my men, and then asked Major for news.

The first he gave me was good: the oxen I had left, with the exception of two that had died, were in splendid condition. Twelve fresh oxen had been sent to me, and had arrived a fortnight previously; some of them were good, but most were old animals worth nothing. Then came the bad news. While the new oxen were being tried, my waggon tent had once more been carried away by a branch—one of the reasons why buck waggons ought never to be taken for such expeditions; then the tyres had become perfectly loose—a very common occurrence with most waggons except Weddeburn's; last, and worst of all, myriads of rats had attacked my goods, got fat on the flour and sugar, and not content with this had destroyed most of my trading goods: incredible to say, they had even nibbled at some bars of lead! It could not be helped.

I now considered ways and means to effect my return. Oxen I had, but I had no leader, and what was more serious, no driver. Major, who had suffered greatly from pains in one of his arms, was utterly unable to use it now, in fact it was almost shrivelled up. I therefore suggested his making arrangements with one of the Bamangwato, in whose waggon I had just been brought back, and we soon struck a bargain. Reims had to be looked after, and fresh skeys to be made, so I decided to start four days later.

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While these arrangements were being made Joseph had prepared dinner, and he soon brought me some corned beef, with boiled peas, bread, and a smoking cup of coffee with milk. How I enjoyed this dinner; how I enjoyed smoking a cigarette afterwards! Only those who have known what it is to starve for a month can understand my feelings. Then it began to rain; how delightful it was to see the rain falling, and not to receive it all over me. It seemed incredible at first, and I had to pass my hand over my face to realize that I was not getting soaked through. I really felt then that life was worth living to enjoy such luxuries. After a thorough wash I put on a clean shirt, real socks—not only the legs—and a pair of trousers without holes. Never did I feel more proud of my appearance, not even when I donned my first dress suit.

The day after my arrival I was drinking a cup of coffee on my bed when a rat fell down on my blankets from among the logs that formed the wall of my hut; the beast looked scared, and instead of making a bolt of it, kept shrivelled up and looking upwards. Looking up myself to find the cause of its extraordinary behaviour, I noticed a huge snake partly hanging down above my head. Unable to jump out of bed I let myself roll down and hurriedly crept out of the hut, calling out to Major to come and kill the beast. Major accordingly took an assegai and stuck the serpent through the head; but in its dying convulsions the snake spat in my servant's face, a distance of over five feet, and some of the venom went in his eye. I immediately washed him with boracic acid, and told him to go on washing himself with the lotion.* He suffered a good deal of pain the whole day, but towards evening all inflammation had subsided. During two months no symptoms of any injury manifested them-

* I have heard of other similar cases, and I found that the eye ought to be washed at once with a solution of ammonia (1 part ammonia to 50 of water) introduced into the eye.

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selves, but at the end of that time they broke out, as I shall have to relate later on.

Four days after my arrival, everything being ready, we made a start. I shall not describe our return journey for the reason that I spent the whole time stretched in my waggon. Every day, when we had outspanned, I used to be pulled out of it, trying to make use of my legs; and after twelve days, when we reached the Lechaneng Vley—it had taken us nearly a month to get to Linokani from this spot on our way up—I was able to walk about a dozen steps with the help of a stick. My intention was, on arrival at Palapshwe, to get rid of my waggon and oxen there, then, taking the first post-cart to Macloutsie, to remain in the hospital there until I should have recovered the use of my legs. I then intended going down to Pretoria by post-cart, and thence home *viâ* Natal and Zanzibar.

Not wishing to appear a miserable invalid on my arrival at Palapshwe—I hate to have people pitying me—I donned, the next morning, my best pair of breeches and field boots; and having been hoisted on my pony, I rode, for the third time, over the terrible road that leads into Palapshwe.

On my arrival I went to the hut of the officer who had lately been appointed Resident, Captain Carr Ellison. I found him outside his hut and told him my name. “Are you coming to look for your missing relative?” said he. I informed him that I was the missing relative, and he looked rather astonished to hear that I was not dead, as reported. I declined to dismount—knowing that I should not be able to remount—and promised to call on him the following day. When I returned to the usual outspan, I was most astonished not to see my waggon there. I felt certain that it had come to grief over that disgraceful bit of road, and started off in search of its remnants. Just two hundred yards further, near the first hut of the village, I found it; the oxen were outspanned;

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on the box sat the driver, a Bible turned upside down in his hands.

I asked Major why he had stopped. "Well, you see, Master, your driver is one of Khama's Christians, and I could not persuade him to come inside what he calls the town; as one of Khama's men he is awfully frightened of his chief, and says that the latter would be certain to fine him if he came inside the town on the Sabbath. Now you see he reads his Bible upside down, but it does not matter; and," added Major, who was very sharp, "the other day, while we were outspanned, he saw some natives coming, and hurried to get his Bible, but unable to find it he picked up one of your books, and pretended to read it." I was much amused, but less so when I had to pay 2s. for a fowl worth everywhere else, outside Khama's territory, about 2d.; but then probably Khama's fowls, being reared among Christians, are worth more than others.

The next day we came to the usual outspan, and there I witnessed a most amusing scene of animal intelligence. My donkey Jack used to follow the waggon like a dog. When we started he had probably been in search of some dainty morsel, and a few minutes after we had outspanned, he came along. Seeing a waggon he cantered towards it and stopped. This was not my waggon, but one belonging to Mr. Lloyd, a missionary, who has since written a book to refute what I said about Khama in a London paper. Jack began to examine it—the waggon, not Mr. Lloyd—and soon discovering his mistake, came to his own lodgings. In the middle of the patch of swamp close to which we stood, several horses were grazing. For a few minutes Jack looked at them, then, after braying in the most desperate fashion, started at a mad gallop towards a white pony some two hundred yards off. When he got to it he rubbed himself against it; both animals began to lick one another, then rolled down together and lay literally in one another's arms. I discovered afterwards that this was a pony that had belonged to a man I had

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travelled with, and had always been Jack's particular chum. They had not seen each other for months, but Jack had at once spotted his old friend. But the most curious part of the performance was to come. After lying down together for a few minutes they got up, and Jack began to examine in an inquisitive fashion the head of his friend, then started licking him on the eye, soon braying in the most heartrending fashion. I discovered afterwards that the pony had had an eye put out since we last saw him, and there is no doubt that the donkey expressed his sorrow for his friend. This donkey was the most intelligent animal I ever had in my possession.

Anxious to return to Europe without delay, I enquired about means of transport. I soon heard that the Macloutsie post - cart had left the day before my arrival. I then enquired about the oxen that had been sent to my camp while I was on the Zambezi. I heard that they had been sent, at the request of the French Consul at the Cape, by the Bechuanaland Trading Association, and that £9 apiece had been charged for them. Considering that, at that time, the best oxen were worth £6, and that four out of the twelve that had been sent, ranged between 12 and 15 years of age, I found that a little too much advantage had been taken of the fix I was in. But better still followed. The next day the manager of this Company sent me a bill for 15s., for petty expenses connected with the cashing of the money, being the cost of a wire sent to know whether the French Consul was good for the amount. This, of course, I declined to pay. Then wishing to get rid of the whole of my outfit, I went to see the manager, and asked him to take back the animals. He replied that to oblige me he would do so, and offered me £3 per head! I was offered £40 for a waggon that had cost over £120. Disgusted, I made up my mind to leave Palapshwe; fresh meat and rest had worked wonders with my health, and I decided that, rather

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than make a present of the waggon and oxen, I would get some use out of them.

So that, to everybody's astonishment, four days later I started for Matabeleland.

"Why, have you not had enough of it?" asked someone of me.

"No," I replied; "I am only just at the beginning of my trip."

I little thought then, that a couple of years later, I should still be at it, and that I should find myself in Uganda.

CHAPTER VI.

TO BULAWAYO

ON the 27th of January, 1892, I left Palapshwe at sunrise. I had fancied that no worse road than the one leading from Lechaneng Vley could be found, but I soon discovered that the road to the Lotsani river was ten times worse. In fact, to this day, it is a wonder to me how a waggon can pass over the place without falling to pieces. It is disgraceful that a man like Khama, who poses as having advanced ideas, should let the approaches to his village remain in such a condition. Instead of spending thousands of pounds on the building of a cathedral for the use of one-tenth of his subjects, whose prayers would be quite as welcome to the Lord if they came from a less grandiose building, the chief could, with very little expenditure, have rendered what he calls his capital approachable, and thus conferred a lasting benefit on the whole of his people, to say nothing of the white men. But we know that these count for so little, in Khama's estimation, that he does not trouble about them. To return to the so-called road: imagine a series of huge polished slabs of rock forming a gigantic staircase, with steps two to three feet high; throw over these, boulders five to six feet in diameter, and you will have an idea of the place. Over it the waggons must pass for a distance of nearly three miles. The oxen at each moment fall down, breaking yokes and skeys; the waggons are shaken by epileptic-like convulsions, and, however well fastened may be the goods on them, these at each minute fly in all

MATABELE AND MASHONA LANDS.

Scale 1 : 5,000,000

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II.



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TO BULAWAYO

directions. At the foot of the hill you find heavy sand, until you reach the Lotsani river, about six miles from Palapshwe.

We arrived there at 9 a.m. and outspanned. I then went with Major and Chickwe, a Zambezi boy, to see if the river could easily be crossed. I found it hardly thirty feet broad, but with a precipitous bank on the offside. Just then, some natives started crossing it: muddy water was rushing down at a great speed, and the natives formed a human chain, holding each other by the hand before getting into it. These precautions seemed superfluous, but I soon discovered how necessary they were; the foremost man soon got water above his chest, and it was all he could do to keep his legs, so powerful was the current. Two girls who were in the party were carried bodily off their legs, and only saved from drowning through the precaution I have described. Unfortunately in their struggle their clothes that they had not removed—consisting of a piece of calico tied round their breast—got disentangled, and floated away. Great was the ladies' dismay—and, unwilling to appear in a state of nature before a white man, they could not be induced to get out of the water. Shortly, however, the cold got the better of their modesty, and getting out of the stream they rushed, screaming and laughing, towards some reeds. There another girl took them some skins she had borrowed from their male companions, and they proceeded on their way to the town. Getting my waggon across with such a depth of water and such a current was out of the question; and it was well I did not try, for in the evening, an empty native waggon, having attempted the passage, got swept away and rolled over, two of the oxen being drowned. During the night more rain fell, and the next morning the river was fuller still. I planted some sticks in the mud to mark the rise or fall of the water, but during the whole day it remained pretty much the same. All the afternoon we suffered terribly from the attacks of millions of vicious

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flies, resembling our common house fly, but with a most painful sting that they managed to inflict through the thickest of clothes.

In the evening my pony showed alarming symptoms of poisoning. His belly was greatly swollen, his legs icy cold, and he lay down in great pain. I had him rubbed hard with Elliman's embrocation, and after three to four hours of treatment he had quite recovered. This medicine is one of the most useful I know, and to its use I owe, myself, the recovery of the use of my legs after my hardships in the Kalahari. "Horse" embrocation should be used for men: the "General" is too weak. I attributed the poisoning of my horse to his having eaten a kind of tulip abundant alongside the rivers of this part of the country. Some months later, Mr. Weil lost in this way three out of four beautiful salted mules; their symptoms were exactly similar to those my horse suffered from.

The next morning at sunrise the river had fallen eighteen inches, and by 10 a.m. there remained but two feet of water in its bed. We therefore started to cross it. We experienced considerable difficulty in doing so, the banks being, as I have said, most precipitous and slippery. We passed that day a good many fields well cultivated by Khama's people; but after that, until we reached Tati—about one hundred miles farther—we came across no sign of human habitations. With the exception of a few steinboks, we saw no trace of game; guinea fowls were, however, pretty numerous.

After suffering as we had done in the Kalahari from the want of water, we now began to suffer from the other extreme. Daily we encountered terrible storms, and the numerous rivers we came across were much swollen and gave us a deal of trouble.

On the 1st of February we reached the Mothloutsie*

* This river, called the Macloutsie near the Crocodile, is called the Mothloutsie further up.



MAKALAKA WOMEN ON THE ROAD TO BULAWAYO.
(*Little Shashani River.*)

TO BULAWAYO

river—the frontier of Matabeleland and Khama's country—near which we found an outpost of the Bechuanaland Border Police, usually known as B.B.P. This was a mere picket of three privates and a corporal. Their quarters consisted in a bell tent, outside which they had manufactured a table out of pieces of wood stuck in the ground, supporting a frame of small branches. They presented a most ludicrous appearance, as, having no scissors, they had shaved their heads. They very kindly offered me to share a cup of coffee with them, an offer I readily accepted. I was most astonished, talking with them, to find men of such brilliant conversation. The privates were men between thirty and forty. One of them knew all about the London Law Courts, and it was easy to see that he had an intimate knowledge with the best London Clubs. The other had travelled through the whole world, and the Royal Navy had no mysteries for him. The third was well acquainted with India, and mentioned several incidents that had occurred in a native State while I was there myself. I discovered afterwards that I had met a broken-down barrister, a cashiered naval officer, and an ex-captain of a crack Indian regiment. The corporal himself was a young Boer farmer. The number of men who are hiding their misfortunes or disgrace under the uniform of the B.B.P. corps is astounding; but whatever may have been their past career they were a fine body of men, plucky and well disciplined, ready for anything in exchange for the pay of six shillings a day they drew for their services—and they fully earned their money. The corps was a smart one, and their smartness was chiefly due to their admirable commanding officer, Colonel, now General, Sir Frederick Carrington, a grand soldier, beloved by his men and his officers.

I had just finished my coffee when the corporal advised me not to lose any time crossing the river, as we could notice a heavy fall of rain towards the north, and the

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river swells up with extraordinary rapidity although its bed is nearly 300 yards broad. The warning came just in time, as we crossed over some two feet of water, and a few hours later over six feet of water was racing down the stream.

We outspanned on the opposite bank, and one hour later my herd-boy came to report that my pony was lost. I at once despatched all the men in search of it, but in vain, and it was only due to the great kindness of the policemen, two of whom started on horseback, that I recovered it. The country is there covered with dense bush, and the men cannot possibly keep the animals in sight. The only way to avoid such mishaps is to fasten a bell on the neck of the leader of your ox team—the oxen always keeping together. The ponies ought to be tied up by a long rope to a peg and moved along every half hour or so.

Two days later we reached the Shashi river, over 400 yards broad, with high steep banks on the northern side. I rode across before getting the waggon in the water, and, finding but two feet of water in the bed, gave orders for the waggon to proceed. When we reached the middle of the stream we got stuck into soft sand, and the water driving more sand against the wheels we got seriously fast. On we whipped the oxen, then we yelled, screamed, and howled, but to no effect. First a skey broke, then a yoke, then another skey. In the meantime the water was rising rapidly, and things were assuming a serious look, when at last the waggon began to move. On we went, and now I thought that we were out of the difficulty: the front oxen were within twenty yards of the bank and we were moving on nicely when I saw one of my Zambezi boys, who was leading the team, disappear under the water, followed by the two leading oxen. I pushed my pony towards the scene of the mishap, when the two leading oxen, having regained their legs, turned sharply round, pushed my pony, and upset me in the water with the

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animal on the top of me. I was soon up, soaked through of course, and I tried to discover the cause of the mishap. Right in front of the bank was a huge hole five feet deep and about fifteen feet broad. I caught hold of the two leading oxen myself; but no sooner did they lose their footing than they turned wildly back, rushing among those behind, knocking one of them over, and entangling themselves in the chain. Cursing and swearing, my boys rushed to the rescue; six skeys and one yoke were broken, and while we were hurriedly changing these, the water was still rising and nearly reaching the inside of the waggon. We had a fresh try, but again we broke skeys; the driver's whip was carried away by the current and we could hardly keep our legs, so strong was the rush of water. The waggon was shivering all over, and it looked pretty well as if it was going to be carried away—not an uncommon occurrence. At last, I heard crackings of a whip, and caught sight of a waggon that had just arrived on the northern bank. I rushed to the driver and asked him for the loan of his team. He was a Boer, and, obliging like all the people of his race, answered that he would help me for two pounds.

“All right, man,” I said; “come on.”

“No, you pay first,” was his quiet reply.

So I rushed back to my waggon, got the money, and a few minutes later his team was hooked on to mine. Six of his oxen were on the bank, and having a good purchase of the ground began to set the waggon in motion. To my intense relief ten minutes later it stood on the top of the bank. It was none too soon, as half an hour later the water had risen another four feet, so that nearly eight feet of water was rushing at the rate of ten miles an hour down stream, and had I not secured this unexpected help my waggon and team would have been rolling down towards the Limpopo river.

As it was, all the goods had to be off-loaded and put out to dry, as the whole of the cargo at the

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bottom of the waggon had been soaked. Several bags of flour, sugar, and salt had been completely melted or ruined. The next morning had to be spent in making fresh skeys; we had still a big river to cross—the Tati—before reaching the settlement of that name, and as we were only six miles from the place I decided to ride ahead. Just as I was going to leave I saw a policeman coming on horseback with despatches for Captain Scott, then on his way to Bulawayo, and we started together. When we reached the Tati river we found it full of water: It is pretty wide, being between 400 and 500 yards, and expecting that we should have to swim, I removed my boots; the water, however, was only three feet deep, and we got across all right. We soon passed some ruined buildings, near which stood an old portable engine—how it was brought up there seemed a wonder—and at last we arrived near a corrugated iron store.

Out of a hut came a young man in knickerbockers, who asked me to dismount.

“I have a few friends here,” he said, “and we are having a bit of refreshment: will you join us?”

I readily accepted, and as we were going towards the hut he enquired who I was.

“Decle is my name,” I said.

He stared at me from head to foot.

“What, are you Decle, the scientific Johnnie?” he then asked.

“Well, I am Decle; as to being a scientific Johnnie,” I said, laughing, “I cannot claim the title. I have been sent out by the French Government to collect documents for scientific men, but I am a very great ignoramus—at least so far as science goes.”

When we entered the hut I found a collection of lively fellows sitting on tables, chairs, and boxes; on the table stood a respectable number of empty Heidseck bottles.

“Why,” exclaimed Farley, my host, “here is the great *savant* we have heard of”; and having introduced me to

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Captain Scott, Major Maxwell, and other officers who were there, he apologised for the empty bottles that stood about, adding that he supposed that I was a member of the Blue Ribbon Army, but at the same time filled up a tumbler and handed it over to me.

It was quite a treat to taste once more a glass of champagne, and first-rate champagne too, after months of putrid water.

I found out that Captain Scott and his companions were going to see the big dance—the great yearly festival of the Matabele, on the first moon of February, when 15,000 warriors gather round Bulawayo and go through all sorts of military evolutions. Of course I was most anxious to accompany the party, but Farley informed me that no one was allowed to go to Bulawayo without the King's previous leave. Farley promised to write at once; but no answer could come before twelve days at least, which meant my arriving when the dance would be over. In the meantime he invited me to stop as his guest; and more kind, liberal, and genial hospitality I never received. My host hearing that my waggon was coming up, at once sent a team to help it over the Tati river, and in the meantime we adjourned to lunch. Besides the B.B.P. officers and our host, the indefatigable manager of the Tati Company, were two of the assistants and an American, MacDowell, amalgamator at the Monarch Gold Mine, some 35 miles up the Tati river. He had been cowboy, miner, speculator, and what not, had the most inexhaustible stock of fun, and kept us in roars of laughter. Champagne flowed, songs followed, and when we adjourned to Farley's house we found an organ, on which our host was no mean performer.

How delightful it was to me, after these months of hardships, of solitude, to find myself among such genial fellows, with every kindness lavished on me. I have not forgotten, and shall never forget, my reception there. But let it be said, this was but one of the many instances

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when I have received the most unbounded and kind hospitality. In fact, looking over the three years I spent in Africa, I can only remember two exceptions when I have been treated in a different way by white men, and in both cases those who treated me badly were *not* Englishmen.

When I left Palapshwe I had only just recovered from the severe attacks of rheumatic and bilious fever that had laid me so low in the Kalahari Desert. The soakings I got in the various rivers we had to cross to get to Tati now began to tell on me, and I soon got prostrated once more with bilious fever; but I was so well looked after by my kind host that I soon recovered.

Major Maxwell, who had remained behind awaiting, like me, Lo Bengula's leave to proceed to Bulawayo, then proposed that we should go and visit the Monarch Gold Mine, some 35 miles up the Tati river, where the mining operations of the Tati Concession were being carried on. Farley kindly lent me a light covered waggon, and we made a start. Three days later we reached Monarch, a considerable settlement, where great activity prevailed. On the way I was struck with the extreme beauty of the country we crossed. Well watered, well timbered, with magnificent grazing grounds, a perfect climate, the country seemed admirably suited to farming, and, with the exception of Matabeleland proper, I consider that no more valuable property than the immense territory of the Tati Concession is to be found south of the Zambezi.

On our arrival at Monarch we were most kindly received by the manager and his staff. I found my friend MacDowell ready to spin any amount of fresh yarns, and I struck up a real friendship with the assayer and chemical expert, a German named Kessler, a most able mining engineer.

After a couple of days we heard that the King's leave had arrived, and we accordingly returned to Tati. There, Farley insisted upon my leaving my cumbersome buck-

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waggon behind, lending me his lighter and more comfortable covered waggon. He also offered to take charge of four of my oxen which showed signs of sickness, and on the 18th of February we were ready to make a start. My *personnel* consisted of Major, my faithful headman, a Mangwato driver, and eight of the Zambezi boys who had come with me from Kazungula. Just as I was going to leave, all these Zambezi boys declared that they were not going to Bulawayo to be sold as slaves or killed by Lo Bengula. The natives of the Zambezi, it must be remarked, were then in a mortal terror of the Matabele, who used to constantly come and raid their country. In vain I explained that under my protection they ran no risk; they would not listen to anything. I then declared that of course I could not and would not compel them to go, but that under the circumstances I should not pay them any of the wages that were due to them. So great was their terror of Lo Bengula that they preferred to lose their wages rather than to face the terrible King of the Matabele. I was in a fix, having no leader for my waggon, so back I went to Farley, and he managed to find me a Matabele, who consented for ten shillings a month to act as ox leader. Of my Zambezi boys, Courteman alone—the slave I had rescued when I left Kazungula—consented after much pressure to accompany me. Major Maxwell had gone ahead, and later in the afternoon I joined him half way between Tati and the Ramokwebane river.

In the evening I opened a tin of potted fish, and not caring much for the taste of it I gave it to our men. Major Maxwell's driver finished it all, and very soon began rolling about in terrible agony; his body was covered with kinds of huge blisters, and he showed every sign of poisoning. At once I administered an emetic (mustard and water), and relieved him a little, but he remained very ill during twenty-four hours. I was soon taken myself with violent vomiting, and I subsequently

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got a fresh attack of bilious fever that lasted nearly four days. I was so bad that Major Maxwell insisted upon my returning to Tati; but I declared that I should do nothing of the sort, and we went on. I take this opportunity to warn all travellers against potted fish; I have had three instances of poisoning through it.*

After crossing the Ramokwebane river the appearance of the country changes altogether. We trekked between numberless small kopjes consisting of huge boulders piled one on top of the other, on which grow chiefly euphorbus and aloes.

Nine miles further, near the 'Mpakwe river, we camped near some ruins of very ancient date, which I proposed examining in detail on my return. Until we reached the Mangwe river we found no trace of inhabitants, but there we met a good number of Makalaka natives, the original inhabitants of this region before it was conquered by the Matabele.

The following day we reached the Shashani river, which runs at the bottom of a wild gorge amidst the wildest scenery I have ever met in Africa. As far as you can see rise jagged hills (the Matopo), consisting of enormous boulders piled on the top of one another. I find the following entry in my diary:—

“From all accounts war is bound to break out sooner or later with the Matabele; if this ever happens the campaign will be a most serious one. The country is most difficult, and would afford splendid cover for the enemy. Artillery would be practically useless, and the war would consist of a series of guerilla skirmishes. The natives with their knowledge of the country, and being able to retire into caves when beaten, could constantly harass the invading army, and mounted infantry would

* As I do not wish to have a libel action I will not quote the name of the maker whose provisions were of such inferior quality, but I may say that I recommend strongly the use of Fortnum and Mason's, Brands', and Cross and Blackwell's provisions. They are excellent and quite safe.

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be the only corps of any use. If British regulars are taken to Matabeleland fifteen thousand men at least will be required. Every inch of the road will have to be guarded, and each convoy will have to be escorted by a strong mounted force; and even so the general who brings the campaign to a successful issue will deserve the highest credit. Rapidity of movement is the only chance of success in such a country." This was written in February, 1892.



(1) Farley. ¹ (2) The Author. ² ³ (3) MacDowell.

ON THE WAY TO BULAWAYO.

How the Chartered Company, with only two thousand volunteers, managed to crush the Matabele is known to every Englishman, and I can only say that it is the most brilliant episode of Colonial warfare that has taken place during our generation. If anybody answers that the Matabele were not crushed, and points to the recent revolt, then I can point him back to this entry. I was a wholly unprejudiced man, writing before the event. Even taking the two wars together, I think the success of the Chartered Company has been brilliant and astonishing: the more so as it has had lately to contend with the

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Rinderpest—a crushing handicap which I did not at this time foresee.

Nothing of importance happened on our journey to Bulawayo with the exception of two accidents to Major Maxwell's waggon. His driver, who was in a permanent state of drunkenness, and his leader, who was completely mad, tried their best between them to smash the waggon; and whenever the poor Major walked a couple of hundred yards ahead, either to shoot a bird or else to take some exercise, we used to hear tremendous yells, and turning round we usually noticed the waggon right in the middle of the long grass, jamméd against a tree or down a huge hole. Unfortunately when the Major himself took the management of affairs even worse luck used to befall him. He once managed to get in a bog where two of the wheels altogether disappeared, and only with the help of my team did we manage to extricate the waggon.

Another time, just before reaching Bulawayo, crossing a drift the Major managed to pass over the only bad place in it, with a clean drop of four feet on a rock in the bed of the river. I was in the waggon at the time. Down it came with a flop; the next minute I was on the top of one of the oxen, and when I regained my feet I could not help bursting out with laughter when I saw the Major perfectly crestfallen, staring at the wreck. The desselboom or pole was smashed, and considerable other damage done, and it took us a good many hours to repair the concern—an old rickety spring waggon that its owner considered only equalled in beauty by the Lord Mayor's state coach.

Twelve days after leaving Tati we reached Bulawayo. Never was I more disappointed in my life.

Imagine a huge plain extending for miles, with only two or three trees rising above a short miserable-looking grass, all over which were strewn human bones, the remnants of Lo Ben's victims. In the distance rose a flat-

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topped hill, Thaba Induna—the Hill of the Induna, so named because a number of induna (generals) were once put to death there. On the left was a rise, on the top of which could be seen the tips of a stockade—Lo Bengula's kraal. In the middle of the plain were three groups of miserable tumble-down native huts, half a dozen of which stood together surrounded by a reed fence. These were the habitations of the only three European settlers in the place. Mr. Colenbrander, the Agent of the British South



CROSSING A DRIFT.

Africa Company, occupied one of these groups of huts, Rennie Taylor and Boyle another one, and in the third was Jim Dawson's store.

A terribly cold wind was blowing and never stopped during the month I spent there, and all I can say is that it gives me the shivers to think of the dreariness of what Bulawayo was in 1892. This was five years ago ; and when I now read descriptions of churches, hotels,

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clubs, and what else, that have since grown out there, just as in a Drury Lane pantomime a palace rises out of the ground by the stroke of a magic wand, I cannot help thinking what a great and marvellous man is the magician who worked this wonder. As Mr. Stanley is the greatest African Explorer, so Mr. Cecil Rhodes stands out as the greatest African Statesman that ever existed, and their names will live for ever in the history of what once could be called the Dark Continent, but which has now been turned into the land of the future by two of the greatest men of this century.

I drew up my waggon near one of the only two trees that stood in the middle of the plain, and I sent my driver with the oxen to bring a thorn tree in order to make a thorn enclosure round my camp—a very necessary precaution if one did not wish getting one's waggon looted.

Having given these orders, I was soon joined by Major Maxwell, who took me to the huts occupied by Mr. Colenbrander, the agent of the Chartered Company, to whom I presented the letter of introduction Mr. Cecil Rhodes had given me for all the officials of the Chartered Company. I was most cordially received by Mr. Colenbrander and his charming wife, and they invited me to come and take my meals with them, and to make use of their quarters so long as I should stay at Bulawayo. They apologized for being unable to give me a hut, but they were themselves very short of accommodation.

I could not help admiring the pluck of Mrs. Colenbrander: a most remarkable woman, fearless of danger, a splendid rider, a capital shot, and possessing the knack of doing what she liked with the natives, most difficult to handle, and who would have been too glad to seize the slightest pretext to assault an unprotected lady. But many a time I have seen her, in her husband's absence, turn out two or three stalwart natives

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drunk and most threatening; more than once she had to seize her gun and to threaten to use it. It was a pleasing sight to see these savages, who rather despised most white men, quail before this plucky British lady. She had considerable influence over Lo Bengula. Often when she visited him she used to sit boldly on his throne (an old wooden chair); a sacrilege that would have cost any man's life. But the old African chief used merely to laugh.

"What funny people you white men are," he used to say, "to bend before a woman. If you were my wife," he used to add, turning to Mrs. Colenbrander —

"Well," she usually interrupted, "if I were your wife I should make you do what I liked. I should be the King of the Matabele, and you—well, you would be my husband."

Then Lo Ben used to roar, and grant what she had come to ask for. Through her many a difficulty was smoothed down that might otherwise have become most serious.

I was most anxious to see the famous Lo Bengula of whom I had heard so much; he was then away at a kraal some six miles from Bulawayo, and Colenbrander sent messengers to ask him to grant me an audience. In the meantime many were the stories I heard about him, and from all accounts he appeared to be an eminently wise and far-seeing man. Until the occupation of Mashonaland by Mr. Rhodes's pioneers, he had held his people with an iron hand; understanding that his young men wanted some outlet to their over-exuberant spirits, he used to send yearly expeditions to raid neighbouring tribes, Mashonaland being their favourite raiding-ground. In this way his power soon extended far and wide, and all the Mashona chiefs acknowledged his rule. These raids had also the advantage of preventing conspiracies, a thing he was most afraid of. For that reason he would never allow any of his subjects to own or use waggons,

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ploughs, or labour-saving implements. When asked why he prevented his people from benefiting from these improved machines, his answer showed a wonderful knowledge of human nature.

"You assure me," he would reply, "that by the use of these machines one man would do the work now performed by five men: then you see, while one worked the four others would be conspiring against me—and I won't have that."

Another time, being taxed by a missionary with killing too many of his people, he replied :



A RINGED MAN.

"Well, I should like you to sit in this chair" (pointing to his throne) "for a week, and we should see then if at the end of that time you would not have killed more than me; unless, what is most likely, you had been killed yourself. It's all very well for you white men, who have gaols with iron bars, not to kill people; but here if I locked up my people they

would enjoy eating without any work to do. As it is, they must either obey or else die; besides, if I locked up a thief for a year, wouldn't he still be a thief when he was let loose?"

While I was in the country I heard many tales of what we should call in England his cruelty. For instance, once he ordered his waggon driver—the King always used waggons for travelling—to cross a river at a certain drift. This involved a rather long detour, so the driver did not obey his orders, and took the short cut. The river was very full, and waggon and oxen were carried

TO BULAWAYO

away, the driver only, escaping with his life. The King, informed of this, sent for him.

“So,” he said to the trembling driver, “so you have disobeyed your orders, and you have lost my waggon. Very well, you shall go and look for it, and when you have found it you can bring it back.”

He then got the fellow’s hands and feet tied together and had him thrown into the river.

Another time a man met a party of girls carrying pots of joala (native beer) for the King. The man asked the girls to let him have a sip, but they declined, informing him that it was the King’s beer they were carrying.

“Never mind,” said the fellow; and, seizing a pot, he drank some of the beer. Lo Ben sent for him, and when he appeared, said:

“So, my friend, you have very big ears; but it seems that they are so close that you cannot hear well with them, as you did not hear yesterday when you were told that the beer you drank was mine. Then you have also a tongue that will be fatal to you one of these days, for you let it run in the most foolish fashion. I shall therefore have these obstructions to your welfare removed.” And forthwith he had the man’s ears and tongue cut off.

Some months before I came to Matabeleland, one of Lo Ben’s indunas (generals and chiefs of villages) came and told the King that one of the tributary chiefs of the Makalaka country was getting too big for his shoes.

“Why,” said the informer, “he goes about in a waggon, dresses like a white man, and says to all comers that he does not care a bit whether you dislike it or not.”

“Well, well,” said Lo Ben, “take an impi (army corps) and wipe him out.”

This consists in surrounding the village at the dead of

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night. Next morning, at early dawn, the warriors invade the place, kill the chief, all the men, the old women and babies, capturing the young women and children between eight and fourteen years of age, and seizing the sheep, goats, and cattle. The latter are handed over to the King as his perquisite, and each warrior usually keeps the other booty he has made.

So the chief was duly "wiped out," with some three hundred of his people.

Unfortunately some months later the King discovered that the information on the man's doings was a pure fabrication, and immediately a fresh impi was sent out to "wipe out" the informer in his turn. Altogether this cost over five hundred lives.

While I was in Bulawayo Lo Ben sent out an impi to kill a chief and his family. The induna entrusted with the work thought that he would be very clever, so having hidden his men far away from the village he marched in alone, and told the doomed induna that the King had sent for him and told him to come back with him. The induna not having a very clear conscience readily agreed, but said that he would go into his hut and fetch some water for the journey. The other waited outside. But after half an hour's time, finding that he was being kept waiting too long, he went inside the hut and found it empty. The village was searched, but in vain. The other had bolted.

In great dismay the induna sent word to Lo Ben to explain matters, and to ask what he should do. The King replied that he had sent him to kill the other fellow, and that until he had killed him he need not show his face back in his village, adding that if he was too long over it—well, he (Lo Ben) might lose patience and have him killed instead of the other.

After two months' search they managed at last to secure their man and to carry out the King's justice(?).

While I was in the Makalaka country the enormous

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village of Impandini was "wiped out," over five hundred people being killed; my ox leader, who was from that village, just escaped death, being then away with me.

I could multiply these stories *ad infinitum*, but I have quoted enough to give an idea of Lo Bengula's character.

One native, however, managed to get the best of him in a rather clever way. This was Jose d'Araujo Lobo, commonly called Matikania, of whom I shall have a good deal to say later on. Matikania, when Lo Ben was still a young man, came to purchase some ivory. While the bargain was being concluded Lo Ben took his friend aside:

"You are a clever man," he said, "and you know a lot of things. Now tell me, how do the white men make these beads?"

"Oh," said Matikania, "this is a great secret that I purchased for a lot of money, and I could not possibly tell you. I know myself how to make them, and all these you see I made myself."

Lo Ben insisted, and at last offered Matikania a lot of ivory for the secret; and the latter, having extracted a promise of absolute secrecy and a considerable amount of ivory, produced a handful of large beads.

"Now," he said, "you must plant these in the ground, and for a year exactly, as the sun rises and when the sun sets, they must be watered. At the end of the year they will have grown into many thousands of small ones. But if once only you forget to water them at the proper time no result will be obtained."

So they were planted; but whether they were not watered carefully enough, or whether he was swindled, Lo Ben never knew until many years later, when a missionary enlightened him. Since then Lo Ben often invited his friend to come and pay him a visit, but Matikania was not foolish enough to let himself fall into the hands of his "friend." Wise man, Matikania.

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Two days after asking for an audience I received word that the King would receive me the following day. Early in the morning we set out on horseback, Colenbrander and myself, towards the King's kraal. We soon came in sight of a huge kraal surrounded by a strong palisade of tree stumps about fifteen feet high.

All round hundreds of beautiful cattle were grazing.

Having entered the kraal we came to a first enclosure full of natives, where we left our horses. We then entered a second enclosure, about 150 feet long by 90 feet broad—the royal enclosure. A few low huts stood on one side—the Queen's houses—and in the middle of this kind of yard were two waggons which formed the King's favourite domicile.

In front of one of these waggons stood a kind of giant, enormously stout, but broad in proportion and quite naked but for a number of monkey skins that hung from his girdle. A piece of coloured material rolled into a rope was wound round his body, passing below his breast and round his waist; but so stout was the man that this entirely disappeared under the folds of his skin, and could only be guessed by being noticed when he was seen sideways.

He wore an enormously brimmed soft felt hat. He held his head erect and looked at you from his great towering height (he was 6 ft. 3 in. at least) with such an air of command that it was impossible to mistake him for anyone else, and it could be seen that he was accustomed to command, and to be obeyed.

I have seen many European and native potentates, and, with the exception of the Tsar Alexander, never have I seen a ruler of men of more imposing appearance. He came forward and shook hands with Colenbrander and myself. Having asked Colenbrander to explain the object of my visit, Lo Ben, after being told, enquired what I wanted.

Through Colenbrander I replied that I wanted nothing;



LO BENGULA.



TO BULAWAYO

I had merely come to visit the country and to see the great Lo Bengula, of whom I had heard so much.

“Bah,” said Lo Ben, “what does he want? Leave to shoot in the country?”

“No.”

“Now this is a lie,” retorted Lo Ben; “no white man ever comes here who does not want something out of me.”

“Well,” said I to Colenbrander, “tell him that as I do not want to give him the lie, I shall ask for something”; and pointing to some lion skins hanging on the stockade, “ask him to give me one of these.”

“You can have one,” replied the King; “but they are all moth-eaten”—which was true.

Some indunas thereupon came in, and, after saluting Lo Ben, squatted down around him. He began to talk to them, listening to two conversations at one time, and I took this opportunity to look round.

Lo Ben was sitting on an old champagne box, nervously shaking one of his legs the whole time. Crowds of natives were pouring in continuously, and as soon as they reached the opening leading into the royal enclosure, they threw themselves flat on the ground, shouting “*Nkosi* [chief], *Ithlabantu* [eater of people], Lion of lion, Stabber of heavens, Great black calf, Thunderer”—and other terms of praise. Crawling on all fours, the natives one by one approached the royal presence, and then after a last loud salutation they squatted down in a circle round him.

The inside of his waggons was most extraordinary to behold. All round hung skins of all sorts of animals and birds, more or less freshly killed—all for making medicine, *i.e.* witchcraft, which was one of Lo Ben’s chief daily occupations.

In former times, before he became chief, he used to wear European clothes, but from the moment he ascended the throne he discarded these, and always stuck to the national costume of monkey skins, with the exception

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of the large felt hat described before. In doing so he gave another proof of his extraordinary good sense. That Lo Bengula never wanted the war, that he knew that he would be beaten in the long run, is quite certain; but he could not control his young men, and was forced into the adventure that cost him his throne and his life.

Soon after, more natives having come and the chief being busy, we took leave of him and returned to Bulawayo.

I remained about one month in the place, suffering from incessant diarrhœa, and being, indeed, seriously ill. While I was there, Mr. and Mrs. Helm, the missionaries of Hope Fountain, came to pay a visit to the Colenbranders, and kindly asked me to come and recruit at Hope Fountain—an offer I gladly accepted.

So, a few days later, I prepared to make a start. I purchased an old spring waggon from Mr. Boyle, my headman, Major, assuring me that it would never reach Tati.

The day previous to my departure my pony looked out of spirits, but did not seem particularly ill; the next morning he was feeding all right at 8 o'clock, but one hour later Major came to fetch me and said that the pony was very bad. I went to look at him and found him lying down, evidently in great agony. I got him well rubbed with Elliman's embrocation; he tried to rise, but fell down, tried to rise again, but fell once more, then gave a few kicks, and died. Half an hour later a quantity of froth was issuing from one of his nostrils, one of the signs of "horse sickness," that terrible disease that has carried off many a good steed in Africa. Poor fellow, he had undoubtedly saved my life, as without him I should never have been able to return from the Zambezi across the Kalahari. After surviving so many hardships that we had shared together, he had died in miserable agony. I confess it, I felt awfully cut up at losing this old companion.

TO BULAWAYO

I forgot to mention a rather amusing incident that happened to me one day with a Matabele of some importance. I must say here that, when a waggon was outspanned in Bulawayo, crowds of Matabele ladies used to come round it from morning to night under the pretence of selling joala (native beer) or mealies, their real object being to find a temporary purchaser for themselves. They were ugly and dirty, and emitted a most repulsive smell; the one indigenous to the native himself is bad enough, but the Matabele women scent themselves by fastening round their neck a small sachet containing a certain plant, the smell of which can only be compared to the odour of the Malay fruit, dorian—a compound of excrements and rotten meat. To drive away these odoriferous ladies was impossible, as they hoped, I suppose, that the most persistent would at last touch my heart, and that I should investigate their charms in exchange for the usual price of two yards of calico. I may here say that the utmost liberty is left to unmarried Matabele girls, and, as Lo Bengula used to put it, “before she is married, a girl’s body belongs to herself, but after marriage it belongs to her husband.”

In order to avoid as much as possible the importunities of these ladies, I had made it a rule that no native, male or female, with the exception of my men, should be allowed inside my thorn enclosure. One day I was lying in my waggon dreadfully ill with a very bad headache, when I heard a tremendous row. I got out, and found a Matabele, very drunk, who had forced his way inside the enclosure. I told Major to order him out, but, like the proverbial drunkard who is told to move on by the London police, the fellow replied that fifty white men would not turn him out. I therefore caught hold of him by the neck and by his monkey skins, threw him right in the middle of the thorns, and with another shove turned him over the other side of my “scarum,” as the enclosure is called out there. Fuming with rage he regained his legs, and swore that he

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was going to come and kill me. Accordingly, a quarter of an hour later he returned with five assegais. I immediately drew my revolver and waited to see what course the man was going to follow. He advanced in front of the opening of my enclosure, and began to shout that I had insulted him, that he was a big man, and that he had come to kill me. I then told my interpreter to inform him that I did not want to fight, but that if he came inside my scarum I would shoot him. He kept, however, outside, and after a little time, seeing that he was calming down, I spoke to him once more through my interpreter.

"Presently," I said, "I intend going to your house, and there I will make a great noise and abuse you in every way I can."

"Will you?" he replied. "Very well, if you do so, I will beat you out with a stick."

"But," I answered, "if you resent the idea of my going to make a noise in your house, why shouldn't I resent your having done the same in my house? You know my scarum is my own house here?"

The idea seemed to strike the Matabele, and after a few minutes' reflection he replied, "Well, there is sense in what you say; I will go now, and come and talk about it again."

A couple of hours later he returned, followed by six girls carrying "joala," and asked me if he could bring it inside my scarum, and come there himself to seal the peace between us. I replied that he could come in, but that if he made a noise I would turn him out once more. After that we became firm friends. He used to come every day to see me, and not only did he never make a noise, but he prevented other natives from bothering me.

I quote this incident merely to show that, although a wild race, the Matabele are, like all natives, fond of arguing, and easily impressed by a striking argument.

TO BULAWAYO

The distance from Bulawayo to Hope Fountain is about twelve miles, and one easy day's trek took us there. The mission station was built on the slope of a hill, at the foot of which runs a pretty stream. On the opposite bank grows a clump of most magnificent elms, rising to a height of nearly 100 feet. Mr. Helm's house, built by himself, consisted of brick walls with an enormous thatched roof spreading over a broad verandah. The sitting-room was surrounded by rows of shelves covered with most valuable books. Mrs. Helm put me up in a most comfortable room, and, for the first time for a year, I slept in a real bed with a spring mattress—a luxury I thoroughly enjoyed. I arrived at Hope Fountain in such a miserable state of health that I thought I should have to go straight back home, but I was so kindly nursed by Mrs. Helm that I soon recovered, and after a month's stay at Hope Fountain I was ready to resume my journey. Never shall I forget the kind nursing of Mrs. Helm, and during the month I spent as her husband's guest I was able to appreciate the sterling qualities that gained for him universal love and the respect of all—whites and blacks alike—who came in contact with him. Mr. Helm also greatly helped me to complete the notes I had already collected in Bulawayo on native customs, of which I will now speak.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MATABELE

THE Matabele, or Amandabili as they ought really to be called, are an offshoot of the Zulu race. Some fifty years ago one of the indunas, or generals of the great Zulu King Chakwa, having reason to believe that he would be put to death by the chief, determined to leave Zululand. This induna, Umsili Gazi, father of Lo Bengula, collected his warriors and settled in the country now known as the Transvaal. When the Boers crossed the Vaal river he tried to oppose their ingress into what he now considered his own country, but he was defeated and retired to the north. In the meantime his followers had, according to the Zulu custom, been raiding the country and capturing many slaves. The women had been taken as wives by the warriors, the children had grown up and had been incorporated in the various regiments, and thus the number of Umsili Gazi's warriors had swelled considerably. More Boers crossed the Vaal river and pushed on to the north, so that the Zulu chief, wishing to settle in a country where he would not be disturbed, crossed the Limpopo river with all his people and marched into what is now known as Matabeleland. There he found a powerful Swazi chief in possession. This ruler, Mambo, had his capital in the Makalaka country, near the sources of the Tati river. Great battles were fought, and Mambo, beaten by the Matabele, retired to the foot of a hill—now a sacred spot—with all his wives. The Matabele warriors followed him there, and

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when he saw that he was about to be captured he first killed all his wives and then himself. His people, retiring to the north, crossed the Zambezi, and, as will be seen later on, formed what is now called the Wahehe tribe, that has given so much trouble to the Germans since they occupied East Africa.

Umsili Gazi then settled close to the source of the Kumalo river, not far from the spot where Bulawayo now stands. The Kumalo river is named after then reigning family of the Amandabili, of which stock Umsili Gazi was a descendant.

Umsili Gazi, in his turn, had difficulties with one of his brothers or indunas: the latter parted from the king, and with his followers crossed the Zambezi. Backed by well-disciplined followers, inheriting the perfect military organization of the Zulus, he found little difficulty in crushing the quiet, agricultural races with which he came in contact, and quickly subjugated the country east of the

Ro-Angwa river and west of Lake Nyasa. It was on hearing of his approach that the Swazis of Mambo, still remembering the crushing defeat they had sustained from the Matabele, retired to the north, and formed the Wahehe tribe. The Matabele induna whose history I have just related was the father of Mpeseni, who still occupies the east of the Ro-Angwa river, and whose people are now known as the Angoni. What had happened before repeated itself, and two of the Angoni indunas parted from Mpeseni's father. One of them, repelled by the Wahehe, who had established themselves in great strength, passed on to the east of Lake Nyasa, and formed the tribe known as the Ma-Viti, over which Makanjira lately ruled. The other



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joined the chief of the Wanyamwezi, Mirambo, whose battles he and his warriors fought as 'Ruga-Ruga. It was chiefly owing to their help that this most powerful chief managed to reduce all the neighbouring tribes under his rule. Unfortunately for these Zulus they were never more than mercenaries of Mirambo, and they therefore did not thrive like the others. When Mirambo died, the Wanyamwezi, then ruled by Mpanda Chalo, himself a great warrior, expelled the Ruga-Ruga from their territory, and they are now settled to the S.W. of Lake Victoria Nyanza, between the Wahha and Ruanda countries.

All the other Zulu tribes increased most rapidly in numbers and military force, through their custom of intermarrying with captured women and enlisting in their regiments the children looted in their raids, when the latter had grown into manhood. Curiously enough, these boys become so identified with their captors that, when a raid is made on their former homes, they are the most ferocious of all the invaders. It may be safely said that whenever you find a Zulu settlement you will find there a splendid grazing country, as the Zulu never settle where they cannot rear their big herds of cattle.

But I must get back to the Matabele. In their polity witchcraft played a leading part, if not the leading part altogether; and it must be well understood that there were two kinds of witchcraft. One was practised by the witch-doctors and by the King—such as, for instance, the "making of medicine" to bring on rain, or the ceremonies carried out by the witch-doctors to appease the spirits of ancestors. The other witchcraft was supposed to consist of evil practices pursued to cause sickness or death. According to native ideas all over Africa such a thing as death from natural causes does not exist. Whatever ill befalls a man or a family is always the result of witchcraft, and in every case the witch-doctors are consulted to find out who has been guilty of it. In some instances the witch-doctors

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declare that the evil has been caused by the angry spirits of the ancestors, in which case they have to be propitiated through the medium of the witch-doctors. In other cases they point out some one or several persons as having caused the injury by making charms, and whoever is so accused by the witch-doctor is immediately put to death, his wife and the whole of his family sharing his fate. To bewitch anyone, according to Matabele belief, it is sufficient to spread medicine on his path or in his hut. There are also numerous other modes of working charms—for instance, if you want to cause an enemy to die you make a clay figure that is supposed to represent him. With a needle you pierce the figure, and your enemy, the first time he comes in contact with a foe, will be speared. The liver and entrails of a crocodile are supposed to be most powerful charms, and whoever becomes possessed of them can cause the death of any man he pleases. For that reason killing a crocodile is a very heinous crime. While I was in Matabeleland a crocodile was one day found dead, speared, on the bank of a river. The witch-doctors were consulted in order to find out who had been guilty of the deed, and six people were denounced as the offenders and put to death, with their families.

The idea of a Supreme Being is utterly foreign, and cannot be appreciated by the native mind. They have a vague idea of a number of evil spirits always ready to do harm, and chief among these are the spirits of their ancestors; but they do not pray to them to ask for their help if they wish to enter on any undertaking. They merely offer sacrifices to appease them when some evil has befallen the family.

Of witch-doctors there are two different kinds. The first deliver oracles by bone-throwing. They have three bones carved with different signs; these they throw up, and according to the position they assume when falling, and the side on which they fall, they make

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the prediction. The other kind deliver their oracles in a slow and very shrill chant. Both are supposed to be on speaking terms with spirits. They are in constant request, but are usually poorly paid. Their influence, however, is tremendous, and in Lo Bengula's time their power was as great as, if not greater than, the King's. Lo Bengula always kept two or three of them near him. Chief among their work was that of rain-making; this was done with a charm made from the blood and gall of a black ox. No witch-doctor, however, could make rain except by the orders of the King. It was a risky trade, for they were put to death if they failed in their endeavours to produce rain. Dreams are considered of deep significance by the witch-doctors. Madmen are supposed to be possessed of a spirit, and were formerly under the protection of the King.

One of the most remarkable ceremonies that used to be performed by the witch-doctors was that of smelling out the witches. On the first moon of the second month of the year, all the various regiments gathered at Bulawayo and held a big dance, in which the King took part; usually from 12,000 to 15,000 warriors assembled for this ceremony. After the dance the smelling of witches began. The various regiments being formed in crescent shape, the King took his stand in front, surrounded by the doctors, usually women. These began a slow song, accompanied by a dance; they carried in their hands a small wand. Gradually the song and the dance became quicker; they seemed to be possessed. They rushed madly about, passing in front of the soldiers, pretending to smell them. All of a sudden they stopped in front of a man, and, touching him with their wands, began howling like maniacs; the man was immediately removed, and put to death. In this way hundreds of people were killed every year during the big dance. No one, however high his position, was protected against the mandate of the witch-doctors—usually the tools of the King, who found

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in this a way of getting rid of his enemies, or of doing away with those in high station whose loyalty he had reason to doubt.

The office of induna, or general of a township, was hereditary. There were different ranks, graduated according to birth; the highest belonged to the Kumalo family, of which Lo Bengula came. There was also a Prime Minister, Umlagala, who was consulted in all important cases, and a Chief Judge, Magwewe. He tried all cases of appeal from the decision of the induna, but the people could appeal against his decisions to the King. Lo Bengula had always at least half a dozen councillors around him, but their influence was very small. After the King the witch-doctors were the only great power in the land, and they had an enormous influence over Lo Bengula and the whole people. I was not in the least astonished to hear that the outbreak that has lately taken place in Matabeleland was traced to the witch-doctors, who would seize the occasion of the rinderpest to make use of their power. Naturally they must have felt more than anybody else the occupation of Matabeleland by the whites, as it meant the disappearance of their former power. When the rinderpest broke out they probably persuaded the natives—who understood nothing about an epidemic, and attribute, as I said before, whatever ill befalls them to witchcraft—that it was the spirit of Lo Bengula which was dissatisfied with them, and which caused their cattle to die. To appease Lo Ben's spirit it was necessary to fight the whites. They, the witch-doctors, would make medicine to turn the bullets of the white men into water, so that the Matabele could not be hurt by them. I pointed out all this at the time, and it appears I was mainly right.

I spoke just now of the big dance, and so remarkable was the sight and so great was the influence of it over the natives, that it is necessary to describe it in detail. The big dance of February was preceded by a smaller one

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in January. In four towns medicine was prepared for this dance—Inyati, Imbezu, Ingubo, and Bulawayo. For the small dance, in which the regiments of a few towns near Bulawayo were assembled, the people were not allowed to wear any ornaments. In the afternoon the dance took place by regiments. No musical instruments were used, but only songs marked the time. At this dance the King did not appear; he remained in his kraal, busied in completing the medicine that had been brought from the four towns. I have not been able to ascertain for what object this medicine was prepared. It seems to have been a kind of expiation time, and the assembly was decidedly serious and solemn. The women did not take part in the dance. Next morning there was some more dancing and they dispersed. On the new moon following (February), the beginning of the Matabele year, the King was supposed to fast from food and drink. Lo Bengula compromised this self-denying ordinance by drinking beer only out of a bottle. During that day he was supposed to have communication with the spirits of his ancestors, and he abstained altogether from business.

The big dance took place a few days after the full moon, and the regiments from all the towns generally assembled for it. The men came to settle round Bulawayo, building huts; while the women went to and fro between the villages and the camp to bring food. On the day of the dance the proceedings were opened by the arrival of the doctors of the Feast (Abakudamo), an office hereditary in one family. After their arrival the dance began towards ten in the morning. The whole of the 15,000 warriors were formed in a semi-circle, singing and dancing in time; before assuming their formation they marched past the King, who then retired into his kraal, accompanied by the witch-doctors, and made medicine. At last he would come out and sit on his chair at the door of the kraal, and occasionally he got up and took a few steps. In front of the warriors stood numbers

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of women and girls singing and dancing also. When the King took part in the dancing everyone had to join him; and to compel those who did not feel inclined to do so the witch-doctors rushed about, followed by servants carrying thorn bushes, with which they struck the people who did not dance with enough vigour. When the King had resumed his seat some men came forward from the ranks one after the other singing their own praises, proclaiming aloud how many people they had slain, and pointing with their spears in the direction of the places where they had killed an enemy, while the other warriors of the same village shouted the name of the place where the deed was done. At one period of the ceremony the King went out to the gates of the town, followed by one or two regiments. He then threw a spear and the young warriors all rushed after it, and the one who secured it brought it back in triumph to the King. It was supposed that the direction in which the spear was thrown indicated the direction in which the next raid would take place. After the dance a large number of cattle given by the King to the regiments were slaughtered. The meat was not eaten that same night; it was left for the spirits of the ancestors, who were supposed to come and partake of it. But the following day the people came to take it and had a great feast. Large quantities of native beer were consumed at the same time, and the dancing used to last for several days. It is interesting to note the way in which the animals were slaughtered: they had to be stuck with an assegai in the left side, any other mode of slaughter being considered as likely to cause the direst evil. The dance over, the warriors, before returning to their villages, burnt the huts they had temporarily erected around Bulawayo.

After the big dance the ceremony of the firstfruit took place—a most important one, as no one was allowed to eat vegetables of the new season until after it. In the

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morning all the inhabitants of each town went to the river to wash, and when they returned they prepared a dish of vegetables mixed up with medicine. The witch-doctor who prepared it took it by handfuls and scattered it amongst the people, who seized and ate it. After this they could eat any vegetable growing. The women did not take part in this ceremony.

Of all the customs of the Matabele the marriage ceremony is certainly the most interesting. Unlike the other African tribes, they do not buy the wife from her father, but after the first child is born the husband has to pay its value, or else the wife's father has the right to take the child away. In case, however, a wife dies shortly after marriage or remains barren, the husband has a right to claim her sister or nearest relation in place of her. When a young man has noticed a girl and wishes to marry her, he calls on the father and obtains his permission. People of the same class bearing the same family name cannot marry; the relationship, however, is only considered in the male line. For instance, a Kumalo cannot marry a Kumalo. When the father has given permission for the marriage to take place, the intended husband kills an ox or a sheep, according to his means, and takes part of it to the town where the girl's father lives. The young man stops outside, accompanied by his friends, and shouts, "Here is meat for your child." The young warriors of the town then rush out and drive the messengers away, and after a sham fight and pursuit they all come back and feast. A few days later the girl proceeds to her husband's town, accompanied by the young girls of her own. Sometimes her father gives her an ox or a cow to take with her, or, if he cannot afford it, perhaps a sheep. The procession then goes to the house of the bridegroom. The bride, who has brought a calabash filled with water, at the bottom of which are strings of beads, pours some of the contents over the bridegroom, and sprinkles his people and his friends with

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the remainder. She then puts the beads on her head, and placing the calabash on the ground in front of her husband she crushes it with her foot, and the marriage is sealed. The girls who have accompanied her are entertained for the night; the husband slaughters an animal and feeds them as well as his friends, and during the whole of that night and of the next day there is dancing, with beating of drums and drinking of native beer. The following day the bridesmaids go to collect wood in the bush; the bridegroom presents them on their return with a goat, and after eating the meat they go back



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to their homes. There is one very striking custom connected with marriage. A married woman can neither speak to, nor even look at her father-in-law; and her husband must observe the same reserve towards his mother-in-law. Many people, I dare say, would like to see this custom introduced in this country.

One day, I remember, an old man brought to me a child, his grandson, who was ill; he wanted medicine for the baby. I asked him what was the matter with it, and he said that he did not exactly know, but that the mother did; so I asked him why he had not brought her. Upon his informing me that she was close by, I told him to call her; the moment she appeared in the distance, to my utter astonishment, he placed the baby in my arms and went

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to hide himself behind a hut. It was only afterwards that his conduct was explained to me.

Before marriage women are allowed entire freedom, but not so afterwards, since the least infringement of the marriage vows is punished by the death of the two guilty parties. Divorce is not permitted, at least on the woman's side. If, however, a man does not like his wife he can send her away and return her to her parents; but in such a case she is allowed to marry another man if she chooses. But a wife cannot leave her husband of her own free will. When a man dies his widows become the property of his eldest brother. Polygamy is the rule, the average number of a man's wives ranging from two up to several hundreds. For instance, Umsili Gazi, Lo Bengula's father, had 800. The children are numerous, the average number being three or four for each woman. Twins are put to death, and the mortality among children is enormous, owing chiefly to the lack of care—so that only the fittest can survive. More than seventy per cent. die before they reach the age of five months; and for that reason, if polygamy ceases to exist, the native races will disappear from Africa.

Most of the hard work is performed by the women; the whole of the cultivation is done by them. They plough with short spades of native manufacture; they sow the fields, and they clear them of weeds. After the big dance the girls go with great ceremony into the fields, having taken off all their clothes, which they replace by grass. No man is allowed to be upon the road when the procession passes.

When they find caterpillars in their fields they apply to the witch-doctors for medicine, or charms, to drive them away. They also place an ear of corn in a calabash, fill it up with caterpillars, and place the receptacle in a road leading towards another village, so as to induce the insects to migrate thither. The only share of the men in the cultivation lies in making, towards April, huge fires to the windward of the gardens, their

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idea being that the smoke, by passing over the crops, will assist the ripening of them. After the corn has been thrashed it is placed in baskets and covered with clay. The baskets are then placed in holes under the cattle kraal ; sometimes they place them in clay pillars near their huts. They reap towards the end of April, but in Lo Bengula's time everyone had to wait until the chief had reaped his own garden. No one dared to begin before, so that if for some reason or another the King's crops happened to be backward, many of the people had their crops rotten, being unable to gather them.

The funerals are conducted with a good deal of ceremony. As soon as a man is dead his relations tie up the corpse in blankets or skins in a sitting position, and begin to howl. The people of the town, and the friends of the dead from neighbouring villages, come to the hut and join his family in their howlings. If the dead is a man of importance, such as an induna, everybody in the neighbourhood comes to cry over him ; if he is not a man of importance, his friends only. As soon as they arrive within sight they begin to scream at the top of their voices ; after they enter the hut they cease their cries, but begin again on departing. A grave is dug by the relations outside the town, no special place being appointed for the burials. The corpse is laid in the ground in the same sitting posture and covered with bushes ; then the grave is filled up with earth. On the top stones and bushes are laid. After the funeral the nearest relations, and anyone who has come into actual contact with the corpse, go out into special huts that are built outside every town for the purpose, and remain there for several days, through the same fear of impurity, until they have been thoroughly physicked and cleansed by the witch-doctors. When a man is in a dying state he is taken into a small hut outside the town to die. There is no special sign of mourning, but the widows walk out every morning and every evening and howl mournfully

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during several days after the death of their husbands. People, however, who have been executed for witchcraft are not buried, but are left in the bush to be eaten up by the hyænas and the birds of prey.

There is no individual landed property in Matabeleland. The land belongs to the tribe, and in Lo Bengula's time the people were allowed to own sheep and goats, as well as a small quantity of oxen ; but when a man began to own a large number of cattle he was exposed to the danger of death for witchcraft, on the accusation of the witch-doctors acting as the tools of the King, or of the local chiefs, who eyed with extreme jealousy the wealth of any one of their subjects. In each village a large number of cattle was also given by the King, to be cared for by his people. These cattle were nominally the property of the King and of the nation ; Lo Bengula could call for them whenever he required them. It was from these herds that the oxen were taken which were slaughtered at the time of the big dance. I also found that Lo Bengula, when he visited the various towns of his country, followed by a large number of warriors, had some of these regal cattle slaughtered. The people, however, who had charge of them had a right to the calves as well as to the milk, and also to the skins of the animals when they died. These skins were used to make shields. It may therefore be easily understood that when, after the Matabele war, the Company claimed all the cattle belonging to Lo Bengula, which were in this way entrusted to the people of the various villages, the demand was much resented by the natives. Lo Bengula also had a large quantity of cattle which were his own exclusively, while the others were practically national property.

Each town, as I explained before, was organized into a regiment. These were of two kinds—the regiments of young men, Majoka, and the regiments of old men, Amadota. This did not mean that the various regiments were composed exclusively of young or old men. The

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latter were distinguished from the others by the ring they wore on their head, a ring made of grass sewn on to the hair and covered with glue. This distinction was conferred not on individuals but on the whole regiment, as a reward for bravery or for services rendered the King. The "young men" were not allowed to have official wives: they could indeed be married, but could not build separate huts for their wives. The distinctive mark for each division (composed of several regiments) was the colour of the shields, and also the shape and colour of the head-gear worn, which consisted of a big ball of feathers placed on the top of the head, and held by a string passed under the chin. The war dress was most magnificent. For the regiments of young men it consisted of a kind of helmet enveloping the whole of the head, and only showing the eyes, the nose, and the mouth; this was made of black ostrich feathers, as well as a huge cape, with which the neck and shoulders were covered. The old men wore the same, but no helmet; it was replaced in their case by a band, about four inches broad, of otter skin tied round the forehead, with a crane feather stuck in it. The army consisted of all the male population from 15 years upwards; and the children who had been enslaved in the various raids were incorporated in the regiments when they reached manhood. There was thus always new blood in the Matabele army, and the strength of the fighting men was yearly increased. At the head of each village, and consequently of each regiment, was an induna, having under him several captains (Umzuli), appointed by him; this office was usually hereditary.

When a town was removed from one place to another each division kept its relative position, and the gardens of each division were marked out in the same position as in the previous town, each man taking his own. Every year Lo Bengula used to send a large impi to raid some neighbouring tribe. Mashonaland was the chief raiding ground of the Matabele on account of its wealth

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in cattle. It was in order to protect themselves against these raids that the inhabitants of what is now called Mashonaland built their villages on the very top of the highest hills; hence the nickname of Amashuina given to them by the Matabele, Amashuina meaning baboons—"these monkeys living on the top of the hills." The passage of the Matabele raiders was marked by a trail of perfectly wanton destruction. Among the most celebrated raids were those in the country around Lake N'gami. The Matabele were severely beaten, and had to cross hundreds of miles of desert to return to their country; having failed to secure cattle they had no food, water was scarce, and numbers of them died on the way. The induna in command was put to death on his return to Bulawayo. Another disaster befell them in the Mashukolumbwe country, north of the Zambezi, and west of the Kafui river. This district is celebrated for its cattle—a small breed, but very abundant. These Mashukolumbwe wear no clothes of any kind, and are remarkable for the way in which they do their hair. They let it grow long, and then dress it in the shape of a long pointed horn, starting from the back of the head, and reaching a height of two or three feet. The Matabele invaded the country and captured a lot of cattle; but on their return, when they reached the neighbourhood of the Zambezi valley, they had to cross huge swamps. There the Mashukolumbwe had laid an ambush for them; many were killed, others drowned, and more than half of the cattle were drowned also. The occupation of Mashonaland by the whites was eyed with much anger by the Matabele warriors, as they resented being prevented from carrying on their raids there. How this finally led to the war and the break-up of the natives everybody now knows.

The food of the Matabele usually consists of porridge made of Indian corn or millet flour, boiled in water, and sometimes of meat; dead animals are always eaten up.

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The meat is either stewed in earthenware pots, or roasted, and almost burned, on the fire. The natives also make large quantities of native beer, "joala," consisting of a thick porridge of millet and Indian corn flour, boiled in pots, and allowed to stand for a few days until fermentation sets in. This drink is slightly intoxicating, but the natives drink enormous quantities of it: Lo Bengula, as I have said, drank several gallons daily. It is the only food that old men take, since it affords nourishment as well as drink. To make it stronger rice is added, and sometimes really intoxicating drink is manufactured in this way.

The Matabele, to sum up their characteristics, are essentially a warlike tribe, easily roused, always ready to fight; and they have from their early youth grown so accustomed to the idea of death, that they possess nothing analogous to our respect for human life. They are intensely superstitious; and their idea of power, known or unknown, is always associated with evil. The good sides of human nature are neither known nor understood by them. Honesty, kindness, gratitude, do not exist for them. The thief is not despised because he has stolen, but because he has allowed himself to be caught, and if his crime remains undetected he is admired by all. The higher powers, whether chiefs or spirits, are respected in direct proportion to what we should call their cruelty and tendency to evil. At the big dance, as we have seen, the great warriors came forward and enumerated the number of people they had killed, not only in war, but also in their own country—for instance, if they had put a man to death by orders of the King. Whenever Lo Ben wanted someone killed every man was anxious to be entrusted with the mission, whether the intended victim were his bitterest enemy or his best friend. Kindness is considered by them the result of fear. I had a Matabele as ox-leader, and I had been particularly good to him. I made him one day a present of a coat, an

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article that they greatly value; I promised to increase his wages, and gave him five shillings more than he was entitled to: that same night he disappeared, after stealing a box of gun-caps. Before going he said to my headman that there was something wrong with me; I had been giving him a lot of things without reason, and he thought that, as I was shortly going out of Matabeleland, I must have had some evil design on him, and I had probably done all this to decoy him away, and to bewitch him when once we got out of his country!

From an economic point of view the Matabele are a useless race. They are destructive, despise work, and have always considered their weaker neighbours as a legitimate prey. The women, in their eyes, are only worth slightly more than cattle, merely representing their value in oxen. They are only appreciated for the work they are able to perform and the number of children they bring to their husbands; our conception of love is unintelligible to them. Of course they are susceptible of improvement, but it will take several generations before the deeply-rooted prejudices that they are imbued with can be eradicated. The first thing that must be done, now the rebellion is over, is to set to work against the witch-doctors, but great care will have to be taken not to do so in a hurry, as persecution is so great an incentive to proselytism.

Apart from the great service that has been rendered by the Chartered Company to the Empire in the addition of this valuable country to the possessions of Great Britain, the crushing of the Matabele, as a ruling power, has been an immense step towards the civilization of Africa. It has saved thousands of natives of neighbouring tribes from murder and incessant persecution, enabling them to carry out in peace their agricultural labour; and I have no doubt that the next generation of Matabele will learn to work, in order to satisfy the new wants that are certain to arise among them through daily contact

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with civilization. To the close observer it is already a remarkable fact that the Matabele have, during the recent rebellion, but seldom adopted their old method of fighting; and if this rebellion is an incident to be deplored, I feel certain that when it has been quelled the country will arise from the ordeal with a fresh vitality, and the natives will feel for the whites a much deeper respect than they ever did before.

CHAPTER VIII.

AMONG THE MAKALAKA

I LEFT Hope Fountain, pretty well restored to health, on the 23rd of April. On starting at four in the afternoon we first followed the tracks of previous travellers over a plateau, but soon lost them, and went on through tall grass, passing numerous maize fields, in the middle of which grew lemons and water-melons. Presently we came to a small village, where a native stopped me to ask for medicine. He had been fighting with another man, and one of his fingers had been cut in two with an axe. The wound was quite fresh, and he said it did not hurt him. I dressed it as well as I could, and by way of thanks he asked me for a present. We camped on a dry upland, without any wood for fire, and to all intents and purposes lost in the veldt. But I was used to that by now.

Starting at sunrise next morning, we found ourselves at the end of an hour near a village bearing the musical name of Magogweni. The young warriors came out of the village and demanded the inevitable present; they were all armed with knobbed sticks and assegais, and the demeanour of some of them was very menacing. Of course I did not give them a present, whereon they began to threaten me, and broke out into a song to the effect that they would soon kill all the whites. Next they began to beat one of my men—the smallest of the lot, of course, a poor devil who was nothing but skin and bone. This was going too far, so I told them

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through my interpreter to be gone. As this had no effect, I finished by producing my revolver. At last I had found an argument they could appreciate. They drew back immediately, but continued to follow us for about half an hour, brandishing their weapons and yelling out threats. This was only a fair specimen of the feeling of all the young warriors at the time. Consequently, I for one was by no means surprised a few months later to hear that the Chartered Company had been driven to war with them.

At half-past nine we got to the river Khami, a name now familiar to the British public—if not already forgotten—by reason of several severe fights on its banks during the recent Matabele revolt. We crossed it near its source, where it is not much more than a rivulet a few yards wide. But its banks are very steep, and it is dangerous to bathe in the deeper holes, where crocodiles lie. Halting on the southern bank, we had great difficulty in getting a little dry wood to cook our breakfast.

We halted for the night at the river Mabokotwani, where a number of natives arrived from a neighbouring village with baskets of maize, potatoes, and the like. Among them was a tall native, adorned with an old hat and vest, of which he seemed exceedingly proud. Approaching me, he explained that the Queen wished me to come and pay her a visit the next morning. I remembered then that when this august lady paid me a visit on my way to Bulawayo I had promised her a present. I therefore gave her messenger a handful of glass beads, and bade him tell Her Majesty that I much regretted being unable to pay her a visit, but I expected to start again at the break of day. An hour later the messenger returned, followed by slaves carrying gourds of beer, a present from the Queen. Her message was that I must certainly stay the next day, as she could not think of letting me go without seeing me. Thinking

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there might be something of interest to see, I promised to visit her.

Next morning, according to promise, I went to her village, which was only a few hundred yards from the camp. The country was undulating and covered with high grass; owing to this and the exceeding lowness of the huts of Her Majesty's village, the place was hardly visible a hundred yards away. It was surrounded by a high palisade; we had to climb over a barrier of trunks of trees to pass this, and then found ourselves in a large well-levelled courtyard, in which were three huts. Two on the right belonged to the Maholi or slaves; that on the left was the royal hut, rather higher than the others, and adorned with ox-horns. The Queen was seated on a mat in front of the door, with an enormous gourd of beer at her side. Imbolo—such was her name—was of a remarkable type. An enormous woman, nearly six feet high, and with the build of a blacksmith; her breasts hung down below her waist, while her enormous stomach drooped down like an apron. Her only garment was a petticoat of ox-skin, which is the official costume of queens. Before her, at a respectful distance, squatted some twenty natives, while Maholi women went to and fro in the courtyard. On my appearance they brought me a mat to sit down on, and placed at my side a pot containing several pints of beer. The Queen then proceeded to examine all my belongings, being especially interested in my revolver and my watch. The interpreter explained to her that the latter moved with the sun, and that with its aid I could tell where the sun and moon were without seeing them. This she found very extraordinary. She then noticed my Japanese tattoo marks; a dragon appeared to her a new and very engaging beast, but she was rather troubled by the fear that it went when I washed. Her next question was whether my country was very far away. I explained how many moons it would take to march thither going northward. She replied

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with decision that this was a lie, because all white men came from the south. Was I married? was her next inquiry; but here she was interrupted by one of the bystanders. "Come, come," he said, "he is too young for that." The whole party burst into roars of laughter when I blew my nose. After a desultory conversation of this rather unprofitable kind, I said I must go; but Her Majesty's hospitality cried out against the idea. I must wait till the sun went down, she said; then she would kill a beast and we would eat meat—the *summum bonum* of the native mind. I was firm; but before departing got them to show me the whole place. The Queen's hut,



THE QUEEN'S HUT.

of which I have already spoken, was low, the door hardly two feet high by three wide. I wondered how this enormous woman could ever manage to get through it. The ground inside was polished like a waxed floor. For such floors they use a sort of cement they get from ant-hills. This is kneaded into mortar and then polished by rubbing with a stone. On the threshold a row of small stones is embedded in the cement. The walls of the hut are made of mud. Behind the royal hut was another enclosure almost as important—the ox-kraal. In the middle of this were planted four poles about twelve feet high, on the top of which stood a little square hut. Here were kept the shields of the warriors; they were the property of the King, and the Queen was their guardian.

Before bidding adieu to Her Majesty I again presented

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her with some beads, and was followed back to my camp by a small crowd demanding the eternal present. A few moments after I reached my camp the messenger re-appeared with slaves carrying more beer and a sheep—more presents from the hospitable Queen. At the moment when I was starting Imbolo appeared in person, her enormous body rolling like a ship at sea. She had come in the benevolence of her heart to bid me *au revoir*. I offered her a box of preserves—a great wonder in native eyes—but she refused it. “You will need it for the journey,” she said. Altogether she was a treasure of a woman, and Lo Ben was to be congratulated on at least one of his marriages. She insisted on accompanying me for nearly half a mile, and left me with loud protestations of friendship.

Two hours' march next day, over a series of bushy plateaux and among kopjes of the wildest and most fantastic shape, brought us into the heart of the Matopos. Then we began to descend rapidly. The path wound through wild gorges hemmed in by rocks covered with the richest vegetation. At one point we looked over a wide valley, with a pile of huddled kopjes in the middle, on the other side of which appeared a new range of mountains of the strangest form. It looked as if some giant had broken up a few mountains of the orthodox shape, and tossed down the fragments anyhow to form a new range. The descent became more and more rapid; presently we crossed a small river, the Little Shashani, on the further side of which we came out among fields. Soon we approached the range of mountains we had seen the other side of the valley, and at the bottom of a romantic gorge came upon the river Shashani itself. A more difficult country for military operations with white troops cannot be imagined.

We were now entering on the country inhabited by the Makalaka, with only one Matabele village six miles west of Mangwe. A great number of Makalaka came to us

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to trade by the Shashani with the usual maize, potatoes, water-melons, and so on. The men are of a by no means disagreeable type, without the air of arrogance which the Matabele affect. The women, on the other hand, are hideous. As a rule they shave their heads, leaving only one tuft, which they allow to grow very long and smear with a mixture of earth and fat. They wear round their waists a skin embroidered with rows of beads, the back of which forms a bag. Like all natives, they carry their children on their backs. These infants have their hair covered over with glass beads. They are exceedingly precocious, beginning to walk long before the age of twelve months. I saw one infant, who could not have been more than two months old, standing on his mother's back, his feet pressed on to the small of the back, and holding on to her shoulders. The Makalaka, I discovered, rejoice in a god of the name of Shumpaoli. He is found in the enclosure outside their huts, and is manufactured in the following manner. The head of an axe and a stone from the river are placed on the ground together; between these are planted a twig and a long stalk of grass—and there you have your god. When they make beer they pour some of it round the god, and the children come and lick him. They also scatter the first-fruits of the harvest about him, and on the great days when they kill a beast they skin it in his presence.

We left the Shashani at three that afternoon, and continued to follow the line of the Matopos, which were now on our left and east of us. The country was still very grandiose. In the evening two Makalaka, both appallingly drunk, arrived at my camp with a boy of about five. One of them wanted to sell me milk, and I offered him a price for it. The moment the words were out of my mouth, he began shouting out that I was mocking him, that he was a man; and to prove it he lifted up his son. "Very well," I said, "then take your milk away." Again he yelled out that I must

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not mock him, and again he lifted up his son. He repeated this performance about a dozen times, and then accepted the ten gun-caps which I had offered him. His comrade next approached, and asked if I would like to buy some maize, and how much would I want for a piece of cotton. I told him ten baskets. That wound him up, so to speak, and instantly he too began a series of blood-curdling yells; but he too finished by offering to bring eight baskets at sunrise, and leaving his old musket as a guarantee of good faith. He did not appear next morning, so I started without waiting for him, well knowing that he would come to fetch his gun. Before long he came hurrying after us with the maize, and the transaction was completed! Such is shopping in Africa.

Next morning as we approached Mangwe the mountains gradually disappeared, and we passed through a succession of fields. In the middle of each was a small hut for the accommodation of women who had come there to get in the harvest. We reached Mangwe that evening, and started next day for Tati. The country became dull, and all signs of habitation ceased. On the 30th of April we reached the ruins of Mpakwe—on the further side of the river of the same name—which showed interesting traces of old gold workings. They are surrounded by a wall. About three-quarters can still be traced, and there is some sort of sign of a smelting furnace in the middle. Next day rather more than six hours' trek through hot sand, covered more and more with bush as we advanced, brought us to Tati.

When I arrived in Tati I found that the oxen I had left sick when I started for Bulawayo had disappeared. I sent natives in search of them, while I devoted a week to letter-writing. At the end of that time I decided to push northward through the Makalaka country to try and find a better route to the Victoria Falls. I went first to the Monarch Mine, where I received a hearty welcome; there I was detained a fortnight getting my waggon repaired.

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Mr. Kessler, the assayer, then mentioned some remarkable ruins, said to be quite as large as Zimbabwe, which were reported to exist near the sources of the Tati river, and it was arranged that we should visit them together.

We took a native guide, and after three days' trek through a well-timbered country, covered with luxuriant grass and well watered, we camped at the foot of a hill, on the top of which rose a rocky point looking like a miniature imitation of the Matterhorn. The following morning our guide took us to see the celebrated ruins. First of all he led us to a huge flat slab of rock some



IN THE MAKALAKA COUNTRY.

three hundred feet in diameter, in the middle of which was a deep pool of water. We then climbed the slopes of the hill, and when we reached the base of the peak our guide informed us that we stood upon the sacred spot.

"But," said I, "where are the ruins?"

"There are no ruins, master; but this is the place where the great Mambo died."

After much questioning we discovered the tradition connected with this rock. When Umsili Gazi, Lo Bengula's father, invaded Matabeleland, the country was ruled by a Swazi chief, Mambo ("the Chief"). Beaten by Umsili Gazi near the place where Bulawayo now stands, he took refuge to the west and established himself near this rock. He hid in a cave by the big slab we first saw; but

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heavy rains came and the cave was flooded, many of the women hidden in it being drowned. Mambo himself took refuge with his wives at the foot of the rock. Soon the Matabele came, and the Swazi were once more beaten by the invaders. Feeling that he was about to be taken prisoner, Mambo cut off the heads of his wives and slaves, and then, making a huge heap of dry wood, burned himself in the midst of their bodies.

The tradition was interesting ; but Kessler was not too well pleased at having come all the way to see a mere rock. Anxious at least to get an idea of the geography of the country for his trouble, he suggested our climbing a high hill : to reach the foot of it we had to pass through very long grass covered with seeds. These stuck in my stockings, inflicting excruciating pain. However, we reached the top of the hill, and were rewarded with a magnificent view. Coming down by the other side we found at the foot still denser grass. From time to time I tried to pull the grass seeds off my stockings, but soon so many got stuck in that I gave it up. I could go no further. These seeds, about half an inch long, have three barbs at their extremity shaped like a fish-hook ; not only do they stick into woollen garments, but, what is more to the point, into your skin. I was covered with so many of them, and the agony was so intense, that I sat down and declined to go a step further. Kessler, who had corduroy trousers, laughed at me ; but I got quite angry, and swore that I would stop there till he sent me the pony.

The next day he returned to Monarch, and I went on, determined to penetrate as far as the Nata river, in order to ascertain whether it was possible to join the road across the Kalahari to the Victoria Falls.

Presently I reached the first Makalaka village, the chief of which was not able to welcome me, as he had recently been killed by Lo Ben. A few natives appeared, and desired to sell fowls and sheep at a most exorbitant price ; but

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my object being to see the country, I decided to push on to Umsuazi's, the largest kraal of that district. The country became much flatter; there were no kopjes, but much high grass and wood. We passed a native cemetery, conspicuous by the funeral mounds, and there we found some natives. "Where is Umsuazi's village?" I asked. There were no wheel tracks in the direction they pointed out, and we plunged into the veldt without much confidence. The direction was right all the same, and after half an hour we halted fifty yards from the chief's huts. We were now about eighty miles from Tati, a hundred and seventy from Palapshwe, and only fifteen days south of the Zambezi. I have no hesitation in saying that this is the road of the future rather than that which I had taken when I visited the Barotse country. There is no thick sand, water is plentiful, and provisions can be got on the way. That at any rate is the case with the road so far as I trekked it.

Half an hour after our arrival Umsuazi appeared with two or three of his followers. He was a tall old man, very dirty of course, with a malignant and rascally expression. He began by measuring me with his eyes from head to foot; I did the same by him. At the end of some minutes, seeing that I was not disposed to make any advances, he made up his mind to greet me, and squatted down opposite my fire.

"Who told you to come into my country?" was his first question.

"Lo Bengula," I boldly replied.

"What have you come for?"

"To buy mealies," I said. (It is always as well to have a definite object.)

"Where is the King's man?" next asked Umsuazi.

"I have no man with me, but I am coming from Bula-wayo, and the King has allowed me to travel through his country."

"Well," said the chief, "if you want mealies I will sell you some; but you can't go any further."

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I made no reply, and the old man retired.

Next morning he appeared bringing me a present, and I made him one in return. There was not much trading to be done, as the prices his people asked for beasts were simply ridiculous. However, grain could be bought at a fair rate for beads. Umsuazi took no great interest in any of my affairs, except my firearms, and was disagreeable in general. My men were much afraid of him, and said he would send us away, if he did no worse. On the second morning some women had appeared to sell us maize, when all of a sudden the chief appeared, storming and swearing. He was foaming at the mouth, and evidently drunk. He drove the women away with a stick, approached my camp, and then suddenly went off again swearing. In the afternoon he sent to say I had better go back whence I came, which added to the terror of my men. The next morning he appeared and did not greet me, only stared at me in silence, which is a great insult among the natives. I told him to go away, which he did, but again sent to say he would not let me go further. Without troubling myself about his ravings I made my preparations to go on. At the moment when I was inspanning he appeared again, accompanied by about a dozen men with assegais. He looked at me; I looked at him. Seeing that I would not speak first, he said to me:

“What did you say?”

“Nothing,” I replied; “did you say anything?”

He then turned to my men and threatened to kill them if they followed me. They translated his threats to me, and I made them tell him that if he had anything to say he had better say it to me and not to my slaves. I had had enough of his foolishness, I said, and was decided to go on. If he did not want me to, he had better stop me.

“Where are you going?” he asked.

“I am going to the next village.”

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"No, you won't."

"Who will prevent me?"

"I shall prevent you"; and thereupon he called his escort.

"Now, look here, my friend," I said, losing my temper, "no nonsense. I am going, and you won't stop me." At the same time I seized my gun, and, seeing two birds in a tree about a hundred yards off, I aimed at them. The gun went off by accident, and to my amazement the two birds dropped dead, cut in two by my express bullet.

"You see," I said, seizing the opportunity, "that is how I can shoot. So you needn't try to stop me."

The old chief responded that I was a bad man, that he would send messengers to Lo Ben, who would send an impi to kill me. Knowing that I should be out of the country before the messengers could reach Lo Ben, I went on. He sent some armed men after us; I pretended to take no notice of them, and they soon disappeared.

We trekked through a forest, and soon I noticed that my leader was guiding the oxen in such a way as to make a circle and to come back on our steps. I told him that it was no use trying that game on me, and I marched myself ahead of the waggon, following a footpath leading to the north-west. Towards evening we passed a village, where the people were most friendly; they informed me that in a day's march I would get to Matamdumba's kraal, the residence of the biggest local chief. We camped that night near a river. The next morning, after trekking for five hours, we found the footpath obstructed by a huge tree quite recently felled. With much difficulty we removed it, but soon came across fresh obstructions. I heard afterwards that Umsuazi had sent messengers ahead to warn the various chiefs to stop me.

In the evening, however, we reached Matamdumba's kraal. My guide had bolted, afraid of Umsuazi's threats;

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but a man of Matamdumba showed me the way in exchange for a box of gun-caps. Soon after my arrival old Matamdumba himself came to see me; he was very friendly, but also much afraid. He promised to show me the Nata river the next day from the top of a hill. In the evening numbers of women brought me fresh milk and mealies. I paid two strings of beads for a gallon of milk, and about half a pound of them for a sack of mealies.

The girls were all dressed in a kaross, which is made of skins sewed together and covered with elaborate designs

of red and white beads. These are fastened on to the shoulders and hang below the ankles. They last a life-time, and being never washed emit a most dreadful odour. The girls' hair is shaved, with the exception of a tuft about four inches in diameter; this is allowed to grow long, and is smeared with a mixture of rancid butter and black ashes; mixed up with the hair it forms a heavy coating, and makes the people look most repulsive. The children are carried naked in a skin on their mothers'



MAKALAKA GIRL.

backs, and the hair is done up like the girls', but with beads strung in it. Married women wear a small triangle of beads strung on the hair and hanging down on the forehead.

The villages consist of circular huts with low conical roofs. In the centre stands the cattle kraal, and the whole village is surrounded with a strong palisade of wood stuck in the ground. The country is most fertile; the people cultivate mealies, sweet potatoes, millet, water-melons, and pumpkins. They possess large numbers of cattle, small in size but perfect in shape. These are

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trained as pack animals, and many natives also ride them. They have also large numbers of goats, and a few sheep.

For cattle they ask high prices—the equivalent of £5 to £6 in trading goods—beads or guns. Goats can be purchased for about six shillings' worth of beads.

The next morning the old chief took me up a hill, and I got from there a splendid view over the surrounding country. It finally convinced me that this is the best way to reach the Victoria Falls. By following this route you avoid all the waterless part of the Kalahari; the grass is excellent, and there is no fear of losing your cattle through lack of water.

From Matamdumba's kraal only five to six days are necessary to reach Wacha Vley, whence water is abundant right up to the Zambezi. The old chief promised to give me guides to take me right up to the Nata river; but in the afternoon I unfortunately climbed up a small hill with my theodolite and my camera. I was taking some angles when the chief appeared, followed by more than a hundred of his men, all armed. The old man was shaking all over with excitement.

"So," he exclaimed, "you have come here to bewitch the country. I have a good mind to kill you."

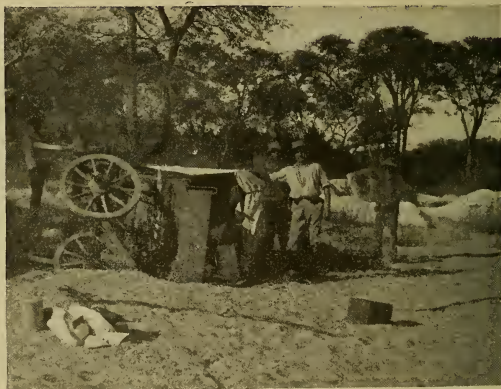
"Yes, yes," shouted his followers; "kill him, kill him; he has been doing witchcraft."

My position was most disagreeable. I only had my revolver, but I was determined to shoot the first man who came near me. Through my interpreter I spoke to the people, trying to explain what I had been doing; but I hardly managed to calm them, and I returned to my waggon followed by the angry crowd. My interpreter strongly advised me to clear out that night, assuring me that the people meant to try me next day for witchcraft. So, as soon as the moon rose, we inspanned the waggon and trekked all night. In the afternoon we again moved away. I timed myself to pass Umsuazi's

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kraal at night, and was glad when I once more reached the sources of the Tati river. In three days more I arrived at the Monarch Mine. I have since heard that Lo Bengula was very wroth at my having visited this part of his states without his leave, and my unfortunate guide was seized by Umsuazi, sent to Lo Ben, and put to death.

I spent some time at Monarch in order to get my waggon repaired, as I had upset it in a dry river and con-



UPSET IN A DRIFT.

siderably damaged it. I also developed my photographs, and then, taking leave of my kind friends, I trekked towards Palapshwe. My intention was to go back to Cape Town by the Transvaal, but when I reached Palapshwe I found some officers who had just returned from Mashonaland.

They were full of enthusiasm about the Zimbabwe ruins, and strongly urged me to go and visit them. This merely meant a detour of three weeks, and I therefore decided to proceed once more northwards. Before leaving I had to part with my headman Major. As I have

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described above, a snake spat in his eye at Linokani six months before. He had appeared all right since then, but while we were at Monarch the eye got inflamed, and the doctor found that a false membrane had formed. He advised Major to go and be operated upon at Kimberley, and even so he feared that the poor fellow would have to get his eye altogether removed.

CHAPTER IX.

MASHONALAND

I LEFT Palapshwe on the 25th of July, and glad indeed I was to think that this would be my last experience of the villainous approaches to Khama's village. The first stage of the journey into Mashonaland was getting to Macloutsie. The road diverged almost immediately from that which I had followed to Tati on the way to Matabeleland, but except for its unspeakable badness it does not call for much comment. A good deal of it was heavy sand alternating with forest. The oxen were good for four or six hours' travelling a day, and we got into Macloutsie on the first of August. At this station, which, until the colonization of Mashonaland, was the northernmost position occupied by British troops, I stayed three days. It was the principal post of the Bechuanaland Border Police, and I received much kindness from the officers of that fine irregular force. Sir Frederick Carrington was their colonel at the time, and his stories were the delight of everybody. Even then he had the reputation of being one of the very best British officers who ever came to South Africa, and that reputation, I need not remind anybody, he has since maintained and heightened by his conduct of the recent operations against the Matabele rebels. I had met him before on my way to the Victoria Falls, and great was his astonishment to find me still on the tramp.

On the 4th of August we jolted out of Macloutsie on the way to Tuli. The journey occupied a week,

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and was only diversified by occasional rumours of lions ; but beyond seeing two Dutchmen who had seen two lions, I did not add much to my experiences of these beasts. Instead of that I added something to my already overwhelming experiences of the manners and customs of the draught ox, as a great many members of my team spent the best part of their time being ill and requiring medical attendance. A Dutchman I met informed me that the whole team was suffering from foot and mouth disease. "The transport to Mashonaland," he added, "is almost stopped through it, but if you follow my advice your beasts ought to be all right in a fortnight. You must throw each one of them every day and wash their feet well with tepid water, then paint them with paraffin oil and put a thick coating of waggon grease over them. This done, rub their mouths well with powdered alum, and pour a thin broth of mustard and water down their throats." I then had nineteen oxen, and this meant no easy job. Fortunately I possessed all the necessary ingredients, and I began forthwith to follow the prescription. The worst of it was that I had but four men with me, so that the operation took a considerable time ; but the result was worthy of the trouble, as before I reached Victoria every one of them was all right, and my team was the only "salted"* one in the place.

I reached Tuli on the 11th of August, and was now in Mashonaland. Civilization at once presented itself in the shape of a bar, where it was possible to get a whiskey and soda. This was my first experience of that drink for eighteen months. Here also I found myself in the true frontier society, which is the same all over the world. The barman was an excellent fellow, who at one time had been well known in London Society. He had held a commission in a crack Hussar regiment, and

* "Salted" is a South African expression, meaning that an animal has suffered from a usually fatal disease and, having recovered from it, is proof against a fresh attack.

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after running through well over £100,000 had come out here to mix drinks at £20 a month; and very well he did it. In the bar you might converse with any class of society you wished, from the British peer to the American cowboy. A good many of them had come croppers of one sort or another—that was why they were there—but they were all good fellows.

Tuli then consisted of a small dilapidated fort, at the foot of which stood enormous corrugated iron sheds filled with stores of all kinds, the remnant of what had been sent from the south to feed the first settlers when they were cut off from all communication with the Cape Colony owing to an extra heavy rainy season; two or three private stores—chief among them being Mr. Julius Weil's—and a hotel built of bricks composed the town. But a few police were left to guard the place; their officer—who at the same time was acting as local magistrate—was Captain Barnett, a most kind and hospitable fellow. I took up my quarters at the hotel opened out by Mr. Weil on the other side of the Sashi river. This river, nominally over half a mile broad, was then dry, but during the rains it gets quite full, the water rising to 15 or 16 ft. above its bed, so that waggons are often detained for a week, or even more, before they can cross it. Here I took out my shilling prospector's licence, the only legal preliminary to entering the Chartered Company's country, and after a week set out for Victoria. Travelling by waggon was not the most cheerful or expeditious means of getting over the country, though we were on the road constructed by the Mashonaland pioneers, which, although not perhaps up to the best European standard, was quite practicable for African waggons. Hence I was by no means displeased when, about half-way to Victoria, we were overtaken by the Company's post-cart. This was drawn by oxen, and ran once a week from Tuli to Salisbury, taking about fifteen days to accomplish the journey. Until a year before all the mails had been

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carried by policemen on horseback. These men went alone, having during the rains to swim across about fifteen rivers. They could find no food on the way, and their only supplies for the five days the journey lasted were a few tins of corned beef, some biscuits, and a little coffee. Daily they had to sleep in a wet blanket, and whenever they could do so they rode during the night, the country being infested with lions. One of them was once chased by seven of the beasts, while another had a lion spring on his horse's back, but he managed to shoot the beast, and the pony escaped with little injury, being saved by the mail bags. Notwithstanding all these dangers, every man in the force was anxious to undertake the journey.

I had been very kindly furnished with passes to use the post-carts, and gladly took the opportunity of going on ahead, leaving my waggon to follow. My fellow-passengers were two clergymen, one of whom, Archdeacon Upcher, I found a delightful companion, and the other the reverse, as, with true Christian charity, he was very angry at not having the whole cart to himself.

The scenery on the journey up country consisted mainly of public-houses and granite kopjes. Of the former we passed eighteen between Tuli and Victoria, and of the latter a countless number. Their shapes were hardly less fantastic than those of the Matopos, though on a somewhat smaller scale. The vegetation was of tropical richness, especially along the deep valleys of the rivers. We passed more than one Mashona village, perched high up among the rocks—many of them almost impossible of access. On the top of them we could see the heads of the people as they squatted high above us, and peered down in a way that recalled and justified their Matabele name of "baboons." It was very difficult to get at them sufficiently to have any intercourse, as they were exceedingly shy and timorous. Later, however, I managed to get the camera to bear upon some of them. They ornament themselves somewhat liberally with beads, to

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which they add a touch of civilization in the form of tin ornaments made out of the white man's discarded meat tins. The Mashona are by no means without industry and ingenuity. They grow good crops of mealies, and some of them are very expert smelters and ironworkers. They make pottery also with a certain amount of skill. All the same, I cannot call them an attractive race, as they are cowardly and incurably given to pilfering. The country was then very sparsely inhabited, but it only needs irrigation, for which the many rivers give great facilities.

The last part of the journey to Victoria leads through a gorge at the foot of Providential Pass, as it is called, from the fact that the pioneers on their way up country discovered it by an accident. The scenery here is enchanting, richly green, with cool streams bubbling through the vegetation. The surrounding hills are less grotesque in their aspect than those of other parts of the country, and possess a graceful charm, which, for the most part, is lacking in Africa. The township of Victoria was represented at that time by a group of straw huts. It was built on a flat plateau, and did not seem over healthy; but that was in early days. There were three public-houses, all doing a rattling trade. Chief among them was Napier's bar, kept by its enterprising owner, whose name has been so often mentioned since he acted as colonel of the Bulawayo contingent at the beginning of the Matabele rebellion. I was put up in a hut in the company of Lord Henry Paulet and Major Browne, where I spent a fortnight most enjoyably. From visits which I made to the neighbouring mines I was greatly impressed with the future prospects of this country. They were not of course in full working order, but there was no mistaking the indications of riches in the samples of quartz and assays submitted to me.

From Victoria I made an excursion to the famous

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ruins of Zimbabwe.* To see these had been one of the objects that brought me to Africa; but as I found Mr. Theodore Bent had been before me and made a thorough examination of the ruins, I visited them rather to satisfy my own curiosity than from any desire or expectation of adding anything to the work of an eminent archæologist so much more capable of describ-



THE OLD FORT AT VICTORIA.

ing them than myself. In this place, therefore, I shall only give a brief sketch of the extent and appearance of this astonishing phenomenon, referring those who wish to make a closer acquaintance with it to the admirable monographs of Mr. Bent.

* The word Zimbabwe, or Zimbabwe, as it is called, has puzzled many, but I think it can be easily explained. The true signification is clearly "House of the chief or master." In Nyasaland the house of a chief is called *Nyumba ya Mbuyé*. The letters *y* and *z* are often used one for the other in the Bantu languages; for instance, the natives call lake Nyasa either Nyanja or else Nyasa, or again Nyanza. Therefore it is probable that *Nyumba ya Mbuyé* was pronounced *Nzimba ya Mbuyé*, of which the first Portuguese who visited the place made *Zimbabwe*. The proof of this is that de Barros, in his book published in Lisbon in 1777, speaks of the *Simbaoes*, or palaces of *Benomapata*, and all the early Portuguese travellers call every residence of a chief by this name.

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One of the most remarkable and baffling features of this, as of most parts of savage Africa, is the almost absolute lack of any history. Such traditions as I could gather from the natives I have for the most part already recounted, especially those relative to the origin of the Matabele and the recent history of the Zulu race generally. I was now about to make acquaintance with the most considerable example of another kind of historical evidence—if such vague enigmas can be called evidence—the extraordinary ruins which are to be found in several parts of this vast region. Some of these I have briefly noticed already, but the notice has been of necessity very brief indeed, because it is impossible to find any trustworthy theory concerning them. Before visiting Zimbabwe I had seen, as has already been said, several ruins which, unimportant in themselves, are of interest as being unquestionably of similar origin.

It might be well briefly to recount the lesser ruins I had seen before approaching the greatest of these romantic puzzles. First, at Tati there were two circles on the top of a hill between 40 and 50 yards in diameter. The wall, however, is almost entirely destroyed, as the stones have been used by miners to build their huts. Second, I found another circular wall on a hill to the north of Mount Inyangakwe—this also very ruinous. Third, on the river Umbukwe, a tributary of the Tati, is a ruin on a little rocky eminence. The outer wall is in excellent preservation, and you can trace very plainly a passage leading into the interior. These ruins display work exactly similar to that of Zimbabwe, and it can hardly be doubted that they date from the same epoch. Fourth, on the river M'pakwe. The outer wall here is very dilapidated, but the plan of the interior is like that of Zimbabwe in certain respects, though on a very much smaller and less elaborate scale. Fifth, on the river Lundi, in Mashonaland. Here again

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we find points of similarity to the outer wall of Zimbabwe. In all these ruins there still remain distinct signs of furnaces which must have been used for smelting gold or iron. Those I have named by no means exhaust the list; many others exist along the Semokwe and Sabi rivers. These are all circular, and not more than 40 yards or so in diameter.

As for the ruins of Zimbabwe, I found nothing more



THE GREAT WALL, ZIMBABWE.

interesting in the whole of my journey. Their extent, their gigantic proportions, and their general plan indicate a loftiness of conception very far superior to the present ability of the negro race. They consist of two perfectly distinct parts. The first of these stands on a rising ground in the middle of a plain. It consists of an elliptical, almost circular enclosure, nearly 400 yards in circumference, and surrounded by walls varying from 14 to 30 feet in height. In some parts this wall is nearly 15 feet thick at the base, and rather more than half as much at the summit. The second part of the ruins is rather over a quarter of a mile from this enclosure. Here a hill rises to a height of some 300 feet above the level

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of the plain, and on this hill again are found considerable ruins. Between the hill and the large walled enclosure below, a considerable number of small walls appear to indicate the existence of a town defended by a rampart on its western side. At one time a river must have run at the foot of the hill, for I found a stone nearly 15 feet high, whose base was worn by the action of a somewhat powerful current.

As for the ruins themselves, I find it quite impossible in a brief sketch to convey even an impression of them. Both lower and upper structures are a mass of walls so elaborate that it is difficult without long practice to find your own way about them, much less convey a description of their detail to others.

The lower enclosure seems to have been devoted to some kind of worship. In its exterior wall, which is about 400 yards in circumference, we find three entrances—on the N.N.E., on the N.E., and on the W., the first evidently the principal entrance. Penetrating into the ruins by this entrance (hardly a yard wide) we are stopped by a ditch 2 yards deep, doubtless dug in great haste as a means of defence. On our left towards the S.E. we find a long passage, a yard and a half wide, lying between the surrounding wall and an interior wall. This passage runs towards the south of the ruins and ends in a conical tower 11 or 12 yards high, on the N.N.E. of which are the remains of a smaller tower. These two towers are solid, and evidently an emblem. On the north of the large tower the inner wall stops, and the centre of the ruins is reached by a narrow passage, in which the traces of a door are found.

On the other side (W.) the approaches to the tower are equally protected by a wall at right angles to the great outer wall and a narrow passage of about a yard wide, where a staircase appears to have given access to the approaches to the towers. To the left of the first passage there is a sort of circular platform, of which the walls

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which skirt the passage leading to the sacred enclosure are composed of alternate rows of black and white stones.

The walls consist of granite, fashioned, without doubt, by the hammer. I was not able to discover any trace of the chisel. The stones were built up without cement. From the east to the south the wall is ornamented and topped by little monoliths. Except the weakest part of the wall mentioned above, the whole indicates a work executed at one period; it must have been carried out by slaves, but on a plan well conceived by an architect. The superior ruins above all show a plan admirably conceived, and a true knowledge of the laws of architecture.

As I have already explained, at the north of the enclosure there exist what appear to be the remains of a town. Between that and the hill ran, no doubt, a river, while a wall protected the settlement on the west.

On the north side the hill is relatively easy of access, but at the top a range of enormous blocks of rock nearly 20 yards high makes all passage towards the south impossible, except in one place where there is a fissure between two rocks where a man may squeeze through with great difficulty. It was to the south of these rocks, on a platform about 50 yards wide by 120 yards long, that the fortress was established; on the south of this platform there is an almost perpendicular precipice of polished rock about 30 yards high. It is from this side that one reaches the fortress through a narrow fissure in the rock, defended on each side by a wall. At the top of the ascent the passage turns towards the right along the precipice, at the brink of which stands a wall about 10 yards high and 4 yards wide. In this is arranged a passage which winds for nearly 10 yards between two other walls, and in the whole length of which staircases appear to have existed. At intervals of some yards in this passage are little semi-circular platforms built into the wall, evidently to accommodate sentinels. To the left there is a rather large semi-circular enclosure, and towards the right an

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infinity of little enclosures surrounded by rocks and walls. It is in this part of the ruins on the hill that Mr. Bent discovered the greater part of his curiosities. At the same time, I must say I have been much astonished at the comparatively small results of Mr. Bent's researches, and I am convinced that numerous documents remain to be discovered. All these ruins have half disappeared because of the enormous quantity of vegetation that has overgrown them. All the interior of the lower ruins is covered by a mass of trees and shrubs which prevent the visitor from obtaining a view of the whole.

The most interesting part is without doubt the smelting furnace. This is at the extreme south-west corner of the ruin, and to reach it you pass through a small temple with an altar. You descend a flight of steps to the furnace, which is in the darkest corner of the whole building. The furnace is constructed of a very hard cement apparently made of powdered granite, with a chimney of the same substance. Among the things that Mr. Bent found here were small crucibles used for smelting, and a soapstone mould for casting ingots, apparently of Phœnician manufacture. The gold appears to have been brought from old workings, many of which have been discovered in the neighbourhood. The quartz was crushed with huge stones, then washed, then smelted in the crucibles, and finally cast in ingots. It is largely on the evidence of these processes that the theory has been formed that the original builders of Zimbabwe were early Arabs, who disposed of their gold in the markets of Phœnicia and Egypt.

But who exactly they were, when they came and how, how long they stayed, what was their history, and why they disappeared, there is nobody in the world to answer. The whole thing is one of the most weird and tantalizing problems that can be imagined. The difficulty is increased by the fact that parts of the building, and some of the implements discovered in the ruins, appear to belong to

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a different period of workmanship, inferior to the rest. Judging from the early Portuguese records concerning the empire of Monomatapa, it appears that three hundred years ago the natives of this part of the country enjoyed a higher state of civilization than they do to-day. Nevertheless, it is impossible to believe that any African natives were at any time capable of constructing these extraordinary works. Zimbabwe is one of the mysteries of the world, and at present there appears to be nobody capable of finding the key.

On returning to Victoria I witnessed two important functions—the opening of the new township and the formation of the volunteer corps. The position of the fort, around which stood the old township, consisting, as I have said, of a few huts, was deemed unfavourable to the building of a town, the water supply being insufficient for the growing population. The Chartered Company therefore chose a better site some four miles to the north. Plans were drawn of the proposed new town, divided into a number of stands, which were put up to auction. At the first sale stands realized from £25, the upstart price, to £40. When I was there in June, 1892, twenty brick houses had already been built, and fine Government buildings were nearly completed.

At a sale of stands which took place just before my arrival some reached £280. I was myself offered a stand on the market-place for £60, but failed to buy it as I should have had to build a house, and I knew no one I could trust to superintend the work.* As for the formation of the volunteer corps, I must explain how it happened. When the pioneer expedition was organized, Lord Loch, then Governor of the Cape, declined to allow this small band of 200 men to proceed some 1000 miles from Kimberley without adequate protection in case of attack. Therefore a body of police was formed as an escort to the pioneers. When these were disbanded, as I shall relate

* This stand is now worth over £1000.

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in a moment, it was still necessary to take measures to defend the country in case of unforeseen attack: for that purpose the volunteers were organized. The call was responded to with alacrity by all. After the township was declared open, the volunteers were enrolled by our friend, Major Browne, and the men then elected their officers. The Colonel-Elect was Lord Henry Paulet, who had also been nominated Chairman of the Church Committee. That same day poor Wilson was elected Lieutenant, and we little thought then that this was to be his death-warrant. In the evening all joined in a smoking concert. A waggon had been provided to carry back to the old township all those whose legs might refuse to carry them there; but the proceedings were most orderly, and the evening a very pleasant one. I was able there to judge of the good comradeship that existed in this community. The election and concert took place in a large room adjoining Mr. Napier's new bar. As usual, he was to the front, being the first to open a bar in the new Victoria. This day must have been a hard one for him, a stream of customers constantly pouring into his admirably-kept establishment.

I had had no very definite idea of going any further than Victoria, but I found travel in Mashonaland so pleasant, and was so struck with the energy of the settlers and the intelligence of the Government, that I decided to push on and see more. So that after my visit to Zimbabwe I soon found myself on the road again. I got rid of my waggon, and availed myself of the post-cart from Victoria to Salisbury. This post-cart proved to be a two-wheeled trolley, and I am bound to say that it formed an exception to the general excellence of arrangements in Mashonaland. My fellow-traveller was again Archdeacon Upcher, who was going up to Salisbury. We had a tremendous struggle to get ourselves perched on top of the luggage and mailbags, and were none too comfortable during the seven and a half days' journey. The driver also took the opportunity

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to get drunk with a German storekeeper, and upset us twice within an hour. The first time was in the middle of a river, and, as the baggage came down on top of me, it took some time to get me out. On the second occasion the exhilarated driver disdained to go round a large stone which was in the road, and over we went again. However, it was a good deal quicker than waggon travelling, and all discomfort was atoned for when I got to Salisbury. Here I enjoyed myself enormously, being again the guest of Major Browne. Salisbury consisted then of a long street with brick houses on both sides. The finest building in the place was the Government offices, near which Dr. Jameson lived in a circular straw hut. There were even several ladies in the place, among them Mrs. Caldecott, the wife of the Attorney-General, and the wife of Dr. Jameson's secretary. They were all young and pretty, and, what with that and the admiration of their pluck in coming so far up country, the whole town was at their feet. A less pleasing feature was the Salvation Army, which was already organized there, and even had a newspaper. I don't think I ever met a better-hearted lot of men than the Salisbury settlers, from Dr. Jameson down to the roughest miner. Hospitality was abundant everywhere, and nobody who needed a helping hand ever went without it. Everybody was devoted to Dr. Jameson, as, indeed, is always the case wherever he may be.

I may now, perhaps, be allowed to give a brief summary of what had been done in the Chartered Company's territory up to the time of my visit, with such references to subsequent progress as may be necessary to an estimate of the prospects of the country.

The country was secured for the British Empire, as everybody knows, by the energy and foresight of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. But everybody does not perhaps know how nearly Mr. Rhodes failed of this achievement, or, to put it more accurately, how near these vast and

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valuable territories were to be secured by others when Mr. Rhodes stepped forward at the critical moment and added the magnificent prize to the British Empire.

As early as 1885 the Boers had cast covetous eyes on this country, the richest agricultural land in South Africa. Even before this, in 1882, they had endeavoured to get a concession of it from Lo Bengula, but without success. President Kruger, indeed, alleged in 1888 that such a treaty had been signed; but he was not able to produce the least jot of evidence for his assertion, and there is no doubt whatever that it was false. Besides the Boers, the Germans, who had already to some extent occupied their present sphere of influence in South-West Africa, were preparing to advance upon Matabeleland, attracted thither by the glowing reports of their fellow-countryman, Herr Weber. The Portuguese, on the other side, had long laid claim to Lo Bengula's empire, and had coloured it as their own on official maps.

In 1888 Mr. Rhodes, aware of the danger, and having received information that the Boers were sending an embassy to Lo Bengula, urged the High Commissioner to lose no time in securing the first claim to the country. Mr. Rhodes's foresight saved this magnificent province from the grasp of the Boers, as, just as a treaty had been made between Lo Bengula and Mr. J. S. Moffatt, by which the King bound himself to abstain from making any concession to any other Power than Britain, the Boer envoy arrived in Bulawayo, only to find that his journey had been useless. But this agreement could only be considered as a provisional measure, for under the Berlin Act no claim for territory in Central Africa could be recognized which was not supported by effective occupation. What was wanted, then, was that such effective occupation should be provided, and this was the supreme service rendered by Mr. Rhodes. The celebrated embassy of Messrs. Rochfort Maguire, Rudd, and Thompson secured from the Matabele King the con-

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cession of mineral rights for Mashonaland. This was submitted to Her Majesty's Government along with schemes for development. At the end of April, 1889, about six months later, the Government granted a charter to the British South Africa Company, and its directors set to work in earnest. The pioneer expedition of one hundred and sixty-five settlers, with three hundred mounted police, was collected at Macloutsie, on the northern frontier of the Bechuanaland Protectorate, and started north under the leadership of Colonel Pennifather, on June 28th, 1890. The difficulties they had to contend with were enormous. They had to march a thousand miles through country hardly known to any white man. Besides this, a vast deal of decision was required to avoid collision with the natives, as the expedition was watched and followed by a strong Matabele impi. The pioneers had to form laager every night, and use an electric search-light to make sure against surprise. No member of the force was allowed to fire a shot even at game. Thanks to these precautions the natives became gradually assured, first, that the white men had no hostile intentions, and secondly, whether they had or not, that it would be hardly safe to attack them. In three months they reached Mount Hampden, building a road as they went along, and erecting forts at Tuli, Victoria, Charter, and Salisbury. After this the expedition was disbanded, and the work of prospecting and colonizing begun.

I will now review the progress that had been made at the time I reached Mashonaland in 1892. Considerable difficulties had been encountered in consequence of the influx of more or less destitute settlers on the heels of the original pioneers. The country as yet was not capable of supplying the necessities of these men, and all the stores had to be sent up from the Cape Colony. The rains in the first year had been exceptionally severe, and this made the difficulty of getting up supplies all the more difficult. Early in 1891 the colony had lost its first

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administrator, Mr. Colquhoun, who had suffered much from the effects of the climate. His successor was Dr. Jameson, who had accompanied the pioneer expedition, and after spending some time at Fort Salisbury had made an adventurous journey through Gazaland to the coast. Dr. Jameson's first task was to resist outside aggression. The Boers had organized a great trek of 5000 men to seize the territory of the Company. President Kruger, it is true, had been compelled to withdraw his official support from the expedition, though only after the strongest remonstrances from the High Commissioner. Nevertheless 400 armed Boers started to cross the Crocodile river. But when they appeared, Dr. Jameson, by the exercise of great tact and the exhibition of a Maxim gun, persuaded them to turn back, permitting only such to come into the country as were willing to sign an agreement to conform to the Company's laws. After that there had been difficulties with the Portuguese. These, however, were solved by the so-called battle of Massi-Kesse, in which Captain Heyman with forty half-clothed, half-fed policemen put to flight a little Portuguese army of 600 men. Another difficulty which engaged the attention of Dr. Jameson when he took up the administration in June, 1891, was concerned with the police, who had accompanied the pioneer expedition up country. As there was nothing left for them to do, and idleness was not good for them, he decided on disbanding them, and most of them became admirable settlers.

In spite of all these difficulties, the progress that had been made in the year and a half between the first expedition and the time that I arrived in the country was nothing less than astounding. Out of the eighteen months ten had been rendered practically useless by rain, during which no work could be done. Everything had to be organized in the eight months of possible work. Townships had been laid out and partly erected at Tuli,

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Victoria, and Salisbury. The early settlers had lived in huts of grass, straw, and mud, but these were already largely replaced by rows of well-built brick houses. At Salisbury the Government had just erected fine buildings at a cost of nearly £20,000. There were Law Courts, where the magistrates sat daily, hotels, excellent stores, and at Salisbury even a music-hall, where Mdlle. Blanche, a French lady of little more than fifty summers, sang "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." The confidence of the natives



THE POST-CART.

had been won, and they were ready to undertake work for the whites. A great deal of prospecting had been done, many shafts sunk, and more than one property proved to show excellent promise of richly-paying gold. Many farms had been put under cultivation, and in Salisbury there was never any difficulty in getting fresh vegetables. A very competent farmer, Mr. Moodie, had been despatched towards the eastern border with a large party of settlers to develop the agricultural resources of that part of the country. A good road, if rather rough, was to be found all the way from Tuli to Salisbury, a distance of about 400 miles. The post-cart, as has been seen, was

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primitive in those days, but very handy; while the telegraph wire was already completed to the capital, having been constructed from Kimberley northwards, a distance of more than 1000 miles.

I think it will be admitted that these results, attained in eighteen months in the face of the most extraordinary difficulties, were little short of miraculous. I know that the enemies of the Chartered Company are in the habit of calling anybody who sees any good in the work it has done prejudiced and self-interested, and similar names. I can only say that as a Frenchman, with nothing whatever to gain by admiring a British colony, my observations and the conclusions I came to were wholly disinterested. As for prejudice, so far from having any prepossession in favour of the Company, I entered Mashonaland strongly prejudiced against it. I conceived it to be a monopoly working only for itself, and contracting and crushing the individual energies of others. I found it to be conspicuously the reverse. I have visited a great many new and partially developed countries in my life, including colonies of every nation on earth that has colonies at all: I can truthfully say that in none did I find a more admirable administration than I found in Mashonaland. The country was extraordinarily free from burdensome duties and from vexatious red tape. I remember, in one of the various papers at the time of the French expedition to Madagascar, a caricature which gives a very good epitome of the situation in many imperial colonies, and in all those of my own country and other Continental Powers. Crowds of Hovas were depicted looking out to sea through telescopes at a large fleet which was approaching. "They are coming! they are coming!" exclaimed the crowd. "Who?" asked one of the bystanders, "the colonists?" "No," was the reply, "the officials." Having been present myself at the French occupation of Madagascar, I know this picture to be

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exactly true to fact. In every colony except those of Britain the end and aim of the Government appears to be not the development of trade, but the filling up of the country as soon as possible with useless officials. The British South Africa Company avoided this mistake. Its officials were few, but most of them thoroughly acquainted with the management of natives, its system simple and practical. The country was divided into districts, each under a magistrate, who acted both as police magistrate and county court judge. Rough as the settlers were, the amount of serious crime among them was wonderfully small. As for the natives, if there was a fault in the administration of justice at all, it was that they were too leniently treated. For this mistake, as I take it to have been, both before and after the conquest of Matabeleland the Company has had to pay very heavily. Knowing more than most Europeans have occasion to know of the manners and disposition of the African native, I may truthfully confess that the recent rising in Matabeleland and Mashonaland was produced far more by over-leniency in the treatment of the natives than by over-severity. For instance, the use of the whip, which is permitted and regulated by law in other parts of Africa, including British possessions, was forbidden by statute in Mashonaland. I think this was a mistake. It must be remembered that before the advent of the white man the only notion of punishment which the Mashona had was death, accompanied by the massacre of his whole village. To the man nurtured in these traditions imprisonment has naturally no terrors. On the contrary, the food in prison is better than what he is accustomed to, the housing is better, and he receives a term of imprisonment rather as a piece of good luck than otherwise. But if the Company's Government made a mistake in forbidding the use of the lash, that made it, not less, but much more wonderful that the thousands of natives were kept in such excellent order. The laws

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against the sale of intoxicating liquor to the blacks were exceedingly severe. It was the one part of Central Africa where the sale of intoxicating liquors was absolutely forbidden. When we consider that in the neighbouring Congo State black labour is usually paid in gin, so poisonous that the lowest white navy would refuse to touch it, we shall get some idea of the self-denial and the wisdom of the Chartered Company in setting its face against any such abuse in the territories under its rule.

But perhaps the most remarkable feature of the whole government was the prudence with which, while discouraging speculation, it fostered individual enterprise. The taxes imposed on the settlers were only those absolutely necessary to recoup the cost of administration.

The only tax levied on the incoming settler was the paltry sum of a shilling, which is paid for the prospecting licence. This licence confers the right of searching for minerals and of pegging out twenty claims, and each newcomer on receiving it has to sign an undertaking to submit to the Company's laws. As soon as claims are pegged out the holders must set to work at developing them, and they must be registered by the mining commissioner within fifteen days. Within four months of this registration the claimholder must do development work by sinking a shaft of at least thirty feet, after which his property must be inspected by the mining commissioner, who then grants him a certificate stating his title. In each succeeding year he must do sixty feet of shafting, drives, or tunnels, and take out a similar inspection certificate. Failing to do so, he is deemed to have abandoned his property. Each claim is 150 feet long in the direction of the reef, and 600 feet wide. The charges for registration and certificate are very small; beyond these the prospector is subjected to no impost until he disposes of his property.

When the holder of a claim has so disposed of his property the Company has the right to take 50 per cent. of the price

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received for it.* A good many people have grumbled at this, and thought the charge excessive. Grumbling comes naturally to the Englishman; and I have no doubt that some people would find much to complain of in heaven. Upon the other hand, we must remember that the Chartered Company, like several other governments, must somehow raise funds to pay its expenses. It seems to me that the expedient the Company has hit upon is eminently reasonable, and falls far less heavily upon the miner, especially the miner without capital, than do the regulations of other goldfields. The poor man has only to pay for his prospecting licence and the small fees due on registration. The amount of work required by law he can do with his own hands. So that if the Company does take half the purchase money when he sells his mine, it takes what after all is clear profit, and leaves the owner a very handsome gain for himself. In other mining countries the claimholder has to pay from 5s. to 10s. a month for each claim. If the money is not forthcoming, the property is forfeited. Now, supposing a man has pegged out ten claims, he must, in these countries, pay from £30 to £60 a year until he finds a purchaser. This, it will be readily understood, is a heavy drain upon a poor man's pocket. I know of many cases in which miners, after struggling for some time to keep up with these payments, have been obliged to forfeit valuable property on which they had spent pretty well every penny they had in the world. The better a mine was, the longer they struggled, and therefore the more they lost when in the end poverty compelled them to give it up. No man need fear this disaster in Rhodesia.

It must be borne in mind, again, that the miners in Mashonaland and Matabeleland are free from the crushing

* This right has never been exercised, and 35 per cent. is the most that has ever been claimed. And I can only refer those who complain of this to the new regulations about to be issued by the Mozambique Company, by which 50 per cent. of the whole of the shares of each Company will have to be handed over to the Mozambique Company.

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burdens imposed, for instance, by the South African Republic. No Customs duties are imposed on produce of any kind. So far from the country being monopoly ridden, as I had supposed it to be before I visited it, it is a paradise of freedom compared with the Transvaal. Food is far cheaper, native labour is far cheaper, and, to take a case peculiarly applicable to the mining industry, explosives cost about 62s. per case of 50 lbs., while in the Transvaal, thanks to the monopoly system, they cost 85s. And this, it must be remembered, although the difficulties of transport into Rhodesia are at present infinitely greater than those presented by the journey to Johannesburg.

As to the mines themselves, it was too early when I visited Mashonaland in 1892 to form any exact idea of their value. Since then, first the Matabele War, which interrupted work and sent more than half the population westward, and later the rising of the Matabele and the Mashonas, have been an exceedingly heavy handicap upon the development of Mashonaland. It requires at least two years of work under the most favourable circumstances to open up a mine; and although many of the mines of Mashonaland have been open for twice that time, there are comparatively few to which this amount of steady work has been devoted. I should say, although I cannot claim to be a mining expert, that on the whole Mashonaland is not so rich in gold as Matabeleland. I also think that it will be impossible to do justice to any of the richest mines until they are connected by rail with the coast. The rates of transport are terribly high, and inevitably so. When the two lines now rapidly under construction have converged upon Salisbury the cost will be very different. I may, however, take a case—not from Mashonaland, it is true, but from Matabeleland—which shows that, even with the present costly rates of transport, there are mines in the country which can be worked with large profit. From the Dunraven mine alone, many thousand tons of ore have been taken out, yielding on the

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average one ounce of gold a ton. The working is reckoned to cost about 5 dwt. per ton, leaving a net profit—taking gold at £3 per ounce—of £2 12s. 6d. per ton. On this mine the machinery is capable of crushing at least 150 tons a day. Counting only 200 working days in a year, 30,000 tons would be crushed, and a net profit realized of £7825. On this mine therefore it is plain that the expenses of transporting machinery can easily be borne.

At present transport from Beira to Salisbury comes to about £21 a ton, and from Cape Town to Bulawayo to from £20 to about £27, according to the season. With the completion of the railways the rates in each case will come down to about £12 per ton, a reduction of at least 40 per cent., and in some cases a good deal over 50 per cent.

Another difficulty in Rhodesia, as in the Transvaal, is the question of native labour. The natives, I need hardly say, hate work in any form, and especially continuous work. If a native makes a pound a month, as many do, a very few months' work will put him in possession of what he regards as an enormous fortune, on which he can buy women to keep him in idleness for a year or two. He may be engaged on a six months' contract; but that makes no difference to him—as soon as he finds himself a moneyed man off he goes. Then you must get in a fresh hand to take his place, and you must begin the training of this man from the very beginning. This was always a difficulty, and at the present time, after the insurrection, it is of course a greater difficulty than ever. Probably it will only be overcome by time. As the country settles down the natives will be more willing to come in from the neighbouring countries and earn money—an opportunity which of course did not exist under the sanguinary misrule of the Matabele. Another cause which will gradually operate to furnish a more continuous supply of native labour will be the civilization of the natives. By contact with the whites they will acquire

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fresh wants, and have to work in order to satisfy them. To civilize them, to raise their moral standard, can only be done by compelling them to work, and although this may at first sight appear unfair to them, it is, after all, only what exists in every civilized country, where the man who remains idle is punished as a rogue and vagabond. This principle is the keynote of Mr. Rhodes's whole native policy, whether in Charterland or in the Cape Colony. Some sensitive philanthropists, with more heart than head, have been pained at the thought of the white man teaching the black man to want things he had never wanted before, and then making a profit out of the labour by which alone the black man can satisfy these new wants. The civilized man and the savage may be equal in that each one can satisfy in equal measure the wants he feels; but surely the highest and completest type of man is he who wants most, and from his wants derives most satisfaction.

From an agricultural point of view there can be little doubt that Mashonaland is one of the most promising territories, if not quite the most promising, in the whole of Africa. The occupier of a farm, like the occupier of a mine, is required to do a certain amount of development work within a given time, if only to secure his title. Land can be bought in Mashonaland at 1s. 6d. for a morgan, which is a little over two acres. The buyer is subject to an annual quit-rent, payable in advance, of £3 for 1500 morgan, and 4s. for every additional 100. The experiments in farming have, up to the present, met with considerable success, and shown promise of even greater things in the future. Water is plentiful and irrigation easy. The grass is excellent when put into proper condition. It is an unfortunate consequence of the Matabele raids, which made it impossible for the Mashonas to keep any considerable herd of cattle, that the grass has grown exceedingly long, in many parts to a height of 12 feet. In Matabeleland the King's cattle ate it off, so that in this

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country the pasture is short and sweet. In Mashonaland, and still more in Gazaland, on the way up from Beira, the long grass rots during the rains, and fever is the result. But the disappearance of this is naturally a question of time. As the land comes into cultivation, and the grass is first burned and then fed down, the value of the land will improve enormously. With the disappearance of the great fever-breeder, this long, rotting grass, the country



MASHONA WOMEN.

will become in proportion healthier. As this process goes on horse-sickness will likewise disappear, and the tsetse fly—which, even as it is, is not actually found in Mashonaland—will retire from Gazaland before civilization.

I mentioned above that Mr. Moodie, a skilled agriculturist, started farming experiments on a large scale about the time I was in Mashonaland. The result of these experiments I did not see myself, but perhaps it will not be out of the way to give a rough sketch of them. Mr. Moodie was accompanied at first by twenty Europeans, who, before very long, increased to nearly six hundred.

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The country occupied was along the Sabi river. His report of the agricultural possibilities of this country is exceedingly favourable. Cultivation, thanks to the facilities for irrigation, can be carried on both in winter and summer. All European cereals have been grown with good results. Mr. Moodie has also conducted very interesting experiments with tobacco; and though there is doubtless much to learn and to do in the way of importing the best plants suitable to the soil, even at present the tobacco of Mashonaland is largely smoked in the country, and is found greatly preferable to the products of other parts of South Africa. Two crops a year can be grown. As a pastoral country this part of Mashonaland is similarly attractive. Cattle, sheep, goats, pigs, and poultry are thriving exceedingly. A good deal of attention has been given to the leather trade. Barks suitable for tanning have been found on the spot, and there is no doubt that this industry has a future before it. The same may be said of lumbering: the district is full of excellent timber, and with the starting of sawmills all the requirements of Mashonaland can be supplied, while it would be possible, Mr. Moodie thinks, even to institute a profitable export trade.

But what, it may be asked, is the use of all this information? Is it not now entirely irrelevant? Have not, first, the recent native rising, and secondly, the rinderpest, put an end to every kind of work, whether mining or agricultural? It must be acknowledged that this is to a great extent true. The loss during the native rising was ruinous. Mr. Selous in his latest book has quoted a number of claims for damages made up to the 15th August, 1896. These refer to Matabeleland alone, and perhaps, on the whole, Mashonaland has not suffered so severely. Nevertheless, they are worth summarizing as an example of the wholesale losses which the white settlers have undergone. Nearly 1500 acres of growing crops were destroyed, and more than 21,000 trees, with 150

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homesteads, besides 7788 agricultural and other implements stolen or destroyed. The head of stock carried off or killed amounted to nearly 30,000, without counting poultry. The sum paid in compensation up to the 15th August was £111,439. There were 371 claims in course of settlement, while for Matabeleland the total filed was over 800. But disastrous as the rebellion has proved, the rinderpest has been even more so. It has made the development of the country impossible for the present, as the destruction of draught oxen has sent rates of transport up so high that the cost of living is practically prohibitive. Stock farming and dairy farming have of course disappeared, while the destruction of the oxen has similarly made ploughing and the transport of agricultural produce almost impossible. The country must now stand still for a while in military occupation, until railways come up from Mafeking and Beira.

Yet after all, the results attained in Mashonaland and Matabeleland, which I have briefly summarized, are still relevant and of the greatest importance. The first requisite in settling any territory in South Africa is to know of what industrial developments it is capable. This has been shown in the case of Rhodesia. No candid consideration can fail to lead to the conclusion that these countries are among the most valuable in South Africa.

Although much of the work already done—at any rate in the way of agriculture—has been wasted so far as its immediate results are concerned, the experience gained will serve as a most valuable guide for that reconsideration of the country which must now be entered upon. After all, Mashonaland and Matabeleland are to-day as rich as ever they were. Much capital may have been lost, but the fine land is still there, the minerals are still there, the temperate climate is still there, the white man is still there. When the railways are there also, the reconstruction and repopulation of

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the country will present no difficulties worthy to be mentioned by the side of those which have already been overcome. Never for one moment has my faith in the future of these countries faltered, and I believe just as strongly to-day that Rhodesia will be one of the greatest countries in Africa as I did when I first visited it five years ago.*



A MASHONA VILLAGE.

* This was written in 1896, and since then the extraordinary rapidity with which the railway to Bulawayo has been built has proved how right I was to believe in the future of this magnificent country. Mr. Rhodes's foresight has surmounted all the obstacles in his path; and while, on the one hand, the disasters that have befallen Rhodesia one after the other have caused the loss of a year in the development of the country, on the other, the marvellous rapidity with which the Mafeking-Bulawayo railway has been pushed forward has placed Rhodesia in a position that the province would not otherwise have attained—before, at least, half a dozen years hence. The best proof of the absolute confidence placed in the country and its administration by those who are on the spot is the fact that, notwithstanding last year's disasters, there has been no drop, but rather an increase, in the value of property.

CHAPTER X.

FROM SALISBURY TO TETE

HAVING collected all the information I required, I began to think about my future plans. I did not wish to return by the way I had come; I was anxious to visit the Portuguese territory, and I consulted Dr. Jameson as to the best way of reaching Tete. He strongly advised me not to go straight to Tete, as little or no water was to be found on the way; he suggested that I should go to Zumbo, an easier way, which would also enable me to visit the Sinoia caves. Having completed my arrangements, I left Salisbury at half-past ten at night on the 10th of October, 1892, and camped outside the town. Dr.



TYPE OF MAKOLOKOLO
(Sinoia, Mashonaland).

Jameson had kindly lent me a Scotch cart, and Mr. Borrow (who was afterwards killed with Major Wilson) some oxen. The Scotch cart proved too small, and I hired a waggon at a farm a day or two's journey out of the town.

The country through which we were travelling was mostly open and undulating, with bush here and there. At times, however, we had to cross heavy swamps, and with a waggon these were no joke. As we approached Sinoia the bush became thicker and the country most mountainous.

During the first week of the journey there was no

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incident worth recording except that one day we passed some deserted huts, to which a very pathetic story was attached. They had been built by a Dutch family, every member of which was sick the whole time they were there. The first huts they had built were burned; then the father died, then one of the children, and then another, who was shot by accident by his brother. We hear a good deal of the successful pioneer, but not much of the failures, of which this was a very typical case.

On the 16th October we reached the camp of Mr. Spreckley, Mining Commissioner, who has of late distinguished himself in the wars with the Matabele, as everybody knows. Thence we went next day to see the celebrated caves of Sinoña, the finest and most extraordinary sight I saw in this part of the world. The caves are at the foot of a hill about seven miles west of Sinoña's kraal. From the top you first perceive a deep hole about 400 feet by 250, cut in the rock, the bottom of which it is impossible to see. Two passages lead down this pit. The easier of them is a long, steep tunnel which leads down to the water at the bottom. Here is a large pool surrounded by huge precipitous walls of rock some 300 feet high. The water is extraordinarily limpid, and its colour is a deep, rich blue. The descent by the other passage is even more striking. You find in the middle of a native kraal a deep gully, at the bottom of which is a small tunnel almost perpendicular: a shaft would be a better name for it. Entering the tunnel, we were plunged in complete darkness and had to light lanterns. In our ears was a loud buzzing sound, not unlike the noise made by a fire kindled in a strong wind. As we descended we found numerous recesses filled up with pillars of bark covered with mud, which are used by the natives to store grain in case of attack. Then the tunnel suddenly turned to the right, and passing over a huge flat rock, we found the explanation of the noise we had heard. Myriads of bats were

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flying about in the darkness. They hit us on the face and all over the body every second. To give an idea of the enormous numbers of them, I may say that by merely taking a stick and waving it about I knocked down dozens. We passed through two chambers covered



THE CAVE OF SINOIA.

with a thick layer of guano, the roof and walls alive with bats, which made such a tremendous whirr that it was impossible to hear oneself speak. Descending the tunnel further we came at last to an opening, whence from a small platform of rock we looked straight down into the water. It is of a most wonderful blue colour,

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much darker than the Blue Grotto at Capri, and so clear that I could see the bottom, which was certainly a hundred feet down. From the spot where we were a sort of ladder of sticks led down to the water and over the rocks along its edge. These are used by the natives to get down in case of attack; when the sticks are taken away it is quite impossible for any pursuer to follow. Mr. Spreckley told me that if you swim in this water your legs drop down and it is impossible to keep them level with the surface. This is not due to any suction in the water, but, according to him, to its extreme lightness. The reverse of this phenomenon is found in such waters as those of the Dead Sea and the Great Salt Lake in America.

I had only engaged the waggon to go as far as Mr. Spreckley's camp, so that it was necessary to enlist some porters. Mr. Spreckley kindly got twenty boys from the chief of Sinoïa, and at the same time sent his two policemen to the kraal of Shinanga, a neighbouring chief, to try to get forty more. Of course the chief promised them, and of course they did not come. The only thing to do was to adopt Mr. Spreckley's suggestion—that we should put all the loads on the boys we had already, and then go with him to Shinanga's. This we did—a tedious march of eight hours across very bushy and undulating country. Spreckley shot two fine sable antelopes on the way. At sundown we reached the village of the chief, who was fertile in the usual excuses. He had not understood the policemen, said he, but the boys would be ready in the morning without fail. I need not say that they did fail; and when Shinanga was questioned on the subject he was full of the most ingenious falsehoods. One had gone to fetch his sandals, another had had to go to fetch food, and so on and so on. At last we took strong measures, and began to drive the cattle out of the kraal. Twelve boys appeared instantly, and others soon followed. I divided the loads, and started at about half-past eight

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in the morning. The country we followed was hilly and cut by numerous ravines, at the bottom of which ran small rivers, affluents of the Panyami, which ran about 50 miles to the west of our road.

On October 23rd we crossed the Mopingue river and reached Sepolilo's kraal. The chief himself had been made prisoner by the Portuguese some four years before. His son and substitute, Sagamuga, received us very well. Apparently he was not very

much in love with the sweets of power, as he begged me to intercede with the Portuguese to obtain the release of Sepolilo. It appeared that the Portuguese had come into this part of the country, hoisting flags at each kraal. At Lomunganda's the people left the flag flying, whereon Lo Ben promptly sent an impi to wipe them out. Sepolilo, on the other hand, refused

to have the flag, and pulled it down when it was hoisted. Hearing of this, the Governor of Zumbo sent for him on pretence of giving him a present, and made him prisoner. Such was the story told by his son, but I have since found out that he had been arrested for having killed several Portuguese.

Sagamuga came to me next morning and said that as we were going to inquire after his father, it was only right that he should accompany us, and he would give us boys as porters. Knowing the ways of the natives, I had no very great confidence that the boys would appear. However, I gave him a blanket in return for some meal, at which he was vastly pleased. Of course the boys were not present the next morning, nor yet the next. On the third



SEPOLILO'S SON.

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day the chief appeared with any number of lies in his mouth, and at last offered to give me boys to go to the junction of the Angwe and Panyami rivers, if I would give each man a blanket in advance. He also repeated his offer to come with us. I agreed to give the blankets, but declined to part with them until the men were actually ready to start. Thereon they adjourned to eat, which means to talk over the matter once more; they had done nothing but talk over the matter for three days. But to my astonishment they actually did appear that afternoon. I gave nine men a blanket apiece, whereon four more immediately appeared. We left Sepolilo's at three, and marched three hours.



TYPE AT SEPOLILO'S.

Next day we were off again at a quarter to six in the morning, and by nine had reached the kraal of Simanikiri. This potentate gave me a large basket of meal and a fowl as a present, and received a present in return. We bought a good many eggs from the people, but as they could never be induced to bring more than seven or eight at a time, trade became a rather tedious process, especially as nine out of ten eggs were rotten. Leaving the kraal at half-past three, we soon reached the Nyamanga Mountains; thence we descended a deep valley, and thence again a steep climb brought us to the top of a hill, which commanded a most splendid view over the plains towards the Zambezi. A tedious descent of nearly 2000 feet, down nearly perpendicular rocks, brought us into the Zambezi valley. There the aspect of the country changed altogether: we were in a big plain covered with dense elephant grass. The heat was almost unbearable, and the stings of the tsetse fly absolutely maddening. To the next day a certain amount of interest was imparted

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by the disappearance of my donkey with Charley, one of the boys. I sent men after them, having some sort of idea that the boy might have been killed by natives. Hours and hours passed, and still nobody. I sent more men, and towards evening these returned with the report that they had found Charley done up, and had shown him where to get water. It afterwards appeared that he had said he was afraid to come back without the donkey until night had fallen. Accordingly at dusk he did turn up. As he had nothing whatever to do except to look after the donkey, I fined him £1. I greatly felt the loss of the animal, as to walk in this terrible heat was almost overpowering.

Next day we marched to the Dandi river, through very high grass, with any amount of fresh spoor of buffalo, rhinoceros, zebra, and wild pig, halting at a kraal called Banyanda. The chief said he would show us a short cut to the junction of the Dandi and Panyami, and offered to give us guides to lead us. In return he wanted a piece of cloth for himself and for each of the two guides, to be paid in advance. Of course, as soon as they had the stuff the men went back to their kraal. I had to storm and rage a good deal before they would condescend to leave. The next day we reached the Panyami just below the junction. Here Sepolilo's son declared that he would not go any further, nor would his men. He had been paid to go as far as the Angwe, several days further on, but as he was thoroughly untrustworthy, and a great nuisance, I was rather glad to get rid of him.

Partly before this and partly after I learnt what a thorough-paced scoundrel Sagamuga was. Some time before I reached his village an Englishman died there very mysteriously, and I need not say that nobody ever saw his death certificate. The very day before we arrived, a Portuguese trader was tied up to a post by him, and only released at the report of our approach.

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But that was far from being the worst of him, so far as I was personally concerned. A morning or two before he left us, while we were at breakfast, one of the men came and told me that he had overheard a plot which this rascal had concocted to detain me in the village where we had halted, and cut my throat that night. After breakfast I went up to the chief and pretended to admire his gun. While I did so I stuck a bit of match in the nipple and put back the cap over it. When I gave orders to start, the chief began to make the usual excuses. It was too late to start that day, we should not get any water, and so on, with all the tiresome lies I knew so well. I merely repeated my orders, and then he grew very angry.

"No white man," he said, "shall make me do what I don't want to do."

"Perhaps not," said I; "but I recommend you to alter your mind." Thereupon I took a whip, and added, "When I engage a man he has to obey my orders." That brought him to his senses. He got up and I made him march in front of me, keeping a very careful look-out upon his movements. But I got very tired of this, and a few hours later, having caught sight of a wild pig, I went to shoot it. Just as I had fired I caught sight of my friend Sagamuga, who was aiming his gun at me. Fortunately I had put that match in the nipple, so that it missed fire. I had a good mind to shoot him, but I thought better of it, remembering that I had only two men I could rely upon, while he was accompanied by a lot of his followers. I was therefore rather glad to get rid of him.

There were natives at the junction of the rivers, and their chief, Mashumpa, received us kindly. When I asked for ten fresh porters, about twenty came forward most eager to go, and I engaged fourteen. In spite of the friendliness of the chief, he would not come to our camping-ground. And when I brought him a red blanket as a present

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he sprang up from his seat under a tree and bolted for dear life! It appeared that his spirit forbade him to look at anything red or at a gun. I got over the first scruple by changing the blanket for a blue one. But as he was at war with two neighbouring chiefs, the latter prohibition must have been a trifle awkward.



AT MASHUMPA'S.

We had little difficulty with the new porters; of course they wanted to be paid in advance, but they were quite good-humoured when the demand was refused. I noticed that they carried a great deal of fish to eat on the journey, which they roasted on sticks over a fire. When we came to a village where their wives were living, they insisted on taking them some fish also. We

marched on without any incident for three days, being troubled only by the intense heat, and on the 3rd November I struck the Zambezi for the second time.

The point reached was Matakania's village. The river there was very broad and at that season very low; more than half of it was dry. We had to wait for nearly half an hour outside the village in a blazing sun, until at last a young man in semi-European costume came out to meet us. He was one of Matakania's sons, and was actually able to read. I therefore produced for his benefit my letter from the Portuguese Government. With great difficulty he gave me to understand that his father was away, but asked us inside the village and gave me a hut furnished solely with white ants. I could



AT MASHUMPA'S.

get nothing to eat, either for my men or myself, so that I left early next morning for Zumbo. The Portuguese Commandant, Senhor Joaquin Antonio Marques, kindly sent a boat to meet me and received me very cordially.

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Unfortunately he was only able to understand a very few words of French, and I even less of Portuguese. I discovered, however, that there was a Mission Station eight miles off at Ricico, where there were two German missionaries. I therefore wrote to ask if I might visit them. They kindly sent me an invitation, and I went by boat the same night. I found one Hungarian brother and one Swiss lay brother, who could speak both French and German; he very kindly suggested that he should return to interpret. This he did the same evening, and



LEAVING MATAKANIA'S.

next day I was able to buy from the Commandant sufficient cloth to pay all my men. This was a very great favour on his part, as war had broken out some months before below Tete, and all supplies were stopped. He also undertook to let me have a large Government boat to take me as far towards Tete as Kashumba. After spending ten days at Zumbo, I returned to my men at Matakania's. They had killed two hippopotami in my absence. On my arrival the chief apologized for his son's churlish behaviour, and gave me fresh quarters. On the 22nd November I paid off all the men, and next day started on my way to Tete. The Commandant, with his

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invariable courtesy, sent me the boat he had promised, and Matakania gave orders that one of his houses should be placed at my disposal at Tete.

The station of Zumbo consists of four houses built of stone and covered with tiles, the only inhabitants being the Commandant, a Portuguese trader, and Matakania, the chief of the Panyami river. The latter deserves a few words of description. He was (he died some time



MATAKANIA'S BAND.

ago) the richest and most powerful of the Capitaos Mores of the Zambezi. He possessed an army of over 6000 men, armed with breach-loaders given to him by the Portuguese Government. With this force he used to raid all the Senga country, over which he ruled absolutely. He had in this way amassed a considerable number of slaves, and possessed a store full of ivory; when I visited this store I found there more than thirty tons of it. His strength was such that the Portuguese dared not interfere with him. He was honorary colonel of the Portuguese army, and on great occasions used to attire

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himself in a magnificent uniform, over which he wore the Order of Christ, of which he was knight commander. Matakania was merely his nickname. He called himself José d'Araujo Lobo; but although he called himself a Portuguese, he was of the purest black, and the greatest villain that ever lived.

From Zumbo to Kashumba the Zambezi is very broad, but most shallow, and could only be navigated by small steam launches. On the 28th November we reached Kashumba. The only man in the place who could speak Portuguese was the garrison: I say the garrison, as it consisted of one man all told—a black corporal. He explained to me that he could not give me porters without sending to his superior, Senhor Curado de Campos, who lived thirty miles lower down the river. I then asked him whether the boat could go so far down, and he said that this was impossible, on account of the rapids. I decided therefore to go myself and see Senhor Curado, and told the corporal to get me twelve men by two o'clock to take me there in a *machilla* or hammock—the mode of travelling in Portuguese territory. He promised to do so; but at four, no one having put in an appearance, I went to look for him. I found him very busy watching the natives fish for frogs. Asked for the men, he replied that they would come the next morning. On that I decided to take matters into my own hands, beat up the men in the village, and started at five with a dozen of them. I halted for the night, after an hour and a half's march, and stopped at a small riverside village, where a hut was given me. It was very small, and the door had to be closed because lions were in the habit of stealing in at night; consequently the heat was awful, and I could not sleep. The next day again was broiling hot; but all the same I got to Inhamecuta, where I found Senhor Curado de Campos, a real Portuguese—white in skin, but black at heart. He received me with joy and a torrent of broken French.

FROM SALISBURY TO TETE

“Ah, mon chér Monsieur,” he cried, “que je suis contente de vous voir! Une francez, une amigo; Senhor, tout ici est votre, vous êtes chez-vous; ce n’est pas comme ces sals english. Si un english vient ici il paye pour tout, mais vous c’est une plaisir, une honneur de vous recevoir; et ne me parlez pas de payer, vous me feriez injure.”



VILLAGE OF INHAMECUTA.

“Look here,” he added, “this for the English.” So saying, he produced a board with the following:

TABELLA OF PRIZES.

For the eating and sleping one day	£1
For drink bottle red wine	3 or 5 shiling
For the eating one brekfest	5 shiling
For the eating of the diner	8 shiling
For drink one tas of thea	1 „
For take you in machilla at Tete	£10
For a carier take charge 50 pounds to Tete	12 shiling
For the drink one litre brandy	5 shiling
For one panch mapira	2 „

For baé a piece of algodao	Reis 5000
For baé a piece lesó	„ 4000

NOTE.—4500 Portuguese reis = one pound sterling.

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I explained that I only intended making a stay of a few days, being anxious to catch the Governor at Tete, for whom I had official letters.

“But, my dear sir, my friend the Governor will be here in a few days, and you had better remain here until he comes.”

I told him that I did not wish to overtax his hospitality; but he insisted, and I remained. As for the matter of transport, he told me that the boat could perfectly well have come down as far as that; but excused the corporal for not finding men, as he could not have got them without applying to him. He promised, however, to get some next day, and promised to send for my luggage. This he did so promptly that they were off before I knew of it next morning, and I had to send a special messenger with a note and instructions for my men. This was on the 1st December: they arrived on the 4th. I waited to see the Governor, who was expected daily. I spent four days tolerably uncomfortably with dysentery until he arrived on the 9th. I then went back with him the thirty miles to Kashumba, whither he had to go to instal a new military commander, and did not leave Inhamcuta until the 19th. The only interesting incident of these days concerned a woman and a crocodile. The woman was seized by the crocodile, but clutched hold of its jaws and opened its mouth to free herself. The crocodile caught her again, but a second time she wrenched its mouth open, and actually managed to get away.

As we left Inhamcuta I took my dear friend Curado de Campos aside, and asked what I owed for some calico I had bought from him.

He told me the amount, and added: “Well, my dear sir, there is also a small charge for board and lodging. You see if you had only stopped here for three or four days I should have been happy to entertain you, but as you stopped over twelve days you see I am compelled to make a charge.”

FROM SALISBURY TO TETE

"All right," said I; "how much is it?"

"Well, *deuss* livres."

I understood two pounds, and put it down.

"No, no, my dear sir—*dix* livres," and he wrote it down.

I fairly jumped, and looked at him.

"Well," said he, "you can see yourself the *tabella* of prizes."

I did not want to discuss, and I merely said, "All right; I will write a draft."

"Certainly not; I want money."

"But I have none. I may remind you that a few days ago I mentioned the fact, and you offered to cash me a draft for any amount."

"Well," said the *Senhor*, growing excited, "I call this disgraceful, to eat a man's food, and to have no money to pay."

"Well, if you don't want to take my draft, I will pay your agent at Tete."

"No, I want the money at once, or else I shall have the law of you."

"Very well—do so: as you can only bring a case at Tete, you won't be paid sooner; and even so, I may then choose to dispute the claim."

Thereupon the Governor came. I explained my case, and he said that he would hold himself responsible for the amount, and asked Curado to make out the account. This was calculated in Portuguese currency at 4500 reis; Curado began to object, but I produced his own *tabella* of prizes, and left him cursing me and the Governor and the dishonesty of an ungrateful world in general.

From Inhamecuta we started on an unexciting and sufficiently miserable march. The magnates, among whom I was kindly included, were carried, Portuguese fashion, in a *machilla* or hammock slung to a pole. The Governor kindly offered to make a detour in order to show me the celebrated gorge of Kebra Baca, where the Zambezi flows

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

through a channel about 150 feet broad. The sight is most imposing: the river rushes wildly between two banks of basaltic rocks of the purest black and polished like steel. Until we reached Tete it rained for at least an hour every day, and generally more; as a rule we were soaked through at night. The country was hilly, varied by swamps, and the number of times we had to cross rivers that happened to be in the way was heartbreaking.



GORGE OF KEBRA BACA.

One day especially rain came down in such torrents that the footpath soon became a rushing river, with a bed of several inches of peculiarly sticky mud. I stopped most conscientiously by the way to take observations, and of course fell much behind the party in doing so. Things were bad enough until we reached a small valley, where the water was running in a great number of small but deep sluits at the rate of a good five miles an hour. The first two I crossed on the shoulders of a man, but in the third my bearer slipped, and we both rolled into the water. Being quite soaked through I took no further

FROM SALISBURY TO TETE

trouble about myself, and waded through all the other sluits till I overtook the Governor and his suite at a regular small torrent. All had crossed except the doctor. He was not a man of great stature, and as those who had got over had had to wade waist-deep, he was not certain how he should proceed. After much painful hesitation he got astride of the bamboo from which his machilla was slung—in which position he reminded me of a monkey on a stick—and was ferried across safely though without much dignity. I did the same. About eight hours after



THE GOVERNOR'S CARAVAN.

our start we reached a series of small villages, at one of which we stopped. I found the Governor and most of his companions gathered in a hut, looking like drowned rats. To add to the general misery the porters had not arrived, and we had no change of clothes. So we all stripped to the costume of our first father, and huddled ourselves up in the hut round a smoky fire. It continued to rain abominably all day, and we could not dry our clothes, so we remained in the simple costume I have described until night. It was not the happiest position that can be imagined for preserving the dignity of a Governor. The next day, however, things were not so bad; we

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

made a good march, and the following day, Christmas Eve, arrived at Tete.

The town is very much larger than I had pictured it, and contained a white population of some thirty. We proceeded to Government House, where all the officers and civilians were assembled to greet His Excellency. The soldiers were in full uniform and the civilians in frock coats, with patent leather boots—a most charming and refreshing sight in the wilds of Africa. The Governor kindly invited me to stay at his house. There was no special rejoicing on Christmas Day, except a breakfast party and a midnight mass. There was a kind of club, with a billiard table and a library, in which I spent the evening.

I stayed at Tete for over a month, receiving every sort of kindness from everybody I met; and studied, so far as I was able, the Portuguese administration of the colony. A new Governor was expected to relieve my host, and I hoped to be able to take the opportunity of his arrival to get a gunboat to enable me to continue my journey, as the natives being at war on the lower part of the river, all traffic was stopped. I noticed that the northern side of the Zambezi is much better watered than the southern, on which Tete stands; it rains there twice as much. The reason I conjectured to be that the other side is very hilly and contains much iron, which attracts the storms. Tete itself is desperately barren; there are no trees—indeed no vegetation of any kind; nothing but stones. In former times Tete was an island, and the stream used to run south and west of the town, through what is now a most fertile valley, where the river only penetrates when it is very high. There seems no doubt that the Zambezi has very much decreased in volume. For instance, old people at Inhamecuta told me that in former times no sand was ever seen there, whereas now there is a large beach of it. This testimony is confirmed by Livingstone's accounts and his description of

FROM SALISBURY TO TETE

the Victoria Falls. From what I saw there must be far less water in them now than there was in his time.*

During my journey to and stay at Tete I did my best to acquaint myself with the ways of the surrounding natives. The principal native races of the Portuguese Zambezi are the Senga, who live north-west of Zumbo. The women of this tribe insert enormous pieces of metal in the upper and lower lips, which give them a most repulsive appearance. The Chinyai live between Tete and Inhamecuta; the Tuwala round Chikoa; and the Goa, a very superior type, to the north of these. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of these tribes is the large families they produce. Among other African natives it is rare to find a mother of more than three or four children, but here a woman often has as many as ten. They do not kill twins, as almost all other natives do. Women suckle their children until they are three years old — sometimes several children at once. The country, however, being low for the most part, and swampy, is exceedingly unhealthy. Without the large families which one finds here there can be little doubt that the natives



SENGA WOMAN.

* Sir Harry Johnston has noted the same phenomenon in connection with the river Shiré. In August, 1889, he ascended that river to Katunga, in the *James Stevenson*, which draws 3ft. 6in. Two years later gunboats drawing a foot less found this task impossible in June, when the river is normally higher than in August.

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would have died out long ago. The mortality among children is enormous, and you do not often meet a native over fifty years old. Dysentery is very common, especially just before the rains. There is much malaria, fever, small-pox, and a kind of leprosy, while the people also suffer much from ulcers on the leg.

The most elaborate and interesting of the customs of these people, as of other Africans, relate to marriage and death. When a man wishes to marry, the principal members of his family go to ask the girl of her parents. They take with them a ring of beads for the bride, and some beads for her father. Next day they return to the wooer either with another ring, which signifies acceptance, or else bringing back the ring sent by him in sign of refusal. If the answer is favourable the suitor goes to the girl's home himself, taking a large collar of beads, which he gives to the mother. After that he goes home again, but returns once more, and gives the mother five strings of beads,



GOA MAN.

repeating at the same time a formula which literally means "parched by the wind"; that is to say, cold—the implication being that he wishes to take away his wife to keep him warm. For the wedding the girl is clothed and ornamented in the presence of all their friends. These clap their hands during the ceremony and afterwards accompany the couple to their hut, where they drink beer and dance all night. After that there comes

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the usual round of presents. The day after the marriage the husband gives the mother two pieces of calico, which is called "the price of the virgin." The day after that he goes back again and gives her another piece with the words, "My wife cannot leave me." Polygamy is the rule among these people, and they have two classes of wives—wives proper and concubines. Each of the first has a hut of her own. The others are simply bought, and are practically slaves. They all occupy a hut together. A man can always dismiss his wife; and if he dies the lawful wives go back to their parents, and are free to marry again. The others form part of the deceased's estate.

When a man dies everybody howls very mournfully; then they wash the body, clothe it, decorate it with beads, and wrap it up in a piece of calico soaked in saffron. Thus it is left two days until it begins to decompose. A hole is then dug in the hut, four or five feet deep. The body is wrapped in a kind of bag of rushes with three layers, put into the ground, and covered first with thorns and then with earth. The hut is then abandoned. If the dead man be a chief the whole village is deserted also. On the grave, above the head, is placed a large urn of earthenware containing a little flour, while a roast chicken is placed by the side of it. Having thus left the dead man with every comfort, the natives clap their hands by way of adieu, and shut up the hut, as I have said. Every one who has touched the body then washes in the river, while the family cut their hair and deposit it at a



GOA WOMAN.

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place where two roads meet. They decorate themselves with black beads as a sign of mourning, and if they can afford it dress in black clothes. The death of a person of importance is never considered natural, but everybody among his surroundings has to go through the poison ordeal. It is only in the case of such a man that the full ceremonies I have described are gone through, and that the body is buried inside a hut. Common people and slaves are thrown into the river, or deposited in holes among the rocks.

Three months after a death the friends assemble for a great feast. Preparing large quantities of native beer, they go to the hut where the tomb is. Digging a large hole outside it they set down a pot of beer, cover it with a plate, and drop on the plate a little flour. They then enter the hut, taking with them a sheep. They remove the urn which was placed above the head of the body, dig a little hole, and pour in beer; they then kill the sheep, and let the blood also drop into the hole. Then they take out the sheep, shut the door, and feast on the meat, after which they wash their hands in the pot of beer which they have left outside. When the feast is over they leave the house with a very curious ceremony. One of the wives of the dead man is carried away on a man's shoulders, and the whole company follow her, clapping their hands. This woman they call "musimo," or the spirit. She has her head covered with a piece of stuff, and as the procession goes on they call for beer for the spirit; and take it to her. She drinks it under the veil. All proceed thus to the hut of the most important widow, where a hole has been dug and cemented inside. Into this they pour the inevitable beer, and all lie down on their bellies to drink of it. A great feast follows with dancing and music, and then the dead man is done with. The heir enters into possession of his property, and the mourners resume their ordinary attire.

Witchcraft, and especially exorcism, are highly de-

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veloped. Another very curious ceremony is gone through in case a dead man's heir should fall ill. It is called "arungo." The sick man sits on the ground, and a female doctor passes her hands over his leg and pretends to throw that which she takes from it into a basket placed at her side. This is the "musimo," or spirit of the dead man, which has been withdrawn from the heir's body. The whole family assembles and goes through the same pantomime. They then take a piece of stuff and wrap it tightly over the basket to prevent the spirit from getting out. The next day the doctor comes back and says to the basket, which has been left in the hut of the invalid, "You are quite well, are you not, and have slept well?" The spirit replies with a whistle, which the medicine lady translates thus: "Yes, I have died once, and I am very well." "Are you comfortable in this basket?" the doctor then asks. "Will you stay there?" Another whistle. "Yes, yes!" answers the spirit, "I am comfortable, and I wish to stay here." After that follows a process called "marombo," which is pursued in all cases of illness alike. The doctor dances, and, during the dance, places a piece of stuff over the head of the patient and a gourd on the top of that. In this uncomfortable posture the patient is expected to wag his head from side to side while the dance continues. Presently he also gets up and dances himself, a sign that the evil spirit within him wishes to leave. Upon this the doctor pretends to faint, breaking off short in the middle of the dance and clutching at his heart—or more generally hers, for most doctors are women. When she comes to she kills a kid and mixes its blood with beer, and the sick man drinks it. Thus the evil spirit is satisfactorily driven out. The next day the man is well—or ought to be.

These illustrations will give a sufficiently clear idea of the chief religious beliefs of these tribes, if religion

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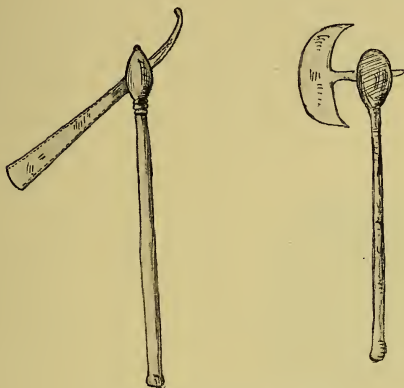
it may be called. Among them, as among most Africans, the "musimo," or spirits of the dead, are the one immaterial idea which the native mind can grasp. Even this, however, is only very crudely spiritual, as the fact of offering a disembodied soul beer shows plainly enough. They also attribute other evils besides disease to the spirits of the dead. With this belief in ghosts they combine curiously enough the doctrine of metempsychosis, as do many other tribes. The spirits of the dead are believed to pass into other animals—men of rank become hyænas—but never into men.

Except that a man of these tribes will divide anything that is given him among all his companions, they have no idea of morality. I could tell many stories of all kinds of unnatural and barbarous abominations among them, and especially among the black Portuguese, but I do not think there would be any useful purpose served by their recital.

Industrially, however, these people take a comparatively high rank among negroes. Of course witchcraft enters largely into all their operations. When a man intends to build a house, the inevitable sorcerer is called in. He brings with him some flour and makes a little heap of it on the ground. If next morning this heap is undisturbed the site is a good one. If the rats have eaten it or it has been scattered in any other way, it would be madness to build in so unpropitious a spot. The huts are always round, built of wood, and covered with mud. Poor families live together; the rich have, as I said above, a hut for each wife. There are no windows, and the smoke of the fire escapes through any interstices it can find. Each hut is surrounded by a fence of reeds, making a little court four or five yards in extent. One of these joins on to another, and as they are all square it is very difficult, despite the number of little paths, about a yard wide, to find your way to any particular hut in a village. The whole village is surrounded by a similar

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fence of rushes with several gates. All refuse is carried outside. In each village there are a certain number of enclosures roofed in, containing grindstones for making flour; the women perform this work all in a body. They both spin and weave the native cotton, and know two vegetable dyes, one yellow, the other black, obtained by soaking the bark of certain trees in hot water. They make very strong string, both of cotton and of bark



AXES FROM THE LOWER ZAMBEZI.

fibre. They also make considerable use of leather, especially for bags, and are not unhandy at pottery work. Their canoes are dug out of the trunk of a tree, but are very much larger than those of the Barotse. They are propelled either by paddles, with a very large crew sitting the whole length of the canoe, and the captain steering with a long oar astern, or else in shallow water with a punt pole. I have seen as many as twenty-five people in one canoe. Their principal food is flour made of mealies called mapira, besides which they grow beans and maize. They take

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only one regular meal a day—just before sunset. A man's ration is two handfuls of flour. The men eat first and then the women. The cooking is generally done by the men. They also work in iron with great skill, as may be seen by the shape of their axes shown on page 237.

The new Governor arrived at Tete on New Year's Day, with two gunboats. He was a naval officer, and a most distinguished looking man. He told me he would place a gunboat at my disposal to take me as far as the Anglo-Portuguese frontier at Chiromo, at the junction of the Ruo and the Shiré rivers, whither he was himself going. After a few days' longer stay in Tete I finally left on board the gunboat *Cuama* on the 30th of January, 1893.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PORTUGUESE ON THE ZAMBEZI

THE earliest pioneers of the Portuguese Empire appeared in the neighbourhood of the Zambezi about the middle of the sixteenth century. One of the first was a priest, Joncalo da Silveira, who in 1560 penetrated into the middle of the kingdom of Monomapata, and was there put to death.

About the same time one Francisco Baretto ascended the Zambezi as far as Senna, where he established himself. Thence he continued to press up the river, and came into contact with the tribes adjacent to the Gorge of Lupata. He established a fort at Tete. He died at Senna while returning from a journey to Mozambique. His aide-de-camp, Vasco Fernandez Homena, succeeded him. He visited the gold mines of Manica, and returning to Tete, travelled to the silver mines

of Chikoa, where he left his second in command. This officer, with 200 men, was cut to pieces by the natives about 1572. All these officers were under the command of the Viceroy of Portuguese India. In 1608 another Portuguese officer again visited the silver mines of Chikoa, and left in the interior one Diego Madeira, who



TYPE AT TETE.

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

during the next six years explored the surrounding country. By slow degrees the Portuguese thus founded two empires, one north of the Zambezi, and the other in the district of Monomatapa. From the very beginnings of the Portuguese Empire, Manica was celebrated for its gold. The Portuguese established a number of fairs or markets all over the country, where the natives brought gold and slaves, which were exchanged for European goods. Starting from Tete, a long line of markets and forts is said to have extended by Fort San Miguel and Montedoro as far as Tati on the Shashi river. I should rather doubt, however, if this is true. By 1700 missionaries had spread themselves over the Lower Zambezi district, and in 1763 the market of Zumbo was constituted a town. As well as gold and copper, which came from mines between Manica and Montedoro, the Portuguese took away ivory from this country from the first years of their occupation.

It will thus be seen that the Portuguese rule on the Zambezi is more than three centuries old, and this fact should be taken into consideration in judging the system which is found there. In one way, no doubt, this length of occupation should have enabled them to do much with the country. On the other hand, it brings considerable difficulties. The organization of the country is rather mediæval than modern, and it is no doubt more difficult to reform long existing abuses than to establish a satisfactory system of government where no government previously existed at all.

The supreme authority of the Portuguese Colonies is in the hands of the Minister of Marine and Colonies at Lisbon. He is assisted by a civilian Director-General and a Council. There is the Governor-General of Mozambique, and the country is divided into subordinate Governorships. These districts are Angoche, Cape Delgado, Inhambane, Lorenzo Marques, Tete, and Quilimane. Besides these, the Mozambique Company has

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the administration of a large territory. The functions of the Governors of Districts are principally four. The Governor holds the military command, is President of the Board which supervises taxation, Civil Administrator, and a sort of Judge of Instruction for criminal cases; these are first heard before the local tribunal by the Governor, who prepares documents dealing with the case, and sends them to Mozambique for trial. Appeals go to the Governor of Goa in India. That at least is the theory; but as a matter of fact, the Governor often sends people to prison without any trial at all, and keeps them there indefinitely. For instance, some months before I was in the Portuguese territory some natives had come down from the Shiré country to see what trade could be done in Tete, bringing a document given them by the British authorities of Nyasaland. This document merely stated that "——— chief of ———" was in the English sphere of influence; that he paid his taxes regularly, and that any one attempting to seize his country would be proceeded against according to law. No doubt the men had brought this document as a kind of passport; but when they were taken before the Governor and produced it, that gentleman chose to believe that the English had sent them with this paper to annoy the Portuguese authorities. He therefore had them beaten, and sent them to prison, where they were still when I arrived in Tete. In vain I tried to obtain their release, offering even a substantial security.

The most striking piece of mediævalism in the Portuguese administration is the prazzo system. A prazzo is a district constituted for purposes of revenue. Each one is put up to auction. The highest bidder has to pay the amount of his bid annually, and in return is allowed to collect a revenue from the district. The system is regulated by a law of 1886, as follows:—

"The prazzos are put up for auction for three years but the Government has power to rescind the contract by

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giving six months' notice. The lessee of each prazzo has to pay for six months in advance. He has a right to levy a tax or mussock of 800 reis per head in cash, or if he prefers it, to make the native work for him, such work reckoned at 400 reis per week; 800 reis is about 3s. 6d. Children below sixteen are not liable to this tax, nor are natives who are physically incapable of work; but all others, men and women alike, are liable. For the maintenance of roads, public works, and the building of houses for officials, the lessee can requisition native labour without payment. He can also requisition labour for his own purposes at the rate of 400 reis per week, or its equivalent in goods at market price. Children under sixteen can be made to work at half this price. Natives who refuse to pay are sent to hard labour on public works until they have made up their mind to pay the tax. The lessee is not allowed to illtreat his people; he must send them before the authorities if they are not amenable, and allow them to go before the officer of the nearest station if they have any complaint to make. The lessee is allowed to cultivate land not already occupied, but he may not export timber or minerals without a special concession." In 1890 this law was modified by the creation of two kinds of prazzos. The first class consists of those which are so situated as to be exposed to native attack, or from any other cause are not suited to either agricultural or industrial development. The second class—those which are so fitted—are to be put up to auction for twenty-five years. The upstart price is 800 reis per head of the population. At least half the tax is to be paid by the natives in labour, but the lessee must supply to them, free of charge, water, fire, and grass to thatch their huts. Every five years a census is to be made, and if the population of the district has increased, the price to be paid by the lessee is to be increased in proportion. In five years the lessee is to have at least one-third of his land under cultivation, and the whole by the

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end of the twenty-five years. The lessee possesses a certain official status analogous to that of a sheriff. He also has power to arm, at his own expense, a certain number of sepoy, the maximum to be fixed in the lease. He must lend these to Government for the defence of the country if they are requisitioned. This new enactment does not seem particularly sagacious, for the lessee would hardly be likely to work hard for twenty-five years (supposing he lived so long) in the country to get no profit for it at the end.

Now the system of prazos was no doubt quite right and satisfactory when it was first instituted in the seventeenth century, but to-day the working of the system comes to very little more than legalized slavery, and an uncontrolled opportunity for the lessee to grind money out of the natives. He makes the people pay their tax either in goods or in work. The value of the work is measured by European goods. The usual price is 4000 reis, or 17s. 6d., for twenty yards of cotton cloth, which he buys at Tete for 800 reis, about 3s. 6d.

The natives pay their tax in their own produce; the lessee fixes the value of such produce, and also measures it with his own measure, so that 27 litres nominal is often really 40 or 45 to the lessee. The sepoy are not supposed to be liable to the tax, but they have to be ready for any kind of work. One lessee, for instance, whom I came across, makes you pay 10s. per man for porters for a five days' march. He pays these men 1s. 10d. worth of calico, gives them sixpennyworth of food for the journey, and makes them bring back his goods on their return. He thus makes a profit of 7s. 8d. per man, and avows openly that you will not be able to get a single porter without coming to him. Thus on an expedition requiring 60 porters he makes about £25. It is difficult to see what good bloodsuckers of this kind can possibly do to any country.

They have only one object—to get money, and to get

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ivory especially, by every possible means. What is the use of cultivating the land when one can send natives to hunt ivory? Observe that I say to hunt ivory, not to hunt elephants. It is very seldom that the man who kills an animal gets the profit of the ivory; it is probably stolen half a dozen times before it comes finally into the hands of the white men. The lessees employ a large number of hunters, and make heavy profits out of them.

For instance, they advance them a certain number of guns, put down at say £7 apiece, a keg or two of powder, caps, and a few trading goods, all reckoned at the same exorbitant price. When the hunters return after an expedition of five or six months the masters pay, it is true, for the ivory very nearly at the price it fetches in Tete, but then they pay in goods, on which, according to their valuation of them, they make four or five hundred per cent. profit. An arroba (15 kilogrammes of ivory) never costs them more than £4, and they sell it for about £20 at Tete. Evidently it does not need many arrobas a month to bring in a comfortable income. After the lessee has bought the hunter's ivory in this way, he will make him another advance of guns, powder, and the like, so that in a few years the unfortunate man will find himself some hundreds of pounds in debt, while the ivory merchant has already made £1000 profit out of him. It must also be remembered that some of the hunters in the employment of these gentlemen possess as many as fifty or sixty guns. It may well be imagined what very extensive and various kinds of hunting they are able to pursue with such resources.

Why indeed cultivate the soil when you can get ivory? It is a sight to see these traffickers gloating over their ivory—the arrival of a consignment is a feast-day. It is a cruel thought that every tusk has cost the life of one man at the very least. Ivory in Portuguese Africa is the synonym for slavery, theft, and murder. For instance, one day the lessee of a prazzo said to me, quite as a matter of

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course, "I am expecting a great deal of ivory from such and such a place," and he named the kraal of a native chief; "only I do not know when it will come, because the chief will have to make war to get it; but he told me that he was going to war, as he knew that I should give him a good price just now." The truth is that the ivory trade will never be anything but a scandal until



THE ARRIVAL OF AN IVORY CARAVAN.

every one who deals in it is obliged to take out a licence, pay a heavy fee, and be subject to a rigid supervision.

Another extraordinary institution of Portuguese Africa is the *Capitao Mor*. These gentlemen are a kind of militia officers, usually with the honorary rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Portuguese army. They are blacks. They raise their irregulars themselves, and Government supplies them with thousands of guns to arm them. In no part of Africa have I seen such a profusion of guns, most of them lent by Government, which will never see them again. So many guns and so much

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ammunition have these people received that a revolt of one or two of them to-day would be a very grave affair. Most of these Capitaos employ their troops and arms for slave-raiding and general brigandage, and are guilty every day of frightful atrocities. One of these gentlemen, who was in the habit of levying blackmail in ivory and gold dust, and of borrowing people's wives from them by force, was the sole cause of a native war a few years ago. Another one had the misfortune to lose his brother, whereon he attributed his death to sorcery. He made everybody who could possibly have come in contact with him go through the ordeal of taking muavi, or poison. Those who did not vomit were considered guilty of witchcraft and promptly put to death; some were shot on the spot, others hanged, and others thrown into the Zambezi with a stone round their necks. In one way or another fifty were disposed of. Even then all who had vomited were put in chains.

The total store of ivory possessed by this enterprising official is valued at £20,000, at least three quarters of which was stolen. Another Capitaos Mor is in the habit of amusing himself by mutilating his people, which he does as punishment for the smallest fault. The country belonging to this gentleman, named Kanyemba, is now in British territory. Particular note of this should be taken.

I was present at an amusing suit brought by one of these fellows before the Governor. He accused one of his sepoys of stealing four women and a cash-box, and blandly requested the Governor to send him to prison out of hand. The Governor answered that he could not condemn a man in this manner; he must have witnesses to prove his guilt. "Oh," said the Capitaos Mor, "I have plenty; here are four men who will prove the affair." The Governor called them up, and to the great disgust of the official, interrogated them one by one. The first said that the accused had stolen three women, and the Capitaos Mor had told him that he had also stolen some things,

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but witness did not know what. The second witness said the man had made off with four women, and had also stolen a box. "What was in it?" asked the Governor. Here the Capitaó Mor interrupted, but the Governor told him to be quiet. It appeared that witness did not know what was in the box, and did not know where the box was before it was stolen. The third witness did not know quite so much as the others. The Capitaó Mor again interrupted, and the Governor began to lose patience. The fourth witness knew even less than any of the others. "He is a fool," cried the accuser, and then he ingeniously suggested that the witnesses should undergo the ordeal by poison to see if they spoke the truth. When the accused was questioned he declared that he had stolen nothing, but had made off because the Capitaó Mor wanted to kill him. "What nonsense," shouted that gentleman; and when the Governor refused to condemn the man at once, he gave up the idea of the poison ordeal, and said he would apply to the tribunal at Tete instead. What he really did was to make off into the country, not liking the presence of the military commander in his district. Later on one of his headmen told me that one day this gentleman had picked up a knife and stabbed one of his people, afterwards ordering this headman to follow him up and finish him.

Another kind of legalized slavery which exists on a great scale here shrouds itself under the cloak of religion. Nowhere is slave dealing carried on so openly and shamefully as it is by the Jesuits. They are perpetually buying young slaves for a couple of pieces of cotton "to save them from slavery." This seems to me a very curious way of discouraging the slave trade. They teach the children under their care a little religious history and a few elementary principles of education; but their chief care is to put them to a trade, making them masons, carpenters, and the like. During the holidays, as they are ironically called, the children are made to work in

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the fields. All this would be a very good work if it were disinterested. The fact is that when the children are grown up the Jesuits claim to keep them for their own purposes. For example, one of their carpenters went away to work on his own account. The Jesuits had him seized by the authorities and forced to work for them. While I was in the neighbourhood a child left their seminary for a week. On his arrival at his home he complained of having been illtreated, and his state of health confirmed what he said. His brother, although a black, had been educated in Lisbon and happened to be a man of some education—a notary; and he decided not to send him back to the Mission, but to keep him at home and send him to school at Tete. Immediately the authorities were bombarded with letters asking them to compel the child to return to the Mission. The Jesuits observed that constraint was indispensable in such cases; that it was deplorable to give in to the caprices of the blacks, and that in the interests of civilization it ought not to be done. It is not necessary to comment on this except to ask in what respect it differs from slavery. A slave among the natives is generally well treated by his master, and it is remarkable that children carried off from their own tribe usually become so closely assimilated with their new tribe that in war they are the fiercest enemies of their own people. I do not mean to hold up this state of things as an admirable one; but, at any rate, the disposition of these slaves is in very striking contrast to that of the pupils of the Jesuits, whose one hope is to escape. The Protestant missions may have their faults, and plenty of them; but, at least, when they teach the natives a trade they also put them in a position to profit by it. The Jesuit fathers, on the other hand, seem to think that they have returned to the good old Middle Ages with their serfs and vassals. On the religious side they are transported with horror to think of the superstition of the barbarous negroes, their ancestor-worship, and their belief

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in evil spirits. This they replace by the belief in miracles and the devil.

As confirmation of what I saw, I need only quote the words of a high official to whom I was talking one day, "I am going to do a kindness to the fathers," he said, "by sending them back a shepherd of theirs that had escaped."

"But how can you force a man," I asked, "to go back to work which he does not like, if he is under no contract, and earns his living by work elsewhere?"

"Oh," he said, "but I made the man come to me, and asked if he had been paid for. He said, 'Yes,' so I told him he was a scoundrel to leave his masters and put them to so much trouble. So I sent him back to them with two sepoy."

"But that is slavery," I said.

"Oh, no," he said, "not if the man has been bought. Don't you think it necessary to force the blacks to work for the masters who have paid for them?"

In fine, although there are no slave markets in Portuguese Africa, slavery exists, nevertheless, on a much larger scale than it did, for instance, in Egypt twenty years ago. I had heard a good deal of it before I reached Tete, but I never imagined that it was anything like what I actually found it to be. Slavery is universal. You can buy a slave anywhere, the price ranging from one to four pieces of calico. Matakania was the principal merchant in the trade; but everybody, black or white, either is engaged in it, or encourages it by buying slaves. I have heard people of education and refinement say, "Oh, this girl"—or "this boy," as the case may be—"belongs to me. I bought her myself, and paid so much." These slaves are always taken in war. A chief sends his men on a raid, and they bring him back thirty, forty, or fifty men and women. They are led back in various ways, usually by a cord round their necks. But the Angoni have a way of binding their slaves by making an incision in the skin

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of the waist, and passing the thong through it. Ten years ago slaves were branded like cattle, each master having his own distinctive brand. This generally took the form



THE MARK OF SLAVERY
ON THE CHEST.

of two or more incisions across the chest. Now that slavery is no longer recognised, the treatment of these creatures by the whites is very much worse than it was, since their value is now infinitesimal, as they can only be bought, but not sold again. In most cases, however, they do not seem unhappy.

Another feature of society on the Portuguese Zambezi is, so far as I know, without any parallel in the world. All the white men established there have one, two, three, or even four native wives, with whom they live openly. They are dressed like the ordinary native women, in a single piece of stuff, which covers them from above the breasts to below the knees. They are, in fact, servants—a little higher than the ordinary domestics, but treated in almost exactly the same way. They live with the servants, and yet whenever they bear their master a child he takes it publicly to church to be baptized, and gives a little entertainment in its honour. There were few men I met at Tete who had not two or three half-bred children; yet, strangely enough, anybody who legally married a native woman would lose caste. These women are not jealous one of another, nor even of any of the servants of the house upon whom the master may smile; but they are furious if he bestows his favours outside the house. The Church appears to find this kind of relation perfectly natural, as I have several times heard the curé ask how so-and-so's wife was. And this state of things is found not only among private residents, but also among the highest officials and military officers. In this kind of relation affection seems to play no part. The woman

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has not much more place in the family than a dog in England. They eat on the floor after their master has finished; indeed, they are simply machines for the manufacture of mulattos. Yet, strangely enough, while there seems to be no affection for the mother, the white men often love their children tenderly. When they travel they very frequently take wives and children with them. I was talking one day to a high official, and remarked that one of his servants, a little girl of perhaps eight, was very pretty. "Yes," he said, "I am waiting until she grows older." This gentleman, who is over forty-five, has already four wives—three living in his house—and between them three children from one to four years old. I said to him that I could not understand how he had these children baptized in church and let them bear his name. "Anyone who behaved otherwise," he answered simply, "would be a scoundrel, unfit for decent men to speak to." The Portuguese in this colony, in short, live under a code of morality which they have made for themselves, and which is quite different from that of any other European society I ever heard of. It is Orientalism without Oriental luxury.

There is absolutely no restriction on the sale of intoxicating liquors to the natives. Public functionaries distribute alcoholic drinks to everybody by way of largesse. When they are on a journey they deal liquor out to all the people of every village they pass through, even to women and children. I saw it done more than once, and drunken natives were singing and dancing the whole night. I do not assert that drink is given with any bad motives; it is simply as I say, a kind of largesse, which is freely distributed, but which is surely the most mistaken form of kindness possible.

This colony is very heavily handicapped by the fact that until quite lately most of the settlers and some of the officials either were or had been convicts. I was introduced to this fact in a rather startling manner. One

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day I was playing billiards at the club at Tete, of which I have already spoken. The marker was exceedingly drunk, and fell up against me several times. I pointed out to the president what a disgraceful state the man was in.

“Oh, yes,” he replied, “he certainly is, but all the same I cannot find it in my heart to be hard on the poor fellow. You see he is very hard up; he only gets about £1 a month as billiard marker, and the same amount as lamplighter. Outside that he has nothing in the world except the £1 which he gets from the gaol.”

“The gaol?” I asked. “What do you mean? Is he employed at the gaol?”

“Oh, no,” said the president, “he is a convict; he is doing ten years’ hard labour.”

It appeared that the poor fellow had had the misfortune to kill his uncle, I think it was. I was astounded at first to find myself almost entirely surrounded by convicts, but I soon got used to it.

I may add a pleasing little anecdote concerning the curé in one of the towns, who was hated by all who knew him. He had a sacristan under him, who received 5000 reis a month—a little more than a guinea. The curé approached him one day and said it would be a much cheaper plan, and better for all parties, if the sacristan gave up his salary to him, in return for which he would feed him at his own table and give him his clothes. The unsuspecting sacristan saw economy in the proposal, and agreed to it. But when he found that the curé only gave him a little rice and some beans to eat he began to change his mind, and in a week, being reduced to a very low state, he had had enough of it. He therefore refused to continue the arrangement, upon which the curé refused to give him back his clothes. The unfortunate sacristan had to bring an action to get them back. On Christmas Day, I was told, this curé held a public auction in front of the church for the benefit of that institution. It was

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an auction of rather an original character, consisting in the drinking of large glasses of water, containing about a couple of pints. He put up each glass for auction. On somebody crying out, "A thousand reis if the curé drinks it"—he did drink it; and in this way he swallowed no less than seven of these glasses. After that he proceeded to a midnight mass, which was not more dignified. He had borrowed a musical box, and by way of attracting a congregation set it going before the service. The first tune it produced was "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

It may not be known that the colonists of Portuguese Zambezia are mostly electors for the Cortes in Lisbon. The province of Mozambique sends two members, one for the provinces of Cape Delgado and Mozambique, the other for the Zambezi districts—Inhambane and Lorenzo Marques. Every head of a family, black or white, is an elector. The polling places are always churches, and the priest has to be present at the election to certify the identity of the voters. The election is thus a very simple matter for the lessees of each prazzo. They give each of their natives a piece of paper with the name of the constituent they support written on it, and say, "Take this letter to the Governor at the church." The natives go to the church, hand over the letter, give their names, and there you are.

In this brief sketch I have laid more stress on the defects of Portuguese rule than on its merits; but it must not be inferred from this that it is without merits. The more recently appointed Portuguese officers and



HIPPOPOTAMUS' HEAD
(Lower Zambezi).

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officials, for instance, are almost all men of the highest character and capacity.

The fact that they are handicapped by the system under which they have to work is more the fault of the Cortes at Lisbon than their own. To me, personally, both whites and blacks constantly showed the greatest kindness, and it was easy to see that this was perfectly genuine. I think that it would be a good thing both for Portuguese and English in Mashonaland to establish a connection between the two countries. Each nation has something to gain from the other, and the present cordial relations between them would only become more and more cordial with time.

CHAPTER XII.

NYASALAND

AS I said before, I left Tete on the 30th of January in the gunboat *Cuama*. At Bongo, our halting-place the first night after leaving Tete, the Zambezi is about two miles broad. When we reached the Gorge of Lupata, which we did early the second morning, the spectacle was most imposing. On the right hand were enormously high cliffs towering above the river; on the left grand hills gently sloping down to it: a magnificent stream flowed majestically between. It took two hours and a half to pass through this gorge, after which the *Cuama* stopped all day to get wood. The next day saw a complete change in the scenery. The river was now nearly four miles broad, and ran through many channels, between numerous islands. Thanks to one of these we made no progress whatever this day. Another gunboat, which was carrying the mails, passed us steaming up another channel, so we went back after her to get letters, and stayed the rest of the day. On the 2nd of February we came to a small village on an island opposite Iniakatanda. There we met a native chief who had given valuable help to the Portuguese in one of their wars. In recognition of this service two hundred and seventy pieces of cloth were now to be distributed to



TYPE OF MANIANJA.

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him and his men. The chief arrived next day, and asked the Governor to stay there one day longer and go to the mainland, where all his men would come to get their calico. The uniform in which this gentleman came on board deserves to be chronicled—a blue dolman with cavalry epaulets, naval buttons, and infantry stripes.

It took a quarter of an hour next day to get to the mainland, and after waiting an hour or two we saw the natives begin to roll up. They were in great numbers, all armed with guns and decked with ornaments and most wonderful hats of their own manufacture. They were formed up in ranks, if ranks they could be called, and came to salute the Governor, dancing a war dance. War drums were beaten, and the men in the ranks all sang together, while from time to time one sprang forward and simulated with a battle-axe the attacking and killing of an enemy. This performance lasted about six hours, after which we left, passed the military station of Gwengwe, and steamed on down the river till about half-past five. The Zambezi kept widening: it is here five or six miles broad, and covered with islands. The banks are very marshy, and must be most unhealthy.

Next day we met the *Sabre*, another Portuguese gunboat, which was to take me to Chiromo, in the British sphere of influence. This boat was astern of the two gunboats which had brought us from Tete, and instead of keeping the prescribed distance of 200 yards went ahead full speed and came up within 50 yards of us. The natural result followed. We got into shallow water and signalled the fact to her, but she had no time to stop, and went at full speed into a sandbank, where she remained stuck. It took the rest of that day and night and a good part of the next to get her off. I spent the day in making an excursion to the town of Senna, which is built in the middle of a marsh at the foot of a hill. It consists of a few houses and a small fort. In former times the Zambezi used to run round the

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base of the fort, whereas now it is half an hour from the river. This confirms the theory that the volume of the river is greatly diminished.

Early on the morning of February 8th my goods were transferred on board the *Sabre*. The three gunboats left together—the Governor's two down the Zambezi, while we went down the Ziu-Ziu, which joins it opposite Senna, and connects it with the Shiré. The *Sabre* seemed to make a habit of taking the bit between her teeth, for once more we dashed off at full speed, and in an hour were again fast on a sandbank. Everything had to be unloaded on to an island, but even so we could not get off until the next afternoon. Then we went on for a short distance, and stopped for the night at Mosquito Bank—well named indeed. The Ziu-Ziu runs through a marsh covered with the greatest number of geese, ducks, and other sorts of water fowl I ever saw. In the distance at certain points we caught sight of real forests of palm trees. On the 10th we entered the Shiré. This river is only a hundred yards or so broad, running between low banks. On the 11th we reached Port Herald, the first station of the Nyasaland Protectorate, on the right bank of the Shiré.

We heard very bad news of the state of things higher up: it was said that a hundred thousand natives had risen and were attacking Fort Johnston. This made me the more anxious to hurry on, though it diminished the chance of my being able to do so. Need I say that we wound up the day by running aground, and did not get off till the following morning? Here the captain decided that discretion was the better part of valour, and that he could go no further. I got some boats from the British station near, which took on board part of my goods, but had to wait three or four days before I could start off with the rest. Two days brought me to Chiromo, where I was very kindly received by the Portuguese officer in command. The Portuguese station here is on the left bank of the Ruo; the British on the right. The first

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consists of a house, an iron store, and a well-built magazine. On the British side, which I next visited, I was almost startled to see the extraordinary amount of work that had been done. A new house occupied by Mr. Hillier was surrounded by a large compound, scrupulously clean, from which there were roads branching out in all directions. On one side of the station was a private factory consisting of half a dozen or more houses with laid paths, and the beginning of a garden. On the other side was the office of the African Lakes Corporation, presenting a wonderful contrast with the rest. The buildings were falling to pieces, and looked as if they had never been clean in their life.

The most alarming news was rife at Chiromo about the war up country. Fort Johnston, they said, was isolated, and the Commissioner cut off. Two white men had been killed and one captured. The rebellion, it was added, was rapidly spreading down the river. Blue-jackets had been sent for, and relief asked from the men-of-war at Zanzibar. I hardly knew whether to believe these terrible accounts or not, but came to the conclusion that, on the whole, they were probably exaggerated. This opinion was confirmed by a steamer which arrived the day before I had intended to leave. I wanted, in any case, to get up to Nyasaland and see what was going on; that being so, of course all the porters I had engaged took the opportunity to desert. Fortunately, the *Pfeil*, Major Wissmann's steamer, arrived just then, and her captain kindly offered to take me up with him. I accepted with pleasure, and started two days later. The *Pfeil* was towing three English boats with stores and a large German barge. We had not steamed an hour before we ran aground. The captain did all he could to get off, but was unsuccessful. In the evening he killed a large crocodile under the steamer—I had nearly fallen into the water a moment before—but even this did nothing to get the vessel off. So

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I returned next morning to Chiromo, got the remaining porters I required, and started that afternoon overland. I was promised that I should be captured or killed by the natives; but I doubted that, and in any case resolved to chance it.

The march led us first through the Elephant marsh, formerly full of these animals, with grass everywhere six feet high. At times we passed beautiful palm forests, the trunks festooned with creepers. These forests, however, were the only pleasing feature of the march, for the grass got higher and higher. On the second day it was ten feet high, while on the third we had to cross a regular forest of reeds fifteen feet high. Nothing could be more trying than walking through this long grass; it was constantly hitting me in the face and tearing my arms.

On the third day we reached the Muabanzi river, which we found very full. I sent some of my men to try and ford it, but they said it was full of crocodiles, and would not venture in the water until I had fired several shots into it. When they did go in they very soon found themselves out of their depth. We tried several other places, and at last found one where there were only four feet of water. My headmen went in here, but the others declined, and I took off my clothes and swam across to set them an example. Then they all followed eagerly, and only one lost his footing, and dropped two hundred yards of calico, which was immediately carried away by the current. I afterwards heard that this river simply swarms with crocodiles, which I can well believe, although I am bound to say I did not see any. Going forward again, we passed the camp of Wissmann's Expedition, on our way to the British station of Chikwawa. Here the two stern-wheel gunboats *Mosquito* and *Herald* were stationed; the place was covered with innumerable packages, containing the pieces of two more gunboats for Lake Nyasa.

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The gunboats were lying up, the crews having been hurried to the seat of war. The Shiré about here swarms with crocodiles. The natives catch them with forked sticks, which get fixed between their jaws when they try to eat the meat attached to them. More often, however, the crocodile catches and eats the natives; one man had been devoured the morning of my arrival. They dread this reptile so much that they never draw water from the river except by tying a calabash to the end of a long stick. Some years before, during a famine, the crocodiles used even to land and attack the natives in their villages.

A day and a half's march from here over a very good road, made by Captain Sclater, R.E., brought us to Blantyre, the capital of Nyasaland, where I was most kindly welcomed by the constructor of the road himself. I was put up in the house of Mr. Sharpe, the Deputy Commissioner—a substantial building, with the first sitting-room I had seen in Africa, and a piano. I had a very excellent lunch from real China plates and real glass glasses, served on a tablecloth—and you cannot imagine what a luxury it was. That evening Mr. Sharpe came home, and while we were at dinner Mr. H. H. Johnston himself, the Commissioner—now Sir Harry—came in from Matope. The war, he said, was all over. It was sufficient to be in Mr. Johnston's company for ten minutes to be won over for life by his charming manner. He was tired with his journey, yet showed himself a most brilliant talker. He had been kind enough to send me special messengers to bring me from Tete overland. Unfortunately they left too late to catch me; but I was most grateful for the attention all the same.

I remained in Nyasaland nearly a month, rejoicing in the delightful companionship of Mr. Johnston and his staff, which formed a charming interlude between the wearisome journeys I had just come through and the long

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stretch which was to follow. Through their constant and kindly aid I was able to make myself acquainted with the leading points bearing upon the past history and the future prospects of this part of British Central Africa. Sir Harry Johnston has lately published a book on his Protectorate which will remain a monument in the history of Africa. I will therefore confine myself to a brief sketch of what I learnt in Nyasaland, referring the



BRITISH GUNBOATS ON THE SHIRÉ AT CHIKWAWA.

readers to this great work, in which Sir Harry has also revealed himself as an artist only surpassed by Landseer.

After the discovery of Lake Nyasa by Livingstone, a Scotch Mission established itself to the south of the lake, whither a steamer was transported for the use of the missionaries. About eighteen years ago a commercial Company, the African Lakes Corporation, opened a trading station at Blantyre, in the mountainous region near the Upper Shiré. A steamer plied on this river from the Zambezi as far as the Murchison Rapids, while above them the missionary steamer was acquired by the Corporation. Little by little this boat extended its operations northwards along the lake, and a station was established

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at Karonga. The Arab merchants installed in this region were alarmed at the appearance of this competitor, and were afraid that they would find themselves hampered in the slave trade which they carried on. They therefore attacked the station of the Lakes Corporation. Hostilities went on for some time, but without any serious result.

In 1889 the Portuguese manifested an intention of occupying the Upper Shiré, and Major Serpa Pinto advanced with an expedition up the river. Thereupon Mr. Johnston, at that time Consul at Mozambique, was sent into Nyasaland—nominally to settle the disputes between the Lakes Corporation and the Arabs, but really to report on the Portuguese doings. In this mission he succeeded in a diplomatic manner. He went up the river on one of the African Lakes steamers, hoping to pass the Portuguese in the night, and thus get ahead of them. But one day towards sunset the steamer rounded a bend of the river and came in full sight of Serpa Pinto's camp. It looked as if all were over with the mission, and Mr. Johnston stopped and landed. He explained his motives and powers frankly to Major Serpa Pinto over an afternoon tea, but the latter placed no obstacle in his way, it being understood between them that the Portuguese forces should not advance beyond the Ruo till reference had been made to Lisbon and London: neither should a British Protectorate be declared as long as the Portuguese army remained south of the Ruo. Serpa Pinto loyally observed this understanding and stopped short at the Ruo; but while he was absent on the coast awaiting instructions, his impatient lieutenant crossed the stream and marched on Blantyre; the British Protectorate was then declared by the late Mr. John Buchanan, C.M.G., Acting Consul.

Mr. Johnston then pushed on to the north of the lake. He made a peaceful settlement with the Arabs, which on the whole was loyally maintained by them. The most important chief on the lake, Jumbe of

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Kota-Kota, whom I had the pleasure of meeting later, proved his loyalty on more than one occasion in the most practical way. Mr. Johnston advanced from the north of Lake Nyasa to Lake Tanganika, making numerous treaties with the native chiefs he met on the way. He then returned to the coast, and for some two years Great Britain was only represented in this country by the Consul at Blantyre. In 1891 Mr. Johnston returned



1 2 3 4 5

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON AND SOME OF HIS STAFF.

1. MR. ALFRED SHARPE, Deputy Commissioner.
2. SIR H. H. JOHNSTON.
3. CAPTAIN BERTIE SCLATER, R.E.
4. A NAVAL OFFICER FROM THE SHIRE.
5. CAPTAIN SCLATER'S SERVANT.

as Commissioner for Nyasaland, as well as Consul-General for Mozambique and Administrator of the huge region belonging to the British South Africa Company north of the Zambezi. He then set about the extraordinarily successful work which has stamped him as one of the great men of African history and the ablest of Colonial Administrators.

The problem which confronted Mr. Johnston at the beginning of his administration was widely different from that faced by the Chartered Company. The latter had to

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tackle a work of colonization not altogether different from that which had been dealt with in the past in America and Australia, or, to take a more exact parallel, in the previously settled portions of South Africa. There was indeed a large native population to be managed, but the future prosperity of the country as a British possession was primarily ensured by bringing in white settlers. Rhodesia, south of the Zambezi, is, as I have already insisted, a white man's country; and though there is no reason to expect the immediate disappearance of the native, as he has disappeared in America and Australia, it is to the white man's work that the country looks for its future greatness. The white man can make his home there, and can bring up his family to succeed him. In Nyasaland and British Central Africa generally—using this expression to denote all the British territory north of the Zambezi—colonization by white men is a very different affair. Taking the country as a whole, it must be pronounced unfit at present, and in great part likely to remain unfit, to become the home of Europeans. There are, it is true, certain not inconsiderable patches of high ground where Europeans can preserve their health, and perhaps even rear children. These districts are for the most part over 5000 feet in altitude. They comprise, first, the plateau of Mlanje, which rises at its greatest elevation to 10,000 feet above sea level. The temperature is moderate, the air bracing, and the soil suited partly for the cultivation of European vegetables, and partly for pasturage. The drawback is the exceedingly heavy rainfall, which amounts to nearly 75 inches annually, and its limited extent, which according to Sir Harry Johnston's calculation hardly exceeds 36,000 acres. More extensive than this is the Nyika Plateau, which rises to an average altitude of 7000 feet. Its extent is reckoned at 1250 square miles. This region again is well watered—not so superabundantly as Mlanje—temperate, fertile, and hardly inhabited by natives. These two areas, of which the first

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is situated in the extreme south-east of the territory, the second to the west of Nyasa, almost at its head, are the largest districts suitable for European colonization. There are, however, several other areas of high ground dotted here and there over the whole province, each affording an almost ideal habitation for white men. The plateau of Zomba is one of these, and there are several others in the whole country westward of the lake.

But these, even taken all together, make up the very smallest portion of the whole country. It is, perhaps, the most remarkable feature of Sir Harry Johnston's rule that he recognized immediately that, so far as the rest of the country is concerned, it is unfit for development by white labour, and set to work to devise other means of progress. The work of civilization he laid down clearly from the very outset must be carried on by lower races under European direction. This decision may be thought a simple exercise of very ordinary common sense. But the annals of European colonization, from Darien to Madagascar, prove that this common sense, which in the colonial administrator may be called a form of self-denial, is very much rarer than might have been expected. For the present, then, until man acquires a power over the conditions of climate that will make him practically independent of nature, Sir Harry Johnston looks for the development of his Protectorate to a limited white population perched on the high ground, and thence controlling a large, settled, and industrious black population.

To this end the first step was to get the population large and settled. And the first necessity was to suppress the slave trade. Sir Harry Johnston early resolved that the curse of Central Africa was the Arab, and that the Arabs must be expelled. At the present day he has virtually succeeded in expelling them. For my own part, my experience has led me to take views perhaps less extreme, both as to the forcible suppression of the

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slave trade and the iniquity of the Arabs, than those held by the Commissioner. But of course I recognize that he knows very much more of the country under his rule than I do, and it is impossible to deny that the arguments by which he supports his opinion are most powerful. He says that the discovery of the foundations of old villages, old pottery and the like, buried under several feet of soil, is evidence that this part of Africa once contained a much denser native population than it carries at present, and one considerably superior in culture. He attributes the degeneration of the black races to the introduction of the slave trade at the period when the Arabs first established their influence on the East coast, and to its enormous development when the Portuguese arrived with firearms and gunpowder. The country was depopulated, big game spread over the deserted tracks, and the tsetse fly followed. Such natives as remained in their homes, being liable at any moment to be attacked and carried into slavery, found no inducement to develop the country more than was required to produce food for the necessities of the moment. To do more was to invite aggression, plunder, and enslavement. It cannot be denied that there is very much reason in this. I am not in favour of the violent and immediate suppression of slavery where it is the one known industrial organization, and where there is nothing ready to take its place. But I recognize quite fully that there is all the difference in the world between Zanzibar, and even Ujiji, where the Arab makes himself a home, and the districts of Central Africa, where he is a mere adventurer, only concerned in making a fortune as quickly as possible, and retiring to enjoy it elsewhere. Taking this difference into account, I make no doubt that Mr. Johnston's determination to get rid of the Arabs as quickly as possible—always excepting the benign Jumbe—was eminently just and necessary.

The tribe which gave most trouble in the course of

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its suppression, and led the Administration into continual wars, was that of the Yaos. They originally lived to the east of Lake Nyasa, and supported themselves for the most part by plundering their neighbours. By contact with the Arabs they acquired a slight tinge of Mahommedanism, and an intense enthusiasm for the slave trade. Under pressure of invasion from the north, and of famine, they began to work westward round the southern end of Lake Nyasa, dispossessing the original inhabitants, the Manianja, either by violence or by absorption. When the country became a British Protectorate, and slave-trading was put down, the Yaos began to give trouble. Those who lived within the immediate sphere of British influence soon submitted, both nominally and actually. Those further east placed themselves theoretically under Her Majesty's protection, but soon took up arms in defence of their inalienable right to enslave their fellow men. During the whole time that I was in Nyasaland, and for a long while afterwards, desultory fighting went on. It was the Yaos whose attack created the alarm in the southern stations which was my first introduction to Nyasaland. But both then and later they were defeated, their esteemed Arab chiefs expelled or reduced to subjection, and the slave trade among them almost entirely stamped out. The difficulties were not entirely at an end when I was in the country; but the victories of the Commissioner and of the late Captain Maguire, immediately before my arrival, had conclusively shown that the work was only a matter of time.

At the moment of my visit to the Protectorate the Yaos were the only tribe with which the Administration had come to hostilities. The other principal black races of the Protectorate, naming them in their order northwards along the Shiré and the lake, are the Makololo, the Manianja, the Angoni, and the Atonga. The distinction between the two first-named is more a matter of title than anything else. The Makololo came

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originally from Bechuanaland, and marched north towards the Zambezi about fifty years ago, where they ruled over the Barotse, as I have already described. The original Makololo of Nyasaland were imported by Dr. Livingstone, who left about a dozen of them as herdmen in the Shiré district to help the Manianja against the attacks of the Yaos. At the present day there is hardly a trace of anything distinctive in the way of language among them. The Manianja, the original inhabitants, are a peaceable and industrious race, who have been much harried in their time by the Portuguese and the Yaos. Agriculture and blacksmiths' work are the industries in which they most excel. The Angoni, who stretch northward, are of Zulu descent, as I have already said. There is not, however, very much Zulu left in them. Intermarrying, according to the custom of their tribe, with the conquered Manianja, these also, for the most part, have lost their distinctive institutions and language. Such at any rate is the case with those on the shore of the lake, though in the higher grounds westward I was told they still speak the Zulu tongue. They are a fine race physically, and, like their progenitors in the south, are far more honest and trustworthy when they take up work for Europeans than most African tribes. They are, however, predatory and turbulent. The Atonga inhabit the middle western shore of Lake Nyasa. But for the arrival of Europeans they would probably have been raided out of existence by their Angoni neighbours. The earliest missionaries, however, by a judicious mixture of remonstrance and subsidy, protected the Atonga from their oppressors, and these people show their gratitude by steadily supporting the white men, and coming south in considerable numbers to work for them. They are not always absolutely orderly, and not irreproachably honest, but they are very useful to the whites.

These, then, were the heterogeneous and troublesome

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material out of which Sir Harry Johnston set to work to build up a great African province. There was little enough apparently to be done with them; they were absolutely uncivilized, without the least understanding of the methods and requirements of the white man; and, to add to the difficulty, the climate made it almost impossible for the white man to live among them. In this fix Sir Harry Johnston had the brilliant idea of bringing in natives of India, so that the yellow man might serve as an intermediary between the black and the white. He thought that whereas the black and white races stand too far apart in development to intermarry and produce a satisfactory medium between the two, there was a great possibility of elevation for the negro by a mixture of Indian blood. The evidence of the Arab half-castes on the East Coast and the Soudanese of mixed Berber and negro race points decidedly to the fact that a cross of Asiatic and negro will produce a race superior in intelligence to the primitive black, and in no way inferior in physique. At the time of my visit to Nyasaland it was of course far too early to judge whether this experiment was likely to succeed or fail. It is still too early at the present day; but, apart from the matter of breeding, it is undeniable that the importation of Indians has been an enormous help to the young country. It is mainly by a small force of Sikhs that the handful of British officers have been able to put down the slave-trading chiefs, with invariable and brilliant success. Industrially, again, the Indian is a link between the Englishman and the negro. Perfectly able to stand the climate, the Indian finds his place as a retail trader, collecting native produce in small quantities for the British wholesale merchant, and distributing European goods to the natives. A considerable number of Indian artificers have settled in the country, and have done good work in teaching their crafts to the blacks. Subordinate offices under Government have also largely been filled by natives of British India. In any case, whether it

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succeeds or fails, Sir Harry Johnston's attempt to use a middle race for the elevation and development of the African is perhaps the most original and interesting contribution to the problem of civilizing the Dark Continent that any one man has yet made.

To Sir Harry Johnston's indefatigable activity is due the enormous progress realized in that part of Africa, but we must not forget Mr. Rhodes's share in the accomplishment of this great work. Until last year the Chartered Company allowed Sir Harry a subsidy of £17,000, which enabled him to face the first necessary expenditure of his Administration. The Chartered Company has derived much benefit from it, as it has opened out the route to its own territory; since the Company has taken over the administration of Northern Zambezia this subsidy has been withdrawn, and therefore, in order to fill up this gap, and in return for the sacrifices made by the Government in the suppression of the slave trade and for the benefits that the natives derived from these sacrifices, it was thought that taxes should be levied upon them as far as possible. Sir Harry Johnston of course was only able to begin with the more settled districts, as the tax-collector would hardly have been a welcome guest elsewhere. But with regard to the country in the southern part of the Protectorate, surprisingly little difficulty was encountered on this head. Perhaps it is a unique fact in the history of government that the natives actually came and offered to be taxed. The natives of the Lower Shiré province had been accustomed to pay taxes to the Portuguese, and when the district was taken over by Sir Harry Johnston they approached him to ask what they were to pay. Thereon the Commissioner held interviews with all the more important chiefs he could get at, and, as the result of treaties with them, a hut tax of six shillings a year was levied. This was subsequently reduced by one half, and it appeared to be paid without any difficulty. Ten per cent. or so of the sum raised among the people of each chief was returned

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to this gentleman as a subsidy, so that he viewed the march of civilization in this direction without overwhelming regret.

The question of native labour has not been much easier in Nyasaland than in any other part of Central Africa. It has impeded coffee culture, road making, draining, everything. On the other hand, the hut tax furnishes a mild stimulus to labour, while the careful attention of the Government to the fair treatment and fair payment of the native labourer has done a good deal to reconcile him to the horrors of regular work. When he understands that he may complain of any ill-treatment to the nearest official with a good chance of redress, he becomes far less shy of entering the white man's service. For the rest, Sir Harry Johnston was doubtless perfectly right in interfering as little as possible between the chiefs and the people. There is an appeal from the decision of a chief to the nearest magistrate, but it is very little used, and considering the newness of the British Government, I should say this is a very good thing.

In the meantime it must not be supposed that Nyasaland is standing still to wait for the Indian cultivator or the complete reconciliation of the native to work. The parts of the country which are unfit for agricultural production of one sort or another are probably very small, although it is true that over a great deal of it the rainfall is comparatively slight and shows a tendency to decrease. This fact was ascribed by Sir Harry Johnston mainly to the disappearance of the great forests. But in consequence of the wide range of temperature there is hardly any vegetable product—tropical, sub-tropical, or temperate—that cannot be produced in one part of the country or another. The disappearance of the forests has of course on one side greatly diminished the wealth of the country. There remain, however, magnificent forests of cedar trees on the Mlanje Plateau of a variety not known elsewhere. Attempts have been made to reintro-

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duce it in the higher altitudes of the Shiré district. When I was at Blantyre the tree was newly discovered, and had not yet been put to practical use, but since then this wood has been largely used both for building and for the manufacture of furniture. Several varieties of palm are found fairly plentifully and used freely for constructing stakes, piles, and the like, being impervious both to the white ant and to rot through the action of water. The oil palm and the cocconut palm are also found, and could probably be largely spread. Then there is the bamboo, of whose thousand uses there is no need for me to speak. Until the advent of the European the African in this part of the world made singularly little use of it. Here, at any rate, is one point in which he has much to learn from his white master and his yellow elder brother. Reeds and rushes—a heartbreaking nuisance to the traveller—can be made exceedingly useful for thatching and matting.

But the great triumph of Central Africa has been in coffee, and there seems no reason why it should not become one of the most prosperous centres for this production in the whole world. It was introduced, like many other plants, in consequence of the intelligent enterprise of the late Mr. John Buchanan. This gentleman first came out as a horticulturist in the service of the Church of Scotland Mission. He got coffee plants from the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens and planted them in the mission grounds at Blantyre. They flourished so well that Mr. Buchanan took up large plantations of his own, and many other settlers followed his example. The greater number of plants in the Shiré district had not in 1892 yet come into bearing; but since that time the total export has gradually risen to 350 tons, and will probably rise very much higher in the future.

I had the opportunity, at Chiradzulu, of seeing how a coffee plantation is made. The land is cleared for planting by cutting down the timber and uprooting the bush,

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which is then burnt according to the native method, the ashes being mixed with the soil. The ground is then cleared of grass by hoeing, and laid out in rows six or seven feet apart; at similar intervals along the rows pits are dug some 18 inches deep. This takes place in June, and the pits are left open until September. Meanwhile the planter is rearing his seedlings, which he plants out at the beginning of the rains late in November.

About 60 or 70 acres can be opened up in a year if 100 men are employed. The coffee begins to bear in three years, being ready for picking about the end of June. It is then passed through a pulper, which separates the bean from the fleshy fruit which covers it. The beans are then fermented in a brick vat for over twenty-four hours, then passed into a second vat, washed, and dried. The yield per acre is on the average about 3 cwt. In some cases as much as

17 cwt. per acre has been turned out, but this is of course very exceptional. The coffee fetches a good price in the London markets: it averaged about 10½d. per lb. a few years ago, and the price has improved since.

The immediate prosperity of Nyasaland must rest upon its agriculture, especially upon its coffee plantations, and perhaps, after that, upon the cultivation of the sugar cane. This latter cultivation was in its infancy in my time, but I believe it has made great strides since. Yet although it is to agriculture that most attention has been given, it



ANGONI AT CHIRADZULU.

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is not improbable that Nyasaland, like all the neighbouring territories, is highly mineralized. The country is especially rich in iron; but to be of practical value this metal must of course be found in the immediate neighbourhood either of coal or of large forests, which might supply fuel for smelting. The large forests, as I have said, have by now almost disappeared; but a considerable coal-field is known to exist on the north-west shore of Lake Nyasa, and, for aught anybody knows, there may be many more. Gold is found among the south-western mountains, and in the district of Marimba, part of the country ruled by Jumbe, the Sultan of Kota-Kota. It is also said that alluvial gold exists further north; but at present very little development work has been done in any part.

More important than minerals is the ivory export, which, indeed, makes a larger figure in the balance sheet of Nyasaland even than coffee. Large as it is in the official figures, the real quantity exported is probably larger, since a certain amount is smuggled out of the country. Elephants did not, of course, even in 1892, come near the settled districts except very rarely; but in the wide tracts to the west of the Nyasaland Protectorate proper they are said to be extraordinarily abundant. Whether the elephant is dying out as fast as many people believe appears to be doubtful. Both the Commissioner and Mr. Sharpe thought that it was not. There are in the region of Lake Mweru large tracts of reedy marsh whither the elephants can retire: the natives have not the enterprise to follow them there, while the Government is too anxious to preserve the beasts to encourage white men in the enterprise. With this reserve at their disposal for refuge and breeding, it appears probable that the value of ivory will not lead to so rapid an extermination of the elephant in British Central Africa as that which has overtaken the animal elsewhere.

In Nyasaland, as in the territory of the Chartered Company, great attention has rightly been given to

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facilities of communication. I have spoken already of the admirable Selater Road, of which I had the benefit from Chikwawa to Blantyre. As this was quite solid enough for waggons it was of the greatest value to the transport of the country. There was also a road from Blantyre to Zomba, and a rough road from Zomba to Mpimbi on the Upper Shiré, by which subsequently I left the country. But there was not much encouragement, as Mr. Johnston pointed out, to build roads while the tsetse fly was rampant. What the country needed, and presumably needs still more to-day, was a railway running from the Lower to the Upper Shiré. The river is not navigable for the whole distance because of the Murchison Rapids, and there is no doubt that the full development of trade and communication will only be attained by means of the locomotive.

The postal service was established by Sir Harry Johnston, acting on the initiative of the Chartered Company. As I have already explained, it must not be forgotten that Sir Harry Johnston's success, though always primarily due to his own energy and ability, was much facilitated by the subsidy of £17,000 a year which he was then receiving from that body. Thanks to their combined efforts, there is established a regular postal service in all the settled parts of the country. At the present day it is possible to post letters at Lake Mweru, in the very heart of Africa, and get them sent home for fivepence every fortnight. As for the telegraph, it has by now been carried from Salisbury, *viâ* Tete, as far as Blantyre, and it is proposed now to extend it northwards to Lake Tanganika and Uganda. Mr. Rhodes's great conception of a wire from Cape Town to Cairo is therefore well on its way to become solid fact. It may not be generally realized, by the way, among stay-at-home Europeans what the maintenance of this line means. Wire is a most precious possession in the eyes of the native, and it speaks most highly for his law-

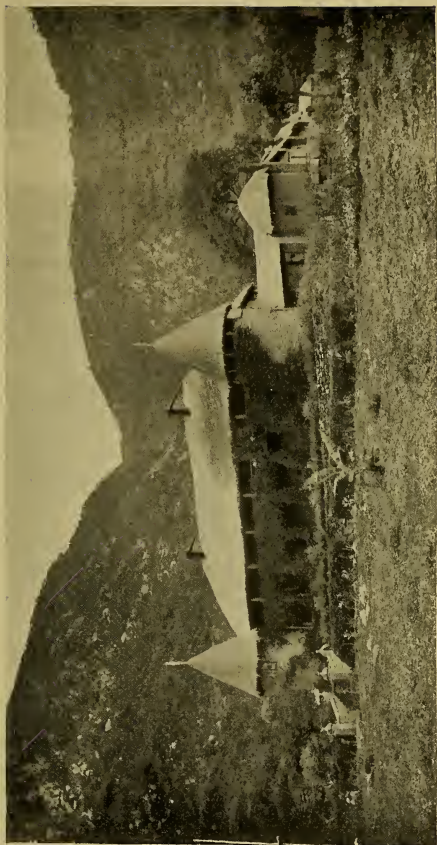
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abiding respect for the white that the line is not stolen wholesale.

I can say that, with the exception of Rhodesia, nothing I saw in Africa struck me more than the astonishing transformation effected in a savage country in a couple of years by the Commissioner and his able assistants. I can say, without prejudice as a Frenchman, that I much doubt whether this precise work could have been done by any but Englishmen. If it comes to that, it could perhaps have been done by no man but Sir Harry Johnston, and certainly he deserves as well of his country as any of her greatest Colonial Administrators. Englishmen ought to be proud to call themselves his countrymen.

I will now return to my own unimportant doings. After a few days at Blantyre I went to Chiradzulu, to the coffee plantation of Mr. Hastings, where also I stayed for a few days, learning what I could of the methods and prospects of this cultivation. After that I went on to Zomba, where Sir Harry Johnston entertained me in the kindest manner. His house is an ideal of beauty—built of brick, with a tower at each corner, and two large verandahs, the whole covered thickly with most lovely creepers. Behind the house the ground rises to a high hill covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, and embellished by a picturesque cascade. In front, a flight of steps leads down to a terrace covered with flower beds, and further down to a beautifully laid-out garden. I took great delight in Sir Harry's aviary, especially in a tame guinea fowl, which followed like a dog. The terrace commands a magnificent view of the Mlanje Mountains thirty miles away. The ground is high and the climate perfect; 90 degrees is the greatest heat known.

I now began to consider my future movements. Up to now my journey had always been about to conclude, and then some fresh vista would open before me, and I was in for a thousand miles or so more. I had already far exceeded the original limit of my trip; but now, as on so



SIR HARRY JOHNSTON'S HOUSE AT ZOMBA

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many other occasions, I felt that, having come so far, it was a pity not to go farther. At any rate, I was resolved to have a look at Lake Nyasa. A steamer of the African Lakes Corporation was on the point of leaving for the north of the lake, and I determined to go with her. I consulted Sir Harry Johnston as to my future movements, and suggested that from the northern end of Lake Nyasa I might make my way overland to Zanzibar.

"Well," replied my host, "I don't quite see how it would work. You would have to cross the country of the Wahehe, and they are at war with the Germans. You certainly could not get through, and would almost certainly be killed. But if you want to go home another way," he continued, "why not march from the northern end of Nyasa to Lake Tanganika, and thence to Ujiji? From Ujiji you could reach the Victoria Nyanza, and thus easily get across to Uganda. There you would probably find Sir Gerald Portal, and I am sure he would take you down to the coast with him."

"It seems rather a tall order," I said.

"Well," replied my host, "it will probably take you some time, but I believe it can be done."

"Very well then," I said, "I will try to do it." So I went down from Zomba to Mpimbi, on the Upper Shiré, and awaited the arrival of the steamer.

Before leaving Nyasaland it was necessary that I should find an interpreter who could speak Kiswahili, the language universally spoken from the south of Lake Tanganika right up to Uganda. Many men could be found speaking the language, but none who could also speak English. At last Mr. Sharpe very kindly offered to let me have his cook, a young boy of sixteen, David Kanisa, who had already been five years in his service. Very fond of travelling, an ardent sportsman, the boy was delighted to come with me. I soon appreciated his great qualities. Intelligent, most active, scrupulously honest, he soon became my right-hand man. When I was ill he nursed

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me with absolute devotion, and so pleased was I with him that at the end of the journey I brought him to Europe; there he soon learned the ways of civilization. Wherever he went he became a favourite with all, and, far from getting spoiled, he improved his qualities. Since then he has never left me: he has been with me to Madagascar, and he has just returned with me from my last journey to Africa. He is devoted to me, and on my side I consider



DAVID KANISA.

him more as a child than as a servant. He neither smokes nor drinks, and his only ambition is to learn, which he does with great assiduity. Sir Harry Johnston and Mr. Sharpe, who have both seen him since he came to Europe, have declared that they would never have believed that it was possible to make of an African native what I made of him. But I must say that he is a remarkable exception. I may perhaps appear to have insisted at too great a length on this subject, but the boy's devotion and qualities fully justify the notice I have taken of him, and besides he greatly contributed to the success of my journey.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM NYASALAND TO UJIJI

ON the morning of March 28th the African Lakes Company's steamship *Domira* arrived from Matope. We left Mpimbi next morning, and then began as heart-breaking a voyage as I ever experienced. The *Domira* was a dirty little boat of about 80 tons. The only cabin consisted of a kind of cupboard with two bunks, this being considered proper accommodation for three passengers—Mr. Crawshaw, one of the Protectorate officials; Lieutenant Bronsart von Schellendorf, of Major Wissmann's expedition; and myself. Not that this mattered, for the cabin was so hot that it was impossible for anybody but a very resolute suicide to sleep there. Meals were served in another little den: we were six at table, and the heat was 92°; cockroaches, bugs, flies, fleas, and ants formed a large part of the daily fare. But this was all nothing to what was to come. We had hardly left Mpimbi when the steamer touched bottom, and finally with a jerk we ran fast aground just abreast of a small stockade called Fort Sharpe. There we remained for nine mortal days. One hour or so was spent every day in hauling at a hawser fastened round a tree, or else in digging at the sand with shovels. It was impossible to get the vessel afloat without unloading. So the captain sent for some boats, and then sat himself calmly down to wait for them. They took a week to arrive; and then a part of the cargo was shifted, the fires were lit—but the *Domira* steadily refused to budge.

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Meanwhile, following the example of Crawshaw, who knew the Company's ways, I was installed ashore under my tent, horribly ill. I could eat nothing without the most violent pains in the stomach and loins; even a little soup caused torments. Add to that fever, bilious diarrhoea, and irresistible somnolence after eating, and it will be understood that the week's delay was a maddening one. I must have been poisoned by the potted lobster that they gave us for breakfast—why should potted lobster pursue one into the wilds of Africa?—but, after all, my state was exactly what it had been at Hope Fountain a year before. I spent my time pondering a passage of Lieut. Young's *Mission to Nyasa*, of which I now began to realize the full truth. "I know nothing in African travel," he says, "so likely to break a man down as having to remain idle on one spot. It may be said, But why be idle? Reader, were you ever the victim of nightmare? If so, perhaps you can understand me better when I put the case thus. The effect of fever poison is to make you languid and indisposed to bestir yourself. Excitement will operate beneficially upon you; but if you have to live in a hut week in and week out, gazing a hundred times a day up a large reach of river for the expected appearance of a sail—anxious not to be too far away when the consummate moment arrives—you do not care to exert yourself."

So far as I was concerned I was always asking myself, "What is the use? why not return to Europe at once?" But I always saved myself with my usual reflection that it would be a pity not to go on to Tanganika, having come so far. Having got there, of course I wanted to go on further; and I suppose I have only to thank the Mahdi and his successor that I did not try to emerge into civilization at Cairo instead of Zanzibar.

So I spent my days between being a little better and being a good deal worse, buying a few shields and assegais from a number of Angoni (the Zulu tribe settled west of

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Lake Nyasa, who passed on their way to Blantyre to get work) and from bands of Atonga, who were continually passing with prisoners from Liwonde up the river; and asking myself, as I woke each morning and saw the *Domira* lying placidly in the sand before me, why they do not use elephants for draught here as they do in India. At last, on April 7th, thanks to the Angoni, whose services we had the greatest difficulty in persuading the captain to employ, the steamer was got afloat, and we started again.

The Angoni are not such a fine set of men as the Matabele, the reason being that, like all Zulu tribes, they intermarry with the women they capture, so that they remain Zulu but in name and tradition; physically they are closer allied to the Senga than to the Zulu race. Their costume and weapons are similar to those of the Matabele: they wear cat and monkey skins round the waist; they carry ox-hide shields of the same size and make as the Matabele; their knobkerries also are similar; their spears alone differ, being smaller and lighter, and used as throwing-spears.

We had hardly been going ten minutes when we bumped against a submerged trunk and smashed one of the blades of the screw. A little further up we came to the rapids, called "The Stones," and there we ran straight aground on to the rocks. Boats had to be sent for once more from Fort Johnston, and this meant again days of waiting, as all the cargo had to be shifted into small boats before we could move on. Two days I tried to amuse myself by going to Fort Liwonde and back; by the third the *Domira* was afloat again, and then another day was lost in cutting wood. Part of the cargo went up in boats to Fort Johnston, these boats having to come back for the other half. The captain informed us that after leaving Fort Johnston we should have to stay a few days at Monkey Bay to change the broken screw. On the whole, there seemed just a chance that we should get

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to Karonga—less than 300 miles from Mpimbi—by the end of the week.

However, on April 10th we actually made some progress. We passed through Lake Malombwe, which is a good deal larger than it looks on the maps: I should say from 17 to 20 miles long by 7 or 8 broad. The bottom is of a rich mud, about the consistency of molasses; but the surface is wonderfully clear. High mountains rise to right and left, and the whole scene is refreshingly beautiful. On leaving the lake we passed some shallows, and by some miracle we did not run aground, and reached Fort Johnston, where I was received in the friendliest manner by the Englishmen in charge. The fort is armed with a couple of seven-pounders; the garrison then was forty Sikhs and Maquas. The day after our arrival I watched the Maqua artillerymen at work under Captain Johnson. Considering that they had never touched a cannon three months before, they made very good practice. The uniform of the Sikhs—black zouave jacket with yellow braiding, white shirt, yellow trousers with gaiters, and black puggery—is a pleasing bit of colour amid the dingy squalor of this part of Africa. The station outside the fort—a few houses for the whites, huts for the garrison, stores and the like—is built on the former bed of Lake Nyasa, which must have sunk considerably.

I found at Fort Johnston the chief Jumbe of Kota-Kota, an old man of sixty, asthmatic but very intelligent; he promised, at the kindly instance of Mr. Nicoll, to give me letters to the principal Arabs on the road to Ujiji. He sent a confidential agent with me to Kota-Kota, where I was to be joined by a follower of his by the name of Wana-Omari. This fellow, for the sum of twenty-five rupees a month—or thirty, need I add, if I was pleased with him—was to go with me all the way to Zanzibar, and explain to the Arabs that I had nothing to do with the suppression of the slave trade. It had been sug-

FROM NYASALAND TO UJJI

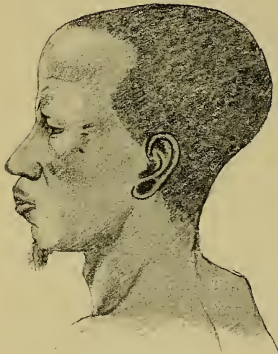
gested by Lieutenant Bronsart von Schellendorf, who came up with me on the *Domira*, that I should join Major Wissmann's expedition. He reckoned, said Bronsart, to occupy Ujiji with two hundred men, which, from all I heard of the strength of the Arabs there, I considered madness. On this ground, as well as others, I thought I should reach Ujiji sooner by travelling with the Arabs, with whom I had no sort of quarrel, than by mixing myself up with a war against them.

On the 14th we left Fort Johnston. Once on Lake Nyasa itself we had to wait two hours in pouring rain for a couple of boats with cargo, but we anchored in Monkey Bay by nine in the evening. This bay is very picturesque, being surrounded by high hills; it reminded me of Keelung in the Pescadores, recently annexed to Japan. Here we only stayed two days, during one of which an hour's work was devoted to unshipping the damaged screw. The natives spent the first night in howling for the death of one of their people, who had been carried off by a crocodile the day we left Fort Johnston. I spent it in being bitten by mosquitoes. But in the morning I chanced the crocodiles, and had a delicious swim in the lake. When we left Monkey Bay the deck was crowded with timber, and the *Domira* was well below her waterline. On the top of this we took one hundred and twenty natives on board, but had to put them off again next day, when I had my first experience of a storm on an African lake. The seas, short and choppy, ran at times so high that they washed over the bridge, and, top-heavy as we were, the steamer was in danger of capsizing; we therefore insisted upon the captain landing the natives, which after much pressure he ultimately did. That morning I spent in a quarrel with Mwinji-Kombo, Jumbe's confidential man. He accused me of wishing to throw him into the lake, and swore he would kill me at Kota-Kota. The fact was, that I and he had been in a boat crowded with Atonga,

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

and that it had been on the point of capsizing. I threw the Atonga into the water, whereon Mwinji-Kombo, believing that we were about to go over, had made himself fast to the ship's cable, and, the boat having twirled round, he remained suspended above the water for a minute or two. In the evening we were reconciled, and I explained to him that, if I had wished to throw

him overboard, I should have done so. To which he replied, "It is a journey," meaning that on a journey such little misunderstandings are all in the day's work.



TYPE OF ATONGA
WEST OF LAKE NYASA

We reached Kota-Kota at five next morning. The village is a large one, on a low, swampy beach. Two dhows lay off the shore. I felt at once that I had arrived within the sphere of the Arabs: the men all wore long white robes and white turbans; Jumbe's house had carved gates and a palm tree before it. The men wear sticks through a hole

in the middle of the ear; Jumbe's wives wore four or five bits of reed in their ears and a small stick through the left nostril. Here Jumbe's agent supplied me with two men—Wana-Omari and Somaili; I paid Mwinji-Kombo ten rupees, and we parted on the best of terms. Next day we passed Bandawe, where there is a mission station of the Free Church of Scotland; and the day after came to Luarwe, a lovely bay surrounded by hills, with a fine cascade in the distance: had it not been for the heat I could have imagined myself in a corner of a Swiss lake. The population of these villages is Atonga. The village lies within a palisade of reed covered with creepers, with very low gates opening into it. The thatch of the huts

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descends to the ground, and the doors are also very low. The women, who are very wild, wear nothing but a piece of bark cloth hanging before and behind, and a girdle of beads: they dye their hair with ochre. Like the Senga women, they ornament themselves with a *pélélé*: this consists of a piece of ivory, about one inch or more in diameter, inserted in a hole in the upper lip; but while the Senga women wear it flat, the Atonga let it project so as to come above the nose, against which it presses. It does not seem to interfere with their speech, or even to inconvenience them. Fortunately they do not know what kissing means, or else it might be very awkward.

Deep Bay was the next stopping place—and here I parted, with regret, from Crawshaw; thence, on April 23rd, we reached Karonga. They were very anxious there about the *Domira*, as well they might be. A few days before some natives had picked up a solar helmet, and it was feared she had gone down. She had not; but that was all that could be said for the twenty-seven days of the voyage, and glad was I to see the last of her.

Karonga itself lies on a low and sandy beach, but on the opposite shore of the Lake the Livingstone Mountains rise some 2500 feet above it; their sides run almost sheer down into the water. The station of the African Lakes Corporation is one of the most habitable I saw, but its bastioned wall is far too large; it would need over 1000 men to defend it. I found here Mr. and Mrs. Swann and Dr. and Mrs. Cross, besides officers of the Lakes Corporation. Mr. Swann told me that the Germans had lately sustained a reverse: an expedi-



ATONGA WOMAN.

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tion sent to the coast had been massacred and two messengers assassinated only two days from camp. The Arabs of Ujiji, he added, were much excited against the Germans, but he assured me that with the letters Sir Harry Johnston had given me for Rumaliza, the chief Arab there, I had nothing to fear, and that I should be most kindly received; he added that two of their dhows were at the south end of Tanganika, shortly to leave for Ujiji. As I reckoned to arrive at Tanganika about May 20th, I could probably make use of these to go to Ujiji. Getting there about June 15th, I should, with luck, reach Uganda at the beginning of August.

Should I ever reach Uganda, though? I wondered. On April 24th, 1893, it was just two years since I had embarked for Africa. How quickly the time had gone, and how little I had then expected that two years after my departure would find me north of Lake Nyasa. Then I thought I was rash to undertake to reach the Zambezi, a gigantic enterprise, as I imagined. A year ago I had believed myself on the point of turning back, and fancied I had already done much: I was now nearly seven hundred miles north of where I had been then. If anybody had predicted this to me a year ago I should have laughed. Now I wondered what my people were thinking, and whether I should ever, at last, see my mother proud of her son. If I succeeded I should be the first man to march from the Cape to the sources of the Nile, and the fourteenth to traverse Africa from one side to the other. The following day Major Wissmann arrived in Karonga. When he came in to lunch he turned round to me and said, "Where is that Frenchman that has arrived here?" When I told him that I was the man, he expressed his astonishment, but of course, being a foreigner, he could not well notice my foreign accent. I had a long talk with him, and when he heard that I meant to go to Ujiji he tried hard to dissuade me from doing so, as he assured me that the Arabs would either kill me or else

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keep me as a prisoner. But I placed absolute confidence in Sir Harry Johnston's assurances to the contrary, and, after all, if the worst came to the worst I could die but once.

Anyhow I was resolved to have a good try for it, and I spent the next few days collecting my caravan of sixty-seven men for the journey to Lake Tanganika. They were enlisted in time, and on the afternoon of April 30th we were again on the march. After a couple of hours we encamped for the night at a village in a forest of bananas. Next morning rain began at five o'clock and lasted till ten, delaying our start; in the meantime I discovered that my keys had been stolen. The thief turned out to be a new servant I had engaged at Karonga, so I sent him straight home again with twenty-five lashes on his back. When at last we got started we found ourselves following the course of the river Rukuru, a stream of some volume, which we crossed and recrossed several times this day and the next. We were now entering upon a picturesque and mountainous region traversed by numerous streams, and our path frequently led through the gorges along which the water ran. On the fourth day of the march we followed a delightful little river, the Kionga Nionga, which runs over a bed of rocks through most luxuriant palms and other tropical plants. Next we climbed a steep escarpment of rocks, and on the summit enjoyed a magnificent retrospect over the road we had come by. Westward stretched a vast plain, the plateau of Tanganika, and in the distance rose Mount Flaori, which we had seen from Karonga. Thence we went over a wide plain that reminded me of the plateaux of Mashonaland. All day we kept passing trees or rocks on which were placed little heaps of stones or bits of wood: in passing these each of my men added a new stone or bit of wood, or even a tuft of grass. This is a tribute to the spirits, the general precaution to ensure a safe return.

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

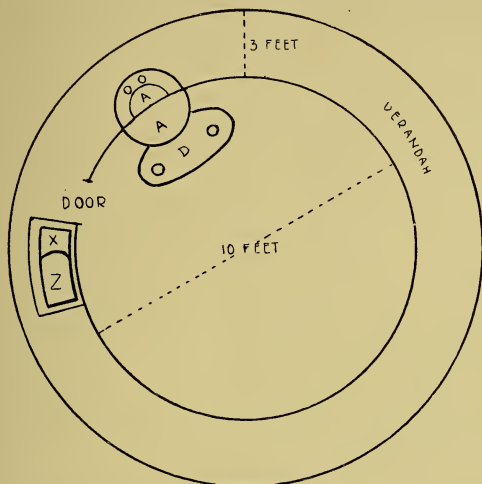
In the evening we reached Mwiri Wanda, a large village fortified with a strong palisade. It was the filthiest I had yet seen in Africa. Down the middle trickled a small gutter stream filled with refuse of every kind, and exhaling a disgusting odour. This was the only drinking water in the place. The chief was an old man whose legs were paralyzed, and nothing but skin and bone: he had apparently not washed for years. I could get neither chickens nor goats, but he promised me some for the morrow.

On that morrow occurred one of the usual disputes inseparable from travelling with porters. The day opened with fierce wind and a fine, ice-cold rain, in the midst of which I began to cut the calico to pay my men from Karonga—three yards apiece. When I had cut thirty pieces the headman and all the others disappeared, saying I was not cutting enough per man. Knowing their ways I took no notice. At this point there appeared most opportunely an ex-agent of the African Lakes Corporation with a numerous caravan. He allowed me to take twenty of his men. Others came in and I had soon enlisted seventy-six: these were to go only as far as Mwenzo, three or four days forward, after which I should have to get more. The next task was to call the roll, cut and distribute a yard of calico apiece as “posho”—that is to buy their food for the journey with—and distribute the loads. That done, my Karonga men thought better of it and turned up to be paid—three yards apiece to cut and distribute, still in the same freezing rain. Glad I was to be on the move again. We marched three hours that afternoon, and then halted at a village with the huts piled one on top of another as in the last one we had passed, and, if possible, even dirtier.

Next day we halted at midday in an abandoned village and spent the night in another. I took advantage of the fact to study the typical hut of the Tanganika plateau, of which I here give a plan. All the villages are strongly

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palisaded, and the gate is made of a tree trunk split in two and swinging from a cross pole passed through a hole on the upper part of the split trunk. All the villages and huts are alike, and so are all the people. They are as wild as animals, and take to flight at once at sight of the



TANGANIKA HUT.

- A—Raised stand, for the cooking pots when they are not used.
- D—Fireplace, consisting of two pillars of clay a foot high, on which the pots are placed. The same arrangement, but smaller, is found outside, and cooking is done there when the weather is fine.
- Z—Stone embedded in the ground for grinding corn.
- X—Hole where the flour is collected when ground.

white man. Men, women, and children look as if they had sedulously rolled in the mud and got covered all over with a thick coating of it.

During these days I looked in vain for any trace of the famous Stevenson Road, of which I could discover no sign. Notwithstanding the cold rain, which was incessant, I took numerous observations, and I may remark

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

here on the astounding patience required to go on making maps in Africa. Judging by the specimens I have seen, few travellers have so far given themselves much trouble in this line. To take hundreds of angles when you are dead beat and wet to the skin is most trying, but it is the only way to obtain serious results. If every traveller would take the trouble to do this we should soon have real maps, which at present we have not. I do not pretend that my own are perfect or near it, but at any rate they would serve as a more or less trustworthy basis, and could be easily connected.

On May 8th I finished the first half of the journey, arriving at the village of Mwenzo at a quarter to two; and at Fife, the station of the African Lakes Company, an hour and a half later. Fife is surrounded by a strong boma and an admirably-constructed fort. Here I was hospitably received by Mr. McCormick, of the African Lakes Co., and by Mr. Kidd, who happened to be there. Mr. McCormick told me that two small rivers which we passed before coming to Mwenzo unite with the 'Mkalesi about thirty miles from Fife to form the Tshambezi. This river is the actual source of the Congo. The 'Mkalesi runs through marshes which you can see from the station, and after receiving the two small streams forms a lake which the natives call the Nyanza ya 'Mkalesi. No European has ever visited it; in that part of the country, which abounds with elephants, the natives are ill-disposed: it seems that Livingstone once passed through their country, and shortly after this their principal chief died—a clear case of witchcraft against the white man.

There was the usual dearth of porters at Fife—but one dose of that story is enough for a chapter. I managed to get started on the afternoon of the 9th, and in order to reach the next village before dark I did five miles in an hour and a half, which is a fine performance for Africa. After two dull days of marshy walking I reached

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Mambwe, where I was laid up six days under the kind care of the fathers of the Mission d'Alger.

As Mambwe is the most important place on the Tanganika plateau, I may here sum up what I was able to observe of the inhabitants of this part. Mwini Mambwe, the chief of Mambwe, is nominally lord of the whole country; but in reality the other chiefs—Fwambo, Kera, and Mpenza—are independent.

On the death of a chief the succession is decided by the people of the village, and it is a mistake to suppose that his eldest son succeeds as a matter of course. For instance, the last chief of Fwambo was not succeeded by his eldest son; his election was objected to by the women of the village, with whom he was unpopular. At Mpenza there was a kind of contested election between the son and the nephew of the late chief. The son won after a prolonged dispute. Otherwise the government of this tribe presents no noteworthy features.

Slavery is, of course, very common. The price of a man is four or five dotis (each of two yards of calico), and slavery for debt is enforced.

These people have a vague sort of Supreme Being called Lesa, who has good and evil passions; but here, as everywhere else, the Musimo, or spirits of the ancestors, are a leading feature in the beliefs. They are propitiated as elsewhere by placing little heaps of stones about their favourite haunts. At certain periods of the year the people make pilgrimages to the mountain of Fwambo-Liamba, on the summit of which is a sort of small altar of stones. There they deposit bits of wood, to which are attached scraps of calico, flowers, or beads: this is to propitiate Lesa. After harvest, for instance, they make such an offering. So, when a girl becomes marriageable, she takes food with her and goes up to the mountain for several days. When she returns the other women lead her in procession through the villages, waving long tufts of grass and palms. The girl may be already

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married, for many are wives before they are marriageable. A man pays for his wife about four or five dotis; if the wife leaves him her father must make it good. Saving young men can pay for their wives by instalments; but the prudent father will not give delivery of the article until the whole price is paid up. An old man, a sort of godfather, conducts the girl to her husband; whether the happy occasion is celebrated by a dance or not seems to be a matter of private discretion. After marriage a man makes a present to his wife—"to appease her." A man of these parts may no more look upon his mother-in-law than may a Matabele. Here, as on the Zambezi, we find a public brothel, "Nsaka," and prostitution as a profession exists, as Emin Pasha says it does in Unyoro. Nevertheless, adultery is rigorously punished; the correspondent has to pay the husband the equivalent of a gun. Other crimes are few, except the ever-present witchcraft. To bewitch an enemy on the Tanganika plateau you scatter a red powder round his hut, and a white one near his door; this never fails to kill. Ordeal by muavi is, of course, flourishing, with the enlightened modification that if the accused does not die he can recover damages from his accuser. In the Mambwe district the muavi is made of a poisonous bean. Besides the ordeal, these people possess the vendetta, which applies even when one man kills another by accident. If he escapes, the dead man's next of kin slays his next of kin. Nowhere else have I found this custom.

Funerals follow upon death with commendable promptitude. If a person dies too late to be buried the same day the ceremony takes place by night. The body is wound round in a piece of stuff which is slung on to a stout pole like a hammock, and carried several hundred yards from the village. It is buried in a recumbent attitude. At the grave they fire salutes, and there is the usual weeping and funeral feast. The most notable feature of the Tanganika etiquette is that none but men may

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take part in the burial of a man, and none but women in that of a woman. In the latter case all the women who meet the procession pick up a handful of earth and throw it upon the body. On returning from the grave the nearest relative of the deceased walks with her head bowed down and her hands leaning on the shoulders of a woman who precedes her; and for several days afterwards she walks thus whenever she goes abroad.

Among these people, as elsewhere, the first night of the new moon is a public festival. About Tanganika it is celebrated by a dance in which the men alone take part. Girls and boys smear wet clay over the nose and round the eyes in order to avoid a rash very common in these parts. The people salute in true operatic style by bending the knee and laying the right hand on the heart.

As the surface of the soil of this country is poor, they change the site of their gardens every year. About May they cut down the trees, and let them dry on the ground till near the time of the first rains, when they burn them for manure. To secure the best soil possible they dig great holes here and there, and spread the earth from them over the intermediate spaces. For beans they make heaps of earth, and sow on them. The fields are, as a rule, not more than a hundred yards across, and surrounded by strong palisades to keep out wild beasts. Sowing takes place at the first rains; and they mix their various kinds of grain together. These are maize (kipambo), millet ('mkona), and eleusine (matesi). The harvest is in June. The castor oil plant grows wild, and they collect the oil to rub on their hair. They also cultivate the banana, and have a curious custom connected with it. No man is permitted to sow; but when the hole is prepared a little girl is carried to the spot on a boy's shoulders. She first throws into the hole a sherd of broken pottery, and then scatters the seed over it. The grains I have mentioned are ground on a stone. The Amambwe are very fond of caterpillars, which they

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preserve by drying, and then eat roasted. They make a kind of salt by burning a plant called musilia, and also from the leaves of the banana tree.

The villages on the Tanganika plateau are usually built near a river, and almost invariably in the middle of stately forest trees. They are surrounded by a stout palisade four to five feet high, with earth banked up about the base; sometimes a ditch is dug outside this. The gates



Granary.

Hut

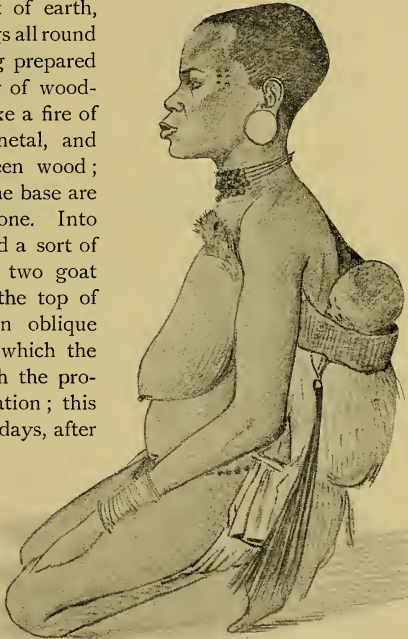
VILLAGE OF FWAMBO,
TANGANIKA PLATEAU.

in this palisade are made of a split tree-trunk; this pivots on two pieces of wood, and at night is fixed by a bar. Inside the stockade a pot is buried near the gate, where grain is placed for the Musimo. The huts themselves are round, low, and huddled one against the other. In any space between them are set up high and huge pillars of reeds, coated with earth and covered with a thatched roof. These are granaries. The opening is reached by a pole notched to serve as a kind of ladder. The thatch of the huts projects so as to form a verandah, under which is the mill-stone. The inside is bare of anything except the

FROM NYASALAND TO UJIJI

fireplace. As I have already said, all the villages are dirty beyond words. No sort of filth is ever carried outside the stockade; everything accumulates for five or six years, at the end of which time, all the surrounding soil being exhausted, the village is usually deserted. As it is, I have known the fields as much as five miles from the village before it was thought worth while to leave it.

The people of Mambwe are famous for their skill in working iron. It is very abundant in the neighbourhood, and the smiths—whose trade is hereditary—win and smelt the metal themselves; their furnaces are built of earth, with small openings all round the base. Having prepared a certain quantity of wood-charcoal they make a fire of it, put in the metal, and cover it with green wood; the openings at the base are all stopped but one. Into this one is inserted a sort of bellows made of two goat skins. Towards the top of the furnace is an oblique opening through which the artificer can watch the progress of the operation; this lasts about three days, after which the holes are opened and the pig-iron runs out, and is left to cool. This operation may only be commenced at the new moon,

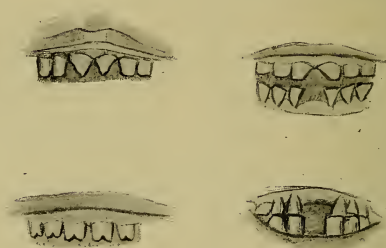


MAMBWE WOMAN AND CHILD.

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and is accompanied by the preparation of suitable "medicine." For forging they use heavy stones, wielded with both hands; for the finer work, mallets. The articles made are arrow-heads, spear-heads, hatchets, and picks. They know nothing of tempering.

The dress of these people is most primitive. Men and women alike wear a strip of calico or bark-cloth round the middle, and the children nothing at all. Few of them even possess beads, but all the women wear in their ears enormous sticks of wood (mantenga). In some villages



NATIVE TEETH FROM NYASA.
TANGANIKIA PLATEAU.

these "mantenga" project beyond the ear, and are decorated with bits of copper and steel. Others are like "men" in a game of draughts, but twice the size. Many women have their two lower incisors pulled out, and some both upper and lower, but these are mostly slaves from the North; others file the teeth (see above). The men compete with these embellishments either by growing their hair long and braiding it, and smearing it with a red powder, or sometimes by making scars on their faces. The effect is equally hideous in all cases.

War consists in surprises, and the attacking tribe select the women at work in the fields as their first objective. Their assegais and arrows they poison with a kind of resin. If they kill any enemies they stick up

FROM NYASALAND TO UJIJI

the heads on their palisades. For hunting, nets, pits with sharp stakes, and snares are used. The nets are about a yard high and are spread over a space of two or three hundred yards. Some of the hunters drive in the game while others lie in ambush to fall upon it before it can extricate itself. But as a matter of fact game was very rare. It had been decimated by a strange disease (sotoka), which had especially played havoc with the larger antelopes, buffaloes, and even the elephants. This disease had destroyed all the cattle north of Lake Nyasa and all along the Tanganika plateau, and had also killed most of the goats and even the fowls. This sotoka, I afterwards discovered, was no other than the terrible rinderpest.* It came from the north. Small-pox is very common on Lake Tanganika, but not widespread. Other diseases are dysentery, chest affections, and ophthalmia. But the worst scourge of this district is a kind of flea—*pulex penetrans*—which lurks in the sand, and lays its eggs under the human skin. Unless the bunch of eggs is removed it sets up inflammation, followed by gangrene and death. This pest was imported from America to the West Coast, and native indolence has made Africa a rich field for it. It spread from Angola up the Congo, and was brought to Tanganika by the Arabs. The son of Tippu Tip is especially singled out for the honour of its importation. It is found now as far south as Nyasaland. I brought three away with me from Mambwe to Fwambo, and they punished me most cruelly.

The Tanganika people can only count up to seven, but they can reckon up to ten on their hands. For one they hold up one finger; for two, the second and third fingers of the left hand; for three, the same, and one finger of the

* It was there that I first made my acquaintance with rinderpest, and I followed the whole of its march right up to Uganda. I was so impressed with it that I wrote to the *Field* describing all the symptoms (I did not know that it was rinderpest), but no one then attached much importance to the matter. (See, for rinderpest and jiggers, Appendix I.)

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

right ; four is two fingers of each hand ; five, the closed fist with the thumb between the second and third fingers ; six, three fingers of each hand ; seven, the left hand open, and two fingers of the right ; eight, the eight fingers opened ; nine, I did not see, but I suppose one fist and an open hand ; ten, two closed fists. But they have no word to express a higher number than seven ; eight they call seven plus one ; for multiples of ten they begin all over again.

When I left Mambwe I was still ill, and, notwithstanding that, had to go through a killing day. I had reckoned to halt at the river Saisi—which we reached seven hours from our start—to build a bridge. Finding one already there I went on, and as there was no wood for fire was obliged to push right on to Kirunda, which we did not reach till four hours later. Just before getting to the village we had to cross the river Lumi. Night had fallen, and we had long been wading up to our knees in a swamp. The river was very full and very deep, and to cross it there were only a few rotten trees felled across the stream. By a miracle we got safely over in the dark without losing a man ; as it was, a goat fell in and was drowned, and one man went over too ; but he clutched hold of the so-called bridge, and was got out with the loss of his load of 200 yards of calico. All this time I was standing on the bank with mud up to my thighs, and gnats feasting on my face and neck. There were thousands and thousands of them, and they stabbed through handkerchiefs and mufflers like the point of a needle. Never had I suffered such torment. Next day I got to Fwambo, where I was kindly received by the missionaries, Messrs. Carson and Brett ; with them I stayed two days, and on May 22nd arrived at Kituta, on Lake Tanganika, too ill to take any observation or notice anything on the way.

At Kituta I found two Arabs with their dhows, and induced them, after the usual haggling, to take me to



ARAB DHOW ON LAKE TANGANYIKA.

FROM NYASALAND TO UJJI

Ujiji with my men and goods, for 300 rupees. We started on May 26th, and the voyage was horribly trying. Sometimes we could land for the night or for a meal, but often we had to go for thirty-six hours at a stretch so as to avoid the hostile natives. It was not possible to get regular food or sleep, still less to write or take observations. Wherever we landed the natives took to flight, but returned when they saw that a white man was of the party. One whole day we spent ashore in mending a broken rope. This was Africa all over: one loses all count of time, and forgets its value. Everything is to be done "to-morrow." I myself put off making up my journal from day to day. The lassitude and fever made me eager for the end of my journey, but incapable of doing anything to get forward; yet the lassitude did not shut out the perpetual anxiety and uncertainty of the morrow. I felt myself growing very old.

Lake Tanganika differs greatly in appearance from Lake Nyasa. Its shores consist of rocky hills of huge boulders piled one on the top of the other, those that are bathed by the lake being perfectly white. The water is not blue like that of Nyasa. While the latter is often covered with large waves, a wind equally strong leaves Tanganika comparatively calm. For all that we had several days of rough weather, and touched ground once at some risk of breaking up. We also picked up a party of Arabs of Ujiji, who had been shipwrecked. At last, at ten in the morning of the fourth of June, in a level down-pour, more dead than alive, I arrived off Ujiji.

Ujiji lies at the extremity of a small open bay; the town itself is built on rising ground. What most strikes one as one approaches is the aridity of the surroundings—evidently all the wood has been used up long ago. Gradually, on drawing nearer the coast, the town comes into view: lines of dull red walls topped by flat roofs. At last we reached land, where a good-sized crowd of

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Arabs had assembled to meet us—an arrival being always an event. The men unshipped the sail, and then set to work to land the cargo. Having seen all my baggage ashore and covered up I set off with my Arabs for the town, which is about half a mile distant from the shore. Traversing a swamp we reached the first native huts. Then we came to a dilapidated wall of sun-burnt bricks, and passed through a gate into the market-place. A little further on we stopped before a large house. A numerous company of Arabs under the outer verandah



RUMALIZA'S COOK.

greeted me with cries of "Yambo" (Hail!). I was led into a very clean chamber, wherein was a bed covered with a counterpane; and the Arabs, having received my letter for Rumaliza, retired. Soon after they brought me a cup of tea and some biscuits, of which I stood in great need. Men were sent for my baggage, which was set out in another room, and then I flung myself on the bed exhausted. In a few minutes a servant appeared with a dinner of pilaf and currie. I managed to

eat a little, but was obliged to lie down again without the energy to wash or change. All day long came an endless procession of Arabs to visit me. I had to receive them and to put a good face on it, but I felt more fit to lie down and die. What struck me greatly was the confidence they all appeared to have in Mr. Swann, and their friendship for him. In the afternoon came one of the servants of Rumaliza. "Vous êtes français, Monsieur," he began in excellent French. I was stupefied; but he explained that he had been brought up by the missionaries of Bagamoyo—the Pères du St. Esprit—and had spent a year in France in 1870. A little later Rumaliza himself

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appeared, accompanied by several Arabs. Clothed in white from head to foot, he was rather above the middle height, and of a very fine physiognomy, although his beard was very straggling, and his face pitted with small-pox. He continually scratched his head. He told me to consider myself in my own house, to ask for everything I desired—in a word, he offered me Arab hospitality. No monarch could have been more lavish or more dignified. Next day I had to hold another levee, to which came many Arabs of distinction; among them, Musaba-ben-Luari, the former "Wali" (viceroy) of Ujiji—toothless and very dirty.

The first night I had slept a little from sheer exhaustion. This next was terrible. I vomited incessantly; I was chilled to the bone, and could not warm myself. I suffered horrible pain in the head and throughout my whole body. Next day, of course, I was a wreck. They told me I had been delirious half the night. I remember nothing of the day; but next night I got a couple of hours' sleep, and was rather better in consequence. But vomiting went on steadily, and the fourth night I was again delirious. The next day I was as bad as ever; but thanks to a good dose of Beecham's Pills I had an excellent night, and I truly believe that they saved my life. I was still very weak, having eaten hardly anything (and that very temporarily) since arriving at Ujiji. I went out, but could neither keep on my legs nor get up to my room again without aid. The sixth night also I slept; and next day got as far as looking in the glass—to find myself appallingly thin. The day after I took my first real meal, but was still unable to write or do anything else continuous. Such is the simple story of my first week in Ujiji. I knew well where I picked up this fever—in the marshes of Mwenzo, and near Kituta—and the killing thing was being unable to stop to cure it; the ten days on the lake especially, often without food for twenty-four hours, nearly finished me. I felt

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certain at the time that I was done for; and I very nearly was.

The Arabs of Ujiji are all people of position. Their spotless white garments and dignified walk form the

liveliest contrast to the squalor and timidity of the indigenous population; their servants, however, are distinguished by their insolence and rudeness. Their wives are the most elegant women of Africa. Several times at the fashionable promenade in the market-place I observed them in

their glory. They are mostly

Manyema women, generally slaves taken very young.

Their colour is a dusky yellow; they wear one ivory or silver button in the left nostril, and five in each ear;

the cheek is decorated with half a dozen bluish marks like ink stains, which are made with fruit juice. Some of them paint under the eyes. Their head-dress is also remarkably ambitious for Africa. They divide the hair into some dozen tresses, and plait it together between each two partings; the end of each plait is turned up and hidden in the plait itself. A ribbon of coloured cotton passes over the crown of the head and under the chin; from the crown a long strip of stuff hangs down below the knees like a Chinese pig-tail. Sometimes pieces of metal are fastened to the top of this adornment. But the head-dress of any one woman has a way of varying from day to day. Some cover the head with a coloured kerchief folded something like a Spanish mantilla; others wear a kerchief simply folded in four. The dress of the women is similarly elaborate. Round the body they wind some three yards



A WOMAN OF FASHION.

FROM NYASALAND TO UJIJI

of coloured stuff, which is fastened above the breast, and hangs straight down to the ankles; round their shoulders is a rather shorter piece of coloured stuff, whose end is thrown over the left shoulder like a Venetian mantle. The richest bedeck themselves with collars of coral, interspersed with large silver beads, and bracelets of silver and glass beads alternating. In full dress they wear silk trousers, with heavy silver anklets, which come from Zanzibar. They walk barefoot, not without a certain grace, and are heavily perfumed with musk. Nobody will be surprised to hear that these magnificent beauties are very vain. They can make eyes at the passer-by against any women in the world, and dearly love to have their portraits taken; the nuisance is that the enquiring traveller has always to take two—one for himself, and one for the lady. I will add, in justice, that these are the only clean women in Africa. They generally promenade in pairs, followed by one or two female slaves.

The indigenous population are the Wajiji. Their slaves—the slaves of the slaves—are the most miserable specimens of humanity I ever saw anywhere. Thin, haggard, starveling, clothed, men and women alike, with a miserable shred of cloth, they are most painful even to look at. One day I saw before an Arab's house two men and women with a baby, all chained together by the neck and wrists; they were nothing but skin and bone, and you could read a long series of sufferings in their faces. On enquiry I found that they were murderers awaiting their trial. Slavery is certainly horrible enough, but there are two sides to the question none the less. In any case it is not by force that it will be suppressed, but by the introduction of commerce. Bring in railways, and slavery will go out. The policy of the Belgians is exactly the opposite: they drive out legitimate commerce, and inevitably force the Arabs into the slave trade. They have ruined the ivory trade by impossible duties: the Arabs have to pay one tusk out of every five. This

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is the Congo Free State, whose freedom is all sham and humbug. So far as Africa is concerned I have no faith left in philanthropists, or missionaries, or foreign Governments. I pity the dupes who give their money in Europe to anti-slavery societies and missions. Much better employ the money to find capital for railways and banks. It is very possible that these also may bring in no return, but the result will be there; philanthropy will have attained it, and European commerce will have profited thereby.

As for the Congo State, I heard a characteristic story of its methods at Ujiji. No doubt there are two sides to it, as to others; but it is sufficiently borne out by what I heard later from German officers, and again lately by the lawless action of Lothaire, which remains unpunished. There came to me one day an Arab, named Nassor-ben-Suliman-ben-Juma, who was brother to the well-known Tippo Tip. He wanted me to write a letter to the Belgian Consul at Zanzibar, to complain of the treatment he had received from Captain Jacques, a Congo State officer. Nassor-ben-Suliman, it appeared, had been sent by Tippo Tip from Zanzibar to conduct a Belgian—M. Mariam was his name, as far as I could make it out—to Kasongo, and there to furnish him with a thousand soldiers. Before M. Mariam reached Ujiji he received orders from Captain Jacques not to visit Rumaliza in that town, and the caravan took the direction of Karema. There they found Captain Jacques and crossed the lake to go to 'Mtowa. At Karema Captain Jacques met the Arabs on friendly terms. On reaching the other side of the lake they heard that there was war in Kasongo, the representative of Tippo having revolted. It was decided, therefore, that M. Mariam should remain at 'Mtowa, and when the caravan arrived there Nassor-ben-Suliman asked to be paid. M. Mariam said he would see to that later. Captain Jacques added that, Rumaliza being at war with him, he should keep Nassor-ben-Suliman's merchandise, and therewith had it taken into

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his own hut. These goods consisted of two packages of powder, two of calico, and various other stuffs. Moreover, Jacques declared that he would keep as hostages three of the Arab's followers—Mahmud, an Arab of Zanzibar, and a man of Bagamoyo with his wife. Nassor-ben-Suliman protested, but Jacques ordered him to be silent. If he wanted his people and his goods back, added the Belgian, he had only to go to Rumaliza and ask him to make peace; when the war was over he should have them back. This was six months before my arrival. Since then he had written four times to Jacques to claim his servants and merchandise, and had received no reply. Now he desired to get them back by addressing the Belgian Government through the Consul at Zanzibar, being himself a subject of the Sultan's. Whether he ever got them I do not know. From the record of the Congo State I should say most likely not. This story is only one of hundreds I have heard; with such principles is it wonderful that the Free State is not a success?

I promised not to inflict the account of any more difficulties about porters on the reader, so I will pass lightly over the awful struggle I had with Rumaliza on this point. Rumaliza's hospitality was magnificent, but it was to him no hindrance to making all the money possible out of his guest. He led off by offering me seventy-five men to Muanza, on the Victoria Nyanza, for forty piastres per man, or a grand total of £300. Working out the scale of prices at Zanzibar, where Indian contractors make handsome profits, I found that at the same rate ten piastres per man was a liberal price. When I proposed this price, or half as much to go to Urambo, which is only two-thirds of the distance from Karonga to Kituta, Rumaliza only laughed. He compromised things in the African fashion by putting it off till "to-morrow." To-morrow, again in true African fashion, ran into the next day and the next and the next. At the end of six

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days we came to a sufficiently extortionate arrangement, by which I was to take thirty-five men to Urambo at sixteen piastres per man—total £70, which was the outside of what I could afford, and at least twice as much as I ought to have paid. But I was in his power and had to submit.

I tried to buy a donkey, and was asked 530 rupees (£13) for the only decent animal in the place; finally I paid 240 for an evil beast worth thirty shillings.



THE MARKET-PLACE, UJJI.

But after all, Arabs, as I found, were not the only ones who took advantage of one's position in Africa, and although they tried to make the best bargain they could, their confidence in the white man was quite remarkable. Of course I had no money at hand to pay Rumaliza with, and when I informed him that I could only give him drafts on Zanzibar, he made no difficulty whatever in accepting them: his confidence was the more striking as he could not read English, and had to take my word that the amount was correctly stated.

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I was rather anxious to start without delay, as I had still a considerable portion of my journey to accomplish, and besides the sanitary conditions of Ujiji were such that I did not wish to remain there longer than necessary. In each house is a cesspool, and close by a well from which the drinking water is drawn, so that it is no wonder that a kind of yellow fever indigenous to the place should affect so many people. Moreover, my room, though clean to the eye, was a hot-bed of vermin. For all these reasons, by June 20th, on which day I concluded my bargain with Rumaliza, I was more than ready to turn my back on the luxuries of Ujiji and be off. I discovered, some time after leaving the place, that I had, without knowing it, been partaking of human flesh two or three times during my stay there. Rinderpest had destroyed all the cattle and most of the goats, so that the few that were brought over from the other side of the lake were sold at a comparatively exorbitant price, ten yards of calico being asked for each. Young slaves, on the other hand, used to fetch only from four to six yards of calico; and as a considerable portion of the population consisted of Manyema cannibals, children used often to be slaughtered and their meat retailed among the Manyema. Some of the natives whom I had engaged at Ujiji had been assured by David that nothing could be hidden from me, and they determined to test my power; they accordingly supplied my cook with human flesh to see if I would find it out, and I confess that I ate it with great relish, unconscious of what it was. David found this out afterwards, but was afraid to tell me about it; however, to avoid a repetition of the experiment, he only bought meat from goats he saw killed himself. It was only afterwards that he told me about it. I then remembered eating a curry I thought excellent, and having brought to me some grilled bones that I enjoyed so much that I asked several times for more of them, but without being able to get them: these, it appears, were human ribs. So far as I can

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recollect they had but very little flesh on them, but this had a fine flavour of venison with a salty taste, one of the reasons why cannibals greatly relish human flesh. I may add that cannibals seldom eat this meat without having kept it for a few days ; usually they bury it, and when it is *à point* they feast on it. A great deal of unsuspected cannibalism still exists in Africa ; for instance, in Nyasaland in many cases the dead are secretly unburied and eaten up. This practice is, however, strongly condemned by local public opinion, and whenever those who have been guilty of it are discovered they are condemned to be burned alive.

But to return to my journey. I gave myself a month to reach Urambo, another to Uganda, a month's stay there, and then three more to the coast. At that rate I should sail for Europe early in 1894. At the time my hope was to find the late Sir Gerald Portal in Uganda and return with him. But that was not to be.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM UJIJI TO URAMBO.

AT last, on the 27th June, I left Ujiji. With flag flying and drums beating we passed through Kasimbo, the name of the portion of Ujiji on the hill, where dwelt old Msaba-bin-ben-Luali, the oldest inhabitant of Ujiji, who was there when Burton and Speke visited the lake, and who had known Livingstone, Stanley, and all the great pioneers of Africa. He expressed his delight at some medicine I had given him for his eyes—a zinc lotion—and asked me for more; and after partaking of a cup of coffee I gave a last look towards Ujiji and started in earnest. Large numbers of natives accompanied me a few hundred yards farther and left me, firing guns as a wish of good speed. It being late in the day I only went as far as Maekere, a village two miles from Ujiji. The chief presented me with a fowl and a large basket of potatoes, and gave me a good *tembe*—rather clean for a wonder—for myself and my goods. Next morning I awoke minus sundry bits of flesh on which the cockroaches had been having a grand feed. I ordered the drums to be beaten and called out the roll of my men. The nyampara (headman) and five porters were missing. I sent out for them and proceeded to examine the village. In front of each house stood huge piles of sweet potatoes cut in slices and put out to dry. These are used to make pombe (native beer). A market is also held here, and trade must be pretty brisk, as I noticed ten shoulders of goat exposed for sale, the price of each being one fundo (six strings) of

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beads. Blue and white beads resembling the cut stem of a clay pipe are used as currency in Ujiji and all over that portion of Africa. These beads are not used as ornaments. The houses are square, and consist of two square rooms without windows ; outside grinding-stones are laid into the ground. Rats, crickets, and cockroaches run about the place, and jiggers are found in great numbers.

At last Njumba Serere, my headman, appeared, as drunk as could be. I told him to go and look out for the missing men. With much dignity he brought me three men who



UJJI FROM KASIMBO.

had already answered to the call. I gave him the names of the missing men, but he brought me four other men who had also answered the call ; so in order to bring him to his senses I ordered David to give him six lashes of the whip, and half an hour later he returned, much sobered, with the missing men. I found that these men had been put in chains the previous evening by Rumaliza's orders, the rascals having engaged themselves to an Arab, and received an advance from him after having been already paid to accompany me. They had just been released after receiving a couple of dozen of well-deserved lashes.

Just as I was about to leave a little Manyema girl of

FROM UJIJI TO URAMBO

ten rushed among my men. One of the chief's men came to claim her as an escaped slave, and having found the child to be well fed and well clothed I returned her to her master. Our way lay across an undulating plain at the foot of a circus of mountains. We marched through long grass, among which rose a good many wild date trees. Not a single other tree was to be seen, all had been cut down for fuel; no care had been taken to plant others to replace those that were cut, so that the whole place presented the most desolate appearance. In four hours' march we reached a picturesque spot at the foot of the hills, and we camped for the night near the Kasike river. In the evening some Wangwana came to me and asked me to allow them to travel under my escort, a permission I readily granted them.

Soon after leaving camp the next morning we climbed the hills north of Ujiji, getting a splendid view of Lake Tanganika from their top; it was from this place that Mr. Stanley first caught sight of the lake, and I could picture his feelings when he stood there after all the dangers, all the difficulties he had conquered; how proud he must have felt, and at the same time how anxious he must have been to rush down to Ujiji, and to find whether Livingstone was there! What a small, humble traveller I felt in comparison with Stanley; every inch of the ground he covered meant a new discovery; he had to contend with man, beasts, and nature. But nothing had stopped him; and where I then stood he could proudly exclaim, "I have succeeded."

Ahead of us stretched what looked like an undulating and well-wooded plain. We began the descent, and one hour later we reached the Luiki river, a stream as pure as crystal, about forty yards broad and three feet deep. We crossed it, and after following its banks for half an hour halted for food. Just before arriving there I had remained behind the caravan with David, my servant, to take some observations, and I was hurrying on to pick up

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my men when I found ahead of me the tail of another caravan. Behind walked some Wangwana (coast men), then came some Wanyamwezi porters carrying ivory. I next found two little slave girls tied together by a rope fastened round their necks. I caught hold of the cord to cut it, but the little girls seized it in their hands, screaming at the top of their voices. I held on tight, but when I got out my knife to cut the cord they literally went off their heads with fright, persuaded that I was going to kill them. I had got to the end of this little incident when a villainous looking one-eyed Wangwana came running up with a gun in his hand. I drew my revolver, when he immediately became as quiet as a lamb. "I am not the chief," he tremblingly ejaculated. "Where is he?" I asked; and he pointed towards a seething crowd higher up the road where ropes were being hastily undone. The caravan consisted of about fifty slaves, with as many porters carrying splendid tusks of ivory; only five of the men were armed. My first impulse was to set the slaves free and to take possession of the ivory, in order to hand it over to the official in charge of the Tabora Station; but I determined not to do so, as I was too near Ujiji; the caravan belonged to Arabs, and I had only three men on whom I could rely. Under these circumstances I determined to have recourse to diplomacy. I made the three headmen come to the spot where my caravan had halted, and I informed them that I was not at all satisfied—that they had sought me out the day before, asking leave to accompany me because they had only a small caravan of ivory; that they had not said that they possessed any slaves; and that they knew perfectly well that white men did not allow the traffic in slaves. However, I said, that had nothing to do with me, and all I insisted upon was that they should not tie up the children. We parted very good friends, but, afraid that I might get them arrested when I should reach Tabora, they took another road, and I saw no more of them.

FROM UJIJI TO URAMBO

My headman wanted me to sleep at the place where the men had halted, but it was still early and I determined to push further on. The country we now crossed, although it looked a plain from the top of the hills, was very hilly, and right in front of us rose the Unyonga Mountains, towards which we directed our steps. For two hours we went up and down over wooded hills, then once more over an immense, arid, undulating plain. We got near the Unyonga Mountains, arid and uninteresting. As for a tree, such a thing was now not to be seen; no matter in which direction I looked I could see nothing but brown dried-up grass. Just before getting to a village, however, one or two trees did actually appear. These were solitary baobabs rising on the side of a hill which was absolutely barren, and only covered with dried-up grass. At five o'clock we halted a short distance from the village of Unyonga. The villagers came to sell us potatoes and cassava flour. These people were dressed differently from what I had seen so far. The men's costume consisted of an animal's skin, from which the hair had been removed. This was simply attached by two of the animal's legs, and a strap passing over the right shoulder. Some of the women had enormous copper bracelets. They were dressed in a piece of calico, tied round the breasts and hanging down to the knees. As I was told that these people frequently take advantage of the night to rob, I placed three sentinels round the camp.

The 30th of June was a most tiring day over mountainous ground. We first climbed a spur of the mountains that rose in front of us, then shortly after we crossed the river Muserere, and followed the valley in which it flows. At the entrance of this valley, to my great surprise, I perceived right in the middle of our road a large group of about fifty natives. Getting a little nearer I discovered that a market was held there, salted meat, potatoes, millet, and so on being exposed for sale. Some bananas were as much as nine inches in length. We were in a little valley

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as bare as the country we had crossed the previous day ; here and there, quite close to the river, a tree or two appeared, but, like most trees in Africa, they afforded neither shadow nor shelter. The valley is well populated, but properly speaking there are no villages—only groups of two or three huts built in the shape of a beehive, and even these groups very scattered ; close to them grew some fine banana plantations. The further we proceeded the better I was able to note the remarkable spirit of industry that the population of this district displays, and all, so to say, “off their own bat,” for these people had never come into contact with white men. For the first time in savage Africa I found artificial irrigation. We passed many artificial beehives, placed in the trees ; they consist of a round basket entirely closed except for a little hole ; this basket is surrounded by reeds and placed on the tree. From the immense quantity of copper bracelets that I saw, I concluded that this metal was to be found in the country, but I could find no confirmation of this surmise. Men and women wear little charms of ivory prettily carved, which they use to hold their medicine. I saw one man wearing round his neck a curved hippopotamus’ tusk, ground down to the thickness of a big paper-knife and admirably polished. They make a kind of bark-cloth, very superior to anything I had previously seen ; this is usually dyed grey instead of red as in all other parts of Africa. Their arms consist of assegais, like the Matabele’s, fixed together with animals’ tendons ; they also use arrows with feathers. The bow has one of its extremities filed to a point, evidently for the purpose of serving as a weapon of defence in case of need. The men are big and well made, but very timid and not easily approached.

I came across an old chap who asked if I would like to buy a goat and a little girl. He wanted 80 yards of calico for the pair. He was much astonished to hear that the white men did not permit the traffic in human

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flesh. That morning old Njumba Serere, my headman, complained to David that one of his little slaves had escaped during the night because I refused to allow him to tie them by the neck. I discovered also that two of my Wangwana had each half a dozen Manyema slaves whom they had brought away to sell. They were children of ten or twelve years old; their condition was simply terrible—I have never seen such living skeletons. These poor wretches had only four to five potatoes a day to eat, and most of the time they ate these raw. What could I do? Nothing but shut my eyes and be silent.

Arrived at the top of the valley where the river Muserere springs, after an almost perpendicular climb, we began to descend into another valley. In it appeared many huts and banana plantations. This valley was almost as desolate-looking as the previous one; far apart from one another a few single trees stood up as if they had been planted there for their sins. In the distance we could see an immense plain. After having crossed a small river we climbed the spur of a mountain. Numberless little rivers take their origin there among marshes. All of a sudden we came upon a big camp of twenty or twenty-five tents, in the middle of which the German flag was flying. It was an Arab caravan, or rather the first section of it, on the way to Ujiji; the other portion, with the "great master," was following. They had taken two months to come from Urambo!

Next morning, just as we were about to start, the main body of the caravan, with about 500 porters, passed near us. Two Arabs were in charge; they said they were going to Ujiji, and that their master would follow later on. They seemed to have had much trouble during the preceding days on account of the prairie fires—they had had three men burnt to death. They strongly advised me to avoid the Uvinza country, where they had found no water, and recommended me to pass through Uhha. How I was to regret following this advice will soon be seen. The

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road was absolutely uninteresting, passing through big arid plains covered with high grass. At one o'clock we got to a little forest: one of the women dropped to the ground, declaring that she could go no further. I left her in charge of another woman and an Arab: later in the evening she walked into camp carrying a newly-born baby, and looking very little the worse for it. One of the little slaves, a small chap of about ten years, all skin and bone, was also done up. He complained of pains in the back and legs. I took pity on him, and hoisted him on to my donkey. At last, about 1.30, we arrived near the river Mariba, where we pitched camp. In the afternoon two panthers came and howled quite close to us. Four times I went for them, but could never get on their track. I was much annoyed to discover that the boy I had placed on my donkey was suffering from small-pox, and I much feared that it might break out among my caravan.

Next morning I woke about 5.30 thoroughly frozen, the thermometer having fallen to 52° F. Just as we were about to start I was told that the little slave who had small-pox had died. I was assured that he had been buried, but perhaps the two panthers had a meal after all. These two brutes returned to the camp during the night, and howled all the time till dawn. I was afraid that they would get my donkey, so twice I got up and went out, but I never got a glimpse of them. Two hours after our start we got out of the forest, and again began to cross one of those arid plains covered with high dried-up grass. Half an hour later Njumba Serere wished to stop. I got a little bit angry, and forced the men to go on for another hour. I stopped for lunch, but was so implored to pass the night there that I yielded. The heat was something awful, 109° F. in the sun; that is to say, fifty-seven degrees' difference since the morning. The country that we had crossed for the last two hours was well populated; huts of the same shape as

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before, same costume, same bracelets, hair cut in the same fashion, and the huts again in groups of three and four together, three or four hundred yards apart. When our camp was pitched, a number of the inhabitants of the villages came and brought us potatoes, flour, wood, and monkey nuts. A "lupanda" (two yards of calico) was the price asked for four pounds of flour. Firewood had to be purchased at a high price, as none was to be found about the place. Beads are little cared for. In the evening I perceived one of my Arabs with five goats. "From information received" I knew he had bought them with a little slave.

I have forgotten to describe the manner in which every day we used to pitch our camp. I think it sufficiently interesting to merit a mention. The men commenced by cutting down the grass from a fairly large piece of ground. In the centre the ground was levelled, and on this my tent was pitched. In front of my tent the loads were piled in heaps; then all round in groups of four or five the men made for themselves little conical huts, the framework of which they used to cover with long grass. Around the camp a "boma" enclosure was erected. My caravan, including the women of the Wangwana and their slaves, amounted to about 100 individuals—a very small caravan indeed. Nevertheless it is a pleasure to look back and remember that I was obeyed to the letter. My Wangwana soon learnt that they had to obey as well as the others. Of course I had to commence by using "kiboko";* but after a short time this was unnecessary, and I had only to give an order for it to be obeyed at once.

We were now in Uhha, the country of the Wahha. No white men had so far crossed their country. When Stanley went in search of Livingstone he tried to cross the southern extremity of Uhha, but was compelled to turn back so as to avoid the extortionate demands made upon him by the chiefs. Since then all the travellers

* Rhinoceros-hide whip.

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going to or coming from Ujiji have followed the road through Uvinza.

On the 2nd of July, after passing a good many groups of huts, I pitched camp among long grass near a small river. The natives appeared friendly and brought us food and goats for sale. Many of them also came out of curiosity to see a white man—a species of animal they had never seen before. The women and children were most shy, and would not allow me to come near them, running away when I approached within a dozen yards. There were but few trees near the place, so that I could not get a “boma” built round my camp.

At 3 a.m. I was awakened by shots followed by piercing screams. As I jumped out of bed, gun in hand, several of the women and many of the children of my caravan rushed into my tent uttering deafening shrieks. I darted out and found all my men firing at random in the dark. I first stopped them and enquired what was the cause of this commotion. It appeared that some natives had broken into the camp, fired shots, and taken advantage of the confusion to steal a large number of things. I called the two sentries and asked them to give me their account of the affair. They came forward unarmed, and when I told them to go and get their guns they hesitated, and then confessed that they had gone to sleep, and that their guns had been taken from them. They slept so soundly that the thieves had actually taken the guns from under their heads without their noticing it. Promising to deal with them in the morning, I went through the camp to see if anyone was wounded; while I did so I heard a rustle in the grass, soon followed by a shot. I ordered my men to fire a volley in that direction. I heard a scream, but the fellow, who had evidently been winged, had already escaped when I sent men to fetch him. Having placed fresh sentries, with the promise of one hundred lashes if they went to sleep, I retired to bed.

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In the morning I made an inventory of the goods that had been stolen: two rifles, my mackintosh, the waterproof cover of my bedding, my coffee filter, a teapot, axes, and many other things had been taken away by the thieves. To allow this to pass unpunished was to expose myself to be killed with all my caravan the following night, as natives will only respect your life if they think that you do not fear them. I therefore sent for the chief of the next village, and he soon came accompanied by two followers. The moment they appeared they were seized by my men and securely handcuffed and chained up. Then I represented to the chief Umteko the hideousness of his conduct in attacking travellers who passed through his country paying for all they had and respecting the people's property. He replied that the thieves were very bad people, but that he knew nothing about them. This, I pointed out to him, was a lie, as the attack had not been made by a single individual but by an armed band, who would not have acted without his knowledge. I then informed him of my decision: he would have to send back to the village one of the two men I had captured with him to warn the people that, unless all the things that had been stolen were returned to me by noon, I would hang him to a tree I pointed out to him. He again protested his innocence, and offered to take "Muavi" (to undergo the trial by poison). I declined to listen to anything, and, unfettering one of his two followers, told him to go and take my words to the people of the village. Soon after a band of about 200 men, armed with spears, bows and arrows, appeared on the other side of the river and halted within 200 yards of it. The pluckiest of them came forward and shouted to me to come to the side of the water with not more than two men. I did so, and through my interpreter asked the herald to come on my side of the river to talk over matters, but this he absolutely declined to do. So the negotiations were howled across the stream.

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I repeated the message I had already sent to the village, to the effect that I would hang the chief by noon unless my stolen property was restored by that time. The herald, having carried this message to the warriors, returned. None of the people, he said, knew about the attack made against my camp; but if I liked to stop there till the following day they would send for the two principal chiefs of the district, Kisa and Niao Nalozi, who would make enquiries and get back my things.

“Where is their village?” I said.

They pointed to a couple of villages two or three miles distant. I replied that white men did not know what to-morrow meant; the chiefs did not live far away, so if they chose they might go there, but in the meantime at noon I would fulfil my threat. Once more the herald returned to the main body of warriors, and returned to say that they were going to make enquiries.

One hour later all of them came back, observing the same precautions as before, and the heralds appeared near the river. They had, they began, made enquiries, but in vain. Evidently the thieves must have come from very far away, for they could find no trace of them. Again they suggested that I should wait till the following day. In the meantime if I released their chief he would go himself to try and find my goods. All this, it must be understood, was not expressed in a few words, but was accompanied by endless speeches absolutely beside the question, and the *Shauri* (palaver) had already lasted more than two hours. I declined to continue the discussion any longer, and ordered the preparations to be made for the execution. A stout rope was passed over a branch of the tree ready to hoist the prisoner. Seeing that I was in earnest, the natives then suggested that they should pay me a ransom for the life of their chief. This I declined to accept, adding that now I would no longer be satisfied with the return of the stolen property, but that the thief I had wounded on the previous night would also

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have to be handed over to me to be hanged, or else, not only would I execute Umteko, but I would also make most powerful "medicine" to cast a spell over the land, causing the cattle to die and the people to suffer from all kinds of terrible evils. Back went all the party to the village. When they came back they brought over with them six very thin goats and one very stout woman ornamented with a huge snake tattooed, or rather carved with a knife, on her chest and stomach. Thus, they thought, they might appease my wrath, but I declared that white men never took women.

"But," shouted the herald, "look at her, how fine, how fat she is, look at her back." . . . I was not, after all, particularly anxious to hang the chief, and was rather glad to find this loophole that would save me from keeping my word; but I declined to take the lady, and told one of my men to explain, when I should have retired, that I might release the old man if many goats were brought to me. Half an hour later came ten goats and a little boy of six or seven years of age. Tired of the whole thing, I accepted the ransom, and released the prisoners. Before they went, however, I told the chief that if during the following day my things were brought back to me, I would give the bearer a piece of thirty yards of calico, but that otherwise I should make "medicine" to inform my white brothers at Tabora, some 300 miles away, of what had happened, and they would come and burn every hut in the place. I may add that the goods never turned up, but my medicine must have appeared miraculous to the natives, as a few days later I met, as will be seen, a German caravan of 100 soldiers with a cannon, who fully avenged me.

I then turned to the little boy who had been brought to me, and told him that white men had no slaves, and that if he liked he could go away: if he cared to stop with me I should give him good clothes and good food. He made no reply, but followed me when I started. I afterwards

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found out his story. He came from the other side of Lake Tanganika, and a year or so before his brother had sold him to an Arab for two yards of calico. On the way to the coast he fell ill, and being unable to go on was sold to Umteko for five goats. He was very fat, and my men nicknamed him *Mbo Mbili*, "double tummy." He had never seen a white man before, and his first impressions were most interesting. He told my men that white men were very peculiar. "Why," he said, "they have big feet without toes, and with horn underneath." This, of course, referred to my boots; which he had taken to be part of my body. The second day he was with me David sent him to get a light from my tent; he collected a bunch of dry grass, and sticking this against the glass of my lantern blew hard on it. To his astonishment it did not burn. Three times he repeated this operation, and then left my tent, shaking his head and saying, "The fire of the great master, he refuses" (*Moto ya Bwana Nkuba anakata*). Whenever we reached a village he used to come to me, saying that he had discovered some goats for sale. I thought him most useful, but soon found out that he was not disinterested in the matter. It appears that he told my men, "Well, I must get goats, as these white men are so fond of meat. The Bwana Nkuba (big master) gets a goat killed every other day; he has only a dozen or so with him, and as he has a long, long way to go, when all the goats have been killed, unless he finds others, he will certainly eat me, as I am so fat." For a long time he imagined that this would be his ultimate fate. I may add that the belief that white men eat natives is universal among savage tribes: this legend has been circulated by the Arabs in order to prevent their slaves from running away and seeking refuge among the whites. But to return to Malaŋga—my little slave: he was such a good boy that I took a great fancy to him, and brought him also with me to Europe. After his arrival here friends of mine offered to look after him. He received much care and attention

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from Miss Grace Burns, of Hamilton, and I must say that he proved worthy of the kindness shown to him. He went to Scotland in August, 1894, not knowing then a single word of English, but notwithstanding this he passed the fifth standard some months ago. This reflects the greatest credit on the child, and also, I must say, on his kind mistress. He has never been ill since he has been in Scotland, and does not suffer from the climate in the least.

Now to return to my journey. Fearing that the natives might take advantage of the night to take back the ten goats they had handed over to me, I left this inhospitable spot and made my way towards Mount Hero, a conspicuous landmark. Before reaching it we crossed the Rusizi river, and I pitched camp on high ground some 500 yards from a village. Fearing a fresh attack I placed three sentries about the camp, with orders to keep a sharp look-out, and to shoot down anyone who did not stop after being challenged. Had I been attacked I could not have resisted for more than a few minutes, as I had only a dozen guns altogether.

During the night a number of natives came by, but, perceiving my sentinels by the light of our fires, they cried out to them not to shoot, as they were only passing by. They were all going to the village close to my camp, and all night long I could hear them singing, dancing, and beating the war drums. I thought it just possible that some surprise was in store for me, and so I determined to watch myself. About two in the morning many of them passed by us again, but on being challenged they sheered off. I am sure that it was only to these precautions that we owed our safety. From enquiries made in this place I found that to the south, in the valley through which the river Rusizi runs, are to be found the Uvinza. Their country supplies all the salt used in the surrounding districts. From this point two roads lead to Urambo. The one most used passes through Uvinza,

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while the other, which we took, crosses the southern portion of Uhha.

The first day's march after leaving Mount Hero was a difficult one. About midday we reached the river Mogunja, which runs through one of the worst bogs I ever saw. The natives have built a bridge over it, about 100 yards long, but it does not reach the dry ground on either side of the bog, so that to get to it it is necessary to wade for a distance of nearly ten yards through liquid mud about three feet deep. It took my caravan three-quarters of an hour to get across, but my donkey had now to be taken over. He could not pass over the bridge, consisting of a few logs of wood supported by piles, and he had therefore to be driven through the mud. Ten men had to work for three hours before they could succeed in landing him safely on the other side. Several times one or two of the men and the donkey disappeared entirely under the mud, and it took the united efforts of all the others to extricate them. I was much relieved when they had got safely over, as once or twice I feared that one of the men would be drowned. Ukaia, a vassal of 'Mtali, lives near this place; he gave me a beautiful sheep, and I bought a dog of him. I had much difficulty in getting him to part with it, as it was his "Musimo." He told me that if I wished to prevent the dog from running away, I was to rub his paws with meat.

That night we had another alarm. Thieves again tried to break into the camp, but the sentries noticed them and, firing at them, put them to flight; shortly after the village dogs began to bark, evidently disturbed by the return of the robbers.

Next morning we passed through a forest, where we found an abandoned village, Indoba. The people had left everything behind them—evidently pursued by an enemy. We continued our march for two hours and a half across the forest, in the middle of which we found the remains of a big encampment, and there we pitched

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our camp for the night. On the previous day one of my Arabs purchased a woman for the price of four dotis.

On July 6th, after two hours' march through the forest, we came out upon an undulating plain dotted with palm trees and covered with many little villages. We camped near 'Mtali's village. My Arabs assured me that 'Mtali would make me pay a considerable "hongo" (right-of-way tax). My camp had hardly been pitched when some messengers arrived, bringing me a big jar of milk, some eggs, two fowls, and a sheep. These were all sent by 'Mtali. I sent him my thanks, and said I would call and see him when it was cooler. I was delighted to get fresh milk, but could not make out why it had such a pronounced taste of ammonia. I discovered afterwards that the natives of this country look to the cow to supply the necessary liquid to rinse the wooden jars used to hold the milk, the shepherds carefully washing their hands and face with the same liquid before milking the animal. A number of people then came to stare at me. During the day, when I talked of going to see the chief, old Njumba Serere, my headman, informed me that it was useless, as he would not receive me. The Arabs appeared to fear him very much, and none of my men seemed inclined to accompany me. I told them that if they did not care to accompany me they could stop behind, and that I would go with David alone. In the end five bold fellows made up their minds to come with me. The village was surrounded with a natural "boma" of big trees: inside were many huts shaped like beehives. At last I stood before 'Mtali. He was a man of about thirty years of age, very fat, but with very pleasant manners. I gave him five dotis of "Amerikani,"* and one doti of beautiful red cloth, which seemed to please him very much. He told me I should find a white man encamped on the other side of the Malagrazi river, and promised to let me have boats to cross the river. I learned that he expected

* American sheeting.

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to be attacked by his brother, Umtagazo, who was jealous of the "hongo" paid to 'Mtali. As I was leaving he sent to ask me if I would stay and help him with my men and guns. If I had been strong enough I would have accepted, in order to get some idea of how these people make war, so I sent word that if the white man on the other side of the river would join me, I might return "to see the fun." I was much astonished to find there enormous quantities of beautiful cattle. They are the only ones I have found north of the Zambezi of such size: some of the bulls are over seventeen hands high. They have no hump, and their horns are of enormous size and span. The most remarkable fact with regard to these animals is that they have escaped the "sotoka"—rinderpest—while it has been sweeping away all the animals in every one of the surrounding districts. These oxen are not, however, indigenous to that district, but have been imported there by the Watusi, a nomadic tribe closely allied to the Wahima inhabiting the western shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza. These Watusi are a race absolutely distinct from the Bantu family among which they have settled, and, from their appearance, I should say that if they are not a branch of the Somali family, the two races must at least come from a common stock. Like the Somali they are slim in body, with fine extremities. They have a long, narrow face with the skin drawn tightly over it; the mouth is narrow, showing the teeth well when they speak; the nose is long and straight; the forehead high and the hair silky, undulating, and growing evenly over the head, not in bushy patches like the Bantus. Their demeanour is sober and most dignified; their colour is light brown. In fact, they so resemble the Somali, that when they see Somali they say, "Oh, these are our brothers!" The Watusi have adopted the language of the people among whom they live, but they do not consider themselves as subjects of the chiefs in whose country they dwell. Their principal—almost only—occupation consists in tending the cattle, of

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which they take remarkable care. At night, for instance, they light huge fires covered with green bushes in the middle of the kraals; the cattle collect around these, and thus, while getting warm, they also avoid the bites of mosquitoes. Another striking thing is the tameness of the animals, among which the Watusi will walk, pulling their tails, stroking their heads, and climbing on their backs without the least sign of irritation on the part of the animals.

I should have liked to be able to study this tribe carefully, but could not do so on account of the hostility of the Wahha. It may be added that they have a tradition that they originally came from the north. The Waganda might be, and most likely are, an offshoot of this race, with a certain amount of Bantu blood among them. The people of Uganda greatly appreciate Watusi, or rather Wahima, women. Watusi and Wahima are, as I said, the same tribe, but the former have penetrated more to the south than the latter.

The following day we reached the Malagrazi river; it was about forty yards broad, and of a distinctly reddish colour. The canoes were of two sorts; some hollowed out of palm trees and the others made of bark sewn together with palm fibre. The latter are from twelve to twenty-four inches broad and from twelve to fifteen feet long. It is positively marvellous to see what they can carry: in the smallest I stowed seven men and some of the baggage. Our crossing took two hours, and I found it most difficult to prevent the men, women, and children from crowding the boats. I pitched camp on the other side of the river, where I heard that two Europeans were in the neighbourhood. Anxious to get news, I sent them a letter.

The next day an answer came. The two Europeans were Germans, Herr Siegl and Lieutenant von Bodmer, on their way from Tabora to Ujiji with a hundred soldiers. They were stopping with the chief, Luhaga, and they asked me to wait for them. At ten o'clock they turned

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up, and halted near the river. I found them charming men. Siegl, who was in command of the expedition, was an Austrian, and von Bodmer an officer in the German army. Siegl only intended to go on a visit to Ujiji, and hoped to return by Karema. There was no news from Europe. He was no whit better off in this particular than I was, his last letters dating from December. During the day 'Mtali sent messengers, imploring the whites "to



CROSSING THE MALAGRAZI RIVER.

come and sleep at his place," as he expected to be attacked during the night by Umtagazo. At Siegl's suggestion I determined to return to 'Mtali's with him. I stopped there two days with the Germans. The chief sent us quantities of kombe for our men, and presented the Germans with some fine tusks of ivory, and some thirty head of cattle; these Siegl asked me to take to Tabora, and presented me with a milch cow for my trouble. 'Mtali then explained the cause of the row with his brother: it appears that Umtagazo, jealous of the great number of Arab caravans passing through 'Mtali's country,

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demanded from him a half share of the hongo—price paid for right of way—extorted from the Arabs. 'Mtali declined to give him anything, and Umtagazo decided to fight him. Siegl sent messengers to Umtagazo, ordering him to desist from hostilities and to come to him. At first he refused to do so, but next day he sent word that he was coming, and all chance of a fight seeming over I took my leave of Siegl. The fight came off all the same, as will be seen.

Two days later I found my donkey's head and muzzle all covered with hard swellings. His gums were bleeding and in a frightful state of congestion, and his tongue was enormously swollen, his breathing very difficult, and his extremities quite cold. I had his belly rubbed with Elliman's embrocation, and applied mustard plasters to his legs. He had great trouble to keep on his feet, but after a time my treatment seemed to have brought him round a little. At 6.30 we started, and kept going till a quarter to eight, when down he tumbled. He got up, then fell again. He tried to walk, but trembled on his legs, and began knocking himself against the trees. I could see he was suffering terribly. I once more applied Elliman and mustard, but it was no good. He was taken with convulsions, and began biting the ground. All treatment was useless, so I put an end to his sufferings with a bullet through his head. I made a rapid *post-mortem*, and found pulmonary and intestinal congestion, but no ulceration. The Mtusi, who drove the oxen, informed me that this was the "sotoka"—rinderpest;* in any case, it was neither "lung sickness" nor "horse sickness." After passing Yakelela, of which Mokeba was the chief, we arrived at another village, surrounded by a good boma, five or six hundred yards further on.

* After comparing the symptoms of the attack, and the state of the organs after death, with the description given in the Bechuanaland Government Gazette of rinderpest, I had no doubt that the animal had died of this disease.

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Some natives, who had arrived from the Malagrazi river, said that they had heard the boom of cannon. I concluded that the Germans must have been fighting after all.

Next day, after five hours' march, nearly all the time across forests and over low hills, we reached Kulonga, whose chief was Sahiri. It is a big village, surrounded by a boma, with inner bomas, inside one of which I camped. Shortly after my arrival I heard an ass bray. I sent David to find out to whom it belonged. It appeared that it had been left for dead by some Arabs a few months earlier. One of the natives had taken it in, and was willing to sell it for a trifle. I bought it for ten dotis of "Amerikani" and one piece of handkerchiefs, glad to be able to replace so soon the one I had lost.

At sunset some of my people rushed into camp with the news that a herd of oxen was coming, driven away from the seat of the war that the Germans were making. The news I had received the day before was therefore correct. My headman informed me in the evening that the people meant to attack me during the night.

In order to avoid a surprise, I stationed sentinels around the camp, and before sunrise I had the baggage taken out of the village. I then sent for the chief Sahiri, and told him that I was perfectly aware that he had meant to attack me, and that I should take possession of all the oxen in the village, amounting to nearly one hundred; and that I would hand them over to the Germans at Tabora, where he could go and claim them, adding that they would only be returned to him if I was not attacked so long as I was in Uhha. Unfortunately they were somewhat in the nature of a white elephant, as I had not enough men to drive them; and while I was considering what I should do, Sahiri's people came rushing out of the village, crying "Vita! Vita!" ("War! War!") Threats, cries, howls, assailed us on all sides. They would smash me; they would not allow the oxen

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to go; and so on and so on. I walked towards them with David, rifle in hand. In one moment the whole band took to their heels. When we entered the village not a soul remained there. I wanted, if possible, to avoid a fight: so, giving my gun to one of my men, I cried out to the people hidden in the long grass that I wanted to speak to them, and that if they came forward I would not hurt them. After a great deal of hesitation, one fellow at last came to a spot about fifty yards from me. I told him that I had no wish to make war against them; that I had taken possession of the oxen because they had meant to attack me. I then added that I had not the slightest desire to keep their oxen, but that I insisted on the payment of a fine for their having threatened me. After I had wrangled with them for some time, it was agreed that they should pay me a fine of three animals. So I went with three men to give them back their oxen, keeping three fine beasts. But then a fresh row sprang up; they declared that there were six short in the herd. It was just possible that they were ahead with the oxen from 'Mtali belonging to the Germans, but I did not know. However, I was sick of the thing, and I wanted to close the incident. So to conclude the matter I proposed to give them six pieces of "Amerikani" for the animals they pretended were missing. The three animals paid to me as a fine I handed later on to the Germans, for of course I considered this "take" to belong to them. The incident over, we started, and, after a wearying march of more than five and a half hours across a sandy plain, I arrived at 'Mforongo, where Kisinda was chief. This village was surrounded by a natural boma of euphorbus trees. Most of the huts were in the shape of a beehive, but pointed at the top. Kisinda being absent on a visit to Luhaga, the paramount chief of the district, his prime minister brought me some rice and five or six baskets of patatas. I then had the honour of a visit from the sister of Luhaga. She came to ask me for some

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medicine for her stomach, as she complained of great suffering, and thought I might be able to afford her relief. I did my best, but I am afraid that she did not appreciate my medicine, as she complained that "it did not taste bad at all"!

The next day, after crossing a big swamp, we arrived at Irindi. At last we were in Unyamwezi, and I felt very glad to think that at length I was out of Uhha. The huts were quite different from those of the Wahha, being pointed, with the roof descending till it almost touched the ground, and with a little kind of verandah running all round. By the side of each hut is a smaller one for the Musimo, such as I have before described; the natives preserve their grain by storing it in immense bottles of wood, some of them over six feet high.

I found the Wanyamwezi very different from their Wahha neighbours. I was greeted most hospitably in all the villages I came across. I was only disturbed several times by lions that broke out among the cattle during the night, and at the end of five days, on July 23, I arrived at Urambo. I had written to Mr. Shaw, the missionary in charge of the London Missionary Society's station, announcing my arrival, and saying that I expected to stop at a native village that day. I did not wish to arrive at the Mission on a Sunday; but on the way some messengers arrived with a charming letter begging me to come straight on. The country we crossed was thickly strewn with villages, and after a march of three hours and a half we arrived at the Mission. Mr. Shaw received me with the greatest kindness and cordiality; his wife was a charming, elegant, and refined lady. She was the proud mother of an adorable baby, who seemed to be in the best of health, and who had not the curious waxy complexion so common to white children brought up in Africa.

The Urambo Mission was founded in 1881, and for more than ten years Mr. Shaw had been at its head. The house he occupied was quite new; it had already been



MR. SHAW'S HOUSE AT URAMBO.

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burnt down twice, once by lightning, and once by a servant. From the windows stretches quite a fairy view of the surrounding country, the house being situated on the top of a hill. All the doors and windows are of the mahogany of the country, and of rosewood. In the dining-room there is a superb sideboard and table, also made from native wood, and of perfect workmanship. What struck me most was the simple elegance and good taste reigning in this pleasant household. Pretty services of china appeared at meals ; spotless, well-washed, and embroidered table-linen, all so clean and well kept that you could hardly believe yourself in the heart of Africa. But from this description my readers must not imagine that a missionary's life is all rosy. All the little refinements of civilized life are only obtained at an enormous expenditure of time and trouble, during the rare intervals of leisure that the constant labour connected with the Mission leaves to Mr. and Mrs. Shaw. They are never idle for a moment ; and when one thinks of the pecuniary resources at their disposal the result is simply marvellous. To say that I was feasted, petted, and spoilt at Urambo would give but a very poor idea of how I was treated. I shall never forget the kindness I received there ; kindness offered so cordially and so generously that I shall ever be touched by its recollection.

Mr. Shaw is one of the few missionaries I came across who realized that his duty did not consist in baptizing the greatest possible number of natives, and thus being able to show that he had converted so many heathen. His conception of the duty imposed on him by his calling was loftier : he took great interest in the welfare of the people, without distinction between those who attended the Mission and those who declined to do so. He tried to educate the people by teaching them to lead cleaner and healthier lives than they did when he first came among them ; he taught many of them trades, and showed them how to use what Nature had given them. As I said

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just now, his own house was a marvel considering that it had been entirely built from materials found in the country.

What struck me most, as one of the results of his instruction, was the gentlemanly behaviour of the young chief of Urambo, "Tuga Moto," son of the celebrated Mirambo. This lad of fifteen, the son of a Watusi woman, had most refined features, with large expressive



TUGA MOTO, CHIEF OF URAMBO.

eyes and a golden complexion. When he came to see me I was much impressed by his dignified appearance and his reserved, though not shy manners; and when I returned his call he received me with perfect courtesy, offering me a chair—a present from Mr. Shaw—and doing the honours of his home in a way I never found in any other native. He was most respectful to his mother, and lacked the arrogance displayed by most boy chiefs towards their inferiors. All this was due to the teaching of Mr. and

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Mrs. Shaw, in whose house he had lived for several years. I was much interested in a necklace that came from his father, Mirambo. This was made entirely of human teeth; there were eighty-four of them, each one having been extracted from the mouth of an Arab slain by Mirambo.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WANYAMWEZI

WHILE at Urambo I was enabled to collect a good deal of information concerning the Wanyamwezi. The first subject that naturally engages one's attention is the political constitution and conditions of the people. At the head of all, and possessing absolute power, is a principal chief called Umtene, which means "King." The monarchy is elective, not hereditary, although, generally speaking, a new ruler is chosen from among the nearest relatives of the deceased monarch. Thus when Mirambo died he was succeeded by his brother Upanda Chalo, who in turn was followed by Tuga Moto, a son of Mirambo. On his succession the King takes a special name, by which alone he is known and addressed during his tenure of power.

Next to the King come the chiefs, or viceroys, of the various districts, called "Wagani," nominated by the people and chosen by the King on the occasion of the latter's election; then the vassal chiefs, hereditary in certain places in the country of Unyamwezi proper, but nominated by the King in countries that have been conquered and annexed. All these inferior chiefs have power to decide questions of local and minor importance; but the Umtene alone has the power of life and death. Even in cases decided in the first instance by the inferior chiefs there is always a right of appeal to the King. To his decision are referred the quarrels between the chiefs themselves. Women, and even minors, can be

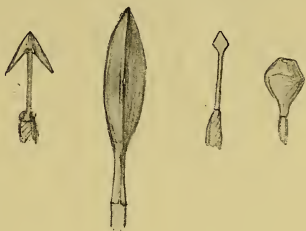
THE WANYAMWEZI

elected or nominated chiefs; and the former, especially the Wogoli, or King's wives, exercise a great influence in all state affairs. All these inferior chiefs, together with certain officers of the royal household, form a council, which it is the duty of the King to consult in all important matters. This he does for some time after his accession, and until his power has been firmly established, when he usually acts on his own initiative, and without taking the trouble of calling the council together.

The system of government is distinctly feudal, since every subject of the King has, indirectly at least, to render him certain services each year: this is effected by each

village sending up a specified number of men chosen by the people. The King and chiefs of districts are entitled to a portion of the harvest; but I was not able to ascertain that this was a fixed quantity. I was told that it varies considerably according to the size of the villages, and according as the harvest has been good or bad.

The religion of the Wanyamwezi is founded mainly on the worship and cult of spirits, "Musimo." Their ceremonies have but one object—the conciliation or propitiation of these spirits. They have no idea of one supreme power or God—personal or impersonal—governing the world, and directing its destinies or those of individuals. They believe in the earthly visitation of spirits, especially to announce some great event, and more generally some big disaster. Thus they tell how Mirambo one day met a number of Musimo, carrying torches, who invited him to



1 2 3 4
WEAPONS OF THE WANYAMWEZI.

1. War Arrow. 3. Hunting Arrow.
2. Spear-head. 4. Wooden Arrow-head for birds.

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follow them into the forest, which he did. Once there they attempted to dissuade him from proceeding with a war which he was then contemplating, and in which he subsequently lost his life.

They believe also in "transmigration," both during life and after it. Thus, according to them, a sorcerer can transform himself into a wild animal in order to injure his enemies; but in such cases the change is not permanent, and the soul does not remain in its new habitation.

The dead in their turn become spirits, under the all-embracing name of Musimo. The Wanyamwezi hold these Musimo in great dread and veneration, as well as the house, hut, or place where their body has died. Every chief has near his hut a Musimo hut, in which the dead are supposed to dwell, and where sacrifices and offerings must be made. Meat and flour are deposited in the Musimo huts, and are not, as with many other peoples, consumed afterwards. The common people also have their Musimo huts, but they are smaller than that of the chief, and the offerings they make are, of course, not so important as his.

They are constantly consulting oracles, omens, and signs, and attach great importance to them. Fowls are, for instance, slaughtered, and if on examination the internal organs prove healthy and in good condition (especially the heart and lungs) the sign is good, and the enterprise in which they are about to engage will proceed satisfactorily. The most solemn and important consultation of the oracles, however, is made with the assistance of a "Mfumu," or witch-doctor; relations and friends meet together, and are shortly afterwards joined by the Mfumu with his instruments: these usually consist of a number of little gourds filled with medicine, a wooden instrument which opens and shuts like a concertina, a little pot, and some tails of animals mounted on a stick. The whole party then betakes itself to the Musimo house, in front of which the Mfumu stands with the others arranged

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in a circle behind him. The Mfumu then holds a kind of religious service; he begins by addressing the spirits of their forefathers, imploring them not to visit their anger upon their descendants. This prayer he offers up kneeling, bowing and bending to the ground from time to time. Then he rises and commences a hymn of praise to the ancestors, and all join in the chorus. Then, seizing his little gourds, he executes a *pas seul*, after which he bursts out into song again, but this time singing as one inspired. Suddenly he stops and recovers himself. All this time, except when chanting, the spectators observe a most profound silence. After a brief interval of silence the Mfumu proceeds to publish the message which he has just received from the Musimo. This he does by intoning in a most mournful and dreary manner. The congregation then retire, and wind up the proceedings with a noisy dance in the village.

Besides these consultations with the oracle there are numberless ways of propitiating the Musimo. I ought to say that the Wanyamwezi are great travellers, and for nearly three months I was able to observe their customs, having had during that time nearly 150 Wanyamwezi porters in my service. The night before starting they put big patches of moistened flour on their faces and breasts. On the way, if by chance they are threatened with war or any other difficulty, some of them go on ahead in the early morning for about a hundred yards along the path over which they are about to travel. They then place a hand on the ground and throw flour over it in such a manner as to leave the impression of a hand on the soil. At the same time they "wish" hard that the journey may go off well. On the march from time to time each of them will deposit in the same spot a twig of wood or a stone in such a way that a great heap gets collected. I have observed the same custom on the plateau of Tanganika, but that was to ensure a safe return. If they halt in the midst of high grass each will plait a handful of

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grass, which they tie together so as to make a kind of bower. In the forest, if they are pressed for time, each will make a cut with a blow of a hatchet in a tree; but if they have time they will cut down trees, lop off the branches, and place these poles against a big tree; in certain places I have seen stacks of hundreds of them round a single tree. Sometimes they will strip pieces of bark from the trees and stick them on the branches, and at others they will place a pole supported by two trees right over the path. On it they will hang up a broken gourd



SMALL MUSIMO HUTS IN THE FOREST.

or an old box made of bark. On some occasions they will even erect a little hut made of straw to the Musimo on the road itself, but this is usually done when they are going on a hunting expedition and not a journey. Near the villages where two roads meet are usually found whole piles of old pots, gourds, and pieces of iron. When a hunter starts for the chase he prays to the Musimo to give him good luck. If he kills any big game he places before the hut of his Musimo the head of the beast he has killed, and inside a little of the flesh. This is a most remarkable fact, as I have never found in any other part of Africa the idea of a superior being whose help might be invoked.

The customs connected with marriage are very similar to those found among other tribes. Generally there is a preliminary understanding or betrothal between the young people themselves, called *sohosa*; but the young ladies are allowed full liberty before marriage. A woman may even have relations with other men during

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the sohosa, provided that the engaged couple have not definitely agreed to cohabit. When the father of the girl has learnt the intention of the young (or old) man to marry her, if he approves of the marriage—that is to say, if the intending husband can pay him a sufficient quantity of calico, beads, or their equivalent—the “young man” comes and makes a preliminary present to him. The dowry (paid to the father) is agreed upon, and its payment is called Kufulu Pundu (the completion of the arrangements). This dowry must be paid before the marriage. The price of a free girl is from forty to fifty “dotis”* (paid in slaves, calico, or copper); over and above this a present ought to be made to the girl’s mother: this gift is called Sani, that to the father before marriage Kiswanlandeso. All this having been duly arranged, the girl’s friends conduct the bride to the young man’s village; he comes, accompanied by his friends, half-way to meet her, bringing with him a quantity of beads and calico, which he distributes on the way to the people he meets. When the party arrives at the young man’s village they begin by dancing; then they eat and take pombe (men and women apart). The festival commences in the early morning, and food is served towards 11 o’clock. The banquet over, dancing begins again to the sounds of drums and singing. Shortly after the young, but by no means shy, newly-married couple retire, and do not put in an appearance again; the friends continue dancing and singing indecent songs about marriage and its details.

Divorce cannot be claimed on account of sterility; but if a woman does not cook her husband’s food properly, has a bad temper, or commits the fault of dying, her parents are bound to supply their son-in-law with another wife in exchange for the defective article. The husband must, however, pay something in compensation for the wear and tear of his first wife if he wishes to be supplied

* A doti is a piece of calico four yards long.

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with a substitute. Polygamy of course exists, but the first wife is considered the principal one.

When a woman has had a child she ceases all relations with her husband for a period of two years. The age of marriage is among men from seventeen to twenty years, among women from twelve to twenty. The King has usually a wife in every village. Mirambo had about twenty, and a thousand concubines. Adultery is of course severely punished. The accused are brought before the King, and if found guilty are sentenced to death. They are then led into the forest and killed with assegais.

At a man's death the eldest son of his principal wife inherits the larger portion of the property, including the other wives of his father; a share is, however, given to the other children. Families are very small, males predominating; women with more than one child are the exception. Sometimes they have twins, but these seldom survive. Three children are the most I found belonging to one wife. Drugs are employed to produce sterility; this and the practice of abortion account largely for the small size of the usual family. The doctors administer drugs for this purpose, but they keep them secret, and it is impossible to obtain any precise information concerning them; that they exist, and are effective, is a certainty. If an unmarried girl gives birth to a child the father of the child has a right to it; but in any case if a man renders a girl *enceinte* he must marry her before the child is born, otherwise he is bound to pay for the woman and also for the child about three times the value of the ordinary dowry.

Since the death of Mirambo the population has considerably decreased, the causes assigned for this being two years of famine and the disintegration of the empire. In a radius of ten miles from Konongo, the capital district of Unyoa, the population may be reckoned at 15,000. Unyoa and Wiliamkuru are the central districts of the Urambo. Besides these the following districts are feudal: Uyogo, Usange, Usagosi, Umsene, Usarambo, Ubague,

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Kerera, Ushetu, Ukombe. In all, under the rule of Tuga Moto there are at least fifty thousand souls.

Each man has his own field, and preserves all rights over it so long as he maintains it in a certain state of cultivation.

In September the ground is cleared and freed from weeds. In October and November wood and grass are burnt for manure, and in December and January the ground is broken up with large hoes shaped like a heart. The seeds are sown along the tops of the furrows. A woman walks along making little holes in the ground, in which she drops some seeds, while another follows her and covers this hole with earth. Here and there in the dry ground they make pits about a foot deep to collect water.

They begin by sowing rice, then maize and millet, together with vetch in alternate furrows, then beans and monkey nuts among the maize. Cassava and patatas are planted in January and February. Pumpkins are generally planted by themselves in the villages about December. The main harvest takes place in July, the first nuts being collected about the end of June.* The long grass is torn

* The following are the principal products cultivated :—

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Millet—Matama. | 8. Monkey nuts—Kalanga. |
| 2. Maize—Mdeke. | 9. Pumpkins—Maboga. |
| 3. Rice—Mpunga. | 10. Gourds—Madodoke. |
| 4. Cassava—Mohogo. | 11. Bananas—Madoke. |
| 5. Patatas—Kafu. | 12. Tomatoes—Niania. |
| 6. Various kinds of vetches. | 13. Cotton—Lua, grows wild, but
is very little cultivated. |
| 7. Haricots—Mahargive
(always eaten dry). | |

The following woods are used for building purposes :—

1. Rosewood of two sorts : (a) "Umkolungu," the ordinary sort, and (b) "Kasanda," of very fine grain, very hard, and unaffected by insects and ants.
2. Teak—"Mininga."
3. Mahogany—"Umkola." The core of this wood is unaffected by insects, but not the outside.
4. Lignum Vitæ—"Muanga."
5. "Mgando" of two sorts : (a) The ordinary Mgando, which is a very

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up in January and February; while the maize is sown very early, so that it may be gathered in March and eaten green. No one is allowed to gather in his harvest before the chiefs' fields have been cleared. After the harvest there is a kind of festival, accompanied by singing and dancing and great jubilation generally.

Every year, or at most every two years, they change the crop; in fact there is a regulation rotation of crops, although how this rotation is regulated I cannot say.

The bark of most of the big trees is largely used, and from it are made most ingeniously constructed boats, beehives, boxes for grain, and almost every kind of receptacle. Cotton ("Lua") is employed for making thread and a certain stuff called masigeta. Baskets are largely used, and the coarser sort are generally made of the palmus borassus. Besides these one finds the ordinary rush baskets, and others made from common grass.

The rainy season begins in November, and during that and the following month there are constant little showers. In January and February the rains are very heavy, and the storms terrible. There is a short interval of about a fortnight in February, but at the end of March and beginning of April the downpour is heaviest. This diminishes gradually towards the end of the month, and in May the rain is over. Nearly all the heavy rains are accompanied by thunderstorms, and many people are struck and killed by the lightning.

resinous wood, and of which the natives manufacture charcoal. (*b*) Mgando Karati, of very poisonous qualities, like aconite, from which whole families have been known to succumb. This is what is generally used for "Muavi."

6. "Mkune"—very hard wood, the colour of snuff.
7. "Umkukuti"—very hard; light brown.
8. "Umsamua"—soft; dark brown.
9. "Gogonde"—for making laths.
10. Wild plum—"Mlungulungu," a most useful wood: and numberless other trees of small dimensions.

CHAPTER XVI.

URAMBO TO TABORA

HAVING recruited men to complete my caravan I left Urambo, sorry to leave my kind and hospitable friends. The first day's march was a short one, to the Pero* or boundary of the district of Urambo. The following day I felt rather seedy at starting. With difficulty I marched for two or three hours, and then felt so bad that I could scarcely move. We were in an open forest, and not expecting to find a village. I was about to return when my men informed me that I should find a small village quite close by. I dragged myself along for a quarter of an hour, having to rest every two or three minutes, but the effort was so great that I felt quite exhausted, and had to be helped by two men to reach the village a mile further on. It consisted of a dozen huts in the middle of a clearing. I threw myself down, and from that moment until three days later I remember nothing. All my men thought that I was going to die, and were much astonished when I appeared in front of my tent on the fourth day. I then engaged eight men from the village to carry

* On many maps this Pero or Monosopero constantly appears as the name of a village. This is a great mistake, as it merely means the last village of a district. In the same way the word *Guikuru* means the capital residence of the chief. This reminds me of an amusing mistake that appeared on a foreign map. The name of a village was put down as *Sijui*, which means "I do not know." Evidently the traveller, ignorant of the language, wrote down the reply he received from the man he questioned, and thus arrived at this brilliant result. The only way to avoid such mistakes is to make it a rule to enquire of various people before jotting down a name.

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me to Tabora in a hammock. Of this part of my journey I can say nothing. I merely remember being carried through forests, all along which I noticed hundreds of poles about fifteen to eighteen feet high piled up against trees. I enquired what they were, and was told that they were offerings to the "Musimo" (spirits). That same afternoon, as soon as the camp was laid, as I was sitting in my long chair, I noticed my men busy cutting trees and clearing them of branches, and afterwards adding them to one of the piles. This, they said, was to prevent any harm happening to us, as otherwise the spirit of the forest might be angry with us.

Whenever we camped on the edge of a grass plain they used to plait together quite a number of pieces of grass, thus forming a collection of arches to propitiate the spirit of the plains. At the end of a few days we left the forest and uninhabited plains, and found ourselves among grassy hills covered with numerous villages. We were in Unyanyembe. At last we reached Tabora, where I was most hospitably received by Frau Siegl, the plucky and charming wife of the officer I had met in the Wahha country. Tabora was formerly one of the most important centres of Central Africa. Through this place the caravans bound for Ujiji, those going to Victoria Nyanza and Uganda, as well as those proceeding towards Kazembe, used to pass and halt for a month or two to recoup themselves; in fact, until fifteen years ago the whole of the trade of Central Africa passed through Tabora. Now all is changed. The ivory of the Manyema country goes either by the Congo or else by Nyasaland or Uganda. The trade of Uganda passes through the Masai country to or from Mombasa, and Tabora has lost all its former importance. Half a dozen Arab traders are still settled there, and the Germans have erected a small fort or rather built a wall around some Arab buildings in the village. It was only in 1892 that they managed to break down the power of Sikhi, an Arab chief, who lived some six

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miles from Tabora in the best fortified village of the whole of Africa. Twice he repelled the Germans, but at last his place was taken after a regular siege by one of the most brilliant officers of the German service—Lieutenant Printz. In the absence of the chief of the station, a non-commissioned officer was left in command. This man, who by trade was a working baker, was thus in sole charge of a district comprising over 40,000 square miles with a population of nearly half a million of people. The natives bitterly complained of him, and I must say that he was not the man to raise the white men in their estimation. What struck me most was the absolute lack of respect this fellow and a companion of his (a hospital sergeant) showed towards their officers. Even before me—a stranger and a foreigner—they never ceased abusing their officers and all their superiors, including the Governor-General. I may add that this was not an isolated instance, as I found the same disposition in every German non-commissioned officer I met, as will be seen further on in the description of the gentleman at Bukoba.

More than three weeks elapsed before I had altogether recovered from the severe attack of fever that had nearly carried me off after leaving Urambo. My stay at Tabora was, however, not wasted, as I devoted my time to the study of the Kswahili language. I also put into shape the survey I had made of my route from Ujiji to Urambo, and I paid several visits to the neighbouring villages. In one of these I found the chief of Unyanyembe—a woman: she was a constant visitor at the German station, only four miles distant from her place, and the chief object of these visits was to get a sip of *Pombe ya Ulaya* (beer of Europe), the native name for brandy. I confess that I considered it a most disgraceful thing on the part of the Germans thus to encourage among the natives a taste for spirits, of which they were, so far, absolutely ignorant. The non-commissioned officers thought it a great joke to send the woman away drunk after she had come to call on them.

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My trading goods were nearly exhausted, and it was absolutely necessary that I should invest in a fresh supply. I found four or five Arab traders settled in the place. All of them had a large stock of calico, beads, copper and iron wire, the currency of the country, and I was much astonished at the comparatively low prices they asked for these—their prices being fully thirty per cent. below those asked by the African Lakes Company at Blantyre. I purchased a large stock of about 8000 yards of calico, and, as usual, the Arab made no difficulty in accepting my draft on Zanzibar in payment.

Six Mauser carbines and two donkeys were lent to me by the Germans on the understanding that I should hand them over to the officer in command of the station at Muanza. I was assured that the country I was going to cross was perfectly quiet, as the Waduhu had not forgotten the lesson given to them by Mr. Stanley.



UNYAMWEZI HUT.

CHAPTER XVII.

FROM TABORA TO LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA.

I LEFT Tabora on the 29th August, 1893. In an hour and three-quarters' march we reached the village of Malahani, the "pero" or frontier village of Unyanyembe.

The second day of the journey I started early, as the principal village of Unye, for which we were making, is a long march distant through a waterless forest. Nothing of importance happened except the disappearance of one of my men. He left his gun and cartridges, and made off into the jungle. The astonishing thing (for an African) was that to find the cause of his desertion you had to *chercher la femme*. And such a woman! Ugly as the seven deadly sins she appeared to my uninstructed eyes, and for her this imbecile went off without forty-nine rupees which I owed him.

Six hours' march on the 31st brought us to Isikisa, the capital of Unye. Just before we arrived we heard several shots in the distance. Knowing that there had been war in this part, I lost no time in distributing cartridges to my men—only of course to discover afterwards that the shots formed part of the ritual of a big dance. I marched past the village and camped a few hundred yards beyond, at the station of Mr. Stokes, of whose subsequent death at the hands of a Belgian officer I shall have something to say presently. Soon after my arrival the chief Magembe, a small boy of twelve, came to pay me a visit. He brought me the usual present, a goat, five chickens, and two dozen eggs—they were rotten, but that was a detail. In return

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

he made a modest demand for sugar and brandy. Here I perceived at once the civilizing influence of the Germans. In the course of the day I returned his call. His village is very large, and I had to pass no less than five stockades before I reached his two palaces. I say palaces, because I had never seen a native chief with so magnificent an abode—two square houses some fifty feet high with large thatched roofs. At the entrance was a verandah with Moorish windows, from which circumstance I knew that the houses had been built by an Arab. Although magnificent, they were of course extremely dirty. The young chief had twenty little slaves about eight to twelve years old, and it was his great delight to beat them. He made them file in front of him, and landed each of them a heavy blow with a stick as he passed. He was especially triumphant when he left a good big weal. I should have liked to give the little ruffian a couple of dozen for himself. I was detained here a second day by a sore foot, due to the horrid jiggers, and took the opportunity to show the chief a few simple conjuring tricks, to his immeasurable astonishment; and I had no cause to regret the delay, as it enabled me to see a great dance which came off in the afternoon. This was very interesting. The Mfumu (witch-doctor) first danced a *pas seul*, accompanied by five tomtoms, beaten with little sticks. He wore on his head a diadem made out of a zebra's mane; two bands of goatskin were arranged crosswise over his chest, and his arms were covered with the same. A piece of cloth hung down to his knees in front and to his ankles behind. He was also covered with anklets. He began by walking in a circle in front of the drums, then gradually increased his pace till he broke into a run. Then he stopped suddenly and began a jig, in the middle of which, heaving his chest vigorously, with his arms stretched out before him, he dropped to the ground. While dancing he sang a little solo of his own, accompanied by the spectators. Then he rose, and striking one of the drums two or three times

TABORA TO LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA

began another song, the whole company joining in the chorus, after which he went through the whole of the previous performance. This lasted all day and went on till late in the night. A large crowd had collected round him, and at times grew quite enthusiastic, men and women divesting themselves of their ornaments, necklaces, bracelets, and anklets, and throwing them at his feet—for all the world like the crowd in a Spanish bull-ring when the toreador has slain the bull. He picked up these presents without speaking, and deposited them in front of the orchestra of drums as he passed. The whole thing was grotesquely impressive.

On the 22nd of September we marched three hours and a half across sandy plains covered with brushwood and dotted with numerous villages, until we reached the pero of Unye. An hour further brought us to a little village called Lukogo qua Kanaka, where we camped under a group of very fine trees. The chief gave me a most desirable sheep, a fowl, and some flour.

Since leaving Tabora I had discovered a new African pest—a sort of tick. This abomination (“kufu” is its native name) plants its head in your skin and sucks the blood till its body is swollen to the size of a pea. If it attacks you during the night and finishes its supper undisturbed, you will find in the morning a little red point at the spot where it has fed. It deposits in the wound a sort of watery liquor, and five or six hours afterwards this creates inflammation. Later on a blister is raised, and the watery liquor contained in it produces a violent sore.

Our first stopping-place the next day was the capital of the district of Ndala; its chief, Utao, is a woman. She owns a fine herd of cattle, which escaped rinderpest when it cleared the surrounding neighbourhood. Our road led at first through a dry, sandy plain, with many small villages; then we entered a forest. Never have I seen a forest of so desolate an aspect—great trees without a single leaf on

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

them, while the ground was covered with brown leaves. I might have thought myself in Europe at the beginning of winter, and the blazing sun seemed oddly out of place. After two hours we left this forest and came out on an undulating plain, very dry, and thickly dotted with villages.

September 4th was the anniversary of Sedan, and, like our armies in 1870, I sustained a crushing defeat; and my fate was still worse, for I was driven to an ignominious flight. Two hours and a half over a dry undulating country, covered with scrub and grass, brought us to a little village where I meant to camp. We entered it, and while I was having some food I saw some of my men leaping out of one of the huts as if possessed of demons. Close behind them came an army of bees. Everybody bolted into the huts; some daring heroes tried to save the goats and fowls, which were attacked by the furious enemy. All that were not brought in fled on every side—simply mad with pain. One of my donkeys broke his tether and dashed through the village at a furious gallop; then, charging into the tembe, burst through the outer wall and escaped into the open country. My other two donkeys, whose ropes were too strong for them, rolled on the ground and howled; I had followed the example of the natives and dashed into one of the huts, but upon seeing this I wrapped myself in blankets, and, waving torches of burning straw, hastened to the rescue. I managed to get the donkeys loose and had them led out of the village. I have seen a herd of oxen in terror of lions, but never have I seen so many living creatures in such mad panic as I saw on that day, and they had good reason. Instead of flying in a compact swarm the bees darted with the swiftness of lightning to every part of the village; nobody could venture out of the huts without half a dozen of them literally fastening themselves upon him; if the door of a hut was so much as left ajar the swarm of bees darted at the opening, and only in the darkest

TABORA TO LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA

corners could one escape their attack. In spite of their great number there was no humming: it was a silent, grim, pitiless onslaught. At the end of an hour I ventured out of my retreat, as the bees seemed to have disappeared, but in a moment I was attacked again and driven back into the hut. At last when their numbers had diminished I blew my whistle, the signal of the assembly. Every burden was strapped on in the twinkling of an eye, and we fled from the village. My men had never shown themselves so nimble.

I soon discovered what had provoked this attack. The Wanyamwezi of this part of the country are great bee-keepers; outside each village a few trees, which manage to grow in the miserable sandy soil, are covered with artificial hives—old gourds, with a hole bored through them; pots upside down; old boxes made of bark, or any other thing that comes handy. Besides this they put down in the darkest corner of their huts short poles smeared with honey, and on these the bees come and make their combs; almost every hut thus has its open hive. You can go near and watch the bees at work. They are harmless if undisturbed. But it appeared that one of my men had gone into a hut and carelessly lit a fire near one of the nests: the disturbed bees rushed at him in a body; the alarm was passed from hive to hive, and the scene I have just described was the result. If we had not been able to take shelter I verily believe that more than one of my men would have been killed; as it was, many of them were stung most cruelly. The two donkeys, which had not been able to escape immediately, were in a terrible state an hour later, and in spite of several doses of ammonia were very bad all night. Besides providing the natives with honey their bees are most useful to defend the villages from the attacks of an enemy. The villages of this part of Africa greatly differ in construction from those we had met so far: they consist of two walls, an outer and an inner one, about ten feet apart, and made of

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

poles stuck in the ground and plastered over with earth and cow-dung mixed together; the space between these two walls is covered up with a flat roof of sticks over which is heaped a thick layer of earth. This sort of covered gallery is then divided with partitions of sticks plastered over like the walls. These chambers are used by the natives instead of huts, so that in the centre of the village is a huge open space where a single hut—the chief's residence—stands. These chambers in the walls are called "tembe"; they are very dark, light coming only through the door opening inside the village. In the outer wall, with the exception of the two doors leading into the



MY CAMP BEFORE A TEMBE

village, there are no openings. Small holes about half the size of the hand are cut out and are used by the bees to go outside. In case an enemy attempts to climb the wall—about twelve feet high—he must put his foot inside one of these openings, and immediately the bees rush to attack him, and will drive away an army more effectually than hundreds of guns.

Next day we came to a village, in the middle of which were three ostrich eggs fastened to a pole. Desiring to buy one of these I went in. Not a soul was to be seen. After waiting awhile I heard a noise in one of the huts, and called to the people. No answer. Then my men cried out to the inmates not to be afraid, I should do them no harm. Still no answer. My men insisted, but all their

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assurances were useless until they said I was not a German. The effect was instantaneous: the people came out of their huts in a moment. It happened to be a chief's hut I had hit upon, and he gave me one of the eggs. While we were talking David came to tell me that some of my men, led by one of the German post-boys who accompanied my expedition, were busy pillaging the village. I hurried up and caught the post-boy and four of my men in the act. One had in his hand a chicken he had just killed, another a skin and three assegais; three dead chickens lay on the ground. I had the malefactors seized, paraded my men, and sent for the chief of the village. "The people of this village are absent," I told him, "and my men have profited by that fact to loot it. But white men never steal, and do not allow their people to do so. When your men return you can tell them how Mpanda Chalo* punishes thieves." And on the spot I ordered each of the guilty parties to receive two dozen. The chief then explained to me that all the women and most of the men of the village had fled, having heard that the Germans were coming. This was the second time in two days that I had heard the same tale. The day before, at the village where I camped, the chief told me, as an excuse for giving me only a little flour as a present, that all the women had fled believing me to be a German. Wanyamwezi call the Germans "Wa-daki," which may be translated "the men of wrath." In vain did I explain to the natives that the Germans were no worse than other people. "Yes, yes," they answered, "they are; the Germans are bad men." "But if their people do you any harm you have only to complain to the Bwana Nkuba" (the "Big Master," chief of a caravan or district). "Yes," they replied, "and if you complain the Bwana Nkuba has you beaten. Their soldiers steal everything and take women by force. Why did Stokesi (Stokes) allow them to come here?" In vain

* The name given to me by my men. It means literally "The man who ploughs the land," *i.e.*, the man that nothing stops.

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I tried to make them understand that the country belonged to the Germans and not to Stokes. "No, no," they invariably answered, "Stokes is and has been for years our Sultan, and he is no German, but an Englishman, and he only allowed the Germans to come here, not knowing how bad they were. If he had not told us that they were his friends we would have fought them, and they would not have been able to pass through here."

But to get back to my subject. Having punished the thieves I set off again. After about an hour and a quarter's march the character of the country began to change. Up to now we had been crossing undulating plains covered with scrub—thorns without leaves, but bearing charming red flowers. But now the country suddenly changed, and an infinity of splendid palms rose in every direction. After more than two hours' marching we crossed the two arms of a small dry stream running south-west. All the natives of the country agreed with my guides in asserting that this was the Igombe, and I cannot doubt it. Half an hour after this point we halted for the night at a village very different from those we had found hitherto. Most of the habitations were huts of the Urambo type, and there was no tembe encircling the village.

I forgot to say that during this day's march I witnessed a very interesting little scene. We met a witch-doctor on the road, and one of my men asked him for medicine to keep him from illness during the journey. The Mfumu took one of his little gourds, poured some white powder into his hand and passed half of it to my man. He then put the powder on his forehead, laying it in a semicircle from one temple to the other and saying "Iwile." My man did the same and repeated the same word. Then the witch-doctor repeated it once more, together with some other words which I did not catch, and these also my man said after him. I fancy these words were "Muvile ku sewa," which in Kinyamwezi means "the body being hot"—their expression for fever.

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Next day we passed through large plains sprinkled with villages. The path wound across the plain so as to lead from one village to the other ; so I abandoned it, and made straight for a large rock that was our ultimate destination. My guide was intensely disgusted at such an unsportsmanlike method of travelling. Our stopping-place that night was Itogo, an immense village, consisting of three circular tembes about thirty yards one from the other. The space between them was absolutely bare, without a hut or tree, and gave a most desolate aspect to the place. It might have been a fortress with all the buildings razed and only the walls left standing. I was conducted to the dwelling of the chief ; he received me in a most peculiar hut built of logs, which formed his audience chamber. This hut is round, about four yards in diameter, with walls inside it over three feet thick. The walls bulged outwards, so that the chamber was larger at the top than at the base. Inside the coolness was delicious. Kumba Masaka—such was the gentleman's name—was a big fellow, six feet high, and about forty years old. On his arms he wore numerous ivory bracelets. Round his neck was a large necklace made of shells, and he had leather rings on his ankles. His people seemed very much afraid of him. He possessed a considerable number of goats, sheep, and cattle with large humps ; in fact, he was a very important person altogether. He was also the proud possessor of a dozen dancers, and in the evening he gave a performance for my benefit. These dancers wore on their heads a great tuft of guinea-fowls' feathers, surmounted by a white ostrich plume ; this head-dress is tied on a high pivot of wood fastened with a string round the head. From their arms hung long strips of white skin, and smaller strips were bound round the chest. The most interesting part of the costume was special dancing sandals worn by each dancer ; these consisted of five or six strips of leather fastened lightly together, so that they clattered each time the dancer struck his foot on the ground. As for the dance itself, the

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performers arranged themselves in a circle round the conductor; he began a song which the dancers accompanied. This air was in four-time—a sort of African polka. The first two beats were danced on one foot with the other raised; at the third the foot in the air was brought down and struck vigorously on the ground; the fourth beat was received in silence, while the other foot was in its turn raised; at the end of each verse all the dancers took up the song in chorus. Then they started leaping into the air, and on coming down beat the ground rapidly with their two feet in succession. The spectators seemed to appreciate the performance very much, and from time to time pointed with their fingers towards the dancer who was doing best. The dancers for their part seemed enthusiastically in love with their art.

I was told that no white man had ever been there before, and I appeared such a monster that the women did not dare to come near me. Many people in this country let their hair grow very long and roll it up in braids like the Bazizulu and the Amambwe. Calico seemed very rare in the place, and by way of economizing it children went absolutely naked up to fifteen.

The next day (September 7th) we made good progress, and came in an hour and a half to a little river called Uhlo. During the afternoon we had a sharp shower for half an hour. The prospect of a downpour was not cheerful, especially seeing that my waterproof had been stolen, like so many of my other belongings, by the Wahha. It rained hard again all night, and there was a fine drizzle next morning. We went on through a country consisting chiefly of wide open plains with hills on either side. On the way we passed many game pits. These are holes about twelve feet long, six wide, and nine deep. At the bottom are sharp stakes, and the hole is covered with tufts of grass; these pits are only used during the rains. We found many fresh traces of game. We crossed the river Manyonga, which runs

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north-west, and in a quarter of an hour came on it again journeying east. Crossing it we came to a village whose people make salt from the mud found near the river; they wash this mud and filter it in earthen pots and then let the water evaporate. Soon after leaving this village I saw a troop of zebras, and shot one of them. Then in an hour I reached Zimizia, a little village where we camped. The chief was a woman—Kalulu. There again I witnessed an interesting ceremony connected, I need hardly say, with the witch-doctoring industry.

It appeared that a sorcerer, wishing to cause the death of some enemy, had recently come in the night to put down medicine before his huts. Consequently the people had called in an eminent doctor to preserve them from the effects of this medicine. The ceremony was the most elaborate I ever saw in Africa, or anywhere else for that matter. It opened with the slaughter of six goats, the doctor in the meanwhile pounding some black substance in a mortar. Then, placing the flesh in two large pots over a fire, he threw in the medicine he had just prepared. Six persons—the eldest about forty, the youngest about one—then went into a hut: these were the people to be unbewitched. They were followed by the Mfumu and his four assistants, one of whom stood at the door shaking a gourd full of pebbles. The doctor intoned a song, and at the end of each couplet the people inside the hut responded with a long dull murmur. At the end of half an hour the song ceased, and the six persons for whose benefit the ceremony was taking place emerged from the hut seated on little wooden stools, which they clutched under their bodies, jumping along with them in a sitting posture, not unlike a frog. The doctor and his acolytes walked behind them. Each of the patients had white stars marked all over the body—two on the hair, one each on the forehead, on the extremity of the nose, on the upper lip, on each temple, two on the left cheek, two on the left shoulder, three on the left arm,

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and three on the left leg. They came hopping out of the hut, clinging to their little stools under them, in order of age. The baby came last, helped by the doctor, and then they all stopped. The doctor put round the neck of each a large collar of blue and white beads; then he arranged them in a semicircle, always without letting them leave their stools. He placed upon the ground an oblong wooden trough containing a little water with medicine in it, and the six patients each put one foot in this. The doctor and each of his assistants then took small medicine cups and shook them, singing the while a monotonous chant, while the spectators shook gourds full of pebbles. Little by little the doctor and his assistants advanced towards the trough, still shaking their medicine cups: these had handles and were mounted on a small piece of leather split in two in the centre. These cups were held over the trough; the six patients, still leaving one foot in the water, looked up towards the doctor; he and his men then passed the handle, which had been previously covered with medicine, between each of the toes of the patients, then along the foot, and up the leg as far as the knee. The patients then turned their left hands, palms upwards, towards the doctors, who slowly passed the handle of the medicine cup along each finger, then over the palm and up the arm to the shoulder, then over the back of the neck, over the arm and left cheek, under the eye, over the lips, along the nose, over the forehead, and finally over the head—in fact, all along the line of the white stars marked on their bodies. The doctors then placed the leather strap holding the cups on the heads of the six subjects. All this time the chief doctor was still singing, and his assistants accompanying him. At this point the song became more rapid and the spectators broke into a dance. This song over, the patients themselves removed the leather talismans from their heads, placed them for a moment to their lips, and then hung them from their left shoulders. There was

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another song and another dance, after which the chief witch-doctor assumed an air of inspiration. He extended his two arms, with the hands spread out and joined together, and bowed his head between them. Then, always singing, he pressed his left arm against his forehead, his hands stretched out and pointing to the right. He shook his whole body violently, and the dance and the song became more lively for about ten minutes, after which they ceased. The doctor took the medicine cups from the shoulders of the patients, they withdrew their feet from the trough, and this also the chief doctor took away. He and his four assistants then placed themselves each before a patient, turning their backs to them. The patient put his little finger in the hand of the *Mfumu*, who took a step forward, and the patient rose. The chief doctor examined the meat, turned it over and distributed it to the whole company. The ceremony was over. It had lasted more than two hours. Soon afterwards the holy men departed, carrying the horns of the goats which had been killed for the ceremony strung on a stick. I took my notes of this extraordinary ritual as it went on, so that I can guarantee their accuracy. If two hours and a half of it did not unbewitch the patients I should think nothing would.

The next day I passed from religion, or physic if you like, to sport. We had hardly been going half an hour when I saw a large herd of wildebeest, perhaps a mile away. A little further, not much more than a quarter of a mile from us, ten or a dozen zebras appeared. I managed to get within shot and dropped a zebra. The others galloped off, but stopped again about three hundred yards further. A wildebeest which was accompanying the zebras stood out by himself, and I brought him down with the second shot. As this was the first game I had seen since leaving the *Shiré* river, I decided to spend the rest of the day stalking them. I pitched my camp at the first village we came to, and went off with

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David after the beasts. We had not gone half an hour before we came on some more wildebeest, and I shot another. We then went towards a valley, where we came upon the most beautiful spectacle of animal life I have ever seen. The whole plain was alive with game; on my left a score of zebras were feeding, and by them as many hartebeest; in front of me was another herd of about thirty zebras, and on the right a herd of more than two hundred wildebeest with thirty more zebras. It was impossible to get to the wildebeest without frightening the zebras before me. I therefore approached these on all fours; but when I was about 150 yards from them they saw me and turned towards me, superbly beautiful. I fired and missed; but as they were scampering off in a serried mass I fired again and brought one down. My two shots had put the whole plain in motion; the zebras fled in a close body at a slow gallop, the hartebeest scampered after them with little bounds, while the wildebeest were off in single file. They ran a few hundred yards, then all stopped again; but I had plenty of meat for my men, and no desire to kill for the sake of killing. I stopped awhile before turning back to contemplate the ravishing spectacle before me. There can be nothing more graceful than these perfectly-formed zebras as they play together. I hate killing a zebra: they are such perfect specimens of the equine race. Nothing would be easier in these great plains than to capture them with the lasso. A few good cowboys with good horses are all that would be needed, and I am convinced that the zebra can be domesticated. Never before in Africa had I seen so much game together, and the country is admirable for stalking—wide plains with short grass, intersected by little streams. One could see the whole country round for three or four miles, while the unevenness of the ground allows you to get near the game. On our return to camp we hardly went for a minute without starting gazelles, small antelopes, or

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foxes. We met two more herds of wildebeest, and so great was their number that for ten minutes they cantered in front of me in Indian file. That night my men never went to sleep, but spent their time cooking and eating.

Next day I still saw herds of hartebeest and zebras in great plenty. An hour's march brought us to a plain, marshy during the rains, but now quite dry. After this the aspect of the country changed, the plain becoming covered with brushwood and palms. I had been much struck during the last day or two by the number of fair children I saw. The women in this part of the Wanyamwezi country are of a dark yellow colour, but their hair is a dirty greyish-black. The children, on the other hand, have quite fair hair growing in towzled tufts, but much less coarse than is found in the people further south. They all have short faces, large, prominent cheek-bones, and short, very wide noses. I wanted to measure them and to get some of their hair, but that would never do. They knew very well what I wanted it for: it was to make medicine to bewitch them.

The hunters of this region all wear bracelets cut out from elephants' nails, and necklaces made of elephants' tails, to which they attach great value. The women smoke earthen pipes. The children wear round their waists a girdle of beads, with strings of white and blue beads hanging down in front of it. In one of the villages I assisted in the manufacture of copper bracelets. The smith took a bar of copper and heated it over a wood charcoal fire; he then gripped the two ends each in a kind of vice and bent them inwards, and finally completed the bracelet on a little anvil planted in the earth.

The habit I had adopted of always camping in the interior of a village was, I believe, the only way to study the natives; but it had its inconveniences. The vermin was beyond words. However, I was now beginning to become accustomed to it, and slept peaceably among fleas

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and ticks which devoured me. All this time my health was perfect, a most agreeable change. This region must be very healthy; the water, all of which comes from holes in the ground, has a milky appearance, but is very good.

The 11th September was marked by a weary march, through forests and dried-up swamps, of six and a half hours. In the marshes the ground was cracked by the heat, so that walking was very difficult; and when I tried to use one of my donkeys, the sagacious brute immediately put his feet in a hole and rolled over me. We camped at Nindo, and here I found that a good action is never done in vain. When I was on the march from Ujiji to Urambo, a woman came to me and asked leave to accompany my caravan as far as Usikuma; she had been carried off in slavery in the course of a war, but had succeeded in escaping. I gave her my permission, and a little calico to buy food. At Nindo she discovered her brother, who came to thank me, and brought me two sheep and some flour.

The chief of Nindo—Pangiro by name—was a young man of about twenty, distinguished by an irreproachable and even startling cleanness. All his followers were similarly remarkable for the same rare quality. The chief showed himself very friendly, thanked me for having taken care of one of his people, and begged me to remain at his village during the next day that we might become blood-brothers, an invitation which I accepted. He showed a lively interest in all my belongings, particularly my watch. Among other questions he asked whether it was true that there were two suns—one which went to bed one evening, and another which got up next day. I explained the true state of affairs to him, and he was intensely interested. He spoke to me of Bula Matora,* which is the native name for Mr. Stanley, and told me that the people

* "The man who breaks the stones."

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of Nera had made war upon him, intending to rob him, but that he gave them such a lesson that they have never attacked any caravan since that time. Nobody among the natives I came across had anything but good to say of Mr. Stanley. "He did not let his soldiers steal, and then if one complained to him he went carefully into the case, and if one of his men was guilty of an offence against the natives he never failed to punish him. He was not like the Wa Daki [Germans]; when they came into the country two years and a half ago [Emin Pasha] the soldiers sacked all the villages, and if any one complained he was beaten. Ah! the Wa Daki are bad men. They speak like an axe splitting wood!"

The next day I gave an exhibition of patience that would have done credit to an angel. The chief and six of his people were in and about my tent from six in the morning to six at night. In the afternoon Pangiro returned to his idea that we must become brothers. I agreed. He then led me to his hut, and there presented me with—a woman, and a very ugly one too. What in the world was I to do with this embarrassing present? Yet that might have been got over; I might have given her to one of my men. But Pangiro also declared that I must give him in exchange eight pieces of calico, which is over 250 yards, and four guns with cartridges. That was too much. No, I said, I would give him two pieces of calico and no more. Thereupon arose an interminable *shauri* (conference), until I declared that I was going to eat. "Well," he said, "we will speak again to-morrow." "No," said I; "to-morrow I go away." "Oh! no, no, you will not," answered his prime minister; and with that chief and ministers retired, the chief declaring that we would not become brothers, and that we were no longer friends. After I had dined I sent him this message—"Upanda Chalo is a friend of the blacks when they treat him as a friend. But when they choose to treat him as an enemy, while he behaves as a friend—very well: if it

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has to be war, let it be war. Let Pangiro then send his word to Upanda Chalo—peace or war?”

These words will seem to show a good deal of rashness on my part; and, to tell the truth, if Pangiro had chosen to take them ill I should have been in a very tight place. He had men enough to annihilate me and my people in a matter of minutes. But I was beginning to know the natives; and my attitude, as I never doubted it would, produced a good effect. “No,” was the reply; “I do not wish for war, but I do not see why you should not give me what I asked for; white men are so rich.” I answered that I came from a long way off, and had been on the road for thirty moons; I had no more calico left, except what would serve to pay my way to Zanzibar to return to my brothers. My guns were necessary to defend myself against the Ruga-Ruga. To-morrow, I went on, I would resume my journey; and since we were not to become brothers, not having exchanged blood, we would still remain friends. That evening Pangiro’s principal wife came to call upon me. “To-morrow,” she told me, “you will exchange blood with the chief.” “No; to-morrow I start again.” I flattered the lady by admiring her beauty, gave her some beads, and sent her away delighted.

I was very glad to get off the next morning without further incident after exciting the covetousness of Pangiro; however, we parted good friends, and three days’ march, remarkable only for rain and thunder, brought me to Salawe.

I had taken great care, in passing through this country, to question the natives very carefully about its geography, and especially as to the rivers we crossed from time to time. The conclusion to which I came, on the unanimous testimony of all the hunters I questioned during ten days’ march, was this: the river Igundo runs between the mountains of Msalala and Mohondo. It passes to the south of Solwa, which was my camp on the 14th

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September. From the south it receives the river Uhlo and the river which comes from the country of Lohumbo. These rivers I had crossed about ten days before. The Igundo, said the natives, then flows north-west and falls into the Victoria Nyanza at Makolo, where on the German maps it is called the Isanga. This information was quite clear and precise, and everything tended to confirm it. From Sindai, my halting place on the 16th, I could discern, and took the direction of, the Msalala Mountains, which extend to Makolo; and the Igundo runs on the near side of them. This being so, I can assert with confidence that it is the most southern affluent of the Nile, whose basin thus extends as far south as about the fourth degree of south latitude, being divided from the basin of Lake Tanganika by a low range of hills, on the other side of which the river Igombe takes its rise. Hitherto Speke had been the only traveller who had occasion to cross this river, and it might be considered strange that he does not mention it. But it must be remembered that at this time the Victoria Nyanza was unknown, that Speke was travelling at hazard, and that it is not surprising that he should omit to notice a river, doubtless more or less dry, running north-west, while his guides were leading him north-east. In any case I believe I may claim the distinction of having discovered the true source of the Nile. The fact would have been more likely to be considered an important one forty years ago. All the same, it is gratifying to be able to tack an appendix on to the work of the great explorers.

On Saturday, 15th September, we marched to Salawe. The journey was very tiring, and at its end I was little disposed to sleep. But even had I been it would have been impossible, for about eleven in the evening David rushed into my tent, crying in despairing tones, "Bwana nkuba inioka" (Great master, a serpent). He had been bitten in the finger by a snake. I immediately made a

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tight ligature above the bite and a large incision; then, while they brought me my medicine chest, I made several other ligatures on the finger, wrist and arm. I cauterized the place first with pure ammonia and then with a red-hot iron. As the finger was not very much swollen I did not think it necessary to amputate it; but in spite of a strong dose of ammonia, toxic symptoms soon appeared. The unfortunate David howled continually with the intense pain, and his extremities began to grow cold. I kept on making him drink brandy, of which I luckily had a bottle with me. In spite of this, tetanus and convulsions came on in half an hour, and I thought it was all over. As a last resource I tried strychnine, which I had seen recommended in an English medical journal; having no hypodermic syringe, I administered one-sixth of a grain by the mouth, and repeated half the dose in a quarter of an hour with good results. For the next hour, however, it took five men to hold him. At last, three hours after the bite, his circulation became normal again; but his sufferings were so terrible that, having no morphine, I gave him one grain of opium. At the end of half an hour he became calm. An hour later his pain recommenced, but less severely. Next morning I applied cataplasms and had him carried in a hammock; incredible as it may seem, he was all right the next evening. My men of course regarded me as a witch-doctor of the first eminence after this, for they never believed that David would get over it; for that matter neither did I. The village of Solwa stands among enormous rocks; in the distance appear the mountains of Nera, towards which we were going. At Sindai, where we arrived that evening, my reputation as a Mfumu had preceded me, and I was met by a man who came to show me his foot. The little toe was enormously swollen and full of matter. I told him to go and wash it, because it would have to be opened. The imbecile misunderstood me and

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returned a quarter of an hour later, very tranquil, having cut off his toe. I dressed it, and in a few moments a dozen others had collected, with their feet in an awful condition from the jiggers. Half of them had removed the parts attacked, cutting themselves to the bone. Others had removed the big toe-nail. All these sores were most dreadful, and all I could do was to dress them with corrosive sublimate and iodoform. It was there that I was first able to judge of the terrible havoc caused by funza—jiggers. In this village there was not a man, woman, or child who was not covered with ulcers. The people had fine humped oxen, which they kept in large



THE VILLAGE OF SOLWA.

covered kraals, and plenty of sheep. The village was built in the midst of grand, wild mountain scenery, and among the rocks were numerous monkeys, rock rabbits, and some magnificent lizards with red heads and shoulders and blue bodies and tails.

Two days' march on the 17th and 18th among mountains brought us to Urima. The country is an alternation of mountains and treeless plains, dotted with little hills. Before reaching Urima we had entered the district of Usikuma: the population here is of a very different type from the natives we had already met. The cheek-bones are very prominent, and the lower part of the face from the nose to the chin very long and pointed. The colour of the people is a clear yellow. They let their hair grow

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very long, and arrange it with the greatest care in rolls. This done, they fasten a cloth round the head so closely that it flattens the hair, and on the following day they place on top of the head a great lump of butter. This melts in the sun and runs down over their foreheads, necks, and arms, scenting them with the most delicious rancid odour. The most elegant of these people wear a costume somewhat similar to that worn by the Wahha, an ox-skin fastened over the right shoulder and open at the side. The less elegant have only a goat-skin covering the middle and the left side. The ornament most cherished by them is a flat bracelet of ivory, worn above the elbow. The women wear round their waists a number of skins falling to the ankles—a costume not unlike that of the Makalaka women. Round the neck they wear heavy collars of beads, mostly small red or white ones, though the most valued are red or blue, flat and transparent. On the wrists they wear five or six heavy bracelets of copper; these are continuous circles, not broken like the bracelets I have lately described. On the ankles are perhaps fifty rings of iron wire. As earrings, both men and women wear flat pieces of copper, or sometimes of copper wire, with a small ball attached. The men tattoo their faces and the women their chests. The villages again in this part of the country show a great difference from those last described. Each is surrounded by a large irregular fence of euphorbus. The huts are grouped in clusters of three or four, connected together by smaller hedges of euphorbus standing in the middle of the outer enclosure. The natives possess large numbers of sheep, goats, and cattle. They drink milk from large three-footed goblets.



IVORY ARMLET.

Half an hour after leaving Urima we got a fine view of the arm of the Victoria Nyanza which runs up to Nera. Our path led through a plain covered with hills, until, an hour and three quarters from our start, we descended

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to a marshy flat, on the other side of which was a range of hills extending as far as the lake. On reaching these we found them formed of huge rocks of a most wild and savage appearance. There we were overtaken by



USIKUMA MILK JUGS AND GOBLETS.

a violent storm of rain, and had to take refuge in a small village among the rocks. The inhabitants, as was now becoming a matter of course, all took to their heels and hid among the rocks until they were quite certain that we were not Germans. Next morning the weather was magnificent, and I climbed up a hill above the village, whence I enjoyed one of the finest views I ever saw in Africa. At my feet was the lake, which is only three or four miles broad at this point, covered with little islands, and bounded by mountains on the opposite shore; behind me a confused mass of great rocks, grouped together in indescribable confusion, with the most savage and romantic appearance possible. An hour's quick march through a narrow valley entirely surrounded by these enormous piles of rock brought me to the French Mission of Bukumbi, where I was received with the greatest cordiality by my compatriots.

Next day came a letter announcing that a German boat would leave on the morrow for Bukoba. Desiring to profit by the opportunity, I made a hurried march to Muanza—five hours of mountainous and difficult country. On arriving I found that the boat could not take me with all my men and baggage, so I sent on ten loads with Wana-Omari, the man I had brought with me from Lake

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Nyasa. By the same boat I sent a letter to the non-commissioned officer in charge of the Bukoba station, and asked him to send me boats. Two days later four arrived from Uganda, but they could not take me as they had come to fetch an English missionary. However, the boatmen offered to take me to Bukumbi, whither I had promised to return, and at five in the evening I embarked. There was a good deal of sea running, and it was six hours before we got into the bay of Bukumbi,



SPEKE GULF, LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA.

and in the dark it took us more than half an hour before we could find a place where we could land. The whole shore of the Victoria Nyanza is covered with tall reeds, which grow several hundred yards into the lake, so that it is very difficult to land anywhere. After three days I returned to Muanza, and busied myself with correcting my maps, taking photographs—Dr. Langheldt, of the Anti-Slavery Society, having very kindly lent me an apparatus, as I had left mine at Bukumbi—and writing a great number of letters, as one of the French fathers was about to start for the coast.

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I spent my time between the Mission Station of Bukumbi and the German Station at Muanza. I am afraid I cannot altogether admire the purpose and method of the missionaries. If they only spent the whole day teaching natives their catechism, I would call it useless but harmless enough; but my objection to them is a more serious one. I refer to their meddling in politics. I have not forgiven their Bishop, Monseigneur Hirth, having requested me to write officially to the Minister of Foreign Affairs to inform him that eighteen French missionaries and 100,000 Roman Catholics were in danger of being put to death any day in Uganda; this information he gave me in writing, adding, "Notwithstanding the danger, the French missionaries cannot think of abandoning their converts." It will be seen further on how far this was true. As I suspected, nay, knew for a fact, that it was an absolute fabrication, I declined to communicate this information to the French Government, and resolved to study most carefully the true situation of Uganda. Having found nothing but praise to bestow on the British Administration, I gave it in all impartiality. I suppose that if I had done the reverse, and, like Prince Henri of Orleans, courted popularity by abusing everything English, I should have been received on my return with open arms instead of becoming the best abused man in France.

The German station is built in the worst situation that could possibly be found. They had the vandalism to cut down all the trees round it to save themselves the trouble of going a quarter of a mile to get firewood. Faithful to their system, the Germans have also burnt all the villages within a radius of five miles or so from their station, and I am bound to say, from what I saw of them, that they well deserve the name of "men of wrath." None of those I met there ever spoke to a black except with foam on the lips and insults on the tongue. The smallest fault was punished by twenty-five strokes of kiboko—*i.e.*, hippopotamus-hide whip—a regular institution

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

there; blows with the fist and sticks did not count. Of the ten days I spent at Muanza not a single one passed without two or three poor devils being flogged in this manner; I have seen as many as eight at a time. Now I am not a philanthropist, but I have a horror of seeing either men or beasts ill-treated without cause. Above all, seeing a vicious non-commissioned officer playing the grand seigneur is sickening to me. For myself, I own freely and gratefully that I was always most kindly received by all the Germans I came across. But unless they change their system of dealing with the natives I do not think they can either hope or deserve to succeed in Africa.

One day in particular I was present at a scene which was simply heartbreaking. Some days previously a few pounds of beads had been stolen from the room of one of the Germans in the station. It was proved, or was said to have been proved, that two of the women of the station had stolen them; it was also said they had bought pombe (native cider) with the proceeds. As the first step, all the women were put in irons and received fifteen lashes apiece "to make them speak." That had happened some days before. On the day I speak of the female chief of the wives of the native soldiers had been sent for, from a station some ten miles away to the south, and also the representative of Mr. Stokes, who had a station a mile or two to the north. It was in these two places that the women were supposed to have bought pombe. Observe that neither the chief of the soldiers' wives nor the representative of Stokes was implicated in the theft. The proceedings began with the examination of the latter witness, a black, but rather superior in education. "You sold some pombe?" "No." Bang, bang; a shower of blows with the fist rained on the wretched man's face. "You sold some pombe?" "No, master." Another volley of blows without giving the witness a moment to explain himself. The poor wretch's mouth was running with blood, and I was so disgusted that I retired.

TABORA TO LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA

A few moments afterwards I returned; the second witness—the head-woman—was being examined.

“Where are the beads?” “Master, I believe that this woman”—— “Give the baggage ten lashes.” They threw the witness on to the ground, and while four



BOY RECEIVING THE KIBOKO.

soldiers held her down, a corporal administered the kiboko.

“Where are the beads?” “Master, a woman”—— “Ten lashes.” The former scene was repeated, and the wretched woman thus received forty lashes to make her give false evidence. Besides this, the so-called magistrate was every minute dealing her blows with his open hand or his fist. And this disgusting scene had the most grotesque setting—the so-called magistrate sitting with a loaded revolver beside him, when he had no one to do with

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

except an unarmed black and a woman. Next day the inquiry began again—that is to say, the pummelling of women, who were all the time in chains. The “magistrate” appeared to notice that I did not altogether admire his method of administering justice, for he said to me, “I hope you will excuse me for being obliged to conduct this inquiry while you are here, but I want to be able to clear up the matter before my colleague arrives. And then you see I am very hasty.”

At this point I interrupted him. “Certainly, certainly,” I said; “don’t mind me.”

I also spent two days at Ukerewe, another post of the Anti-Slavery Society. The Germans had built a magnificent station there, but it is not difficult to build magnificent stations if you have four or five hundred men always at forced labour. If a man tries to escape he is fired upon.

Such were the proceedings of the agents of a society which professed to be suppressing slavery. I could make allowances for a black chief who condemns to death a man accused of sorcery: at least the chief lets the accused take “muavi,” in which the man places the same faith as an Englishman does in the intelligence of a jury: both may be mistaken, but they are satisfied that justice has been rendered to them. I can even make allowances for the Arabs, whom it is the delight of every philanthropist in Europe to abuse; at any rate, I never saw them treat the blacks so badly as the German Anti-Slavery Society does. For the agents of that Society it is certainly difficult to make any allowance whatever.

It must of course be understood that I am not including all German officers in Africa in one condemnation. What I saw of the expedition of Herr Siegl was absolutely different. I am convinced that a juster, more reasonable, and more scrupulous leader than he never travelled in Africa. But unfortunately the Germans are not all like him. Many of the officers are very young men, coming straight from a German regiment to Africa to stay there two years.

TABORA TO LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA

From a subaltern's position in their regiment, where they have not the right to inflict even a small punishment, they come to Africa to find themselves invested with power of life and death. I know a young officer who boasted to me that in British territory he had seized all the fowls of a village, because the chief refused to sell him any. Another German similarly boasted to an Englishman that he had made war on the natives every day during his journey from the coast, and that in this way he had never had to open a bale of trading goods, and my informant said that he appeared very proud of the exploit.

Now I assert, without fear of contradiction, that in the most hostile country in Africa it is unnecessary to have recourse to force of arms more than once. If the natives insist on war, or harass you, then fight and give them an exemplary punishment: that is easy enough if your expedition is accompanied by soldiers, as are those of all Germans. That done, hang the chief if he deserves it; in any case let the punishment be exemplary. But then return to the people everything you have captured—cattle, slaves, women—and explain to them clearly that white men do not come into the country to do harm to the blacks. If the blacks rob or attack them, the whites will punish the blacks, but when the war is over, it is over. Prove your sincerity by buying from these very people what you require, or if they have escaped send messengers to the next village you wish to visit, to assure the people of your pacific intentions. Very soon all the country will know that you are a "good man," and you will find none but friends. Above all, repress severely all theft or outrage on the part of your men, and remember that it is not possible to pass through a country without leaving your mark upon it. Every traveller worthy of the name should do his utmost to impress the native mind with the idea that the white man is a superior being, and that not only by reason of his strength, but above all, of his justice.

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

The weakest spot in the German system is to be found in the European non-commissioned officers, with whom they flood the country. These men command caravans, and are often left in charge of important stations. I know that this has been denied by German officials and editors, who never set eyes on Africa; all I can say is, that in three places—Tabora, Muanza, and Bukoba—I found sergeants in charge. To the blacks the sergeant is, of course, a great chief just as much as an officer, and



NATIVE GERMAN SOLDIERS AT NUANZA.

these men of the lower class naturally play the grand chief as much as they possibly can. Most of the failures of German colonization are traceable, I am sure, to the intoxication which unaccustomed power creates in men.

I quite expect people to say, "Oh, you are a Frenchman, and naturally you can see no good in the Germans." I can only answer—first, that I did see much good in the Germans, and have already expressed my gratitude for the kindness I received from them, and my admiration for the conduct of some of them. In the second place, after a few months' travel in Africa you forget the existence of such comparatively petty distinctions as

TABORA TO LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA

Frenchmen or Germans, British or Portuguese. There only exist two classes in your mind—whites and blacks; and among the whites some know how to conduct themselves, and others do not. You judge them as you find them.



A CLAY DOLL (FEMALE).

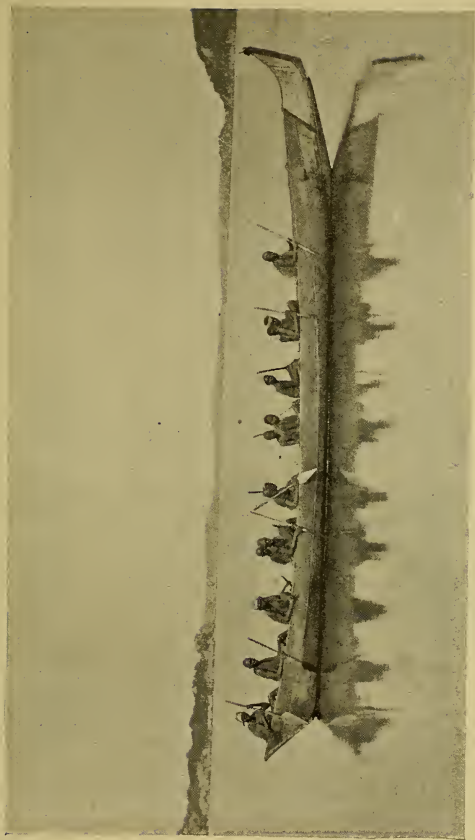
USIKUMA.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ACROSS LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA TO UGANDA

ON the 15th October, 1893, nine boats came for me from Bukoba, and two days later I started from Muanza. I was not sorry to go; the daily business of kiboko was beginning to pall. Two hours and a half on the lake brought me to the island of Juma, where I found Mr. Wise, who had just returned from Uganda. Everything, he told me, was quiet there. Mr. Wise, a former clerk of Stokes', had built a house in the most charming spot, surrounded by trees, with a garden full of flowers; and he gave me the most cordial hospitality that night. Like me he was much shocked by the proceedings of the Germans. When he passed through Bukoba, the sergeant-major in command said to him, "Did you know that there is a Frenchman going to Uganda, who is sent by the French Government? He will make the English sit up."

Starting next day we came on the 19th to the west extremity of the island of Kome, where I landed in order to allow the men to eat. The Germans had warned me against the people there, telling me that they had lately fired on a native soldier; but I knew that native soldier. I had my own ideas as to the probable disposition of the natives, and thought I would chance their hostility. I was extremely well received by them, and they gave me their version of the story. The askari, said they, had come with the Anti-Slavery Society's boat; with the crew he had at once begun pillaging everything. The



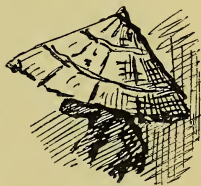
BUKOBA BOAT.

LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA TO UGANDA

natives naturally enough tried to defend their property, and the askari shot one of them. I asked them why they did not go and lay their case before the chief of the district at Muanza. "Yes," said a little fellow with a grin, "to be beaten for our pains ; thank you."

The next day I camped in a beautiful spot surrounded by trees ; but no native appeared : however, I had learnt by now the way to deal with them. I sent a man to explain that I was not a German, and they soon turned up in numbers, bringing with them quantities of food.

Having been now some days with my Bukoba boatmen, I had had ample leisure to observe them, and will attempt a description. It is impossible to fix their average height, some being as tall as 5 ft. 11 in., which is a great height for an African, others not more than 5 ft. 2 in. Their costume consisted of a girdle of grass and a cape of the same material, which fell to about their middle. Some bound their heads round with a piece of banana fibre ; others protected themselves from the sun with a sort of visor of the fibre or bark of the same plant ; others again wore a great hat as big as an umbrella, made of banana bark. The banana is the Providence of Equatorial East Africa. These people are all furious smokers ; they smoke even when rowing, holding their long pipes between their toes. The stems of these are made of thorny wood with the thorns left in place : they suggest an Irish blackthorn. The natives always keep a fire going in the boats, taking



NATIVE HAT.



BAHIMA PIPE.

a tuft of dry grass and winding it closely with green grass to keep it smouldering. They light the dry grass before starting, and from time to time they keep the fire alive by blowing on it. The boats are made of a

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

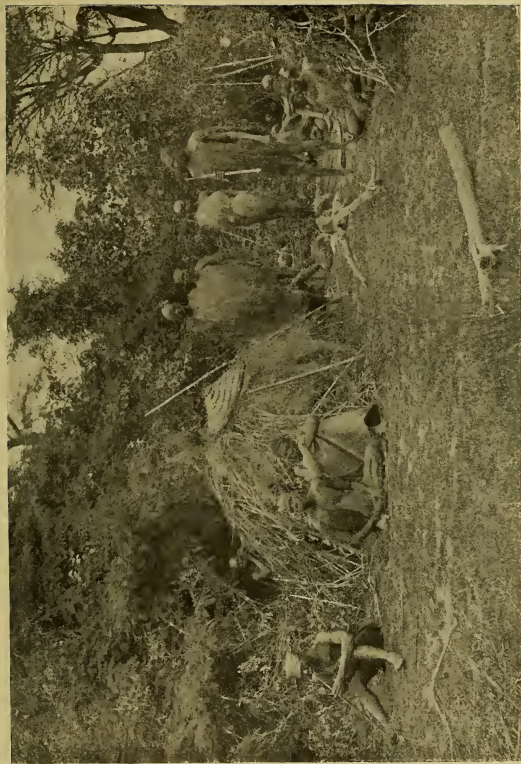


PADDLE.

number of long boards shaped with an axe out of a tree, and sewn together with banana fibre through holes dug with a red-hot iron. A lot of water passes through these holes, so that a man has to be constantly baling it out. The shape of these boats is peculiar, and the appended photograph will give a better idea of them than any description. Some very large ones are built, holding as many as forty rowers. They use short paddles, and their power of endurance is quite wonderful; they will paddle for ten to twelve hours in a day with an interval of only half an hour's rest. Their average speed is about four miles an hour, but I have seen them cover as much as fourteen miles in a little above two hours' time. Curiously enough,

none of them can swim, probably because they never get the chance to learn on account of the numbers of crocodiles that swarm in the lake. On each boat there is a drum, on which a child keeps up a continual beating with a couple of sticks. From time to time he strikes up a song, which is taken up by the rowers in chorus. When he is not doing this he marks the time of the stroke on the drum. At the stern a man steers with a paddle. They usually row quite naked.

They live entirely on bananas; these they pluck green and peel with a bit of wood: then they pour water into a large earthen pot, fill it with bananas, and cover it up with banana leaves to keep in the steam. In about an hour the bananas are cooked, and then taste exactly like mashed potatoes; you can hardly tell the difference. There is a kind of banana that they allow to ripen until it begins to go bad; then they crush it and put it in a pot with the rind, add water, and let it boil for a considerable time. The result is a kind of sweet cider, which ferments at the end of twenty-four hours, and makes a very sour wine, of which they are very fond. It is called "mwenga." They drink this out of long-necked gourds through a straw, the end of which is crossed



BASIBA BOATMEN ON LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA.

The two men in front of the straw huts are Waganda.

LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA TO UGANDA

by a kind of lattice of fine straw to form a filter. Attached to their clothes they generally carry two little bags made of banana fibre, one to hold tobacco, and the other a very small kind of wild coffee called "muani," which they chew raw. They also wear a great number of wooden charms, and a goat's or ram's horn or a boar's tusk, containing the inevitable medicine (dawa). Each man also carries an axe of a peculiar form.

On Sunday, the 22nd October, after having passed a large number of islands, most of them hilly and denuded of trees, with only clumps of bananas appearing near the villages, we made a halt on the mainland, not far from Bukoba. The coast consists of hills rising above the lake, and tumbling sheer into it. These are covered with grass, and in the valleys between them flow streams fringed with trees. The natives of the various islands we had visited live, like my boatmen, almost entirely on bananas. Their huts are of beehive shape. These people are great fishermen, either spearing the fish at night by the light of a torch, which attracts them to the surface, or taking them in nets. We arrived at Bukoba next day—the most northern German station founded by Emin Pasha, consisting of a few very miserable buildings. In the absence of the captain in charge I was received by a sergeant-major, a thoroughly objectionable creature, who spoke of his officers in a revolting manner. Captain Macdonald had most kindly sent me a steel boat from Uganda; but the sergeant insisted so urgently that I should await the arrival of his captain, that I consented to delay my start for a day or so.

The four principal chiefs of the west coast of the lake up to the river Kagera, which forms the boundary between the British and German spheres, are Kahigi, Mokotani, Kayoza, and Muta Tembo. Mokotani's village being a trifle over a mile from Bukoba, I determined to fill up some of the time by paying him a visit. Climbing the rocks which sweep towards the lake, we found ourselves



AXE.

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

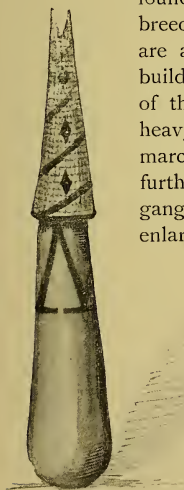
on a plateau three or four hundred feet above the water level. The country was remarkably undulating, consisting of bare, grassy hills, between which ran numerous rivulets, at the bottom of valleys clothed with abundant vegetation. Along each of these rivulets were a few straggling huts hidden amidst luxuriant banana plantations. Two hours of difficult walking brought us to the chief's village, which stands on a hill. A belt of about twenty-five yards round the outer enclosure was cleared of weeds, and the bare soil thus exposed was covered with a thick carpet of dry grass. A large avenue, carefully cleared of vegetation and bordered with high palisades surrounding banana plantations, led to the abode of the chief. On each side of this avenue narrower roads, from ten to twelve feet wide, branched off to the huts, each of which stood in the middle of its own banana plantation. At the end of the principal avenue was a wooden gate, about ten feet high and twelve feet broad, surmounted by a long staff, on the top of which hung a bell so arranged that it was impossible to move the screen without giving the alarm. This door led into a yard where the cattle were kept; then another door, likewise furnished with a bell, opened into a second courtyard, at the further end of which stood the chief's house. This courtyard had four openings, each one closed with a door like those already described.

After a few moments the chief arrived, attended by nearly fifty of his people. He was a tall, thin man, of a bronze colour, dressed in bark-cloth. He wore bangles of copper wire on his wrists, and of iron on his ankles. The chief and all people of importance were anointed from head to foot with so thick a layer of butter that it oozed out through their clothes and dripped from their fingers; the rancid odour that emanated from them was most appalling; and as the chief insisted on constantly shaking hands with me and desired to touch all my belongings, I was soon covered with a coating of grease.

LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA TO UGANDA

From time to time the chief and his followers sucked banana cider through a straw from a long-necked gourd, just as my boatmen had done. After a few moments' conversation Mokotani invited me to visit his village. He showed me the way—leaning on the arm of one of his chief men and preceded by a young girl, absolutely naked, who carried four sacred horns—a water-buck horn and a small elephant's tusk, one on each shoulder, and two ox-horns under her arms. All these were filled with medicine (charms). Behind the chief walked another naked girl, carrying a gourd of banana cider; none of the chief's slaves wore the least rag of clothing. The people of consequence in this region wear a costume of bark-cloth, or a skin fastened on the right shoulder; the common people go about naked or wear costumes of straw like those of my boatmen. In this village I

found a great many dogs of a much better breed than any I had yet met in Africa; they are about the height of a foxhound, but in build and appearance more like a mastiff: all of them wore round their necks four or five heavy collars of straw or leather. I was duly marched round the village, and found at the further end of it about 200 women working in gangs of twenty, under a male overseer, at enlarging a circular avenue which surrounds the village. I was then shown the house of the chief's mother, which was like his own, except that inside it were arranged a large number of milk pots covered with a pretty design in straw mosaic. All the people who accompanied the chief carried either a long assegai, six feet high, or a pointed staff six to ten feet long.



MILK POT AND COVER.

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

Having seen the village I took leave of the chief, who gave me a fine sheep and a pot of the inevitable cider, and started back for Bukoba. I had walked about half an hour when a small boy stopped me and told me that a woman wanted to speak to me.

"Very well, she has only to come."

The boy returned and gave me to understand that the woman was the chief's sister and insisted on seeing me. It was getting very late, but, thinking that I should perhaps be able to observe something of interest, I went to meet her. I found her sitting on the ground directing a number of slaves who were at work in a field. In front of her there was set up a moveable screen of plaited straw to keep off the wind. I asked her what she wanted.

"I want you to sit down by me, because I have something very important to say."

I sat down and she came to the point at once.

"I want some calico."

"I have none left," I answered.

"Oh, I know that you have a great deal."

"But I have come from Bukoba and only brought one piece, and I used the whole of it to buy things in the village."

"That does not matter, you have plenty; all white men have much calico."

"I have no more," I replied in haste; "and I must go, because it is getting very late."

"No," said she; "just wait a short while, I am going to make you a present; I have sent a slave to the village to fetch it."

She was so importunate that I consented to stay. In a quarter of an hour the slave returned running, and handed her a little packet wrapped up in banana bark. She opened it, and producing an old bracelet—an *article de Paris*, worth three halfpence—she showed me that the spring was broken and asked me to mend it for her. I was intensely disgusted at having been kept half an hour

LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA TO UGANDA

for such an absurdity ; I therefore rose with great dignity and said I was a great master and not a " fundi " (smith), and left her on the spot discomfited.

On the 27th I decided to leave Bukoba, but as the captain had not yet returned, my sergeant-major asked me to stay till the next day. I answered that I could not keep the English boat waiting any longer ; I had written to Captain Macdonald that I would start on the 27th, and, with great regret, I was unable to wait for the return of Captain Langheldt. The sergeant answered that it did not matter keeping the English waiting : they were not like the Germans, and had no discipline ; they did not want their boat, and if they did they could do without it ; and if they could not, it did not matter. He said, moreover, that I had detained the boats he had sent me to Muanza long enough. Not wishing to discuss the question with an individual of his stamp, I simply answered that if I kept the native boats waiting at Muanza it was at the express desire of Lieutenant Richter, his superior officer. Thereon this gentleman seized the opportunity to say that the lieutenant had nothing to do with it ; that he, Hartmann, was the oldest German soldier in Africa and chief of the station of Bukoba. My answer to this was to put all my things on board the boat ; it was very heavily laden, but I had no wish to leave any of my property in the care of the oldest German soldier in Africa.

We put out about three in the afternoon ; the pilot wished to stop for the night at a little island he knew of, but we were overtaken by darkness before we reached it. When we arrived there, afraid of running the boat on to the rocks which surround it, I made the pilot put out into the open sea again. At last, at eleven in the evening, we were enabled by the light of the moon to land on a sandy beach near a swamp. I ordered the boatmen to sleep in the boat, and while my servants were pitching the tent ashore I fell asleep on board. About two in

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

the morning I woke up; the wind had risen and I found the boat drifting out to sea. I called to the boatmen, only to discover that the pilot and David were alone on board. We were already more than half a mile from shore, and it gave us the greatest trouble to fight our way back against the wind. Arrived at our halting place again I searched in vain for the boatmen, till at last I discovered them all comfortably asleep under an upturned native boat. The hour was not a usual one for punishment, but I thought it would be more effective to convince them of their wickedness at once, so I sentenced each one of them to receive a dozen on the spot.

Next morning we started off again at eight. Presently a gale sprang up, and the waves began to run tremendously high. The boat, overladen, shipped a great deal of water; the situation became serious; it was impossible to run ashore, as the coast was very rocky, and it was not until midday that we were at last able to take refuge in a little bay. There was nearly eighteen inches of water in the boat, and everything was soaked through. I therefore had to disembark, and open all the cases and bales of calico to dry the things in the sun. It was impossible to go further under these circumstances, and I therefore decided to find the nearest chief and ask him for boats. I found a few natives fishing, who began by refusing to show me the road, but when I seized their boat one of them consented to accompany me. Climbing a high cliff, we came after an hour and a half's march to a village. There my guide led me through a number of little streets among banana plantations, and ended by stopping in front of a large hut. I told him I did not wish to stop there; I wished to see the chief, Kayoza. He replied that he could not take me further without having seen the Katikiro* of the village. I insisted on going straight to Kayoza, but all in vain. My man

* Katikiro means Prime Minister, and the term is applied to the representative of a big chief.

LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA TO UGANDA

left me and started off to find the Katikiro. At the end of half an hour he returned; the Katikiro was coming directly. I waited another quarter of an hour and then lost patience. I told my guide that I insisted on going to the chief at once, and made him walk before me, followed by an armed man, whom I ordered not to let him escape. The fellow, however, simply walked me round and round the village, and when I told him that he was mocking me he solemnly repeated that he could not take me to Kayoza without having first seen the Katikiro. As I had not the least idea where the chief's village was, I was obliged to sit down in front of a hut



KAYOZA'S KATI KIRO.

and wait for the arrival of the Katikiro. Two hours I waited, and then three of the Katikiro's wives appeared. In answer to my complaints they overwhelmed the wretched guide with abuse, and ordered him to take me to Kayoza at once. But by this time the sun was beginning to set, and as they said the chief's village was a long way off I thought it best after all to sleep where I was. Of course I could get nothing to eat in the absence of the Katikiro. It was quite dark before the villain appeared; he was full of excuses and apologies, but what was more to the point was his giving me a hut to sleep in, and sending for a quantity of bananas for my men and fowls for myself.

We could not start next morning until eight o'clock, as it was raining hard. By half-past nine we reached Kayoza's village, which is like Mokotani's, but much larger. I found the chief standing on a small eminence outside the village surrounded by some fifty of his people, all carrying firearms, and standing in a semicircle. In

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

front of him grovelled a native awaiting judgment; he had committed the heinous crime of breaking a jar of the king's beer, and was sentenced to death; he was taken a few hundred yards away to be despatched. Kayoza was tall and thin, and of course swimming in butter, as were all his principal followers. He received me very graciously, took my hand, and held it for a while in his own buttered palm. I explained the object of my visit, and he promised to supply me with boats. He then took me to his house, accompanied by all his people, and preceded by a boy carrying the sacred horns, and followed by another bearing his gourd of pombe. Near him walked his Katikiro; his house was like Mokotani's, but the avenue leading to it was wider, and the palisades higher—about fifteen feet, I should say. He did not make me remain at the door, as Mokotani had done, but bade me enter, and offered me a chair, sweating with butter. He first examined my gun and those of my men with much interest, and offered me a frazela (about 75 lbs.) of ivory for a Mauser carbine, which I of course declined to sell him. He then presented me with two handsome knives, and some other native curios, receiving of course a present in return worth about six times the value of what he had given me. At the end of about two hours I retired to breakfast in a hut, which he put at my disposal. His sons came to visit me—the eldest some twenty years old, and the others fourteen or fifteen. I found them very remarkable for the distinction of their carriage and the purity of their features, and as, unlike their father, they were extraordinarily clean, not being anointed with butter, they were an agreeable change. After breakfast I returned to the chief, who told me he had ordered two boats to be at my camp the next day. After that he entertained me with a war dance by his guards. The more I saw of his village the more important I found it. It must have contained at least 5000 souls. I counted during my short stay more than 300 guns of one sort and another, mainly percussion locks.

LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA TO UGANDA

A curious detail that I learnt was that Kayoza sends some canoes every day several miles away into the lake to draw his drinking water. He spoke to me at great length about the Germans, telling me many tales of their "wickedness," and declaring that he would never allow them to erect a station in his village, and would fight them to the death rather than do so.

I took leave of this magnificent potentate, and his eldest son accompanied me a long way. The people we met wore a straw costume similar to that which I have described before. We soon came to a large swamp, across which was built a road on piles about three-quarters of a mile long. At this point I was attacked by a horrible headache, and obliged to stop at the village where I had slept the night before. Next morning, after a torrent of rain, I set out again for my camp. The son of Kayoza, having heard that I had stopped half-way, came and joined me, and went with me as far as the boat. I then discovered why he had come so far with me: he wanted some yellow medicine (iodoform) for the jiggers, which are found in large numbers in this region. I gave him some, and we parted excellent friends. According to Kayoza's promise the boats arrived about midday, and I was able to unload the steel boat. I sent back a present to the chief of about forty rupees' worth by a dumb page, whom he had sent with me. That day and the next we made good progress. We halted for the night at the river Kagera, the boundary of the German and British spheres,* after which the country completely changed. We were now

* The frontier, according to the Anglo-German agreement, is the 1° of south latitude: the mouth of the Kagera is *supposed* to be a little north of the first degree, but as it winds a good deal in places England has a small bit of land in Karagwe, while the Germans have a small strip of Buddu. A more ridiculous arrangement cannot be conceived. Captain Macdonald had very sensibly offered to Captain Langheldt—the German Commissioner—to recognize the Kagera provisionally as the frontier; but the German declined the offer, preferring to complicate his own administration rather than do anything that might simplify matters for the British.

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coasting the shore of Buddu, one of the provinces of Uganda. The beach is low and wide, and covered with luxuriant undergrowth. On the night of the 1st November we were overtaken by a tremendous storm; rain fell in torrents: we were blinded by the lightning, and what with rain and thunder I could not make the men hear my orders. We had the greatest trouble to get ashore. My tent was planted in the middle of a swamp, but that was a small matter; with my bedding soaked through there was no question of sleep that night. Next day we were delayed until two o'clock in the afternoon by the task of drying the things, and only got four hours on the lake, which brought us to a village in the district of the chief Kageriro. I sent a message to him and asked him for a boat to take me to the French Mission at Budjoju; but in the evening the canoe sent by Kayoza came up with us. The natives brought us food, and my men seized the opportunity to regale themselves on a delicate dish of fish and grasshoppers. I reached the Mission the following day. It is about a mile from the coast, from which it is reached by a wide road. The country is covered with beautiful vegetation and looks very fertile. In front of the Mission the fathers had erected an enormous cross. The buildings themselves are only provisional ones made of reeds. The station was shortly to be abandoned for a new one on one of the islands of Sesse. I was very kindly received by the fathers, and after lunch returned to the lake and put out again. We spent that night on a small island of the Sesse group. The next two days we made good progress, and on the third (November 6th) we arrived at Ntebe, now the headquarters of the Uganda Administration. I found there a fort built on a hill some 500 feet above the water, and commanding an admirable view of the lake and the surrounding country. I was received in the friendliest manner by Lieutenant Villiers—at that time all unconscious of the fame he was afterwards to gain as one of

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the participators in the Jameson Raid. I could scarcely have believed that an officer in the Blues would have undertaken so cheerfully the hard work he had to do: from 6 a.m. till sundown he had scarcely a minute to himself. He had to superintend the building of houses, and to lay the foundations with his own hands. At other times he had to spend the whole day paying the troops in calico, and every afternoon he drilled his Soudanese soldiers. I was greatly impressed with their excellent discipline, and the way in which they drilled did him the greatest credit.

CHAPTER XIX.

UGANDA

THE WAR IN UNYORO

IN order to describe the position of affairs in Uganda when I reached it, a brief historical retrospect is necessary. When Stanley first visited Uganda in 1875 he was much struck by the importance of the empire as it then was, and by the superior intelligence of its inhabitants. Their King Mtesa having expressed a desire to have Europeans near him to instruct his people, a number of English missionaries responded to the appeal in 1877, and they were followed two years later by the French fathers of the Mission d'Alger. At the same time Mtesa, a monarch of considerable ability, had introduced Mahomedan missionaries into his country. Both they and the Christians of both denominations began to mingle political intrigues with their religious instructions. As long as Mtesa was alive these intrigues did not come to a head, but when his son Mwanga succeeded him in 1884, he found himself in the presence of three rival political parties—Protestants, Mahomedans, and Catholics. The young Prince, devoid alike of intelligence and character, wavered between them without satisfying any one of them, and a series of revolutions followed. Mwanga was deposed in 1888, and had to take refuge south of the Victoria Nyanza among the Arabs. He then betook himself to the Catholic Mission at Bukumbi. While he was there a new revolution

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broke out, and Mwanga, supported by Stokes, started for Uganda and was restored to the throne in 1889.

About this time the British East Africa Company was beginning to penetrate into the interior from the east coast of Africa, while the Germans, who, under the able leadership of Major von Wissmann, had occupied the coast opposite Zanzibar, were likewise pushing into the interior. At the end of 1889 Mwanga happened, after a conflict with the Mahomedan party, to be once more deposed for the moment. Hearing that a European expedition was in the neighbourhood of his country, he sent messages to request its support. This expedition had been sent by the Imperial British East Africa Company to the Masai country. Its leader, Mr. Jackson, did not consider his force sufficient to warrant him in entering upon a war. He informed Mwanga therefore of his inability to come to his aid; at the same time, however, he sent him a British flag, promising him that if he accepted this, and by consequence the British Protectorate, the English Company would not delay in sending him assistance. Mwanga accepted both flag and Protectorate. Soon after this, in February, 1890, arrived Dr. Peters, who had traversed the Masai country. After numerous intrigues he succeeded with the aid of the Catholic party in persuading Mwanga to sign a treaty of friendship with Germany, although he had just accepted the British Protectorate.

Mr. Jackson, hearing of this, at once marched into Uganda, and Dr. Peters, hearing of his arrival, hastened away. Mr. Jackson established himself in the capital and remained there until December, 1890. It was then that Captain Lugard appeared on the scene as the official envoy of the British East Africa Company. Soon after his arrival the King signed a formal treaty with him. Meanwhile, in the month of July, 1890, came the conclusion of the Anglo-German agreement, under which Uganda was definitely recognized as belonging to the British sphere.

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At the beginning of the next year Captain Lugard was reinforced by a new expedition under Captain Williams. A fort was built at Kampala, commanding Mengo, the residence of the King. In August of the same year the Mahomedans attempted a new rising, and it was decided to drive them out of the country. Protestants and Catholics coalesced against them, the British officers gave their support, and the Mahomedans were expelled. Captain Williams then returned to the capital, while

Fort.



THE FORT OF KAMPALA FROM THE SOUTH.

The Soudanese Quarters are on the slope of the hill.

Captain Lugard, who had followed the Mahomedans, pushed further into the interior. After traversing the southern part of Unyoro he reached Lake Albert Edward Nyanza; then, circling round the Ruwenzori mountains, he marched as far as Lake Albert Nyanza. At Kavalli's (rendered famous by Stanley's expedition) he found the greater part of the Soudanese, who had refused to follow Emin Pasha when he evacuated the equatorial provinces. Under the command of Selim Bey they had established themselves on the Albert Nyanza. Shortly before the arrival of Captain Lugard Emin Pasha had come to Kavalli's, but none of his old men would join

Mengo
(the King's residence).
Road leading
to Mengo.



THE CAPITAL OF UGANDA FROM FORT KAMPALA.

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him, and he marched towards the Arruwimi river, where he lost his life.* Captain Lugard brought these men back with him and installed them in a number of forts between Lakes Albert and Albert Edward, and on the southern border of Unyoro. In January, 1892, he returned to Uganda, bringing with him 100 of these Soudanese soldiers.

During his absence the Waganda had not been idle, or rather, to speak more correctly, had not been quiet. The Protestants and Catholics, united in face of the Mahomedans, had seized the moment of their expulsion to begin plotting against each other. Numerous isolated hostilities arose from time to time. Sometimes a number of Catholics would meet a Protestant and take away his gun. At other times it would be the Protestants who did the same thing to a Catholic. The relations between the parties became more and more strained till at last there came a spark to fire the magazine. Some Protestants in the service of the Katikiro had seized a gun belonging to a servant of one Mugolaba, a Catholic chief. Instead of bringing the matter before Captain Lugard, this man resolved to take the law into his own hands. For this purpose he employed a stratagem. He posted one of his men in front of the palisade round his hut with a pot of beer, which he offered for sale. Presently there came along a Protestant, and while he was discussing the price of the beer some of Mugolaba's men, hidden behind the palisade, rushed out and seized his gun, which they took into the hut. The Protestant followed in a fury, and Mugolaba shot him dead. The Protestants complained to Captain Lugard, who requested the King

* I heard from the Soudanese who were under Major Owen's command that when Emin appeared flying the German flag all his former soldiers asked what this flag meant. Without replying he retired into his tent, and shortly after reappeared with an Egyptian flag that had been hastily manufactured. Brandishing it he exclaimed, "Here you are, my children; I only showed you the other flag to test you, but you see I am still true to Egypt." But all the men said that he was a liar, and that he had better take himself off.

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to punish the murderer. Mwanga, however, acquitted him; and when Captain Lugard's interpreter complained against this judgment, pointing out that to leave such a crime unpunished would certainly lead to civil war, the King answered, "I am ready"; and added a number of insults to Captain Lugard. The Captain, however, merely wrote to the King asking him to reconsider his decision: the only answer he received was a long list of Catholic grievances. Captain Lugard then wrote to the Catholic Bishop asking him to use his influence to avoid a conflict: the Bishop responded in the same terms as the King. Meanwhile the Catholics were organizing themselves for war. This went on for some days, and then Captain Lugard, anticipating an attack, and knowing that a Catholic victory would mean the annihilation of the authority of the British Company and of British influence, distributed arms to the Protestants. Then war broke out; the Catholics were beaten, and Mwanga took refuge on an island on the lake, where he was joined by the Catholic missionaries. On their advice he refused to listen to the overtures of Captain Lugard, who invited him to return. The war went on, therefore, and the King with the Catholic missionaries took refuge in the island of Sesse. At last, after long negotiations, Captain Lugard induced him to return to his capital. The various provinces were then divided between Catholics and Protestants, the latter obtaining a slightly better share than the Catholics. As discontent was still ripe, Captain Lugard brought back the Mahomedans to counter-balance the intrigues of the other two parties.

Meanwhile, the question had attracted much attention in Europe, and it was proposed to build a railway between Mombasa and Lake Victoria Nyanza. A sum of money was voted by Parliament to enable the Company to make a preliminary survey, and Captain, now Major, Macdonald, R.E., was put in charge of it. But, meanwhile, all the troubles in Uganda had put the Company

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to expense which it was not able to bear any longer ; it therefore in 1892 declared its intention to evacuate the country. This could only mean the certainty of massacre for all the missionaries, and of anarchy and ruin for Uganda. It was in these circumstances that the late Sir Gerald Portal was sent up to investigate the question and decide whether or not Her Majesty's Government should take over the administration of Uganda. He left Zanzibar on New Year's Day, 1893, accompanied by Colonel Rhodes, Major Owen, his brother, and Lieutenants Arthur and Villiers. Captain Macdonald, who had finished his railway survey, was also ordered to Uganda. Sir Gerald's orders were merely to study and report on the situation, but he found it such that to avoid a new revolution he had to settle a number of questions on his own initiative. He began by making considerable concessions to the Catholics. Two new provinces as well as the island of Sesse were added to their territory, and a Catholic Katikiro, a Catholic commander-in-chief, and a Catholic admiral were created side by side with the Protestant officers of the same rank. The Catholics were also given a belt of territory leading from their sphere to the capital. My opinion is that these concessions did them full justice. The next question to be settled concerned the Soudanese soldiers. These were placed under the command of Major Owen, assisted by the English officers who had come with the Commission, although Selim Bey remained in nominal authority. But Sir Gerald Portal had hardly left when Captain Macdonald discovered a new Mahomedan plot, in which it was clearly proved that Selim Bey had promised his help to the rebels. He was arrested, and the Soudanese stationed at Kampala were disarmed. The Waganda Protestants and some of the Catholics were then enlisted to drive out the Mahomedans, and after these had been defeated by Major Owen near Lake Albert Edward, they dispersed either to Unyoro, or across the Kagera into German territory.

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I should say here a few words about Major Owen. To the majority of his countrymen he was known only as a brilliant steeplechase rider. If he had lived I think he would have been as well known as a great general and a ruler of men. As soon as he reached Uganda he was sent by Sir Gerald Portal to organize the Soudanese who had been left in the forts south of Unyoro by Captain Lugard. These men, with their families and slaves, made



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up several thousand souls. Left to themselves for many months they had lost all notion of discipline, and lived by making raids into the territory round their forts. Their nominal chiefs were the same officers who had mutinied against Emin and put him in chains. From the first moment of his arrival among this turbulent horde Major Owen showed them that they had at last a master. He stopped their raids and conciliated the native chiefs round the forts. He was next confronted by a plot originated by the rebel Mahomedans, who, driven out of

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Uganda by Captain Macdonald, had collected in great force around the frontier forts. With these the Egyptian officers, who had not been re-enlisted by Major Owen on his arrival, but had been allowed to remain in the forts, conspired to seize him as a hostage and then join the rebels. The presence of mind of Major Owen frustrated this design; he called the ringleader—an Egyptian officer who had not been re-enlisted—and told him that, having heard of a plot, he had appointed him in command of the forts; he further told the surprised conspirator that of course now that he was in command he was one of the Queen's soldiers and responsible for the good behaviour of the men, and also for the safety of the magazine. In case anything happened to him (Major Owen) there were plenty more officers in Uganda who would come and make the responsible commander pay for his crime. The man was so impressed that he not only remained loyal but declined to give the keys of the magazine to his fellow conspirators. The Major then called out the troops and asked them if they were ready to fight the Mahomedans. They swore they were anxious to do so, and immediately Major Owen took them to fight the rebel Mahomedans and completely routed them. The day before this battle he had received orders to evacuate the forts, without any instructions relative to the Mahomedan rebels. At the same moment small-pox broke out in the Waganda army that had followed the Mahomedans, and Kabarega, King of Unyoro, attacked the western forts. As no instructions had reached him, Major Owen made an armistice with the rebels and decided to take them back to Uganda, holding their chiefs as hostages. On the way he met Captain Macdonald, but his negotiations with the chiefs of the Mahomedans were interrupted by their flight, all their people dispersing, partly into Unyoro and partly into the German sphere, as I have said. A certain number of them, however, who had taken no part in the rebellion, remained in Uganda. After this the Soudanese

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were partly enlisted as soldiers and partly sent down to the coast. At the moment of my arrival, Colonel Colvile, the Commissioner, who had taken over the administration on behalf of the Imperial Government, had decided to attack Kabarega. This chief had continued his aggressions on Uganda, carrying large numbers of its natives into slavery. To begin the campaign it was decided that Major Owen should attack Chiccaculi, the nearest and most powerful of Kabarega's chiefs. I had met Owen at Ntebe immediately on my arrival, and subsequently accompanied him to Kampala, which was then the seat of government; I obtained from Colonel Colvile permission to follow his expedition.

Before leaving Kampala I accompanied Colonel Colvile to an interesting ceremony at the court of King Mwanga. We went to what I suppose I must call the palace, with an escort of fifty soldiers. After passing through a series of very dirty courtyards we reached another, some 60 feet in diameter, at the end of which was the audience hall. At its entrance there were, drawn up in two more or less straight lines, a score of ragged Waganda. This was Mwanga's guard of honour. The audience hall is a large hut, supported by high wooden pillars, those nearest the King being covered with bark cloth up to the height of a man. The King was seated on a throne, which had been presented to him by the East Africa Company. It was surmounted by a crown, and decorated with a sun, under which was the slightly inapposite motto, "light and liberty." The floor of the hall was covered with a thick bed of fine grass, and before the King was a Turkish carpet. In the old days, before the advent of "light and liberty," any native who had the misfortune to touch this carpet with his toe was immediately executed. On the left of His Majesty, on a gilt chair, was the principal Katikiro, attired in a fancy uniform with gold frogs. All round the hall were native chairs for the principal dignitaries of the kingdom.

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Majesty to understand that I desired to take his photograph. He professed to be quite willing, but refused to budge from his throne to come to the door of the audience chamber, on the pretext that the sun was too strong for him. As a matter of fact there was no sun at all: his real reason was that he did not wish to be photographed with all the British officers and soldiers about his palace.

Major Owen had a good deal of business to clear up at Kampala, so that we could not leave for Ntebe, whence our expedition was to start, until nearly four in the afternoon. The distance is rather over 20 miles. Before long it began to grow dark, and we could only go slowly. About nine o'clock we imagined we must be near our destination, but about a quarter of an hour later we had not the least idea where we were. Owen went on a little to reconnoitre, and presently called to me; we were utterly lost. At last we found a hut, and with great difficulty woke up its occupants; but neither of us could make them understand what we wanted. At last one of the natives grasped the fact that he was to accompany us to Ntebe, whereon he immediately took to his heels. Owen pursued and caught him. He howled vigorously, and the women came out of the hut and added their yells to the alarm. In a few moments Owen returned with his captive, and we made him walk in front of us. He put us on the road, and then ran away for dear life; two hours passed and still the fort had not appeared in sight. Meanwhile Owen's pony was done up, and we took turns with mine. Soon after eleven o'clock we entered a forest, where it was too dark to see your hand. We felt convinced that we were on the wrong road, but at last at midnight we saw the hill of Ntebe before us. Now there was a fresh difficulty. Owen's pony had the greatest difficulty in getting up the hill. Half-way up he absolutely declined to go any further, and I went on ahead to fetch an askari (native soldier). Reaching the



The Katikiro.

Mwanga.

MWANGA, KING OF UGANDA,
AND THE KATI KIRO, HIS PRIME MINISTER.

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village where the Soudanese soldiers lived, I saw what I thought to be two natives crouched about fifty paces in front of me. I called to them, but they did not move. I then advanced, and they began to crawl away on all fours along the palisade into the shade. I galloped after them, and all of a sudden my two natives emerged from the darkness and faced me in the full light of the moon. They were two fine leopards! My horse whipped round in no time, and as I had not even a revolver with me I made no effort to restrain him. At last I managed to wake up the Soudanese, and at half-past twelve we were housed in the fort.

Next morning—it was the 19th November—was spent in preparing the expedition, distributing loads to the porters, and similar necessary but unexciting duties. The whole afternoon was spent in getting men, loads, ponies, donkeys, oxen, and so on, across a small arm of the lake; after which we went on to sleep at Kabunga's, about six miles distant. Next day we made a furious march of twelve hours across an abominable country. It began with a small swamp, followed by a series of hills, and then by a large swamp overgrown with papyrus, which took more than an hour to cross, with water up to our chests. Next came another series of hills covered with high grass, then at the foot of them another swamp, and then another hill, on which was the village of the chief Kitanbala; we halted at half-past six, having had nothing to eat for twelve hours; it was decidedly the most fatiguing day's march I had had in Africa. Next day we only went nine miles instead of the eighteen the indefatigable Owen had proposed to cover: but as there were three swamps to cross, and we encountered a hailstorm with stones as big as bullets, nine miles was quite enough. On the 22nd the country was no better. There was the same alternation of marshes and hills covered with real forests of grass more than six feet in height. We reached Mukwenda's village in the

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afternoon, where we stopped at the English Mission. Mr. Fisher was in charge, and he welcomed us with first-class tea and delicious pancakes. Major Owen had about an hour's palaver with the chief, and then we made for Fort Raymond, so called in memory of Captain Raymond Portal, Sir Gerald's brother, who died on his return from Unyoro during the journey to Uganda. The fort had been erected by Major Owen himself, and considering the enormous quantity of other work he had to do at the same time, and the short time he was able to devote to the fort, the result did him great credit. It is built on a hill, whence there is a superb view over Lake Wamala. The stout palisade of palm trees was almost finished, and a certain number of provisional huts put up, while three tall palms in the middle of the fort broke the monotony of the general appearance of the place. The rest of the day was spent in organizing the 150 askaris who made up our expedition, forming them in sections, getting together the porters and passing their medical examination, which work devolved upon me, putting the Maxim in order, and so on.

Next morning was devoted to completing these arrangements and distributing cartridges to the soldiers and carbines to the porters. Major Owen was indefatigable; no officer could have had his heart so completely in his work, and he did not let the smallest detail escape his notice. At half-past twelve the caravan was off; and at half-past three we came to the worst swamp I have ever seen—an arm of Lake Wamala, covered with papyrus, through which a way had been cut. For nearly two hours we waded with the water above our waists—a putrid and evil-smelling water, and horribly cold. Every moment we had to climb up a clump of papyrus roots, only to drop into a hole five feet deep at the next step. And yet I am bound to say that I preferred the water to the mud of the swamps we had crossed in the last few days, where I often got stuck up to the knees. The wading might have

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been avoided by crossing the lake in a canoe; but that of course was impossible with an expedition like ours, which contained nearly 300 souls—if our men had any, which I sometimes doubted.

Next day, November 24th, the aspect of the country changed. It undulated considerably, but without high hills. Except at rare intervals, the grass was not much more than eighteen inches high. We only crossed two small swamps; and so easy is it to accustom oneself to anything that I no longer grumbled at having to splash



LAKE WAMALA, FROM FORT RAYMOND.

MUKWENDA.

about in water up to the knees. I cannot say that I liked it; but I had the most charming companions, and with such, small inconveniences are easily forgotten.

On the march Major Owen was constantly drilling his men, who seemed to pick up what they were taught very quickly. We also tried the Maxim, and succeeded in making it work very well. Later on Owen went off to try and shoot some game to feed the men, who were on very short rations, as the villages could hardly furnish enough to feed so large a number; he returned, however, empty-handed. The more I saw of Owen the more impressed I was with his qualities as a soldier and as a man;

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and the news of his untimely death, which reaches me as I write, has struck me, in spite of the short time I was with him, with a sense of personal loss. It is a loss to his country as well as to his friends that it would be difficult to over-estimate.

We reckoned to attack Chiccaculi, a subordinate chief of Kabarega's, against whom we were marching, on the night of the 27th. If the native reports were correct we might look forward to a certain resistance, as he was said to have some thousands of men armed with breech-loaders. To avoid his getting aware of our intentions, we pushed on about nineteen miles on the 25th. The first part of the journey was through the same sort of country as that just described. We passed fresh spoor of innumerable elephants along the track. At the end of three hours we entered upon a more mountainous region; and after five hours' toilsome march arrived at Tshota, where we camped. Although the natives had been warned of our approach, they had not brought any food for the men at nine in the evening; and as our poor fellows were dying of hunger, Major Owen sent a detachment in charge of an officer to cut bananas for them, with strict orders, however, not to spoil the trees, and not to take more than was really necessary. It may seem strange to those who do not know the country that the natives should be forced to find supplies. It must be remembered, however, that when a Waganda army is on the march its track is one of universal pillage. The English officers, on the other hand, not only pay for the supplies requisitioned, but give the most stringent orders, which I am bound to say are obeyed in a remarkable manner, not to cut a single tree or pluck a single leaf. The natives, therefore, have hardly any reason to complain of their treatment. Now that I had come to know the country and the methods of the administration, I began to blush for my countryman, Monseigneur Hirth, whose insinuations against the British Government I could only think wantonly unjust.

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As we drew nearer to the frontier of Unyoro the country grew worse and worse. First we had to climb a high hill to get out of the valley where we had camped. We then crossed two rivers, the Nabugabe and the Nabutiti, after which we had another very high hill to climb. Then, after crossing a plateau, we descended along a kind of *arête*, and climbed again on to a higher plateau. It rained hard all day, and we reached the village of Kuruma, whence we were to start that night against Chiccaculi. Here we found the garrison of Fort Grant, which had been brought up the day before by Mr. Foster, a civil servant in charge of the fort. The chief of the village seemed to be in a thoroughly bad temper. Major Owen, who was very anxious to keep the object of the expedition secret until the last moment, interrogated him indirectly about Chiccaculi, with the following result. Our enemy, it seemed, was one of the most important, if not quite the most important, of Kabarega's subordinate chiefs; he was the guardian of the frontier, and every one who wished to visit Kabarega had to pass through his country. If a caravan wanted to buy ivory it had to go to Chiccaculi, and he arranged the business on behalf of his master. He was said to possess over 2000 guns, and his village was said to be about four hours' march from Kuruma. Our chief had previously expressed to Major Owen his willingness to show him the road if ever he meant to attack Chiccaculi, so we reckoned to take him as guide. Our force consisted of about 200 Soudanese armed with Remingtons, with 100 rounds per man, as well as 100 porters with Snider carbines and twenty rounds; also the Maxim, in whose working I had no very great confidence; Villiers was in charge of the machine, and I was to assist him. To complicate matters, at eight in the evening Villiers was seized with a violent attack of fever.

We started about ten o'clock that evening, guided by the chief of Kuruma, who had promised to take us to Chiccaculi's in four hours. The profoundest silence was

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observed. We marched all night through a rolling country without a single halt; we had to wade through no less than seven swamps. The grass was very long, and we knew nothing of the enemy's movements. Soon after day-break we came in sight of a large and straggling village, the thatched roofs peeping out from the high grass and shrubs, with Chiccaculi's kraal standing out in the centre. The natives opened fire upon us instantly; first spreading out in a long line, and then forming up in groups, sheltered by the tall grass. A good deal of desultory firing followed. Owing to the nature of the ground, the natives were able to rush up to within a few yards and open fire, and then rush back again. They do not seem to have any great confidence in their weapons; and I am bound to say that the character of their shooting was not calculated to inspire it. However, our position was not a perfectly comfortable one. We were faced, as we afterwards learnt, by an army of some 3000 natives whom we could not see. Only from minute to minute could we discern a dark face peeping through the grass, or a gun barrel protruding from a clump of bush. Moreover, our men were pretty well done up by their forced marches, and besides they had little ammunition and no bayonets. The Maxim, the first time we tried to use it, jammed, and we could not get more than a dozen shots out of it during the whole day. Major Owen therefore forbade desultory firing on the part of his men, and only allowed volleys on the word of command. However, he would not permit his men to halt, but pressed on towards the stockade on the summit of the hill.

When we were about a mile from the chief's village Major Owen decided to charge. Our best chance, considering the state of our equipment, was to rush the position and frighten the natives. The charge was sounded, and with bugles calling and drums beating we dashed through reeds, having literally to cut our own path to the village. Major Owen led the force the whole

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time with great gallantry, even standing out alone many yards ahead of the advance guard, and cutting down the grass which impeded them. There was a slight eminence between our position and that of the enemy, and both sides, perceiving the advantage, made a simultaneous rush to gain it. We won the race by a few yards, and the enemy again fell back on the village; without stopping we dashed on in pursuit, and when we had got in full charge within 150 yards of the enemy, they suddenly bolted. They had probably expected to see us sneaking through the grass in the native fashion, and our rapid advance with drums and bugles completely demoralized them. Major Owen ran into the village well ahead of everybody, and found it deserted and in flames. But for his gallantry and the rapidity and energy of his advance, the force would probably have been cut up. The general impression in Uganda, I heard afterwards from Colonel Colvile, was that we should be "chewed up." We took a few prisoners in the village, but the main body of the enemy had made off, and it was impossible for our exhausted men to follow them; they ran through the grass like deer. The elderly Maxim was by this time only in a condition to fire two shots at a time, which was doubtless as well for the enemy. Major Owen gave strict orders to the troops in no case to kill the prisoners, and to abstain from all unnecessary bloodshed. It was for this reason no doubt that the enemy's loss was comparatively small, considering their large numbers. However, seventy of them were killed, including six chiefs and Chiccaculi's son. However, this fight had very important results, as it destroyed Kabarega's self-confidence, and inspired great respect among the Waganda. It was due to this that Colonel Colvile was able to rally the whole nation when he made the main expedition against Unyoro. We had scarcely begun to pitch camp in the open space before the village, when the enemy once more attacked us from a hill commanding the position. Major Owen therefore decided

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to drive them away, and once more the fight was resumed. We captured the hill and then made for another one where the enemy had collected, and having driven them away from this fresh position we pitched camp at 3 p.m. Towards six o'clock we had to repel a fresh attack; and we were so tired that Owen, Villiers, and myself went to sleep while we were eating our dinner. I cannot speak too highly of the pluck of Villiers, who fought the whole day while suffering from a violent attack of fever.

I am glad of this opportunity publicly to thank Colonel Colvile for a most flattering letter he wrote to me after receiving Major Owen's report. He very kindly thanked me in the name of the British Government for the help I gave to the British force, but he much overrated the little I did and which I was so glad to be able to do.

On the 29th we returned to Fort Grant, and next day Owen set to work to build a provisional bridge over the river Kunungori, which runs at the foot of the hill on which the fort stands, and forms the frontier between Unyoro and Uganda. The natives fired once or twice on our men as they worked, but without doing any damage. I spent the best part of the day examining and dressing the wounded and the sick, who were very many. Several of them had shocking ulcers on their feet produced by jiggers.

On December 1st Owen was on the point of leaving for Fort Lugard, when he heard from his spies that the Wanyoro were intending to attack us next day from two sides simultaneously. He decided therefore to remain until next day, and to leave part of his force at Fort Grant. He would then evacuate Fort Lugard and concentrate all his men at Fort Grant, which he considered to be the starting-point for the invasion of Unyoro. As soon as the news of our expedition had been received at Kampala, the war drums would be beaten, and Colonel Colvile with all his force, and followed by such of the Waganda as could take the field, would start for Unyoro.

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The anticipated attack did not take place, and at nine o'clock on the morning of the 2nd Owen and myself left for Fort Lugard, leaving Villiers in charge of Fort Grant. Following the high plateau on which the fort stands we gradually descended into a valley, which, unlike the country which we had been passing through, was thickly covered with bush and trees. We crossed the stream which forms the boundary of the provinces of Lwekula and Singo, and soon afterwards saw in the distance behind us a most magnificent cascade, which falls from a height of some 700 feet over the side of a hill. Mounting again from the valley we got a magnificent view over Unyoro, and discerned in the distance the river Kafui. After a six hours' march we reached Fort Lugard. Owen, with his usual energy, had built a bridge nearly a quarter of a mile long over the river Katumbi, beyond which the fort lies. It is built in an excellent position on a steep hill, and fifty men could defend it against an army. The rest of the day was spent in marching off all the garrison to Fort Grant. Next day we started through very difficult country to get back to Fort Raymond. For some reason or other I was thoroughly knocked up, and I am afraid I was rather a drag to Owen's energy. The most exasperating of my symptoms was that both hands were covered with ulcers caused by the bites of small flies that had rested on the ulcers of the sick men I had been dressing: a blister followed immediately after a bite, and two days later ulcers formed. We got to Fort Raymond on the seventh day, and Mr. Fisher, of the Mission at Mukwenda's, once more refreshed us with excellent tea. At the fort we got news from Kampala. Colonel Colville had sent me two kind letters, of which I have already spoken. It seems that the Waganda had heard that Kabarega had concentrated his forces at Chicaculi's, and they expected us to be devoured alive. Our victory therefore produced the best possible effect. The Colonel

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announced that he had officially declared war, and he expected to invade Unyoro with four or five hundred Soudanese, 5000 Waganda armed with firearms of one sort and another, and 15,000 spearmen.

We stopped ten days at Fort Raymond, and I spent my time partly in my former business of looking after the sick, and partly in trying to get some game. One day we spent with Fisher duck shooting on the lake. The canoes of the country are simply hollowed out of tree trunks. We embarked in one of these, and after pushing through rushes for about two hours found ourselves among thousands of ducks. They are very wild here, and will never let the boat come within 200 yards of them. However, Owen bagged half a dozen of them, and I shot a pelican with my Express. Another day Owen went buffalo shooting. He saw several, but could not get a shot. I also sent David with fifteen men on an elephant hunt. They found seven a day's march off, and wounded two; but one of these made a charge, caught one of the Waganda, and, in the simple language of David, "beat him a little with his foot, and hurt him very much." A volley from the whole party drove him off, but he escaped uncaptured.

The most interesting incident of these days was a Soudanese wedding, at which we were present, the bridegroom being one of the Soudanese officers. The ceremony took place at eight in the evening, and was preceded by several hours' drum beating. A number of men danced to the drums, and from time to time a woman came forward and executed a dance which was not remarkable for its propriety. This took place outside the village. After half an hour the company advanced nearer to the hut where the marriage was to take place, and the dance recommenced. This was repeated several times until the company found itself in front of the hut. After ten minutes the bridegroom appeared, and soon four men were seen dashing through the crowd at full speed, bearing

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in their arms the bride, her head and whole body covered in a white cloak. They bore her into the courtyard of the bridegroom's hut—followed by the happy man himself—and put her down. Behind them the crowd made a confused rush, and almost threw down the palisade of the courtyard, making believe to try and rescue the bride from her ravishers. The women gave vent to the most violent clamour meanwhile; but when the bride and bridegroom were together everybody retired from the hut, and recommenced dancing, which lasted all night.

On the 17th December Colonel Colvile arrived with his expedition at Fort Raymond. He was to leave for the frontier two days later. He had kindly given me leave to accompany him, but for several days I had been much exercised in my mind whether I ought to do so. I had now been so long in Africa that I thought a little Europe again would do me no harm. If I could get started for Mombasa about the middle or end of January I could get to the coast in April, and should be in England at the end of May at the latest, in time for the season. If I followed the operations against Kabarega there was no question of this. After a long conversation with the Colonel I came to the conclusion that, supposing I joined him, I could not expect to start for the coast until April. I therefore decided, with great regret, not to go with the expedition.

They all started early in the morning of the 19th, and I walked with them five miles to the village of Lubanja. The expedition was commanded by Colonel Colvile, with Captain Macdonald (staff officer), Captain Thruston, Captain Arthur, the best fellow that ever lived (now representing H.M. Government in the Congo State), Dr. Moffat, and Mr. Purkiss. Major Owen, second in command, had gone on ahead two days before. The force consisted of 500 askaris, some 300 porters, and 200 followers of various sorts. They took with them a steel boat, which afterwards proved very useful on the Albert

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Nyanza, but which was a horrible drag on the march. The health of the Europeans of the expedition left much to be desired. The Colonel and Dr. Moffat were suffering from ulcerated feet, the result of the attacks of the jiggers. Arthur was covered with ulcers, Purkiss was just convalescent from blackwater fever, Owen had a bad leg, and Villiers, who was to be picked up at Fort Grant, had been troubled with fever when I last saw him. As for myself, I still suffered with ulcers on the hands, and was unable to close them. However, they all went off in good spirits, and, as everyone now knows, so far triumphed over their constitutions that the expedition was completely successful. It was rather heart-breaking to see everybody go and to remain behind myself; but I had been in Africa long enough, and was beginning to feel very played out.

I started for Kampala the next day and camped at Mukwenda's. I suffered all the time from a violent attack of fever which quite knocked me over. However, it passed in the evening, and next day I started, accompanied by twenty-six Soudanese women and seventeen Lindus, whom the Colonel was sending back to Kampala. An excellent road had been made by the chief, which, extraordinary to relate, did not pass through a single swamp. This brought me to Kinako, where I found Spire, Colonel Colvile's servant, and camped for the night. The Colonel had been obliged, by the way, to send Spire, as a European officer, to the station on Lake Victoria Nyanza to fetch things of various kinds from the south of the lake, as the Germans refused to let any canoes leave their shores unless accompanied by a European.

At Kinako I heard news of the Waganda army. It was going to the front in two divisions—the Protestant and the Catholic; a very curious result of missionary enterprise which seemed hardly compatible with complete military efficiency. The Protestant army, accompanied by Mr. Pilkington the missionary, was about four or



SODANESE AND LINDU WOMEN.

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five days' march ahead of the Catholic. I was told that the Catholics had devastated all the country on their line of march, but I am bound to say that I still found enough food for my men. It was, however, to say the least of it, curious that the Catholics went this way instead of crossing their own provinces, and it hardly seemed the best way to avoid friction between the two parties.

On the 27th we had a hard day's march through the usual swamps, the principal feature of which was the passage of the river Moanja. It is overgrown with papyrus, like all the streams in this part of the world, but is unfortunately deep in the middle—about six feet. A bridge had been built over it, but of course my donkey demolished the whole thing as soon as he set hoof on it; and, instead of wading up to the knee, the porters who followed descended to the waist. The more people passed, the lower the bridge sank under water, until presently one of my men went up to the neck. It took an hour's work on the part of all my men to get the women and children over. We then followed the right bank of the river. It here flows towards the north between a succession of little hills, among which were marshy valleys covered with superb tropical forests. As my last pair of boots had lost their soles the day before, the passing of any difficult place was no joke. Moreover, as I was trying to cross a particularly muddy swamp on my donkey, that sagacious beast plunged up to the belly, and then fell on his side and shot me into the middle of the mud.

The next day was like the preceding—the same kind of rivers, the same country, and very similar conduct on the part of the donkey; otherwise it was only enlivened by an attempt of the women and of some of the porters to steal a heap of monkey nuts which were drying in the sun outside a hut. They were duly chastised.

On Christmas Eve I was so bad with fever that I could not start till one in the afternoon. My boots were in pieces, and it was not a pleasing reflection that I should

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have to march in them seven or eight hundred miles to the coast. However, we reached Kampala after a five hours' tramp, and on Christmas Day I dined with Gibb and Wise. Two bottles of champagne and a plum pudding!

CHAPTER XX.

UGANDA AND ITS PEOPLE

I REMAINED at Kampala about six weeks, the first part of which was mainly taken up with fever, a legacy of the swamps of Unyoro. The time was not particularly eventful. I spent most of it putting my papers and such like in order, writing the many letters called forth by the fact that I was once more in touch with a certain kind of civilization, and observing the manners and customs of the natives. It was not perhaps a very high grade of civilization by which I was surrounded, and the postal facilities were the leading feature of it. My immediate environment may otherwise be judged of by two interesting cases which arose on the same day. One was an instance of sorcery among the Soudanese. One of the soldiers, happening to find himself ill, remembered that some time before he had woke up in the night and seen a naked woman looking at him. There could be no doubt therefore that she had bewitched him. She was promptly seized, and the next day was submitted to an ordeal. A sacred bean was cut in two, and half of it was given her to eat: if she was guilty she would fall dead. In the afternoon I asked what the result had been. "Oh," answered my informant, "she ate the bean, and she is dead. Then she was burnt, because otherwise she would have returned as a spirit." "But," I said, "did she not move at all while she was being burnt?" "Oh, yes," was the answer; "but only for just one moment." I need not say that the offenders were severely punished.

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The other case was that of a native who came to complain that another native went to his hut the day before, and told him he could give him a most astonishing medicine. He had only to hang it up in front of his hut, and then he could sleep quite quietly, for no one would go to rob him. He was highly delighted, and went to sleep like a top. In the morning he found that someone had made a hole in the wall of his hut, and robbed him of everything he possessed. He brought with him the sorcerer, who turned out to be the brother of the Catholic Katikiro. This gentleman did not deny the facts in the least; he only pointed out that the medicine was not quite strong enough. Captain Gibb thereupon advised him to make some stronger medicine that would compel the thief to bring back the goods that had been stolen, or else he would have to go to prison till they were recovered. This time the medicine was quite efficacious, for the next morning, when the man who had been robbed woke up, he found in front of his hut the whole of the stolen property. Well, David often tells me, "Ah, master, people in Africa, whatever master thinks, can make very good medicine." This was a proof of it.

Another case which arose while I was at Kampala was less amusing, but of considerable political importance. It concerned the niece of King Mwanga, aged three. She had been brought up in the King's palace, and as soon as she was able to speak had been tackled by the Protestant missionaries, with a view to securing her to their faith. The Catholic missionaries meanwhile had made no claim upon her; but some days before she had escaped the vigilance of her nurses, and walked abroad alone. She happened to stray to the Catholic Mission, and returned with a medallion round her neck. This grave event caused the greatest excitement between the Protestant party and the Catholics, who claimed the princess as a convert of their own Church. The case was submitted to Captain Gibb. He went into the

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evidence with great care, and it was established that until the day of her unlucky straying the Catholics had made no attempt to secure her, whereas she had been several times interviewed by the Protestants. Captain Gibb therefore decided that she was to be regarded as a Protestant until she arrived at years of reason; afterwards she was to be allowed to choose for herself. A decision which was a great solace to the Evangelical party.

While I am on the subject of Catholics and Protestants, I may remark that the claim made by the French fathers for compensation, on account of the losses they had suffered during the religious wars, though possibly justified in part, was most grossly exaggerated. For instance, they claimed 25,000 francs as compensation for their doctor; 75,000 for manuscripts and mission papers; and 135,000 for wholly unspecified damages. They are entitled to compensation, but £10,000 would be very liberal.

The only other incidents of interest at Kampala were the arrival of Mr. Scott Elliot, on his mission to study the Natural History of Ruwenzori for the Royal Society, and numerous fires. In one of these the whole fort was nearly burnt down; we had to pull down a good many huts and strip the thatch off others to save the fort itself: as it was, only the servants' quarters were destroyed.

I shall now put down what I was able to learn about the Waganda. Perhaps the most characteristic feature is their elaborate mythology, which is almost on a Greek or Indian scale. The oldest of all the gods was Katonda, who was not born of woman. Kulanda, a kindred word, it is to be observed, means to create. His son was Kintu, the founder of the Waganda race, who came from the north; his capital was Magonga. The wife of Kintu was named Matu, and their son was Tshua. When the god appeared on earth from above he had only his wife and a fowl with him. Matu had forgotten the fowl's food, and went back to heaven to fetch it. Whereon Katonda, the

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creator, said, "For having forgotten the food I give you death," and accordingly she brought back death with her to earth.

The god most honoured after Kintu is Mokasa, who gave the human race the power of bearing offspring, with his brothers Musoke and Kiboka, and Linda, son of Musoke. These were all great chiefs, and became gods after their death. Mokasa is also the god of the lake, on which he had his capital: a temple was built to him on one of the islands. He is worshipped by the Wanyoro and Basiwa, as well as the Waganda. Kiboka is the war god; Nayaonie, the rain or food god; Kitinda, the god of the Nile. There are numerous other personalities—brothers, sons, and the like—in the Waganda mythology, but they are of less importance.

The chief, as I have said already, is called the Kabaka; he is chosen out of the royal family by three principal chiefs. He has unrestricted power of life and death, and in old times used to exercise it pretty freely. His Prime Minister is the Katikiro, and under him come the chiefs of the various provinces. These various chiefs form a judicial hierarchy. Supposing a poor man has anything to complain of, he brings his case first before his master. If he is dissatisfied with his master's decision, he takes the matter to the chief of his own or another province, giving him goats by way of a fee. If dissatisfied again, he has to appeal to the Katikiro; and if still dissatisfied, to the King himself. The King judges all important cases in person. Only three people in the kingdom are considered as having the title of royalty. These are the Kabaka; the Namasole, his mother; and the Lubuga, his sister. These two latter have elaborate households on almost the same scale as the King's, whose officers I shall enumerate in a moment; they and two sisters of the Queen Mother (called Nabikande and Bayumba) are the only women who can hold land, with the exception of a lady called 'Nganda, who has care of

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all children of the sisters of the King. The King's own children are committed to the charge of the Nabikande, the King's aunt.

The household of the King is most elaborate, and even bewildering. I was able to get together a list of the chief officers, with their functions, which is as follows—

The chief of the household is called the Lubadu. His duties are a trifle mixed, as he combines the functions



ONE OF THE KING'S PALACES.

of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Physician to the Royal Household: he is to tell the King when offerings are to be made to the gods, and look after the health of the King's women. My friend Mukwenda occupies the honourable position of Labagabo, or armour-bearer to the King. Other ceremonial officers are the Musale,* who goes in front of the King in case of war, acting as the

* All these names, *Mukwenda*, *Musale*, *Pokino*, etc., are the names of the various provinces of which the high officers of the King's household are chiefs or governors.

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herald; and the Waluyembe, who carries the sacred medicine horns. Three officers are employed to build houses, fences, and the like every three or four months, so that probably they find plenty of work to occupy them. One of these gentlemen, Pokino by name, commanded the Catholic army in Colonel Colvile's expedition. A chief of the name of Kangoo is Mugosi. His interesting duty is to construct the King's sepulchre. This task is begun as soon as the King comes to the throne, and the sepulchre is built in the house where his principal wife lives. Mugema is a very important chief, and goes by the title of Katiwe wa Kabaka, or father of the King. His business is to keep in order the sepulchre of His Majesty's predecessor. Another interesting function is Kosju's, who has charge of the King's brothers, who are kept in prison. The last two are among the principal chiefs, and have the election of the Kabaka in their hands. The third elector is the Katikiro. Among other officers is the Musigiri: if the King leaves his capital for a short time this functionary takes his place; while it is to him that a chief, or even a commoner, must prefer any complaint he has against the King. Then, again, there is the Commander-in-Chief—very characteristically, he only commands in time of peace, while for war the King appoints a special general. Then come the Chief Cook, the Cup-bearer, the Lord High Executioner (who goes by the sufficiently terrifying name of Mutanan-Yangamba), with two Chief Executioners under him.

Subordinate to all these are any number of sub-chiefs; and each province is ruled by a Governor (Bamasasa), under the direction of the Kabaka. It is, as I have said, from among these governors that the high officers of the royal household are chosen. A chief has power to inflict capital punishment for the crimes of theft, adultery, or breaking some of his furniture. The penalty is inflicted by severing the vertebral column with a knife, and then cutting off the head.

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Witchcraft and cowardice in war are punishable by burning alive: though I do not gather that the latter offence is very strictly enquired into. A punishment only one grade less severe is mutilation of the eyes, nose, ears, or lips. When a new King succeeds he appoints new officers—a change of cabinet, so to speak.

The Waganda nation is divided into clans, each of which goes by the name of an animal, which is its totem. This animal may not be eaten by members of its own clan; for instance, a man who belongs to the Buffalo clan, and keeps cattle, will never eat a black ox or cow. Other clans are named after the grasshopper, the beaver (this is Mwanga's clan, while the Katikiro's is a grasshopper), fish, lizard; and in the Sesse Islands, a crocodile. No man can marry in his own clan.

I come now to the daily life of the people. Their clothes usually consist of bark-cloth, of which there are three kinds, one of superior quality, one commoner, and one used only at night. It is made in the following way. A kind of fig tree used for the purpose and named Mituba is first stripped of its bark; the upper layer of this is employed for common stuff, while the inner layer is made into the better qualities. After the bark has been stripped off, the tree is wrapped round with banana leaves, and in less than a year the bark has grown again. The bark itself is beaten hard on the first day with a short thick-headed mallet on a piece of dry wood. The stuff is then exposed to the sun, and then beaten with a mallet whose head is cut in grooves. The different pieces are then sewn together with banana fibre with coarse native needles. If the stuff has any holes in it they are sewn together, and then the edges are lightly hammered to make them close. When made, the cloth is dyed by means of wood of three kinds, and is perfumed by placing it on sticks above a fire of a wood called mogavu. The garment of bark-cloth is called lubogo. It is worn by the men fastened on the right shoulder, and by the women rolled

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round the body, and fastened with a girdle about the waist. Even the women of the highest rank wear no outer garment except of bark-cloth; but below it some of the very fashionable have stuffs of European manufacture. Girls do not wear this dress until the age of sixteen. Before that age they only wear a girdle made either of beads or of wreaths. The *lubogo* is buried with its proprietor; the old garments are given to his slaves. Sandals are made of buffalo hide, which is tanned by first burying it for six days; it has then to be beaten for two days before it has got its right shape: these sandals are hollow and ornamented with neat designs. The straps are usually made of otter skin; the King alone has straps of leopard skin for his shoes. These sandals are hardly ever used except by people of the highest class. The ornamentations on the leather are first of all traced out with a piece of iron, and then coloured with a stick dipped in a mixture of red potter's clay and water. Ornaments are very rare, and nothing is worn in the ears. Copper or iron bracelets may occasionally be seen, but these are about all.

Each family has its own dwelling-place, surrounded by its own banana plantation. The people of the lower class have one hut for sleeping and a smaller one for cooking; they eat in the open air. The abodes of the chiefs are more elaborate, consisting of a sleeping hut (*kisulo*), a kitchen, and a house for their women. Very exalted people have a house for each of their women, and the female slaves sleep in the same house as their mistress. All these are surrounded by high rush fences. Outside these again, in the case of important chiefs, is the audience chamber (*kigango*). The floor is covered in all cases with fine grass. The beds of the poorer people are made of short piles planted in the earth and covered with papyrus branches; those of the upper classes are real beds made of interlaced strips of leather, and the great chiefs have also straw mattresses.

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Marriage, as is usual in Africa, is mainly a question of purchase. When a man sees a woman who pleases him, he tells her he would like to marry her, and if she is willing he goes to her father. If the father consents, he names his daughter's price. Among the peasants the customary price is fifteen gourds of beer, a basket of salt, one bark-cloth "lubogo," 1000 shells* (simbi), and a goat. When the payment is made, the day is fixed for the husband to take delivery of the article. He comes with his friends to the father's village and stops outside the hut. The father comes out, and the bridegroom says to him, "I have come for my wife." If it should be thundering or raining, the father answers, "My daughter cannot go with you; the weather is not favourable." If it is fine he says simply—what in the former case he adds to his first speech—"What have you brought me? I cannot let my daughter go without a little beer to drown my sorrow in the midst of my friends." Thereon the wooer produces three or four gourds of beer. The girl is then brought by her mother, who has first washed her with a native sponge and clothed her in a new lubogo. The girl, at the sight of her husband, begins to weep, and her father loads him with reproaches. "There she is; take her," he says, adding that he is a churl, that he has not paid him enough, and similar compliments. The girl cries all the time, and says, "Oh, mother, you have sold me." One of the husband's friends then takes her up astride of his shoulders† and carries her off, the father sending with her her youngest sister as an attendant; she remains three days with the bride and then returns to her father, having received as a present a lubogo and some shells. The husband gives his friends a goat, on which they

* Shells (cowries) have been introduced as currency by the Arabs. Two hundred to two hundred and fifty go to a rupee.

† This mode of riding is considered a high honour. Before horses had been introduced into Uganda the King and his mother never walked, but always went about perched astride the shoulders of a slave—a most ludicrous sight. In this way they often travelled hundreds of miles.

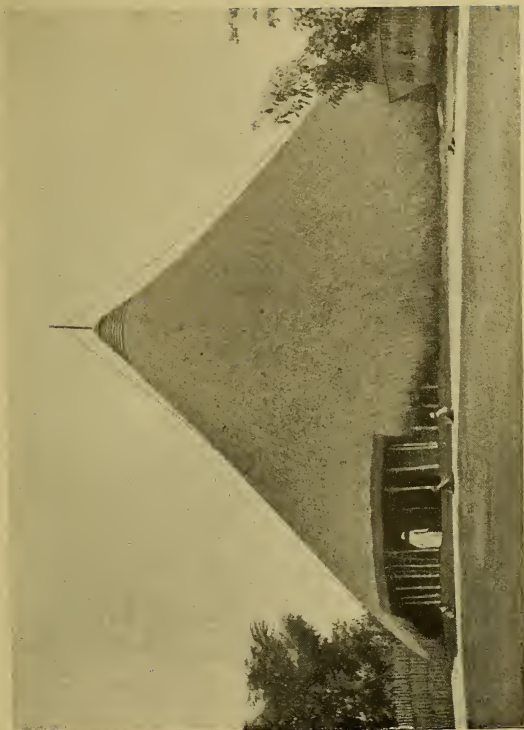
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feast. The bride does not speak to her husband during the first three days, nor does she go abroad. If for any reason she is obliged to leave the hut, she covers her head with her lubogo, and is led by an old woman, whose duty is to warn off any man they may meet. On the fourth day the husband gives his wife a goat, which she kills and cooks for him; she may then speak. All her friends come to visit her after that, the visit lasting two days. They bring with them a present; if they fail to do so, the bride does not speak to them. On the seventh day her mother comes to see her, but leaves the same day. On the eighth she goes herself to see her father, and returns with fowls and bananas; these she cooks and serves to her husband, and the ceremony is then complete.

Unmarried people are not allowed to possess land, but on marriage the man goes to the chief, who gives him a garden, in return for which he has to do such work as building the chief's house or mending his fences if called upon. The chief can evict him at pleasure, and similarly the tenant can leave at any moment that suits him.

The funeral ceremonies are as elaborate as those connected with marriage, especially in the case of chiefs or their womenkind. After death the body is straightened out and wrapped up in bark-cloth. With it they bury a number of cloths; for a big chief the number of these cloths is anything from 200 to 3000;* for a peasant fifty is enough, while the body of a slave is merely thrown into a swamp. A chief's body is always embalmed; his widows have to squeeze out all the juices from the body for a space of thirty or forty days. During the whole of this time his relations neither wash nor cut their hair or nails. They wear only rags of bark-cloth, and under this next their skin a girdle of green banana leaves. As soon as one girdle is dry they put on another. Tomtoms are incessantly beaten, and the relatives spend most of

* When Mtesa died over £10,000 worth of cloth was buried with him.



MTESA'S TOMB.

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their time in weeping and wailing. The body is carried to the grave on a stretcher, and men and women alike follow it. For an ordinary chief the grave is as much as ten feet deep. It is dug in an open space, on a hill if possible, and a house is built over it. The grave is first lined with bark-cloth three feet deep, then the body is put in, and the hole is filled up to within a yard of the surface with more bark-cloths. In this way, it will be seen, there is no extraordinary difficulty in getting rid of a couple of thousand or so. No ornaments, or weapons, or anything of the kind are buried with the body. In the case of a chief, women and slaves remain for a time in the hut built above the grave. Some twenty days after the funeral the dead man's successor is brought before the King and formally recognized. He then returns with his people to his father's house; beer is made and drunk all night to the accompaniment of drum beating. Next day the new chief takes his father's weapons, and standing on the threshold is publicly recognized by his people. The oldest relative of his father approaches him and clothes him with the lubogo, and his relatives each bring him one shell apiece. These are strung together and wound round his arm; if there are any over they are placed on the bark-cloth on which he is sitting. The question of the disposal of his predecessor's wives then arises. Half are washed and taken to the King; of the remaining half, all that have borne children are set apart to guard the grave;* the rest the new chief takes to himself. There is then a great feast by way of termination to the period of mourning. The father usually chooses his successor from among his sons in his own lifetime, but the family can overrule this choice and appoint another son; women have no voice in the matter. The ceremonies and customs of succession

* Departed kings retain the whole of their household; food is cooked and deposited daily on the grave, and every month a great "baraza" (levee) is held in front of it.

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

are similar in the case of the common people, but of course on a smaller scale.

There are several kinds of ordeal in force in Uganda, but since the British occupation these have been naturally repressed as far as possible. One of them was the familiar device of taking muavi; the party who could not get up after drinking it was guilty. At other times a spade was heated and passed over the legs of accuser and accused; the man whose skin came off was in the wrong. Another method was to put fire in a pot and apply it to the chest; if it made a blister and stuck where it was like a cupping-glass, the man was guilty.

Of the industries of the Waganda, agriculture is naturally the most important. The cultivators or peasants are called bakobi. The only implement they use is a spade, which is worth 250 simbi (shells). The plants cultivated are very numerous, comprising bananas, sweet potatoes, Indian corn, cassava, peas, beans, a root called mayuni, monkey nuts, millet, wheat, another small kind of red millet called wimbi, rice, tobacco, gourds, and vegetable marrows of various sorts. They begin to prepare the ground in February and sow in March. The crops are ready for harvesting in three months. In September a second crop is planted. To keep down weeds they strew the ground with banana leaves. Bananas themselves appear in eighteen months. They are planted in rotation so as to have some always in yield. Bananas are the staple food of the country; they are eaten green, and are cooked as I have described in a previous chapter. Their fruits are wild dates, a kind of plum called unsali, the wild fruit of the incense tree, and the wild plantain.

Weaving is unknown, but the Waganda make various kinds of rope with banana fibre, papyrus, and certain leaves. To make fast the rushes used for fences and houses they bind them with strips of banana bark. They are very clever at working leather, as I have already said,

UGANDA AND ITS PEOPLE

rubbing it after it is dry with stones, and afterwards rolling it in their hands to make it supple.

Pottery is the art of special artisans called babumbi. A large pot takes two days to make, and is reshaped four times on each day. When the shape is perfect it is scraped over with a small piece of wood. Designs are made by running a four-pronged stick over the surface. To bake the pots they put them on four stones, placing a large number together. They then light dry grass on the ground, and when it is well alight pile up more dry grass and leaves all over the pots until they are wholly covered by a glowing fire.

CHAPTER XXI.

FROM UGANDA TO KIKUYU

WHEN I left Colonel Colvile at Mukwenda's he pointed out to me that I should have much difficulty in finding porters to go to the coast, and therefore offered to lend me some, as he had a good many men whose time was up and whom he would have to send back. He also enquired about the number of guns I had, and finding out that I possessed but a few, he gave orders for fifty Snider carbines to be lent to me, and also promised to give me an armed escort of twenty men, as the Masai country was still unsettled, and it was not wise to cross it without a well-armed party. In return he asked me to take charge of his mails.

My own party consisted of the faithful David, who by this time had become my Katikiro—Prime Minister; Inyarugwe, the little Senga slave who had been given to me by Matakania, the Portuguese Capitao-Mor of Zumbo; and Malaŋga, the little slave paid to me by the Wahha as a ransom for their chief. I have since brought this little family to England, and all three of them have given me the utmost satisfaction. David, as I have already said, has travelled all over Europe with me and has since accompanied me twice to Africa; Inyarugwe, who was constantly suffering from fever in Africa, has never been ill since he came to Europe; and little Malaŋga has lately passed the fifth standard after two years' schooling. They are all perfectly happy, and although I had been warned that they would soon get spoiled, I found them quite the reverse, and,



INYARUGWE AND SABAO
(Two of my Zambezi children).

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what is rare in an African native, each one of them has appreciated the kindness shown him; although Miss Burns has done her best to spoil little Malaŋga, he simply worships her—as does everyone who knows her, I may add. Among my faithful followers were also Wana Omari, who had come with me from Jumbe's, on Lake Nyasa; Ambali, a Zanzibari I had engaged at Ujiji; besides about twenty of my old Wanyamwezi porters, who had been promoted to the rank of askari (soldiers) and acted as my body-guard. I had given them four hours' drill every day since I had arrived in Uganda, and Major Owen was much struck with their efficiency. Besides these, I had twenty askari and fifty porters lent to me by Colonel Colvile, sixteen men of the postal caravan, and twenty men I had engaged myself in Uganda. Shortly after his arrival Scott Elliot had made up his mind to get rid of his headman and of some forty porters, whom he asked me to take to the coast, warning me that they were a bad lot—absolutely unmanageable,—but I had no fear in that respect, knowing well that I should soon knock them into shape. Having gathered all my force together, I explained to them what I expected from them: "There are a few things," I said, "that I want you to bear in mind: so long as you do your work well and obey my orders you will find Mpanda Chalo (my native name) a good master. If any one of you is ill or finds himself in trouble, come to me and I will look after you. But if you disobey orders, if you steal anything either from your comrades or from the natives among whom we pass, you will be punished with the utmost severity. Every day I want the camp to be properly laid, and when the drums are beaten every man must fall in into his own appointed place. Now a few among you have lately travelled with Bwana Mdudu—(the master of the insects—Mr. Scott Elliot's native name)—and because he has been too good to you, you took advantage of him. You had better not try the same game with me, as you will find Mpanda Chalo a very different master.

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As to you," I went on, turning towards the headmen, "remember that you are getting double pay and double rations, and, therefore, if you misbehave yourselves, you will get double punishment. I have but one thing to add: if a single one of you fires at a native and kills him without my orders, I will have him shot or hanged on the spot. That is all; go to your quarters." The next two days were spent in distributing the loads, nearly forty of which consisted of curios I had collected since I had left Lake Nyasa.* I also had a good lot of ivory I had purchased, and on which I lost some £20. Then, having taken leave of the King and Katikiro, and bidden good-bye to the missionaries, who had shown me much kindness, on the 6th February I shook hands with Captain Gibb and Scott Elliot, and at last turned my steps towards the coast.

That day we camped near a village only one hour's march from Kampala.

There had been as yet no news from Colonel Colvile, and I was to wait in Usoga for twenty porters, already overdue, who were to bring the Colonel's mail from Unyoro. Captain Macdonald had most nobly given me a pair of boots, which caused me, however, considerable torture, and on the third day I had to give them up and walk in an old pair of shoes I had bought from a native. Some of the loads were too heavy, and it was a difficult question how I could carry the twenty-three days' food necessary for my men. On the second day I had, as is usually the case with new porters, to estab-

* All these curios were presented by me to the French Museums—*Musée ethnographique du Trocadéro* and *Museum d'histoire naturelle*—but I am sorry to say that I have not yet had time to classify them. The cost and transport of these curios came to over £1000, but I only received from the French Government 4000 francs (£160) towards the cost of the whole of my journey, and on my return I received no thanks and still less reward. If, following the example of one of my countrymen on the Niger, I had pretended that Colonel Colvile had tried to poison me, I should most likely, like this traveller, have been rewarded by a governorship.

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lish my authority by punishing one of them for stealing bananas from the natives.

Several of my porters broke down on the third day; but my anxieties on account of food were somewhat alleviated by the amiable chief Nansombo, who brought me a good supply of bananas for my men. I also had the luck to buy a saddle ox, who carried me magnificently: his only fault was that he was so fat that his skin rolled about on his back, and it required the skill of a circus rider to maintain a balance on him. The men, however, became worse and worse; on February 10th one of them deserted, and all were in bad condition. I needed at least twenty fresh ones before I could get started in earnest.

I camped on the night of the 10th at Kamanyro, in the midst of a hilly country covered with high grass, bush, and stones. Next morning I started for the Ripon Falls of the Nile. They consist of three cascades divided by small islands, whence the natives fish, spearing their prey with a sort of two-pronged harpoon. The current above the falls is most powerful, and the boats going to the small islands that stand between the different cascades are frequently carried away by the current; this had happened the very day before. On the near banks of the falls, which are overlooked by steep hills some 160 ft. high, are a few huts where the native fishermen live; the fish appear very numerous and are very large. At the foot of the falls swim large numbers of cormorants, while above them crocodiles and hippopotami are as plentiful as in the Shiré itself. During the day I shot a hippopotamus and two crocodiles. Wishing to send a letter to Mr. Grant, the official in charge of Usoga, asking him to send me boats to get my caravan over the river, I hired a native boat, but when my askari was about to step into it the boatmen rowed away and disappeared. I sent another askari to fetch the chief from whose village the boat came—a certain Molyoa; nothing was heard of him till next morning, when his Katikiro arrived at half-past six. He

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asserted that it could not have been one of his boats that rowed away the previous day—after the boatmen had received payment—since Molyoa had no boats.

“Very well,” I said; “by the way, did you not send me bananas yesterday?”

“Yes, certainly.”

“By boat, I believe?”

“Yes.”

“Then you told me a lie when you said the chief had no boats. I am going to keep you here until the owner of the boat comes here; his name is Mfumbiro.”

“I do not know him.”

“I am sorry for it, because I shall be obliged to keep you until your memory comes back to you.”

Thereupon he decided to send his wife to the village with one of my soldiers to fetch the man. Presently the chief of the district on the other side of the river arrived with Molyoa himself. I reported to Molyoa what had happened, but he said that he did not dare to send for some of his men unless I gave him two soldiers, for his people were “kali sana” (very bad) and would kill him.

“What,” said I, “a chief afraid of his people? Well, then, I shall go myself.”

I started with four askaris in the boat that had brought the two chiefs; but on the way I met a messenger from Grant, saying that he had heard of my arrival and was sorry he could not send me any boats, because all his own were away that day, but adding that he would send me some the next day to Lugumba, six hours' journey from the falls. I sent him a reply by the boat which had brought his letter: I said that I would come myself with the greater part of my baggage direct to his station at Lubwa's, sending my men and the rest of the baggage to Lugumba. I managed to hire six boats, the biggest of them belonging to the chief on the opposite side of the river, who had come to see me; he asked me to let him

FROM UGANDA TO KIKUYU

cross over to his own side, and promised to send back the boat immediately; to make sure, I sent a soldier with him, bidding him return at once. Meanwhile the owner of the boat, who had vanished after being paid on the previous day, had at last turned up, and I asked him why he had behaved as he did.

"Oh," he said, "a hippopotamus knocked a hole in my boat."

"That is a lie," I replied. "I watched your boat all the time; and if a hippopotamus had knocked a hole in it, you would very soon have come ashore instead of crossing the lake. Now you see you have told me a lie, and you have robbed me, and you deserve a punishment."

"Yes, master, what can I do? White men know everything!"

So I ordered the sergeant of the guard to give him twenty lashes. While this was going on I saw that the chief's boat, which had crossed the river, instead of returning as promised, was making off with my soldier. I waited an hour in vain, and as he did not return I got another boat and went after him, and found him nearly four miles away; he said the people had told him they were going to fetch more men.

"What were my orders?" I asked him.

"To return immediately."

"Why did you disobey?"

"The people told me . . ."

"Very well, you will be punished when we return to camp."

As for the chief, who was standing by with a long face, I told him that I knew by the way his people behaved that he did not care for my orders, and that I should report him to Mr. Grant. He explained that if he beat his people, they threatened to kill him: this was a chief indeed!

"Very well," I said; "I will inform Mr. Grant of that too."

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He besought me not to tell him : I answered that that would depend upon the future behaviour of his people. At last I brought the boat back, and after an hour's hard work got all the loads across ; but then, thanks to the unspeakable procrastination of the natives, it was too late to start, and I had to send a new messenger to Grant to ask him to have the boats sent to me here after all. They arrived the next afternoon ; but I required certain time to get them loaded, and was not able to start till evening. As it took four hours by water to reach Lubwa, I had to stop half-way so as not to arrive there in the middle of the night. I had the bad luck to get my tent pitched on the top of a nest of red ants which ate me up. It took an hour to get the packages ashore and count them all ; then, having set a guard for the night, I took a turn round the camp, which, including the boatmen, contained nearly 200 men. As I expected, I caught several of them in the act of stealing bananas, and presently a patrol which I sent out brought in five more with the stolen fruit in their hands. True to my promise, I punished them all on the spot. Next day an hour and a half's row brought me to Lubwa Station, where I was most kindly received by Mr. Grant. The place was admirably kept and garrisoned by 100 askaris ; there were also a number of Soudanese, not enrolled, who had been allowed to settle down there.

While I was at Lubwa's two missionaries came whose names I will not mention ; but I must mention their extraordinary conduct, to show how some of them imagine that every one ought to be at their orders. They were going to open a station in Kavirondo, and before leaving they asked Mr. Grant to keep some of their packages. He agreed, and they produced twenty-nine, for which they gave him a receipt to sign. This he refused to do unless they agreed to relieve Government of all responsibility with regard to them, as once before some other missionary made a heavy claim for some packages he had asked the

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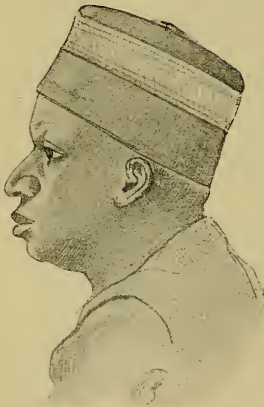
Company to keep for him as a matter of courtesy; these having been destroyed by a fire, he claimed their full value. When the things had all been stored in the magazine, they made Mr. Grant take them all out twice on the pretext that among them were some boxes they wanted to take away with them. They did not give themselves the trouble to take any part in this work, not even to look for the boxes in question. That evening Mr. Grant sent word to ask them to dinner. They replied through a native boy that if Grant wanted them to do him the honour of coming to dinner, he must ask them early in the morning. Another day Mr. Grant asked them to dine, and then sent to beg the loan of their table, his own being too small. Their reply, "Certainly not," was curt and to the point. I am bound to say that most of the colleagues of these fellows were absolutely different, but this shows how extremely disagreeable a churlish missionary can make himself.

I stayed at Lubwa's fort a fortnight, and during this time the chief came to pay me a visit. He was a fine old man and seemed very intelligent; it was he who had Bishop Hannington killed, but he cannot be held responsible for this, as he was only acting under the orders of Mwanga, King of Uganda. Speaking of the death of Hannington, it is incorrect to imagine that he was killed near the Nile. As a matter of fact, Lubwa's village is nearly eight miles from the river as the crow flies, and two long days' journey by the path.

Lubwa gave me some curious information about the government of Usoga. It is tributary to Uganda, and consists of a number of small states independent of one another. The chiefs of these are called Muami. At their death they are succeeded by their sons, but the chief himself designates the particular son who is to succeed. After the dead chief has been buried for some time his bones are dug up again. Anyone who has the misfortune to pass near the tomb while this operation is going on

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—man, woman, or child—must die. The skull and the larger bones are put aside, while the smaller ones are taken away to be used as drumsticks. When the chief's bones have been disinterred they are laid in a hut built specially for the purpose, upon a bed, and covered with fine bark-cloth; then the drums are beaten with the small bones, and all the people chant that their chief has come back again. The reigning chief appoints a certain number of people to watch the hut and the bones.



LUBWA'S KATI KIRO.

On February 28th Colonel Colville's mail arrived with the fresh porters for whom I had been waiting, and I started for the long march of 1000 miles that separated me from the coast. Before leaving I collected the food necessary for my men between Mumias and Kikuyu, a twenty-five days' march, during which no villages are passed. Mr. Grant sent thirty Lindu to accompany me as far as Kavirondo, and help to carry the 2000 lbs. of flour necessary to feed my men. Two hours and a half of quick walking brought us to Lubwa's village, where we

camped. Lubwa treated me most handsomely, giving me two fine goats and a sheep. He also offered me a wife, to escape which effusive kindness I am afraid I falsely said that I was already married in my own country. Next morning we went on through a magnificent country and most luxuriant vegetation. Big trees were abundant, and among them was an almost uninterrupted succession of banana plantations. The villages, which are many, consist merely of a group of four or five huts erected in the middle of the plantations. The entrance to each

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village is marked by a sort of porch made of a grass roof raised on sticks. There are huts for the gods in each village; these are exactly like the Musimo huts found in the Wanyamwezi country, being surmounted by a pair of tall horns. We also found a pot buried at the junction of two roads, as among the same people. It would have been very interesting to trace the connection between these peoples, if any really exists, but I was not able to do so. The Usoga huts are built on the same model as those of Uganda. The entrance is only about three feet high and eighteen inches wide.

There followed three more or less uneventful days, marked only by occasional petty thefts on the part of my men, and by one of the Lindu* breaking down. The headman in charge of the Lindu helped him on with cuts from a whip. To punish the brute I made him carry the sick man's load. I had to leave this man on the road, paying the chief of a village to take care of him. On the 5th March we entered Kavirondo; the appearance of the



THE ENTRANCE GATE OF A VILLAGE IN KAVIRONDO.

country, the people, and the villages completely changed. Instead of the magnificent trees of Usoga we found undulating plains covered with grass, with here and there tufts of little trees marking a village. These villages consist of a few huts surrounded by a wall of earth; round this wall is a ditch about 15 feet deep, and outside of it

* The Lindu are a tribe coming from the N.W. of Lake Albert: they had been enslaved by Emin's soldiers, and followed them when Captain Lugard removed them from Kavalli's. Their emancipation was considered a serious grievance by the Soudanese.

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euphorbus and other trees grow. The villages are dirty and stinking; the people, on the other hand, superb. The men carry assegais with very long shafts and short heads. Men and women alike despise clothes, and go naked; they



MAN OF KAVIRONDO,
PAINTED.

cover their necks, arms, and legs with rings of iron wire, and wear smaller rings of copper wire in their ears, which shine in the sun, giving them a very curious appearance. Some of them wear on the forehead a crescent made out of hippopotamus tusk. Men and women alike are tall and well made, but they have especially large hands. The Wa Kavirondo pull out four or five of their lower front teeth by way of beautification; the Wasoga and Masai only two. Unlike the people of Uganda and Usoga, they do not appear to cultivate the banana much; but I saw several fields of potatoes. The men work as

hard as the women—a very rare phenomenon for Africa.

The people of Kavirondo are great blacksmiths; there is a large forge outside every village, where two or three men are always found at work, some making picks, others axes, or assegais; they shape the object they want to manufacture on an anvil of stone, and finish it by stamping it with a little iron pestle; while hammering they keep up a continual monotonous chant. The picks they make are like those of the Waganda, but smaller.

On the night of the 5th March hyænas broke into the camp and carried off two goats. The sentinels fired on them, but without effect. I could not help thinking the next morning while my tent was being folded up, and I was breakfasting with mud above my ankles, how peculiar life is at times in Africa compared with our modern civilization. Who in Europe would ever think of camping in a newly-ploughed field after a week's rain? I forgot to

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say that since we left Lubwa's it had been raining hard every day.

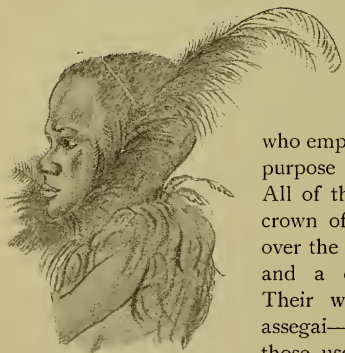
Crossing the river Scio (which took an hour, since the bridge had fallen to pieces), we took the direction of the Samia Mountains, on which we saw a great deal of game, mostly hartebeest; we also found fresh spoor of elephants and buffaloes, but as we had to go on until we found water to camp by, I could not stop to go after them. We camped, after four and a half hours' march, by a hill, and were entertained in the evening by a concert of whistling frogs. I remembered the joy with which I had heard their strains in the Kalahari Desert when water had given out; but here there was water, or at any rate mud, enough and to spare.

Next day, after skirting the base of the mountains for some time, we entered a grassy region dotted with villages, surrounded by fine trees, and contrasting singularly with the bareness of the neighbouring country. The villages there were more important than those we had passed the previous day, and uncommonly well defended; round each was a wall of earth nearly ten feet high, outside which a fosse more than fifteen feet deep and about ten feet broad had been dug. There were two small gates on each side of the village, and in front of them the ditch was interrupted by an earthen bridge about three feet wide, but at this point the wall was higher and some six feet thick.

Next day (March 8th) we made our way towards the village of Mumia. Several of my men professed to know the way well, but as I thought they all took a wrong direction I steered myself by the compass, and to their great astonishment brought them straight to the goal. Captain Macdonald, I must say, had given me the large scale map of the railway survey, and its remarkable accuracy was of the greatest use to me. Before reaching the village we had to cross the river Nzoia, which was very swollen. It was impossible to ford it and to get my

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150 men, their loads, and my beasts across the water, and I could find nothing but two of the most primitive canoes I had yet seen. They were made of a large tree-trunk, roughly hollowed out, but on the outside left absolutely in a state of nature. It took three hours of uninterrupted labour to get the whole caravan to the other side. We reached the village in the heaviest downpour I had yet seen in Africa: for the last few days it had been raining in torrents with hardly any interruption, and being quite done up I was very glad to spend the next day dealing out ten days' rations to my men. I had to watch my headmen measuring out more than 3000 cups of flour, and at the end of the day I was covered all over with a white cake of flour mixed with rain. I engaged six men at Mumia's to go all the way to the coast, and three more to accompany me for the next two days. It was only by this means that I could transport enough food for my whole company. On leaving Mumia's I had the



A MASAI WARRIOR.
(EL NANDI TRIBE.)

good fortune to meet a war party of Masai. There were about forty of them, returning from a raid: they belonged to Mumia,

who employed them for the special purpose of raiding his neighbours. All of them were adorned with a crown of ostrich feathers, passing over the head and under the chin, and a cape of cock's feathers. Their weapons consisted of an assegai—absolutely different from those used by other natives; the blade is about 2 ft. to 2 ft. 6 in. long, and 4 in. broad, the wooden

shaft just long enough to allow the hand to grasp it, and the point of iron about 3 feet long—a knife, a knobkerry, and a shield. Their standard was an assegai, with a

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bunch of ostrich plumes at the end. Some of them wore a small bell, shaped as a crescent and fastened round their calves, and some had their faces covered with a layer of ochre and fat. I have seldom seen a more picturesque company. They had been making war, I was told, to the west of Mount Elgon, of which we had had a magnificent view for the last few days.

The people of this part of Kavirondo let their hair grow long, and roll it up in braids. Others cover their faces and body with a reddish earth, and adorn themselves by making tracings on it with their fingers. A favourite position of the Wa Kavirondo is standing on one leg, with the unoccupied foot resting on the other knee. They reminded me of large storks at rest.

During these days there were the usual difficulties on the march—now porters missing, now loads lost, now a donkey left behind—of which I should imagine the reader has had enough by now. On the 13th, having crossed the Ningen mountains, we saw a number of antelopes at a considerable distance. As we were descending the next mountains, all of a sudden David cried out, "Master, a great beast down there." I looked, but saw nothing. The next moment I heard a roar, and the beast galloped up towards the summit of the hill. It was a superb old lion with a black mane. I started off after him, and had got half-way up when I saw in the many rocks above me, perhaps a quarter of a mile away, six lions more. I crawled towards them, followed by some of my men, but when we reached the rocks the lions had departed. We followed their tracks for nearly an hour, and saw any number of antelopes, but I did not wish to fire for fear of frightening the lions away. At the end of an hour I was forced, to my deep regret, to give up the chase. These were the first lions I had seen in Africa, except one a very long way off in the Kalahari, and I must say that a lion in a wild state is a most magnificent creature. While on the track of the lions I found fresh traces of rhinoceroses,

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so that I promised myself good sport for the future. All this happened about an hour from the river Guaso Masai, where we were to camp, and we had to push on through heavy showers of rain.

Next day, March 14th, was a day to be remembered from a sporting point of view. I marched over four hours, and stalked for seven. Never have I seen so much game in one day. It was impossible to go ten minutes in any direction without coming on a herd of antelopes, mainly kongoni (Jackson's hartebeest). I shot one of these, a very fine hind, and two small gazelles (*Thompsoni*). I wounded three others, but could not follow them for fear of detaining the caravan too long. These beasts are very difficult to kill. My kongoni received the first bullet, which broke her shoulder, and despite that I had to follow her more than half a mile, and it needed two more bullets to finish her. One of the small gazelles received a shot which entirely opened her belly. Yet she ran with her intestines dragging on the ground more than ten minutes, and it took a second shot to kill her. Half an hour after I had halted, and the men had begun to pitch the camp, I saw a herd of hartebeest about 1500 yards away, on the opposite side of the river Nallasogewi. I started to stalk them, but the camp fires had frightened them, and I could not get near enough to shoot. I think it most disgraceful to fire at every animal one sees, when one knows that there is little or no chance of killing it: why should one inflict useless sufferings on the poor beasts? On the way I started an eland—or at any rate it looked like one—and a dozen gazelles, but could not get near enough for a shot. The country consisted of waving plains covered with grass and bush. We were rising gradually, and had by now reached an altitude of 6200 feet.

Next day we went on through the same kind of country, following the course of the river. Game continued to be extremely abundant, but very difficult to approach. At

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the end of five hours' march we were getting near to the spot where I reckoned to camp, when I saw a number of natives hiding in the distance. I halted to observe their movements, and one of them, seeing that I had noticed the party, approached within about 500 yards. I made my people hail him, and he asked that a single man should come towards him. I advanced immediately, but with one of my men who spoke Masai, and two askaris. The Masai, who was in war paint—face and body smeared with ochre—and carried his shield and spear—advanced towards me. At fifty paces he plucked some grass and held it in his hand. This was the sign of peace. When I came near him he stuck his spear in the ground, approached me, and held out his hand. When I put out mine to shake hands with him he spat in my open palm—the sign of friendship—and I returned the compliment. He then sat down behind his shield. It appeared that he was the "ligonan" (captain). Soon he was joined by two other officers, but when others approached they were ordered back with an authority not to be disobeyed. He then proceeded to tell me an impossible story. A month before, he said, a Swahili caravan had come into his country and bought ivory, and thinking that we were the same caravan on the way back he had come to see if we would buy any more. I replied that I was a white man, that my caravan was the caravan of the great queen "Queeny," and that my flag was her flag. I had not come to buy ivory, but was going down to the coast. He then asked me to pay a "hongo," *i.e.*, make some payment for being allowed to pass. "No," I said, "white men do not pay 'hongo.'" Next he asked me to wait a little, and retired with his two warriors about twenty yards off. After a few minutes' discussion he returned: he wanted a present. "No, white men do not give presents." He wanted one of my oxen. I laughed. Then he asked me to wait again, and then again retired with his two lieutenants. When he returned I told him that the

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conference was over, but that as he had many men with him I had better tell him that it was dangerous to come near my camp at night, as my askaris had orders to fire on anyone who came close to the camp. He replied that he did not want war, and his followers repeated it. Each spoke in turn, and the speaker held in his hand the knob-kerry of the chief, with which he gesticulated. The chief then asked me if the Masai in my caravan belonged to me. "Yes." He then asked permission to speak to them. "Certainly," I said. Afterwards, when I began to pitch my camp for the night, my Masai came and told me that I must expect to be attacked during the night. The captain had said to them that as I would not give him an ox he would come and take all I had, and kill me and all my men. They added that "they should not sleep that night, as the El Nandi are very bad men who come crawling up to you like snakes." I assured them that they need not be afraid, that I was as cunning as the cleverest Masai, and would answer for it that nobody got inside my camp. I formed a strong zareba, round which over a space of about ten feet I got the ground covered with small twigs of thorn bushes, that were bound to stop an army of bare-footed men. I also posted four sentries, with orders to fire on anyone approaching the camp. Towards sundown I saw several Masai observing my arrangements; but, as I expected, the night passed quite quietly. My experience is that natives never attack anyone who is on his guard.*

Next day we went over twenty miles across a series of grassy plains without a tree or bush. Game was most abundant; hartebeest, small gazelles, and zebras: we also found fresh spoor of rhinoceroses and several buffaloes' skulls. The next day the country was most delightful,

* The same people one year after destroyed a caravan of 1000 men merely because they took no precautions, and were surprised in the middle of the night. The Masai tactics differ from those of other tribes: African natives usually attack their enemy just before sunrise, but the Masai always attack in the early part of the night so as to be able to get a long way off before morning.

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recalling an English park in the most curious way—sweeps of undulating short grass with groups of magnificent forest trees. We were now on very high ground—8600 feet above sea-level; an icy wind blew from the north, and the temperature at 6 p.m. was only 54 degrees. Next morning I was almost frozen, and my men, who were next to naked, felt still worse; every one of them suffered from fever. The country remained much the same until we reached the highest altitude of our road, 8700 feet. Here we entered a forest, and the path descended until we came out again into open ground, where we camped.

That afternoon a Zanzibari arrived in my camp in a miserable condition. His story was that he had belonged to a Swahili caravan, which had gone to Lake Baringo, but he had been abandoned, and had lived for a month on roots. I allowed him to join my party, leaving him to explain himself at Kikuyu. Several of my men were down with fever and dysentery, and one was evidently doomed within a day or two. It is curious how callous a long stay in Africa makes one about a man's life. In a country where one is exposed every moment to be carried off by a wild beast, or stabbed by a native, one soon comes to think very little of one's own life or anybody else's.

Next day, the 19th March, we passed through the forest of Subugo. It is very thick, and walking through it is very tiring. Every moment we had to pass through veritable tunnels of vegetation. The path was soaked by the rain, so that the ground was very slippery, and intersected with roots, while in other places we had to climb over great trunks of fallen trees. The effects of lightning in this region are terrific. Immense trees, 100 feet high, had been shattered to pieces, and the fragments flung far and wide. After four and a half hours' march we reached the river Eldoma, running at the bottom of a gorge more than 200 feet deep, and after crossing it camped on a grassy tableland. This

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region is admirably adapted for European settlement, and stock-breeding ought to succeed admirably. It would be even more successful if transport by ox-waggon were established here. I had been asked by Colonel Colvile to examine the country with a view to the establishment of a service of ox-waggon; and except the gorge through which the Eldoma runs, I found no serious obstacle. But that was in 1894, and the railway has since then been begun. In the meantime Captain Sclater has completed an excellent road, suitable for waggon transport, the whole way to Uganda.

The country continued to be most extraordinarily abundant in game, and on the 20th March I spent the best part of the day shooting. Antelopes and zebras appeared at every turn, and I shot six fine hartebeest in the course of the day. One of them displayed most extraordinary tenacity of life. I fired at a distance of about 200 yards, and he rolled over with his hoofs in the air. David ran up to finish him, and fired, but the second bullet seemed to bring him back to life. He jumped up and galloped off: 300 yards further he stopped. David fired another shot and again he fell, but once more got up and made off. I got within shot and put a fourth bullet into him, but even then he was not finished, and had to be killed with the knife. He was a superb buck—as large as a small ox. My men gave me three cheers when they found the splendid supply of meat I had provided. Next day we had to make a very long and tiring march to make up for lost time. The country was very varied and cut up by many ravines. There was still any amount of game to be seen; but I was feeling very seedy, and not disposed to go out of my way for them. There were many fresh traces of elephants and rhinoceroses, and we also found an ostrich feather, but saw nothing of any of these animals. I also found a large number of buffalo skulls, and indeed they had been very frequent for several days, but there was no

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sign of the animals themselves. Rinderpest had destroyed all the buffalo here.

I was so bad this day with fever that I could hardly hold myself upright on my ox. Finally I made myself fairly comfortable by sitting sideways; but the beast, annoyed by flies, bucked and sent me flying to earth—which finished me. When we came to our camp, I saw a dozen zebras in the exact spot we were making for. I got to within fifty yards of them, and then took aim and fired; but I was so weak that I could not hold my rifle. It gave me a terrible cuff on the side of the head, and the zebras made off. With great difficulty I got to a tree one hundred yards away. It seemed to me a league. I threw myself down, and have a vague recollection of lying on the ground while they pitched my tent. After that I was indifferent to everything.

Next morning I was a wreck, but started off all the same. We soon saw big troops of zebras; but as we had nearly sixteen miles to go before finding wood or water, I made a solemn resolution not to go out of the way except for an elephant, a rhinoceros, a lion, or an ostrich. Sure enough, after about an hour we saw a dozen ostriches. I started after them with David, and we passed quite close to some charming little antelopes, but I did not fire for fear of frightening the ostriches. However, these saw me more than six hundred yards off, and decamped with huge strides. Suddenly David cried out, "A lion!" The beast was about two hundred and fifty yards off, behind a tree. I crawled towards it; but it was only an enormous hyæna, the biggest I ever saw, but not worth powder and shot. I was just starting back to rejoin the caravan, when in the distance I saw a huge beast which David pronounced to be an elephant, but which looked to me more like a rhinoceros. We gained rapidly on the quarry, but unluckily I was obliged to make a big detour for fear

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of giving him my wind, and a dozen of my men who had seen the animal came to join me. We got up to within fifty yards: it was a superb rhinoceros. He stopped and faced us. I was about to approach still nearer, so as to make sure of hitting him in a mortal spot, as I had only a 450 Express, when one of my men, afraid that he was going to charge, shouted out, "Piga, piga!" ("shoot, shoot"). Before I knew what was happening, all my men blazed away. For a moment or two I was blinded with the smoke, and when it cleared the beast was making off one hundred and fifty yards away. I sent a bullet after him, but without any result. My men wanted to follow him, but I stopped them; the morning was well advanced and we had far to go. That, however, did not prevent me from relieving my feelings by abusing them roundly for having fired without orders. It did not bring back the rhinoceros, but it was a small consolation to me. After five hours' march through thorny bushes we came in sight of the little Lake Nakuro, at the bottom of a valley surrounded by hills. Its aspect was sufficiently melancholy, as the water appeared a dull yellow, and its surroundings were quite bare of trees. An hour later we camped by its side. This day I found on the road an empty box surrounded by broken bottles. The box had evidently been opened by the Masai, who had burnt one side of it to get at the contents. This was an interesting relic of Mr. Scott Elliot's expedition. It was near this spot that he had lost his donkeys, goats, and several loads. His men told him that the Masai had attacked them, which they afterwards confessed to me was a fable: they had merely chucked away their loads, well knowing that he was too kind-hearted to punish them. The animals had been sold to the Masai by his headman.

During the next three days the country remained much the same—grass-covered plains rising and falling, here and

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there covered with bush or dead trees. The zebras and antelopes of various kinds were still abundant, and I was able to get a certain amount of meat for my men. I could not help thinking what a pity it was that the vast herds of zebras should not be turned to some use. As I said before, a few good cowboys with good horses could easily capture them with the lasso; and it has been proved that they can be reduced to a state of domesticity.

On the 26th March we camped at Lake Naivasha. On approaching it we saw a large number of Masai, evidently on the war-path. They passed four or five hundred yards in front of us, crossing our track without stopping. I called to them, and gave them to understand that I wished to buy some of their spears and other implements, and they came at once and were very friendly, in spite of what had been told me, and seemed very desirous of earning a little calico. Their spears were magnificent, but I had to pay a sheep for each. Most of them refused to sell their shields even for an ox, but I was able to get one for two sheep. They were all fine men, tall and well built, adorned with the diadem of ostrich plumes and the mantle of cock's feathers. Some of them had short sticks of bamboo as large as $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches thick in the lobe of their ears; others a curious elongated piece of wood. All had their heads covered with a cap, generally made of an ox's stomach smeared with ochre, though some wore bonnets of lion's skin. They all had their hair smeared with



MASAI EAR ORNAMENT.

ochre, and tied up in bunches, hanging either over the forehead or else in a pigtail behind. Their ornaments usually consisted of a bracelet of iron on the left arm round the biceps, and iron collars and bracelets. Others

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wore charms round the neck. Round their shoulders they wore a leather vest. Besides spears and shields they carried a sword (*simié*) on the right side. To clinch a bargain they spit on the earth; and the form of taking an oath is to pull a handful of grass and chew it. They shake hands in the European manner, but, as I said before, as a sign of friendship spit in your hand, or in the case of special friends spit in each other's face. David told me that these warriors had told the Masai of my caravan that they were coming back from Kikuyu. There, they said, they had attacked the station and killed five men, losing two of their own. They had taken large booty; and it was quite true that they were driving more than forty head of cattle, but I doubted very much whether they had attacked the station. They could easily have overwhelmed me, being in very superior force, but they showed themselves most friendly.

The Masai at one time formed an immense and compact nation, but they are now divided into a large number of separate tribes. Their cohesion was due to the influence of a very celebrated sorcerer named Battiani. His death was followed by the epidemic of "indushi" (rinderpest), which came from the north in 1891. Nearly all the cattle of the Masai perished, and then they fell out among themselves for the possession of the few that survived. Finally, small-pox added its ravages to those of famine, and the nation was irretrievably broken. The Masai still maintain their hardy and warlike character, but as an African power they are no longer to be feared.

While I am on the subject I may as well describe their huts. They are about four feet six inches high, with a very small door hardly a foot wide: a man of moderate size has to turn sideways to get into his hut. These huts are made of grass, caked with clay, and are constructed in two chambers, as shown in the plan. Both inside and out they are disgustingly filthy, as the people do not

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remove any kind of filth from inside. When you come to a village all the men come to shake hands with you. Children come and stand in front of you, bowing their heads, and you rub the backs of their necks. Before rinderpest broke out the elmoran or warriors never ate anything but beef, and even when hungry would not have touched any other meat. The fact that they never hunt animals accounts for the large number of game in their country. They own large numbers of donkeys, which they use to carry their goods when they move from one place to another, as they shift their houses as soon as the cattle have cleared the grass round the then existing village. The loads on the backs of the donkeys are balanced by two sticks trailing on the ground, a very ingenious method.

On the 25th March we followed the shores of Lake Naivasha for a short distance in the direction of Mount Logonot, an extinct volcano. We then crossed a wide sweeping plain clad with short grass, and covered with the ruins of deserted Masai villages. We then began to descend into the Kedong Valley, the country changing in appearance, and becoming covered with resinous bush of a pale yellowish colour. After five hours and a half's walking, which seemed interminable, I came to the conclusion that we must be going in a wrong direction, so I took the lead, and with the help of the map made my way across the bush. At last, after eight hours' march, we reached the little river Kedong, where we pitched our camp. There was a tremendous wind blowing, and my tent was hardly up before one of the cross poles snapped. I had another cut and fitted; and no sooner was the tent at last in position than I hastily took my bath and flung myself on my bed exhausted. Next moment the headman of the rear-guard came to announce that one of the men was missing. It was the porter who carried my box of cartridges, so that if he could not be found I was in a sorry condition. I sent the headman

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and two askaris to look for him, but at ten in the evening they returned unsuccessful.

At three in the morning David rushed into my tent wildly excited, and said that a lion was eating one of the men. I jumped out of bed, and found that David was quite right; a lion had seized a man, and dragged him by the leg ten yards away, but had been frightened by the other men, who rushed at him with firebrands, and had driven him off. I had the wounded man brought to the front of my tent; four of the lion's teeth had penetrated his leg, and one had torn away the calf for about six inches—a wide and very ugly wound. He was also very badly bitten on the fingers. I washed his wounds, and stitched up the biggest—not at all an agreeable job, with an icy wind, in the middle of the night, and with nothing to see by except a flickering lantern.

Next morning I again sent a man to look for the lost porter, and he was at last found. The poor fellow had lost himself, and had to spend the night in a tree under which a lion had been sitting most of the time. In addition to the funza, and the innumerable swarms of flies, I discovered a new pest of Africa. It was a small bird, with a grey body and a red head, which takes up a position on the backs of the oxen and donkeys, and pecks at them until a very bad ulcer is produced. This is what is usually called the rhinoceros bird, as he always keeps company with the rhinoceros, eating the lice with which his huge friend is covered.

On the 29th March we climbed the escarpment of the Kikuyu Mountains, and then, getting over a further small rise, we followed a long grassy valley. Then came a forest, on the other side of which we at last found traces of habitation. We had done our eight hours' walking, and now crossed a small stream, from which I knew that Kikuyu was nearly six miles further on; so I decided to push on. We crossed a series of hills intersected by magnificent valleys, with rivulets running through them,

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and at last arrived at Fort Smith, where I was greeted by Mr. Hall, the agent of the British East Africa Company. I found there also Major Cunningham, on his way to Uganda. From him I heard of the deaths of Sir Gerald Portal and M. Waddington.

CHAPTER XXII.

FROM KIKUYU TO MACHAKOS.

THE WAKAMBA.

THE station of Kikuyu is very strong and admirably built, with a good trench, a good parapet, and an indestructible magazine—a position impregnable to native attack. When the station was first established it was built in another situation, about a mile and a half off, at Dagoreti. The place was, however, besieged by the natives, and the defenders, having run short of ammunition, had to evacuate the fort. The existing station was built from the plans of Major Smith by Captain Nelson, the companion of Stanley, who died there of dysentery in 1882.

The Wakikuyu enjoy, and with great justice, an unequalled reputation for duplicity and bad faith; however, they are a good deal better than they were, thanks to the good administration of Mr. Hall. A few days before my arrival all the chiefs of Kikuyu, with one or two exceptions, had made a solemn treaty with him, by which they undertook to be collectively responsible for the future misdeeds of any individual one of them: the only question was whether they would abide by this treaty. The Wakikuyu are the aborigines of the country round Mount Kenia, and although distinct from the Masai they have certain affinities with them. In consequence of an intestine war they separated into two distinct branches—the pastoral portion of the tribe driving away those who devoted themselves chiefly to agriculture; it was the latter with whom I found myself in contact. They are industrious

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and very successful cultivators. Having chosen a suitable patch of forest, they cut down the trees about a yard from the earth, chop off the smaller branches, and burn them along with the trunk as manure. They then begin to plough, and plant the seeds between the stumps. Each year they burn a little more of the stump, and so maintain a supply of ashes for the land. All European vegetables thrive magnificently in this soil. The Wakikuyu also raise a large number of fine cattle.

Their villages are concealed in the forest, and are very difficult of approach. Some 150 or 200 yards from the village is an opening about three feet high cut through impenetrable undergrowth, and defended on either side by a stout palisade some six feet thick; this narrow path passes occasionally through regular tunnels of vegetation. In case of attack the warriors are posted along the path, so that any progress forward is almost impossible. Here and there it is covered with pointed stakes. Supposing an attacking party made its way through this path during the night, it would find these short pointed sticks planted firmly in the earth to pierce the feet of the assailants. In the bush surrounding the villages there are also enormous pits, with their openings hidden by branches and full of pointed stakes at the bottom: I saw no villages so ingeniously defended in the whole of Africa. Like the Masai the Wakikuyu carry spears, knobkerries, and short swords hanging on the right side; their shields also are somewhat similar to those of the Masai. Besides these weapons they use poisoned arrows. They do not, however, imitate the magnificent war costume of their neighbours.

The general type of the race can only be called bestial—very prominent cheek-bones, short noses, and bulging eyes, with a ferocious expression. Most of them let their hair grow long and braid it. Their hair, face, and whole body are smeared with ochre and butter. They distend the lobe of the ear with the same kind of ornaments as the Masai, in addition to which they pierce three holes in the

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upper part of it; through these young bachelors wear three bits of reed fastened together, while the elder men pass through them an enormous number of rings made of brass or beads. The weight of these pulls the ear down, and entirely destroys its natural shape. While the Masai are exceedingly partial to iron wire, the Wakikuyu prefer copper ornaments. They wear large numbers of copper necklaces and bracelets, and also armlets of rhinoceros skin, like the Masai. They also wear a circlet round the calf. They take snuff, but smoke very little. Altogether they are perhaps the most cunning and certainly the most detestable of all the African tribes with which I came into contact. They were so treacherous that no white man could go as far as a mile from the fort without being accompanied by at least twenty soldiers.

I stayed at Kikuyu for a week, and was uncommonly glad of the rest. Mr. Hall and Major Cunningham accompanied me as far as the Athi plains when I started on the 5th April. The country through which we went on the next day was simply swarming with game, and, incredible as it may seem, I am certain that we caught sight of over 6000 head of game during the day. From a small eminence we commanded a view of about five miles in every direction: the whole plain was black with animals—wildebeest, zebras, hartebeest, waterbuck, and innumerable gazelles. We also passed the fresh spoor of lions, rhinoceroses, and ostriches. In the morning I shot two hartebeest, and towards evening fired at a third, which was galloping along a good 300 yards off. He disappeared over a ridge, and I was too tired to follow him. David, however, ran after him, and presently called to me; the beast was dead, shot through the lungs. That night, thanks to a tremendous storm which had soaked us through during the whole day, I was very bad with fever, and woke up in the morning with an ulcerated throat and pains all over the body; I therefore decided to remain near the Athi river for the rest of the day. In the after-

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noon David went out shooting, and returned in the evening with a superb waterbuck whose horns were twenty-six inches apart. He had also seen three rhinoceroses, and succeeded in dropping one, but as he was going up to finish it two lions appeared. He hesitated, and the rhinoceroses got up and lumbered off; as for the lions, on mature reflection he decided not to fire at them. He had also seen a number of hippopotami on the river Athi, near which our camp was.

I spent a good deal of this day investigating a case of theft. During the night a shield and the food of three of the men had been stolen. I went over the whole baggage of the caravan, and found in one of the loads the bags which had held the stolen food. In defence the thief declared that he could not account for these bags being in his load, but he suspected his Musimo (evil spirit), who most likely placed the bags there to get him punished. In the afternoon we caught a Masai prowling round the camp. He refused to say who his chief was, or to explain what he was doing there, so as a precaution I put him in chains.

Next morning I sent my caravan on ahead, and went with David to the pool where he had seen the hippopotami and the two lions. Needless to say the hippopotami had disappeared, and there was no sign of the lions except the spoor of the day before. When I started back to overtake the caravan I came on a herd of hartebeest, and succeeded in bringing down two of them. Our path led over great grass-grown plains, and when we halted at the end of five hours' march we had not come to the end of them. During the day we had been winding round a range of rocky hills—a place celebrated for lions: it was there that a caravan had been attacked by twenty-seven lions, and a few months after I passed it Captain Macdonald shot two lions out of a troop of seven at this very spot. We had hardly halted when a band of Wakamba came down a hill

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to meet us. They said they were lying in wait for the Masai, who had attacked them recently, and from whom they anticipated a fresh invasion.

Next day, after climbing the hill Lanjora, we got a fine view of the plain of Machakos, and three hours and a half's march brought us down to the station of Machakos. Mr. Ainsworth, the officer in command, has made a charming spot of this station. The whole place is planted with masses of bananas and flowers, which give it a thoroughly homelike appearance. Mr. Ainsworth had been here two years, and had obtained a great influence over the natives, who were not only well disposed towards Europeans, but willing to give their active support to the administration. It appeared from what he said that it was from an attack on this station that the Masai, whom I met at Lake Naivasha, were returning. They had, however, been repulsed, and had not succeeded in capturing the Company's cattle. They had, notwithstanding that, afterwards surprised several Wakamba villages, and taken a good many oxen and goats from them. The Masai, as I have already said, are in the habit of attacking at the time of the full moon. They wait till night comes, make their raid, and then travel by moonlight so as to put a considerable distance between themselves and their enemies before daybreak.

I stayed at Machakos several days, and, from my own observation and the information Mr. Ainsworth gave me, I learned a good deal about the Wakamba, the last and in many ways the most interesting tribe which I was able to study. Their country comprises between 70,000 and 80,000 square miles, lying north-east of Mount Kilima Njaro* and south and west of the Athi river. The northern part of it alone, which covers about 12,000

* I have used the expression Mount Kilima Njaro, although it is redundant. The name of the mountain is Njaro. The word *Kilima* is Kiswahili, meaning "the mountain."

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square miles, is estimated to have a population of at least 400,000.

The East Africa Company occupied the country in 1889, and in 1891 the Wakamba, justly exasperated by the ill-treatment they received from one of the Company's agents, rose against him and attacked the station. At the time when I visited the country, however, they were, as I have said, exceedingly friendly to the tactful administration of Mr. Ainsworth. They are intelligent, industrious people, and capable of very rapid improvement. Their customs and laws indicate a power of political and civil organization altogether different from those of other native races I came across.

Unlike other tribes, they possess no paramount chief. There is indeed in the district of Mala one chief called Mwatu, who is regarded as the real chief of that province, but he has no special title and no special prerogatives; nor is he hereditary, having gained his position by prowess in war. In reality the Wakamba form a kind of patriarchal republic; they are distributed among thousands of small villages (*muchi*), each one being the property and residence of a single family; these contain an average of about



A NATIVE OF UKAMBANI.

fifteen huts. The head of each village is the father (*umtumia*): he usually has three or four wives, each of whom has a hut and a grain store of her own. If he is an old man he may have grown-up sons. The married sons form each a village of his own; the unmarried have their

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own huts in their father's village. The daughters live each with her own mother until they are married.

Property goes from the father to the eldest son, and he exercises authority over his younger brothers and sisters. Supposing his father leaves him any cattle, he must give his younger brothers enough to buy wives with. On the other hand, he is entitled to the cattle paid as the dowry of his sisters. If the father has left no cattle, two-thirds of the beasts paid as the price of those of his daughters who may get married after his death go to his eldest son, the remaining third being divided among the rest of the sons. The father's wives can either remain with the eldest son or pass by arrangement into the possession of the father's brother. They then become his wives, but not without their own consent. A woman cannot inherit, although she can own cattle earned by her own labour. If the eldest son of the deceased is a minor, his uncle or nearest male relative on the father's side takes possession as trustee. When the heir comes of age—that is to say when he wants to get married—the trustee must account for the property on a fixed scale. For each cow he received he must produce one calf for every two years; for each female child, if she is married, two cows, while, if she is not, he must produce her. Any death of cow, calf, or girl must be proved by witnesses. If a man leaves no male issue, his property goes to his brother or the male issue of his brother; any relation on the male side appears to count as an honorary brother.

The country is divided into districts, which are organized together. If a case arises concerning the people of the same district, the owners of the villages of that district assemble to settle it. If it concerns two or more districts, the owners of the villages of the districts concerned meet together in the same way. Sometimes, if the elders cannot thus settle the case, the people of the different districts go to war.

The laws of the Wakamba are numerous, and for

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Africa singularly just and reflecting. There is no real individual property in land; if a man on his marriage sets up a village of his own, he can take any land that is unoccupied. The penal code is especially discriminating. A murder is judged by the elders; if it is a man's first offence of that kind he is punished by a fine—five or ten cows for a murdered man, and two for a woman. If the murderer cannot pay, his relations must pay for him; but a man convicted for the second time of murder is killed at once, everyone setting on him the moment judgment is delivered. It is not murder for a man to kill his own slave, but it is to kill anybody else's. The top price of a slave, an engaging young woman for instance, is fifteen to twenty goats. Such a woman is valuable, not only for herself, but as a brood slave, so to speak. If a man kills another when he is drunk, he is fined for the first offence as if he had been sober; but in the case of a second offence, the elders may either sentence him to death or make the seller of drink pay compensation to the family of the victim. This struck me as far beyond the judicial level of the rest of Africa. For rape a first offender is flogged, and has to pay a fine of one cow; for the second offence he is killed. If a man is caught in adultery at night, the husband has a right to kill him; but if the injured man thus takes the law into his own hands in the daytime, he is dealt with as a murderer. If the husband catches the co-respondent and does not kill him, he can bring him before the council of elders and get damages; the woman is flogged. But the husband has also a very practical remedy for his wrongs; he can compel the adulterer to take over the woman and to refund her price. A woman may be divorced for persistent adultery or for refusing to work, and in each case her father has to refund what he got for her. A woman, however, cannot divorce her husband, nor can she herself be divorced for sterility. As a rule, however, if a woman has no children she puts an end

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to the false position by eloping with another man. The husband in that case can claim her price from the man with whom she has gone. A thief entering a village at night can be killed; this provision, as well as the similar one about adultery, furnishes a curious parallel to the provisions of the Mosaic Law. When a theft is committed, the elders, if the thief is caught, may compel him to restore what he has taken, as well as to pay a fine. If a thief is killed at night, the incident generally gives rise to a vendetta between his family and that of the killer, which goes on until both are extinct. Trial by ordeal is unknown among this tribe.

In consequence of the extreme subdivision of the people in their villages, the regimentation of the Wakamba for war is rather an elaborate matter. They have no organized system of defence: the huts of each village are defended by a small hedge of thorns, but only the titular head chief, Mwatu of Mala, has any number of people grouped round him. If the Wakamba wish to attack a neighbouring tribe, the elders meet together; each one says how many of his sons he is willing to send. When they have agreed on this point they call together all the warriors, and appoint a man of middle age to lead the contingent of the district. If several districts join in the campaign, each contingent has its leader; but there is no supreme command. They travel all night to the place they wish to raid, and attack at early dawn, generally opening the engagement with a flight of poisoned arrows. The heads of these arrows are made to come off the shaft, and the poison with which they are smeared is made of the leaves and the wood of a certain tree chopped into small pieces and boiled in an earthen pot. The stuff is then strained, and the sediment reboiled in the same manner; the residue, a black resinous substance, is the poison. The Wakamba are not fond of fighting at close quarters, but if driven to it use swords or spears. They have no knobkerries. They carry banners

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of coloured cloth, but no drums. The great aim of war is the capture of cattle, for the Wakamba do not, like the Matabele, kill for the sake of killing. Naturally they kill all the men that fall into their hands, but they spare even the oldest women and the children. The captives are sold if possible; and women do not as a rule become the wives of their captors. After they return from war all the men who have taken spears parade with them before the elders. The father of any man who has so distinguished himself is expected to celebrate the occasion by killing a goat. The captured spear is kept in the hut of the family, and for seven days all the friends come to look at it and bring some pombe for the gallant warrior.

Even when fighting between themselves, the Wakamba do not sell any of their own countrymen they may have captured—again a curious parallel with the laws of Moses.

The Wakamba have, properly speaking, no religion; but they differ from most tribes in their beliefs, as they acknowledge a well-intentioned supreme being. They attribute good and evil to a superior being by the name of Ngae, but they have no regular religious ritual, although in case of drought the elders hold a meeting and take a calabash of native cider and a goat to a baobab tree; they kill the goat, but do not eat it. These people neither worship their ancestors nor believe in witchcraft, though they have great faith in second sight. There is a rude kind of surgery practised which consists chiefly—as, for that matter, it did in Europe a hundred years ago—in letting blood. They also use drugs and charms, and attempt to arrest infectious diseases by going through certain spells on the path by which it is travelling. Doctors are both male and female, and are held in great honour.

They count, like most African tribes, on their fingers, beginning with the little finger of the right hand. They hold up one, two, three, or four, as the case may be, to signify the first four numbers. Five is the closed

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fist. For six they catch the little finger of the right hand in that of the left, for seven two fingers, and so on. Both fists together signify ten; after ten they begin again, keeping tally of each ten with a stick.

Their marriage customs are not very different from those of other tribes: a man goes to the girl's father, supposing that the couple mutually please each other, and says he wants to marry her. There is the usual haggling as to price, but it is generally settled at about thirty goats or two cows. If the suitor has the price ready he can take the girl on the spot. More usually the price is brought in three days' time by the man's brothers, who bring back the bride. Sometimes the event is celebrated by a dance three days after delivery. The newly-married wife cannot go out for four days, and only after that time may she cook for her husband. On the eighth day her mother and sisters come to visit her. On this occasion the husband keeps out of the way, since among the Wakamba, as among many African tribes, a man may not look at or speak to his mother-in-law. In many families the betrothal of infants is practised, but here again the Wakamba display a social instinct much in advance of other tribes: when a girl comes of age she is at liberty to refuse a proffered husband if she does not like him. This is so even when, as often happens, the dowry has all been paid up in advance. In that case the father finds out whom she prefers, and if he is willing gets the same dowry from him, and pays it over to the disappointed suitor. The average age of marriage for a girl is about twelve: for a man, when he can afford it.

No man may be present at the birth of a child. Three days after this event the father gives the infant a present of beads; the woman stays in the house for three days after the birth of a child, but usually is at work again after a week. Two days after a birth there is a great feast, and all the relations bring presents of food and drink. On that occasion there is a dance, in which old

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people alone take part; the young are not admitted to it. It is at this feast that the child is named, the grandmother acting as sponsor. A mother suckles her child, unless another arrives in the meantime, for two years. The average number of children from one mother is from four to six, although I had the honour to know a man who by his two wives had had a family of seventeen. (This, though not extraordinary in itself, is considerably above the average in Africa.) Thus the population of the country is steadily increasing. Twins, which are not infrequent, are supposed to bring bad luck, as it is thought the father will die before they grow up to be strong; the Wakamba do not, however, kill twins. Married women will not drink milk unless it is churned, as they consider it dangerous in childbirth.

A further striking instance of the relative enlightenment of the Wakamba is furnished by their ideas about death. Instead of believing, like almost all other natives I know, that death from natural causes is impossible, and that therefore death is always a case of bewitchment, the Wakamba believe the exact opposite. It is fate (*inguè*). If an old man dies, "he was due to die." In the case of such an old man—the owner of a village—the body is bent up and wrapped round with an old piece of cloth: it is then buried inside the thorn hedge of the village on the second day. The work of burial must be done by men who are neither warriors nor elders. The wife of the owner of a village is also buried inside the stockade, at the door of the hut she occupied; but in the case of children and young unmarried people the body is merely stripped of its ornaments and thrown away. The women only weep on the day of the death, and no one wears any sign of mourning; but all the relatives come at once to look after the disposal of the property. A very practical people, the Wakamba. They are not so fond of dancing as most natives; nevertheless they have three different dances: these are usually restricted to young

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men and women. In the first, women and men place themselves in two lines opposite to each other. The men have each a long drum, consisting of a hollowed-out piece of wood about five feet high and four inches in diameter, with a handle at the top, and a skin stretched across the bottom. On the outside of this drum are rows of small bells. While they are dancing the men rush forward from time to time and each one of them rubs his cheek against that of the girl opposite, singing and beating his drum on the ground. The men are absolutely naked for this dance. The second is somewhat similar, as the women and men here also face each other in lines. Big drums beat time, but they are behind the line of dancers in this case. The men first walk up to the women, who remain standing with their hands on their breasts; then they go back, rush forward again, and rub cheeks; this goes on for some time, and the men get very excited, rushing in the maddest way, rubbing cheeks furiously, and singing all the while. If a girl does not like her partner she slips out of her place—women's rights are astonishingly developed among the Wakamba. Both these kinds of dances are impromptu, and appear, like our own dances, to be engaged in much more for the fun of the thing than as a ceremonial duty. Old women have a slow dance to themselves; drums are beaten, and they fling their arms about and sing slowly. No dance is allowed either at the new moon, or after a hostile attack until vengeance has been taken on the enemy; in the meantime only war drums may be beaten. Before going out to war no dance is organized, but an enormous one takes place after the warriors return successful.

The Wakamba cultivate Indian corn (mombemba), millet, (mubia), potatoes (makwasi), bananas (mayu), and cassava (manga), beans of five kinds, and a sort of pea, called "nzu." Fish is unknown, but they eat fowls, locusts, and all sorts of meat. They also cook blood and eat it. (This reminds me of a curious custom of the Masai which I forgot to

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mention: they daily bleed their cattle, drawing from one of the veins of the neck between one and two pints of blood, which they cook and eat. The animals seem none the worse for it.) The women do the cooking, and both men and women eat together out of calabashes split in two. If an animal has been killed with a poisoned arrow, they still appear to be able to eat its flesh without any bad results. Grain is ground to flour on stones, and then pounded in wooden mortars; each wife has her own grain store. They make a sort of gruel by stirring flour in milk. Another way of cooking milk is to put it into a calabash along with a burning stick of juniper wood, and then close it down so as to get the full taste. It is also essential to the right flavour that the calabash should never be washed. The national drink is more elaborate than the usual pombe; the Wakamba call it tembo. It is a kind of cider made of sugar-cane, honey, and water. Only old men drink it. The Wakamba, instead of a single meal, take food three times a day like Christians. Some of them abstain from certain foods; but it would be quite a mistake to think that these foods are totems, as in the clans in Uganda. A sensible Wakamba abstains from certain food merely because it does not agree with him.

They practise agriculture extensively, and both sexes work in the fields. All heavy work, such as clearing and breaking new ground, is done by men with a wooden hoe nine or ten feet long. Planting and cleaning the land is done by women, children, and old men. They begin to prepare the ground in September and October, just before the first or small rains which come in October. When they come everything is sown except millet, and the crops are ripe in January or February. They then clear and hoe the fields, and when the big rains come, towards the middle of March, they plant everything, including millet. This crop is ripe in about three months. They produce a third crop of potatoes by artificial irrigation. At harvest time there is a big dance.

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Another important industry of the Wakamba is metallurgy. They obtain iron from the river beds, smelt it in a furnace of earth, and then hammer it on stone anvils with iron hammers fastened on handles of twisted twigs. They chiefly make arrow-heads and axes. They also work in brass, making beads, bracelets, anklets, and the like.

They have no form of swearing, but to assure you of their good faith and friendship they have a peculiar ceremony. Two men sit knee to knee bareheaded, and their weapons are held over their respective heads by the men who are acting as their sponsors or guarantors. One guarantor then proclaims that his man has sworn to be the other man's friend, and that the weapon he holds cannot be used against a friend. The other guarantor responds in the same terms. Meantime a goat is killed, and its liver and kidneys roasted on a fire. Both breasts of the parties to the agreement are now bared, and one of the friends draws blood. A piece of meat is dipped in the blood of each and eaten by the other; they then embrace, and three days after exchange presents. On the whole this is but a variation of the blood brotherhood of other parts of Africa.

I am sorry to say that the personal appearance of the Wakamba hardly does justice to their many excellent social qualities. They file their four upper front teeth, and some knock off two of the lower incisors. The teeth are chipped with a small axe. This is their tribal mark. They shave their heads and all the hair of their face, and pull out their eyebrows and eyelashes. Likewise they tattoo their chests and stomachs, and complete the effect by anointing themselves all over with a kind of red clay mixed with butter. In spite, however, of these small outward eccentricities, it will be apparent from what has been said that these are among the most interesting and, in their way, enlightened of the tribes of Africa.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TO ZANZIBAR

I LEFT Machakos on the 12th April, 1894. I could hardly believe that in a few weeks I should be in Europe again. Africa had got into my blood—probably in more senses than one—and I almost doubted if I should ever be civilized again. Of course I was delighted to be going home, but even before I reached the coast I began to form projects of returning to Africa. There is something in African travelling that seems to fascinate all those who have tried it: of course I am speaking of travelling in Central Africa, and not of waggon travelling in the south. That portion of what was formerly called the Dark Continent must be left to those who want to make money.

After leaving Machakos the path led at first through a region traversed by enormous valleys, richly cultivated, and splendidly stocked with oxen, sheep, and goats, and on the second day I struck the river Kilungu. We followed the bed of the stream, and walking on damp sand every here and there interspersed with rocks was by no means pleasant. For two days we paddled through the Kilungu, and on the 15th camped at the foot of Mount Nzoi. When I got there I found that four of my men were missing—among them one of the headmen. I sent seven askaris to look for these people. They returned with the missing men; they had been detained by the death of one of the porters. Just as I was leaving Machakos Mr. Ainsworth warned me that the pits near this place

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had been poisoned by the natives. I told my men to drink no water except that of the river, but one of them disregarded my orders and drank water out of a pit: in a few minutes he died. The nearer we got to the coast the more trouble there was with the porters. The very next day one of them disappeared with my bath, my washing-basin, my lantern, and a box full of insects and curiosities. It appeared that the village by Mount Nzoi was a great slave-dealing centre. The natives were exceedingly anxious to acquire the Masai woman who milked my cows, and offered me the tempting sum of ten goats for her. Two days' march brought me to the river Kiboko, or Hippopotamus—so called, I suppose, because there is not enough water in it to wash a hippopotamus' feet. That night I was awakened by the news that a lion was prowling round the camp. I took a goat and fastened it by the feet to a tree, into which I climbed. At the end of half an hour I heard a tremendous roar quite close to me, but could not see the beast: I had never heard a lion roar so close, and was not altogether displeased to be up a tree. After an hour's waiting, with cramp in every limb, and all my clothes, as well as my hands, torn to rags by thorns, I decided to come down again and go to bed. I climbed down and untied my goat; immediately the lion roared again as close as ever. I tied the wretched goat up again, and climbed once more into the tree, leaving *en route* several strips of clothes and flesh. Half an hour more of miserable waiting, and the lion condescended to roar again, but this time further off; the roaring now went on, but got more and more distant. The hunt was over, and I went to bed. In the morning before starting I examined the spot, and found that the lion had been concealed in a thorny covert not more than fifteen yards away.

On April 19th, travelling still over up-and-down country covered with long grass and thorns, we had

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reached Kibwezi. Here there was an Industrial Mission under Dr. Charters. He had seen a deal of Africa on the Congo, where he had commanded a steamer on the Ubanghi river, and was full of stories of Mr. Stanley, for whom he had the greatest respect.*

The day after I arrived there I had to put one of my men in chains for desertion. The men I had sent two days before after the defaulting porter had not yet returned, and I had discovered that in addition to his other thefts he had made off with two packets of cartridges and a medicine chest. It was not till two days afterwards that the soldiers turned up with the deserter. Part of his load had been recovered, but the lantern, the washing-basin, and a box with 500 specimens of insects, were irretrievably lost. The man confessed to desertion and theft, and as it was the second time he had run away, I sentenced him to chains until he should be dealt with by the proper authorities at Mombasa.

I left again on the 23rd, and on the 28th reached the station of Tsavo: a native was in charge of the place, which had been practically abandoned by the British East Africa Company. On the way we still saw a good deal of game, but the bush was too thick to get a shot at it. During these days the temperature changed in the most extraordinary manner. The heat was moist and oppressive, and we now began to have hot nights. I had not known what it was to feel the heat at night since leaving the Zambezi. At 10 p.m. the thermometer registered over 80 degrees, while at two in the afternoon it often marked over 100 degrees in the shade.

On the 30th we passed Ndi, where I found a store in which food is kept for the caravans, but, anxious to push on as fast as I could, I availed myself of the new road built by Mr. Wilson, who had been entrusted with the work by the late Sir William Mackinnon: this road saved

* Dr. Charters has since died in a mysterious way: he went out shooting with another missionary, and was never heard of again.

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nearly three days, as it cut straight across country instead of winding round the hills. In the evening we camped on the other side of the Voi river, over which several excellent bridges had been built. When I reached camp the headman in charge of the rear-guard rushed up out of breath and said that one of the men in chains had died. I asked if he was quite certain that the man was really dead. "Oh, yes," was the ready reply. Thereon I gave the headman the key to unlock the fetters, and sent two askaris with picks to bury the body; I gave them, however, a bottle full of cold water from the river, and recommended them to throw it on the face of the corpse before burying it. Later in the evening the supposed corpse turned up alive.

There was intense excitement in the camp, and I was much amused to hear the comments of my men on the occurrence. "Well," said the headman whom I had sent to bury the dead man, "when we got there we found the fellow dead and already stiff; the other men of the chain gang saw him drop dead, and so did the askaris of the rear-guard. I turned him around and shook him, but, as I just told you, he was dead, absolutely dead. Then I took some of the 'dawa' (medicine) the Bwana Nkuba (the great master) had given me, and threw it over the dead man's body and face. He shook himself, and after I had poured out a little more over him, he opened his eyes and stared at us. We all ran away, but he stood on his legs and called out to us to let him have some water to drink. When we came back to him there he was alive once more. He told us himself that he had been dead, and recollected that just after he died he was greeted by the spirits of his departed relatives! "Mawe, Mawe!" (oh, mother, oh, mother!) exclaimed all the hearers, "can't the master make good 'dawa' (witchcraft). Fancy his merely taking water from the river and bringing a dead man back to life with it!" "But," replied the headman, "I saw him do it, and while he poured out the water in the calabash he

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spoke some words and put some very strong medicine in it." The fact was that, as I suspected the man had fainted from a sunstroke, I had mixed a little liquid ammonia with the water ; but all my men thoroughly believed that I had caused the man to be resuscitated. The following day we had a very long march, as no water was to be found until we reached Maungu, some 25 miles from the river Voi. The country we crossed was covered with dense thorny bush. Towards noon David noticed a few gazelles, and suggested that I should go and shoot one of them ; but I scorned the idea, saying that nothing would induce me to go inside that bush except a rhinoceros or a lion. I had no sooner said this than we heard two lions roaring quite close by: as a rule lions do not roar in the day-time except when they are over a kill. I therefore made sure that I should find them feeding on the carcass of some animal, and that at last I should be able to shoot a lion. But I was disappointed in my expectation. I crept inside the bush, followed by David ; the vegetation was so dense that we had to go on all fours, leaving a considerable portion of our clothes sticking on the thorns. We soon found the fresh spoor of the lions, but getting to an open space lost the spoor there, as the ground was harder than under the trees. I sent David to the right to find the spoor while I went to the left. As I was looking round I noticed, thirty yards ahead of me, a huge tree, and at the foot of it what looked like a broken trunk : it seemed to be moving, and as I looked more carefully I discovered that it was not a trunk but a huge lion looking at me. His head was resting on his paws, the body was hidden behind the tree. To fire at a lion's head is most risky, as it is convex, and the bullet may glance off ; besides, the wind was blowing from behind him, and his mane formed a huge aureole, in the middle of which glared his eyes. I was going carefully round so as to obtain a view of his body, and be able to give him a side shot, when David came rushing towards me. The lion jumped up, and before I could aim disappeared in the dense

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bush. I turned round to ask the boy what he meant by rushing along when he saw that I was going to fire, but before I could finish what I was saying, a huge black mass flew in front of me, hardly three feet from my face, and landing five or six feet beyond disappeared among the thorny bushes. The whole thing happened in a few seconds, and I could not at first realize the situation. David then explained his conduct. It appears that as I was going to fire at the lion he noticed a lioness hidden in a bush hardly more than six feet to my left, and, seeing that she was about to spring at me, he rushed forward "to be ready to shoot her if she got on the top of me." This frightened the animal and caused her to miscalculate her jump, so that she missed me. There is no doubt that David saved my life, and it was most plucky of the boy to rush forward to my help as he did; two other men who had followed me ran away and climbed up a tree.

For an hour we crawled through the thorny brake, but as their track unluckily showed they had taken the direction opposite to our own, and as we had to go far that day, I was constrained, to my great regret, to give them up. It was the first time I had seen a lion in the savage state so near, and never had I seen any animal so superb. It was heartbreaking not to have been able to get a shot, and to finish my journey without having bagged a single lion.

At Maungu we found very good water on the top of a hill in a rocky hollow. Mr. Wilson, who was making the Mackinnon road, had enlarged the existing water hole so as to get a permanent supply of water for the caravans. Previously it was very seldom that water could be found between Taru and Taveta, three long days' march, so that porters had to be sent ahead with cans filled with water—a most expensive process, and the cause of much delay.

After passing Maungu we entered the Taru desert—a sandy plain, covered with thorn bushes—called a desert because, like the Kalahari, no water is found at the surface

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of the soil, and it is therefore uninhabited. In four and a half hours' march from Maungu we reached "Marago a Fundi," where a large pit had been dug under Mr. Wilson's supervision, and where we found rather muddy, but drinkable, water. After walking for two and a half hours more we reached Butzuma, where we camped for the night. We found no water there, so that the men had to go without food that evening.

The following day, March 3rd, after three and a half hours' hard marching, we reached the Taru rocks, where we found an abundant supply of good water; we were then out of the desert. After stopping for a few hours to enable the men to have a meal, I pushed on to Samburu, two and a half hours further on. There we found a village inhabited by natives—Wa Duruma. I had intended to go on as far as Maji a Chumvi (the Salt Water), but I received a letter from Major Owen telling me that he was following a day behind. I therefore sent back two askaris to say that I should wait for him. The next day he turned up; he had been following close upon my heels ever since he had left Kibwezi. He left that place only six hours after my departure; but, although he was the best walker I ever met in Africa, I had gained two days on him—to his great astonishment. That evening we celebrated his birthday, and he told me all the adventures that had befallen him since I had parted from him at Mukwenda's. He gave me vivid descriptions of his useless pursuit of Kabarega, and also told me about his journey to Wadelai—one of the pluckiest and most daring feats ever achieved in Africa. He left Kibero on Lake Albert in a steel boat, accompanied by Mr. Purkiss and twenty-seven men only. When he entered the Nile he found the banks of the river covered with armed natives, who threatened to shoot him if he went any further. At last, having reached a spot where the river is but a couple of hundred yards broad, he had to approach the bank

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in order to palaver with the natives. They insisted upon his going ashore, but he declined to do so, and, after considerable trouble, induced two of them to get into the boat, while others promised to go by land to warn the people of Wadelaï of his forthcoming arrival and of his friendly intentions. On arriving at Wadelaï, although his instructions were merely to reconnoitre the place, he had to land, as his provisions were exhausted. The people at first looked unfriendly, but he managed to enlist about fifty of them, giving them three months' pay in advance. Having hoisted the British flag, he instructed them to guard it, and promised that another officer would come later on and reward them if they had faithfully guarded the flag. He then returned, but was blamed for having hoisted the British flag, whereas he ought rather to have been highly rewarded for doing so. After returning to Kibero, he started with Lieutenant Villiers to re-establish the forts in Toro, so as to protect Kissagama, the King of that province, who had remained loyal throughout the Unyoro war, although he had suffered much at the hands of Kabarega for his fidelity to the British Government. His instructions were also to punish the chief of Ankori for many acts of disloyalty. Unfortunately, on the way Lieutenant Villiers was taken with a most severe attack of ophthalmia, and Major Owen had to bring him back to Kampala. There Colonel Colvile, having heard that Major Cunningham was on his way to relieve Owen, allowed the latter to return to Europe for a well-deserved rest.* He had left Kampala on the 21st March, so that

* While I am mentioning this subject, I think it only fair to defend the memory of poor Roddy with regard to an accusation made against him. When we reached Mombasa Reuter's agent came to interview me, and, thinking that Roddy Owen had telegraphic reports of the Unyoro campaign for the Foreign Office, I gave to Reuter's agent all the particulars of Owen's expedition to Wadelaï. These were published the same day in the London papers, and caused the late Lord Randolph Churchill to ask the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs whether it was true that Major Owen had hoisted the British flag at Wadelaï. The Foreign Office knew nothing about it, as Owen's despatches were addressed to the Consul-General at

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his journey had been as extraordinarily rapid as might have been expected from so energetic and tireless a man.

The day after we met we had a very fatiguing march, as the damp heat was almost unendurable; but there was so much to tell and hear from Owen that the time passed quickly.

I had been nearly three years on the way, and during two years and a half I had been without a single letter, almost without news, with the exception of a few old newspapers that were lent to me in Uganda. My only object was to reach Mombasa as fast as possible, and Owen shared my anxiety to push forward with all speed. Our men were as impatient as ourselves, so that we hurried along; we had sent messengers to Mr. Pigott, the Company's administrator at Mombasa, and a reply came to say that he would send a steam-launch to meet us at Banderini. Of the country we crossed during the last two days of our march I am unable to speak: our thoughts were very far from Africa. I cannot describe with what beating of the heart we caught the first glimpse of the sea far away in the distance. "*Puani! puani!*" (the coast) our men shouted. Roddy and myself gave three cheers. "*Aya! aya! aya!*" (forward, forward, forward) exclaimed all our men. On we rushed, and when at last we found the administrator's steam-launch waiting to take us to Mombasa—a distance of about twelve miles—we could hardly believe that our long tramp was over. A few hours later we were on board the *Juba*, a steamer of 400 tons, that was taking us to Zanzibar. It was quite a new sensation to find ourselves on what seemed to us such a big steamer; we even enjoyed being sea-sick, a thing neither Roddy nor myself had ever experienced before, but the *Juba*, as a roller,

Zanzibar, whence the official news was not telegraphed until the following day. Roddy Owen was accused of having committed a breach of trust by giving the news to Reuter's agent; but the fault was entirely mine, and he knew nothing whatever about it at the time.

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is the champion of all the ships afloat. Zanzibar at last! There we revelled in the lavish hospitality of Mr. Cracknell, the Acting British Consul-General, and how we did enjoy sleeping in a good broad bed! It was nearly three years since I had slept between sheets, and the next morning I could not at first realize where I was. It was broad daylight, and I could not understand why I had not yet heard the drums calling the assembly. Then I remembered where I was; there was no more tent, no more camp, no more marching. It was but two days since I had done my last thirty-two miles' tramp, and I felt as if I had just dropped from another world into one of which I had but a dim recollection. I went into Roddy's room and reminded him that Hatch, who was in command of the Zanzibar contingent as Brigadier-General, had mustered his whole force to present it to him. "What time is it?" grumbled Roddy. "Quarter to seven, and we are due on the manœuvring ground at seven." Roddy merely rolled himself up in his sheets. "All right," he muttered, "go yourself and inspect the troops for me; do what you like, but *I* am not going to budge from this bed till ten o'clock." So I went to see the troops, and admired their splendid training and the perfect way in which they marched past. During the two following days we were feasted and entertained by all. We were presented to the Sultan, who made each of us a Knight Commander of his Order. Three days later we parted from our kind friends on our way to Europe, which we had many a time thought never to see again.

I have perhaps expressed myself too candidly with regard to the various Administrations and people I came across, but whether I have been impartial or not I must leave to my readers to decide. I have honestly endeavoured to describe what I have seen, always bearing in mind that it is easier to find fault with men and things than to discover their good qualities.

TO ZANZIBAR

I cannot say that I am satisfied with this book: now that it is printed I find that I have devoted too long a space to my own unimportant doings, and too little to the various parts of Africa that I visited. My only excuse is that much of it was written while I was travelling in South Africa, so that a long time often elapsed between the writing of two consecutive chapters.

There remains now but to recapitulate the general impressions I gathered from my long journey across Africa, and I will attempt to do so in the two following chapters; but this much I will now say—if we consider the partition of Africa among the great European Powers, it is clear that from one point of view we have acted like pirates, and laid violent hands on territories to which we had no claim whatever. The only excuse that can be invoked, the only atonement that can be made, lies in the way in which we deal with the territories we have acquired. To improve the natives, to develop their country, and to aim at increasing their welfare, is our duty—in fact, we must consider ourselves as their guardians and their trustees. In exchange for this they owe us a duty, and it is not too much to ask from them the use of lands that they cannot occupy and of minerals that they cannot themselves work, provided that we act fairly and justly towards them. For their own good they must be taught to work, but the choice of their masters must be left to them. To seize their country and to do nothing towards its development is criminal, and I do not hesitate to say that Great Britain alone has fulfilled her duty in that respect, and that wherever her flag has been planted, justice, civilization, and protection have gathered round it. Under it the freedom of trade, open to all, has not been a mere word, while she alone has respected the Brussels Act, to which other nations have subscribed, it is true, but only to evade it whenever they found a chance of doing so.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PROBLEM OF AFRICA

THE NATIVES AND THE EUROPEAN POWERS

IT was my privilege during the three years of my journey to witness at its very beginning what is probably the largest and most interesting experiment in government that the world has seen. Civilized nations, wherever they have established their rule over territories abroad, have usually commenced the process half unconsciously. Led into colonization either by the pressure of over-population at home or in some cases almost by accident, they have proceeded step by step, and have gradually extended their system of government, according to the developing conditions of each colony. Starting in many cases from a small foothold on the seashore, they have extended their influence only when successive collisions with indigenous tribes have forced them, so to speak, into piecemeal annexation and conquest. In other cases the natural growth of the colony has compelled its enlargement without reference to the disposition, hostile or otherwise, of the neighbouring natives.

The expansion of European rule over Africa has been altogether in contrast to these methods. It has begun at quite the other end. Instead of drifting into empire, the European Powers have deliberately carved up Africa and dealt it out among themselves. Elsewhere annexation has followed occupation; in Africa, Europeans have first annexed and then proceeded to occupy. The whole proceeding has been deliberate; but for international

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jealousies it might even be called unnecessary. No single Power was overwhelmingly anxious to take up the government of huge territories in savage Africa, but each was perfectly ready to do so rather than see the country pass into the hands of a rival. Each Power was in a position to sit down and deliberately decide what it would do with the sphere of influence that had been pegged out for it. Instead of following and being guided by events, each nation had more or less of a blank sheet on which it could inscribe the colonial system more or less according to its own taste and judgment.

I say more or less, because there was one condition of the first importance to which all the Powers attempting to accomplish anything in Central Africa were bound to submit themselves. This condition was climate and the existence of the native races. The climate and the native together make up the principal factor to be considered by white governments at work in Africa. Here again the problem was quite different from those presented by other parts of the world. Other colonies may have been fairly populated, like North America, or almost unpopulated, like Australia, when the white man appeared upon the scene. But whether they were populated or not mattered comparatively little, for the climate was such that the white man could do without the native. If there were no natives, or few natives, so much the better. But however many there were they were bound to die out before the advance of civilization, and they were no loss. In Africa things are very different. Only in a comparatively small part of the territory thrown open to Europeans could white men permanently settle. Therefore the country was valueless without the native. Even in that part—in such countries as Rhodesia, the Transvaal, and even the Cape Colony—although white men can settle and rear families, the climate is still such that a great deal of the more exacting work is best done by native hands. If the African native, therefore, were to

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be allowed to die out like the American Indian, the problem of African colonization was doomed to absolute failure. The native had to be preserved, and the task of preservation was no light one. It included in some cases his conquest, in all the gaining of his confidence, and, to some extent at least, his education. Here once more the conditions were wholly new. Europeans had before then occupied countries in which they were unable to settle permanently or to perform manual work—India, for example, Indo-China, and the Dutch East Indies. But in all these there was some sort of civilization existing before the Europeans appeared. The new master had to make that civilization conduce to his own ends as best he could, while careful not to destroy it. In Africa there was no such existing organization of society. In one way this fact seemed to make the task easier. It is simpler to build up out of nothing than to transform what has existed for centuries. But on the other hand, it must be remembered that the African has been what he is as long as the Indian. Centuries of brutish debasement are as difficult to wipe out as centuries of alien civilization. However, be the task light or heavy, it must be faced. Be the gulf between white and black ever so wide and profound, it must somehow be bridged. Whatever progress and development Africa is to receive at the hands of the white must still be based upon the black. The first step, therefore, in the making of Africa must be the careful consideration of the native, his limitations and his possibilities.

Between the Cape and the Equator, Africa is populated by the great Bantu race. This does not, however, extend to the extreme south, for here we find the Hottentots and Bushmen—doubtless the tribes which originally peopled Africa, and which have been pushed gradually southwards by the Bantu invasion. The Hottentots themselves are not a pure race; they are a mixture of Bushmen and

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Bantu, and I am inclined to think that the Basuto and their Bechuana cousins have themselves an admixture of Hottentot blood. Scattered among the Bantu we find also the Pigmy race of the great forest of the Congo, whose almost impenetrable retreat has enabled them to resist absorption by the Bantu. The extreme limit of this latter race northward is the river Ubanghi. Its frontier thence runs gradually southward, touching Lake Albert Nyanza, to the northern shore of Victoria Nyanza. South of this line the non-Bantu races are rapidly disappearing. Of an inferior type, they are wholly unable to compete with their aggressors, and still less to survive under European civilization. Their low intelligence, idleness, and proclivity to drink will lead within a few years to their absolute extermination. The Pigmies of the Congo will doubtless be preserved for a time by their geographical position, but they will be equally unable to resist the competition of superior races. In considering the ethnology of the southern portion of Africa, we may also leave out of consideration the tribes of the Cape Colony and of the Transvaal. These have mingled so much among themselves—not only Bantu with Hottentots and Bushmen, but also black blood with white, whence come such bastard races as the Griquas—that no profitable study can be made of their institutions. In the most southern part of Africa the natives are generally spoken of collectively as Kaffirs. The name is suitable enough for the very reason that it is wholly unscientific, and designates no distinct race; in truth there is no distinct race to designate.

In these summary remarks I shall avoid as much as possible formulating any theories as to the origin of the African races, being content to give a general impression of those with which I came in contact. The formulation of primary anthropological theories I leave to the learned. I am afraid my general estimate of the negro race as specimens of the *genus homo* is not a lofty one. The

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contemplation of the African negro can only be agreeable from one point of view ; this is the consideration of him as a striking example of the transformation and development of our species. He is a kind of landmark far, far behind us, which shows what a distance we have advanced upon the road. True, the negro, meaning thereby the Bantu, is not the lowest type of the species. That distinction belongs to the bushman. The bushman is, perhaps, a little more developed than the anthropoid ape, but he remains his first cousin. He makes himself a fire, and we understand his language. The ape cannot make a fire, and at present we do not understand his language. That is the difference between the two. Considering this, it is much to be regretted that the bushman is dying out. He is an animal which ought to be preserved, unless he is to share the fate of the white rhinoceros, and disappear from the surface of the globe. Certainly he is not a valuable animal ; by instinct he is intensely malicious and destructive ; but from the point of view of natural history he is of incontestable value.

The African black in his primitive state is hardly further removed from the beast. His existence centres itself almost wholly upon one aim—for it can hardly be called an ideal—eating. Thought for the morrow is absolutely unknown to him. Give him his food for a week he will devour it until he cannot gorge another mouthful, and then he will spoil the rest. He is as little conscious of the past as of the future. Things are wiped from his mind the moment after they have happened ; he is absolutely incapable of measuring time, even from the most recent and most important events. Only in one way does he bring himself into relation with the past—through the sentiments of fear and revenge. Gratitude is unknown to him. The animal affection of parents for their young rarely extends with the primitive African beyond the years of infancy ; after that the relation is forgotten, as it is among beasts. Love is unknown to

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him. There is no word in any Central African language meaning "kiss." His wives, or rather his females, are valued for the work which they spare him ; they bear him children, who also represent work avoided ; and later, in the case of girls, a tangible value when they are sold to their husbands. It is significant that the price of a woman is almost the same whether she is taken to wife or bought as a slave. The negro, indeed—I am speaking always of the primitive tribes—is not only ignorant of love, but even of lasciviousness. He couples exactly like a beast, and there is an end of it.

I do not mean to imply that he is incapable of improvement. If he were, then the sooner we clear out of his country the better. Certainly he is superior to the ape ; his brain is more developed, and is therefore susceptible of a more rapid transformation. Even the ape, it must be remembered, is presumably evolving. It would be an interesting experiment to take several couples of apes and bring them up with their descendants exactly as we bring up children for, say, twenty or thirty generations. The result might be astonishing, for the ape has already some well-developed ideas. He has, for instance, the idea of property, and there are such things as monogamous apes, which strongly resent any aggression by their fellows upon their wives. If we conceive the possibility of attaining a measurable development in the ape within a limited series of generations, then such a development must be even more practicable in the case of the negro. For it must be remembered that civilization progresses with an increasing velocity. As Sir Harry Johnston has observed, it may have required a million years for the evolution of the brute into man, and half a million to raise him to the level of the Australian savage. On the other hand, a hundred years were probably enough for the development of the savagery of the Hamitic races into the civilization of the Egyptians. Consider Europe at the opening of this century and Europe at the present day. Is not the

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advance man has made as great as that accomplished by the savage in raising himself to the antique and primitive culture of Egypt?

It is hardly to be supposed, however, that the next century will see any sudden leap by the barbarous natives of Africa, even under tutelage, into a full-blown civilization. They are too far behind. Their whole habits of mind are entirely foreign to those of their white instructors. Probably the most radical difference is one which I have referred to again and again. The native has absolutely no idea of causation—or perhaps it would be more correct to say that he has no idea of natural causation. The simplest case of this is death. Man after man dies in the same way, but it never occurs to the savage that there is one constant and explicable cause to account for all cases. Instead of that he regards each successive death as an event wholly by itself—apparently unexpected—and only to be explained by some supernatural agency. You would suppose that the African expected everybody to live for ever, since his one explanation of death is an immediate recourse to witchcraft. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that every natural death entails a violent one as its consequence. Along with witchcraft and the inevitable accusation of sorcery when anybody dies, goes the custom of “muavi”—the ordeal by poison. I have said enough in the preceding pages to make it plain what complete domination this practice has got over the native mind. The reason is that the native thoroughly believes in its efficacy. My own porters have constantly offered to submit to the ordeal on the most trivial charges. Of course, this thorough belief in “muavi” hands the native over completely defenceless to the witch-doctor. The doctor can get rid of anybody he likes. Besides this, he is a kind of public prosecutor; that is to say, that when he accuses any man or woman of sorcery he is not obliged, like any ordinary accuser, to take the poison himself.

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The first step, therefore, towards preparing the native mind to receive the first rudiments of civilization, not to say of rationality, is to free them of the tyranny of the witch-doctor. The most effective way to do this, if it is possible, is to explain the action of rudimentary physical causes: whether in this way or another, the witch-doctor must be eradicated.

An interesting corollary of witchcraft is cannibalism. I do not mean such cannibalism as that of certain Congo tribes, or of the Solomon Islanders, who kill people to eat them as we kill game. With such tribes I did not come into contact. But there is another form of cannibalism less generally known to Europeans, and perhaps even more grisly, which consists in digging up dead bodies to feast on their flesh. This practice exists largely among the natives in the region of Lake Nyasa. I know of a case in which the natives of a village in this region seized the opportunity of a white man's presence to break into the hut of one of these reputed cannibals, and found there a human leg hanging from the rafters. This incident shows that cannibalism is practised, but also that it is not universal with the tribes among which it is found, and is condemned by the public opinion of those who do not practise it. But public opinion in Africa is not a highly developed power. The real public opinion is not so much the feeling of the mass of the people on such a question as this; the real public opinion is witchcraft. And, indeed, in the case of cannibalism the real public opinion tends to shield the perpetrators, because they are reputed to be witches of high quality. Therefore, although there is a theory that cannibals when caught should be burnt alive, they are hardly ever denounced even on the clearest evidence, for fear of their occult power. Here, then, again, is a piece of the deepest barbarism—not perhaps very widespread, but sufficiently repulsive and antagonistic to civilization—which depends for its existence solely upon witchcraft

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But if you put down witchcraft and exterminate the witch-doctor, what, it will be asked, are you going to substitute? Witchcraft is not exactly religion; it is rather an essential condition of thought among the natives; yet it is, perhaps, the nearest approach to religion that they boast. The only other religious element in the native world is represented by the "musimo," or spirits of the dead. Perhaps this is a nearer approach to religion than the other, for witchcraft, after all, is supposed to be set in motion by living men, while the "musimo," so far as they go, are spiritual. But however widely spread and deeply engrained may be the belief in spirits, it remains perfectly true that all the African tribes I met with from the Zambezi to the Victoria Nyanza are wholly lacking in any idea of a God. The "musimo" may be productive of evil: sacrifices are offered to them to keep them in a good humour, or to appease them when they are angry. But there is no idea of a Creator or of a Supreme Cause productive of good as well as evil. Good, you may say, is believed by the African to be the normal state of things, and requires no supernatural explanation. It is only when some calamity befalls him that he looks about for a cause outside ordinary human agency. As for the control of the forces of Nature, it is not usually attributed to spirits, even when it brings disaster. It is ascribed rather to a living witch-doctor or chief.

This matter of the native's religion, or, rather, atheism, brings us to the question of missions and missionaries. Is the native mind so blank with regard to spiritual affairs that we may not fill the blank with Christianity as expounded by white missionaries, and that the native may not thus possess himself of a religious and moral standby when witchcraft disappears? I do not say that this is impossible, but I do say that it is a far bigger task than people who sit at home and subscribe to missions imagine. I also say that on the whole, so

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far as my observation goes, the missionary is not at present tackling it in a right manner. In saying this I have no intention of exalting one faith or denomination at the expense of another. I have a great and equal respect for all religions sincerely believed. Still less have I any intention of depreciating the missionaries themselves. To many of them I owe a great debt of kindness which it would be the height of meanness to minimise or deny, and I hope I shall never be guilty of so despicable a thought. Yet it does not follow that because I owe gratitude and respect individually that I ought therefore to disguise my opinion that in very many cases they are working on the wrong lines. Thoroughly good men they unquestionably are. Nobody could see them and doubt it. Hospitable and helpful to the white traveller, they are kindly towards the natives, and thoroughly earnest in their work. They are sometimes accused of being political agents, but that I do not believe. I can understand, however, how the idea gained credence. It is the tendency of most missionaries, especially those who have lived a long time in one country, to assimilate themselves with the natives, and to take a personal interest in their quarrels. Of course this tendency is intensified in cases where missionaries of different denominations are working in the same country. In such cases each tries, very naturally, to secure the chief. The natives attached to each mission support their missionary, and the country is divided into political parties, which masquerade as religious sects. It may happen, again, that a missionary secures influence over the son or some other relative of a chief, who has come to learn at his station. In that case he is liable to urge his disciple to resist the authority of the chief when the latter wishes to enforce some harmless native custom. Supporters gather round the rebel, and civil war again results. The first of these cases has been seen in Uganda, with results that have been thoroughly

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disastrous to the natives themselves, and have reacted most perniciously upon the relations between English and French. The second case has been exemplified almost as perniciously in the history of Khama.

Leaving aside the missionary and incidental results of missionary enterprise, let us go to the heart of the question, and ask whether the problem which the missionaries set themselves to solve can be treated in the way they treat it. Are the natives, in short, however much without religion, fit to become Christians? For my own part I answer emphatically "No." The fact that they have no conception of God, so far from making the extension of Christianity easy, makes it impossible. There may be nothing to clear away to make room for the ideas of Christianity, but the very fact that there is nothing makes religious aspiration an impossibility to the native. The idea is wholly outside the range of his mind. Before he is capable of appreciating it, his whole mental plane must be raised and broadened. This will be a matter of many years, and can only be done, not by distributing tracts, but by making a man of the African in his practical daily life. No doubt it is very easy to teach savages to sing hymns or to repeat their catechism; some of them will learn to read and write with wonderful ease. But this is mere imitateness, like that of the monkey or the parrot. It means nothing at all.

To the native the Bible is simply a series of stories of what recently took place in the white man's country; so that instead of assisting civilization, the teaching of the Bible, by giving wholly false ideas, actually hinders it. The idea of the redemption of the world by Christ is utterly incomprehensible to the native, for no native has the faintest idea of self-sacrifice. Another fact which works strongly against any conception of a beneficent Creator is that the native sees nothing beautiful, wonderful, or attractive in Nature. Flowers and trees, and the

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most enchanting scenery are entirely lost upon him. A tree only begins to interest him when it is fit to burn. And yet, though he finds nothing to be enjoyed in Nature, he is quite satisfied with his position. All he wants is plenty to eat and little to do, and these wants are generally perfectly easy to satisfy. The African native is squalid, but it is a mistake to imagine him to be either poor or unhappy. The skin of a wild beast gives him clothing for half his life. The cutting of a few trees, the plucking of a little grass, the mixing of a little mud and water, is enough to make him a house. A few hours' work in the year, usually done by women, is enough to give him food. With all his wants thus easily satisfied, and with no aspirations beyond them, what need has he of a deity? What need has he to explain, by the idea of a Creator, the wonders of a world to which he is blind? What need has he of the hope of happiness in a future world when he is perfectly happy in this?

And if the aim of the missionaries is difficult—for the present almost hopeless—of attainment, it must also be said that they appear to be going the wrong way to attain it. Much of their religious teaching is of the narrowest and most unprofitable kind. Here, for instance, is a list of leaflets furnished to Uganda by the Church Missionary Society :

1. Reading sheet, with model of writing.
2. First Catechism.
3. Large Catechism (28 pages).
4. Small reading sheet containing alphabet, Lord's Prayer, Apostles' Creed, and Ten Commandments.
5. The Epistle to the Romans.
6. First Epistle of John.

Now, I ask any open-minded person to consider what sort of education this is. What can anybody expect to gain by cramming the barbarous African with the logical

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subtleties of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans? It must be borne in mind that reading and writing have been taught in Uganda now for nearly twenty years, and that the people in a way have shown great aptitude. Is it not time that they should be educated in something a little wider than the curriculum quoted above? Would it not have been better to have taught the people something of the world outside Uganda—the rudimentary elements of geography, history, and science?

It is to be feared, again, that the results produced by missionaries in the way of native converts are not any very high testimonial to the value of their work. Sir Harry Johnston, in his book on Kilima Njaro has given his opinion that the native Christians of the Mombasa district are liars, cowards, thieves, and drunkards. From my own experience I should say that almost every boy brought up in a mission is the same. Of course, this result is not in any way attributable to Christianity. If he had been brought up in a Buddhist mission it would have been exactly the same. Still more monstrous would it be to attribute such results to anything in the nature of precept or example given by the missionaries themselves. It is not Christianity, and it is not the missionaries. It is the contact of the African nature—the nature of the brute—with white civilization. He learns the vices of the white man, but is incapable of their virtues. But the part in this deplorable result for which the missions may fairly be condemned is that they try the native too high—cutting away all respect for his own laws, and then leaving him open to all the worst influences without check or restraint. It is very easy to make a native a drunkard, but it is also very easy to make him a hypocrite. The missions may not directly do the first; but with the best intentions I fear they very often do the second. You have only to go about Khama's capital and see a native as you approach pull out his Bible and begin to read it upside-down to understand the hollow character which

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is inseparable from ninety-nine hundredths of native Christianity.

The truth is that in Africa it is worse than useless to pull down without building up, and that building up is a far more tedious and thankless process than most people care to believe. Another mistake similar to the attempt at the wholesale introduction of Christianity has been the attempt at wholesale suppression of slavery. I know that in my opinions about this, as about missions, I may shock the feelings and incur the condemnation of many excellent people, but I can only say what I honestly believe. On this question of slavery we must make a fundamental distinction. Slave-raiding by Arab adventurers in the interior is one thing, while domestic slavery in the settled districts, where the Arabs have made themselves permanent homes, is quite another. With regard to the first, I own as fully as any anti-slavery society can do that it ought to be put down. It causes a vast amount of suffering to individuals, though perhaps not very much more than they would endure under the rule of their own chiefs and witch-doctors. What is worse than this, the raiders make any progress or settlement of the country impossible, because there is no incentive to be prosperous so long as prosperity only invites attack. But where I differ from the Anti-Slavery Society is that I do not for a moment believe that the slave trade in the interior is of anything like the proportions they allege it to be. I think I may claim to know as much of the interior of Africa as most professional philanthropists, and I cannot believe that if the slave trade existed on so enormous a scale I should not have seen more of it. It has been stated within the last eighteen months at the Mansion House that half a million lives were sacrificed by the African slave trade, while two million people were torn from their homes. The theory of these benevolent people appears to be that the Arabs march into the interior some thousands of miles, and return after three or four years' business with the

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proceeds of their nefarious trade. I should very much like to know how they imagine it is done. In the first place it would be exceedingly dangerous, if not impossible; and in the second place it would be exceedingly unprofitable. There are four great caravan routes from the interior leading to Zanzibar or Pemba. These routes are studded with numerous European posts, and no Arab with a large following could escape detection by them. Now caravans of any size are obliged to take one or other of these roads, because they pass through the most thickly peopled districts, and only in these can travellers get food. How little the spokesmen of the Anti-Slavery Society could have troubled to verify the truth of their assertions is shown by the fact that when challenged they quote Dr. Livingstone as their authority for the vast extent of the trade. Since Livingstone's time thirty years have elapsed, and Africa has been in the rapidest state of transition all the time. Things have changed enormously even since Mr. Stanley's last great journey. To quote Livingstone, in short, as an authority for the present condition of Africa is about as reasonable as to quote the novels of Fielding as a picture of English life to-day.

Even if it were possible for the Arab to tramp thousands of miles and spend dozens of months in the quest of slaves, it would be exceedingly bad business. The Arab is mainly an ivory merchant, and this is the only business that really pays him. He starts from the coast with five or six hundred bales of calico with which to buy his wares. Now, when he returns with his ivory nothing could be more dangerous than to mix up slaves with them, since if he is caught not only will the slaves be set free, but the whole of his ivory will be confiscated. Moreover, slaves, as compared with ivory, are almost a worthless article of commerce. A slave will only fetch some £3 to £6 at the coast; a load of ivory about ten times as much. So that if an Arab arrived at Zanzibar with sixty slaves and sixty loads of ivory, he would get

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about £200 for the first and £2000 for the last. Clearly, then, the slave traffic would hardly pay at the best; still less would it be worth risking the loss of the ivory to secure so comparatively valueless an addition to the profits of the expedition. There is another reason why it will not pay the Arabs to raid the country for slaves. The natives who have secured the ivory do not keep it exposed in public or store it where the first looter will know where to find it. They bury it or hide it in some other way, and only produce it in small quantities for trade when their confidence is won. Now, if the Arabs attacked villages and enslaved the people, after the old fashion, they not only would get no ivory, but all the villages would be deserted for miles around, and the Arab would have to turn back for want of food. The Arab is not perfect, I know. No one pretends that he is a philanthropist, and I don't assert that if he saw a chance of picking up a slave or two without danger he would not take it. But I do assert that in business matters he is no fool, and a fool he would certainly be if he conducted the systematic business in slaves which is laid to his charge. That such slave trade as still exists should be gradually suppressed I fully believe, but the way to do this is to develop legitimate trade, and to establish regular communications and such administration of justice as the country is fit for. These measures have already succeeded, as I have explained, in enormously decreasing the volume of the slave trade, and they may safely be left to stamp out what still remains.

The question of domestic slavery is wholly different. The British Government is loudly called upon from time to time to abolish this institution in Zanzibar and Pemba, which are under its protectorate. I think that so violent a course would be simple madness. It would amount to an economic revolution, sweeping away the whole fabric of industrial society and putting nothing in its place.

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The whole business of Zanzibar and Pemba would be utterly ruined. The country would be made impassable by emancipated blacks turned sturdy beggars and brigands. More than that, the sudden abolition of slavery would mean utter ruin to the blacks themselves. Its effect would be somewhat similar to that of the premature emancipation of the serfs in Russia, only far more disastrous.* The slave, in short, is, in the first place, unable to stand on his own legs as a free man, and, in the second place, unwilling to do so. He has to work for his master, no doubt, but in return his master acknowledges special obligations towards him. The free labourer is the creature of the laws of supply and demand. If the quality and quantity of his work is insufficient to buy him food and clothing and shelter, he must starve. The slave, on the other hand, is maintained by his master through disability, sickness, and old age. True, he has no civil or political rights, but then he does not want any. In his own country he had none, and he wants none now. In his own country his life was in hourly imminent danger from chief or witch-doctor, war, and the ordéal by poison. Before he reaches the age of manhood his life is wholly dependent on his father's. If his father is killed from any of the causes mentioned, the children are promptly sent to follow him. Still less is it a hardship to be separated from his family. To suppose that the African negro pines for those he loves is utterly absurd, because he loves nobody but himself. The maternal affection itself is little more than brutish instinct, and lasts, as with the brute, only as long as the child is incapable of taking care of itself.

Slavery, therefore, is no hardship to the negro, nor does he pretend that it is. I have had many opportunities of finding out from slaves themselves the feelings which

* This step has lately been taken by the British Government, and the result has been that many of the rich Arabs have crossed over into German territory.

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they entertain towards their masters. On my journey from Ujiji to Victoria Nyanza I came across many slaves, as I have already recounted, who either had been left in villages by their Arab masters because they were sick and unable to go on, or had run away for the same reason. If the chief brought me a boy who had thus come into his care, I put before him the choice of three courses. "Which do you wish to do," I asked; "to go back to your own village, stay where you are, or go back to your Arab master?" The invariable reply was that the slave wished to go back to his master. "But you need not go unless you want," I used to say, "and if you do he will very likely sell you to another Arab." "I don't mind," the slave would say, "as long as I am sold to an Arab." The truth is that the slave, as compared to the hired servant or porter, enjoys a proud and comfortable position. They describe themselves with great satisfaction as "the people" of such and such an Arab, while all other natives they call by the derogatory name of savages. They never carry a load when on the march with their own masters. I often had, however, in my caravan, a number of slaves belonging to Zanzibar Arabs, who came voluntarily to engage themselves, and whose masters I never even saw. I asked several of them how it was that, being slaves, they were allowed to go about as they liked. "Why not?" they all answered. "We are not children, but grown men. When our work is over we shall go back to our masters, and there we shall find our wives and children." "But what will you do then?" I would ask. "If our master has work for us to do," they would reply, "we shall do it. If there is war, we shall fight for him. If there is no work to do we shall engage ourselves with some other white man. And when we are too old we shall rest while the younger ones work."

The truth is that the African native, being a grown-up child, is very much better off with a master to make him

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work, and at the same time to take care of him, than he would be if left to himself. I am all for the regulation of slavery; for the gradual reduction of the master's rights over the slave; and for giving the slave an opportunity of redeeming himself, if by any strange chance he should wish to do so. But I am not in favour of taking away the only guarantee he has that he will be looked after by his employer, and of handing him over to the tender mercies of his worst enemy—himself.

The same sort of considerations as apply to religion and slavery forbid the violent interference with certain other features of native African life. The instant suppression of polygamy, for example, would mean the extinction of nine out of every ten native races, and that for a sufficiently obvious reason. It is very rare, as I have already pointed out more than once in the course of my anthropological chapters, to find a tribe whose women average more than two or three children apiece. Considering the enormous infant mortality—of which the European can hardly form an idea—the restriction of one man to one wife would mean a rapidly dwindling population and the steady disappearance of the race. It is true, of course, that under European rule the influences which produce this awful infant mortality may be expected gradually to disappear. Witchcraft will be put down; the sins of the fathers will no more be visited upon the innocent children; native wars and the slave trade will gradually be made impossible. But there still remains the insanitary, not to say bestial, life of the native, and this, though doubtless it will be mitigated in time, is likely to go on reaping its crop of death for at least a generation, and probably a century. The wise administrator, therefore, will take care that the restriction and ultimate abolition of polygamy does not move faster than the influences which will make polygamy unnecessary.

It may, indeed, be said generally that any attempts to

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raise the native code of morality must be made with the greatest caution, unless they are to do more harm than good. The native knows nothing of morality. In its place he puts the idea of property. Take the case of sex. After marriage a woman belongs to the husband who has bought and paid for her. Before marriage she is perfectly free to conduct herself as she likes, and should she have children that only increases her market value. So, again, the idea of expiation is wholly strange to the African, and it would seem a monstrous thing to him that a man should be killed merely because he has killed another. What killing there is, is usually done from the simplest utilitarian motives—in war, for example, or to prevent a man doing harm by witchcraft. But the proper penalty in African eyes for ordinary murder is the payment of a price. The murderer has destroyed a piece of property, and must make it good to the relatives of his victim, who are considered to have a sort of ownership in him. You must pay more for a man than for a woman, and more for a woman than a child. If you cannot pay, then your relatives, as having a sort of ownership in you, must pay for you. On the other hand, you are at perfect liberty to kill your own wife or your own slave: they are yours, and with what is yours you may do as you like. These ideas have grown into the native mind for centuries. Any attempt, therefore, to graft European ideas of jurisprudence on to native minds could only be entirely disastrous. The laws there are would be overturned; while for the new laws there would be neither support, sympathy, nor even comprehension.

All these considerations will give some idea of the enormous difficulty presented by the native side of the African problem. Without the native you could do nothing; without improving the native you could do hardly anything. Yet if you try to improve the native too quickly you will make him ten times more impossible to do with than he was before.

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As for the first step in his regeneration I have very little doubt. He must be made to work—a pursuit at present absolutely distasteful to him and almost unknown. The influence of steady work is the best education for him in his present state—is, indeed, all the education he is at present fit for. The influence of labour will make itself felt in every direction. It will steady the native, and urge him to settle and make himself a home. It will tend to the suppression of slavery, because when each man learns to work for himself slavery is no longer necessary. It will tend to the material prosperity of the country, and thus furnish funds which the white master can employ in keeping order and establishing a regular administration. Best of all, the habit of labour will bring the native into contact with these same white masters. And supposing the native is justly and firmly treated—for this condition is essential to any kind of education—it will instil confidence, inspire respect, and hold up before the savage an example of a superior standard of comfort which he may in time be impelled to try to obtain for himself. We must create needs in the native—needs that he will have to work to supply. If anybody considers this brutal and cold-blooded exploitation of the black, I should like to ask him in what else but the development and satisfaction of new needs the course of civilization consists?

The first and most vital duty of European powers in barbarous Africa is that, so far as possible, they should pursue a common policy with regard to the natives, and above all that they should not present to him a spectacle of quarrels and even warfare among themselves. The process of the partition of Africa has been perplexing enough to the native mind without any further complication. As soon as a sphere of influence was allotted to a European power its emissaries hastened to occupy it. A white man appeared, gave the chief a present, and asked him to make a cross at the bottom of a piece of paper, at the same

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time giving him a coloured piece of calico (a flag) to hang up on the top of a pole. Presently another white man came along, produced another paper and another piece of coloured material to hang up on a pole. The chief had no idea what it was all about. It appeared a great waste of calico to hang it on a pole; but he was willing to do anything in reason, so long as he got his present. But sometimes the first white man came back, and was very angry to find his piece of calico taken down from the pole. Then the chief was either killed or taken away or deposed and all his cattle seized as a fine. At other times a white man would suddenly appear with soldiers and porters. The chief would hasten joyfully to his camp in the hope of receiving a present, and would be informed that the country now belonged, for example, to the Sultan of the Germans—that he must pay so many tusks of ivory a year and build so many houses, and supply food for the white men who were coming to protect him. The natives did not quite know what it all meant. They could not make out how the country had suddenly come to belong to somebody else, of whom they had never heard; and they had no particular desire to be protected. But the white man said so, and the white man was a sort of god, and the natives usually submitted. All this was puzzling enough; but sometimes the case was even stranger. The diplomatists who divided Africa treated it as unoccupied land, and drew their frontiers in long straight lines, entirely ignoring the existence of the natives. The result was, of course, that most of the frontier lines cut states or tribes in two. Hence arose no end of difficulties. How could the natives be expected to understand that one half of the tribe was to belong, let us say, to England, and the other half to Germany? If war arose—and this was just the sort of complication to end in war—either nation found it impossible to subdue the revolting chief. As soon as one side of the frontier became too hot to hold him he bolted over to the other. No doubt it would be

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possible for the officials of the nation in whose territory he had taken refuge to seize him and hand him back to his pursuers. It would also be possible to allow the pursuers to follow him up over the frontier. This, however, would be a very strong measure, and would almost certainly lead to grave difficulties; while the handing over of fugitive chiefs might even appear in the light of abetting oppression, and would be almost as objectionable. The true remedy for difficulties of this kind lies, I think, in the rectification of frontiers. This is a lengthy and laborious business, and it involves a complete and detailed knowledge of the local conditions in each several case; but I think it offers the only satisfactory settlement.

But the want of union between the civilized Powers may lead to even more disastrous consequences. The perplexities of annexation and divided allegiance are bad enough, but when it comes to white men fighting among themselves, or murdering one another in cold blood, the result is lowering to white reputation for hundreds of miles around. To the native there is no such thing as distinction between nationalities of white men, and indeed the distinction is apt to become a very slight one in the eyes of European travellers themselves. There is only room in Africa for one line of partition—black and white. If white men fight among themselves, one side must be beaten. The native then sees that white men are not invincible, and he is encouraged to see if he cannot beat them himself.

But far worse than any fighting between white men in Africa is such an appalling blunder, to say nothing of its criminality, as the recent murder of Mr. Stokes. I have already given a few examples which came under my notice of the way in which the officers of the Congo State go about their business. Thanks to the detestable system of giving them a commission on the ivory and rubber they bring in, the expeditions of these officers

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are little better than the worst raids of the slave-dealing Arabs. The Congo State is a vast irresponsible commercial company, with the King of the Belgians as its managing director, and the business of the company pursued through its agents—these officers—is systematic loot. The result is bad enough even from the point of view of the Congo State itself, for it means the rapid exhaustion of the country. The elephant is being exterminated to satisfy the greed of the officer, who wants his commission. This same legalised blackmailer will appear in a village and demand so much rubber in such a time, on pain of execution for the chief and destruction for the village. The chief sends out his men in a hurry to get the rubber. Instead of making incisions in the creeper, they cut down a whole plant and bring in the whole of its gum. The Belgian takes his commission for a plant which has taken hundreds of years to grow, and which is destroyed for ever. So with the coffee plantations. The officer receives a premium on the number of bushes he plants and rears. He gets his money at the end of three or four years, and then clears out. His successor is not going to waste his time looking after the old plants when he can get a premium by planting new ones. So he leaves the established plants to run wild, and there is so much time and labour wasted.

All this is bad enough, but it concerns only the Congo State itself. But when it comes to such outrages as the murder of Mr. Stokes, and when it is quite impossible to bring the perpetrator of such a murder to justice, then the State becomes a menace to the authority, and even the existence, of white men throughout the whole of Africa. Very few people realize who Mr. Stokes was, and what a prodigious stir his murder must have produced through an enormous tract of country. From Tabora to the Victoria Nyanza, throughout the whole of Unyamwezi and Usikuma, there never was, and never

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will be, another man, white or black, so well known and so highly honoured as Stokes. In all this district he was regarded as the real chief. I have met with numerous proofs of this in my own experience. One day in Unyamwezi I came to a village which, as usual, had been deserted by the inhabitants on my approach. They thought I was a German. I discovered the old chief, and when he found that I was an Englishman—for to the native mind in this country every white man who is not a German must necessarily be an Englishman—he began to complain bitterly of the Germans. “The Germans are bad men,” he said; “they make us give them all our food, beat our men, ravish our women, and drive away our cattle. Why does Stokesi allow them to come into his country?” “But this is not Stokes’s country,” I said; “it belongs to the Germans.” “Oh, no,” he said; “you don’t know. I tell you this is Stokesi’s country. He is our Sultan. He is the Sultan of all the country up to the lake, and he would never have allowed the Germans to come if he had known what bad men they were. Before they came only Englishmen passed through the country, Stokesi’s brothers, good men like him. If the people had known you were English they would not have fled, for they know that Englishmen do not steal. They pay for what they take. They are good men, like Stokesi.” At another place messengers came to meet me from the chief. He had heard that a good man was coming, and concluded that it was Stokes. He wished Stokes to come to his village because he had a difference with another chief. They had not fought, because Stokes did not approve of fighting, but they wanted him to settle the case. All through this country there was no slave-dealing, and no demand for payment on passing through the country such as I found in other parts. Stokes had changed all that. Now this district had previously been a byword among African travellers for the extortions practised by

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the natives. So that from this fact alone it can easily be seen how enormous was Stokes's influence. So much was this so that Major von Wissman, the best administrator of German East Africa, appointed Stokes commissioner for that part of the country.

Now if the accusations of gun-running brought against Stokes by the Congo State officials were as demonstratively true as they were almost certainly false, it still remains a monstrous crime to hang a man so universally honoured before the eyes of every native who cared to see. I may not admire the Germans in all their methods in Africa, but I am bound to say that a German officer when complaining to me—erroneously I think—that an Englishman was helping the Masai against his people, always added, "It is a pity nothing can be done; but then, it would never do to shoot a white man in Africa." If you remember that the natives are only grown up children, it can be seen in a moment how perfectly true this is. The country is held by a handful of white men, whose power is wholly based upon their prestige. The moment that prestige disappears, white rule in Africa will be a thing of the past. If the natives understood that white men can be murdered with impunity, they will rise and try to do a little murder on their own account. How serious such a rising may be it only needs the recent experience in Matabeleland to prove. And Matabeleland, it must be remembered, had a relatively large white population, whereas the countries to the north have but a man or two scattered here and there. A rising would mean the massacre of all these men, and the sacrifice of many more European lives before it was put down. Such atrocities, therefore, as the murder of Stokes are more than common crimes. They are outrages upon the prestige of white men throughout Africa, whose consequences it is impossible to measure or to overestimate

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Enough, then, of the case of Stokes, for after all it is not of general application to African nations. Wars between one European Power and another it might be necessary to give warnings against, but such a cold-blooded murder as this is possible, I believe, in the Congo State alone among African territories. Perhaps I may add here a few other suggestions which it seems to me the Powers interested in Africa might profitably adopt, and if possible adopt in concert. The first aim, naturally, in opening up a savage territory, is to improve the means of communication. The number of railways projected, or actually under construction, in the countries of Central Africa is considerable; but railways, after all, take years to build, are very expensive, and cannot be expected to render any immediate return for the money invested in them. Instead of discussing their creation for years, and then waiting more years for their completion, would it not be better to set to work at once and open up roads in the meantime? This need not be more than a track some six feet wide. To make it wider would be a mistake, as the natives would then make a narrower track along the road as they passed from side to side to avoid such obstacles as stones or fallen branches. Such road would of course have to be kept up, as otherwise they would be overgrown in a few months, like the celebrated Stevenson Road from Nyasa to Tanganika, and it would be as much trouble as to make a new one. But the mere fact of having fairly direct tracks, instead of the innumerable windings of the native footpaths, would be an enormous addition to the facilities of African travel. The supply of water ought to be improved along this line, and made permanent at intervals of a dozen miles or so. At longer intervals, say from 100 to 150 miles, I would suggest the establishment of small trading stations with a small garrison. The advantages of this plan, could it be realized, would be manifold. It would be a heavy

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blow at the slave trade, as the leaders of caravans would be obliged to take the road and pass through the stations, and they could not be seen with slaves in their possession. This plan would also put an end to the trick of demanding "hongo," or passage dues, since chiefs would no longer attempt to levy this if they knew that there was a military station within a week's march of them.

Another and perhaps even more important gain from the establishment of such stations would be that by their means a coinage might be introduced. Probably the greatest obstacle to the development of trade and industry in Africa is the cumbrous and almost impossible system of using beads and calico as a currency. A market might be held at intervals of, say a week, at each of the trading stations I have suggested. The first steps towards this have already been taken by the much-abused Arabs. There are markets in the Unyonga Valley with a currency consisting of strings of blue and white beads of a certain shape. To these markets the natives bring their produce from a long distance. The Arabs introduced smaller markets in Uganda with a currency of cowries, and here again trade has been very brisk. The Portuguese established a similar institution in their best days. I have already spoken of their fairs or markets (*fereiras*), and it is noticeable that as they were neglected and declined, the Portuguese power declined also. It will, of course, be useless to attempt to introduce a currency unless the natives have opportunities of exchanging it for things they value, such as calico, beads, and wire. Otherwise the coinage will be like the issue of banknotes with no gold to redeem them. In order to give a real value to the coins issued—none of which would need to exceed fivepence in value—it will be well that the various Governments should agree among themselves that they will limit the use of coins to a fixed sum, and that they will exchange these coins for gold within a limited number of years. It would,

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of course, be an immense advantage that all the coins issued, whether by one nation or another, should be of the same value.

There are many other questions which the European Powers in Africa will have to grapple with if their domination is to prove of real service to the country. One of these is the question of the ivory trade. Ivory is at present the principal source of revenue in most Central African territories, and its very value tends of course to the indiscriminate killing of elephants. Now whether we look merely to commerce, or also admit the possibility that the elephants may some day be utilized as beasts of burden, it is plain that the extinction of this beast would be the heaviest of calamities, and that it ought to be carefully preserved. On this ground, as well as others, the sale to the native of firearms and ammunition should be absolutely prohibited. The danger is not so much the native's skill with his gun, for he usually has none, but the confidence which the possession of firearms inspires in him, and which emboldens him to fight against the white.

Without going any further into this and similar questions, it will be recognized at once that none of them could be efficiently dealt with except by all the African Powers acting in concert. Without such concert it will be impossible for the white man, unless after prodigious efforts and the lapse of very many years, to justify his presence in Africa. Besides this there is the danger—no imaginary one, as more than one case in recent history has shown—that the African question might conceivably lead to a European war. I do not believe myself that the possession of the whole of Africa would compensate any single nation for such a calamity. With a view to rendering it impossible in any case, a permanent International Commission might be appointed to deal with African affairs. Questions in dispute regarding Africa

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might be profitably submitted to this body, not necessarily for arbitration—although if arbitration was desired it would offer a tribunal ready-made—but, at any rate, for expert advice. Such a body would be the natural source for combined measures to deal with the question of firearms, intoxicating liquors, regulation of the ivory trade, the suppression of the slave trade, and the like. It could draw up a scheme for the establishment of a coinage. In the delimitation of frontiers its knowledge and expert advice would be of the greatest possible value. By means of such a body I most firmly believe it would be possible to give an enormous impetus to the development of Africa, with the smallest possible risk of collision through one Power's jealousy of another.

I think all these points are deserving of some attention, because I feel that the territories of Central Africa cannot afford to throw away a single chance. They have been so much before the public of Europe of late years, and have been so keenly competed for by various nations, that they have obtained quite a fictitious value in the public eye. When everybody is struggling for a thing, it is natural that everybody should think it worth attaining at almost any cost. But the truth is that the value of those parts of Africa through which I passed has been greatly over-estimated. If it is to be worth the while of the European Powers to govern and exploit these territories, they cannot afford to throw away a single ounce of energy in friction one with another. Considering the enormous distances and difficulties of transport, about which I have already said enough, it is fairly plain that it is only by co-operation, instead of mutual jealousy, that Africa can be made to pay its way in the very slightest degree.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PROBLEM OF AFRICA

THE POLITICAL SITUATION

I WILL now try to recapitulate the general impression I gathered from my three years' journey. On the whole I was much astonished to find the Dark Continent so different from what I had conceived after reading the accounts of Livingstone, Stanley, Burton, Speke, and many others. What struck me most was the actual state of development of this vast continent, absolutely unknown fifty years ago, and still in its savage state ten years before I visited it.

The modern history of Africa can be divided into three great periods. First the Livingstone-Stanley Era, from 1850 to 1875. This period was one of discovery. Till then, the interior of Africa was considered as a desert extending from the Pyramids to the Orange River. Livingstone was the first to prove the fallacy of this theory. His remarkable journey from the Cape to the Portuguese settlements of the West Coast, and thence along the Zambezi from its sources to its mouth, began to enlighten the world with regard to the nature of the interior of Africa. His further wanderings resulted in the discovery of Lake Nyasa and Lake Bangweolo, and in the better knowledge of Lake Tanganika, first discovered by Burton and Speke. It is probable that if Livingstone had worked upon a more systematic plan he might have added much to his discoveries. The rumour of his loss was not, however, without good results, for it brought in

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the field the greatest of explorers, Mr. Stanley. I certainly place him far above Livingstone; but while recognizing the greatness of Livingstone's work—for it must be acknowledged that with the means at his command he achieved remarkable results—one cannot help regretting that he should have declined the help offered to him, and that he should have persisted in roaming about the country wasting much valuable time in going in search of what he imagined to be the Nile, a mere supposition based on no actual proofs.

We find him spending months and months at Nyangwe, persuaded that the Luapula was the Upper Nile. He was then unable to follow the river down its course, but when he returned to Ujiji and was met there by Mr. Stanley, bringing him supplies of all sorts, it is hard to understand why he did not return to Nyangwe in order to follow the river he had discovered there until he had determined its connection with the Nile. Instead of that he started for the south in the hope of discovering the sources of the river that he considered to be the Nile, and died near Lake Bangweolo.

Mr. Stanley's method was a very different one. He knew no more of the interior of Africa than Livingstone did, but he was determined to avail himself of that knowledge to work by the method of elimination. Speke and Grant had proved that the Nile flows out of Lake Victoria Nyanza. In order to determine if the Luapula, discovered by Livingstone, was the real source of the Nile, it was necessary to ascertain if a large river flowed into Lake Victoria Nyanza. Mr. Stanley, therefore, proceeded to this lake, determined, if he found a large river flowing into it, to follow it up until he had reached Nyangwe. In that case the Luapula would evidently be the upper waters of the Nile, and there would only remain to follow the river from Nyangwe to its sources. In this way the problem that puzzled Livingstone for so many years would be solved. Mr. Stanley, therefore, circumnavigated Lake Victoria

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Nyanza, but, with the exception of three or four comparatively insignificant rivers, he found no stream of first-class importance flowing into the Victoria Nyanza. He therefore made up his mind to find out where the giant Lualabu, running northwards more than 1500 miles from any sea, found its ultimate outlet, and directed his steps towards Nyangwe. There he began his long journey down stream. What he would encounter on his way was absolutely unknown to him. Even the Arabs, those first pioneers of the interior of Africa, had hardly been further than one hundred miles north of Nyangwe. For months the plucky, indefatigable explorer made his way down stream with a handful of devoted followers. He discovered mighty falls, he crossed dangerous cataracts, almost daily he had to repel the attacks of savage cannibals, and three years after leaving Zanzibar he reached the mouth of the Congo, after innumerable dangers, and after conquering all the obstacles he had met from man, beast, and nature. During these three years he had not come across a single white man; for three years he had been unable to obtain fresh supplies of goods or ammunition. Only those who have a thorough knowledge of the interior of Africa can realize what such a journey means. As I said in my introduction, I do not, like so many travellers, claim the title of explorer. If such a term were applied to me, what word would fitly describe Mr. Stanley? With his journey across Africa and his discovery of the Congo the first era of the modern history of Africa closes. The great lines of the geography of this vast continent have been laid. Some discoveries still remain to be made, but these will henceforth be secondary ones.

A new era now begins—the Stanley Era—the practical application of the discoveries previously made. On his return to Europe Mr. Stanley was determined to organize and administer the vast territories which he had discovered and which owed their value to the Congo.

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There, immense quantities of india-rubber were lying idle in the forests; thousands of tons of ivory were accumulated in the native villages, the people having no conception of its value, and using it to make pestles for grain and snuff. On his way down the Congo Mr. Stanley had seen hundreds of villages abandoned, fertile fields overgrown with weeds—the result of intertribal wars. He dreamt of bringing peace where war was constantly raging, he dreamt of steamers navigating the magnificent waterway he had discovered, of bringing to Europe all the india-rubber, all the ivory then rotting or lying idle in a country extending thousands of miles from the coast, and of creating a new market for European trade. In vain he offered to add this magnificent territory to the Colonial Empire of his native country, Great Britain. His countrymen treated him as a visionary, and others even called him a liar; but what England refused to do, the King of the Belgians promised to undertake out of his private purse. Mr. Stanley then returned to Africa, and there founded the Congo Free State. Stations were built, steamers were launched, and patrolled the river right up to Stanley Falls in the heart of Africa. English, French, Portuguese, and Arab traders opened out trading stations and daily penetrated further into the interior along the affluents of the Congo. Over that immense territory of 900,000 square miles Mr. Stanley ruled as absolute master: but he was not a mere passive administrator; he gave his orders and went himself to see that they were carried out. His work was closely watched by all the great European Powers, and the great free trade area conceived by him was, as we all know, soon after accepted by them. Unfortunately he required a well-deserved rest after all his labours, and he was compelled to go home. With him disappeared the great chief, and he had hardly reached Europe when all his chosen subordinates were eliminated and replaced by inexperienced young men who all wanted to be kings in their district. Money was squandered, atrocities were committed and

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remained unpunished and unexposed, until the murder of the unfortunate Stokes revealed to the astonished world what was going on in this once promising State.

When Mr. Stanley gave up the Governorship of the Congo Free State, the European Powers—struck by the results he had obtained in so short a time—began to realize the possibilities offered by the Great Continent, and rushed forward to annex it—like a pack of hyænas who have just scented a herd of goats. At first Great Britain alone stood aloof. The Government, the House of Commons, failed to grasp the enormous value of the country. In the first rush the Germans were the most active: the German Colonial Society, supported by Prince Bismarck, sent representatives west, south, and east, with orders to secure everything they could lay hands on. To acquire territory, and as much as they possibly could, seemed at first to be their sole object. By a trick, and owing to the apathy of the British Government, they laid hands on the Cameroons; they compelled the Sultan of Zanzibar to transfer to them his rights on the East Coast, and when the Cape Colony declined to take charge of Damaraland they hastened to annex it. Fortunately, what the British Government failed to do was accomplished by private citizens.

Sir William Mackinnon had secured the rights over the fertile plateaux of the Masai country, and thus stopped the advance of the Germans north of Kilima Njaro. With patriotic unselfishness he—at enormous expense—occupied Uganda, and saved it also from the ever grasping Germans: the latter, it is true, had secured an immense stretch of country right up to Lake Tanganika, but, to use one of Lord Salisbury's striking expressions, this territory consists of very light soil. As I said just now, through the extraordinary apathy of the Cape Government they established themselves in Damaraland, of little value as a colony, giving them a footing in South Africa.

There remained then but one region—an enormous one—that had not yet been secured. Its value was immense,

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as it consisted of a series of high and fertile plateaux, and was well known as a rich gold-bearing country. Germans, Portuguese, and Boers were casting covetous glances towards it, and this wealthy country—Lo Bengula's dominions—would have been lost to the British Empire had not Mr. Rhodes intervened. He was always urging the British Government to annex it, but the Ministers shrank from the responsibility and possible expenditure. At last Mr. Rhodes heard positive news that the Boers were about to send an embassy to Lo Bengula, whose object was to make a treaty with him. At once Mr. Rhodes went to the Governor and High Commissioner, Sir Hercules Robinson, and pointed out to him the imminent danger. Sir Hercules acknowledged the truth of Mr. Rhodes's warning, but at the same time stood perplexed.

"What do you want me to do?" he said to Mr. Rhodes. "I can't annex the country; what then do you want me to do?"

"A very simple thing," replied Mr. Rhodes; "send a Commissioner and make a passive treaty with Lo Ben. You can promise to help him in case he should be attacked, and in exchange get him to undertake not to dispose of his territory nor to grant any concession to any foreign Power or private individuals without the previous consent of the British Government."

This suggestion was at once acted upon and Mr. Moffat sent out as Commissioner. He obtained Lo Ben's signature to the treaty, and the very day after it had been signed the Boer envoy reached Bulawayo only to find that he had been forestalled.

But Mr. Rhodes's conception extended far beyond the mere nominal control of the country. He was determined to *expel savagery* from the south of the Zambezi. The extension of the British Empire towards the north had been a long matured plan of his. It was due to his efforts that Stellaland and Goschenland were rescued from

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the grasp of the Boers: the Warren expedition was suggested by him. This reminds me of a story that I heard from Mr. Rhodes's own lips and that is worth mentioning. When Sir Charles Warren's expedition had occupied the country, Mr. Rhodes—who was Commissioner—was constantly interviewed by Boer farmers anxious to know what would happen to them and their property. They used to swear that they would never become British subjects, and were in a state of great excitement. One day an unusual number of Boer farmers were talking to Mr. Rhodes under a tree, and making loud protests as usual. An old Boer then interrupted them—

“Look here, friends,” he said, “it's no use talking as you do: after all, what does the question amount to? If we accept the British Government we retain our farms, if we don't we lose them. As to talking to Mr. Rhodes, it's no use. The question is not merely the possession of a few millions of morgen more or less. No; two men only understand the value of this land—Rhodes and myself. This is the key to the north, and Rhodes knows it; he'll never give it up. I know him well; he's young, but he's stubborn!”

But to return to Matabeleland. Mr. Rhodes had prevented, for some time at least, the occupation of the country by a foreign Power, but, according to the rule laid down by Lord Salisbury himself, no Power could maintain its claim to a territory in Africa unless such claim was substantiated by effective occupation. To attain this object, and to do so peacefully, was now the problem to be solved. Mr. Rhodes secured a concession from Lo Ben through Messrs. Rudd, Thompson, and Maguire, and having formed a company to work the concession, he obtained a charter from the Queen. The pioneer expedition was organized, and at the end of 1890 the British flag was flying one thousand miles north of Kimberley. I have described in Chapter IX., p. 198, the occupation of Mashonaland, and I need not refer to it a second time.

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But Mr. Rhodes did not merely intend to stop at the Zambezi. North of it were wealthy regions still unoccupied: he first secured the Barotse and its dependencies by a concession from the King, Lewanika. It was about that time that, while talking with Sir William Harcourt, this statesman said to him—throwing up his arms in despair—

“But where do you mean to stop? Is not the Zambezi far enough north for you? Where else can you go?”

“It strikes me,” replied Mr. Rhodes, “that you do not know your geography. Look here,” added Mr Rhodes, taking a map of Africa that lay open on the table, “What do you see here?—Lake Tanganika; to the west of it the Belgians have pegged out the country: to the east the Germans lay claim to it—but up to there I mean it to be British territory. You asked me just now where I meant to stop—now you know it; the only reason why I don’t mean to go farther up is that I can’t.”

And as Mr. Rhodes had said, so he did. But, busy with the development of the country south of the Zambezi, he did not lose sight of what ought to be done to open out the northern territory of the Company. The natural road to it was through Nyasaland, that had been shortly before added to the empire through the untiring efforts of Sir Harry Johnston. Mr. Rhodes entrusted him with the administration of the Company’s northern possessions, and granted him a yearly subsidy of £15,000, soon increased to £17,000. It was chiefly this money that enabled Sir Harry Johnston to lay the foundation of the British Central Africa Protectorate. With it he was able to bring out from India a splendid body of Sikhs to subdue rebel chiefs, to make roads, and to open out access to the Chartered Company’s territory through Nyasaland.

But Mr. Rhodes’s work was constantly threatened by dangers of all kinds—by difficulties that would have baffled or disheartened any other man.

First of all came the first Matabele war: to accuse the

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Chartered Company of having brought it about through greed and with the object of securing Matabeleland is a downright perversion of the truth. I can bear witness to the fact that the Matabele were the aggressors, and that war was forced by them on the Company.

Then came rinderpest and the rebellion: all these difficulties were surmounted, and although they have in a way retarded the present development of the country, they have been the indirect cause of advancing it in the very near future. The Beira-Salisbury railway and the Mafeking-Bulawayo line would never have been pushed forward with such wonderful activity if the rinderpest had not caused the rebellion. The construction of the Mafeking-Bulawayo line beats, I think, all colonial records of railway construction. As much as two and three-quarter miles of line has been laid in a single day, and work had to be stopped at three p.m. as the supply of rails and sleepers had been exhausted, and a fresh supply was only expected in the evening. In January of this year the line was already laid up to Palapshwe, and ought to be completed to Bulawayo in a short time.

The two-feet-gauge line from Beira towards Salisbury is already completed over a distance of more than 250 miles from the coast over the worst part of the road to Salisbury, and entirely covers the belt of Tsetse fly, that has caused so much trouble, the loss of so many animals, and resulted in such heavy rates of freight.

But Mr. Rhodes's undertakings do not stop there. The telegraph line from the Cape to Cairo, that has been considered by many as the dream of a visionary, is in a fair way of being completed ere long. Major Forbes, who came to see Mr. Rhodes in November last, received orders to push forward the construction of the line with all speed. The line completed to Blantyre in a rough way is now being laid permanently, and forty miles only remain to complete it as far as Lake Nyasa. Before two years have elapsed Uganda will be in telegraphic communication with

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the Cape, and within that time the Mahdi will most likely have been crushed, and it will be possible to connect the line with the one already erected from Egypt southwards.

Mr. Rhodes's example has given a general impulse to the development of Africa, and everywhere some new enterprise is being daily set on foot. The Mozambique Company and a number of other companies have shown much activity in the Portuguese possessions of East Africa. The Germans have tried to follow suit in German East Africa, but, with the exception of the coast, their operations in the interior are confined to a renewed activity in killing "niggers." Last, but not least, the Uganda railway is being pushed forward with great activity. The foundation of a serious trade with Uganda is being laid, and in ten years' time Africa will have been transformed altogether. What the other Powers require to keep pace with England is a second Rhodes, a great statesman with mighty conceptions, and the possessor of a fortune and a credit that enable him to carry them out.

To call this the Rhodes Era is, therefore, only natural; it has no precedent in the history of the world: never before has a Government been indebted to a private individual for the addition of 750,000 square miles to its territory, and never before has a new colony been developed so rapidly, and all this without the cost of a single farthing to the taxpayers.

Let us now consider the resources and the administration of the various countries I have visited.

The Cape Colony possesses legislative powers, and on the whole the Cape Parliament in its short career has done excellent work. One of the chief difficulties, however, is the strong racial feeling that exists throughout the land. The old Dutch settlers, whose families have been established in South Africa for four or five generations, or even longer, have kept their language, customs, and traditions.

Many of them feel as bitterly what they consider the British yoke as their forefathers did when the country

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passed from the hands of Holland into those of England. Being entitled to the franchise, they form a very strong party in Parliament and throughout the country. Their leader is a shrewd and able man—Mr. Hofmeyer—who has been clever enough to keep always aloof from power, and has thus retained all his influence. This racial feeling was, however, much smoothed down by the tact and the ability of Mr. Rhodes so long as he held office, but although the Jameson raid gave Mr. Hofmeyer a splendid chance of fanning the dying embers, there still remains among the Dutch party a strong personal feeling in favour of Mr. Rhodes, whose past services have not been forgotten.

I need not dwell upon the resources of the Cape Colony, as they are known to all, but I may say that this Colony has largely benefited by the opening out of the northern territories, and will still more benefit by it when the railways of Rhodesia have been completed. Mr. Rhodes's object is to work hand in hand with the South by uniformity of rates, taxes, etc.

The hostility of the Transvaal, its custom tariffs, and its outrageous railway rates, have caused much discontent in the Colony, but the losses sustained thereby ought to be largely compensated for by the opening out of a brisk trade with Rhodesia.

Of the Transvaal I can say little or nothing. I cannot enter into details of its present state, being bound by the promise made to my friend Mr. H. C. Cust, with whom I have lately revisited South Africa, not to write anything on our journey; but this much I can say from my previous and present knowledge of the Boers: there is no country in the world where foreigners are trodden down in such a way, where officials are more corrupt, and where honest industry is so heavily handicapped by legislation; where ignorance, conceit, and impudence are so common among the lower and even the upper classes, a distinction hard to make, as rich and poor are equally ignorant, equally dirty, and live in the same semi-savage way. During my journey across Africa

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I have never received a single kindness from a Boer, but many have been the occasions when I have been swindled and insulted by them. The grievances of the Uitlanders are only too real—the bad faith of the Government cannot be denied. If the adversaries of Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Beit knew the exact state of affairs, they would acknowledge that in the part they, and other capitalists, took in the intended revolution they were actuated by the noblest motives; for it is not on them or on their properties that the burden of the present legislation falls, but on the owners of the numerous small mines that can, under the present circumstances, only be worked at a loss, while under the legislation in force in the Cape Colony or Rhodesia they could pay between five and six per cent. Neither must we forget that it was in answer to President Kruger's appeal that the Uitlanders came into the country: it is to the money invested by the so much decried capitalists that the Transvaal owes its present prosperity. Millions of English money were invested in the mines before anyone knew whether they would pay or not. We hear a good deal of a few capitalists who have made millions in the Transvaal, but we are apt to forget the thousands of people who have lost millions through the iniquitous laws of the most iniquitous of Governments. And even now, with all its prosperity, the Transvaal Government would be unable to develop the country without the help of the Uitlanders. On the whole, the South African Republic can be compared to a patient suffering from cancer: its cancer consists of its Government; but although it may be operated upon it will reappear, and its existence is doomed without remedy.

So far as Bechuanaland is concerned, I think that it can be far better administered from the Cape than from the Colonial Office. It would be a mistake to think that a similar measure could be extended to the whole Protectorate; the northern part of the country is not ripe for self-government. On the other hand, it is much to be

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deplored that circumstances compelled the Secretary of State for the Colonies to withdraw the administration from the Chartered Company, as no region in the interior can be administered from Downing Street, and no Colonial Secretary will dare to ask for an amount of money equal to that which would have been spent by the Chartered Company to develop it.

Bechuanaland proper and the Protectorate are invaluable as a route to the north, and had not Mr. Rhodes's efforts succeeded in recovering the country from the grasp of the Boers, it is most likely that Rhodesia would not be under the British flag at present. As a colony, Bechuanaland did not strike me as likely to be developed for many years to come, until, in fact, all the available fertile grounds of Matabeleland and Mashonaland have been taken up. Competent experts have assured me that in Bechuanaland ideal stretches of country for ranching can be found, far superior to any of the American ranches; but the country struck me as too dry—too badly watered—to become of any practical use, unless much money was spent to cope with the droughts that occur every two or three years. Especially now, when the railway is going to place Matabeleland and Mashonaland at the very door of the Cape Colony, farmers will not settle in a region where they will have to spend much money and wait for many years before they can expect to get a profitable return for their work and expenditure, especially when they can settle in a country where they will find already provided by nature whatever they could only get by hard and expensive work in Bechuanaland.

The Protectorate is nominally under the rule of native chiefs, prominent among them being Khama. Most of these chiefs are ignorant; and all of them, relying upon the enormous profits they realize by the sale of their cattle and produce to the white men passing through their country, have made no effort to increase their fields, as

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their people hate work above everything. The result has been that instead of laying aside, as they formerly did, a considerable reserve in case of accident, they have sold all their available grain, and now that rinderpest and a bad crop have come among them, they are reduced to semi-starvation. I pity them but little, and I have seen with deep regret the money that is wasted in London for the purpose of relieving them. Those who, impelled by their kindness of heart, have headed and organized this movement are, indeed, very ignorant of the workings of the native mind. When I first heard of this movement I predicted that almost every chief would refuse to accept the proffered relief, and that those who would accept it would make use of it to extort money from the white men of South Africa by selling them, at famine prices, the grain that would be supplied to them by the white men of England. This is exactly what has taken place. Khama and other chiefs declined to receive the grain offered to them, saying that their people were not hungry. Sechele replied that he was not such a fool as to accept such presents, as, later on, the white men would come and ask for something on the grounds that they had helped him. As to the individual native, if you offer him some food when he is hungry, unless he is one of your own men who works for you, he will refuse it, considering your offer with absolute mistrust, and this under the impression that you want to bewitch him. The conception of pity does not come within the range of the native mind, and he cannot understand that strangers should wish to help people they do not know. The mere fact of your having offered him food without his having asked for it will make the native go to his witch-doctor to get some "medicine" to preserve him from your machinations.

Besides, if the people are hungry, why do they not go to seek work on the Bulawayo or Beira railway lines—the contractors are short of labour, and would welcome them and give them good wages; but then, as I have

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already said, the Bechuana do not care to work, but much prefer the alternative of going with an empty stomach. I have already said what I thought of Khama as a chief; I will now speak of his country. It looks enormous on the map, but really consists only of the huge village of Mangwato or Palapshwe, as the white men call it. His rule extends over the fifteen thousand or so of people huddled up in his village, and over the wild beasts of the Kalahari desert—a portion of South Africa hardly likely to become of any use until South Africa has reached the present stage of development in the United States.

The Barotse is practically unknown with the exception of the immediate neighbourhood of the Zambezi: this is a most unhealthy region, but I have been assured by the many natives I saw coming from the interior that within fifty to sixty miles of the Zambezi the country is a splendid one, consisting of high plateaux, well watered, most fertile, and covered with thriving cattle. Iron is abundant in the Matotela country east of Lialui, and the natives there are great iron workers. The drawback is the great distance from both coasts and the difficulty of access. Evidently this difficulty will be solved in time when the railway will have penetrated to the north of Bulawayo. From a sporting point of view Bechuanaland and the Kalahari have long ceased to be good hunting grounds: in fact, the whole region south of the Zambezi (the much overrated Pungwe included) will disappoint sportsmen whose object is to come to Africa on a shooting tour. Travelling there is most expensive, most uncomfortable, and one half of the game shot cannot be brought into camp through the scarcity of boys. In the whole of South Africa a bag of thirty heads in as many days is considered a grand one, while in the Masai country you can shoot the same number of heads in a week.

There is no doubt in my own mind that of all the countries I traversed Matabeleland is the most valuable. As to its mineral wealth I cannot speak from my own

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experience, for at the time I was in the country Lo Bengula took good care that no mines should be exploited. But for agricultural and stóck-raising purposes this certainly was the best part of Africa I saw. Its advantage over Mashonaland was that cattle had been kept in the country for long periods in large numbers, and they had fed down the long grass until it was perfectly sweet and wholesome. I have no doubt that this difficulty will be overcome in time in Mashonaland also, though of course the ravages of the rinderpest have greatly delayed the process. As for the progress that had been made in Mashonaland I have already spoken of it at length, and need only add here that the results of brief occupation of the country in the face of prodigious difficulties was the finest piece of colonization I ever saw or heard of.

Passing northwards, we come to the Portuguese sphere on the Zambezi. In this territory the crushing disadvantage to which Rhodesia is as yet subject—its prodigious distance from any civilized base—does not exist. The Zambezi provides fairly quick, cheap, and easy means of transport. The country is exceedingly rich. Nevertheless the Portuguese territories have made hardly any progress at all of recent years, nor is the reason difficult to state. Rich as is the soil, the climate is deadly to Europeans, and there are few, if any, areas of high ground which might afford healthy sites for white settlements such as I noticed in speaking of Nyasaland. Moreover, the character of the Portuguese administration, as will have been readily imagined from the stories I have told about it in its place, is not favourable for the development of industry or the attraction of capital. The Portuguese, in brief, had at the time of my journey been in Africa almost as many centuries as other colonizing Powers had been years, and had yet made far less progress than any of them. This appears at sight a most severe reflection upon that nation, but it is not

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really so. The truth is that the fact of their long occupation is just what has proved their sorest disadvantage. The British and Germans have been able to start fair with a clear sheet, and establish administrations according to the latest and most improved models. The Portuguese are handicapped by three hundred years of mediævalism, and it is a very difficult matter to clear away the old before establishing the new. For instance, the "prazzo" system, which I have described in a previous chapter, is as fatal to the development of the country as it well could be. Yet we must remember that the system has been in force for the best part of three centuries, and is not to be cleared away in a day. While making every allowance for this, it must be owned that there are faults and mistakes in the Portuguese administration which can be removed with no insuperable difficulty—the convict system, for example, and the conflict between the military and the naval powers. Whether the Portuguese are likely now or in the immediate future to set to work seriously to remedy this state of affairs is another matter, and one in which I should not care to speak with too much confidence.

Continuing our northward survey, we come to another valuable British territory in Nyasaland. I have little to add to what I have already said about this promising country, which serves as admirably for a model of tropical colonization as do the Chartered Company's territories of European settlement. The pre-eminent advantage enjoyed by this territory is, of course, the excellent water-way provided by the rivers and the lake. North of the Nyasaland Protectorate, between it and Lake Tanganika, we find a high plateau where an infinite number of rivers take their source to join either the Zambezi basin or that of the Congo. This country is fertile enough, and affords excellent pasturage. Iron here is abundant and of good quality. But this territory will be of little value from any point of view until means are

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found of draining the many marshes which destroy health, cripple agriculture, and hopelessly retard communication. The southern end of Lake Tanganika, I may mention, appears to me to have a great future as a commercial centre. The principal mart which gathers up the produce of the interior northward is Ujiji, whence boats can reach the station of Kituta under a fortnight, while it takes four months to make the overland journey to Zanzibar. The Arabs already send large quantities of ivory by this route. What is wanted to develop this line of trade is a competitor for the African Lakes Company, which at present enjoys an almost exclusive monopoly of the trade of these regions, and imposes almost prohibitive rates.

Passing to the German sphere of influence, I cannot say that I think highly of its value. I am speaking of course only of those parts which I visited, and leaving the coast districts out of consideration. Their frontier, as a glance at the map will show, extends southward to the river Rovuma, takes in the north-east shore of Lake Nyasa, thence runs north to the south-east of Lake Tanganika, and following the eastern coast of this lake to its further extremity, it then takes an oblique direction as far as the first parallel of south latitude, where we come upon British territory again. A considerable part of this territory was little known when I was in the country, and except in the coast lands the Germans had nowhere established their influence. Since then much has been done, and in particular the country has been explored, and in great part surveyed. But even to-day the interior is very little developed. Major von Wissmann, despatched by the Anti-Slavery Society, founded a station at the north-east extremity of Lake Nyasa, in the Bay of Parumbira. I have not been able to discover the reason for the existence of this station. The lofty Livingstone Mountains rise on all sides of it to a height of over 6000 feet. No slave caravan would ever think of touching

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this point, as slaves are generally disembarked at Amelia Bay, further south. Northward from this the Germans were at war with the Wahehe, a powerful race of Zulu origin, with the formidable military organization of their race. They had attempted to subdue this tribe many times without success. Further west the frontier passes south of Lake Rikwa, an arid and inhospitable region without the least future. The east coast of Lake Tanganika is similarly arid, mountainous, and hardly inhabited. Ujiji is the most important Arab centre in this part of Africa; but when I was there the inhabitants were very ill-disposed towards the Germans, and fully decided to evacuate the place should the Germans attempt to establish themselves there. Now as Ujiji is simply and solely a market, the place will lose its whole value from the moment the Arabs leave it.

From Ujiji to the first degree of latitude the country is occupied by the Wahha and the Waruanda. These tribes are exceedingly hostile to Europeans, and are not likely to submit to them without a long and obstinate struggle. Moreover, the Wahha country is absolutely miserable from the colonial point of view, and, so far as I know, is quite destitute of mineral resources. Nearly 300 miles east of Ujiji is Tabora—another important Arab centre, where the Germans have established a station. Now Tabora, like Ujiji, owes its importance to the ivory trade, which passes from the latter place on its way to the coast. From the day when the Arabs cease to send their ivory by this route and dispose of it in British territory, south of Lake Tanganika, there will remain to Tabora little but the ruins of a few Arab houses in the middle of a dry and barren plain. Northward from Tabora, up to Lake Victoria Nyanza—another distance of nearly 200 miles—is found a great sandy plateau without water, and absolutely dry, where the sparse inhabitants have great trouble to grow the few grains of millet on which they

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live. The whole of the Victoria Nyanza below the first degree of south latitude belongs to the Germans, who have established three stations upon it—Muanza, in the territory of Usikuma, south of the lake, and Bukoba, west of it, near the river Kagera, are Government stations; the third, on the peninsula of Ukerewe, was founded by the Anti-Slavery Society. In a belt of three or four miles from Muanza you do not meet a single native. The Germans have burnt all the villages, as I have already recounted. For the rest the country is waterless, and of little value. The whole shores of the lake from Muanza to Bukoba, with its numerous islands, are almost bare of vegetation, with the exception of sparse and poor grass. The interior of the country consists of a bushy plateau, intersected by deep valleys, at the bottoms of which are banana plantations. Cattle were abundant at one time, but have been decimated by the plague.

It is true that coffee grows in a wild state in the German sphere. But it will be always difficult to conduct this business at a profit, because of the distance from the coast. Even the railway which is now being built will hardly improve matters, as traffic rates must be high unless the line is to be run at a ruinous loss. At any rate, it will always be difficult for the country to compete with Nyasaland, which is nearer the coast, and where transport by water is largely available.

From this brief retrospect it will be seen that other nations have little cause to envy the Germans their Central African territory. If they continue to occupy it, it must for a long time remain a source of great expense, with the slightest possible prospect of proving eventually remunerative. As for the manner in which the Germans treat the natives, I have already said enough about it in the chapters dealing with my journey through the country. The fact that a succession of high colonial officials have been condemned for maltreatment of the

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natives appears to confirm the impression of their methods which I got on the spot. Quite apart from the morality of these proceedings, they are quite fatal to any idea of profitable exploitation of the country. The Germans will make no progress without the aid of native labour. A certain amount of forced work they have been able to command, but to burn the villages and continually unsettle and depopulate the country is the worst possible way to procure labour of the quality or in the quantity which is needed to secure any useful result.

Passing north along the western shore of the Victoria Nyanza, we cross the river Kagera and find ourselves in Buddu, one of the provinces of Uganda. Here the country undergoes a sudden and complete change. Instead of cliffs covered with scrub the shore is low, and clothed in the most luxuriant vegetation. This immense province is one of the richest in Uganda.

Uganda itself has been represented by the missionaries and by a few others as a kind of earthly paradise, inhabited by saints and martyrs. What the future of the country will be I cannot even surmise. It consists of a series of ranges of grassy hills, at the foot of which stand stagnant rivers, covered with forests of papyrus. Bananas are the staple food of the country, cut green and then cooked. In Buddu coffee grows wild, and I daresay that the country might be suitable for plantations of sugar-cane, rice, and coffee; but the great drawback will always be the difficulty of finding labour. The people of Uganda are the laziest natives I ever came across. They are a weak race, unsuited to hard work, and accustomed from time immemorial to let the women cultivate their bananas—an easy task. The men, having nothing to do, have always spent their time in conspiracies, and civil war is ever welcome to them. The recent struggle between Protestants and Catholics, a mere denomination of political factions, is fresh in the memory of all, and Captain Lugard, who has

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been attacked from all quarters for the part he took in it, deserves the gratitude of all his countrymen, as his determination saved the country from falling into German hands. After this war the Protestants and Catholics were given separate provinces—an excellent arrangement for the time being, but one that cannot last, and that will have to come to an end as soon as the British administration is strong enough to quell any disturbance. The missionaries, although they have done much good, have also done much harm to the country, dividing it into two powerful and hostile factions. The French fathers have always considered the British officials as interlopers, and, instead of smoothing down the restlessness of their adherents, have only kindled the latent fire that was smouldering among them.

Unyoro, from all points of view, is a far finer country—richer, flatter, more fertile, and inhabited by a more manly race. It is from Unyoro that all the iron implements used in Uganda chiefly come.

Usoga, on the other hand, combines the advantages of Uganda with those of Unyoro, and, besides, contains forests that will prove a source of great wealth when the railway has been opened from Mombasa to Lake Victoria Nyanza; and I have no doubt that when the work of colonization begins, it is Usoga that will attract the attention of all the new comers.

One of the most remarkable features of the administration of Uganda is the happy choice the Foreign Office has made in selecting the officers that have been sent to that region. To say nothing of Captain Lugard, who was sent by the Imperial British East Africa Company, we find such men as Sir Gerald Portal, Major Owen, Captain Macdonald, Colonel Sir Henry Colville, and Mr. Barclay. It would take too long to quote all those who have helped them, but one whose name has never caused much attention at home may be mentioned on account of the great services he has rendered during many years. He was

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one of the first officials who came into the country in the Company's time, and his ability and activity have done much towards the development of the Protectorate. I am speaking of Mr. Grant; he was with Major Owen during most of the arduous times he had to go through, and poor Roddy could say nothing too good of him. I have myself seen him at work when he was in charge of Usoga, and I can fully endorse all that Owen said of him.

Kavirondo, through its relative proximity to Uganda, ought to form part of the Uganda Protectorate, a better name for which would be *British Equatorial Africa Protectorate*, as Uganda proper is but a small portion of the various territories under British rule. The great stretch of uninhabited country, extending from Kikuyu to Kavirondo, puts its administration from Kikuyu out of the question.

Ethnographically, the race inhabiting Kavirondo belongs to the same category as the inhabitants of the Upper Nile, and its language forms a kind of connecting link between the Bantu and the Dinka dialects. The features of the natives of Kavirondo offer a striking contrast to those of the Bantu tribes: they are taller, stronger, much darker, and chiefly remarkable for the great size of their hands and feet. Men and women go about absolutely naked, their ornaments consisting almost exclusively of brass and iron wire of great size and weight. Iron is worked on a large scale in their country, and they supply their neighbours with spades, hoes, and spear heads. The people of Uganda, however, as already stated, get these articles from Unyoro. In Kavirondo the men share with the women the labour of the fields, and their country seems a most fertile one: it is yet very little known, and their ethnography has never been studied. I much regretted that time prevented my stopping for a few months among them.

The Masai country is an immense region—still almost unknown—consisting of a series of large undulating

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plateaux, ranging in height from 8000 to 10,000 feet above the sea level. The whole country is covered with beautiful grass-lands, with here and there stretches of imposing forests, where trees many centuries old are to be found. The climate is perfect, admirably suited to European labour, water abundant everywhere, and the soil far more fertile than anything I have seen in the whole of my journey across Africa. I feel absolutely certain that within a few years' time, when the railway to Uganda is completed, the whole of this region will become populated by a large number of European colonists, who will be able to develop their farms without the help of natives. The Masai, so much dreaded for many years—without apparent reason—have altogether ceased to exist as a nation, and are now divided into a number of small tribes. Their collapse began with rinderpest, which broke down their former traditions. Until it carried away their cattle, the elmoran or warriors never ate anything but beef; they would have despised eating a goat or the flesh of game. But with the loss of their cattle came hunger. These nomadic tribes, relying absolutely on their animals for food, had little or no grain to supply their wants, and starvation began to make itself felt among them. They ceased to raid their neighbours—their raids having but one object, cattle, as the Masai seldom carried away slaves—and they were soon reduced to the most cruel situation. It was then that their great witch-doctor, Battiani, died; he had been to the Masai what Chaka had been to the Zulu, having gathered into one great nation and one great military power the hitherto disseminated tribes. After his death his great work fell to pieces, and instead of remaining one big nation the Masai relapsed into a series of small tribes; this enabled the Germans to drive them away from Kilima Njaro. Many of them came to ask for British protection, and now they have ceased to become formidable. But they are still a proud, warlike race, and could be used with great advantage as soldiers—out of their own province.

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The Wakikuyu, who have for many years been considered as belonging to the Masai race, have little or no connection with it. Physically they are absolutely different; their language also differs, and their mode of life has nothing in common with the Masai. They are essentially a mountain tribe, coming from the slopes of Mount Kenia; they can be divided into two classes, the pastoral and the agricultural. The latter have gradually been driven away by the former, and have made their way towards the south-west. Their cultivation is chiefly carried out in forest clearings, where the soil is without equal for fertility. The climate of the region they inhabit is also admirably suited to European labour, the temperature never exceeding 86° , and often falling as low as 45° . As a race they are treacherous; they never keep their word, and it is still dangerous to venture more than a mile from the Government station without an escort of at least twenty-five armed men. A great improvement has, however, taken place in the country through the energy and proper handling of the natives by Mr. Hall, who was for a long time in charge of the station of Kikuyu. He has managed to bring together the various chiefs, who have pledged themselves to be jointly responsible for the misdeeds of any individual one of them, the English officer promising in return to protect them from any attack from the Masai or from their pastoral kindred. With the advent of the railway a complete transformation may be looked upon as a mere matter of months. An expedition will have to be led against the northern tribes dwelling south of Mount Kenia, but this ought to thoroughly subdue the country, which is one of great value. So far, it may be added, nothing whatever is known of the immense region between the proposed railway line and the Juba river—with the exception of the immediate neighbourhood of the Tana river—and anyone wishing to make a new and useful journey ought to turn his attention towards the exploring of this part of Africa. It must also be noted that neither

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Masaï nor Wakikuyu have ever made use of guns, or even shown eagerness to be possessed of them.

I have dwelt at great length on the curious customs and patriarchal mode of government of the Wakamba, and I have pointed out how useful these people might become if properly handled. What I wrote three years ago on the subject has turned out perfectly correct. Under the able administration of Mr. Ainsworth the Wakamba have proved themselves daily more useful: they make excellent mail carriers, first-class and readily-trained soldiers, and good porters and labourers. Their country covers an enormous area, with a population denser than that of most African regions, but still with ample room for thousands of white men. They are a quiet, peaceful, and easily-handled race susceptible of much improvement. Although the climate is warmer than that of the Masaï country, it is a mild one without excessive heat: it is well watered, and wheat, Indian corn, sugar-cane, and coffee ought to give good results there. Tobacco might also be most successfully grown, but the native plants will never pay: what is wanted are imported plants, properly cultivated, under the supervision of a competent man. The future welfare of Africa is a question in which I take much interest: I have at heart its development, and I shall not rest satisfied until I have seen the question of the cultivation of tobacco taken in hand. Gold in my eyes is a secondary matter: gold mines may enrich many during the two or three next generations, but their supply is bound to get exhausted sooner or later; the area where they are to be found is a small one compared with the total amount of the British possessions from the Cape to the basin of the Nile, and when these have supplied a home to the hundreds of thousands of Englishmen who are bound to come and settle there, the gold industry will only supply work to a comparatively small number of the new inhabitants. Agriculture is therefore the main question to be considered, and, as I have said

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over and over again, there is no reason why British Africa should not take the place of Havana, Manilla, and Sumatra as a tobacco-producing country; it must not be forgotten that the demand for tobacco increases daily, and it is only natural to surmise that a Continent like Africa, where tobacco is universally grown and used by the natives, offers every chance of success if plants of superior quality are cultivated there. Failure may follow the first experiments: the plants that are first imported may lose their quality in some regions or under some circumstances; but if one considers the enormous area, the diversity of climate, and the variety of soils, upon which experiments can be carried out, it is impossible to doubt that success will ultimately come.

From the territory of the Wakamba south-east to the coast the country is poor, and the sooner the railway shortens the transit through this belt the better for the more valuable territories inland.

To recapitulate, I will say that the chief impression I gathered from my long journey is that Great Britain possesses the very best portion of Africa from the Cape to the Nile, that she alone has justified her right to be in the country by developing every spot where the Union Jack has a right to fly, and she alone understands how to colonize; and if one considers the gigantic work that has been carried out under the ægis of her flag within the last ten years in the heart of Africa, comparing it with the work accomplished by the Portuguese and the Germans, it will be found that England has, within these ten years, accomplished ten times as much as the Germans are ever likely to do within the next fifty years, although the German East African Colony has already cost to the German taxpayer* more than the whole of the British possessions North and South of the Great African Continent have cost to the British Government.

* The yearly expenditure comes to over £300,000; so that about three millions have been already spent.

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But what impressed me most was the genius, the indomitable energy and the greatness of the conceptions of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Mr. H. M. Stanley, and other Englishmen, who have left wherever they have been the imprint of their great minds, and who have never hesitated to support their schemes with money and with their lives, men, in fact, of whom every Englishman ought to be proud and whose names will live for ever in the history of Africa and of the world.

APPENDIX I.

THE PLAGUES OF AFRICA

THE PRESENT AND THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE

RINDERPEST, of which so much has lately been said, did not spring up suddenly in the various parts of Africa, but has been steadily making its way from North to South, carrying ruin and desolation throughout the land. It is a remarkable fact that until it reached Matabeleland no one suspected the nature of the disease. I was the first to call attention to it in a letter I addressed to the *Field* in 1893. As I have already said, I found the first traces of the disease in the Wakondi country, north of Lake Nyasa. This was in April, 1893. This district was celebrated in former times for the abundance of its cattle; and when Sir Harry Johnston visited it in 1889, he found so much milk there that he declared that he could have taken a bath every day in the milk brought to him. In 1893, when I was there, it was almost impossible to get a glass of milk. It was the previous year, in 1892, that the *Chinpumba*, as the rinderpest is locally known, appeared in the place. It came from the West, having travelled over the Tanganika-Nyasa plateau. There it swept away all the cattle, killing also the buffalo, and destroying nearly all the game, zebras, wildebeests, and even elephants; goats and fowls also died in great numbers. In one place, however, the cattle were saved: the French Fathers of Mambwe treated their animals with large doses of quinine, and none of those that were so treated died. I think that this is well worthy of notice. All along the eastern shore of Lake Tanganika the disease had passed, and not a single head of cattle was to be found. In the Wahha country, however, I found enormous herds of cattle—splendid animals standing from

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16 to 17 hands high; and I heard that the *Sotoka*, as rinderpest is called in that part of Africa, had done little or no damage. This cattle is the only kind I found north of the Zambezi belonging to the species without a hump. They have been imported by the Watusi, a variety of the Wahima tribe, inhabiting the region west of Lake Victoria Nyanza.

In Unyamwezi rinderpest had been most virulent, and had also attacked Usikuma, sparing however the Burru country between Unyamwezi and Kilima Njaro. But at the end of 1893 it had entirely disappeared from Unyamwezi and Usikuma, where it had passed two years previously.

Uganda had been also visited by the plague about the same time. During the year 1891 it swept away the whole of the cattle of the Masai, and destroyed every buffalo in that region. This plague played there a most important part in the politics of the country. In former times the Masai Elmoran (warriors) never touched any food but beef. Even when they were out on a raiding expedition, and found themselves short of food, they preferred to starve rather than eat game or meat that was not beef. When their cattle had been destroyed by rinderpest, they had to eat porridge, and were glad to sell a donkey for a couple of pounds of meal. This seems to have degraded them in their own eyes, and to have broken their proud spirit. In 1894, however, no trace of the disease was found in Uganda or in the Masai country, and the natives were gradually recovering their cattle. I have not been able to trace the origin of the plague further north, but it seems to have altogether disappeared after a period of two years wherever it has passed.

My own impression is that no precaution will be able to stop its invasion of the Cape Colony unless all traffic is stopped; even so, game will carry it about.¹ That it affects donkeys I have had undoubted proof, having lost a donkey from it in Central Africa in 1893; and having compared my recollections with the description published in the *Bechuanaland Government Gazette*, I find that the symptoms which my donkey showed were absolutely those of rinderpest. So far as I can see, rinderpest has travelled at the rate of $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles per day, and the question is whether it is not a mistake to try and check its

¹ This was written in 1896, and has proved correct.

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progress. If it is bound to invade the Colony, is it worth spending enormous sums to postpone the evil? There is this to say in favour of the measures adopted—that if it can be kept off for a period of from a year and a half to two years, by which time it appears probable that it will have died out in Rhodesia, the latter province will be able to supply the South with meat.

But there is another plague, quite as serious, that threatens South Africa—a plague that nothing will stop, and that will seriously affect the labour market—I am speaking of the jiggers. This is an insect of the flea family, indigenous to South America. It was brought to West Africa by a slave ship. The jigger, or *Pulex penetrans*, is a small flea that burrows in the flesh, chiefly of the feet, choosing in preference the neighbourhood of the toe-nails. The female penetrates under the skin with its head only sticking out; this head is so small that it can only be detected with a magnifying-glass, and cannot be seen in the skin of a black man. At first it causes no pain, but after a couple of days it gives the same sensation as a small thorn. After five to six days the body of the insect reaches the size of a pea, and is full of eggs; the pain is then very great, and when the insect has been extracted its place is marked by a deep ulcer, that usually gets badly inflamed, and often brings on blood-poisoning. The natives dig it out with a pointed piece of wood, tearing the skin all round to make a hole large enough to allow the body of the insect to come out without breaking the pocket of eggs. They imagine that if they break the pocket, the eggs will generate under their skin. They are right in a sense, as they possess no antiseptics; and I have myself seen a fellow out of whom two hundred jiggers were extracted! But even when a hole has been made large enough to allow the insect to be removed, it is most painful to get it out, as it is fastened to the ulcer it has produced. The best way is to open the place where the insect is with a lancet, and then to syringe the wound well with a sublimate lotion. The body of the insect having been removed with a forceps, the wound must again be well syringed, and carbolic oil applied to it. In order to avoid these pests getting to a large size, white men ought to have their feet carefully examined twice daily. When a jigger is discovered, it can be easily removed

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during the first two days with the point of a needle. In many cases, however, they cannot be discovered until they have reached a certain size, and then extraction often amounts to a regular operation. Often they penetrate under the edge of the nails, and I have seen some of them right under the middle of the nail; this necessitated a most painful operation. Boots are of little avail, and only prevent you from getting large numbers of them. They jump like a flea, and get at your foot by the top of the boot. Besides, when they have invaded a country, they are found on the ground outside and inside every house. Although I had my feet examined twice daily, I have had as many as three extracted at one time, after they had reached a good size, as they had escaped the notice of my servants during three or four days. I had from two to four of them taken out almost daily. When Colonel Colvile started for the Unyoro Expedition, out of eight white men four of us were unable to wear a boot or walk, on account of ulcers brought on by the jiggers. Colonel Colvile had seven of them extracted the day he left Kampala; and Dr. Moffat had to ride a donkey, his feet being tied up in bandages.

But it is among the natives that they cause the most damage. Among the Soudanese troops in Uganda I have myself made the following observations. At Fort Raymond the garrison consisted of 160 *askaris* (soldiers) and 70 porters; out of this number of men 72 *askaris* and 30 porters were absolutely unfit for service through ulcers brought on by jiggers, and 30 more men were lame. At Fort Grant the proportion of invalids through jiggers was over 50 per cent. I was in charge of the medical department—having volunteered to help Major Owen during the war—and never in my life have I seen such awful ulcers. Some of the men had the bone of their big toe protruding fleshless for more than an inch, others had quite a square inch of the bone of the heel exposed. I remember, among others, a corporal whose foot was covered with an ulcer about five inches long by three inches broad. In some villages of Uduhu (south of Lake Victoria Nyanza) I found the people starving, as they were so rotten with ulcers from jiggers that they had been unable to work at their fields, and could not even go to cut the few bananas that had been growing. In many villages of Uganda things were almost as bad.

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When I crossed Africa I found the first trace of jiggers at Mambwe, half-way between Lake Nyasa and Lake Tanganika. From there I found them all over the shores of Lake Tanganika, in Uhha, in Unyamwezi, in Usikuma, all over the shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza, throughout Uganda and Usoga. The southern part of the Masai country alone was free from them.

Sir Harry Johnston informed me last summer that the jiggers have come down to Blantyre, having therefore travelled about 500 miles southward in two years' time. I calculate, accordingly, that they will reach Mashonaland in about two years' time, and with the railway communication they will be all over the Cape Colony in a year more. In fact, I feel absolutely certain that they will invade the Colony before the year 1900.¹

Those only who have seen what damage the jiggers cause can realize what the prospect means for South Africa. The matter is most serious, and steps should be taken to try to ward off the danger.

To give an idea of the prolific way in which they generate, I must explain that the moment the jigger is taken out of the flesh she begins to lay her eggs; and I have counted, with a magnifying-glass, 150 eggs that came out of one jigger in less than 30 seconds, and she went on laying them for more than five minutes. Even if each jigger lays only 500 eggs—and this is far below the number—it must be remembered that these become insects in a few days, and it may be understood how the whole of Africa north of the Zambezi is now infested with them. Sandy soil is the most suitable to their development, and in all the sandy regions where I found them the place swarmed with them. The natives are chiefly responsible for their increase, as, instead of destroying them as they extract them from their skin, they merely throw them on the ground, where they soon generate.

Animals are also attacked by them—dogs, monkeys, fowls, and others. I saw in Muanza, south of Lake Victoria Nyanza, a tame eagle that had lost one of his legs through jiggers. In order to give an idea of the way in which these insects attack men, I may quote the example of a dwarf (one of those discovered by Mr. Stanley) who was in the service of Major Owen. The little

¹ They had already made their appearance at Beira in 1896.

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fellow was very dirty, and while Major Owen went to Unyoro he was left for a month at Fort Raymond. When we returned there we found that he could not walk, and, having examined him, I discovered that he was full of jiggers. I got a Soudanese to take them out, and the first day he got two hundred and eighty out of the boy's body. His feet, his toes, knees, hands, fingers, elbows, shoulders, and back were full of them, and when he was brought to me after the operation he was a mass of blood, and it took me over an hour to bandage him.

As I have explained, the natives dig the jiggers out with a pointed bit of wood, breaking the skin all round the body of the insect. The result is that the skin gets hardened and mortified, and when fresh jiggers get in the same spot they cannot be discovered till they have grown quite large, and often they are so deep in the flesh, having crept in by one of the crevices left in the mortified skin, that a hole half-an-inch deep has to be made before they can be got at. The result is usually a deep ulcer, dirt gets in, and the native medicines they apply to it, consisting of all sorts of filth, bring on gangrene, causing death or at least the loss of a limb. In many instances I have had to perform amputations of toes in order to save a man from the effects of gangrene, and in all such cases I found iodoform the most effective antiseptic to prevent ulceration after the jigger had been extracted. In fact, the natives soon learned its use; and when I arrived in Karagwe, a native chief, having heard that a white man had landed, came from a long distance to ask me for yellow medicine. A brother of his, he said, had some of the yellow *dawa* (medicine) given to him by a German officer, and if I would give him some he would give me anything I liked. I gave him a little iodoform, and in the evening his *katikiro* (prime minister) came also to beg for some of it. I had obtained canoes from the chief to take me to Uganda, and being short of iodoform I did not care to spare any more; so I made a mixture of iodoform and sulphate of zinc. The *katikiro*, however, soon returned, and complained that his medicine was not as yellow as the one I had given to the chief. I replied that he could not expect the same medicine as a big chief, and he quite understood the distinction.

To conclude, I think that I have done my duty in pointing out the serious and new danger that threatens South Africa. I feel

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sorry to appear as a prophet of evil, but perhaps my warning may enable the Government to take steps to check the impending danger. I cannot think of any measure that may stop the invasion ; but I should advise the responsible authorities to have the subject thoroughly studied, so that when this new plague makes its appearance it may not take the people unawares, and that proper remedies may be known beforehand, and precautions recommended to avoid the spreading of the pest. From Central America and the West Indies, whence the jigger comes, considerable information can be obtained on the subject, and measures should be taken to obtain it without delay. My experience makes me look upon the jigger as the greatest curse that has ever afflicted Africa, and I hope that my warning will be taken up and turned to practical account.

APPENDIX II.

A VOCABULARY OF SIMPLE WORDS IN SOME EAST AFRICAN LANGUAGES

IT may be thought presumptuous in me, who can make no claim to be a philological scholar, to add to my story the following brief vocabulary of some of the principal native languages I met with. It may be that I have made mistakes. The difficulty of picking up a language about which you know nothing needs no explanation from me; and it is, of course, quite possible to make oneself understood by the natives without having any real grasp of the idiom and structure of their language. I am also of course aware that there are very many white men far better acquainted with each of the tongues of which I here append specimens than I can claim to be. Nevertheless, though it is perhaps dangerous to venture on these vocabularies, I do it because it is also possible that they may be of some small use to somebody. Our knowledge of these languages is after all not so long established or complete but that any contribution may happen to be useful in some particulars, even though it provoke a smile from the expert in others. At any rate, now that the countries whence I gleaned the words that follow are very much more traversed, whether for business or pleasure, by white men than they were even three years ago, it is possible that they may be of use in the same way as the travellers' phrase books, which are issued to supply the rudiments of conversation in other parts of the world. It is also possible, I promise myself, that the kinships and differences revealed by this list of words between the dialects of various tribes may be of some slight interest to the amateur of language, who does not feel equal to attacking systematically the philology of Eastern Africa.

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<i>English.</i>	<i>Kiswahili.</i>	<i>Kinyamwesi.</i>	<i>Luganda.</i>
All	Woti	Ose (Itange ose= Call all)
Arrow	Chaari	Tsonga	Kirungu Katale
At	Ni added	H-a.	
Axe	Choka	Mbata	Mbazi
Bad	Baya	Be
Basin	Bakuli	Lieso.	
Basket	Tundo	Chero
Bird	Ndege	Noni	Noni
Black	Neaosé	āpi
Blue	do.	do.
Bracelet (brass)	Kumanga	
Brother	Ndugo	Ndugo.	Nganda (Baganda, plural)
Buffalo	Nyati	Mbogo	Mbogo
Careless	Zembe	<i>adv.</i> Uyaga.	
Close by	Karibo
Cloth	Ngūo	Muenda	Ngoyé Lubugo Bark- cloth.
Cooking pot	Tshungo	Nungo.	Mtamu
Cold	Baridi	Mbeho	Mpeo
Cotton	Pamba	Lua	Pamba
Country	Inche	Chala (Upanda Chalo, the one who ploughs through the land, <i>i.e.</i> , that nothing stops; my name	Kialo Bialo (Group of houses nsi= Chalo.)
Cross (bad- tempered)	Kali	Daki (Wadaki= Germans).	
Cup	Kikombe	Sonza (Grass cup, Kitusi wooden)	
Dead	Fu verb. Kufa	Fu
Dirt	Taka	Makui	Bisasiro (sweepings)
Down	Chini
Dress man	Mavasi Nguo	Masualo.	
„ woman	(both plural,	means clothes.)	
Drum			
Ngoma	Mganda (to beat)	Ngoma	Ngoma
Egg	Yāi	Igi (magi, plural).	Nggi (magi, plural).
Elephant	Tembo	Mpuli. Nzova	Njovu

VOCABULARY

<i>Kavirondo.</i>	<i>Masai.</i>	<i>Kikamba.</i>	<i>Kisenga.</i>
Nawangi . . .	Mpòké . . .	Angonve.	
Awoyango . . .	Mba . . .	Mesiè . . .	Matété.
Eayua . . .	Endolo . . .	Gesoka . . .	Katémo.
Nomubi . . .	Soriki . . .	Movugu . . .	Mūi.
Usumuero. Amayoni (mayoni, plural).	Enguregni . . .	Ndei . . .	Yoni.
Rategni	Nziu.	
Muana . . .	Enganeshé . . .	Ndu . . .	Mlongo.
Imboko . . .	Olosogwan . . .	Mbõ.	
Anambi . . .	Atana . . .	Kakuvé.	
Inanga	Ingua . . .	Tsalo.
Tshinuni (small)	Moti . . .	Niungo . . .	Tshungo.
Amuniéré . . .	Inkijavé . . .	Bebo . . .	Bepo.
Iniungo	Tonjé.
Ichalo . . .	Ankop . . .	Weoni . . .	Chalo.
Nomolulu . . .	Epé . . .	Ngulu.	
Gisanda	Kikombe.	
Afuire . . .	Olotwa . . .	Kukwa . . .	Atchitanda.
Lighwe (<i>gh.</i> Dutch)	Kuluko . . .	Ndaka . . .	Madioo.
Upwéro . . .	Engop . . .	Vini.	
Ignoma . . .	Ngingiri . . .	Kivembe . . .	MBiribiri.
Maboyo . . .	Ngera . . .	Itumbi (Matumbi, lural).	Mazai (plural).
Amalua . . .	Nèshi . . .	Mzo . . .	Nyovu.

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<i>English.</i>	<i>Kiswahili.</i>	<i>Kinyanwesi.</i>	<i>Luganda.</i>
Evening . . .	Manderibi . . .	Mpindi . . .	Luagulu Kaungezi . . .
Far away . . .	Bali
Fat	Maputa . . .	Maguta . . .	Musigofat. " oil . . .
Father	Baba	Ise (wawa) . . .	My father = Sebo . . .
Fever	Homa	Mubile ku sewa (Body to be hot)	Msujia.
Fire	Moto	<i>Mulilo</i>	Moliro
Fowl	Kuku	Kuku	Kuku.
Giraffe	Tuiga	Tuiga
Goat	Mbusi	Mbuli	Mbusi
Harvest	Mavulo . . .	Wimbulo . . .	Makungula . . .
He	Uyu	Uwe
Heat	Kitwa	Mutui.
Here	Hapa	Enaka	Wano.
Hill	Kilima	Lugulu	Lusosi (Kasosi, small).
Hold	Kamata . . .	Jamia
Honey	Asali	Wūki	Mbūki
Hot	Moto	Lia sewe (it is hot), Kusewe (to be hot).	Musana (<i>subs.</i>). . .
Hut	Nyumba . . .	Numba	Nyumba Nḍju; Royal Lubiri, Chief Kisulu, on grave kiggia.
I	Mimi	nene	Nze
Ill	Mgonja (sick man)	Umluili; Waluala (are you ill?)
Inside	Indani	Agati	Munda
Iron	Chuma	Kisinja	Kiuma
Ivory	Pembe	Mpuli	Sanga
Journey	Sapari	Mohinzo (to go on journey, Kuk- wawa).
Keep	Weka	Tula
Large	Kubua	Hania
Leopard	Tshui	Sui
Lie	Wongo	Ulamba
Lion	Simba
Little	Dogo	Dogo	Uto.
Man	Mtu	<i>Munhu</i>	Muntu (Banta, plu.).
Medicine	Dawa	Mganga

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<i>Kavirondo.</i>	<i>Masai.</i>	<i>Kikamba.</i>	<i>Kisenga.</i>
. . . .	Kawalié . . .	Utuko.	
Néalé	Alakwa . . .	Kuaza.	
Amafora	Ngurin . . .	Manta.	
Ra Baba	Băbă	Asa	Baba.
Molilo	Engema . . .	Muaki	Molilo.
.	Ntuia.	
Imbusi (plu., same)	Ingine	Mbui	Mbusi.
.	Muaka.	
Waghono o Korashi	Lè	Uya.	
Regnano (Dutch <i>gh.</i>)	Inné	Va.	
Chikulu (kigulu, plural).	Oldegno . . .	Kilima	Piri.
Mtira.			
Obushi	Enesho	Uki	Uji.
Insu	Angaji	Nyumba.	
Nisiē	Nano	Ninié.	
Nomuluare	Emwé	Uwao.	
Inshu	Atwā	Vini.	
Chuma	Mbareik . . .	Kilea	Chuma.
Luika	Lala	Mzo	Myanga.
Abantu (men) awaji (many).			
Oghtirao	Tokonara . . .	Kwata.	
Nomokali	Olgatani Kitok .	Manēnē	Kalamba.
Ingue	Logwarumara .	Ngo	Kaingo.
Abubeï	Ovungo.	
Atugui	Alnatung . . .	Muniambo.	
Omundu (aivandu, plural).	Oltognagné . .	Mundu (wandu, plural).	Muntu.
Mamusala	Altjani	Muti	Mangwara.

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

<i>English.</i>	<i>Kiswahili.</i>	<i>Kinyamwesi.</i>	<i>Luganda.</i>
Milk	Masiwa	Mawele	Mata (thick, Bbongo; fresh, Nusununu).
Moon	Muezi	Muezi	Muezi
Morning	Asabue	Ndiu	Inkia
Mother	Mama	Nina	My mother, Mange nina
Much	Mingi	Mingi	Ngi
Name	Jina	Sina
Night	Usiku	Ufuko	Kiro
Noise	Kelele	Ibubu
On top	Dhiu	Kuigulia
Ostrich	Mbuni	Manungu
Outside	Inji	Hanzi	Bueru
Ox	Ngombe	Ngombe	'Nté
Poison	Suma	Umala
Potatoes (native)	Viazi	Kafu	Lumonde
Present (gift)	Sewaki	Mdosi	(Mpera?)
Pretty	Zuri	Soga (you are pretty = wewe umsoga).	Mouéngi
Rain	Umvua	<i>Umvula</i>	Nkuba
River	Umto	Mongo
Road	Njia	<i>Nsila</i>	Kūbo
Sheep	Kondo	'Nholo	'Ngiga
Sick (are you?)	Uwezi	Waluala
Sister	Ndugo muonamke	Ndugo mkima	Muanina (my sister)
Sky	Mbingu	Kunde	Gulu (above)
Small	Dogo	Dō
Snake	Nioka	<i>Nsoka</i>	Msota
Spear	Mkuki	Ichima	Famu
Stars	Niota	Sunda	Munienie
Stone	Jiwe	Iwe
Stop	Simameni	Imaga, singular; imagi, plural.
Sun	Toa <i>Mtoto</i>	Muana	Njuba
Take	Twa	Sola	Kwata
Tent	Hema	Numba (house).
There	Uko	Kwenuko	Eri
Thorn	Miba	Minhua

VOCABULARY

<i>Kavirondo.</i>	<i>Masai.</i>	<i>Kikamba.</i>	<i>Kisenga.</i>
Mavērē . . .	Kute. . .	Iya.	
Muesi . . .	Malava . . .	Mwī . . .	Muezi.
Motsuli . . .	Tadegagna . . .	Kioko . . .	Mawa.
Ra Mama . . .	Teyo . . .	Mueito . . .	Mama.
Awangi . . .	Kumok . . .	Namueta.	
.	Ngarna . . .	Wiuta.	
Moshirō . . .	Kawati . . .	Vtuko.	
Olugho (Dutch <i>gh.</i>)	Tigerayo . . .	Koya.	
Ghirama (<i>gh.</i> Dutch)	Keber . . .	Yulu and ulu.	
.	Osidoi . . .	Nya.	
Munsu . . .	Aulō . . .	Dhomé.	
Ignombe . . .	Ingeding . . .	Ghombe . . .	Kamgorombiro.
Ufira	Oi.	
Mabuni . . .	Taboni . . .	Makwasi . . .	Vinchevere (mealies), Mapira (matama).
.	Vècho.		
Nomolai . . .	Nakishan . . .	Mzeo . . .	Muémé.
Umfula . . .	Nkai. . .	Mvua . . .	Umfula.
Omualo (mialo, plural).	Nkārè . . .	Usé.	
Ingila . . .	Algmè . . .	Njia . . .	Njira.
Likundi (makundi, plural).	Ulkir . . .	Elondu . . .	Mberere.
.	Enewé.		
Muana muanamao	Mwetu a ia.	
Likulu	Etu.	
Namututu . . .	Olgatani oté . . .	Kanini.	
Ingogha (Dutch <i>gh.</i>)	Alaseraï . . .	Njoka . . .	Nioka.
Mfumu . . .	Embèlè . . .	Itumo . . .	Muando.
Zinianinini . . .	Laghir . . .	Ndata . . .	Nieniezi.
Lrikina . . .	Soèto . . .	Ibia (Mabia, plural).	
Yema . . .	Ntāshō . . .	Omama.	
Mobaso . . .	Ingholo . . .	Chua . . .	Zua.
Ntira . . .	Mbogna . . .	Kwata.	
Bariréré . . .	Iggé . . .	Vaya.	
Mikatjí . . .	Ilkèko . . .	Mwiwa.	

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

<i>English.</i>	<i>Kiswahili.</i>	<i>Kinyamwesi.</i>	<i>Luganda.</i>
To-day . . .	Leo . . .	Lelo . . .	Lero . . .
To-morrow . . .	Kecho . . .	Igolo . . .	Ndjio . . .
day after . . .	Kecho Kutua . . .	Masuli
To . . .	Ni added . . .	Ku.	
Ugly . . .		(no word).	
Underneath . . .	Umfunguni . . .	Umselile
Village . . .	Umji . . .	Kaya . . .	Kialo . . .
Water . . .	Maji . . .	<i>Minze</i> . . .	Madzi . . .
Wildebeest . . .	Nyumbo . . .	Mbushi (?)
With . . .	N-a . . .	Hamuna
Wood . . .	Umti (miti, plural) . . .	Umti (miti)
„ (to burn) . . .	Kuni . . .	Lukivi (Nhwi, plural)	
Woman . . .	Muananke . . .	Nikima . . .	Mugasi . . .
Ye terday . . .	Jana . . .	Igolo (as to-mor- row).	
Y . . .	We . . .	Wewe
Zebra . . .	Punda . . .	Nduru

It must be noted that these words are spelled according to the orthography adopted by the Geographical Society. The vowels to be pronounced as in Italian. ä The consonants to be pronounced as in English.

VOCABULARY

<i>Kavirondo.</i>	<i>Masai.</i>	<i>Kikamba.</i>	<i>Kisenga.</i>
Lero . . .	Tātā . . .	Indino. . .	Lèro.
Motsuli . . .	Kaiserí . . .	Kioko.	
Ekulo.			
Mukungolisi.			
Litala (matala, plural).	Engang . . .	Mushi . . .	Mūzi.
Amatzi . . .	Angale . . .	Manzi . . .	Mazi.
.	Kéna.	
Tsinaye . . .	Enjogobira.		
Musala . . .	Inyata . . .	Miti.	
Tshikghwe (Dutch <i>gh.</i>)	Elkek . . .	Guni.	
Moghasi (<i>gh.</i> Dutch)	Mgorojoni. . .	Aka . . .	Namuari.
Ekulelulia . . .	Engolé . . .	Tyo.	
Eive o Korashi . . .	Tyé . . .	Kwakwa . . .	Wèyé.
.	Oletuko . . .	Nzai.	

For numerals see further on.

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA

NUMBERS

	<i>Kiswahili.</i>	<i>Kinyamwesi.</i>
1 . . .	Moja	Solo
2 . . .	Mbili	Wili
3 . . .	Tatu	Yatu datu Idatu
4 . . .	Nné	Inné
5 . . .	Tano	Nhanu
6 . . .	Sita	'Meaga (Samou).
7 . . .	Saba	Umpungate (Tandatu)
8 . . .	Nane	Nane
9 . . .	Kenda	Kenda
10 . . .	Kumé	Ikume
11 . . .	Kume na moja	„ na imo
12 . . .	„ „ mbili	„ „ wili.
13 . . .	„ „ tatu	„ „ yatu.
	etc.	etc.
20 . . .	Makume na Mbili	Makume a wili (twice)
30 . . .	„ „ tatu
	etc.
40
50
60
70
80
100	Igana (gana)
1000	Ki kumbi (one thousand)

VOCABULARY

	<i>Kavirondo.</i>	<i>Kikambi.</i>	<i>Masai.</i>
1	Molala	Mundi	Nabo.
2	Mabidi	Ele	Aré.
3	Wataro	Tatu	Uni.
4	Banné	Iana	Ognany.
5	Barano	Tano	Mièt.
6	Uasaba	Thanthatu	Illè.
7	Mosonvu	Munza	Saba.
8	Monana	Nane	Itchièt.
9	Waranavané (5 + 4)	Kenda	Sàl.
10	Akumé.*	Kumé	Tomon.
11	Akume na molala	No word ; they begin again	Tomon nabo.
20	Makume ka bidi	Molungo élé = two full counts of 10.	Tomon wore.
30	Three full counts of 10	
40	Four full counts of 10	
50	Five full counts of 10	
60	Six full counts of 10	
70	Seven full counts of 10	
80	Eight full counts of 10	
100	Makume Karanua Karanua . (No word).	Yona	

* K is *gh.* Dutch.

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