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23rd March.—Left Kasongo, who gave me a goat and a guide. The country is gently undulating, showing green slopes fringed with wood, with grass from four to six feet. We reached Katenga's, about five miles off. There are many villages, and people passed us carrying loads of provisions, and cassava, from the chitoka or market.

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

25th March.—Went to Mazimwé, 7½ miles off.

26th March.—Went four miles and crossed the Kabwimaji; then a mile beyond Kahembai, which flows into the Kunda, and it into the Lualaba; the country is open, and low hills appear in the north. We met a party from the traders at Kasenga, chiefly Materéka's people under Salem and Syde bin Sultan; they had eighty-two captives, and say they fought ten days to secure them and two of the Malongwana, and two of the Banyamwezi. They had about twenty tusks, and carried one of their men who broke his leg in fighting; we shall be safe only when past the bloodshed and murder.

27th March.—We went along a ridge of land overhanging a fine valley of denudation, with well-cultivated hills in the distance (N.), where Hassani's feat of bloodshed was performed. There are many villages on the ridge, some rather tumbledown ones, which always indicate some misrule. Our

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march was about seven miles. A headman who went with us plagued another chief to give me a goat; I refused to take what was not given willingly, but the slaves secured it; and I threatened our companion, Kama, with dismissal from our party if he became a tool in slave hands. The arum is common.

28th March.—The Banian slaves are again trying compulsion—I don't know what for. They refused to take their bead rations, and made Chakanga spokesman: I could not listen to it, as he has been concocting a mutiny against me. It is excessively trying, and so many difficulties have been put in my way I doubt whether the Divine favour and will is on my side.

We came six miles to-day, crossing many rivulets running to the Kunda, which also we crossed in a canoe; it is almost thirty yards wide and deep: afterwards, near the village where we slept, we crossed the Luja about twenty yards wide, going into the Kunda and Lualaba. I am greatly distressed because there is no law here; they probably mean to create a disturbance at Abed's place, to which we are near: the Lord look on it.

29th March.—Crossed the Liya, and next day the Moangoi, by two well-made wattle bridges at an island in its bed: it is twenty yards, and has a very strong current, which makes all the market people fear it. We then crossed the Molembé in a canoe, which is fifteen yards, but swelled by rains and many rills. Came 7½ miles to sleep at one of the outlying villages of Nyangwé: about sixty market people came past us from the Chitoka or marketplace, on the banks of Lualaba; they go thither at night, and come away about midday, having disposed of most of their goods by barter. The country is open, and dotted over with trees, chiefly a species of Bauhinia, that resists the annual grass burnings; there are trees along the watercourses, and many villages, each with a host of pigs.

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This region is low as compared with Tanganyika; about 2000 feet above the sea.

The headman's house, in which I was lodged, contained the housewife's little conveniences, in the shape of forty pots, dishes, baskets, knives, mats, all of which she removed to another house: I gave her four strings of beads, and go on to-morrow. Crossed the Kunda River and seven miles more brought us to Nyañgwé, where we found Abed and Hassani had erected their dwellings, and sent their people over Lualaba, and as far west as the Loéki or Lomamé. Abed said that my words against bloodshedding had stuck into him, and he had given orders to his people to give presents to the chiefs, but never fight unless actually attacked.

31st March.—I went down to take a good look at the Lualaba here. It is narrower than it is higher up, but still a mighty river, at least 3000 yards broad, and always deep: it can never be waded at any point, or at any time of the year; the people unhesitatingly declare that if any one tried to ford it, he would assuredly be lost. It has many large islands, and at these it is about 2000 yards or one mile. The banks are steep and deep: there is clay, and a yellow-clay schist in their structure; the other rivers, as the Luya

and Kunda, have gravelly banks. The current is about two miles an hour away to the north.

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CHAPTER V.

The Chitoka or market gathering. The broken watch. Improvises ink. Builds a new house at Nyañgwé on the bank of the Lualaba. Marketing. Cannibalism. Lake Kamalondo. Dreadful effect of slaving. News of country across the Lualaba. Tiresome frustration. The Bakuss. Feeble health. Busy scene at market. Unable to procure canoes. Disaster to Arab canoes. Rapids in Lualaba. Project for visiting Lake Lincoln and the Lomamé. Offers large reward for canoes and men. The slave's mistress. Alarm of natives at market. Fiendish slaughter of women by Arabs. Heartrending scene. Death on land and in the river. Tagamoio's assassinations. Continued slaughter across the river. Livingstone becomes desponding.

1st April, 1871.—The banks are well peopled, but one must see the gathering at the market, of about 3000, chiefly women, to judge of their numbers. They hold market one day, and then omit attendance here for three days, going to other markets at other points in the intervals. It is a great institution in Manyema: numbers seem to inspire confidence, and they enforce justice for each other. As a rule, all prefer to buy and sell in the market, to doing business anywhere else; if one says, "Come, sell me that fowl or cloth," the reply is, "Come to the 'Chitoka,' or marketplace."

2nd April.—To-day the market contained over a thousand people, carrying earthen pots and cassava, grass cloth, fishes, and fowls; they were alarmed at my coming among them and were ready to flee, many stood afar off in suspicion; some came from the other side of the river with their goods. To-morrow market is held up river.

3rd April.—I tried to secure a longitude by fixing a

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weight on the key of the watch, and so helping it on: I will try this in a quiet place to-morrow. The people all fear us, and they have good reason for it in the villainous conduct of many of the blackguard half-castes which alarms them: I cannot get a canoe,

so I wait to see what will turn up. The river is said to overflow all its banks annually, as the Nile does further down. I sounded across yesterday. Near the bank it is 9 feet, the rest 15 feet, and one cast in the middle was 20 feet: between the islands 12 feet, and 9 feet again in shore: it is a mighty river truly. I took distances and altitudes alternately with a bullet for a weight on the key of the chronometer, taking successive altitudes of the sun and distances of the moon. Possibly the first and last altitudes may give the rate of going, and the frequent distances between may give approximate longitude.

4th April.—Moon, the fourth of the Arabs, will appear in three or four days. This will be a guide in ascertaining the day of observing the lunars, with the weight.

The Arabs ask many questions about the Bible, and want to know how many prophets have appeared, and probably say that they believe in them all; while we believe all but reject Mohamad. It is easy to drive them into a corner by questioning, as they don't know whither the inquiries lead, and they are not offended when their knowledge is, as it were, admitted. When asked how many false prophets are known, they appeal to my knowledge, and evidently never heard of Balaam, the son of Beor, or of the 250 false prophets of Jezebel and Ahab, or of the many lying prophets referred to in the Bible.

6th April.—Ill from drinking two cups of very sweet malofu, or beer, made from bananas: I shall touch it no more.

7th April.—Made this ink with the seeds of a plant, called by the Arabs Zugifaré; it is

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known in India, and is used here by the Manyuema to dye virambos and ornament faces and heads.[14] I sent my people over to the other side to cut wood to build a house for me; the borrowed one has mud walls and floors, which are damp, foul, smelling, and unwholesome. I shall have grass walls, and grass and reeds on the floor of my own house; the free ventilation will keep it sweet. This is the season called Masika, the finishing rains, which we have in large quantities almost every night, and I could scarcely travel even if I had a canoe; still it is trying to be kept back by suspicion, and by the wickedness of the wicked.

Some of the Arabs try to be kind, and send cooked food every day: Abed is the chief donor. I taught him to make a mosquito-curtain of thin printed calico, for he had endured the persecution of these insects helplessly, except by sleeping on a high stage, when they were unusually bad. The Manyema often bring evil on themselves by being untrustworthy. For instance, I paid one to bring a large canoe to cross the Lualaba, he brought a small one, capable of carrying three only, and after wasting some hours we had to put off crossing till next day.

8th April.—Every headman of four or five huts is a mologhwé, or chief, and glories in being called so. There is no political cohesion. The Ujijian slavery is an accursed system; but it must be admitted that the Manyema, too, have faults, the result of ignorance of other people: their isolation has made them as unconscious of danger in dealing with the cruel stranger, as little dogs in the

* The reader will best judge of the success of the experiment by looking at a specimen of the writing. An old sheet of the *Standard* newspaper, made into rough copy-books, sufficed for paper in the absence of all other material, and by writing across the print no doubt the notes were tolerably legible at the time. The colour of the decoction used instead of ink has faded so much that if Dr. Livingstone's handwriting had not at all times been beautifully clear and distinct it would have been impossible to decipher this part of his diary.--Ed.

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Portion of Dr. Livingstone's Journal When Writing Paper & Ink Had Failed.

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presence of lions. Their refusal to sell or lend canoes for fear of blame by each other will be ended by the party of Dugumbé, which has ten headmen, taking them by force; they are unreasonable and bloody-minded towards each other: every Manyema would like every other headman slain; they are subjected to bitter lessons and sore experience. Abed went over to Mologhwé Kahembé and mixed blood with him; he was told that two large canoes were hollowed out, and nearly ready to be brought for sale; if this can be managed peaceably it is a great point gained, and I may get one at our Arabs' price, which may be

three or four times the native price. There is no love lost among the three Arabs here.

9th April.—Cut wood for my house. The Loéki is said by slaves who have come thence to be much larger than the Lualaba, but on the return of Abed's people from the west we shall obtain better information.

10th April.—Chitoka, or market, to-day. I counted upwards of 700 passing my door. With market women it seems to be a pleasure of life to haggle and joke, and laugh and cheat: many come eagerly, and retire with careworn faces; many are beautiful, and many old; all carry very heavy loads of dried cassava and earthen pots, which they dispose of very cheaply for palm-oil, fish, salt, pepper, and relishes for their food. The men appear in gaudy lambas, and carry little save their iron wares, fowls, grass cloth, and pigs.

Bought the fish with the long snouts: very good eating.

12th April.—New moon last night; fourth Arab month: I am at a loss for the day of the month. My new house is finished; a great comfort, for the other was foul and full of vermin: bugs (Tapazi, or ticks), that follow wherever Arabs go, made me miserable, but the Arabs are insensible to them; Abed alone had a mosquito-curtain, and he never could praise it enough. One of his remarks is, "If slaves

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think you fear them, they will climb over you." I clothed mine for nothing, and ever after they have tried to ride roughshod over me, and mutiny on every occasion!

14th April.—Kahembé came over, and promises to bring a canoe; but he is not to be trusted; he presented Abed with two slaves, and is full of fair promises about the canoe, which he sees I am anxious to get. They all think that my buying a canoe means carrying war to the left bank; and now my Banian slaves encourage the idea: "He does not wish slaves nor ivory," say they, "but a canoe, in order to kill Manyuema." Need it be wondered at that people, who had never heard of strangers or white men before I popped down among them, believed the slander? The slaves were aided in propagating the false accusation by the half-caste Ujjian slaves at the camp. Hassani fed them every day; and, seeing that he was a bigoted Moslem, they equalled him in prayers in his sitting-place seven or eight times a day! They were

adepts at lying, and the first Manyuema words they learned were used to propagate falsehood.

I have been writing part of a despatch, in case of meeting people from the French settlement on the Gaboon at Loéki, but the canoe affair is slow and tedious: the people think only of war: they are a bloody-minded race.

15th April.—The Manyuema tribe, called Bagenya, occupy the left bank, opposite Nyañgwé. A spring of brine rises in the bed of a river, named Lofubu, and this the Bayenga inspissate by boiling, and sell the salt at market. The Lomamé is about ten days west of Lualaba, and very large; the confluence of Lomamé, or Loéki, is about six days down below Nyañgwé by canoe; the river Nyanzé is still less distant.

16th April.—On the Nyanzé stands the principal town and market of the chief, Zurampela. Rashid visited him, and got two slaves on promising to bring a war-party from

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Abed against Chipangé, who by similar means obtained the help of Salem Mokadam to secure eighty-two captives: Rashid will leave this as soon as possible, sell the slaves, and leave Zurampela to find out the fraud! This deceit, which is an average specimen of the beginning of half-caste dealings, vitiates his evidence of a specimen of cannibalism which he witnessed; but it was after a fight that the victims were cut up, and this agrees with the fact that the Manyuema eat only those who are killed in war. Some have averred that captives, too, are eaten, and a slave is bought with a goat to be eaten; but this I very strongly doubt.

17th April.—Rainy.

18th April.—I found that the Lepidosiren is brought to market in pots with water in them, also white ants roasted, and the large snail, achetina, and a common snail: the Lepidosiren is called "*sembé*."

Abed went a long way to examine a canoe, but it was still further, and he turned back.

19th April.—Dreary waiting, but Abed proposes to join and trade along with me: this will render our party stronger, and he will not

shoot people in my company; we shall hear Katomba's people's story too.

20th April.—Katomba a chief was to visit us yesterday, but failed, probably through fear.

The chief Mokandira says that Loéki is small where it joins Lualaba, but another, which they call Lomamé, is very much larger, and joins Lualaba too: rapids are reported on it.

21st April.—A common salutation reminds me of the Bechuana's "U le hatsi" (thou art on earth); "Ua tala" (thou lookest); "Ua boka," or byoka (thou awakest); "U ri ho" (thou art here); "U li koni" (thou art here)—about pure "Sichuana," and "Nya," No, is identical. The men here deny that cannibalism is common: they eat only those killed in war, and, it seems, in revenge, for, said Mokandira, "the meat

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is not nice; it makes one dream of the dead man." Some west of Lualaba eat even those bought for the purpose of a feast; but I am not quite positive on this point: all agree in saying that human flesh is saltish, and needs but little condiment. And yet they are a fine-looking race; I would back a company of Manyuema men to be far superior in shape of head and generally in physical form too against the whole Anthropological Society. Many of the women are very light-coloured and very pretty; they dress in a kilt of many folds of gaudy lambas.

22nd April.—In Manyuema, here Kusi, Kunzi, is north; Mhuru, south; Nkanda, west, or other side Lualaba; Mazimba, east. The people are sometimes confused in name by the directions; thus Bankanda is only "the other side folk." The Bagenya Chimburu came to visit me, but I did not see him, nor did I know Moené Nyañgwé till too late to do him honour; in fact, every effort was made to keep me in the dark while the slavers of Ujiji made all smooth for themselves to get canoes. All chiefs claim the privilege of shaking hands, that is, they touch the hand held out with their palm, then clap two hands together, then touch again, and clap again, and the ceremony concludes: this frequency of shaking hands misled me when the great man came.

24th April.—Old feuds lead the Manyuema to entrap the traders to fight: they invite them to go to trade, and tell them that at such a village plenty of ivory lies; then when the trader goes with his

people, word is sent that he is coming to fight, and he is met by enemies, who compel him to defend himself by their onslaught. We were nearly entrapped in this way by a chief pretending to guide us through the country near Basilañgé; he would have landed us in a fight, but we detected his drift, changed our course so as to mislead any messengers he might have sent, and dismissed him with some sharp words.

Lake Kamolondo is about twenty-five miles broad. The

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Lufira at Katanga is a full bow-shot wide; it goes into Kamolondo. Chakomo is east of Lufira Junction. Kikonzé Kalanza is on the west of it, and Mkana, or the underground dwellings, still further west: some are only two days from Katanga. The Chorwé people are friendly. Kamolondo is about ten days distant from Katanga.

25th April.—News came that four men sent by Abed to buy ivory had been entrapped, and two killed. The rest sent for aid to punish the murderers, and Abed wished me to send my people to bring the remaining two men back. I declined; because, no matter what charges I gave, my Banian slaves would be sure to shed human blood. We can go nowhere but the people of the country ask us to kill their fellow-men, nor can they be induced to go to villages three miles off, because there, in all probability, live the murderers of fathers, uncles, or grandfathers—a dreadful state truly. The traders are as bloodthirsty every whit as the Manyuema, where no danger exists, but in most cases where the people can fight they are as civil as possible. At Moéré Mpanda's, the son of Casembe, Mohamad Bogharib left a debt of twenty-eight slaves and eight bars of copper, each seventy pounds, and did not dare to fire a shot because they saw they had met their match: here his headmen are said to have bound the headmen of villages till a ransom was paid in tusks! Had they only gone three days further to the Babisa, to whom Moene-mokaia's men went, they would have got fine ivory at two rings a tusk, while they had paid from ten to eighteen. Here it is as sad a tale to tell as was that of the Manganja scattered and peeled by the Waiyau agents of the Portuguese of Tétte. The good Lord look on it.

26th April.—Chitovu called nine slaves bought by Abed's people from the Kuss country, west of the Lualaba, and asked them about their tribes and country for me. One, with his upper front teeth extracted, was of the tribe Maloba, on the

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other side of the Loéki, another comes from the River Lombadzo, or Lombazo, which is west of Loéki (this may be another name for the Lomamé), the country is called Nanga, and the tribe Noño, chief Mpunzo. The Malobo tribe is under the chiefs Yunga and Lomadyo. Another toothless boy said that he came from the Lomamé: the upper teeth extracted seem to say that the tribe have cattle; the knocking out the teeth is in imitation of the animals they almost worship. No traders had ever visited them; this promises ivory to the present visitors: all that is now done with the ivory there is to make rude blowing horns and bracelets.

27th April.—Waiting wearily and anxiously; we cannot move people who are far off and make them come near with news. Even the owners of canoes say, "Yes, yes; we shall bring them," but do not stir; they doubt us, and my slaves increase the distrust by their lies to the Manyema.

28th April.—Abed sent over Manyema to buy slaves for him and got a pretty woman for 300 cowries and a hundred strings of beads; she can be sold again to an Arab for much more in ivory. Abed himself gave \$130 for a woman-cook, and she fled to me when put in chains for some crime: I interceded, and she was loosed: I advised her not to offend again, because I could not beg for her twice.

Hassani with ten slaves dug at the malachite mines of Katanga for three months, and gained a hundred frasilahs of copper, or 3500 lbs. We hear of a half-caste reaching the other side of Lomamé, probably from Congo or Ambriz, but the messengers had not seen him.

1st May, 1871.—Katomba's people arrived from the Babisa, where they sold all their copper at two rings for a tusk, and then found that abundance of ivory still remained: door-posts and house-pillars had been made of ivory which now was rotten. The people of Babisa kill elephants now and bring tusks by the dozen, till the traders get so many that

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in this case they carried them by three relays. They dress their hair like the Bashukulompo, plaited into upright basket helmets: no quarrel occurred, and great kindness was shown to the strangers. A river having very black water, the Nyengeré, flows

into Lualaba from the west, and it becomes itself very large: another river or water, Shamikwa, falls into it from the south-west, and it becomes still larger: this is probably the Lomamé. A short-horned antelope is common.

3rd May.—Abed informs me that a canoe will come in five days. Word was sent after me by the traders south of us not to aid me, as I was sure to die where I was going: the wish is father to the thought! Abed was naturally very anxious to get first into the Babisa ivory market, yet he tried to secure a canoe for me before he went, but he was too eager, and a Manyema man took advantage of his desire, and came over the river and said that he had one hollowed out, and he wanted goats and beads to hire people to drag it down to the water. Abed on my account advanced five goats, a thousand cowries, and many beads, and said that he would tell me what he wished in return: this was debt, but I was so anxious to get away I was content to take the canoe on any terms. However, it turned out that the matter on the part of the headman whom Abed trusted was all deception: he had no canoe at all, but knew of one belonging to another man, and wished to get Abed and me to send men to see it—in fact, to go with their guns, and he would manage to embroil them with the real owner, so that some old feud should be settled to his satisfaction. On finding that I declined to be led into his trap, he took a female slave to the owner, and on his refusal to sell the canoe for her, it came out that he had adopted a system of fraud to Abed. He had victimized Abed, who was naturally inclined to believe his false statements, and get off to the ivory market. His people came from the Kuss

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country in the west with sixteen tusks, and a great many slaves bought and not murdered for. The river is rising fast, and bringing down large quantities of aquatic grass, duckweed, &c. The water is a little darker in colour than at Cairo. People remove and build their huts on the higher forest lands adjacent. Many white birds (the paddy bird) appear, and one *Ibis religiosa*; they pass north.

The Bakuss live near Lomamé; they were very civil and kind to the strangers, but refused passage into the country. At my suggestion, the effect of a musket-shot was shown on a goat: they thought it supernatural, looked up to the clouds, and offered to bring ivory to buy the charm that could draw lightning down. When it was afterwards attempted to force a path, they darted aside on seeing the Banyamwezi's followers putting the arrows into the

bowstrings, but stood in mute amazement looking at the guns, which mowed them down in large numbers. They thought that muskets were the insignia of chieftainship. Their chiefs all go with a long straight staff of rattan, having a quantity of black medicine smeared on each end, and no weapons in their hands: they imagined that the guns were carried as insignia of the same kind; some, jeering in the south, called them big tobacco-pipes; they have no fear on seeing a gun levelled at them.

They use large and very long spears very expertly in the long grass and forest of their country, and are terrible fellows among themselves, and when they become acquainted with firearms will be terrible to the strangers who now murder them. The Manyema say truly, "If it were not for your guns, not one of you would ever return to your country." The Bakuss cultivate more than the southern Manyema, especially Pennisetum and dura, or *Holeus sorghum*; common coffee is abundant, and they use it, highly scented with vanilla, which must be fertilized by

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insects; they hand round cups of it after meals. Pineapples too are abundant. They bathe regularly twice a day: their houses are of two storeys. The women have rather compressed heads, but very pleasant countenances; and ancient Egyptian, round, wide-awake eyes. Their numbers are prodigious; the country literally swarms with people, and a chief's town extends upwards of a mile. But little of the primeval forest remains. Many large pools of standing water have to be crossed, but markets are held every eight or ten miles from each other, and to these the people come from far, for the market is as great an institution as shopping is with the civilized. Illicit intercourse is punished by the whole of the offender's family being enslaved.

The Bakuss smelt copper from the ore and sell it very cheaply to the traders for beads. The project of going in canoes now appeared to the half-castes so plausible, that they all tried to get the Bagenya on the west bank to lend them, and all went over to mix blood and make friends with the owners, then all slandered me as not to be trusted, as they their blood-relations were; and my slaves mutinied and would go no further. They mutinied three times here, and Hassani harboured them till I told him that, if an English officer harboured an Arab slave he would be compelled by the Consul to refund the price, and I certainly would not let him escape; this frightened him; but I was at the mercy of slaves who had no honour, and no interest in going into danger.

16th May.—Abed gave me a frasilah of Matunda beads, and I returned fourteen fathoms of fine American sheeting, but it was an obligation to get beads from one whose wealth depended on exchanging beads for ivory.

16th May.—At least 3000 people at market to-day, and my going among them has taken away the fear engendered by the slanders of slaves and traders, for all are pleased to

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tell me the names of the fishes and other things. Lepidosirens are caught by the neck and lifted out of the pot to show their fatness. Camwood ground and made into flat cakes for sale and earthen balls, such as are eaten in the disease safura or earth-eating, are offered and there is quite a roar of voices in the multitude, haggling. It was pleasant to be among them compared to being with the slaves, who were all eager to go back to Zanzibar: some told me that they were slaves, and required a free man to thrash them, and proposed to go back to Ujiji for one. I saw no hope of getting on with them, and anxiously longed for the arrival of Dugumbé; and at last Abed overheard them plotting my destruction. "If forced to go on, they would watch till the first difficulty arose with the Manyema, then fire off their guns, run away, and as I could not run as fast as they, leave me to perish." Abed overheard them speaking loudly, and advised me strongly not to trust myself to them any more, as they would be sure to cause my death. He was all along a sincere friend, and I could not but take his words as well-meant and true.

18th May.—Abed gave me 200 cowries and some green beads. I was at the point of disarming my slaves and driving them away, when they relented, and professed to be willing to go anywhere; so, being eager to finish my geographical work, I said I would run the risk of their desertion, and gave beads to buy provisions for a start north. I cannot state how much I was worried by these wretched slaves, who did much to annoy me, with the sympathy of all the slaving crew. When baffled by untoward circumstances the bowels plague me too, and discharges of blood relieve the headache, and are as safety-valves to the system. I was nearly persuaded to allow Mr. Syme to operate on me when last in England, but an old friend told me that his own father had been operated on by the famous John Hunter, and died in consequence at the

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early age of forty. His advice saved me, for this complaint has been my safety-valve.

The Zingifuré, or red pigment, is said to be a cure for itch common among both natives and Arab slaves and Arab children.

20th May.—Abed called Kalonga the headman, who beguiled him as I soon found, and delivered the canoe he had bought formally to me, and went off down the Lualaba on foot to buy the Babisa ivory. I was to follow in the canoe and wait for him in the River Luéra, but soon I ascertained that the canoe was still in the forest, and did not belong to Kalonga. On demanding back the price he said, "Let Abed come and I will give it to him;" then when I sent to force him to give up the goods, all his village fled into the forest: I now tried to buy one myself from the Bagenya, but there was no chance; so long as the half-caste traders needed any they got all—nine large canoes, and I could not secure one.

24th May.—The market is a busy scene—everyone is in dead earnest—little time is lost in friendly greetings; vendors of fish run about with potsherds full of snails or small fishes or young *Clarias capensis* smoke-dried and spitted on twigs, or other relishes to exchange for cassava roots dried after being steeped about three days in water—potatoes, vegetables, or grain, bananas, flour, palm-oil, fowls, salt, pepper; each is intensely eager to barter food for relishes, and makes strong assertions as to the goodness or badness of everything: the sweat stands in beads on their faces—cocks crow briskly, even when slung over the shoulder with their heads hanging down, and pigs squeal. Iron knobs, drawn out at each end to show the goodness of the metal, are exchanged for cloth of the Muabé palm. They have a large funnel of basket-work below the vessel holding the wares, and slip the goods down if they are not to be seen. They deal fairly, and when differences arise they are

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easily settled by the men interfering or pointing to me: they appeal to each other, and have a strong sense of natural justice. With so much food changing hands amongst the three thousand attendants much benefit is derived; some come from twenty to twenty-five miles. The men flaunt about in gaudy-coloured lambas of many folded kilts—the women work hardest—the potters slap and ring their earthenware all round, to show that there is not a

single flaw in them. I bought two finely shaped earthen bottles of porous earthenware, to hold a gallon each, for one string of beads, the women carry huge loads of them in their funnels above the baskets, strapped to the shoulders and forehead, and their hands are full besides; the roundness of the vessels is wonderful, seeing no machine is used: no slaves could be induced to carry half as much as they do willingly. It is a scene of the finest natural acting imaginable. The eagerness with which all sorts of assertions are made—the eager earnestness with which apparently all creation, above, around, and beneath, is called on to attest the truth of what they allege—and then the intense surprise and withering scorn cast on those who despise their goods: but they show no concern when the buyers turn up their noses at them. Little girls run about selling cups of water for a few small fishes to the half-exhausted wordy combatants. To me it was an amusing scene. I could not understand the words that flowed off their glib tongues, but the gestures were too expressive to need interpretation.

27th May.—Hassani told me that since he had come, no Manyuema had ever presented him with a single mouthful of food, not even a potato or banana, and he had made many presents. Going from him into the market I noticed that one man presented a few small fishes, another a sweet potato and a piece of cassava, and a third two small fishes, but the Manyuema are not a liberal people. Old men and women who remained in the half-deserted villages we passed

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through in coming north, often ran forth to present me with bananas, but it seemed through fear; when I sat down and ate the bananas they brought beer of bananas, and I paid for all. A stranger in the market had ten human under jaw-bones hung by a string over his shoulder: on inquiry he professed to have killed and eaten the owners, and showed with his knife how he cut up his victim. When I expressed disgust he and others laughed. I see new faces every market-day. Two nice girls were trying to sell their venture, which was roasted white ants, called "Gumbé."

30th May.—The river fell four inches during the last four days; the colour is very dark brown, and large quantities of aquatic plants and trees float down. Mologhwé, or chief Ndambo, came and mixed blood with the intensely bigoted Moslem, Hassani: this is to secure the nine canoes. He next went over to have more palaver about them, and they do not hesitate to play me false by

detraction. The Manyema, too, are untruthful, but very honest; we never lose an article by them: fowls and goats are untouched, and if a fowl is lost, we know that it has been stolen by an Arab slave. When with Mohamad Bogharib, we had all to keep our fowls at the Manyema villages to prevent them being stolen by our own slaves, and it is so here. Hassani denies complicity with them, but it is quite apparent that he and others encourage them in mutiny.

5th June, 1871.—The river rose again six inches and fell three. Rain nearly ceased, and large masses of fleecy clouds float down here from the north-west, with accompanying cold.

7th June.—I fear that I must march on foot, but the mud is forbidding.

11th June.—New moon last night, and I believe Dugumbé will leave Kasonga's to-day. River down three inches.

14th June.—Hassani got nine canoes, and put sixty-three persons in three; I cannot get one. Dugumbé reported near, but detained by his divination, at which he is

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an expert; hence his native name is "Molembalemba"—"writer, writing."

16th June.—The high winds and drying of soap and sugar tell that the rains are now over in this part.

18th June.—Dugumbé arrived, but passed to Moené Nyañgwé's, and found that provisions were so scarce, and dear there, as compared with our market, that he was fain to come back to us. He has a large party and 500 guns. He is determined to go into new fields of trade, and has all his family with him, and intends to remain six or seven years, sending regularly to Ujiji for supplies of goods.

20th June.—Two of Dugumbé's party brought presents of four large fundos of beads each. All know that my goods are unrighteously detained by Shereef and they show me kindness, which I return by some fine calico which I have. Among the first words Dugumbé said to me were, "Why your own slaves are your greatest enemies: I will buy you a canoe, but the Banian slaves' slanders have put all the Manyema against you." I knew that this

was true, and that they were conscious of the sympathy of the Ujijian traders, who hate to have me here.

24th June.—Hassani's canoe party in the river were foiled by narrows, after they had gone down four days. Rocks jut out on both sides, not opposite, but alternate to each other; and the vast mass of water of the great river jammed in, rushes round one promontory on to another, and a frightful whirlpool is formed in which the first canoe went and was overturned, and five lives lost. Had I been there, mine would have been the first canoe, for the traders would have made it a point of honour to give me the precedence (although actually to make a feeler of me), while they looked on in safety. The men in charge of Hassani's canoes were so frightened by this accident that they at once resolved to return, though they had arrived in the country of the ivory: they never looked to see whether the canoes

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could be dragged past the narrows, as anyone else would have done. No better luck could be expected after all their fraud and duplicity in getting the canoes; no harm lay in obtaining them, but why try to prevent me getting one?

27th June.—In answer to my prayers for preservation, I was prevented going down to the narrows, formed by a dyke of mountains cutting across country, and jutting a little ajar, which makes the water in an enormous mass wheel round behind it helplessly, and if the canoes reach the rock against which the water dashes, they are almost certainly overturned. As this same dyke probably cuts across country to Lomamé, my plan of going to the confluence and then up won't do, for I should have to go up rapids there. Again, I was prevented from going down Luamo, and on the north of its confluence another cataract mars navigation in the Lualaba, and my safety is thereby secured. We don't always know the dangers that we are guided past.

28th June.—The river has fallen two feet: dark brown water, and still much wreck floating down.

Eight villages are in flames, set fire to by a slave of Syde bin Habib, called Manilla, who thus shows his blood friends of the Bagenya how well he can fight against the Mohombo, whose country the Bagenya want! The stragglers of this camp are over on the other side helping Manilla, and catching fugitives and goats. The Bagenya are fishermen by taste and profession, and

sell the produce of their nets and weirs to those who cultivate the soil, at the different markets. Manilla's foray is for an alleged debt of three slaves, and ten villages are burned.

30th June.—Hassani pretended that he was not aware of Manilla's foray, and when I denounced it to Manilla himself, he showed that he was a slave, by cringing and saying nothing except something about the debt of three slaves.

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1st July, 1871.—I made known my plan to Dugumbé, which was to go west with his men to Lomamé, then by his aid buy a canoe and go up Lake Lincoln to Katanga and the fountains, examine the inhabited caves, and return here, if he would let his people bring me goods from Ujiji; he again referred to all the people being poisoned in mind against me, but was ready to do everything in his power for my success. My own people persuaded the Bagenya not to sell a canoe: Hassani knows it all, but swears that he did not join in the slander, and even points up to Heaven in attestation of innocence of all, even of Manilla's foray. Mohamadans are certainly famous as liars, and the falsehood of Mohamad has been transmitted to his followers in a measure unknown in other religions.

2nd July.—The upper stratum of clouds is from the north-west, the lower from the south-east; when they mix or change places the temperature is much lowered, and fever ensues. The air evidently comes from the Atlantic, over the low swampy lands of the West Coast. Morning fogs show that the river is warmer than the air.

4th July.—Hassani off down river in high dudgeon at the cowards who turned after reaching the ivory country. He leaves them here and goes himself, entirely on land. I gave him hints to report himself and me to Baker, should he meet any of his headmen.

5th July.—The river has fallen three feet in all, that is one foot since 27th June.

I offer Dugumbé \$2000, or 400*l.*, for ten men to replace the Banian slaves, and enable me to go up the Lomamé to Katanga and the underground dwellings, then return and go up by Tanganyika to Ujiji, and I added that I would give all the goods I had at Ujiji besides: he took a few days to consult with his associates.

6th July.—Mokandira, and other headmen, came with a present of a pig and a goat on my being about to

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depart west. I refused to receive them till my return, and protested against the slander of my wishing to kill people, which they all knew, but did not report to me: this refusal and protest will ring all over the country.

7th July.—I was annoyed by a woman frequently beating a slave near my house, but on my reproving her she came and apologized. I told her to speak softly to her slave, as she was now the only mother the girl had; the slave came from beyond Lomamé, and was evidently a lady in her own land; she calls her son Mologwé, or chief, because his father was a headman.

Dugumbé advised my explaining my plan of procedure to the slaves, and he evidently thinks that I wish to carry it towards them with a high hand. I did explain all the exploration I intended to do: for instance, the fountains of Herodotus—beyond Katanga—Katanga itself, and the underground dwellings, and then return. They made no remarks, for they are evidently pleased to have me knuckling down to them; when pressed on the point of proceeding, they say they will only go with Dugumbé's men to the Lomamé, and then return. River fallen three inches since the 5th.

10th July.—Manyuema children do not creep, as European children do, on their knees, but begin by putting forward one foot and using one knee. Generally a Manyuema child uses both feet and both hands, but never both knees: one Arab child did the same; he never crept, but got up on both feet, holding on till he could walk.

New moon last night of seventh Arab month.

11th July.—I bought the different species of fish brought to market, in order to sketch eight of them, and compare them with those of the Nile lower down: most are the same as in Nyassa. A very active species of Glanis, of dark olive-brown, was not sketched, but a spotted one, armed with offensive spikes in the dorsal and pectoral fins, was taken.

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Sesamum seed is abundant just now and cakes are made of ground-nuts, as on the West Coast. Dugumbé's horde tried to deal in the market in a domineering way. "I shall buy that," said one. "These are mine," said another; "no one must touch them but me," but the market-women taught them that they could not monopolize, but deal fairly. They are certainly clever traders, and keep each other in countenance, they stand by each other, and will not allow overreaching, and they give food astonishingly cheap: once in the market they have no fear.

12th and 13th July.—The Banian slaves declared before Dugumbé that they would go to the River Lomamé, but no further: he spoke long to them, but they will not consent to go further. When told that they would thereby lose all their pay, they replied, "Yes, but not our lives," and they walked off from him muttering, which is insulting to one of his rank. I then added, "I have goods at Ujiji; I don't know how many, but they are considerable, take them all, and give me men to finish my work; if not enough, I will add to them, only do not let me be forced to return now I am so near the end of my undertaking." He said he would make a plan in conjunction with his associates, and report to me.

14th July.—I am distressed and perplexed what to do so as not to be foiled, but all seems against me.

15th July.—The reports of guns on the other side of the Lualaba all the morning tell of the people of Dugumbé murdering those of Kimburu and others who mixed blood with Manilla. "Manilla is a slave, and how dares he to mix blood with chiefs who ought only to make friends with free men like us"—this is their complaint. Kimburu gave Manilla three slaves, and he sacked ten villages in token of friendship; he proposed to give Dugumbé nine slaves in the same operation, but Dugumbé's people destroy his villages, and shoot and make his people captives to

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The Massacre of the Manyuema Women at Nyañgwe

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punish Manilla; to make an impression, in fact, in the country that they alone are to be dealt with—"make friends with us, and not with Manilla or anyone else"—such is what they insist upon.

About 1500 people came to market, though many villages of those that usually come from the other side were now in flames, and every now and then a number of shots were fired on the fugitives.

It was a hot, sultry day, and when I went into the market I saw Adie and Manilla, and three of the men who had lately come with Dugumbé. I was surprised to see these three with their guns, and felt inclined to reprove them, as one of my men did, for bringing weapons into the market, but I attributed it to their ignorance, and, it being very hot, I was walking away to go out of the market, when I saw one of the fellows haggling about a fowl, and seizing hold of it. Before I had got thirty yards out, the discharge of two guns in the middle of the crowd told me that slaughter had begun: crowds dashed off from the place, and threw down their wares in confusion, and ran. At the same time that the three opened fire on the mass of people near the upper end of the marketplace volleys were discharged from a party down near the creek on the panic-stricken women, who dashed at the canoes. These, some fifty or more, were jammed in the creek, and the men forgot their paddles in the terror that seized all. The canoes were not to be got out, for the creek was too small for so many; men and women, wounded by the balls, poured into them, and leaped and scrambled into the water, shrieking. A long line of heads in the river showed that great numbers struck out for an island a full mile off: in going towards it they had to put the left shoulder to a current of about two miles an hour; if they had struck away diagonally to the opposite bank, the current would have aided them, and, though nearly three miles off, some would have gained land: as it was, the heads

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above water showed the long line of those that would inevitably perish.

Shot after shot continued to be fired on the helpless and perishing. Some of the long line of heads disappeared quietly; whilst other poor creatures threw their arms high, as if appealing to the great Father above, and sank. One canoe took in as many as it could hold, and all paddled with hands and arms: three

canoes, got out in haste, picked up sinking friends, till all went down together, and disappeared. One man in a long canoe, which could have held forty or fifty, had clearly lost his head; he had been out in the stream before the massacre began, and now paddled up the river nowhere, and never looked to the drowning. By-and-bye all the heads disappeared; some had turned down stream towards the bank, and escaped. Dugumbé put people into one of the deserted vessels to save those in the water, and saved twenty-one, but one woman refused to be taken on board from thinking that she was to be made a slave of; she preferred the chance of life by swimming, to the lot of a slave: the Bagenya women are expert in the water, as they are accustomed to dive for oysters, and those who went down stream may have escaped, but the Arabs themselves estimated the loss of life at between 330 and 400 souls. The shooting-party near the canoes were so reckless, they killed two of their own people; and a Banyamwezi follower, who got into a deserted canoe to plunder, fell into the water, went down, then came up again, and down to rise no more.

My first impulse was to pistol the murderers, but Dugumbé protested against my getting into a blood-feud, and I was thankful afterwards that I took his advice. Two wretched Moslems asserted "that the firing was done by the people of the English;" I asked one of them why he lied so, and he could utter no excuse: no other falsehood came to his aid as he stood abashed, before me, and so telling him not to tell palpable falsehoods, I left him gaping.

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After the terrible affair in the water, the party of Tagamoio, who was the chief perpetrator, continued to fire on the people there and fire their villages. As I write I hear the loud wails on the left bank over those who are there slain, ignorant of their many friends now in the depths of Lualaba. Oh, let Thy kingdom come! No one will ever know the exact loss on this bright sultry summer morning, it gave me the impression of being in Hell. All the slaves in the camp rushed at the fugitives on land, and plundered them: women were for hours collecting and carrying loads of what had been thrown down in terror.

Some escaped to me, and were protected: Dugumbé saved twenty-one, and of his own accord liberated them, they were brought to me, and remained over night near my house. One woman of the saved had a musket-ball through the thigh, another in the arm. I sent men with our flag to save some, for without a flag they might have been victims, for Tagamoio's people were

shooting right and left like fiends. I counted twelve villages burning this morning. I asked the question of Dugumbé and others, "Now for what is all this murder?" All blamed Manilla as its cause, and in one sense he was the cause; but it is hardly credible that they repeat it is in order to be avenged on Manilla for making friends with headmen, he being a slave. I cannot believe it fully. The wish to make an impression in the country as to the importance and greatness of the new comers was the most potent motive; but it was terrible that the murdering of so many should be contemplated at all. It made me sick at heart. Who could accompany the people of Dugumbé and Tagamoio to Lomamé and be free from blood-guiltiness?

I proposed to Dugumbé to catch the murderers, and hang them up in the marketplace, as our protest against the bloody deeds before the Manyema. If, as he and others added, the massacre was committed by Manilla's people, he would have consented; but it was done by

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Tagamoio's people, and others of this party, headed by Dugumbé. This slaughter was peculiarly atrocious, inasmuch as we have always heard that women coming to or from market have never been known to be molested: even when two districts are engaged in actual hostilities, "the women," say they, "pass among us to market unmolested," nor has one ever been known to be plundered by the men. These Nigger Moslems are inferior to the Manyema in justice and right. The people under Hassani began the superwickedness of capture and pillage of all indiscriminately. Dugumbé promised to send over men to order Tagamoio's men to cease firing and burning villages; they remained over among the ruins, feasting on goats and fowls all night, and next day (16th) continued their infamous work till twenty-seven villages were destroyed.

16th July.—I restored upwards of thirty of the rescued to their friends: Dugumbé seemed to act in good faith, and kept none of them; it was his own free will that guided him. Women are delivered to their husbands, and about thirty-three canoes left in the creek are to be kept for the owners too.

12 A.M.—Shooting still going on on the other side, and many captives caught. At 1 P.M. Tagamoio's people began to cross over in canoes, beating their drums, firing their guns, and shouting, as if to say, "See the conquering heroes come;" they are answered

by the women of Dugumba's camp lullilooing, and friends then fire off their guns in joy. I count seventeen villages in flames, and the smoke goes straight up and forms clouds at the top of the pillar, showing great heat evolved, for the houses are full of carefully-prepared firewood. Dugumbé denies having sent Tagamoio on this foray, and Tagamoio repeats that he went to punish the friends made by Manilla, who, being a slave, had no right to make war and burn villages, that could only be done by free men. Manilla confesses to me privately that

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he did wrong in that, and loses all his beads and many friends in consequence.

2 P.M.—An old man, called Kabobo, came for his old wife; I asked her if this were her husband, she went to him, and put her arm lovingly around him, and said "Yes." I gave her five strings of beads to buy food, all her stores being destroyed with her house; she bowed down, and put her forehead to the ground as thanks, and old Kabobo did the same: the tears stood in her eyes as she went off. Tagamoio caught 17 women, and other Arabs of his party, 27; dead by gunshot, 25. The heads of two headmen were brought over to be redeemed by their friends with slaves.

3 P.M.—Many of the headmen who have been burned out by the foray came over to me, and begged me to come back with them, and appoint new localities for them to settle in again, but I told them that I was so ashamed of the company in which I found myself, that I could scarcely look the Manyema in the face. They had believed that I wished to kill them—what did they think now? I could not remain among bloody companions, and would flee away, I said, but they begged me hard not to leave until they were again settled.

The open murder perpetrated on hundreds of unsuspecting women fills me with unspeakable horror: I cannot think of going anywhere with the Tagamoio crew; I must either go down or up Lualaba, whichever the Banian slaves choose.

4 P.M.—Dugumbé saw that by killing the market people he had committed a great error, and speedily got the chiefs who had come over to me to meet him at his house, and forthwith mix blood: they were in bad case. I could not remain to see to their protection, and Dugumbé, being the best of the whole horde, I advised them to make friends, and then appeal to him as able to

restrain to some extent his infamous underlings. One chief asked to have his wife and daughter restored to him first, but generally they were

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cowed, and the fear of death was on them. Dugumbé said to me, "I shall do my utmost to get all the captives, but he must make friends now, in order that the market may not be given up." Blood was mixed, and an essential condition was, "You must give us chitoka," or market. He and most others saw that in theoretically punishing Manilla, they had slaughtered the very best friends that strangers had. The Banian slaves openly declare that they will go only to Lomamé, and no further. Whatever the Ujijian slavers may pretend, they all hate to have me as a witness of their cold-blooded atrocities. The Banian slaves would like to go with Tagamoio, and share in his rapine and get slaves. I tried to go down Lualaba, then up it, and west, but with bloodhounds it is out of the question. I see nothing for it but to go back to Ujiji for other men, though it will throw me out of the chance of discovering the fourth great Lake in the Lualaba line of drainage, and other things of great value.

At last I said that I would start for Ujiji, in three days, on foot. I wished to speak to Tagamoio about the captive relations of the chiefs, but he always ran away when he saw me coming.

17th July.—All the rest of Dugumbé's party offered me a share of every kind of goods they had, and pressed me not to be ashamed to tell them what I needed. I declined everything save a little gunpowder, but they all made presents of beads, and I was glad to return equivalents in cloth. It is a sore affliction, at least forty-five days in a straight line—equal to 300 miles, or by the turnings and windings 600 English miles, and all after feeding and clothing the Banian slaves for twenty-one months! But it is for the best though; if I do not trust to the riffraff of Ujiji, I must wait for other men at least ten months there. With help from above I shall yet go through Rua, see the underground excavations first, then on to Katanga, and the four ancient fountains eight days beyond, and after that Lake Lincoln.

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18th July.—The murderous assault on the market people felt to me like Gehenna, without the fire and brimstone; but the heat was oppressive, and the firearms pouring their iron bullets on the

fugitives, was not an inapt representative of burning in the bottomless pit.

The terrible scenes of man's inhumanity to man brought on severe headache, which might have been serious had it not been relieved by a copious discharge of blood; I was laid up all yesterday afternoon, with the depression the bloodshed made,—it filled me with unspeakable horror. "Don't go away," say the Manyuema chiefs to me; but I cannot stay here in agony.

19th July.—Dugumbé sent me a fine goat, a maneh of gunpowder, a maneh of fine blue beads, and 230 cowries, to buy provisions in the way. I proposed to leave a doti Merikano and one of Kaniké to buy specimens of workmanship. He sent me two very fine large Manyuema swords, and two equally fine spears, and said that I must not leave anything; he would buy others with his own goods, and divide them equally with me: he is very friendly.

River fallen 4½ feet since the 5th ult.

A few market people appear to-day, formerly they came in crowds: a very few from the west bank bring salt to buy back the baskets from the camp slaves, which they threw away in panic, others carried a little food for sale, about 200 in all, chiefly those who have not lost relatives: one very beautiful woman had a gunshot wound in her upper arm tied round with leaves. Seven canoes came instead of fifty; but they have great tenacity and hopefulness, an old established custom has great charms for them, and the market will again be attended if no fresh outrage is committed. No canoes now come into the creek of death, but land above, at Ntambwé's village: this creek, at the bottom of the long gentle slope on which the market was held, probably led to its selection.

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A young Manyuema man worked for one of Dugumbé's people preparing a space to build on; when tired, he refused to commence to dig a pit, and was struck on the loins with an axe, and soon died: he was drawn out of the way, and his relations came, wailed over him, and buried him: they are too much awed to complain to Dugumbé!!

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CHAPTER VI.

Leaves for Ujiji. Dangerous journey through forest. The Manyuema understand Livingstone's kindness. Zanzibar slaves. Kasongo's. Stalactite caves. Consequences of eating parrots. Ill. Attacked in the forest. Providential deliverance. Another extraordinary escape. Taken for Mohamad Bogharib. Running the gauntlet for five hours. Loss of property. Reaches place of safety. Ill. Mamohela. To the Luamo. Severe disappointment. Recovers. Severe marching. Reaches Ujiji. Despondency. Opportune arrival of Mr. Stanley. Joy and thankfulness of the old traveller. Determines to examine north end of Lake Tanganyika. They start. Reach the Lusizé. No outlet. "Theoretical discovery" of the real outlet. Mr. Stanley ill. Returns to Ujiji. Leaves stores there. Departure for Unyanyembé with Mr. Stanley. Abundance of game.—Attacked by bees. Serious illness of Mr. Stanley. Thankfulness at reaching Unyatiyembé.

20th July, 1871.—I start back for Ujiji. All Dugumbé's people came to say good bye, and convoy me a little way. I made a short march, for being long inactive it is unwise to tire oneself on the first day, as it is then difficult to get over the effects.

21st July.—One of the slaves was sick, and the rest falsely reported him to be seriously ill, to give them time to negotiate for women with whom they had cohabited: Dugumbé saw through the fraud, and said "Leave him to me: if he lives, I will feed him; if he dies, we will bury him: do not delay for any one, but travel in a compact body, as stragglers now are sure to be cut off." He lost a woman of his party, who lagged behind, and seven others were killed besides, and the forest hid the murderers. I was only too anxious to get away quickly, and on the 22nd started off at

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daylight, and went about six miles to the village of Mañkwara, where I spent the night when coming this way. The chief Mokandira convoyed us hither: I promised him a cloth if I came across from Lomamé. He wonders much at the underground houses, and never heard of them till I told him about them. Many of the gullies which were running fast when we came were now dry. Thunder began, and a few drops of rain fell.

23rd-24th July.—We crossed the River Kunda, of fifty yards, in two canoes, and then ascended from the valley of denudation, in which it flows to the ridge Lobango. Crowds followed, all anxious to carry loads for a few beads. Several market people came to salute, who knew that we had no hand in the massacre, as we are a different people from the Arabs. In going and coming they must have a march of 25 miles with loads so heavy no slave would carry them. They speak of us as "good:" the anthropologists think that to be spoken of as wicked is better. Ezekiel says that the Most High put His comeliness upon Jerusalem: if He does not impart of His goodness to me I shall never be good: if He does not put of His comeliness on me I shall never be comely in soul, but be like these Arabs in whom Satan has full sway—the god of this world having blinded their eyes.

25th July.—We came over a beautiful country yesterday, a vast hollow of denudation, with much cultivation, intersected by a ridge some 300 feet high, on which the villages are built: this is Lobango. The path runs along the top of the ridge, and we see the fine country below all spread out with different shades of green, as on a map. The colours show the shapes of the different plantations in the great hollow drained by the Kunda. After crossing the fast flowing Kahembai, which flows into the Kunda, and it into Lualaba, we rose on to another intersecting ridge, having a great many villages burned by Matereka or Salem Mokadam's people, since we passed them

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in our course N.W. They had slept on the ridge after we saw them, and next morning, in sheer wantonness, fired their lodgings,—their slaves had evidently carried the fire along from their lodgings, and set fire to houses of villages in their route as a sort of horrid Moslem Nigger joke; it was done only because they could do it without danger of punishment: it was such fun to make the Mashensé, as they call all natives, houseless. Men are worse than beasts of prey, if indeed it is lawful to call Zanzibar slaves men. It is monstrous injustice to compare free Africans living under their own chiefs and laws, and cultivating their own free lands, with what slaves afterwards become at Zanzibar and elsewhere.

26th July.—Came up out of the last valley of denudation—that drained by Kahembai, and then along a level land with open forest. Four men passed us in hot haste to announce the death of a woman at their village to her relations living at another. I heard

of several deaths lately of dysentery. Pleurisy is common from cold winds from N.W. Twenty-two men with large square black shields, capable of completely hiding the whole person, came next in a trot to receive the body of their relative and all her gear to carry her to her own home for burial: about twenty women followed them, and the men waited under the trees till they should have wound the body up and wept over her. They smeared their bodies with clay, and their faces with soot. Reached our friend Kama.

27th July.—Left Kama's group of villages and went through many others before we reached Kasongo's, and were welcomed by all the Arabs of the camp at this place. Bought two milk goats reasonably, and rest over Sunday. (*28th and 29th*). They asked permission to send a party with me for goods to Ujiji; this will increase our numbers, and perhaps safety too, among the justly irritated people between this and Bambarré. All are enjoined to help me,

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and of course I must do the same to them. It is colder here than at Nyañgwé. Kasongo is off guiding an ivory or slaving party, and doing what business he can on his own account; he has four guns, and will be the first to maraud on his own account.

30th July.—They send thirty tusks to Ujiji, and seventeen Manyuema volunteers to carry thither and back: these are the very first who in modern times have ventured fifty miles from the place of their birth. I came only three miles to a ridge overlooking the River Shokoyé, and slept at village on a hill beyond it.

31st July.—Passed through the defile between Mount Kimazi and Mount Kijila. Below the cave with stalactite pillar in its door a fine echo answers those who feel inclined to shout to it. Come to Mangala's numerous villages, and two slaves being ill, rest on Wednesday.

1st August, 1871.—A large market assembles close to us.

2nd August.—Left Mangala's, and came through a great many villages all deserted on our approach on account of the vengeance taken by Dugumbé's party for the murder of some of their people. Kasongo's men appeared eager to plunder their own countrymen: I had to scold and threaten them, and set men to watch their deeds. Plantains are here very abundant, good, and

cheap. Came to Kittetté, and lodge in a village of Loembo. About thirty foundries were passed; they are very high in the roof, and thatched with leaves, from which the sparks roll off as sand would. Rain runs off equally well.

3rd August.—Three slaves escaped, and not to abandon ivory we wait a day, Kasongo came up and filled their places.

I have often observed effigies of men made of wood in Manyuema; some of clay are simply cones with a small hole in the top; on asking about them here, I for the first time obtained reliable information. They are called

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Bathata—fathers or ancients—and the name of each is carefully preserved. Those here at Kittetté were evidently the names of chiefs, Molenda being the most ancient, whilst Mbayo Yamba, Kamoanga, Kitambwé, Noñgo, Aulumba, Yengé Yengé, Simba Mayaña, Loembwé, are more recently dead. They were careful to have the exact pronunciation of the names. The old men told me that on certain occasions they offer goat's flesh to them: men eat it, and allow no young person or women to partake. The flesh of the parrot is only eaten by very old men. They say that if eaten by young men their children will have the waddling gait of the bird. They say that originally those who preceded Molenda came from Kongolakokwa, which conveys no idea to my mind. It was interesting to get even this little bit of history here. (Nkoñgolo = Deity; Nkoñgolokwa as the Deity.)

4th August.—Came through miles of villages all burned because the people refused a certain Abdullah lodgings! The men had begun to re-thatch the huts, and kept out of our way, but a goat was speared by some one in hiding, and we knew danger was near. Abdullah admitted that he had no other reason for burning them than the unwillingness of the people to lodge him and his slaves without payment, with the certainty of getting their food stolen and utensils destroyed.

5th and 6th August.—Through many miles of palm-trees and plantains to a Boma or stockaded village, where we slept, though the people were evidently suspicious and unfriendly.

7th August.—To a village, ill and almost every step in pain. The people all ran away, and appeared in the distance armed, and refused to come near—then came and threw stones at us, and

afterwards tried to kill those who went for water. We sleep uncomfortably, the natives watching us all round. Sent men to see if the way was clear.

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8th August.—They would come to no parley. They knew their advantage, and the wrongs they had suffered from Bin Juma and Mohamad's men when they threw down the ivory in the forest. In passing along the narrow path with a wall of dense vegetation touching each hand, we came to a point where an ambush had been placed, and trees cut down to obstruct us while they speared us; but for some reason it was abandoned. Nothing could be detected; but by stooping down to the earth and peering up towards the sun, a dark shade could sometimes be seen: this was an infuriated savage, and a slight rustle in the dense vegetation meant a spear. A large spear from my right lunged past and almost grazed my back, and stuck firmly into the soil. The two men from whom it came appeared in an opening in the forest only ten yards off and bolted, one looking back over his shoulder as he ran. As they are expert with the spear I don't know how it missed, except that he was too sure of his aim and the good hand of God was upon me.

I was behind the main body, and all were allowed to pass till I, the leader, who was believed to be Mohamad Bogharib, or Kolokolo himself, came up to the point where they lay. A red jacket they had formerly seen me wearing was proof to them, that I was the same that sent Bin Juma to kill five of their men, capture eleven women and children, and twenty-five goats. Another spear was thrown at me by an unseen assailant, and it missed me by about a foot in front. Guns were fired into the dense mass of forest, but with no effect, for nothing could be seen; but we heard the men jeering and denouncing us close by: two of our party were slain.

Coming to a part of the forest cleared for cultivation I noticed a gigantic tree, made still taller by growing on an anthill 20 feet high; it had fire applied near its roots, I heard a crack which told that the fire had done

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The Manuema Ambush The Manuema Ambush

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its work, but felt no alarm till I saw it come straight towards me: I ran a few paces back, and down it came to the ground one yard behind me, and breaking into several lengths, it covered me with a cloud of dust. Had the branches not previously been rotted off, I could scarcely have escaped.

Three times in one day was I delivered from impending death.

>My attendants, who were scattered in all directions, came running back to me, calling out, "Peace! peace! you will finish all your work in spite of these people, and in spite of everything." Like them, I took it as an omen of good success to crown me yet, thanks to the "Almighty Preserver of men."

We had five hours of running the gauntlet, waylaid by spearmen, who all felt that if they killed me they would be revenging the death of relations. From each hole in the tangled mass we looked for a spear; and each moment expected to hear the rustle which told of deadly weapons hurled at us. I became weary with the constant strain of danger, and—as, I suppose, happens with soldiers on the field of battle—not courageous, but perfectly indifferent whether I were killed or not.

When at last we got out of the forest and crossed the Liya on to the cleared lands near the villages of Monanbundwa, we lay down to rest, and soon saw Muanampunda coming, walking up in a stately manner unarmed to meet us. He had heard the vain firing of my men into the bush, and came to ask what was the matter. I explained the mistake that Munangonga had made in supposing that I was Kolokolo, the deeds of whose men he knew, and then we went on to his village together.

In the evening he sent to say that if I would give him all my people who had guns, he would call his people together, burn off all the vegetation they could fire, and

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punish our enemies, bringing me ten goats instead of the three milch goats I had lost. I again explained that the attack was made by a mistake in thinking I was Mohamad Bogharib, and that I had no wish to kill men: to join in his old feud would only make matters worse. This he could perfectly understand.

I lost all my remaining calico, a telescope, umbrella, and five spears, by one of the slaves throwing down the load and taking up his own bundle of country cloth.

9th August.—Went on towards Mamohela, now deserted by the Arabs. Monanponda convoyed me a long way, and at one spot, with grass all trodden down, he said, "Here we killed a man of Moezia and ate his body." The meat cut up had been seen by Dugumbé.

10th August.—In connection with this affair the party that came through from Mamalulu found that a great fight had taken place at Muanampunda's, and they saw the meat cut up to be cooked with bananas. They did not like the strangers to look at their meat, but said, "Go on, and let our feast alone," they did not want to be sneered at. The same Muanampunda or Monambonda told me frankly that they ate the man of Moezia: they seem to eat their foes to inspire courage, or in revenge. One point is very remarkable; it is not want that has led to the custom, for the country is full of food: nobody is starved of farinaceous food; they have maize, dura, pennisetum, cassava and sweet potatoes, and for fatty ingredients of diet, the palm-oil, ground-nuts, sessamum, and a tree whose fruit yields a fine sweet oil: the saccharine materials needed are found in the sugar-cane, bananas, and plantains.

Goats, sheep, fowls, dogs, pigs, abound in the villages, whilst the forest affords elephants, zebras, buffaloes, antelopes, and in the streams there are many varieties of fish. The nitrogenous ingredients are abundant, and they have dainties in palm-toddy, and tobacco or Bangé: the soil is so fruitful that

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mere scraping off the weeds is as good as ploughing, so that the reason for cannibalism does not lie in starvation or in want of animal matter, as was said to be the case with the New Zealanders. The only feasible reason I can discover is a depraved appetite, giving an extraordinary craving for meat which we call "high." They are said to bury a dead body for a couple of days in the soil in a forest, and in that time, owing to the climate, it soon becomes putrid enough for the strongest stomachs.

The Lualaba has many oysters in it with very thick shells. They are called *Makessi*, and at certain seasons are dived for by the Bagenya women: pearls are said to be found in them, but boring

to string them has never been thought of. *Kanone*, Ibis religiosa. *Uruko*, Kuss name of coffee.

The Manyema are so afraid of guns, that a man borrows one to settle any dispute or claim: he goes with it over his shoulder, and quickly arranges the matter by the pressure it brings, though they all know that he could not use it.

Gulu, Deity above, or heaven. *Mamvu*, earth or below. *Gulu* is a person, and men, on death, go to him. *Nkoba*, lightning. *Nkongolo*, Deity (?). *Kula* or *Nkula*, salt spring west of Nyañgwé. *Kalunda*, ditto. *Kiria*, rapid down river. *Kirila*, islet in sight of Nyañgwé. *Magoya*, ditto.

Note.—The chief Zurampela is about N.W. of Nyañgwé, and three days off. The Luivé River, of very red water, is crossed, and the larger Mabila River receives it into its very dark water before Mabila enters Lualaba.

A ball of hair rolled in the stomach of a lion, as calculi are, is a great charm among the Arabs: it scares away other animals, they say.

Lion's fat smeared on the tails of oxen taken through a country abounding in tsetse, or buñgo, is a sure preventive; when I heard of this, I thought that lion's fat would be as difficult of collection as gnat's brains or mosquito

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tongues, but I was assured that many lions are killed on the Basango highland, and they, in common with all beasts there, are extremely fat: so it is not at all difficult to buy a calabash of the preventive, and Banyamwezi, desirous of taking cattle to the coast for sale, know the substance, and use it successfully (?).

11th August.—Came on by a long march of six hours across plains of grass and watercourses, lined with beautiful trees, to Kassessa's, the chief of Mamohela, who has helped the Arabs to scourge several of his countrymen for old feuds: he gave them goats, and then guided them by night to the villages, where they got more goats and many captives, each to be redeemed with ten goats more. During the last foray, however, the people learned that every shot does not kill, and they came up to the party with bows and arrows, and compelled the slaves to throw down their guns and powder-horns. They would have shown no mercy had

Manyuema been thus in slave power; but this is a beginning of the end, which will exclude Arab traders from the country. I rested half a day, as I am still ill. I do most devoutly thank the Lord for sparing my life three times in one day. The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and He knows them that trust in Him.

[The brevity of the following notes is fully accounted for: Livingstone was evidently suffering too severely to write more.]

12th August.—Mamohela camp all burned off. We sleep at Mamohela village.

13th August.—At a village on the bank of River Lolindi, I am suffering greatly. A man brought a young, nearly full-fledged, kite from a nest on a tree: this is the first case of their breeding, that I am sure of, in this country: they are migratory into these intertropical lands from the south, probably.

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14th August.—Across many brisk burns to a village on the side of a mountain range. First rains 12th and 14th, gentle; but near Luamo, it ran on the paths, and caused dew.

15th August.—To Muanambonyo's. Golungo, a bush buck, with stripes across body, and two rows of spots along the sides (?)

16th August.—To Luamo River. Very ill with bowels.

17th August.—Cross river, and sent a message to my friend. Katomba sent a bountiful supply of food back.

18th August.—Reached Katomba, at Moenemgoi's, and was welcomed by all the heavily-laden Arab traders. They carry their trade spoil in three relays. Kenyengeré attacked before I came, and 150 captives were taken and about 100 slain; this is an old feud of Moenemgoi, which the Arabs took up for their own gain. No news whatever from Ujiji, and M. Bogharib is still at Bambarré, with all my letters.

19th-20th August.—Rest from weakness. (*21st August.*) Up to the palms on the west of Mount Kanyima Pass. (*22nd August.*) Bambarré. (*28th August.*) Better and thankful. Katomba's party has nearly a thousand frasilahs of ivory, and Mohamad's has 300 frasilahs.

29th August.—Ill all night, and remain. (*30th August.*) Ditto, ditto; but go on to Monandenda's on River Lombonda.

31st August.—Up and half over the mountain range, (*1st September*) and sleep in dense forest, with several fine running streams.

2nd September, 1871.—Over the range, and down on to a marble-capped hill, with a village on top.

3rd September.—Equinoctial gales. On to Lohombo.

5th September.—To Kasangangazi's. (*6th September.*) Rest. (*7th September.*) Mamba's. Rest on 8th. (*9th September.*) Ditto ditto. People falsely accused of stealing; but I disproved it to the confusion of the Arabs, who wish to be

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able to say, "the people of the English steal too." A very rough road from Kasangangazi's hither, and several running rivulets crossed.

10th September.—Manyuema boy followed us, but I insisted on his father's consent, which was freely given: marching proved too hard for him, however, and in a few days he left.

Down into the valley of the Kapemba through beautiful undulating country, and came to village of Amru: this is a common name, and is used as "man," or "comrade," or "mate."

11th September.—Up a very steep high mountain range, Moloni or Mononi, and down to a village at the bottom on the other side, of a man called Molembu.

12th September.—Two men sick. Wait, though I am now comparatively sound and well. Dura flour, which we can now procure, helps to strengthen me: it is nearest to wheaten flour; maize meal is called "cold," and not so wholesome as the *Holcus sorghum* or dura. A lengthy march through a level country, with high mountain ranges on each hand; along that on the left our first path lay, and it was very fatiguing. We came to the Rivulet Kalangai. I had hinted to Mohamad that if he harboured my deserters, it might go hard with him; and he came after me for two marches, and begged me not to think that he did encourage them. They came impudently into the village, and I had to drive them

out: I suspected that he had sent them. I explained, and he gave me a goat, which I sent back for.

13th September.—This march back completely used up the Manyuema boy: he could not speak, or tell what he wanted cooked, when he arrived. I did not see him go back, and felt sorry for the poor boy, who left us by night. People here would sell nothing, so I was glad of the goat.

14th September.—To Pyanamosindé's. (*15th September.*) To Karungamagao's; very fine undulating green country.

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(*16th and 17th September.*) Rest, as we could get food to buy. (*18th September.*) To a stockaded village, where the people ordered us to leave. We complied, and went out half a mile and built our sheds in the forest: I like sheds in the forest much better than huts in the villages, for we have no mice or vermin, and incur no obligation.

19th September.—Found that Barua are destroying all the Manyuema villages not stockaded.

20th September.—We came to Kunda's on the River Katemba, through great plantations of cassava, and then to a woman chief's, and now regularly built our own huts apart from the villages, near the hot fountain called Kabila which is about blood-heat, and flows across the path. Crossing this we came to Mokwaniwa's, on the River Gombezé, and met a caravan, under Nassur Masudi, of 200 guns. He presented a fine sheep, and reported that Seyed Majid was dead—he had been ailing and fell from some part of his new house at Darsalam, and in three days afterwards expired. He was a true and warm friend to me and did all he could to aid me with his subjects, giving me two Sultan's letters for the purpose. Seyed Burghash succeeds him; this change causes anxiety. Will Seyed Burghash's goodness endure now that he has the Sultanate? Small-pox raged lately at Ujiji.

22nd September.—Caravan goes northwards, and we rest, and eat the sheep kindly presented.

23rd September.—We now passed through the country of mixed Barua and Baguha, crossed the River Loñgumba twice and then came near the great mountain mass on west of Tanganyika. From Mokwaniwa's to Tanganyika is about ten good marches through

open forest. The Guha people are not very friendly; they know strangers too well to show kindness: like Manyuema, they are also keen traders. I was sorely knocked up by this march from Nyañgwé back to Ujiji. In the latter part of it, I felt as if dying on my feet. Almost every step was in pain, the appetite failed,

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and a little bit of meat caused violent diarrhoea, whilst the mind, sorely depressed, reacted on the body. All the traders were returning successful: I alone had failed and experienced worry, thwarting, baffling, when almost in sight of the end towards which I strained.

3rd October.—I read the whole Bible through four times whilst I was in Manyuema.

8th October.—The road covered with angular fragments of quartz was very sore to my feet, which are crammed into ill-made French shoes. How the bare feet of the men and women stood out, I don't know; it was hard enough on mine though protected by the shoes. We marched in the afternoons where water at this season was scarce. The dust of the march caused ophthalmia, like that which afflicted Speke: this was my first touch of it in Africa. We now came to the Lobumba River, which flows into Tanganyika, and then to the village Loanda and sent to Kasanga, the Guha chief, for canoes. The Loñgumba rises, like the Lobumba, in the mountains called Kabogo West. We heard great noises, as if thunder, as far as twelve days off, which were ascribed to Kabogo, as if it had subterranean caves into which the waves rushed with great noise, and it may be that the Loñgumba is the outlet of Tanganyika: it becomes the Luassé further down, and then the Luamo before it joins the Lualaba: the country slopes that way, but I was too ill to examine its source.

9th October.—On to islet Kasengé. After much delay got a good canoe for three dotis, and on *15th October* went to the islet Kabiziwa.

18th October.—Start for Kabogo East, and *19th* reach it 8 A.M.

20th October.—Rest men.

22nd October.—To Rombola.

23rd October.—At dawn, off and go to Ujiji. Welcomed by all the Arabs, particularly by Moenyegheré. I was

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now reduced to a skeleton, but the market being held daily, and all kinds of native food brought to it, I hoped that food and rest would soon restore me, but in the evening my people came and told me that Shereef had sold off all my goods, and Moenyegheré confirmed it by saying, "We protested, but he did not leave a single yard of calico out of 3000, nor a string of beads out of 700 lbs." This was distressing. I had made up my mind, if I could not get people at Ujiji, to wait till men should come from the coast, but to wait in beggary was what I never contemplated, and I now felt miserable. Shereef was evidently a moral idiot, for he came without shame to shake hands with me, and when I refused, assumed an air of displeasure, as having been badly treated; and afterwards came with his "Balghere," good-luck salutation, twice a day, and on leaving said, "I am going to pray," till I told him that were I an Arab, his hand and both ears would be cut off for thieving, as he knew, and I wanted no salutations from him. In my distress it was annoying to see Shereef's slaves passing from the market with all the good things that my goods had bought.

24th October.—My property had been sold to Shereef's friends at merely nominal prices. Syed bin Majid, a good man, proposed that they should be returned, and the ivory be taken from Shereef; but they would not restore stolen property, though they knew it to be stolen. Christians would have acted differently, even those of the lowest classes. I felt in my destitution as if I were the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves; but I could not hope for Priest, Levite, or good Samaritan to come by on either side, but one morning Syed bin Majid said to me, "Now this is the first time we have been alone together; I have no goods, but I have ivory; let me, I pray you, sell some ivory, and give the goods to you." This was encouraging; but I said, "Not yet, but by-and-bye." I had

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still a few barter goods left, which I had taken the precaution to deposit with Mohamad bin Saleh before going to Manyuema, in case of returning in extreme need. But when my spirits were at their lowest ebb, the good Samaritan was close at hand, for one morning Susi came running at the top of his speed and gasped out, "An Englishman! I see him!" and off he darted to meet him.

The American flag at the head of a caravan told of the nationality of the stranger. Bales of goods, baths of tin, huge kettles, cooking pots, tents, &c, made me think "This must be a luxurious traveller, and not one at his wits' end like me." (28th October.) It was Henry Moreland Stanley, the travelling correspondent of the *New York Herald*, sent by James Gordon Bennett, junior, at an expense of more than 4000*l.*, to obtain accurate information about Dr. Livingstone if living, and if dead to bring home my bones. The news he had to tell to one who had been two full years without any tidings from Europe made my whole frame thrill. The terrible fate that had befallen France, the telegraphic cables successfully laid in the Atlantic, the election of General Grant, the death of good Lord Clarendon—my constant friend, the proof that Her Majesty's Government had not forgotten me in voting 1000*l.* for supplies, and many other points of interest, revived emotions that had lain dormant in Manyema. Appetite returned, and instead of the spare, tasteless, two meals a day, I ate four times daily, and in a week began to feel strong. I am not of a demonstrative turn; as cold, indeed, as we islanders are usually reputed to be, but this disinterested kindness of Mr. Bennett, so nobly carried into effect by Mr. Stanley, was simply overwhelming. I really do feel extremely grateful, and at the same time I am a little ashamed at not being more worthy of the generosity. Mr. Stanley has done his part with untiring energy; good judgment in the teeth of very serious obstacles. His helpmates turned out depraved blackguards, who, by their

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excesses at Zanzibar and elsewhere, had ruined their constitutions, and prepared their systems to be fit provender for the grave. They had used up their strength by wickedness, and were of next to no service, but rather downdrafts and unbearable drags to progress.

16th November, 1871—As Tanganyika explorations are said by Mr. Stanley to be an object of interest to Sir Roderick, we do at his expense and by his men to the north of the Lake.