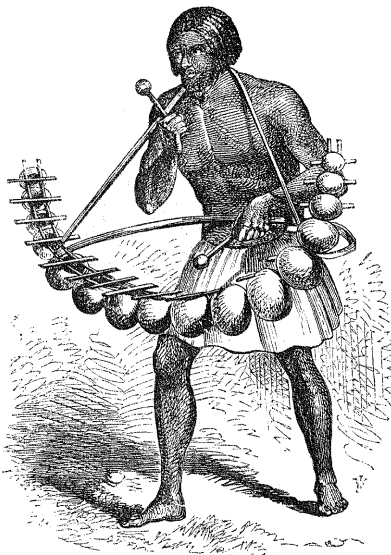


side covered with a bit of spider's web: the ends are covered with the skin of an antelope; and when they wish to tighten it they hold it to the fire: the instruments are beaten with the hands.



The Marimba, or Musical Instrument of the Balonda.

The piano, named "marimba," consists of two parallel bars of wood, either quite straight, or bent into a semicircular form, across which are placed about fifteen wooden keys, two or three inches broad, from fifteen to eighteen long, and of a thickness proportioned to the deepness of the note required: each of the keys has a calabash of corresponding dimension beneath it attached to the parallel bars, and serving as a sounding-board: the keys are struck with small drumsticks. Rapidity of execution seems much admired among them, and the music is pleasant to the ear. In Angola the Portuguese use the marimba in their dances.

When nine orations had been delivered Shinte and the rest of the company stood up. He had maintained true African dignity throughout, but he scarcely ever took his

eyes off me for a moment. I calculated that about a thousand people were present, besides three hundred soldiers.

18th.—We were awakened during the night by a message from Shinte, requesting a visit at a very unseasonable hour. As I was just in the sweating stage of an intermittent fever, I declined going, in spite of Kolimbota's earnest entreaties. However, at ten next morning I went, and was led into the courts of Shinte, the walls of which consisted of woven rods, all very neat and high. Numerous trees, some of which had been only recently planted, afforded a grateful shade; while sugar-cane and bananas, growing outside the enclosure, spread their large light leaves over the walls. We took our seat under the broad foliage of a *Ficus indica*, and Shinte soon made his appearance. He seemed in good humour, and said that he had expected yesterday "that a man who came from the gods would have approached and talked to him." That had been my intention, but when I saw the formidable preparations, and his own men keeping at least forty yards from him, I had remained by the tree opposite to that under which he sat. His remark confirmed my previous belief that a frank, open, fearless manner is the most winning with all these Africans. I stated the object of my mission, and the old gentleman clapped his hands in approbation. He replied through a spokesman, and the company joined in the response by also clapping their hands. After business was over I asked if he had ever seen a white man before. He replied, "Never; you are the very first I have seen with a white skin and straight hair; your clothing too is different from any we have ever seen."

On learning that "Shinte's mouth was bitter for want of ox-flesh," I presented him with an ox, to his great delight; and as his country is so well adapted for cattle, I advised him to begin a trade in cattle with the Makololo. He profited by the hint, for when we returned from Loanda we found that he had got three beasts, one of which was more like a prize heifer than any we had seen in Africa. Soon afterwards he sent us baskets of boiled maize and of manioc-meal, and a small fowl. The size of the maize and of the manioc shows the fertility of the black soil of this country. We saw manioc above six feet high, though it requires the very best soil.

Manenko meanwhile had been busy erecting a very pretty hut and court-yard, as her residence whenever white men were brought by her along the same path. On hearing that we had given an ox to her uncle, she came forward with the air of an injured person, and explained that "The white man belonged to her; she had brought him here, and therefore the ox was hers, not Shinte's." Upon this she ordered her men to bring it, had it slaughtered, and presented her uncle with a leg only. Shinte did not seem at all annoyed at the occurrence.

19th.—I was awakened at an early hour by a messenger from Shinte, but, as I was labouring under a profuse perspiration, I declined going for a few hours. My visit turned out fruitless, probably on account of the divination being unfavourable: "They could not find Shinte." When I returned to bed another message was received to the effect that "Shinte wished to say all he had to tell me at once." This was too tempting an offer, and accordingly we went. When we arrived he had a fowl ready in his hand to present, together with a basket of manioc-meal, and a calabash of mead. Referring to the constantly recurring attacks of fever, he remarked that it was the only thing which would prevent a successful issue to my journey. On my asking what remedy he would recommend, he answered, "Drink plenty of mead, and it will drive the fever out." It was rather strong, and I suspect he liked the remedy pretty well, even though he had no fever. He had always been a friend to Sebituane, and, now that his son Sekeletu was in his place, Shinte was not merely a friend but a father to him; and if a son asks a favour the father must give it. He was highly pleased with the large calabashes of clarified butter and fat which Sekeletu had sent him, and wished to detain Kolimbota, that he might send a present back to Sekeletu by his hands.

We were particularly struck, in passing through the village, with the punctiliousness of manners shown by the Balonda. Inferiors, on meeting their superiors in the street, at once drop on their knees and rub dust on their arms and chest, and continue the salutation of clapping the hands until the great ones have passed. Sambanza knelt down in this manner till the son of Shinte had passed him. We several times saw

the woman who holds the office of water-carrier for Shinte; as she passes along she rings a bell to give warning to all to keep out of her way; for it would be a grave offence for any one to exercise an evil influence by approaching the drink of the chief.

I suspect that offences of the slightest character among the poor are made the pretext for selling them or their children to the Mambari. For instance, a young man of Lobale had located himself in the country of Shinte without showing himself to the chief. This was considered an offence sufficient to warrant his being offered for sale while we were there. Not having reported himself, or explained the reason of his running away from his own chief, they alleged that they might be accused of harbouring a criminal. It is curious to notice how the slave-trade blunts the moral susceptibility: no chief in the south would have treated a fugitive in this way. Another incident which occurred while we were here may be mentioned, as of a character totally unknown in the south. Two children, of seven and eight years old, who had gone out to collect firewood about a quarter of a mile from the village, disappeared. As no beasts of prey are found so close to the town, we suspect that they were kidnapped by some of the high men of Shinte's court, and sold by night. The Mambari erect large square huts for the concealment of these stolen ones. The frequent kidnapping from outlying hamlets explains the stockades we saw around them; the parents have no redress, for even Shinte himself seems fond of working in the dark. One night he sent for me, and, on my arrival, presented me with a slave-girl of about ten years old; saying that he had always been in the habit of presenting his visitors with a child. On my declining the present on the ground that I thought it wrong to take away children from their parents, he urged that she was "to be a child" to bring me water, and that a great man ought to have a child for the purpose. As I replied that I had four children, and should be very sorry if my chief were to give away my little girl, and that I would prefer this child to remain and carry water for her own mother, he thought I was dissatisfied with her size, and sent for one a head taller; after many explanations of our abhorrence of slavery, and how displeasing it

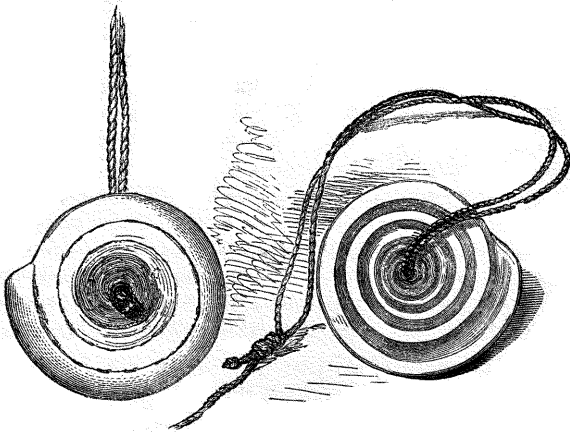
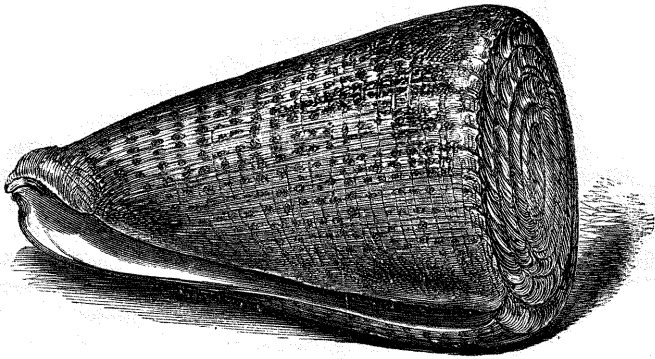
must be to God to see his children selling one another, I declined her also. If I could have taken her into my family for the purpose of instruction, and then returned her as a free woman, I might have done so; but to take her away, and probably never be able to secure her return, would have produced a bad effect on the minds of the Balonda.

Shinte was most anxious to see the pictures of the magic lantern, but I was so weakened by fever that I could not go for several days; when I went he had his principal men and the same crowd of court beauties near him as at the reception. The first picture exhibited was Abraham about to slaughter his son Isaac, the knife uplifted to strike the lad; the Balonda men remarked that the picture was much more like a god than the things of wood or clay they worshipped. I explained that this man was the father of a race to whom God had given the Bible, and that our Saviour came of his seed. The ladies listened with silent awe; but, when I moved the slide, the uplifted dagger moving towards them, they thought it was to be sheathed in their bodies instead of Isaac's. "Mother! mother!" all shouted at once, and off they rushed, tumbling pell-mell over each other, nor could we get one of them back again. Shinte, however, sat bravely through the whole, and afterwards examined the instrument with interest. An explanation was added after each exhibition, so that no one should imagine there was anything supernatural in it. It was the only mode of instruction I was ever pressed to repeat. The people came long distances, for the express purpose of seeing the objects and hearing the explanations.

These chiefs are so proud of the honour of having strangers residing in their villages, that it is difficult to effect a departure. An additional cause of delay arose from the frequent rains—twenty-four hours never elapsing without heavy showers. Here the winds from the north always bring heavy clouds and rain, while in the south the heavy rains come from the north-east or east. The thermometer falls as low as 72° when there is no sunshine, though when the weather is fair it generally rises as high as 82° in the shade, even in the mornings and evenings.

24th.—We expected to have started to-day, but Sambanza, who had been sent off early in the morning for guides,

returned at midday without them, the worse for liquor, having indulged too freely in mead. This was the first case of real intoxication we had seen in this region. The boyaloo, or beer of the country, has rather a stupifying than exciting effect; hence the beer-bibbers are great sleepers, and may frequently be seen lying on their faces sound asleep. As far as we could collect from Sambanza's incoherent sentences, Shinte had said that the rain was too heavy for our departure, and that the guides still required time for preparation. Shinte himself was said to be busy getting some meal ready



Shell and ornament made of its end.

for my use on the journey, and, as it rained nearly all day, it was no sacrifice to submit to his advice and remain. Sambanza staggered to Manenko, who coolly bundled him into the hut, and put him to bed.

As the last proof of friendship, Shinte came into my tent and examined all the curiosities, the quicksilver, the looking-glass, books, hair-brushes, comb, watch, &c. &c., with the greatest interest; then closing the tent, so that none of his own people might see his extravagance, he drew out from his clothing a string of beads, and the end of a conical shell, which is considered, in regions far from the sea, of as great value as the Lord Mayor's badge is in London. He hung it round my neck, and said, "There, now you *have* a proof of my friendship." My men informed me that these shells are so highly valued, as evidences of distinction, that two of them would purchase a slave, and five would be considered a handsome price for an elephant's tusk worth ten pounds. At our last interview Shinte pointed out our principal guide, Intemése, a man about fifty, who was, he said, ordered to remain by us till we should reach the sea; adding, that I had now left Sekeletu far behind, and must henceforth look to Shinte alone for aid, which would always be most cheerfully rendered. This was only a polite way of expressing his wishes for my success. He gave us a good supply of food, and, after mentioning, as a reason for letting us go even now, that no one could say we had been driven away from the town, since we had been several days with him, he gave a most hearty salutation, and we parted with the wish that God might bless him.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

THE LONAJE.—CAZEMBE. — FLOODED PLAINS. — THE LOKALUEJE.—  
THE LOTEMBWA.—THE CHIEF KATEMA.—LAKE DULOLO.

26th.—LEAVING Shinte, we passed down the lovely valley on which the town stands, and then through pretty open forest, to a village of Balonda, where we halted for the night. In

the morning we had a fine range of green hills called Saloísho on our right, and were informed that they were inhabited by the people of Shinte, who worked the iron-ore which abounds in these hills. The country through which we passed possessed the same wooded character that we have before noticed. The soil is dark, with a tinge of red, and appeared very fertile. Every valley contained villages of twenty or thirty huts, with gardens of manioc, which is regarded as the staff of life in these parts. Very little labour is required for its cultivation. The earth is thrown up into oblong beds, about three feet broad and one high, in which pieces of the manioc-stalk are planted at intervals of four feet. In from ten to eighteen months the roots are fit for food, but there is no necessity for raising them at once, as the roots do not become bitter and dry for three years. When the roots are taken up a piece or two of the upper stalks is replaced in the hole, and a new crop is thereby begun. The plant grows to a height of six feet, and every part of it is useful: the leaves may be cooked as a vegetable.

There are two varieties of the manioc or cassava—one sweet and wholesome, the other bitter and somewhat poisonous, but much more speedy in its growth than the former. The people get rid of the poison by steeping the root four days in water, when it becomes partially decomposed. It is then stripped of its skin, dried in the sun, and pounded into fine white meal closely resembling starch. This meal is mixed with as much boiling water as it will absorb, and in this state forms the ordinary "porridge" of the country. It is both unsatisfying and unsavoury; no matter how much a man may eat, two hours afterwards he is as hungry as ever, while in point of flavour I can only compare it to starch made of diseased potatoes. We managed to eat a little of it mixed with honey.

Our chief guide, Intemese, sent orders to all the villages about our route that Shinte's friends must have abundance of provisions, and these orders were carried out with a liberality far exceeding that which Shinte himself had exhibited. In return I gave small bunches of my stock of beads, which were always politely received. We had an opportunity of observing that our guides had much more etiquette than any of the tribes



farther south. They would neither partake of the food which we had cooked, nor would they eat in our presence, but always retired into a thicket for their meals, after which they stood up, clapped their hands, and praised Intemese. When the Makololo, who are very free and easy in their manners, held out handfuls of their meat to any of the Balonda, they refused to taste. They are very punctilious in their manners to each other. Each hut has its own fire, and when it goes out they make it afresh for themselves rather than take it from a neighbour. I believe much of this arises from superstitious fears.

After crossing the Lonaje we passed some pretty villages, embowered, as they usually are, in bananas, shrubs, and manioc, and we formed our encampment in a nest of serpents near the banks of the Leeba. One village had lately been transferred hither from the country of Matiamvo, who was still acknowledged by the villagers as paramount chief; this, however, as well as numerous other instances of migration, shows that the great chiefs possess only a limited power. The only peculiarity we observed in these people was the habit of plaiting the beard into a threefold cord.

The town of the Balonda chief, Cazembe, was pointed out to us as lying to the N.E. of the town of Shinte; it had been visited by great numbers of people in this quarter for the purpose of purchasing copper anklets, and was reported to be about five days' journey distant. I made inquiries of the oldest inhabitants of the villages at which we were staying respecting the visit of Pereira and Lacerda to that town. A grey-headed man replied that he had often heard of white men, but never seen one, and added that one had visited Cazembe when he was young, but had not entered this part of the country. The people of Cazembe are Balonda or Baloi, and his country has been termed Londa, Lunda, or Lui, by the Portuguese.

It was always difficult to get our guides to move away from a place. With the countenance of the chief, they felt as comfortable as king's messengers could do, and were not disposed to forego the pleasure of living at free quarters. My Makololo friends, who had never left their own country before, except for purposes of plunder, did not readily adopt the peaceful

system we now meant to follow. They either spoke too imperiously to strangers, or, when reproved for that, were disposed to follow the dictation of every one we met. On the 31st of January I managed, after considerable opposition on the part of Intemese, to get my party under weigh for the Leeba, which we soon reached, and found to be only about a hundred yards wide, and of the same dark mossy hue as I have before described. The villagers lent us canoes to effect our passage, which took about four hours; and having gone to a village about two miles beyond the river, I had the satisfaction of getting observations for both longitude and latitude, and found myself to be in long.  $22^{\circ} 57' E.$ ; lat.  $12^{\circ} 6' 6'' S.$

*February 1st.*—We had a fine view of two hills called Piri (Peeri), meaning "two," on the opposite side of the river, in a district named Mokwánkwa. Intemese informed us that one of Shinte's children was born there, during his progress southwards from the country of Matiamvo, whence it would appear that Shinte's people have only recently entered the country they now occupy. Indeed, Intemese informed me he himself had come into his present country by command of Matiamvo.

We were surprised to find English cotton cloth much more prized than beads and ornaments by the inhabitants of this district. They are more in need of clothing than the Bechuana tribes living adjacent to the Kalahari Desert, who have plenty of skins for the purpose. Animals of all kinds are rare here, and calico is proportionately valuable.

In the midst of the heavy rain, which continued all the morning, Intemese sent to say he was laid up with pains in the stomach, and must not be disturbed; but when it cleared up, about eleven, I saw our friend walking off to the village, apparently in excellent health, and talking with a very loud voice. On reproaching him for telling an untruth, he turned it off with a laugh, saying that he really had a complaint in his stomach, which could only be remedied by a supply of beef. He was evidently revelling in the abundance of good food supplied by the chief's orders, and did not share my feeling of shame when I gave only a few beads in return for large baskets of meal.

One of Intemese's men stole a fowl which the lady of the

village had given me. When charged with the theft, every one of Intemese's party indignantly vociferated his innocence. One of my men, however, went off to the village, brought the lady who had presented the fowl to identify it, and then pointed to the hut in which it was hidden. Upon this Intemese called on me to send one of my people to search the huts, if I suspected his people. The man sent soon found it, and brought it out, to the confusion of Intemese and the laughter of our party. We never met an instance like this, of theft from a white man, among the Makololo, though this people have the reputation of being addicted to pilfering. The honesty of the Bakwains has been already noticed. Probably the estimation in which I was held as a public benefactor, in which character I was not yet known to the Balonda, may account for the sacredness with which my property was always treated before. But other incidents which happened subsequently showed, as well as this, that idolators are not so virtuous as those who have no idols.

As the people on the banks of the Leeba were the last of Shinte's tribe over whom Intemese had power, he was naturally anxious to remain as long as possible. He occupied his leisure in making a large wooden mortar and pestle for his wife, and in carving some wooden spoons and a bowl; but as what he considered good living was anything but agreeable to us, who had been accustomed to milk and maize, we went forward on the 2nd without him. He soon followed, but left our pontoon behind, saying that it would be brought on by the head-man of the village. This, of course, turned out a mere falsehood, and the loss proved a serious one to us.

We entered an extensive plain beyond the Leeba, at least twenty miles broad, and covered with water, which was ankle-deep in the shallowest parts. We deviated somewhat from our N.W. course, keeping the Piri hills nearly on our right during a great part of the first day, in order to avoid the still more deeply flooded plains of Lobale (Luval?) on the west, which Intemese stated to be quite impassable, being thigh-deep. The plains are so perfectly level as to possess no drainage whatever, and consequently the rain-water which falls upon them in prodigious masses stands upon them for months together, until it is gradually absorbed into the soil,

after which they become in turn so dry that travellers are put to great straits for water, though it might undoubtedly be obtained by sinking wells. Little islands, on which grow stunted date-bushes and scraggy trees, are dotted about here and there over the surface. The plains themselves are covered with a thick sward of grass, which conceals the water, and makes the flats appear like great pale yellow-coloured prairie-lands. The rain-water must have stood some time among the grass, for great numbers of lotus-flowers were in full blow; and the runs of water tortoises, crabs, and other animals which prey on fish, were observed. These periodically deluged plains have a most important bearing on the physical geography of a very large portion of this country. The plains of Lobale give rise to a great many streams, which unite to form the deep never-failing Chobe. Similar extensive flats give birth to the Loeti and Kasai, and, as we shall see further on, all the rivers of an extensive region owe their origin, not to springs, but to oozing bogs. Intemese pointed out the different localities as we passed along, and among the rest mentioned a place which he called "Mokála a Mámá," his "mama's home." It was interesting to hear this tall grey-headed man recall the memories of boyhood. All the Makalaka children cleave to the mother in cases of separation, or removal from one part of the country to another. The Bechuanas, on the contrary, care nothing for their mothers, but cling to their fathers. Our Bakwain guide to the lake, Rachosi, told me that his mother lived in the country of Sebituane, but he laughed at the idea of going from lake Ngami to the Chobe, merely for the purpose of seeing her. Had he been one of the Makalaka, he never would have parted from her.

We made our beds on one of the islands, and were wretchedly supplied with firewood. The booths constructed by the men were but sorry shelter against the rain, which poured down without intermission till midday. When released by the cessation of the rain, we marched on till we came to a ridge of dry inhabited land in the N.W. The inhabitants, according to custom, lent us the roofs of some huts to save the men the trouble of booth-making. I suspect that the story in Park's 'Travels,' of the men lifting up the

hut to place it on the lion, referred to the roof only. By night it rained so copiously that all our beds were flooded from below; henceforth, therefore, we made a furrow round each booth, and used the earth to raise our sleeping-places. My men turned out to work in the wet most willingly, and I could not but contrast their conduct with that of Intemese, who was thoroughly imbued with the slave spirit, and lied on all occasions to save himself any trouble. We expected to move on the 4th, but he declared that we were so near Katema's, that, if we did not send forward to apprise that chief of our approach, he would certainly impose a fine. As it rained the whole day, we were reconciled to the delay; but on Sunday, the 5th, he apprised us that we were still two days distant from Katema. Unfortunately we could not dispense with him, for the country was so deluged that we should have been brought to a halt before we went many miles.

6th.—Soon after starting we crossed, in a canoe, a branch of the Lokalueje, which was described by a term applied to all branches of rivers in this country, viz. *ñuana* Kalueje (child of the Kalueje). In the afternoon we crossed the main stream, which had now about forty yards of deep fast-flowing water, but probably has not more than half that amount in the dry season: it is, however, a perennial stream, as the existence of hippopotami in it proves. It winds from north-east to south-west into the Leeba. The country adjacent to its banks is extremely fine and fertile, with here and there patches of forest or clumps of magnificent trees. The villagers through whose gardens we passed continue to sow and reap all the year round. Cereals, such as maize, lotsa (*Pennisetum typhoides*), and lokésh or millet, are to be seen at all stages of their growth. My companions expressed the greatest admiration of the agricultural capabilities of the whole of Londa, and were loud in their praises of the pasturage, lamenting, at the same time, that there were no cows to feed off the rich crops of grass.

Great numbers of the omnivorous fish *Glanis siluris*, or mosala, spread themselves over the flooded plains, and, as the waters retire, try to find their way back again to the rivers. The Balonda make weirs, either of earth or of mats, across the

outlets of the retreating waters, and fix in them creels, similar in shape to our own, which the fish can enter, but cannot escape from. They thus secure large quantities of fish, which, when smoke-dried, make a good relish for their otherwise insipid food. In still water they use a fish-trap made of reeds and supple wands, similar in shape to our common wire mouse-trap, with an opening surrounded with wires pointing inwards. Besides these means of catching fish, they use a hook of iron without a barb, the point being bent inwards instead. Nets are not so common as in the Zouga and Leeambye, but they kill large quantities of fishes by means of the bruised leaves of a shrub which may be seen planted beside every village in the country.

On the 7th we came to the village of Soána Molópo, a half-brother of Katema, whom we found sitting, surrounded by about one hundred men. He called on Intemese to give some account of us, though no doubt this had already been done in private. He then pronounced the following sentences:—"The journey of the white man is very proper, but Shinte has disturbed us by showing the path to the Makololo who accompany him. He ought to have taken them through the country without showing them the towns. We are afraid of the Makololo." He then gave us a handsome present of food, and seemed perplexed by my sitting down familiarly, and giving him a few of our ideas. Intemese raised his expectations of receiving a present of an ox in return for his civility, and, on my refusal, became sulky and refused to move on: we therefore resolved to go on without him.

On the following morning we took leave of Molopo, and having been, as usual, caught by rains, we halted at the house of Mozinkwa, a most intelligent and friendly man, who possessed a large and well-hedged garden. The walls of his compound, or courtyard, were constructed of branches of the banian, which, taking root, had become a live hedge. Mozinkwa's wife had cotton growing all round her premises, and several plants used as relishes to the insipid porridge of the country. She cultivated also the common castor-oil plant, and a larger shrub (*Jatropha curcas*), also yielding a purgative oil, which is only used however for anointing the person. We also saw in her garden Indian bringalls, yams, and sweet

potatoes. Several trees were planted in the middle of the yard, beneath the deep shade of which stood the huts of Mozinkwa's family. His children, very black but comely, were the finest negro family I ever saw. We were much pleased with the liberality of this man and his wife. She asked me to bring her a cloth from the white man's country, but when we returned she was in her grave, and he, as is the custom, had abandoned trees, garden, and huts to ruin. They cannot live on a spot where a favourite wife has died, either because they are unable to bear the remembrance of past happiness, or because they are afraid to remain in a spot which death has once visited. This feeling renders any permanent village in the country impossible.

*Friday, 10th.*—On leaving Mozinkwa's hospitable mansion we crossed in canoes another stream, about forty yards wide, called the Mona-Kalueje, or brother of Kalueje, as it flows into that river. As we were crossing it we were joined by a messenger from Katema, called Shakatwála, who held the post of steward or factotum to that chief. Every chief has one attached to his person, and, though generally poor, they are invariably men of great shrewdness and ability, and possess considerable authority in the chief's household. Shakatwála informed us that Katema had not received precise information about us, but that, if we were peaceably disposed, we were to come to his town. We proceeded forthwith, but were turned aside, by the strategy of our friend Intemese, to the village of Quendénde, the father-in-law of Katema, who was so polite and intelligent that we did not regret being obliged to spend Sunday with him.

Quendende's head was a good specimen of the greater crop of wool with which the negroes of Londa are furnished. The front was parted in the middle, and plaited into two thick rolls, which fell down behind the ears to the shoulders; the rest was collected into a large knot, which lay on the nape of the neck. We had much conversation together; he had just come from attending the funeral of one of his people, and I found that the drum-beating on these occasions originates in the idea that the Barimo, or spirits, can be drummed to sleep. There is a drum in every village, and we often hear it going from sunset to sunrise. They seem to look upon the departed

as vindictive beings, whom they regard with more fear than love.

My men on this, as on other occasions, did a little business for themselves in the begging line; they generally commenced every interview with new villagers by saying, "I have come from afar; give me something to eat." I forbade this at first, believing that, as the Makololo had a bad name, the villagers gave food from fear. But, after some time, it was evident that in many cases maize and manioc were given from pure generosity. In return for this liberality my men, who had nothing to offer, tried to appropriate an individual in each village as "Molekane," or comrade, thus placing himself under an obligation to treat his benefactor with equal kindness should the occasion for it arise.

We here met with some people just arrived from the town of Matiamvo (Muata yánvo), who had been sent to announce the death of the chieftain who lately enjoyed that title.\* He seems to have been insane, for he sometimes indulged the whim of running a muck in the town and beheading whomever he met, on the plea that his people were too many, and that he wanted to diminish them. On inquiring whether human sacrifices were still made, as in the time of Pereira, at Cazembe's, we were informed that they had never been so common as was represented to Pereira, but that they occasionally happened when certain charms were needed by the chief. These men were much astonished at the liberty enjoyed by the Makololo; and when they found that all my people held cattle, they told us that Matiamvo alone had a herd. One very intelligent man among them asked, "If he should make a canoe, and take it down the river to the Makololo, would he get a cow for it?" This question was important, as showing the knowledge of a water communication from the country of Matiamvo to the Makololo.

We left Quendende's village in company with Quendende himself, and the principal man of the ambassadors of Matiamvo, and, after two or three miles' march to the N.W., came to the ford of the Lotembwa, which flows southwards. A canoe was waiting to ferry us over, but it was very tedious

\* Matiamvo is an hereditary title—mušta meaning lord, or chief.



work; for though the river itself was only eighty yards wide, the whole valley was flooded, and we were obliged to paddle more than half a mile to get free of the water. A fire was lit to warm old Quendende, and enable him to dry his tobacco-leaves. The freshly gathered leaves are spread close to the fire until they are quite dry and crisp, when they are pounded with a small pestle, and used as snuff. As we sat by the fire the ambassadors communicated their thoughts freely respecting the customs of their race. When a chief dies, a number of his servants are slaughtered to form his company in the other world, a custom which the Barotse also follow. Quendende said that if he were present on these occasions he should hide his people, so that they might not be slaughtered. We were assured that, if the late Matiamvo took a fancy to anything, such, for instance, as my watch-chain, which was of silver wire, he would order a whole village to be brought up to buy it. When a slave-trader visited him he took possession of all his goods; he then sent out a party to some considerable village, and, having killed the head-man, paid for the goods by selling the inhabitants. On my asking if Matiamvo did not know himself to be a man, and that he would be judged by a Lord who is no respecter of persons, the ambassador replied, "We do not go up to God, as you do; we are put into the ground." I could not ascertain that these people, even though they believe in the continued existence of the spirit after death, had any notion of heaven; they appear to imagine the souls to be always near the place of sepulture.

After crossing the river Lotembwa we travelled about eight miles, and came to Katema's straggling town, or rather collection of villages (lat.  $11^{\circ} 35' 49''$  S., long.  $22^{\circ} 27'$  E.). We were led out about half a mile from the houses, to make for ourselves the best lodging we could of the trees and grass, while Intemese was subjected to the usual examination as to our conduct and professions. Katema soon afterwards sent a handsome present of food. Next morning we had a formal presentation, and found Katema seated on a sort of throne, with about three hundred men on the ground, and thirty women, said to be his wives, close behind him, the main body of the people being seated in a semicircle at a distance of fifty yards. Each party had its own head-man stationed at a

little distance in front, who, when beckoned by the chief, came near him as councillors. Intemese gave our history, and Katema placed sixteen large baskets of meal before us, half a dozen fowls, and a dozen eggs, and, expressing regret that we had slept hungry, added, "Go home, and cook and eat, and you will then be in a fit state to speak to me at an audience I will give you to-morrow." Katema was a tall man, about forty years of age, and was dressed in a snuff-brown coat ornamented with a broad band of tinsel down the arms; on his head he wore a helmet of beads and feathers, and in his hand he carried a large fan made of the caudal extremities of a number of gnus, with charms attached to it, which he continued waving in front of himself all the time we were there. He seemed in good spirits, and laughed heartily several times, which we thought a good sign, for a man who shakes his sides with mirth is seldom difficult to deal with. When we rose to take leave, all rose with us, as at Shinte's.

Returning next morning, Katema addressed me thus:—"I am the great Moéne (lord) Katema, the fellow of Matiamvo. There is no one in this country equal to Matiamvo and me. I and my forefathers have always lived here, and there is the house in which my father lived. You found no human skulls near the place where you are encamped. I never killed any of the traders; they all come to me. I am the great Moéne Katema, of whom you have heard." He looked as if he had fallen asleep tipsy, and dreamed of his greatness. On explaining my objects, he promptly pointed out three men who would be our guides, and explained that the N.W. path was the most direct, but that the water at present standing on the plains would reach up to the loins; he would therefore send us by a more northerly route, which no trader had yet traversed. This was more suited to our wishes, for we never found a path safe that had been trodden by slave-traders.

We presented a few articles, which pleased him highly—a small shawl, a razor, three bunches of beads, some buttons, and a powder-horn. Apologising for the insignificance of the gift, I asked what I could bring him from Loanda, saying that it must be something small. He laughed heartily at the limitation, and replied that "the smallest contribution would be thankfully received; but he should particularly like a coat, as

the one he was wearing was old." I introduced the subject of the Bible, but one of the old councillors broke in, and glided off into other subjects. I now experienced the disadvantage of having to speak through an interpreter; on all ordinary matters it was easy enough to carry on communication, but when it came to the exposition of religious topics, in which the interpreters themselves took no interest, it was uncommonly slow work. Neither could Katema's attention be arrested, except by compliments, of which they have always plenty to bestow as well as receive. We were strangers, and knew that, as Makololo, we had not the best of characters, yet his treatment of us was wonderfully good and liberal.

I complimented him on the possession of cattle, and pleased him by telling him how to milk the cows, of which he had about thirty, really splendid animals, reared from two which he bought from the Balobale when he was young. They are generally of a white colour and quite wild, running off with graceful ease like a herd of elands on the approach of a stranger. They excited the unbounded admiration of the Makololo, and clearly proved that the country was well adapted for them. When Katema wishes to slaughter one, he is obliged to shoot it as if it were a buffalo. Matiamvo is said to possess a herd of cattle in a similar state.

As Katema did not offer an ox, we slaughtered one of our own, and were delighted to get a meal of meat, after subsisting so long on the light porridge and green maize of Londa. On such occasions some pieces of the meat are in the fire even before the process of skinning is completed. A frying-pan full of these pieces having been got quickly ready, my men crowded about me, and I handed some all round. I offered portions to the Balonda, which they declined, though they are excessively fond of a little meat as an adjunct to their vegetable diet. Their objection was not to the meat, but to its having been cooked by us. My people, when satisfied with a meal like that which they enjoy so often at home, amused themselves by an uproarious dance. Katema sent to ask what I had given them to produce so much excitement. Intemese replied that it was their custom, and that they meant no harm. The companion of the ox we slaughtered refused food for two days, and repeatedly tried to

escape back to the Makololo country. My men remarked, "He thinks, they will kill me as well as my friend." Katema thought it the result of art, and had fears of my skill in medicine and witchcraft. On this ground he refused to see the magic lantern.

We were visited by an old man who had been a constant companion of the late Matiamvo, and, as I was sitting in front of the little gipsy tent mending my camp-stool, I invited him to take a seat on the grass beside me. This was peremptorily refused: "he had never sat on the ground during the late chief's reign, and he was not going to degrade himself now." One of my men, handing him a log of wood taken from the fire, helped him out of the difficulty. When I offered him some cooked meat on a plate he would not touch it, but would take it home; I therefore honoured him by sending a servant to bear a few ounces of meat to the town behind him. He mentioned the Lölö (Lulua) as the branch of the Zambesi which flows southwards or S.S.E.; but the people of Matiamvo had never gone far down it, as their chief had always been afraid of encountering a tribe who, from the description given, I could recognise as the Makololo. He described five rivers as falling into the Lolo, viz. the Lishish, Liss or Lise, Kalilème, Ishidish, and Molóng, none of which are large, but, when united in the Lolo, form a considerable stream. The country through which the Lolo flows is said to be flat, with large patches of forest, and well peopled. In this report he agreed perfectly with the people of Matiamvo whom we had met at Quendende's village. But we never could get him, or any one in this quarter, to draw a map on the ground, as people do in the south.

Katema promised us some of his people as carriers, but his authority does not appear to be very efficient, for they refused to turn out for the work, and persisted in their refusal even though our guide Shakatwala ran after some of them with a drawn sword. They were Balobale; and he remarked that, though he had received them as fugitives, they did not feel grateful enough to obey, and if they continued rebellious he must drive them back whence they came: but there is little fear of that, as all the chiefs are excessively anxious to collect men in great numbers around them.

On Sunday, the 19th, both I and several of our party were seized with fever, and I did nothing but toss about in my little tent, with the thermometer above 90°, though this was the beginning of winter, and my men had made as much shade as possible by planting branches of trees all over it. We have had, for the first time in my experience in Africa, a cold wind from the north. The winds from that quarter are generally hot, and those from the south cold, though they seldom blow from either direction.

The people of Katema are fond of singing-birds. One pretty little songster, named "cabazo," a species of canary, is kept in neatly-made cages, having traps on the top to entice its still free companions. It is fed on the lotsa (*Pennisetum typhoideum*), which is largely cultivated as food for man, and which the wild canaries attack as vigorously as the sparrows do our fruit-trees. I was pleased to hear the long-forgotten cry of the canaries in the woods, and I observed one warbling forth its song, and swaying from side to side, as they do in the cage. We saw also tame pigeons, having the real canary colour on the breast with a tinge of green; the back yellowish green, with darker longitudinal bands meeting in the centre; and a narrow dark band passing from the bill over the eye and back to the bill again.

The songsters here set up quite a merry chorus in the mornings, and abound most near the villages. Some sing as loudly as our thrushes, and the king-hunter (*Halcyon Senegalensis*) makes a clear whirring sound like that of a railway guard's whistle. During the heat of the day they take their siesta in the shadiest parts of the trees, but in the cool of the evening they renew their pleasant melody. It is remarkable that so many song-birds abound amid a general paucity of other animal life. As we went forward we were struck by the comparative absence of game and the larger kind of fowls: the rivers contain very few fish: flies are not troublesome: and mosquitoes are seldom so numerous as to disturb the slumbers of a weary man.

But though this region is free from common insect plagues and from tsetse, it is much infested with spiders, some of which inflict severe and, according to report, even fatal stings. I was on one occasion stung by a light-coloured spider

about half an inch in length, and for two hours I suffered very acute pain. I have not met with an instance of a sting followed by fatal results, but I have seen a black hairy spider with a process at the end of its front claws similar to that at the end of the scorpion's tail, from the point of which, when the bulbous portion of it is pressed, the poison may be seen oozing out. A large reddish spider (*Mygale*), named by the natives "seláli," runs about with great velocity, searching for what it may devour, and, from its size and rapid motions, excites the horror of every stranger. Although I never knew it to do any harm, yet I believe few could look upon it for the first time without feeling himself in danger. Its nest is most ingeniously covered with a hinged cover or door, about the size of a shilling, the inner face of which is of a pure white silky substance, like paper, while the outer one is coated over with earth precisely like that in which the hole is made, so that, when it is closed, it is quite impossible to detect the situation of the nest. Unfortunately, this cavity for breeding is never seen, except when the owner is out and has left the door open behind her. We must again notice a large beautiful yellow-spotted spider, the webs of which are about a yard in diameter. The lines on which these webs are spun are suspended from one tree to another, and are as thick as coarse thread. The fibres radiate from a central point, where the insect waits for its prey. The webs are placed perpendicularly, and hence a person walking frequently gets his face enveloped in them just as in a veil. Another kind of spider is gregarious, and forms so great a collection of webs as to obliterate all traces of the hedge or the trunk about which they are spun. Another, which frequents the inside of the huts among the Makololo in great abundance, is round, spotted, of a brown colour, and half an inch in diameter. It makes a smooth spot for itself on the wall, covered with the above-mentioned white silky substance. There it is seen standing the whole day, and I never could ascertain how it fed. It has no web, but a carpet, and is a harmless, though an ugly neighbour.

20th.—We were glad to get away, though not on account of any scarcity of food; for my men, by giving small presents of meat as an earnest of their sincerity, formed many friendships

with the people of Katema. Having proceeded six miles in a N.W. direction, we reached lake Dilolo, which is about a quarter of a mile broad at its eastern extremity, but attains a maximum width of three miles, and a length of seven or eight. It is well supplied with fish and hippopotami. I was too much exhausted with fever either to explore its shores, or to determine by astronomical observations its exact position.

Immediately beyond Dilolo there is a large flat about twenty miles in breadth. Heavy rains prevented us from crossing this in one day, and the constant wading among the grass hurt the feet of the men. There is a footpath all the way across, but, as this is worn down beneath the level of the rest of the plain, it is necessarily the deepest portion, and is therefore avoided. For this reason our progress was slow and painful.

I was much struck with the sagacity of the ants which frequent these flooded plains. They erect for themselves little houses of black tenacious loam on stalks of grass, at a point above high-water mark, into which they ascend during the period of the inundation. These tenements must have been erected before the inundation commences, for, if they had waited till the water actually invaded their terrestrial habitations, they would not have been able to procure materials for their aerial quarters, unless they dived down to the bottom for every mouthful of clay. Some of these upper chambers are about the size of a bean, and others as large as a man's thumb.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE KASAI.—CROSSING THE NUANA LAKE.—TROUBLES IN THE TERRITORY OF THE CHIBOQUE.

*24th February.*—On reaching unflooded lands beyond the plain, we found the villages under the authority of a chief named Katénde, and we also discovered that the plain forms the watershed between the southern and northern rivers, for we had now entered a district in which the rivers flowed in a

northerly direction, while those hitherto crossed were all running southwards. Having met with kind treatment at the first village, we parted with Katema's guides, and, under the direction of the inhabitants, followed a route to the N.N.W., which led us down into a deep valley, along the bottom of which ran a stream from the plains above. We crossed this by a rustic bridge at present submerged thigh-deep by the rains. The trees growing on the banks of the stream were thickly planted and very high, many of them having sixty or eighty feet of clean straight trunk: beautiful flowers adorned the ground beneath them. Ascending the opposite side, we came in two hours' time to another valley equally beautiful, and also having a stream in it. It may seem at first sight mere trifling to note such an unimportant thing as the occurrence of a valley, but I do so inasmuch as these valleys were found to belong to the water-basin of the Kasai or Loke, and as I wish to point out the manner in which the waters of this river are supplied.

At different points on the slopes of these valleys there are oozing fountains, surrounded by clumps of the same evergreen, straight, large-leaved trees which fringe the streams, and generally covered with a thick mat of grassy vegetation. These groups of foliage give a peculiar character to the landscape, being generally of a rounded form, and the tall, straight trunks contrasting strongly with the scraggy productions of the upper plains. There can be little doubt but that the water, which stands for months on the plains, finds its way into the rivulets by percolating through the soil, and emerging at these oozing bogs; and the difference in the growth of the trees may be a proof that the stunted character of those on the plains is owing to the drought to which they are subjected during a portion of the year.

In the evening we reached the village of Kabinje, who sent us a present of tobacco, Mutokuane or "bang" (*Cannabis sativa*), and maize, and expressed his satisfaction at the prospect of having trade with the coast. We were now coming among people who are frequently visited by the Mambari, as slave-dealers. This trade entails bloodshed; for it is necessary to get rid of the older members of a family selected as victims, because they are supposed to be able to give annoyance to



the chief afterwards by means of enchantments. The belief in the power of charms for good or evil produces not only honesty, but a great amount of gentle dealing. The powerful are often restrained in their despotism, from a fear that the weak and helpless may injure them by their medical knowledge. They have many fears. A man at one of the villages we came to showed us the grave of his child, and, with much apparent feeling, told us she had been burned to death in her hut. He had come with all his family, and built huts around it in order to weep for her, in the belief that, if the grave were left unwatched, the witches would injure them by putting medicines on the body. They have a more decided belief in the continued existence of departed spirits than any of the more southerly tribes. Even the Barotæ possess it in a strong degree, for one of my men of that tribe, on experiencing headache, said, with a sad countenance, "My father is scolding me because I do not give him any of the food I eat." I asked where his father was. "Among the Barimo," was the reply.

When we wished to move on, Kabinje refused a guide to the next village, because he was at war with it; but after much persuasion he consented, provided that the guide should return as soon as he came in sight of the enemy's village. This we felt to be a misfortune, as the natives suspect a man who comes telling his own tale; but there being no help for it, we proceeded and found the head-man Kangénke very different from what his enemy represented him to be. We found too that here the idea of buying and selling superseded that of giving, and, as I had nothing with which to purchase food except a parcel of beads which were reserved for emergencies, I began to fear that we should soon suffer severely from hunger. The people demanded gunpowder for everything, and, had we possessed a large quantity of that article, we should have got on well. Next to that, English calico was in great demand, and so were beads; but money was of no value whatever, trade being carried on by barter alone. Gold is quite unknown, and is mistaken for brass. Occasionally a large piece of copper, in the shape of a St. Andrew's cross, was offered for sale.

*27th February.*—Kangenke promptly furnished guides this



From a Sketch by Capt. H. Need, R.N  
**RIVER SCENERY ON THE WEST COAST.**

morning, who shortly brought us to the banks of the Kasye, Kasai, or Loke, which is about one hundred yards broad in this part, and runs to the north and north-east. The scenery on its banks is most charming, and reminded me much of my native Clyde: it meanders through the glen, at one time embowered in sylvan vegetation, at another time gleaming amid verdant meadows. The men pointed out its course and said, "Though you sail along it for months, you will turn without seeing the end of it." We crossed it in canoes in 11° 15' 47" S. lat.

We were now in want of food, for, to the great surprise of my companions, the people of Kangerke gave nothing, and charged a most exorbitant price for the meal and manioc they brought. As the only article of barter my men had was a little fat saved from the ox slaughtered at Katema's, I was obliged to give them a portion of my stock of beads. We saw moreover that we were in a land where no animal food was to be had, for one of our guides caught a light-blue coloured mole and two mice for his supper, and the care with which he wrapped them up in a leaf and slung them on his spear told us that we could not hope to enjoy any larger game. We saw no trace of any other animals than these; and, on coming to the villages beyond this, we often saw boys and girls engaged in digging up these tiny quadrupeds.

On the 29th we approached the village of Katende, who sent for me on the next day, and invited me to enter a hut, as it was raining at the time. After a long time spent in giving and receiving messages from the great man, we were told that he wanted either a man, a tusk, beads, copper rings, or a shell, as a toll. No one, we were assured, was allowed to pass through his country, or even to behold him, without something being presented. Having humbly explained our circumstances, and that he could not expect to "catch a humble cow by the horns,"—a proverb similar to our "drawing blood from a stone"—we were told to go home, and he would speak again to us next day. I could not avoid laughing at the impudence of the savage, but, as it was thought advisable to propitiate him by a small present, I turned out my shirts, and, having selected the worst as a sop for him, I invited him to come and choose anything else I had, adding that, when I

should reach my own chief naked, and was asked what I had done with my clothes, I should be obliged to confess that I had left them with Katende. The shirt was despatched, accompanied by some of my people, who soon returned with the news that it had been accepted, and that guides and food would be sent to us next day. The chief moreover expressed a hope to see me on my return. My men were as much astonished as myself at the demands of the chief as well as at his inhospitality: he only gave us a little meal and manioc and a fowl. After a detention of two days by heavy rains, we felt that a good stock of patience was necessary in travelling through this country in the rainy season.

Passing onwards without seeing Katende, we crossed a small rivulet, the Sengko, and after two hours came to another, somewhat larger, the Totélo, which had a bridge over it. At the further end of this structure stood a negro, who demanded toll on the ground that the bridge was his; and that, if we did not pay, he would prevent our progress. Astounded at such a stretch of civilization, I stood a few seconds confronting our bold toll-keeper, when one of my men took off three copper bracelets, which paid for the whole party. The negro was a better man than he at first seemed to be, for he immediately went to his garden and brought us some leaves of tobacco as a present.

When we had got fairly away from the villages the guides from Kangerke told us that there were three paths in front, and that, if we did not at once present them with a cloth, they would leave us to ourselves. As I had pointed out the direction in which Loanda lay, and had only employed them for the sake of knowing the paths between villages which lay along our route, I wished my men to dispense with them: but Mashauana, fearing lest we might wander, asked leave to give his own cloth, and, when the guides saw that, they came forward shouting, "Averié, Averié!"

In the afternoon of this day we came to a valley about a mile wide, the bottom of which was completely under water. The men on foot were chin-deep in crossing, and we three on oxback got wet to the middle, as the animals' burdens prevented them from swimming. A thunder-shower completed the drenching, and gave an uncomfortable "packing in a wet

blanket" for that night. Next day we found another flooded valley about half a mile wide, with a small and now deep rivulet in its middle, flowing rapidly towards the Kasai. The mid-stream was so rapid that we crossed by holding on to the oxen, which were carried by the force of the current to the opposite bank; we then jumped off, and pulled them on to the shallower part. The rest of the valley was thigh-deep and boggy, but, by holding on by the belt which fastened the blanket to the ox, we floundered through as well as we could. These boggy parts stretched for miles along each bank; but even here, though the rapidity of the current was very considerable, the thick sward of grass was "laid" flat along the sides of the stream, and the soil was not so much abraded as to discolour the flood. On the opposite side of this valley we met with some pieces of the ferruginous conglomerate which forms the capping of all the rocks in the surrounding district: the oxen bit at them as if surprised at the appearance of stone, or perhaps because it contained some mineral of which they stood in need. The country is covered with deep alluvial soil of a dark colour and very fertile.

In the afternoon we came to another stream, named *n̄uana* Loke (or child of Loke), with a bridge over it, which, however, was so deeply flooded that the men had to swim off to it, and when on it were breast-deep. Some preferred holding on by the tails of the oxen the whole way across, and I intended to do this, but, before I could dismount, the ox dashed off with his companions, and soon sank so deep that I failed even to catch the blanket belt, and was obliged to strike out for the opposite bank alone. My poor fellows were dreadfully alarmed when they saw me parted from the cattle; about twenty of them made a simultaneous rush into the water for my rescue, and just as I reached the opposite bank one seized my arm, and another clasped me round the body. When I stood up it was most gratifying to see them all struggling towards me. Some had leaped off the bridge, and allowed their cloaks to float down the stream. Part of my goods, abandoned in the hurry, were brought up from the bottom after I was safe. Great was the pleasure expressed when they found that I could swim like themselves, and I felt most grateful to these poor heathens for the promptitude

with which they dashed in to my rescue. In the evening we crossed the small rivulet Lozéze, and came to some villages of the Kasábi, from whom we got some manioc in exchange for beads. They tried to frighten us by telling of the deep rivers we should have to cross, but my men laughed at the idea: "We can all swim," said they; "who carried the white man across the river but himself?" I felt proud of their praise.

*Saturday, 4th March.*—We reached the outskirts of the territory of the Chiboque. We crossed the Konde and Kalúze, the former a deep small stream with a bridge, the latter an insignificant rivulet, each flowing through a valley of remarkable fertility. My companions are continually lamenting over these uncultivated vales in such words as these,— "What a fine country for cattle! My heart is sore to see such fruitful valleys for corn lying waste!" At first I conceived that the reason why the inhabitants of this fine country possessed no herds of cattle was owing to the despotic sway of their chiefs, but I have since conjectured that the country must formerly have been infested by the tsetse, which has now disappeared along with the wild animals on which it subsists. This was probably the case in the country of the Balonda, who, by the possession of guns, had cleared most of the country of the large game, and had thus fitted it for the reception of cattle. Hence the success of Katema, Shinte, and Matiamvo with their herds. It would not be surprising if they knew nothing of this explanation; for I once met with a tribe on the Zambesi whose country was swarming with tsetse, but who believed that they could not keep any cattle because "no one loved them well enough to give them the medicine of oxen;" and even the Portuguese at Loanda attributed the death of the cattle brought from the interior to the sea-coast to the prejudicial influence of the sea air! One ox which I took down to the sea from the interior died at Loanda with all the symptoms of the poison injected by tsetse, which I myself saw in a district within a hundred miles of the coast. While at the villages of the Kasabi we saw no evidence of want of food. Our beads were very valuable, but cotton cloth would have been still more so; as we travelled along, men, women, and children came running

after us with meal and fowls for sale, which we might readily have obtained in exchange for English manufactures. When they heard that we had no cloth they turned back much disappointed.

The amount of population in the central parts of the country may be called large, as compared with the Cape Colony or the Bechuana country. The cultivated land is as nothing compared with what might be brought under the plough. There are flowing streams in abundance, which might, with little labour, be turned to the purpose of irrigation. Miles of fruitful country are now lying absolutely waste, for there is not even game to eat off the fine pasturage, and to recline under the evergreen shady groves which present themselves along our path. The people who inhabit the central region are not all quite black : many incline to a bronze hue, and others are as light as the Bushmen ; who, it may be remembered, were cited as a proof that a black complexion is due not to heat alone, but to the combination of heat and moisture. To this general law there are exceptions, caused by the migrations of both tribes and individuals ; the Makololo for instance, who have a sickly sallow hue when compared with the aboriginal inhabitants ; and the Batoka, who, when seen in company with the Batoka of the rivers, are so much lighter in colour that they might be taken for another tribe.

Having reached the village of Njambi, one of the chiefs of the Chiboque, on the day above specified, we intended to pass a quiet Sunday ; and as our provisions were quite spent, I ordered an ox to be slaughtered. We sent the hump and ribs to Njambi, with the explanation that this was the customary tribute to chiefs in the part whence we had come, and that we always honoured men in his position. He returned thanks, and promised to send food. Next morning he sent an impudent message demanding either a man, an ox, a gun, powder, cloth, or a shell ; and in the event of refusal, he intimated his intention of preventing our further progress. We replied, that, even supposing we possessed the articles demanded, he ought not to impose a tribute on any but a slave-trading party. The servants who brought the message said that, when sent to the Mambari, they had always got a quantity of cloth for

their master, and that they now expected the same, or an equivalent, from me.

About mid-day Njambi collected his people, and surrounded our encampment, with the evident object of plundering us of everything. My men seized their javelins, and stood on the defensive, while the young Chiboque brandished their swords with great fury, and some even levelled their guns at me. I sat on my camp-stool, with my double-barrelled gun across my knees, and invited the chief to be seated also. When he and his counsellors had sat down on the ground in front of me, I asked what crime we had committed that he had come armed in that way. He replied that one of my men, Pitsane, while sitting at the fire that morning, had, in spitting, allowed a small quantity of the saliva to fall on the leg of one of his men. Pitsane admitted the fact, and, in proof of its being a pure accident, mentioned that he had wiped it off with his hand as soon as it fell. This explanation, however, was not received, and compensation was demanded to the extent of a man, an ox, or a gun. I refused, of course, such an unreasonable demand, and after a considerable parley I gave him one of my shirts. The young Chiboque were dissatisfied, and began shouting and brandishing their swords for a greater fine. At the request of Pitsane I added a bunch of beads, and again, when the counsellors objected, a large handkerchief. The more I yielded, however, the more unreasonable they became, and at every fresh demand a shout was raised, and a rush made around us with brandished weapons. One young man even made a charge at my head from behind, but I quickly brought round the muzzle of my gun to his mouth, and he retreated. I felt anxious to avoid the effusion of blood, and therefore, though sure of being able with my Makololo to drive off twice the number of our assailants, I strove to avoid actual collision. My men were quite unprepared for this exhibition, but behaved with admirable coolness. The chief and his counsellors, by accepting my invitation to be seated, had placed themselves in a trap; for my men had quietly surrounded them, and made them feel that there was no chance of escaping their spears. I then said, that, as everything had failed to satisfy them, it was evident that *they*



wanted to fight, and, if so, they must begin first and bear the guilt before God. I then sat silent for some time. It was certainly rather trying, because I knew that the Chiboque would aim at the white man first; but I was careful not to appear flurried, and, having four barrels ready for instant action, looked quietly at the savage scene around. The chief and his counsellors, seeing themselves in greater danger than I was, and influenced perhaps by the air of cool preparation which my men displayed, at last put the matter before us in this way: "You say you are quite friendly: but how can we know it unless you give us some of your food, and you take some of ours? If you give us an ox we will give you whatever you may wish, and then we shall be friends." In accordance with the entreaties of my men I gave an ox; and being asked what I should like in return, I mentioned food, as the thing which we most needed. In the evening Njambi sent a very small basket of meal, and two or three pounds of the flesh of our own ox! with the apology that he had no fowls, and very little food of other kinds. It was impossible to avoid laughing at the coolness of these generous creatures. I was truly thankful nevertheless that we had so far gained our point as to be allowed to pass on without having shed human blood.

*March 6th.*—We were informed that the people living to the west of the Chiboque of Njambi were familiar with the visits of slave-traders; and as it was the opinion of our guides from Kangerke that so many of my companions would be exacted of me that I should reach the coast without a single attendant, I resolved to strike away to the N.N.E., in the hope that at some point farther north I might find an exit to the Portuguese settlement of Cassange. We proceeded at first due north, with the Kasabi villages on our right, and the Kasau on our left. During the first twenty miles we crossed many swollen streams, having the same boggy banks as I have already described, and wherever the water had stood for any length of time it was discoloured with rust of iron. We saw a "nakong" antelope one day, a rare sight in this quarter; and many pretty flowers adorned the valleys. We could observe the difference in the seasons as we advanced northwards in company with the sun. Summer was now

nearly over at Kuruman, and far advanced at Linyanti, but here we were in the middle of it; fruits which we had eaten ripe on the Zambesi were here quite green; but we were coming into the region where the inhabitants are favoured with two rainy seasons and two crops, viz., when the sun is going south, and when it returns to the north.

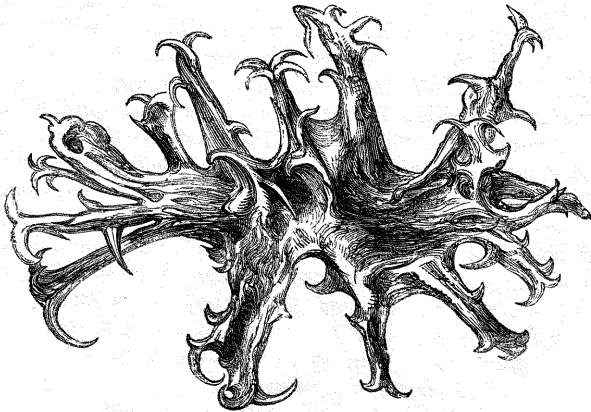
On the 8th one of my men, having left an ounce or two of powder at our sleeping-place, went back several miles for it. I was compelled to wait for him, and, as my clothes were wet at the time, I caught a violent fit of fever. This was a source of much regret, for the next day was, for a wonder, fine, but I was so prostrated by the fever that I could scarcely manage, after some hours' trial, to get a lunar observation in which I could repose confidence. Those who know the difficulties of making observations, and committing all of them to paper, will sympathise with me in this and many similar instances. We crossed a rivulet named the Chihune, which flows into the Longe, and ultimately into the Kasai. Some villagers brought us wax for sale, and, finding that we wished for honey, they soon returned with a hive. All the bees in this country are private property, for the natives place hives sufficient to house them all. We therefore paid no attention to the call of the honey-guide, for we were sure it would only lead us to a hive which we had no right to touch. The bird continues its habit of inviting attention to the honey, though its services in this district are never actually needed.

As we traversed a succession of open lawns and deep forests, it was interesting to observe the manner in which trees adapt themselves, almost as if by instinct, to different circumstances. I noticed one, for instance, which on open ground grows as an ordinary umbrageous tree, but, when it gets into the forest, where it is overshadowed by loftier trees, secures for itself a fair share of light and air, either by sending out an arm, which climbs to the top of a neighbouring tree, or by converting itself wholly into a climber. In the former case it retains its original form and has a double head, below and above; in the latter case it has but a single head.

In passing through the narrow paths I had an opportunity of observing the peculiarities of my ox "Sinbad," who was blessed with a most intractable temper. Being unable to do

any damage with his horns, which were bent downwards and hung loosely, he adopted another mode of venting his spleen. As we wended our way slowly along the path, he would suddenly dart aside, and, in spite of all my endeavours, would persist in his course until I was unseated by some climber that crossed the path, when he availed himself of the opportunity to try to kick me. The ordinary method of guiding an ox is by a string tied to a stick put through the cartilage of the nose; but Sinbad was utterly indifferent to the hints he received through this contrivance whenever he determined on taking his own course.

A remarkable peculiarity in the forests of this country is the absence of thorns; there are but two exceptions—one bearing a species of *nux vomica*; another, a small shrub very like the sarsaparilla, bearing in addition to its hooked thorns bunches of yellow berries. This absence of thorns is especially noticeable to those who have been in the south, where we have thorns of every size and shape; straight and curved, thin and long, short and thick, and so strong as to be able to cut even leather like a knife. Seed-vessels are scattered everywhere by these appendages. One lies flat as a shilling, with two thorns in its centre, ready to run into the foot of any animal that treads upon it, and stick there for days together. Another (the *Uncaria procumbens*, or grapple-plant)



Seed-vessel of the "grapple-plant."

has so many hooked thorns as to cling most tenaciously to any animal to which it may become attached; when an ox gets one on his mouth, the animal stands roaring with pain and a sense of helplessness.

Wherever a part of the forest which has once been cleared for a garden is afterwards abandoned, a plant with leaves like those of ginger springs up, and contends with a crop of ferns for the possession of the soil. This is the case all the way down to Angola, and shows the great difference of climate between this and the Bechuana country, where ferns, except one or two hardy species, are never seen. The plants above mentioned bear a pretty pink flower close to the ground, which is succeeded by a scarlet fruit full of seeds, yielding a pleasant acid juice. The prevalence of such acids is one of the characteristics of the fruits of this country, and is probably intended as a corrective to the fluids of the system in the hot climate.

On leaving the Chihune we crossed the Loange, and, as the day was cloudy, our guides, who depended on the sun for guidance, wandered away to the west till we came to the river Chihombo, flowing to the E.N.E. They then thought that they had wandered back to the Chiboque, and began to dispute as to the point where the sun should rise next morning. It would have been better to have travelled by compass alone, for the guides took advantage of any fears expressed by my people, and threatened to return if presents were not at once made to them.

*Saturday, 11th.*—As soon as the rains would allow us we went off to the N.E., and reached a small village on the banks of a narrow stream. I was too ill to leave my shelter, except to quell a mutiny which began to show itself among some of the Batoka and Ambonda of our party. They grumbled because they supposed that I had shown partiality in the distribution of the beads; but I explained to them that the beads I had given to my principal men were only sufficient to purchase a scanty meal, and that I had hastened on to this village in order to slaughter a tired ox, and give them all a feast on Sunday. Having thus, as I thought, silenced their murmurs, I soon sank into a state of stupor, which the fever sometimes produced, and was oblivious to all their noise in

slaughtering. On Sunday the mutineers were making a terrible din in preparing a skin they had procured. I requested them twice to be more quiet, as the noise pained me: but as they paid no attention to this civil request, I put out my head, and, repeating it myself, was answered by an impudent laugh. Knowing that discipline would be at an end if this mutiny were not quelled, and that our lives depended on vigorously upholding authority, I seized a double-barrelled pistol, and darted forth with such a savage aspect as to put them to a precipitate flight. They immediately became very obedient, and never afterwards gave me any trouble, or imagined that they had any right to my property.

13th.—We went forward some miles, but were brought to a stand by the severity of my fever on the banks of a branch of the Loajima, another tributary of the Kasai. I was in a state of partial coma until late at night, when it became necessary for me to go out; and I was surprised to find that my men had built a little stockade, and had taken to their weapons. We were surrounded by a party of Chiboque, who lay near the gateway, preferring the demand of “a man, an ox, a gun, or a tusk.” My men had prepared for defence in case of a night attack, and, when the Chiboque inquired about my position in the camp, they very properly refused to point me out. In the morning I went out to the Chiboque, who answered me civilly regarding my intentions in opening the country, and said that they only wished to exchange tokens of goodwill with me, and had brought three pigs, which they hoped I would accept. I accepted the present in the hope that the blame of unfriendliness might not rest with me, and in return I presented a razor and two bunches of beads, together with twelve copper rings, which my men contributed from their arms. They went off to report to their chief; and as I was quite unable to move from excessive giddiness, we continued in the same spot all Tuesday. On the evening of that day they returned with a message couched in very plain terms, that a man, a tusk, a gun, or even an ox, would be acceptable to the chief, and that whatever I should please to demand from him he would gladly give. As this was all said civilly, and as there was no alternative but bloodshed if we refused, I gave a tired riding-ox. My late chief mutineer,

an Ambonda man, was now over-loyal, for he armed himself and stood at the gateway, asserting that he would rather die than see his father imposed on; but I ordered Mosantu to take him out of the way, and the Chiboque marched off well pleased with their booty. I told my men that I esteemed one of their lives more valuable than all the oxen, and that I would only fight to save the lives and liberties of the majority. In this they all agreed, and said that, if the Chiboque molested us, the guilt would be on their heads. It is a favourite mode of concluding any explanation of an act to say, "I have no guilt or blame" ("molatu"), or "They have the guilt." I never could be positive whether the idea in their minds is guilt in the sight of the Deity, or of mankind only.

Next morning the Chiboque returned with about thirty yards of strong striped English calico, an axe, and two hoes for our acceptance. I divided the cloth among my men, and pleased them a little by thus compensating them for the loss of the ox. I advised the chief to get cattle for his own use, and expressed sorrow that I had none wherewith to enable him to make a commencement. Rains prevented our proceeding till Thursday morning, when messengers appeared to tell us that the chief had learned that some of the cloth sent by him had been stolen by the persons ordered to present it to us, and that he had stripped them of their property as a punishment. Our guides thought these to be only spies of a larger party concealed in the forest through which we were now about to pass. We prepared therefore for defence by marching in a compact body, and allowing none to straggle. Nothing however disturbed us, and, for my own part, I was too ill to care much whether we were attacked or not. A pouring rain came on, but, as we were all anxious to get away out of so bad a neighbourhood, we proceeded. The thick atmosphere prevented my seeing the creeping plants in time to avoid them; so Pitsane, Mohorisi, and I, who alone were mounted, were often caught; and as there is no stopping the oxen when they have the prospect of unseating their riders, we came frequently to the ground. In addition to these mishaps, Sinbad went off at a plunging gallop, the bridle broke, and down I came backwards on the crown of my head, receiving, as I fell, a kick on the thigh. I felt none the

worse for this rough treatment, but I would hardly recommend it to others as a palliative in cases of fever. This last attack of fever reduced me almost to a skeleton. The blanket which I used as a saddle, being pretty constantly wet, caused extensive abrasion of the skin, which was continually healing and getting sore again. To this inconvenience was now added the chafing of my projecting bones on the hard bed.

On Friday we came to a village of civil people on the banks of the Loajima. The bridges over it, and over another stream which we crossed at midday, were submerged by a flood of perfectly clear water, and we consequently got a soaking in crossing them. At the second ford we were met by a hostile party who refused us further passage. I ordered my men to proceed, but our enemies spread themselves out in front of us with loud cries. As our numbers were about equal to theirs, I moved on at the head of my men. Some of the enemy ran off to other villages, or back to their own, on pretence of getting ammunition; others called out that all traders came to them, and that we must do the same. As they had plenty of iron-headed arrows and some guns, I ordered my men to cut down some young trees and make a screen as quickly as possible, but to do nothing further except in case of actual attack. I then dismounted, and, advancing a little towards our principal opponent, showed him how easily I could kill him, and then, pointing upwards, said, "I fear God." He did the same, placing his hand on his heart, pointing upwards, and saying, "I fear to kill; but come to our village; come—do come." At this juncture the old head-man, Ionga Panza, a venerable negro, came up, and I invited him to be seated, and talk the matter over. Ionga Panza soon let us know that he thought himself very ill-treated in being passed by. As most skirmishes arise from misunderstanding, this might have been a serious one; for, like all the tribes near the Portuguese settlements, they imagine that they have a right to demand payment from every one who passes through the country; and now, though Ionga Panza was certainly no match for my men, yet they were determined not to forego that right without a struggle. I removed with my men to the vicinity of the village, which was pleasantly embowered in lofty ever-green trees hung round with festoons of creepers. He sent us

food immediately, and soon afterwards a goat, which was considered a handsome gift, as domestic animals were scarce in this district, owing probably to the former prevalence of the tsetse. The position of the village was  $10^{\circ} 25'$  S. lat.,  $20^{\circ} 15'$  E. long.

On the 20th the same demand of payment for leave to pass was made by old Longa Panza as by the other Chiboque. I offered the shell presented by Shinte, but Longa Panza said he was too old for ornaments. We might have succeeded very well with him, had not our two guides from Kangenke complicated our difficulties by sending for a body of Bangala traders, with a view to force us to sell the tusks of Sekeletu and pay them with the price. We offered to pay them handsomely if they would perform their promise of guiding us to Cassange, but they knew no more of the paths than we did; and my men had paid them repeatedly, and tried to get rid of them, but could not. They now joined our enemies, as did also the traders. Two guns and some beads, belonging to the latter, were standing in our encampment, and the guides seized them and ran off. As my men knew that we should have to replace them, they gave chase, upon which the guides threw down the guns, and, directing their flight to the village, rushed into a hut. The doorway of a native hut is not much higher than that of a dog's kennel. One of the guides was in the act of stooping to get in, when he received a cut on the projecting part of his body from one of my men, which must have made him wince. The guns were recovered, but the beads were lost in the flight. All my stock could not replace those lost; and though we explained that we had no part in the theft, the traders replied that we had brought the thieves into the country.

As we were anxious to effect a peaceful passage through the country, my men offered all their ornaments, and I all my beads and shirts; but matters could not be arranged without our giving an ox and one of the tusks, and to these terms I was at length compelled to accede. We were all becoming disheartened, and could not wonder that native expeditions from the interior to the coast had generally failed to reach their destinations. Some of my people proposed to return home; and the prospect of being obliged to return when just



on the threshold of the Portuguese settlements distressed me exceedingly. After using all my powers of persuasion I declared to them that if they returned I should go on alone, and, retiring into my little tent, I lifted up my heart to Him who hears the sighing of the soul. Thither I was soon followed by the head of the Mohorisi, saying, "We will never leave you. Do not be disheartened. Wherever you lead we will follow. Our remarks were made only on account of the injustice of these people." Others followed, and with the most artless simplicity of manner told me to be comforted—"they were all my children; they knew no one but Sekeletu and me, and they would die for me; they had just spoken in the bitterness of their spirit, and when feeling that they could do nothing." One of the oxen offered to the Chiboque had been rejected because he had lost part of his tail, as they thought that it had been cut off and witchcraft medicine inserted; and some mirth was excited by my proposing to raise a similar prejudice against all the oxen we still had in our possession. The remaining four soon presented a singular shortness of their caudal extremities; and though no one ever asked whether they had medicine in the stumps, certain it is that we were no more troubled by the demand for an ox! We now slaughtered another ox, that the owners of the cattle might not be seen fasting while the Chiboque were feasting.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

THROUGH BASHINJE TERRITORY TO CASSANGE, AND THENCE BY TALA MUNGONGO, THE BASONGO TERRITORY, AND THE DISTRICTS OF AMBAGA AND GOLUNGO ALTO, TO LOANDA.

24th.—IONGA PANZA'S sons agreed to act as guides into the territory of the Portuguese if I would at once give them Shinte's shell. I was strongly averse to this, but I yielded to the entreaties of my people, and delivered up the precious shell. We went west-by-north to the river Chikápa, which is here (lat. 10° 22' S.) forty or fifty yards wide; we crossed in a canoe made out of a single piece of bark sewed together at

the ends, and having sticks placed in it to act as ribs. The word Chikapa means bark or skin; and as this is the only river in which we saw this kind of canoe used, it probably derives its name from the use made of them. We now felt the loss of our pontoon, for the people to whom the canoe belonged made us pay thrice over for our passage, viz. when we began to cross, when half of us were over, and when all were over but my principal man Pitsane and myself. Loyánke took off his cloth and paid my passage with it.

Next morning our guides went only about a mile, and then told us they should return home. This was just what I expected when paying them beforehand, in accordance with the entreaties of the Makololo. Very energetic remonstrances were addressed to them, but they slipped off one by one in the thick forest through which we were passing, and I was glad to hear my companions coming to the conclusion, that, as we were now in parts visited by traders, we did not require them. The country was somewhat more undulating than it had been, and several fine streams flowed in deep woody dells. The trees were tall and straight, and the forests gloomy and damp, the ground being quite covered with mosses, and the trees with light-coloured lichens. The soil was extremely fertile, being generally a black loam covered with a thick crop of tall grasses. We passed several villages, the head-man of one of which scolded us well for passing, when he intended to give us food. Where slave-traders have been in the habit of coming, they present food, and then demand three or four times its value in return. We were therefore glad to get past villages without intercourse with the inhabitants. We were now travelling W.N.W., and all the rivulets we here crossed had a northerly course, and were reported to fall into the Kasai or Loke; most of them had the peculiar boggy banks of the country.

We spent Sunday (the 26th) on the banks of the Quilo, or Kweelo, a stream about ten yards wide, running in a deep glen, the rocky sides of which consist of hardened calcareous tufa lying on clay shale and sandstone below, with a capping of ferruginous conglomerate. The scenery would have been very pleasing if the fever would have allowed me to enjoy it.

The inhabitants of this district live in a state of glorious

ease. Food abounds, and very little labour is required for its cultivation; the soil is so rich that no manure is required; and when a garden becomes worn out the owner removes a little farther into the forest, kills the larger trees by fire, cuts down the smaller ones, and has at once a new rich garden ready for the seed. Hence the gardens usually present the appearance of a great number of tall dead trees standing without bark, and maize growing between them. The old gardens continue to yield manioc for years after the owners have removed to other spots for the sake of millet and maize. But while vegetable aliment is abundant, there is a want of salt, and also of animal food, so much so that numberless mouse-traps are seen in all the forests of Londa.

The villages differed considerably in character: some were models of neatness: others were buried in a wilderness of weeds so high that, when sitting on ox-back in the middle of the village, we could only see the tops of the huts. If we entered such a one at midday, the owners would come lazily forth, pipe in hand, and leisurely puff away in dreamy indifference. In some villages weeds are not allowed to grow; cotton, tobacco, and different plants used as relishes, surround the huts; fowls are kept in cages; and the gardens present the pleasant spectacle of different kinds of grain and pulse at various stages of growth. Every village swarms with children, who turned out to see the white man pass, and sometimes scampered alongside our party for miles at a time, with strange cries and antics. We usually made a little hedge around our sheds; crowds of women came to the entrance of it, with children on their backs and long pipes in their mouths, gazing at us for hours, and it was common to hear a man in running off say to them, "I am going to tell my mama to come and see the white man's oxen."

In continuing our W.N.W. course we met many parties of native traders, each carrying pieces of cloth and salt, with a few beads to barter for bees'-wax. They were all armed with Portuguese guns, and had cartridges with iron balls. When we met we usually halted for a few minutes, exchanged trifling presents, and then parted with mutual good wishes. The hide of the oxen we slaughtered had been a valuable addition to our resources, for we found it in such request for

girdles all through Londa, that we cut up every skin into strips about two inches broad, and sold them for meal and manioc as we went along. As we came nearer Angola we found them of less value, as the people there possessed cattle themselves.

The village on the Kweelo, at which we spent Sunday, was that of a civil, lively old man, called Sakandála, who offered no objections to our progress. We found we should soon enter on the territory of the Bashinjé (the Chinge of the Portuguese), who are mixed with another tribe named Bangala. Rains and fever, as usual, helped to impede our progress until we struck the path leading from Cassange and Bihe to Matiamvo. This was a well-beaten track, and soon after entering upon it we met a party of half-caste traders from Bihe, who confirmed the information we had already got of its leading straight to Cassange. They kindly presented my men with some tobacco, and marvelled greatly when they found that I had never learnt to smoke. On parting with them we came to a half-caste trader's grave, marked by a huge cone of sticks arranged like the roof of a hut, with a palisade around it. At an opening on the western side an ugly idol was placed; and several strings of beads and bits of cloth were hung around.

The Bashinje, in whose country we now were, seem to possess more of the low negro physiognomy than either the Balonda or Basongo; they have generally dirty black complexions, low foreheads, flat noses, and thick lips. They enlarge the nostrils by inserting bits of stick or reed; and they have the custom, to which we have previously adverted, of filing the teeth to a point. They cultivate the ground extensively, and rely upon their agricultural products for their supplies of salt, flesh, tobacco, &c., which they get from the Bangalas. Their clothing consists of pieces of skin, hung loosely from the girdle in front and behind. They plait their hair fastastically: some women had their hair woven into the form of a hat, and it was only by a closer inspection that its nature was detected. Others had it arranged in tufts, with a threefold cord along the ridge of each tuft; while others, again, following the ancient Egyptian fashion, had the whole mass plaited into cords which hung down to the shoulders.

This mode, with the somewhat Egyptian cast of countenance in other parts of Londa, reminded me strongly of the paintings of that nation in the British Museum.

As we were now sure of being on the way to the abodes of civilisation, we went on briskly, and on the 30th arrived at the edge of the high land over which we had lately been travelling. The descent is so steep that it can only be effected at particular points, and even there I was obliged to dismount, though so weak that I had to be supported by my companions. Below us, at a depth of from a thousand to twelve hundred feet, lay the magnificent valley of the Quango. The view of the vale of Clyde from the spot whence Mary Queen of Scots witnessed the battle of Langside resembles in miniature the glorious sight which was here presented to our view. The valley is about a hundred miles broad, and is clothed with dark forest everywhere except along the banks of the Quango, which flows amid green meadows, and here and there glances out in the sun as it wends its way to the north. Emerging from the gloomy forests of Londa, this magnificent prospect made us all feel as if a weight had been lifted off our eyelids. When we reached the bottom of the valley, which from above seemed quite smooth, we discovered it to be furrowed by great numbers of deep-out streams. The side of the valley, when viewed from below, appears as the edge of a table-land, with numerous indented dells and spurs jutting out all along, giving it a serrated appearance. Both the top and sides are generally covered with trees, but some bare patches in the more perpendicular parts exhibit the red soil which prevails in the region we have now entered.

The hollow affords a section of this part of the country; and we found that the uppermost stratum is the ferruginous conglomerate already mentioned. The strata under the conglomerate are all of red clay shale of different degrees of hardness, the most indurated being at the bottom. This red clay proved to be remarkably slippery, so much so that Mashauana, who prided himself on being so sure of foot that he could afford to express contempt for any one less gifted, came down in a very sudden and undignified manner, to the delight of all whom he had previously scolded for falling. We met with bamboos as thick as a man's arm, and with many

trees which we had not seen before, while others, which we had lost sight of since leaving Shinte, reappeared. Nothing struck us more than the scragginess of the trees in this hollow, as compared with the tall, straight trees on the high lands; nor were they by any means so closely planted together.

*Sunday, 2nd April.*—We rested beside a small stream, and, our hunger being now very severe from having lived so long on manioc alone, we slaughtered one of our four remaining oxen. The natives of this district seem to feel the craving for animal food just as much as we did, for they expend much energy in digging large white larvæ out of the damp soil adjacent to the streams, to serve as a relish for their vegetable diet. The Bashinje refused to sell any food for the poor old ornaments my men had now to offer. We could get neither meal nor manioc; still we should have been comfortable, had not the Bashinje chief Sansáwé pestered us for the customary present. We told his messengers that we had nothing to offer: the tusks were Sekeletu's: everything was gone, except my instruments, which could be of no use to them whatever. One of them begged some meat, and, when it was refused, said to my men, "You may as well give it, for we shall take it all after we have killed you to-morrow." The more humbly we spoke, the more insolent the Bashinje became, till at last we all felt savage and sulky. They are fond of argument, and, when I denied their right to demand tribute from a white man who did not trade in slaves, an old white-headed negro put rather a posing question: "You know that God has placed chiefs among us whom we ought to support. How is it that you, who have a book that tells you about Him, do not come forward at once to pay this chief tribute, like every one else?" I replied by asking, "How could I know that this was a chief, who had allowed me to remain a day and a half near him without giving me anything to eat?" This, which may seem sophistry to the uninitiated, was quite a rational question to the central African, for he at once admitted that food ought to have been sent, and added, that probably his chief was preparing it, and it would come soon.

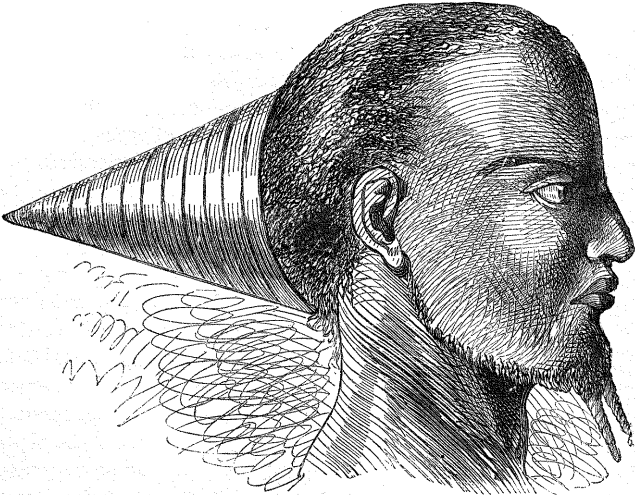
After being wearied by talking all day to different parties, we were honoured by a visit from Sansawe himself, who turned out to be quite a young man, and of rather a pleasing

countenance. There cannot have been much intercourse between real Portuguese and these people, though they live so close to the Quango, for Sansawe asked me to show him my hair, on the ground that he had never seen straight hair. The difference between their wool and our hair caused him to burst into a laugh, and the contrast between the exposed and unexposed parts of my skin seemed to strike him with wonder. I then showed him my watch, and wished to win my way into his confidence by conversation; but when I proceeded to exhibit my pocket compass he desired me to desist, as he was afraid of my wonderful things. As it was getting dark, he asked leave to go, and, when his party moved off a little way, he sent for my spokesman, and told him that, "if we did not add a red jacket and a man to our gift of a few copper rings and a few pounds of meat, we must return by the way we had come." I said in reply, "that we should certainly go forward next day, and if he commenced hostilities the blame before God would lie on Sansawe;" to which my man added of his own accord, "How many white men have you killed in this path?" implying that he had never killed one, and that he was not likely to do so this time.

*3rd April.*—At daybreak we were astir, and, setting off in a drizzling rain, passed close to the village. This rain probably damped the ardour of the robbers; for, though we expected to be fired upon from every clump of trees, or from some of the rocky hillocks among which we were passing, we were not molested. After two hours' march we began to breathe freely, and my men remarked, in thankfulness, "We are children of Jesus." We continued our course, notwithstanding the rain, across the bottom of the Quango valley, which we found broken by clay-shale rocks cropping out from a nearly horizontal stratum. The grass in the hollows was about two feet higher than my head while sitting on ox-back, and, being saturated with rain, it acted as a shower-bath upon us. We passed several villages, one of which possessed a flock of sheep; and after six hours we halted near the river Quango (lat.  $9^{\circ} 53'$  S., long.  $18^{\circ} 37'$  E.), which may be regarded as the eastern boundary of the Portuguese coast territory. As I had now no change of clothing, I was glad to cower under the shelter of my blanket, thankful to God for His

goodness in bringing us thus far without the loss of one of the party.

*4th April.*—We were now on the banks of the Quango, here one hundred and fifty yards wide, very deep, and flowing among extensive meadows clothed with gigantic grass and reeds. It is said by the natives to contain many venomous water-snakes, which may account for the villages being situated far from its banks. We were advised not to sleep near it; but, as we were anxious to cross to the western side, we tried to induce some of the Bashinje to lend us canoes for the purpose. The chief of these parts, however, informed us that all the canoe-men were his children, and that nothing could be done without his authority. He then made the usual demand for a man, an ox, or a gun, adding that otherwise we must return to the country from which we had come. As I suspected that, if I gave him my blanket—the only thing I now had in reserve—he might leave us in the lurch after all, I tried to persuade my men to go at once to the bank, about two miles off, and obtain possession of the canoes before



Bashinje chief's head-dress.

we gave up the blanket; but they thought that this might lead to an attack upon us while crossing. The chief came



himself to our encampment and renewed his demand. My men stripped off the last of their copper rings and gave them; but he was still intent on a man, imagining, as others did, that my men were slaves. He was a young man, with his woolly hair gathered up at the back of his head into a cone about eight inches in diameter at the base, and elaborately swathed round with red and black thread. As I declined giving up my blanket until we were placed on the western bank, he continued to worry us with his demands till I was tired. My little tent was now in tatters, and, having a wider hole behind than the door in front, I tried in vain to evade my persecutors. As we were on a reedy flat, we could not follow our usual plan of a small stockade, in which we might concoct our plans. I was trying to persuade my men to move on to the bank in spite of these people, when a young half-caste Portuguese sergeant of militia, Cypriano di Abreu, who had come across the Quango in search of bees'-wax, made his appearance, and gave the same advice. When we moved off, the chief's people opened a fire from our sheds, and continued to blaze away some time in the direction we were going, without effecting any damage. They probably expected that this evidence of abundant ammunition would make us run; but when we continued a steady advance to the ford, they proceeded no farther than our sleeping-place. Cypriano assisted us in making satisfactory arrangements with the ferrymen; and as soon as we reached the opposite bank we were in the territory of the Bangala, who are subjects of the Portuguese, and are otherwise known as the Cassanges or Cassantse; and happily all our difficulties with the border tribes were at an end.

Passing briskly through the high grass for about three miles west of the river, we arrived at some neat houses, guarded by cleanly-looking half-caste Portuguese, forming a detachment of militia, who were stationed here under the command of our friend Cypriano. The Bangala were very troublesome to the Portuguese traders, and at last proceeded so far as to kill one of them; upon which the government of Angola sent an expedition against them, and reduced them to a state of vassalage. The militia are quartered amongst them, and support themselves by trade and agriculture, no

pay being given to this branch of the service by the government.

I pitched my little tent in front of the dwelling of Cypriano for the night. We here had the company of mosquitoes, with which we had never been troubled on the banks of the pure streams of Londa. On the morning of the 5th Cypriano generously supplied my men with pumpkins and maize, and then invited me to a magnificent breakfast, consisting of ground-nuts and roasted maize, followed by ground-nuts and boiled manioc-roots, and concluded with guavas and honey by way of dessert. At dinner he was equally bountiful, and several of his friends joined us in doing justice to his hospitality. Before eating, water was poured on the hands of each by a female slave. This proceeding was necessary, as forks and spoons were used only for carving, not for eating. The repast was conducted with decency and good manners, and was concluded by washing the hands as at first.

All of them could read and write with ease. The only books they possessed were a small work on medicine, a small cyclopaedia, and a Portuguese dictionary, besides a few tracts containing the Lives of the Saints. Cypriano had three small wax images of saints in his room, and both he and his companions had relics in German-silver cases hung round their necks, to act as charms and save them from danger by land or by water, in the same way as the heathen have medicines. They were entirely ignorant not only of the contents, but even of the very name, of the Bible.

Much of the civility shown to us here was, no doubt, owing to the letters of recommendation I carried from the Chevalier Du Prat, of Cape Town; but I am inclined to believe that my friend Cypriano was influenced by feelings of genuine kindness, excited partly by my wretched appearance, for he quite bared his garden in feeding us during the few days which I remained. He slaughtered an ox for us, and furnished his mother and her maids with manioc-roots to prepare farina for the four or five days of our journey to Cassange, and never even hinted at payment. The farina is prepared by washing the roots well, then rasping them down to a pulp, which is roasted slightly on a metal plate, and is used as a vegetable with meat. It closely resembles wood-sawings, and on that

account is named "wood-meal." Though insipid, it is relished by those who have become accustomed to it, even after they have returned to Europe.

The manioc cultivated here is of the sweet variety: the bitter species, to which we were accustomed in Londa, is not often found in this fertile valley. Many of the inhabitants were busy planting maize, though it was now the beginning of winter; what we were now eating was planted in the beginning of February. The soil is exceedingly fertile, of a dark red colour, and covered with a dense crop of coarse grass, the stalks of which are generally as thick as goose-quills. I was told by the Portuguese that, when a marauding party of Ambonda once came for plunder while it was in a dry state, the Bangala encircled them with a fire which completely destroyed them. I can easily believe this, for on one occasion I nearly lost my waggon by fire, in a valley where the grass was only about three feet high. We were roused by the roar, as of a torrent, made by the fire coming from the windward. I immediately set fire to that on our leeward, and had just time to drag the waggon on to the bare space there, before the windward flames reached the place where it had stood.

We were detained by rains, and by my desire to ascertain our geographical position, until Monday the 10th, when I succeeded in getting the latitude ( $9^{\circ} 50' S.$ ). We then started, and, after three days' hard travelling through the long grass, reached Cassange, the farthest inland station of the Portuguese in Western Africa, in lat.  $9^{\circ} 37' 30'' S.$ , and long.  $17^{\circ} 49' E.$  We crossed several streams running into the Quango; but as the grass continued to tower about two feet over our heads, it generally obstructed our view of the adjacent country. I made my entrance among our Portuguese allies in a somewhat forlorn state as to clothing. The first gentleman I met in the village asked if I had a passport, and said that I must appear before the authorities. I gladly accompanied him to the house of the Commandant, Senhor Rego, who, having inspected my passport, politely asked me to supper. As I had eaten nothing except the farina of Cypriano from the Quango to this, I might have appeared particularly ravenous to the other gentlemen around the table; but they seemed to under-