Customs Among the Natives of East Africa, from Teita to Kilimegalia, with Special Reference to Their Women and Children

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From the SOCIÉTÉ DE GÉOGRAPHIE (Metz).—Jahresbericht. xiii.

From the UNIVERSITY OF TOKIO.—Journal of the College of Science, Imperial University, Japan. Vol. iv. Part 2.

Mrs. FRENCH-SHELDON read a Paper on "Customs among the Natives of East Africa, from Teita to Kilimegalia, with special reference to their women and children."

The Paper was illustrated by lantern views, and a large collection of objects of ethnographical interest from East Africa.

CUSTOMS *among the NATIVES of EAST AFRICA, from TEITA to KILIMEGALIA, with SPECIAL REFERENCE to their WOMEN and CHILDREN.*

By Mrs. FRENCH-SHELDON.

MY main object in visiting Africa was to interrogate and study peoples who had never come in contact with whites, and were in a comparatively primitive state of existence. In scanning the world I found there were but few places that afforded

this opportunity excepting East Africa. The fact that I was a woman gave me certain advantages over male travellers, and the novelty of a white woman was so great that the inhabitants were full of eagerness and curiosity to see me, giving me many opportunities to see them, as it were, off-guard.

My method of procedure was to harmonize and attract towards me rather than to bully and subdue them by any rough methods, and I found myself amply repaid by this course. Although people are always liable to the criticism of having played a *rôle*, or of having been a trifle theatrical, when they carry out the methods employed by me, no one will dispute that the result has brought forth such quaint points in their character that there is no apology necessary. When I received the Sultans, to hold a "shauri," I made a grand toilet, wearing a white silk gown covered with silver, carrying jewelled swords and belt, and having a yellow wig; in fact, I received all potentates in Africa exactly—except the wig—as if I had been in a civilised country meeting the ruler of such a country. This so delighted them that they immediately brought to me the treasures of their possessions, their best beads, their best clothes, their finest spears, frequently saying that the white men whom they had occasionally seen, came to them in rags and tatters, and were no better off than they were. Having heard that a certain tribe used wigs when dancing, and knowing the difficulty of procuring a specimen of this decoration, my wig served to induce them to fetch me *their* wigs, and, ultimately, prompted them to present me with such as I now have in my collection.

The higher up towards Kilema-njaro I went, the more intelligent I found the natives, and not only were they more intelligent, but they had a finer physique; their lineaments lost their negroid characteristics, they became more or less Egyptian; their heads were long, with features more or less regular; their colour—never black—but like the Malay type, a deep sepia; however, the customs were approximately the same with all the tribes. They are all polygamists, and this from necessity more than from the licentiousness which taints the East.

The women are necessary adjuncts to every man's possessions, just in accordance with the wealth he possesses in cattle and plantations.

The males, like almost all other natives, do no menial work that they are not forced to do by certain exigencies which prohibit the fulfilment of the task by women. The women till the soil, care for the cattle, carry the loads, and attend markets; play the part of spies, and form the intermediary line of connection between provinces, even during times of hostilities.

They may pass freely from one province to another during all general disturbances, without any apprehension, carrying food for exchange, and are often the messengers from one Sultan to another, to carry a message of treaty or desire for truce.

Their system of polygamy is based upon a very sound principle. No man has more wives than he has live stock and plantations to warrant, and the wife or wives already installed in a native's "boma" seem utterly devoid of the, seemingly, more civilised trait of jealousy. A new wife is hailed with delight, and all the established household exert themselves to the top of their bent to do her honour, and welcome her into their midst, and with a very few exceptions (which are not tribal but personal), the wives live together in the same house or hut. They evidently respect, in their way, the sanctities of each other's households, as much as English or Americans do in their homes. They never presume to enter the "boma" of friend or relative without the query equivalent to "may I come?" or a rap at the door.

They have a great spirit of fun lurking ready to burst out into shouts of ringing laughter at the slightest provocation, and as I went marching as quietly as possible through the approaches to their plantations, I could but marvel at their joviality and the happiness which seemed incumbent upon the free life, untrammelled by all the burdensome troubles of civilisation, and thought, "these people certainly have propensities above that of simple barbarism; they must have qualities of nature, which, if properly approached and properly directed, would make them useful members of the world's communities."

There is a species of insolent pride about the chiefs that is almost droll. For example, in their palavers, which occur every afternoon in every village, an elder, or the sultan, or some man of importance, with all of his followers and brothers surrounding him, will stand up with great pomp, flourish his knob-kerry stick, and say, "I, Songora, the son of Endella (who was the great chief of the tribe) of Kilema, say to you, that since the mountain was sick and vomited forth the stones upon which we stand, I, Songora, the virility of my father, know more about war, have more plantations, own more cattle than any man in the land. And this," pointing to his little son, "my virility, will some day occupy the position which I, Songora, the virility of my father, have occupied since I was born. Come! Is there any man who can dispute this? Am I not great? My son, my virility, tells me that the son of Sagolia has boasted in the market place that he can shoot the moon with his wooden arrow. I, Songora, speak, I say to you that there is no boy who is the virility of any chief, who can shoot in the twinkle

of an eye the whistling eagle on the wing, as can my son. Come! I, Songora, the virility of my father Endella, say to you, it is a lie. I have spoken!" Then, having strutted three or four yards in every direction, he squats down on the ground and waits to hear who dares dispute him. Then with great chatter and ceremony another man arises, goes through the same braggadocio, and ends with a brilliant peroration to demonstrate the immensity of Songora's influence and caste among the chiefs. In this sort of thing they only reveal their utter childlikeness. They mean no harm, but it is the out-working of native vanity and a disposition to shine and bedazzle their people.

They have a certain kind of tenderness in their family relations, which is very touching. They are sympathetic in cases of illness to the point when there is no hope; then the sick, if not hastened into the hereafter, are neglected. They have not strong constitutions, and are subject to lung troubles, stomachic and febrile complaints, and paralysis. This is, doubtless, due to the excessive use of "pombé,"—a native drink, not imported by the white man—and exposure to the inclement and changeable weather. In the main they are planters and hunters, and the exigencies of their lives, the food they eat, the condition which makes them too often huddle promiscuously together, and their lack of drawing to themselves practical means of existence, has much to do with the *morale* of their natures.

A singular satire presented itself to me in connection with the people of Teita, who occupy a site which constitutes the gateway, and enjoy perhaps greater accessibility to the coast than any other tribe in East Africa, and who see all the caravans going to the north, or interior, or back coastwise, and have had some of the advantages of contact with the white man; they, however, are the most demoralized, occupying the lowest grade even from an African standpoint—of any of the tribes whom I met. They are dirty in their habits, have no pride, and are reduced for some reason or other to the lowest state of beggary; and their thriftlessness is possibly more observable from the fact that they frequently marry their mothers and their sisters, unable to exchange a sufficient number of cattle or other commodities necessary to purchase a wife outside their own families. This retrograde state of consanguineous marriage produces an ignoble yet natural degeneracy in their progeny; and yet these people have been in touch, as I have said, with the white man for more than fifty years.

Some tattooing is practised among the Wa-teita, and they distort and pendulate their breasts by weights. The women are very fond of ponderous ornamentation; they wear great

strands of beads, weighing sometimes twenty pounds, round their necks; semsem, blue and red, with an occasional ornamental bead from other tribes. These are worn in such profusion round the neck that the chin is uplifted; they also encircle the waist in the same manner. Their earrings are hoops of beads strung on wire, about six inches in circumference, worn in clusters of from four to twenty-four, in perforations on the upper edge of the ear; in the lobes, which are more or less distended, little iron bars covered with beads, and having a pendant ornament of a Masai bead are inserted. They wear bead belts and occasionally a bit of cloth about their waist, and from constant contact with the Wa-nikia some of them have adopted an abbreviated kilted shirt made of blue kaniki, a cheap trade cloth. They seem to have less individuality in their general ornamentation than any tribe I met. This certainly reveals a weakness in their character.

Their plantations on the top of their mountain home revealed a certain amount of agricultural knowledge, and showed the result of constant cultivation. They raise wimbé—a species of millet—bananas, sweet corn, sweet potatoes, and some sugar cane; also goats and chickens, which they bring down to the plains to sell to passing caravans.

Their few agricultural implements are of the rudest and simplest form. The soil is so rich that, after burning off the undergrowth, the soil is merely loosened with a haftless hoe, and scraped up into little heaps; a little cavity is made with the finger, into which is dropped a few seeds covered over loosely with the ground, and nature is left to do the rest. Their planting season is anticipatory of rain, and the only further attention they give their crops after the seed is sown is an occasional weeding. In some particularly fertile districts they get three or four crops annually. They store up a supply in their huts, or use well selected trees covered, and almost thatched over with dried grass or banana leaves. These granaries, however, are not peculiar to Africa.

They have almost a Semitic idea of the values of their ware, and can drive as hard a bargain as any trader coming from the coast. They are insistent, pertinacious, and will dog a caravan fifty miles to effect a deal.

These people were so repulsive and so demoralized from their lack of personal dignity, that I confess I felt a strong prejudice against them.

The lesser tribes, living on the plains and side-hills, from Teita up to the foot-hills of Kilema-njaro are hunters, only raising what is necessary for their own consumption, when they cannot exchange with other tribes or passing caravans their game and

animal skins for food ; they are most primitive in matters of dress when not absolutely naked. They have very fine bows and arrows, which they use with marvellous expertness ; they fish when they can, work when they must, and, someone has said steal, when a caravan passes. I, however, had no such experience. They flocked down the mountain side and seemed to issue out of the interstices formed by the close-knit foliage of the trees interspersed by vines, out from the dense forests, and even seemed to spring out of the ground as if by magic, putting in an appearance above the long grasses, and seldom seeming amazed to see the white woman—bébé bwana. As though they had been lying in wait for her, they would come forth making some proffer of greater or less value, frequently in a timid hesitating fashion—not because they were absolutely nude, or with any sense of shame—but from the strangeness of the position, which evidently struck them in a peculiar manner, that a woman should be leading the caravan, and that there was no Ewana with her.

I received presents, sometimes of great value, from every tribe through whose province I passed, and their marked curiosity and delight when I would start my music box to play for them, and when I would appear before those of sufficient importance in my African court gown, their amazement and delight, their exclamations, their desire to lay their fingers upon the glittering ornamentation (which I always promptly and positively checked with the idea well instilled in my mind that it is necessary to keep the native at a distance and that one familiarity might possibly lead to another until some embarrassing climax might be reached which would entail upon me the necessity of forcible repulsion) impressed me greatly, and they would knot themselves in little groups, men and women exchanging ideas on the subject, which I only regret my ignorance of their particular dialect prohibited me from understanding. Their gestures, however, eloquently conveyed the general import of their speech.

As we advanced towards Taveta (lat. 3° 24' S.; long. 37° 40' E.) which is so well known that it seems almost an impertinence to offer any personal observations thereon, I found the people better acquainted with the fact that the white woman was coming than were others nearer the coast, and they came with offerings of bananas, sweet maize, bead ornaments, everything they could think of, and made proffer of these presents as I approached their barricaded province. And here allow me to say that I found so many evidences of the permanent occupation for centuries of this particular tribe, the Wa-taveta, in their forest home, that I

cannot admit that they have been a migratory people, although there are marked physical evidences of Masai origin. These people, who know no time when they lived elsewhere than in this pastoral region, having no tradition to indicate such an idea, are surrounded by a great majestic forest, and their gates are made by the interweaving of long forest trees, which must have been trained at least a century ago to have attained the impregnable appearance and actual size of growth we find here.

Their evident fear of invasion is not of to-day, but must have inspired their ancestors to so safe-guard their possessions, from the fact that thirteen of these fortress gates on different sides of the river and on different sides of the settlement form intricate and tortuous approaches, impossible for a stranger to thread with any degree of certainty either of attaining a fixed point, or the heart of a village.

Their childlike simplicity and peaceful attributes make their abode a haven for the white traveller to rest in and recuperate. Their display of ornamentation is most tasteful, beautiful, and varied. They have no heavy smith's work, but almost every man understands the art of what we would call in civilisation "*bijouterie*,"—and many delicate bracelets, necklets, and little bells for the ankles are manufactured. They tan, with some degree of skill, various skins, which are ornamented profusely with beads. They also make a specialty of a loin cloth for women, which surrounds the middle of the body with a long pendant at the side loaded with metal or glass beads and coloured with yellow clays.

In passing, let me say there is attached to these cloths, worn only by married women, a certain superstition, which is very curious in its import, as revealing an innate idea of faithfulness, if not tenderness, on the part of the woman for the man with whom she is associated. They have never been known to sell, give, or barter one of these cloths after having worn it until I procured the one in my possession. The reason for this is very rational, considering the people from whom it emanates; the idea being that if they should give to any *mzunga*—white man—the cloth, or if he should obtain it in any way, the woman would be under some sexual subjection to this man, that he could bewitch her, and at any time, wherever he might be, however unwilling the woman should feel, he could take her from her husband and her people to the ends of the earth. When I argued with these people that I was a woman, a *bébé* like themselves, that I could have no such magic over them, and that it would be a graceful thing for one woman to give another such an evidence of her friendship, they protested and

argued, always refusing; then, as I made firmer friendship with them, bestowing gifts and kindness upon them, possibly administering to them medicine if they were ill, the heart of one woman softened to me and she was willing to give me her cloth, for which I was quite ready and willing to give her material sufficient to make two others. Yet she wondered at this, that I, a woman, and the master of the caravan, could possess her cloth and yet not care to possess her. However, after many days' frequent consultation with her husband and all manner of blandishments on my part, she followed my caravan over fifty miles, and finally said, "Well, bébé, take it; you are my sister, take it." This is only to prove how much superior is the position of a woman going among these tribes to that of a man, however experienced he might be, and it is illustrative of many other things which occurred during my sojourn in Africa, revealing to me habits and customs, the family life and relationships of the natives.

They have a superstition as to the moon, sun, and water; it is with them a species of religion, though not formulated to such a degree of dogmatical accuracy as with other people, who are moon and serpent worshippers.

Their marriage is by capture. Their system of promiscuous intercourse previous to marriage rests upon a very singular basis. The maturity of the girl, at from eight to ten years of age, has certain moral disadvantages, for when she arrives at this age some young fellow of possibly seventeen, who has ceased to be a boy and has laid himself out to be an elmoran, or warrior, which he does by accepting circumcision as an evidence that he is no longer boy but man, may select one of these young girls, take her to his kraal—which is usually occupied by more than one warrior, each possessing a separate hut with a girl of his choice—and maintain her there. There is no stain attached to the girl's name any more than to the man's; she is eligible as the wife of any man in the tribe, or may be sought for by some adjacent tribe without any prejudice to her through her youthful relationship; neither is the man expected or compelled to marry this girl, nor is his partner debarred from so doing.

The marriage, like all marriages of chase or capture, is thus effected, the young warrior who desires to be an elder, mzai, or wise man, solicits the services of four friends. After all the necessary arrangements have been made, consisting of the gift of cows and goats, and sometimes a plantation, the girl is dressed in all her finery and all the young people of the village and friends from other tribes are invited to participate in the festivities. The four friends of the expectant bridegroom pursue the girl

who is soon captured with much affectation of resistance, and is conveyed to the hut of the bridegroom's mother, where she is kept a close prisoner for five days. During this time the young people dance and carouse and make themselves generally merry and promiscuously drunk, carrying the excess of their dissipation to such an extent that they dance until they fall down in a species of epileptic fit. The girl is now accessible to these four friends, and after this atrocious privilege has been indulged in, the legitimate husband claims his bride and they are then visible to all their acquaintances, become the recipients of gifts, and indulge in much dissipation.

This ceremony seemed entirely at variance with the simple gentle natures of these people, and I had much to say to the elders about it; and I think if the white people visiting Taveta could show them the disadvantages of this violation of nature's laws, they could very soon bring about a different state of morality.

The habit of caravans halting to string their beads in consequence of the profusion of the m'walli fibre, which they strand to make threads, keeps the people in a continual state of fête. The market-place is within the boma of the English post, and in order to collect the duties upon a caravan proceeding down to the coast, it was the rule when I visited the place that all caravans should camp within the boma.

They raise a very excellent quality of tobacco which they do not chew or smoke, but use as snuff. Their snuff boxes are highly decorated, are very beautiful, and the custom is prevalent with the women as well as with the men.

They raise quantities of corn, wimbé or millet, pumpkins, tomatoes, sugar cane, bananas, and have the advantage of a hand-mill, which has been established by the English in the boma, for grinding their corn and banana flour. This relieves them of the tedious process of pounding their grain in a wooden or stone mortar with a heavy wooden pestle, an advantage they seem highly to appreciate as the mill is never quiet. The women pulverize the meal with their babes strapped upon their backs, and the little one is quieted by the swaying motion of the mother's body. They are afraid of putting the babes on the ground on account of the white ants.

They manufacture also quantities of bee-hives, which are three feet long and a foot and a half in diameter, hollowed out, and with one puncture at the end to permit the ingress and egress of the bees. These hives are hung in the trees in the track of the bee ranges, where the flowers are most abundant. They use the same sort of utensil for brewing their pombé, which is made from sugar-cane, bananas, and wimbé, and when the mash is

fresh it tastes very much like unfermented mead or beer. In the course of three days the fermentation is of such a nature that it becomes a great intoxicant, and, as it is profusely brewed by almost every native of the tribe, they are in a perpetual state of jollification, and the unamiable qualities and propensities of their natures seem strangely to be affected by this intoxicant. It is a mistake to say that the Africans have been polluted in this respect by the invasion of white men, because they have always, as far as one can ascertain, used pombé and tembé.

At Taveta their personal decorations are considerable and the young men are much given to dressing their hair in a very quaint fashion, drawing it in braided clumps hanging down over the face and divided over the back of the head, falling over the shoulders, which they plaster down with red clay, to which they frequently add bead and metal pendants. These young fellows, who represent the Taveta snobs, also tint their bodies with the same red clay. They are very self-conscious and great posers—the very princes of dawdlers and slaves of fashion. They seem to divide themselves up into little be vies, and they wear as insignia of fellowship or brotherhood small armlets made of strips of cowhide, upon which are sewn beads in special devices, which seem to indicate their particular faction or club. They are great dancers and merrymakers; the young fellows will collect in groups and dance as though in competition, one with the other; one lad will dash out from the circle of his companions, rush into the middle of a circumscribed space, and scream out, “Wow, wow!” Another follows him and screams; then a third does the same. These men will dance with their knees almost rigid, jumping into the air until their excitement becomes very great and their energy almost spasmodic, leaving the ground frequently three feet as they spring in the air. At some of their festivals this dancing is carried to such an extent that I have seen a young fellow’s muscles quiver from head to foot and his jaws tremble without any apparent ability on his part to control them, until foaming at the mouth and with his eyes rolling, he falls in a paroxysm upon the ground, to be carried off by his companions. This method of seeking artificial physical excitement bears a singular resemblance to the dancers of other nations outside of Africa. I do not propose to make deductions, but I think there is considerable opportunity to study comparisons as to the motive which prompts various people to engage in this physical excitement. It would seem to emanate from a species of voluptuousness.

The women also engaged in dances, and during their wedding festivities, bedecked with all their fine bead-work, they separate

themselves from the men and follow in a procession, one after another, with their hands upon each other's shoulders or hips, singing a strange monotonous plaint, now and then interlarded with shouts of laughter when they resume their procession, jingling all the bells they have about them, and going round and round, threading ways through the forest back again to the boma of the host of the ceremony, drinking and carousing quite as much as the young fellows. A certain amount of dignity is put upon these gaieties by the presence of the elders, but there seems no viciousness in any of their games and pleasures. They have a certain amount of animation and youthful exhilaration, which expresses itself and expends itself in this way.

They are very jealous of each other in their attentions to the white man, and seemed particularly so respecting myself; one family bringing me milk and eggs, and seeing that somebody had anticipated them, they immediately would commence a tirade as to the bad quality of the other's gifts and recommending their own with great vivacity. However, they were so pleased to have the white woman with them, that there was nothing among their possessions which I really desired, that in the end they did not give me. Of course, it is well understood that these gifts were always reciprocated by me—if not in kind, certainly in excess of value—but that does not in any way detract from the fact that they were willing gifts and presented with a free, open hand, without expectation of return.

At Taveta I met a woman, whom I called "the woman of Taveta," who was in sore trouble. Immediately upon seeing me—if I may use the expression—she took me into her confidence and all her troubles were poured into my ears, and she so engaged my interest and sympathy that it was a delight to try and assist her to some better state of daily existence, which would preclude certain trials she was subjected to. She was a woman of intense feeling, a lover of power—indeed she was a leader among the women, and the wife of one of the elders. Her word seemed to be almost beyond dispute with them all. This woman was so eager that I should be a witness of all her tribe's strange customs and habits that she gave me the open sesame to them all, and even at midnight, when the moon dances were taking place, she would steal to my tent and take me off through the forest to witness them, unseen and without their knowledge. I was thus enabled to become very familiar with the customs forbidden to be witnessed by the white man. Among others I saw a funeral ceremony in which the child was thrust in a sitting position amidst faggots of wood and burnt. Meantime, the men formed an inner circle and sang a monotonous

chant, while circling round the fire, whilst the women formed an outer circle and moved in a reverse direction as if in answer to the laments of the men; at stated intervals they would make a sweeping salaam, and while the head was yet bowed would utter a plaintive wail. The little one was soon consumed; the skull was taken and placed in an urn which was put into a hollow tree; the little bones were gathered and dispersed through the forest, evidently in places already established for the reception of such sacred remnants of their deceased, amid the tree trunks, but not under the earth. They have a strange idea that the dead pollute the ground. This habit of putting the bones of their dead under trees, accounts for the suppositions that there have been murders, or that disease has ravaged the country, when the bones have been found by caravans. They also have another custom of burial, which is very obnoxious. In a select spot a little remote from their bomas, but well surrounded by thorn bushes and trees, so as to be beyond the observation of passers by, they place certain parts of the remains, usually the head and entrails, in rude pottery urns, which are laid over on their sides, and they are allowed to fester and decay until there is nothing left but the whitened skull.

The superstitions about death are somewhat obscure, and are heterogeneous—if I may so say—but there are little threads, (of varied origin) which may be traced throughout the whole of their religious ideas. They worship the moon and the sun and revel in the rain during the planting season. They have an idea that the preservation of the skull preserves the spirit of the dead, and that the congregation of the skulls of a family or tribe guarantees a future reunion. They avoid letting any stranger know of the death of one of their tribe. If a familiar face is missed, and an inquiry is made some one promptly says, "He has gone on a journey,"—doubtless to the great hereafter.

Elders strut about in a majestic way, with as much cloth as they can afford about them, many of them wrapping themselves in twelve or fifteen yards of American or common white drill, which trails behind them, and they have infinite grace both in manner and speech.

Almost everyone in this Taveta community or tribe carries a pombé cup, made from a gourd, to which is affixed a long handle, sometimes beaded, sometimes ornamented with metal rings—the cup itself frequently bearing devices, the origin of which would make a very interesting study. I traced many of the designs as having come from the cups which the porters make when on "sofari"; sometimes they were

Turkish, sometimes even Persian and Egyptian. I have in my collection the first attempt I found of the representation of the human form, and quaintly enough, the white man is demonstrated with awkward lines as wearing shoes, and an attempt is made to represent his clothing; whereas the native finds a prototype in long lines which represent bare feet, and a certain sweep and cut in the figure to represent his nudity.

They have a horror of having their pictures or photographs taken, and are very much given to the idea of witchcraft. There are certain beans and bits of wood or iron, which they wear as charms both to ward off evil, and as "dama" for various complaints. They are very loth to part with these beads, beans, or bones. They will lend them to one another, when suffering, but always reclaim them when their friend has been cured. With some difficulty I procured a string of these beads from a magic doctor who had lost caste in consequence of the misfortune which befel him through his ministration to an elder who died under his care, hence he desired to capitalise his stock of charms and make haste to the coast.

I found they were very eager to possess the needles and reels of cotton thread with which I had provided myself; they had never seen a thimble, and when I showed them these thimbles they said almost immediately, "Finger hives," seeing an analogy between the thimble and their hives. Then, upon discovering the little indentations, they turned and said, "They have had small pox." Scissors, razors, and clasp knives they were delighted to receive, as also hand mirrors. In this they differed from some of the other tribes which I shall mention, who considered the possession of mirrors as an ill omen, and refused to receive them.

I was also taken to their bomas on many occasions, and although I found it most difficult to breathe within these enclosures, with a fire always burning in the centre of the room and their cattle stalled in one part, yet I never refused to enter, in order to show them that I respected their habits and customs and was most interested in everything they did.

They dry fish and jerk beef, which they cure by hanging in their huts, exposed freely to the smoke of their fires.

An elder of strange intelligence and standing told me that the fires were never allowed to go out, that is, in the village; a special family fire could go out, but this could be re-supplied or re-ignited by getting a blazing faggot from some friend's fire. But in the history of the tribe they had always preserved the fire, as doubtless did their prehistoric ancestors. On a march or when hunting or visiting from tribe to tribe they all carry with them fire sticks, which they deftly use. They also know

the use of flint, and by scraping the fibre from the mahwali or other fibrous trees they make a tinder which is quite as capable of ignition as tow.

The children are very skilful in the use of bows and arrows, and when I presented them with fish-hooks they would, to please me, use them at the end of a reed pole, but no sooner was my back turned than they would resume their old practice of getting a fish by shooting it in the water or by using weirs.

The forest of Taveta, as well as the mountain of Taveta, and the ready access to the plain or bara, give these people ample scope for their plantations and fodder for their stall-fed cattle, making it almost an independent province; and although it is said the people are of Masai origin, they are so gentle and peace-loving that I could but doubt the supposition, always reverting to the fact that their environment showed a long line of people of like disposition. For the moment there is considerable friction between the young men, the elmoran, and the elders, in Taveta, on the matter of hongo or exacted tribute from caravans passing through their country. This has been abolished by the English Government in their province, also by the Germans in theirs, but it is evaded by the natives impressing new-comers with the idea that they will receive advantages by giving them presents. In the old days the elders received these and made distribution as it suited them, but now the young men desire to receive this tribute, when they are able to exact it, and they are continually holding palavers between themselves to determine what course to pursue. This, however, is short-lived; and the Government will doubtless succeed in totally abolishing it, as it is an imposition and an indignity. I may here mention that I paid hongo to no tribe in my peregrinations in East Africa. When I was approached respecting this, I said: "I am your guest; I am a white queen coming to you. Would you ask hongo of the sultan of such and such a tribe, should he visit you?" and it successfully relieved me from this custom.

They are very careful as to the quality of the cloths they receive, and although their eyes are very much attracted by the bright colours, you will see them take a piece of cloth and hold it up to the light, as a test of its texture, and if it is too thin they will not take it; the old habit of forcing upon the native any trash, as good enough in East Africa, does not now succeed.

They are kind to their children, and I found no children in any tribe in Africa, after the age of six; they were then little men and little women, who daily trudged to the noonday

market with a load upon their heads, happy and delighted to be working with their parents, and the only child I heard cry during my expedition in Africa, who was not a baby, was a little one who, being prevented from going to market, howled, kicked, and yelled in such a manner that I paused to inquire the cause of distress.

The complete freedom with which the men and women mix together, and the homely intercourse between parents and children, reveal a trait of their social life that is most genial and certainly unlooked for. Possibly, this leads to a certain amount of familiarity with matters and things removed in civilisation from the knowledge of the youth and the maid; but then one must admit that natives are "naturals," and that ignorance with them is as much a crime as innocence is a virtue in civilised communities. Although they are not in any way purists let me say I saw no manifestation of licentiousness, except in their dances, in Taveta. In talking with them as to the invasion of their country by the English, and the benefits to accrue therefrom, they would answer rather dubiously, "Aie, aie; yoh, yoh," and I discovered a tinge of regret, and in their hearts I believe they would be content to go on in their happy, pastoral way, without troubling their minds about education, government, and all the confusing principles of civilisation. They live to enjoy and enjoy to live, and are as idyllic in their native ways as any people I ever encountered.

While at Taveta several of the adjacent tribes sent deputations of young men and young girls to dance for me or give me conduct back to their provinces if I would go, bringing usually goats or sheep or some similar present to prove their friendliness, and Miriali, of Mungu (lat. $3^{\circ} 34' S.$; long. $38^{\circ} 41' E.$), was constantly sending me envoys with presents, entreating me to visit his province before I visited Mandara his rival. I mention these things simply to show they are hospitable and generous notwithstanding their tribal jealousies; and while my statement is in such contradiction to reports that have been promulgated by other travellers, and which I do not doubt was their experience, it tends to prove that you must not "rub these people the wrong way" if you would know them at their best, any more than you would civilised races.

Although the young girls are very beautiful in figure, their faces are not so attractive as in some of the other tribes of the high lands, and I came very near being betrayed into supposing that certain scars upon their bodies were the result of tattooing; after some investigation, however, I found that they resulted from cupping, which they resort to for their headaches, or any other ailment, in fact no matter what malady

afflicts them, they are great bloodletters, and the simple methods they employ I found might be useful even in civilised countries. They excoriate the surface with a little knife, or a piece of flint, or a piece of wire, and then place over it a gazelle horn with the pointed end cut off; they then apply suction by holding the horn firmly against the part cut and drawing with their lips the blood. If the malady is serious they make several applications, taking as much as an ounce and a half of blood from the sufferer.

Some of the wives in Taveta have filed teeth, which is not a custom with the Wa-taveta tribe, but indicates that the women have been married from other provinces. This leads the casual traveller to suppose it to be a tribal custom. They frequently colour their teeth, their finger-nails, and the palms of the hands with a red stain procured from the "she-dragon shrub"; but, as a rule, they keep their teeth beautifully polished with tooth sticks.

Arab and Somali caravans bring up from the coast nutmegs, which are carried by the porters and natives as charms and used to allay fever; they form one of the important stock medicines which every nepara or headman carries. They use in great profusion pepper, which grows wild, and are very fond of eating raw plum tomatoes; these latter are very delicious, and have the flavour of the cultivated tomato. They roast ears of maize by their fire-places, which consist of three stones canted inward so as to touch at the top. The maize is also eaten raw, and is palatable and nutritious. When they have no salt (which they always crave) they use chumvi stone; this has an alkaline flavour and answers very well as a substitute. The butter they make from cow's milk is very white and waxy in appearance, and with a strong flavour of banana, as their cattle during the rainy season are usually fed on the banana leaf and on the bananas that are unfit to keep or eat. They also make goat's butter, called *gee*: this is strong in flavour and is very oily. The meat of their sheep, which are of the fat-tailed species, is very strong, as is that of the goats. The beef is more or less tough. The chickens, strangely enough called *kukuo*, are very small and sinewy. The natives frequently sell a chicken, a hen that is laying, with the proviso that the eggs laid for four days, or according to arrangement, should be theirs. It is a very quaint custom to string these chickens upon the pole carried by the cook's mate, together with pots and cans, and a cloth is kept fastened under the chicken so that if the hen lays *en route* the egg is preserved. In order to make sure that the purchaser will not defraud the seller the latter sends some boy of the tribe to follow the caravan three or four days, in order to take the product on the spot.

They tan the skins of animals in a very admirable and sometimes unique manner. Aloe juice is placed upon the surface after the hair has been shaved off, and they then hang them up to dry in the sun, first carefully rasping off all the fat and fibre. Frequently they cut or shave the skins, leaving lozenge-shaped squares as decoration, which are variegated by the bare places, and these are very much affected by the el-moran. They also make a species of chamois leather from the goat-skins, softened by friction and grease. Their animals yield them a great deal of fat; this they value highly, and, with a little instruction, they could soon be taught to make soap and ointments, these being much needed medicaments.

They use the cow-hides for making loin cloths for the women, making shields and little three-cornered decorations which they sling across the dorsal part of the back with no apparent purpose except to brighten and whet their knives upon, or for mere decoration. These hides they sometimes embellish with little rows of delicate beads, sometimes metal chains, and at times leave the hair of the animal upon them. The lads carry most artistically modelled wooden spears, in fact a perfect counterfeit of the Masai metal weapons, and the youths are always posing as prospective warriors. They are experts in the use of bows and arrows.

The men, women, and children are all good swimmers, but they use very little water to keep their persons clean, substituting instead grease, and in spite of all of its nutritive and cleansing properties, by the aggregation of the red clay they affect so much, the decomposition of the oil renders them rather odorous when the fat becomes rancid.

The women shave their heads with the exception of a little cushion or pad on the top from which they allow to grow one or two long strands, which are strung with beads; and at times they plait with beads the entire mat of hair into little pig-tails. The men frequently adorn themselves with head-dresses made of cows' and calves' stomachs stretched into shape when warm and pliant soon after the animal is killed; these hang down over their shoulders from their foreheads completely covering their heads, and are variously garnished with beads and delicate metal fringes.

They affect great masses of pewter bracelets and bead armlets and leglets. The women universally wear a beaded belt of a set pattern, and many of those who might be designated as "the rich" wear quantities of beaded fringes about their waist, with long strings of metal beads of copper, iron, and brass.

There were several ostriches belonging to the English post. It seemed very strange that the natives never became used to

them, seeing them as they did daily—but dozens of times during the day, when the natives would pass through the boma and the ostriches would flap their wings or rush at them, they would fly in clamorous terror.

They had one or two games, like pitch and toss. The children amuse themselves, as do other children, vying with each other, shooting birds with their bows and arrows, which they succeed in doing with great dexterity. They have some idea of forming companies and drilling, having a leader whom they are disposed to follow. Their education is one of imitation, and not of instruction. They are impressionable and observing. Their reasoning faculties would naturally be quickened and vivified by being called into play, although at present they are at times somewhat slow to comprehend innovation in their old habits and customs. They are afraid of monkeys, and the lemur makes frequent nocturnal visitations to the settlements, to the distress of the people.

There are in parts of these woods the most beautiful butterflies, and some bright plumaged birds.

Many of the men wear upon their arms jaw-shaped armlets, which are placed upon the upper arm in youth before the muscles are developed, and become imbedded in the flesh to such an extent that removal is almost like amputation, so painful and difficult is the operation. Upon the three arms from which I took the armlets I have in my collection, the scars were so pronounced that the owners of the surrendered armlets insisted that they should have enough metal armlets to cover the scars. The wearing of these bracelets may possibly have had a phallic origin. I was told by an elder that the figures graven on the reverse sides of the armlet represented the male and female organs of generation, and that the armlet itself was of moon origin; this was all I could learn from them. But considering that the moon was the goddess of the Phœnicians, and of many of the mercenary peoples who served the Phœnicians, there seems something at least to investigate and that a close student may draw some conclusive analogy. Since offering this idea I have had placed in my hands by Frederick Taylor, an American traveller, a silver ring presented to him by the late King Ja-ja of Opobo, West Africa, representing, as he was told, a shark's jaw, which is identical in shape with the East African armlet, but displays no distinctive ornamentation, excepting a little rosette, or flower-form, on the articulation of the jaw.

In common with other tribes, they have a great horror of insects and of all creeping things; and there are unfortunately many small vipers, a few pythons, and some puff adders. One

of the porters of my own caravan was viciously bitten in the foot by a viper while cutting grass on the plain.

They have, too, a horror of rain falling upon their bodies, and use the broad banana leaves as Arcadian umbrellas.

Upon leaving Taveta, the people congregated about me and exacted a half promise from me to return some day ; and I felt a qualm of regret in leaving these people—these children of the forest—without having made some close tie, which would ensure after-communication with them in the years to follow.

The next people of interest I met were the hostile Warombo. These people are divided into several factions or clans, but those that are most dreaded by the caravans were the Rombochini. Until I started to visit Lake Chala (lat. $3^{\circ} 18' S.$; long. $37^{\circ} 39' E.$) they had never admitted a white person to their village, but they flocked down from the mountain side to see “ Bébé Bwana,” and were most eager that I should accompany them back to their village. After a general conference with my headman, it was deemed unwise and undignified, and that by so doing I should in a manner lose a certain prestige, not only with my caravan, but with the natives ; it would be a condescension for me to visit a chief who had sent me no present. When this fact was established in the minds of the Rombo, the present was forthcoming, and during a quiet hour in the afternoon I went with my headman and interpreter to visit the chief, who was ill in his boma.

They are very unprepossessing people. Their industries consist in capturing big game, in dressing animal skins, jerking beef, some little agricultural pursuits, the making of their bows and arrows, and hunting. They use fire arrows and poisoned arrows.

These people were in a state of absolute nudity, and were as unconscious of their condition as the white man would be with his clothes on. Their habits of polygamy are the same, and from all I could ascertain, their superstitions, and customs are similar to those of other tribes in this region. They occupy the hills sloping down to the plain, which is the thoroughfare of caravans, and are in such close proximity to Taveta, that they have some ideas of trade. However, when they found that I intended to descend to Devil's Water, as Chala's Lake is denoted, they made speedy retreat to their villages, with a feeling of horror that the white woman would dare venture into the very mouth of the Devil himself, thus instead of being troubled by their curiosity, in making an adventurous descent to the water's edge, I was perfectly secure, and spared an awkward intrusion or possible panic.

The descent and circumnavigation of Lake Chala has nothing to do with anthropological matters, except in so far as the super-

stition which hangs over it may lead to an insight as to native credulity and simplicity. It is believed that the Masai had a village where the crater lake now swells and gurgles, and that during a volcanic upheaval of Kilema-njaro the people and their herds and poultry were blown into mid-air, and that their spirits still hang in space, without home above or below, and that the moaning and sighing of the wind through the trees and the strange rustling and mysterious noises that come from the reverberation of sound from the rocky cliffs which surround the lake, proceed from the spirits of these poor people, their cattle, and poultry. Although fish abound in great quantities in this lake the natives could not be induced to taste them. They visit lake Jipé and regale themselves with the flesh of the hippopotamus, but although they eat crocodile flesh they would go hungry rather than taste the products of this limpid Lake Chala where they might easily obtain plenty of these reptiles. It is a question how this craterlake became infested with crocodiles. The creatures could not have emigrated from the waters on the plains, and up the mountain slopes to this point; nor have I found any reports of their existence higher up in the mountain waters, which would possibly furnish the theory that they drifted down through some subterranean channel. The source of their presence in Lake Chala is at present a mystery.

On reaching the people of Khé (lat. 3° 29' S.; long. 37° 26' E.), the stamp of the highland life of the characteristic Chaga races was manifest in the natives. They carried themselves with a majesty of mien and had an imperious way of asserting their importance over lesser tribes.

They have a curious superstition in connection with the Colobus monkey, which I found among no other tribes. They believe that their ancestors inhabit the bodies of these creatures, and under no circumstances whatever will they kill or knowingly permit to be killed one of these beautiful apes; and on approaching the forest where the monkeys abide in great numbers, there is an odd silence and furtive glances, as the natives pick their steps with precaution and almost hesitation, that would seem to indicate an honest belief in their superstition.

They use bow and arrows, and spears when they can get them. They have some plantations, do some hunting, and a little blacksmith's work. They use various furs to protect themselves against the cold, and their houses are rather of a better order and of more artistic shape than those previously seen.

From this point I took guides from the tribes, with the idea that I would hold these guides in case of attack or hostility, as hostages, and with the first tribe that made an assault on me or

my caravan, I would punish them in some unmistakable manner that would stand as a warning to all further aggressors. They were also useful to point out difficulties and show the more accessible paths. Before I completed my journey, I had forty of these half-prisoner guides, who were perfectly happy in their unconsciousness of the motive which actuated me.

The people of Useri (lat. $3^{\circ} 6' S.$; long. $37^{\circ} 39' E.$) were somewhat disturbed in their minds upon the appearance of the white woman's caravan. They were under German protection, flying the German flag, and hesitated to give me the welcome other tribes had extended. I sent two messengers to the sultan's boma, saying I would await him half-an-hour, or, as they quaintly say, until the sun is there, pointing to a special place in the heavens; and while I was awaiting him it gave me a little opportunity to study the people.

The women were decorated very much after the fashion of the Wa-taveta, with the exception that they wore from a clumped piece of hair in the centre of the forehead little circular ornaments which hung down over the nose; and some of them wore around their heads metal chains, which hung like fringes to their eyebrows; their ears, into which were thrust beads and pods and long pendant rings, were pierced in many places. The men were shy and had a hang-dog look about their faces, which might have arisen from their recent subjugation by treaty by the Germans, and the presence of German soldiers in their midst; they seemed uneasy and on the look-out for a surprise.

The sultan did not make his appearance at the stated time, so I moved on, only to receive, when five minutes out of his province, a message by his prime minister that if I would return he would receive me, and that he had some fine presents. I promptly said: "The white woman never returns. If the sultan of Useri wishes to see her, let him follow her to the next encampment." This resulted in his sending after me a meagre amount of presents, which I did not accept. In any country but Africa, this would assume the appearance of surliness or contempt on my part, but in Africa the prestige of the white man or woman must be maintained—by certain conventionalities, which are well known—with all the natives.

We passed the fountains of Useri, which are more in the name than in fact, and more like pools than fountains.

From this point, passing through many villages and small tribes, I directed my course to Kilmangelia.

These people, the Wa-kilmangelia, had been very chary of admitting strangers to their forest village and had kept close guard over the entrances to prevent any caravan, especially a *mzunga*, from entering their dominion. It had been customary

for these people, from time immemorial, to go down to the plain and barter with the caravans; and although it was disputed at one time that the liberty that was permitted to me in Kilmangalia was any different from that bestowed upon other caravans, I have only to say that, by order of the sultan, I was permitted and invited to make a road through their forest into their village, and was there allowed to see their craftsmen at work and to observe many of their customs; and also to hold shauri with the sultan, who was paralysed and found it impossible to come to my tent. He placed at my disposal their picturesque, circular, palaver ground which was a clearing in the centre of a village which overlooked the plains of the Masai land. While in this encampment the Masai warriors came as envoys from their people to inform me of the condition of the territory beyond, and I saw a thousand Masai, armed and ready for battle, having as an objective point the German territory around Arasha-jue which they had been forced to evacuate by the Germans.

At first, the Masai, on entering Kilmangalia, to visit me, were disposed to be very hostile and tried to exact hongo, and when I promptly replied, I certainly should not pay hongo to Masai in Kilmangalia, they became very inimical and made a good many blustering threats of what would happen to me if I ventured on the plain. However, in a few days the edge of their antagonism was dulled, and the Masai wives came to me, bringing large pieces of what they called Tobacco Stone, a soft alkali stone—which they powder and mix with their tobacco for snuff—and also salt stone, *mchumiva*, which they use as a condiment with their food.

Before leaving the Masai I was enabled to get many of their characteristic articles, such as a vulture feather pannier, vulture feather shoulder capes, dancing masks of various kinds, shields, swords, and a collarette made of cropped ostrich feathers stuck through leather, so that the quills make a rough surface on the inner side; this is worn only by the warrior who has killed twelve persons, and resembles in theory the robe of Janus, as the roughness on the inner side produced by the quills ex-coriates the surface of the neck of the wearer:—the warrior who gave me this collar had the blood streaming from his throat to his waist. One warrior presented me with a wooden case filled with ostrich feathers, which he carried with him to replace the feathers in his warrior mask and for other decorations. I bought several of the cow-skins worn by the women as clothing, and for bedding at night, for the cold is extreme. They presented me also with a dancing wand, and one of their nebara or cloths made of strips of white cotton

embellished with red, of various designs, and which they sling from their shoulders; also a Colobus monkey tail, which they wear under their knees over the long oval bells, and a hyena tail decorated with a lion mane and Colobus monkey tails, which they suspend from their shoulders as an emblem of war.

There is a great deal of bluster about these people, and although, as I have said, they are the bogey men of Africa, I think anyone of nerve and self-possession need have no fear when they threaten immediate attack. A warrior came rushing up to me with his spear and planted it into the ground before me, and screamed, "Woh, woh!" I reached behind me and seized my gun and rushed towards him and said, "Woh, woh!" Suffice it to say, I own that spear!

A youth stole the ground cloth of my tent, was caught, chained, and brought one day's march after me. His relations gave as ransom after returning the cloth, a cow, two goats, and a quantity of fruit. I handed the youth over to the Germans, but pleaded for mercy, being touched by the heartfelt agony of his old mother. He was freed after many promises on his part, after receiving five strokes, and came rushing to me full of gratitude, prostrated himself flat on the ground and tossed at me armsful of grass, offering to carry a load, and this quite voluntarily—for a day or more, to evince his gratitude. I cite this to show that the natives are capable of feelings of contrition, as well as of gratitude. As another proof of their sentimental nature, a little maid from Kilema seeing I had no rings upon my hands, murmured very deplorably, "Poor Bébé, no rings." With a sudden accession of generosity she slipped from her own fingers her numerous metal rings and exclaimed as she proffered them to me, and I placed them on my own fingers, "*M' zuria sana*"—very beautiful—and settled herself back upon her heels admiringly gazing at me, with her own denuded hands clasped across her abdomen. Fortunately I succeeded in taking a photograph of her at this juncture.

These Masai are true warriors and raiders. They keep a subject tribe, the Wa-rombutta, who do their hunting and what meagre agriculture they indulge in. This tribe is insignificant in appearance and, although servile and subject to the Masai, are not slaves; they present almost the appearance of dwarfs. I saw no man amongst them who attained a height over four feet and a few inches; most of them were very much smaller.

The Masai know no law but that of capture, and attack the Taveta with much animosity. Their habit of forbidding passage through their territory is effected by placing in the middle of the path, over which an individual or a caravan must pass, a

bullet over which they cross two twigs stripped of foliage, with the exception of a tufted top; the first person crossing this barrier is usually speared or shot. Not knowing of this custom, I inadvertently came to such a barrier and kicked it aside, when I was seized by one of my headmen, who held me back, informing me that if I crossed that point I should most likely be assassinated, and in a moment about thirty young Masai warriors made their appearance in a great state of agitation, with frantic gesticulations announcing that I must pay a certain amount of hongo for the depredation I had committed. However, these people were soon satisfied with a few lumps of bluestone—which they prize as highly as donkeys and cattle—not as a penalty, but given to them as a present, for I felt that if I failed to recognise, in such a slight manner, their arbitrary right of prohibiting me from entering their country, it might in the end result seriously, not only to myself but to other caravan leaders.

The women paint their faces white with red streaks, and sometimes wear a close-fitting cow-hide hood, which is embellished at the edges with iron coils presenting a most ghastly appearance. The men also indulged upon occasions, more or less frivolous, in paint and decoration of the body, by daubing on splashes of colour. Their hands and feet are excessively small. This I also found to be the case throughout all the Chaga tribes.

It was with great difficulty I succeeded in getting instantaneous pictures of any of the tribes. They regard a camera as a species of witchcraft, and are put to flight the moment they see a square box held up before them.

In Kilimangalia they were willing to bring great calabashes, holding two or three gallons of pombé, fresh brewed, as well as quaint hide-bound boxes with neatly fitting covers, holding about two quarts of honey; these would be placed in front of my tent in long rows, as an offering.

The principal men of the tribe would sit by the hour round my tent while my musical box would be playing, and, waving themselves backward and forward, repeat: "God ! god ! god ! give us rain ! god, give us cloths ! " until I began to feel that my resources in the way of exerting influence with the supreme power were very much over-taxed !

A messenger visited me at this place, to say that if I would come alone about five miles from that point, he would show me something that no white person had ever seen. He was not a Kilimangelian but of another tribe. Here they showed me a stone spear-head, the exact shape and size of the Masai spears, which was kept buried and was unknown to anyone but the

chief and one or two of his prime ministers, and which passed in line of descent from chief to son. I asked him how long it had been in their possession. He said, "Since the sun made day and the moon lighted the night." I further asked, "Was it before Kilema-njaro spat the fire?" He replied, "Oh, long before that." He begged of me not to reveal the place of hiding, or the name or province of his tribe, as he said the "Ditch" (?) would take it from him, but it illustrated a very important point in the history of the origin of these people.

One day quite inadvertently, while my men were halting, according to my habit I was strolling about to get away from the din and confusion, looking at the flora and fauna; after reaching a point about half a mile from my caravan I stepped upon what seemed a firm surface and fell through a perfect screen of vines and shrubbery into a cave. I have brought pieces of the stone which made the body of the cave and a small piece of the stone mortar, which stood in one corner concealed by its cover of moss and lichens, so long had it been undisturbed. The cave was of an irregular oven shape; part had been made and part was natural; it undermined the surface of the earth above it, which came over sharp to the edge, and then the vines fell as a pent obscuring the entrance. It was about four feet square and five and a half in height, and evidently had been a smith's workshop. There were several stones up against the wall, upon the floor, which seemed to have served as forms to sit upon and one that must have been used as an anvil, bore the abrasions of heavy blows and was much discoloured with smoke. I was so eager that no one should discover me in this cave that I hastily withdrew, fully intending some day to make fuller investigation as well as to search elsewhere for similar evidences of the Stone Age.

Here allow me to digress and call attention to the excavations at the foot of the hill upon which Mandara's boma is founded, which I entered, only to be recalled by the warning of my headman, before I was able to make a full investigation.

The features of all these people, well illustrated in the pictures I took, are anything but negroid, but are more Egyptian. Their heads are long, their brows well-fashioned; and with the exception of their noses with the open inflated nostril, there is a certain amount of symmetry in their lineaments. They are, from all I can ascertain, of an entirely different origin from the peoples on the coast, central, or west side of Africa. There remains no evidence of cannibalism, if it ever existed, although the warriors of various tribes drink the hot blood of the bullock before going into battle, and eat raw steaming meat hacked from live creatures; but they do not eat human flesh. They also make

incisions into their wrists, and suck their own blood to put heart into themselves.

The use of grass as a sign of truce is more general with the Masai than with any other tribe I met, possibly from the exigencies arising from warrior habits, and part of the equipment of the women is a bunch of grass, which they fasten to their cow-hide belts or under some of their iron rings, in order to have it at hand when an occasion arises to manifest amity.

With these tribes the doctors are usually men, but all midwifery is done by old women. The women, as a whole, are healthy and realise their maternal vocations with but little suffering. Relative to other generic functions which are incumbent upon all women, they observe the greatest delicacy and are more than modest.

In pointing out a direction, instead of using their fingers, or nodding their heads, as we do, they point with their tongues; and the Scotch and Irish habit of spitting upon a gift for good luck is here carried to a vast extent. They even proffer their faces to be spat upon as an evidence of your good feeling. They never kiss. Moved by tender sentiment they may be seen to clasp the palms of their hands spasmodically, impetuously unclasp them and then press them upon the person they yearn to manifest their affection towards.

They brought me a white goat of peace, which was killed in my camping ground, and then made blood-brotherhood with me. This has been so often described it seems useless to speak further about it, only it has been described with a certain amount of disgusting detail, which certainly, in my experience was omitted, if it is even necessary upon other occasions.

In medical matters they are very primitive. They use many of the native herbs and the fruits of some of the trees, but are ever eager for bluestone, as they suffer from inflammation of the eyes, caused by exposure and doubtless specific diseases in the blood, as well as the acrid smoke ever befouling their huts, which have no outlet for its escape. And here, let me say these specific diseases are frequently endemic,—not importations in all cases; for tribes who have never intermingled with the white man's caravans give strong manifestations of venereal diseases, and in no way can they be traced to the invasion of other people in their country. In this I seek verification by reference to Dr. Parke's assertion.

Blackberry vines were in great profusion, and the berry, which was already formed, but which was not yet ripe when I was in the country, seemed most luxuriant and large. In this particular region there is a plant which looks very much like the currant; it is called "grape" by the missionaries. There is also an edible

fruit bearing strong resemblance to dried apples, also sugar-cane everywhere.

I saw numerous flint or stone rasps—flint usually—for shaving the head and face as well as other parts of the body, and also used for denuding the animals' hides of hair. They also use flints when they have no knives to excavate their wooden dishes and bowls, and as tree choppers.

There is a certain distinction in the women's costumes, which is as significant in import as the sleeves of the garments of the Japanese women. A woman who is dissolute usually wears the garments of the coast tribes and is more or less tabooed by the more virtuous among her own people. This too from no high sense of morality, but from the reason that the declassed woman has bartered her favours to the porters of the caravans; herein resides the secret of her disgrace.

Their ideas of hospitality are of a very singular character. If one sultan visits another, or any man of importance visits another, or even friend visits friend, in the Chaga tribes, the one visited puts at his friend's disposal one or more of his wives, and gives him the general freedom of the boma. These civilities are common, and interchanged all through Chagaland.

While on my way from Kilmangelia to Mireali's country, going south, I saw one or two Albinos. Their hair was not the yellow discoloration which one finds throughout Africa, produced by the application of lime, but was white and flossy, and the eyes were of a very, very pale pink, much like white rabbits', with a sickly, unprepossessing shade over the face that has no place in the gamut of colour. They look dejected and mean, quite deficient in the elasticity that most of the natives present. They were very shy, and refused to hold communication with any of the interpreters or with me. I proffered them presents; they would not take them, but ran away and hid in the adjacent bushes. Their teeth were filed into points and discoloured. They are low of stature and with sloping foreheads, looking much like Aztecs, and seemed, from all physical indications, to be the most degraded Africans I met. What tribe those people belonged to I could not learn.

The keen sight of the native is amazing. Frequently they would say, "Bébé bwana, very soon is such a mountain," and I strained my eyes into the long distances of space, unable to detect the slightest indication of a mountain, or the appearance of a caravan they might speak of; neither could I with my field-glasses descry anything I could so name. However, in the course of a day or two's march, we would encounter this mountain. There is one thing to be said on this point. May they not be so well acquainted with the character of the country, and by

traversing it so frequently have they not learned that the caravan of the white man marches at such and such a speed, and is likely in one or two days to encounter something they know as a fixed point? Or can it be that they have this keenness of sight, peculiar to all natives, but in their case extremely accentuated?

The men and women seem to eat together, but some travellers have been betrayed into thinking they are not permitted to do so, for the reason that the onerous duties of the wives in cooking sufficient food for the family will call them away during the meal. They sit about and wait upon the men, but with no other restriction than would be evinced by a woman among the working classes in any other country. A friend strolling into a boma during meal time, without being asked or manifesting any hesitation, will squat down by the trencher bowls containing the food and partake as if he was quite at home. They are particularly fond of fats, and will eat the hippopotamus, which has a reeking oleaginous flesh, with the greatest gusto.

On approaching Mireali's province, Mungu ascended the last hill to his boma; the track was very rocky and difficult for my porters; I soon heard the buzz and hum of distant voices, and on searching for a solution of the hubbub I found on the top of the hill two or three thousand people, among whose vestments a bright red colour seemed to prevail, moving and circling about, but all converging on one point; as I neared them I discovered that the centre of attraction was a man standing upon a rock, a native, tall and handsome, but dressed in a pair of German military trousers, a white knitted shirt with a brilliant pin on the bosom, a celluloid high collar, a cravat of the most flaming colour, a striped woollen Scotch shooting coat, a pair of Russian-leather shoes with brown-coloured gaiters, and a flamboyant pocket handkerchief. His fine head was disfigured by wearing a black silk hat, he carried an English walking stick, and held in his hand a pair of Dent's gloves. This was Mireali, the handsomest man in Africa, the most noble and majestic chief—if not the most powerful. This chivalrous chief had summoned all his people—several thousand—to bid me welcome, and thinking to do the white woman honour had bedecked himself in this cast-off finery of some of the American hunters, and of the various other persons of different nationalities who had but recently been in his province.

When all the salaams had been made, Mireali welcomed me with great ceremony. He took me to his old boma, which presented rather a ghastly appearance. It appeared that Mandara had burnt his house, and the charred remnants of his first advance in civilisation—built by Swahili labour, and in such a style as one might find in Zanzibar—were alone to be

seen. His present boma was separated from this site by a rubble dry stone fence, about ten feet high and three and a half in thickness, upon which two or three pet goats usually disported themselves, and frequently all his wives and the women of his wives would look up over this fence, to see "bébé bwana." As soon as I had an opportunity of exchanging a few words with Mireali—when he asked me for all the white men who had visited him, especially the Americans, such as Abbot, Chandler, Carroll, Stevens, and others—I said, "Mireali, why do you wear these clothes? They make you look like a goat. I want to see you in your own native costumes, and see you as Mireali, the great African sultan that you are." The next morning he presented himself with an enormous cloth, as large as four table cloths, wound around him in the most graceful and artistic manner, and trailing behind him, carrying a long spear, and backed up by his wives and followers, all in native costumes. The wives all wear pieces of "Americana," which is somewhat superior to the trade "gumpty," with quantities of beaded and metal ornaments. He looked truly majestic as he advanced with his picturesque cortège, and I could not help recalling some of the old pictures of Roman senators. His mien was full of composure, yet gracious in his desire to be hospitable, and there was a lurking anxiety withal, which manifested itself in his furtive glances, as if he sought to know what would most please me. In the course of the day he brought me sheep, with fat tails dragging on the ground, one or two of which he had been fattening especially for me (these could scarcely have been more burdened with superfluous flesh); also numerous goats, and one cow after another until the number reached ten. This was a thing unparalleled in African generosity, as one or two cows are considered a right royal offering; this man, however, in his eagerness to know more of me and make me feel he was my friend, and to engage my friendship, had nothing in his province that he would not have bestowed upon me had I expressed the desire to possess it. We had many talks and I found him intelligent, his brain alert and susceptible of impressions, and with a general discontent with his condition, and a craving to become more like the white men. My finest music box he coveted without any disposition to dissemble and was never happier than when watching the wheels go round and marking the intonations of the carols. Finally, in a spasm of desire—which overcame him—to possess this box, he came and planted before me his own personal spear and said, "Bébé bwana, take this and let me have your music box." I gave him the music box, happy to possess the spear. I queried, "How will you keep this box from being stolen, as

your other treasures have been stolen, by Mandara ?” He led me to an excavation in a secluded spot, under the shade of banana trees in the middle of his plantation which was lined with stone slabs and completely covered inside with hyrax and monkey skins, and here he placed his treasure with a jewelled sword I had brought to him from England, and after covering it up with a lid and replacing the sod, he said, “Mandara can never find that.”

I am authoritatively informed that this habit of burying treasures, especially ivory, is universally resorted to by all African tribes.

The women of his wives are totally naked, wearing decorative beaded ropes, twenty-four or thirty in number, around their waists, arms and legs, but with no other attempt at clothing. They are most beautifully formed, dark in colour, and their features are absolutely pretty. Their teeth are glittering white, and they seem to give a great deal of attention to the decoration of their bodies with their beads, which are usually white, and either pale or dark blue or solid colours, and dainty in the extreme. They also wear cloth and leather pendants which may be denominated as African fig-leaves. These articles are likewise worn by some of the men and many of the children, and are profusely ornamented. The grace of these women in moving about is the grace which belongs to all people who are in the habit of carrying loads over mountainous countries on their heads, and they have almost the movement of a gazelle in climbing and descending the mountains. This imparts to them a somewhat haughty mien as they approach you without loads. They are great posers when they are *en evidence*, when they have an audience from other tribes, or when the white man is present.

Mireali represents all that is superior and intelligent among these tribes. He has as a rival in intelligence, the youngest sultan in East Africa, Miriami, who has possessions in Kilema. This young prince, after I had bestowed upon him all kinds of presents still looked somewhat downcast, and when I asked, “Is there anything else you would like? Are my gifts not to your pleasure?” replied, “Ah, dio, bébé bwana; but I want an English saw and an English hammer.” I asked, “What do you want these for?” He answered, “Ah, bébé bwana, I want to build an English house and live like a white man.” I promised to send him the saw. He said, “Ah, yes, they all promise, but they all forget; the white man always lies.” I said, “Stop, Miriami, you must not speak to a white woman in that way. I never lie. I will send you the saw.” And upon my return, this thing haunted me together with other promises I

had made these poor people, and I never rested, day or night, until every one had met a fulfilment, and Miriami had his saw. So it is, I think, if people when visiting their country, instead of taking useless, valueless, showy trumpery, would give these people implements, useful and simple to understand, and take a little trouble to teach them their uses, they would be found willing, appreciative, and grateful.

Their suffering from cold in these districts—for the wind rises at four in the afternoon—is very pitiful, and although they have quantities of furs they are constantly asking for clothes and blankets to keep them warm. The various fibres and grasses which abound throughout the land are capable of being made into fabrics, exactly as they have been utilised by the people of Madagascar, Peru, and other countries. If only the simplest looms, without mechanical intricacies, were introduced into the district, they could very soon supply their own requirements. It does not require a great stretch of imagination to believe that people who are capable of making the delicate chains, of which I saw so many examples, and who can weld such beautiful spears, make shields, fashion gourds, and tan leather, with as great skill as they do, are capable of much better things if they were once properly directed.

The entire civilisation of this section of Africa must come by the introduction of those practical things, which will bring into their lives the comforts of enlightened races.

Mireali has made some very fair candles out of the bees-wax; he craves for light, and no more welcome gift did I bestow on him than candles, oil, and soap. They could also, by the introduction of such simple sugar presses as are used to-day in Madagascar, express the juice from the sugar cane, which grows in great abundance, and provide for themselves this appetizing edible, preserving it for such times as there were no crops, and having the benefit of its nourishment when the harvests failed. Also they would regard every new employment in which they might become skilled as an amusement; they delight in the novelties which the white man brings, and Mireali showed me with great pride twelve folding wooden chairs, like deck chairs, and a table of his own manufacture before, which he sat while eating, and he was perfectly delighted when I gave him a table cloth, napkins, knives and forks, a set of little china tea cups and saucers, and some tea. The most remarkable afternoon tea I had during my African season was in his boma, sitting on a four-legged stool, surrounded by his wives, and waited upon by himself, with a cup of tea of his own brewing, some sugar cane, bananas, an attempt at bread made from banana flour, and a tomato salad which he had himself concocted. I had

taken some boxes of sweets, but these people did not care for them. The boys took the sugar plums, used them as marbles, and shot them out of their fingers at targets.

Leaving Mireali, I went direct to Mandara's at Mochi. There was some commotion among the people, in consequence of the occupation of Mandara's old boma by the German garrison, and they were disturbed, and uncertain as to the future. They were not allowed to have guns, and their spears had been generally gathered up by the Germans. Thus they were very much depressed and discouraged, with the exception of Mandara himself, who never permits himself to betray any weakness.

The habits and customs of these people are all the same. Their superstitions are the same, and although they are not industrious, one cannot admit they are idle. If a man must go two miles over a mountain pass to get enough water to drink for one day, he cannot be considered lazy, if, when he comes home, he lolls about, overcome by the heat of a tropical sun or chilled by the wild periodical winds.

On leaving Mandara the tribes were more or less scattered, and going down the German route from Taveta, where I touched according to promise to see my friends, I found the German swamps—especially the papyrus swamps—difficult and uninteresting. The people had deserted the country, retiring back into the fastnesses of the mountains, in consequence of the raids made upon the Masai and the Masais raid upon the people through this section, and so they were afraid to put in an appearance. Occasionally a bevy of ten or fifteen would come to sell us food or make exchange of presents; but it deprived the German route of much interest, until we struck the various plantations, within fifty miles or so of the coast, which were occupied by German officers and scientific men of culture and experience, who were testing the agricultural fertility of Africa in raising tobacco, rice, and some coffee.

It was at Misinda, on the German side, that my porters dropped me in my palanquin, and I was injured. The tenderness and attention of my men throughout the remnant of my journey—five days—to Penganai, was most pathetic. I was without the attention of any woman, and had I been a child in arms these stalwart fellows could not have been more careful if each of them had been in attendance upon his own and dearly beloved child.

In conclusion—the detail of the journey has no place here, but the evidences that I have brought of the gentleness and intelligence of these natives certainly bears an indisputable proof in their own lineaments, and if a spirit is aroused among so-called humanitarians or those who have interests involved

in East Africa to such an extent that they study the practical employment of these people in arts and crafts, which they may conduct within the limits of their own territory, and some movement is put abroad to make proper roads and substitute for human beasts of burden mechanical methods of transportation, there is a brilliant future for East Africa. If the slaves who are now in Africa had some means of self-liberation, by which they could pay for themselves by their own work instead of becoming the paupers of a zealous philanthropy, and if they were treated as the children they are in all matters appertaining to Christianity and legal codes, the future of these people would be assured ; and I am prepared to say if the East Africans need a friend, and it is in my power to co-operate with any body of men or women to promote their interests on these lines, let me be known as that friend.