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subject. The late Professor Freeman used to say that he always felt perfect confidence in any article under which he saw the initials E.H.B. Sir Edward's decision is that Pytheas really made the voyage, and that he brought back much useful information. We may, therefore, accept as an established historical fact, that Pytheas of Massalia obtained the first information respecting the Arctic Regions, and that he was the discoverer of the British Isles.

A JOURNEY FROM THE SHIRE RIVER TO LAKE MWERU AND THE UPPER LUAPULA.*

By ALFRED SHARPE.

ON July 21st, 1892, I left Zomba and reached Mpimbi on the Upper Shiré the same day, and was there joined by Mr. John Kydd, who accompanied me on my journey. From Mpimbi we went up the Shiré River by boat to Fort Johnston, where we found the ss. *Domira*, and shipped our goods on her for Karonga.

On August 1st we left Fort Johnston in the *Domira* for the north, taking twenty-nine Zanzibari police as an escort; also one donkey. While at the Fort I took observations for latitude, the result of which was $14^{\circ} 25' 46''$ S. On August 4th we reached Bandawe, and there recruited carriers for the journey. I succeeded in getting one hundred and ten men, and with these we went on in the *Domira* to Karonga, where we arrived on the 11th. At Bandawe I took observations for latitude which placed the Mission Station in $11^{\circ} 53' 36''$ S. The calculations for all the observations taken by me throughout my journey are enclosed herewith. On Lake Nyasa I worked for latitudes with the meridian altitude of the sun. After leaving Karonga I used the stars Vega, α Pavonis, and α Gruis.

At Karonga I had the opportunity of purchasing a steel section-boat, one which Captain Stairs had brought with him on his expedition and sold to the African Lakes Company at Karonga. It subsequently proved invaluable to me. On August 21st I reached the African Lakes Company's "Fife" Station, half way across to Lake Tanganyika. This station, which includes a population of four or five hundred natives, is surrounded by a stockade, a bank, and a deep ditch, and is impregnable to any attack by natives or Arabs. This place is on the north-eastern borders of the Awemba country, and Mr. McCulloch (who is in charge of the station) has succeeded in opening up friendly relations with several of the important Awemba chiefs, who had hitherto kept out of all dealings with us (the English), and endeavoured to close their country to us. The Awemba have always been urged by the Arabs to

* Map, p. 576.

keep their country closed to the whites. This is because it is one of the great sources of supply of slaves. All the people caught by the Awemba in their constant raids are sold to the Arabs. On my journey two years ago to Mshidi's and Katanga, I passed across the Tanganyika road, and at that time the West African "jigger" (*Sarcopsyllus penetrans*) had just made its appearance on the south end of Lake Tanganyika. On my present journey I found that it not only was quite plentiful now at Tanganyika, but had crossed the plateau and reached Nyasa. At Karonga and at all the villages on the road to Tanganyika jiggers (locally called "Matakenya") have become a pest. Doubtless before long they will reach Blantyre and the east coast. On August 25th I called at the French Mission Station at Mambwe, and was very hospitably and kindly treated by Father Van Oost, the missionary in charge. On August 29th I called at the Fwambo Station of the London Missionary Society, in charge of Mr. Jones. This place is also protected by a stockade, a bank, and a ditch, and is very strong. It has a population of some three to four hundred people, who have settled with the missionaries for protection.

On August 30th I arrived at Abercorn Station on the southern shore of Lake Tanganyika. Mr. Kydd had on this day the misfortune to fall into a game-pit, and his thigh was pierced by a wooden stake. This laid him up and brought on fever, and he had to be carried in a hammock for the next two weeks. Abercorn Station I found much improved since I was there two years ago. A stockade has been built round the settlement, and the stream which enters Lake Tanganyika in Rhodes Bay had been diverted and a new channel dug for it. This has drained the flat below the station, which instead of being swampy as it formerly was, is now excellent planting land. A few hundred natives from surrounding districts have settled with the whites at Abercorn, and are building villages in Rhodes Bay. Abercorn has more trade than any of the other stations in British Central Africa, not only trade in ivory with the Arabs, but also in cloth and other trade goods, provisions, hardware, etc., with the various Europeans now on Tanganyika. The station has no boat or steamer; the possession of one would enable them to multiply their present trade many times over. Throughout the Tanganyika and Mweru districts the rainfall of 1892 (January, February, and March) was unusually heavy. The little lakelet of Kilo near the village of Zombe, which for some years past has been quite dry, is now full of water. In Ulungu and Itawa the rice crops were much damaged by the floods, and, as a result, food was very scarce. Mr. Swann, the London Missionary Society's agent on Tanganyika, having kindly offered to transport my caravan to Sumbu at the southwest corner of Tanganyika, I left Abercorn in the mission steamer *Good News* on September 7th, and reached Sumbu the same night. The steamer had to return to Abercorn to bring over the remainder of my

caravan. Bwana Teleka, the chief of the Arab town of Sumbu, was away on a journey with ivory to the coast. Mwine Kambi, his headman in charge of the town, was civil and obliging. From here I sent letters on to Abdallah bin Suleiman, telling him of my arrival in Itawa, and that I should shortly visit his town. The latitude of Sumbu I found to be $8^{\circ} 29' 20''$.

The first day's journey on leaving Tanganyika going west is rather bad—stony hills and thickets. I only took a short march of 8 miles to the Kikuka waterholes. Three miles after leaving Sumbu I crossed the dry, rocky bed of the Mungela River which runs into Tanganyika some 3 miles north of Sumbu. (In Captain Hore's chart of the south-west end of Tanganyika there is a stream marked as Mongera, placed as running into the lake some way south of Sumbu. The name is the same (in native ears) as Mungela, and it is evidently the same stream; but Captain Hore has probably put it in by report, and has been mistaken.) My camp at the Kikuka waterholes was in south latitude $8^{\circ} 31' 2''$. On September 12th I travelled 15 miles to Mkula's town, which I found to be in lat. $8^{\circ} 30' 38''$ S., having during the day crossed the watershed between Tanganyika and Mwe. From Mkula's to Mweru the country is mostly level, and there would be little difficulty in making a good road. Mkula's town is situated on the Chisela River. This has been at some previous period a large river, but now it is a succession of reedy, grass-covered pools, and the stream does not run except during the rains. Leaving Mkula's on September 11th, I crossed the Chisela and followed its right bank to its entrance into the Mweru Swamp (old lake). I then followed the northern shore of the swamp to its north-westernmost corner, and cutting off a piece of it reached and crossed the Choma River. This great Mweru Swamp is the old lake, the southernmost corner of which I crossed in 1890. Its average width is from 14 to 16 miles, and its length about 35 miles. It lies north-east and south-west, and is now a vast sea of green reeds and swamp-grass, with occasional patches of open water. Many elephants find a safe refuge in it, and only come out while the heavy rains are on. My first camp west of Mkula's on the shore of the swamp was in lat. $8^{\circ} 29' 18''$, my next in $8^{\circ} 28' 48''$. On September 16th I crossed the Choma River, a deep muddy stream 10 yards wide and 2 feet deep (in the dry season), which runs into the Mweru Swamp at the north-west end. The Choma is the only permanent stream of running water crossed between Tanganyika and the north end of Lake Mweru (Moero). On leaving the Choma I found myself in the Mweru Salt Country. Salt is taken from here to Tanganyika, Lunda, Mambwe, Iemba, and even to the countries on Lake Nyasa. The country traversed between Mkula and Kaputa was without inhabitants—a poorly-watered country but full of game, mostly buffalo, zebra, roan antelope, pookoo (*Cobus varondi*), lechwe, etc. The

two last named antelopes go in large herds, and are often found together. They are very much alike in appearance, and are, together with the impala, known by the natives by the name of "Nswala." At Kaputa there are hot springs; but I doubt whether these have any connection with the salt deposits. The inhabitants of Kaputa get their water from the Choma River, 2 miles away. They grow little or no food crops, but buy from others with salt. From Kaputa I went south-west to Mkupa, another salt-making village, the track leading us over large plains, the soil of which is impregnated with salt.

Salt is obtained thus: The salt soil is dug out and carried into the villages; here everyone is a salt-maker. Large funnels made of twisted grass rope are placed on stands, the funnel is filled with salt soil, water is poured in, and the mass stirred up well; the water then filters through and drops from the bottom of the funnel into earthenware pots placed below. This salt water is then boiled and the water evaporated. A certain amount of dirt remains with the salt, but the African has no objection to that. The crystal is rather large. From Mkupa I went south-west and west, and camped on the Kasalawa rivulet, no running water but occasional pools. This camp was in lat. $8^{\circ} 34' 53''$ S. From here I went in two days direct to Rhodesia, the administration station on Lake Mweru. The district between Mkupa and Mweru is undulating and covered with scanty forest. Water is rather scarce, but can generally be got in pools and holes here and there throughout the country. The soil is good and the rains plentiful during their season; but there are now no inhabitants owing to the former raiding work by the Arabs under Tippoo Tib's people, and latterly by Abdallah bin Suleiman. At Rhodesia I found Mr. Crawshay, who had been in charge of that post for nearly a year. Rhodesia Station is situated at the extreme north-east corner of Lake Mweru on a cliff some 80 feet above the lake shore. The climate of Mweru seems to be healthy: Mr. Crawshay enjoyed good health during the time he was there. Rhodesia is on the direct road to the west, and is the nearest point of Mweru to Tanganyika. Round Rhodesia and Mputa there are salt deposits similar to those of Kaputa. The inhabitants of Mputa (a village close to Rhodesia) used to work the salt; they have, however, recently been driven out by Abdallah bin Suleiman. The latitude of Rhodesia is $8^{\circ} 39' 28''$.

Having put together the steel boat, and left the caravan at Rhodesia, I left on September 22nd for Abdallah bin Suleiman's. I travelled south-east to where the Movu river-bed issues from the great Mweru Swamp. I found this river as I had found it in 1890, a marshy bed, but with no running water in it. Mr. Crawshay, however, informed me that during the past rainy season it was full of water, and that he had crossed it waist-deep. Vast herds of game covered the plains at the south end of the Mweru Swamp. I crossed the Mkubwe River

on the 23rd, and reached the ruins of Nsama's large town in S. lat. $8^{\circ} 59' 35''$. The Mkubwe River, which runs into the Mweru Swamp from the south, is a similar river to the Choma, but larger, muddy, deep, and full of crocodiles. Nsama, the Chief of Itawa, who had his town fourteen miles west-south-west of Abdallah's town, gave me much assistance two years ago on my journey to Katanga, and supplied me with a few carriers. In 1891, however, he was attacked by Abdallah bin Suleiman. The siege of his town lasted for three months, and eventually, with the assistance of some of the Awemba tribes, Abdallah drove him out. Nsama was killed and his people scattered, many were captured and sold as slaves. Nsama had two sons, Chipimbiri, who had a small town near the Mweru Swamp, and Mkula, who still holds a strong mud-walled town. Mkula is looked upon as the successor of Nsama.

I reached Abdallah's on September 25th. His headmen met me some distance from his town and escorted me in. He treated me hospitably. I left Abdallah's on September 27th, and reached Rhodesia again on October 2nd. On the way I caught a young elephant, but it was too young to rear; it died after two days. I endeavoured to rear it on tinned milk, but it did not take to it; it had got knocked about too much in the catching.

I decided that Mr. Kydd should march by land with the caravan to Kazembe's, and that I would explore in the boat the northern, western, and southern shores of Lake Mweru, and meet him at Kazembe's town. I was anxious to ascertain the course of the Luapula River from its entrance into Mweru up to the highest point of navigation. I left there in a boat with six natives on October 4th. One day took me the length of the northern coast of the lake to the north-western corner, latitude $8^{\circ} 31' 28''$. Mpueto's is a mile-and-a-half north from the lake shore.

On October 5th I passed the exit of the Luapula River (which I visited in 1890)* and sailed down the west coast of Mweru to Chipungu's town. Thence, in three more days, to the southernmost corner of the lake. The northern half of Mweru's west shore is bounded by cliffs rising abruptly from the lake shore to 150 to 200 feet. Below these cliffs there is absolutely no level ground, nothing but a mass of broken rocks which have fallen from above. It is only here and there where small streams from the hills behind have broken gorges through the cliffs, and carried out deltas of rich loamy soil, that a landing can be safely effected or habitations met with. On each of these little deltas is a small village or collection of huts. The people were at first very timid, but when recognised (having travelled by land up this coast of Mweru two years ago) I was everywhere well received and supplied with quantities of food. In S. lat. $9^{\circ} 5' 10''$ the cliffs cease, and thence,

* See *Proceedings*, R.G.S. January, 1892.

going south, the lake is bordered by flat land and marshes. The southernmost portion of the lake (in lat. $9^{\circ} 30'$) is the south-west corner which ends in a large, shallow, weed-covered bay. All the southern end is very shallow, the depth 3 miles out from the shore being only from 8 to 12 feet. This end of Mweru is gradually filling, the Luapula is silting it up. Lions are very plentiful along the southern shore. I shot two and saw several more. One night my camp was fairly besieged by lions. Passing along the old southern shore, past the entrance of the Luapula River, I entered the inlet at the south-east corner, which on my visit to Kazembe's in 1890, I was told was Mofwe. I thought that by following this up in the boat I should reach near to Kazembe's, and I had on my previous visit been told that Mofwe communicated above with the Luapula River.

On my first journey to Mweru and Kazembe in 1890, I had no sextant with me; on my present trip I found that all my estimated latitudes on the previous journey were much too far north. I now found that Mofwe did not communicate with the Luapula River. The inlet at the south-east corner of Mweru—which is called Chimbofuma—is merely a deep bay into the vast swamps which lie at the south end of the lake. It is separated at its south-east end from the Mofwe lagoon by 2 or 3 miles of dense swamp, impassable either by boat or on foot. After coasting round the Chimbofuma inlet, therefore, and ascertaining that there was no exit from it to the south, I sailed back into Mweru, and returned along the south shore to the entrance of the Luapula River. It enters Mweru by several branches, or rather it has formed many reedy islands at its mouth. It is easy to see at the mouth of the river how the swamps lying at the south end of the lake have been formed. Floating plants are carried down and collect together; reeds take root on them, an island is formed, and the deposit brought down by the river joins island to island. The depth at the entrance is 7 or 8 feet (dry season); once inside the river the depth increases to 3 fathoms, and from the lake right up to the falls of the Luapula in S. lat $10^{\circ} 30' 46''$ there is never a less depth than 10 feet. It is a magnificent river, from 250 yards to a $\frac{1}{4}$ mile in width, slow running with clear water, no rocks or sand banks. From Mweru up to the falls the rate of current is from 1 mile to $\frac{1}{2}$ mile per hour. It is a very similar river to the Upper Zambesi just above Zumbo, except that the current is much slower than that of the Zambesi. The latitude of the mouth of the Luapula at its entrance into Mweru is $9^{\circ} 25' 30''$.

Shortly before my arrival at the north end of Nyasa, that district had been visited by the cattle plague, which has been raging through East Central Africa during the past year. Practically, all the cattle of the north Nyasa country are cleared out, the mortality being over 90 per cent. On my way across to Tanganyika I found that parts of the country had been visited and portions had escaped. I had

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heard that this disease had also attacked the wild game; I had no actual evidence of it, however, until I arrived at the south end of Lake Mweru. Here enormous quantities of game have died: for the first two days up the Luapula, where it passes through marshes, it is near the banks only of the river where good dry land is found. These banks are, or were, covered with game, mostly pookoo, buffalo, and lechwe. At the time of my passing up through these swamps the plague was at its height. Dead and dying beasts were all around. The first day I counted over forty dead pookoo within $\frac{1}{2}$ mile of my camp. Subsequently, on my return down the river, I saw scarcely any live game near the mouth, but the whole country was scattered with dead bodies. The natives from about Kazembe's were going with canoes, backwards and forwards, carrying the dead meat up to the villages beyond the marshes. Elephants, of which there are great numbers in these marshes, do not appear to have been attacked by the plague.

Mweru is a lake of gentle winds. There seems to be no prevailing winds as on Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika. I found the winds mostly from the northern half of the compass, and these enabled me to use my sail for the first two days up the Luapula River. In S. lat. $9^{\circ} 48'$ I reached a narrow creek which entered the Luapula on its east bank, and which I was told by the natives led up to Kazembe's town. By poling and pushing I got the boat up it. This creek, leaving the firm land near Kazembe's, enters the marshes, and passing through them to the Luapula, forms a means of communication by canoe with the river. Following this creek up, I got my boat up to the dry land (the old shore of Mweru Lake) and thence went by land to Kazembe's town, which I reached on October 15th, and found that Mr. Kydd and the caravan had already arrived. Kazembe sent out the British flag to meet me, with a deputation conveying hospitable messages and greetings. On October 16th I was received by him with much state and ceremony. The recent death of Mshidi, the Chief of Katanga, had evidently made Kazembe somewhat afraid of Europeans, but knowing me of old, he soon became reassured. Lunda, Kazembe's country, is a rich agricultural country, very different to Itawa. Lunda is well watered by permanent streams of running water, and the vegetation is much more luxuriant than in the countries north of it. The tsetse fly, however, is very plentiful throughout both Lunda and Itawa. East of Lunda lies the Awemba country, into which it is difficult to enter at present, owing to the desire on the part of the inhabitants and of the Arabs to keep us out as long as possible. The Awemba country is a great feeder of the slave trade. Caravans can always obtain slaves there.

On October 17th I left Kazembe's, and sending the caravan on overland to meet me on the Upper Luapula, I rejoined the river in the boat, and followed it to the south. The latitude of Kazembe's present town is $9^{\circ} 48''$, some 8 miles south of the Mbereze River. The swamps lying to the west of the town, and which on my first journey I took to be part

of Mofwe, are in reality south of the Mofwe lagoon. This lagoon, however, is gradually filling up, and will before long form part of the marshes. On the shore of the Mofwe lagoon are visible the banks and ditches which surrounded a town where a previous Kazembe had resided. The Kazembe of to-day is not such a great chief as the Kazembe of one hundred years ago, when Dr. Lacerda's expedition visited this country; and I cannot help thinking that the accounts given by Pinto (the historian of that expedition) are much overdrawn. Still, there is far more ceremony and State at Kazembe's than at any other part of Central Africa I have been in. Ascending the Luapula I reached the limit of the swamps in lat. $9^{\circ} 55'$, and from here upwards for some miles were dry plains. There is, however, one point in the marshes of the Luapula where the high ground on the west approaches the river, a tongue of land; it reaches the river in about lat. $9^{\circ} 44'$, and here is a village of Mshidi's people cut off by the Luapula and the intervening swamps from Kazembe's people. In lat. $10^{\circ} 4' 1''$, the first of Kazembe's villages on the Luapula was passed on the east bank. From here upwards the country on that bank is undulating and wooded with gentle hills, and villages of Kazembe's people are met with here and there up to the Falls. On the west bank the population is much smaller, but now numbers of Mshidi's people are giving in their allegiance to Kazembe, and are building villages on the west bank. In lat. $10^{\circ} 12'$ a large river joins the Luapula on the east bank. I conclude that this must be the river marked on existing maps as the Luongo. The natives, however, call it the "Ruki," and do not know the name Luongo. Above the Ruki plains the Luapula is very beautiful, passing through gently rising, wooded hills; the water is always deep and clear. The inhabitants of the villages on either bank are simple, friendly people, timid at first, but eager to barter produce as soon as they found we had no wish to hurt them. In lat. $10^{\circ} 22' 16''$ there are some remarkable red cliffs on the west bank.

On October 22nd, soon after starting, I heard the sound of rapids, and presently reached the head of navigation of the Luapula in lat. $10^{\circ} 30' 46''$. The river here rushes through great masses of rock. In places the water has worn channels for itself below and between the rocks, and portions of the river are for some way bridged by them. The water was extremely clear (dry season). Here and there were pretty little bays with bright, sandy beaches. I found that a fine, clean-looking fish of from one pound to five pounds took eagerly both a spinning bait and a fly, and I had some really excellent fishing, making flies with red and white calico, and using a long, springy bamboo as a rod. As I had, however, no reel, and no landing net, I lost many fish. I christened the falls, in the absence of any special native name for them, "Johnston Falls." I put the caravan in camp here for a week, and took three short journeys; one for 10 miles up the river, which I found to be nothing but a succession of cataracts

one to the east for 12 miles; and one to the west for 8 miles. The country to the east I found dry and thinly forested, gentle rises and descents. Four days east of Johnston Falls, I was told, were the "Mchinga" (high range of mountains) and one to two days beyond that was Bangweolo Lake. The name Bangweolo is not known, however, the lake being spoken of as the "Mweru of the Awiza." The Awiza people are said to live on islands in the lake. Mshidi's old town was said to be six days' journey west from Johnston Falls. This point, therefore, forms a very central position, as in addition to being so near to the Bangweolo and Katanga Districts, water carriage to Rhodesia puts it within seven days' *land* journey of Tanganyika. At the Falls I bought seven large canoes, in which, and in the boat, I stowed all the loads of the expedition, and in this manner I transported everything by water all the way back to Rhodesia Station. This enabled the carriers to travel without loads, and therefore with speed. On October 29th, small-pox broke out in my camp—two cases, a Zanzibari and an Atonga native. I left them in one of Kazembe's villages in charge of the chief, with plenty of cloth to provide for their wants, and to bring them home when recovered. I had originally hoped to return to Karonga by way of Lake Bangweolo, and by the Chambezi River through the Awemba country, but finding that the time at my disposal would not allow of it I decided to return by way of Tanganyika. I left Johnston Falls, therefore, on October 29th with the steel boat and seven canoes, the caravan going overland.

The rains commence much earlier on Mweru and the Luapula than in Nyasaland. Heavy rains began with us on October 23rd, and until the middle of November we had constant rain. There were some terrific thunderstorms on my way down the Luapula. Passing through the marshes I saw numbers of elephants, and shot seven. It is a very difficult country to shoot in, however, as the elephants when disturbed or wounded go straight into the marshes where it is impossible to follow them. One sinks in mud and water sometimes to the neck, leeches are plentiful, mosquitos thick, the razor-like grass cuts one's hands, and minute spears on the grass stalks pierce any part of the skin they touch.

I re-entered Lake Mweru again from the Luapula on November 6th, and coasting along its southern shore to the Chimbofuma inlet, followed up the east coast to Rhodesia Station, which I reached on the 9th, thus completing the circumnavigation of the lake. The Kalongwizi River which enters Mweru from the east, has thrown out an extensive delta into the lake. This consists mostly of papyrus swamp, but the beach is sandy. Very little water comes down the Kalongwizi in the dry season. On the bar there was 18 inches of water: inside, 1 fathom.

From the time of leaving Kazembe's village to arriving at Rhodesia no food was procurable, and on from Rhodesia until I reached Mkula's not a grain of food could be bought. The caravan was thus for three

weeks without any food except the meat we shot. Fortunately, of game there are unlimited quantities throughout those districts, and the men were never long hungry. Any caravan passing through this piece of famine country, whose leaders were not keen about shooting, would starve. Having joined the caravan at Rhodesia, I travelled east to Mkula's, leaving the station on November 11th and reaching Mkula's on the 16th.

From Mkula I travelled to the head of Kamba Bay (Tanganyika), leaving Sumbu to the north. The road from Kamba to Mkula is better than that from Sumbu, and there is more water on the way. From Kamba I went on to Abercorn Station, calling at Kabunda's, the Baluchi. I also called at Niamkolo, the Tanganyika Station of the London Missionary Society. Mr. Swann, the missionary in charge there, had recently been with the mission steamer *Good News* to Ujiji. He saw Rumaliza there (Tippoo Tib's partner), with whom he has been on friendly terms for some years past, and was told by him that the Arabs are much exercised in mind by the war troubles east and west of Tanganyika, and that it was possible that they might all join in a war against the Congo Free State and the Germans. Ujiji was being fortified by Rumaliza, who had taken down the German flag he had for some time flown.

On November 25th I left Abercorn and travelled to Fwambo, where I was delayed two days, and thence hurried on as fast as possible towards Nyasa, in the hope of catching a steamer at Karonga, and I sent messengers on ahead to delay the steamer should she reach there before my arrival.

I arrived at Karonga on December 8th, found the steamer there, paid off my carriers, and left on the 9th for the south. I reached Fort Johnston on December 16th.

All the natives I took on my journey, except two left behind to recover from small-pox, returned in good health. I had no losses by death. Throughout the journey I never had occasion to fire a shot nor to use any force, and was everywhere well received and well treated.

I took no observations for *longitude* on this journey.

MR. ASTOR CHANLER'S EXPEDITION TO EAST AFRICA.*

THE following letter dated Hameye, on the River Tana, March 8th, 1893, has been received from Mr. William Astor Chanler, the leader of the expedition towards Mount Kenia in East Africa:—

I enclose you a map made by Lieut. von Höhnelt, of a journey I have just made. The map speaks for itself. It is made with scrupulous accuracy and is the result of many hours' hard labour. The positions are all

* Map, p. 576.

EAST CENTRAL AFRICA

Sketch Map of
VICE-CONSUL SHARPE'S ROUTE
FROM LAKE TANGANYIKA
TO LAKE MWERU & THE RIVER LUA

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