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Seven Years' Travels in the Region East of Lake Nyassa

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but in the immediate vicinity.* The last section of the route from Termid between Washjird and Rasht, undoubtedly followed the line of the Ilek river up to the watershed between this stream and the Ab-i-Garm, thus traversing the whole extent of the steppe called Dasht-i-Bidan by M. Oshanin, and here accordingly, or in some of the lateral valleys to the east, must be sought the site of Fadhl's famous fortress.† The hills, it must be observed, which divide the high plateau of the Dasht-i-Bidan from the Wakhsh-âb are still called Mount Darwaz, though with no immediate reference to the district of Darwaz, east of the great river; and the name of the Ilek, which is one of the head-streams of the Kafir-nihan, is preserved not only by Istakhri, who connects it with Washjird, but also by Baber (page 127), who mentions his having followed the Ilek in one of his marches through the hills from Ferghanah to Hissar. Apparently in all time the best route from the north-east followed down the Wakhsh-âb as far as the mouth of the Ab-i-Garm, and then crossed to the Kafir-nihan valley by the steppe called the Dasht-i-Bidan, the highest point of which gave rise to the Ilek flowing south, and to the Ab-i-Garm flowing north. Oshanin was five days travelling from Fyzabad by this route to Garm, the capital of Karateghin, which nearly agrees with Istakhri's stages between Washjird and Rasht, but I still hesitate to fix the exact site of Fadhl's fort pending a more careful examination of the country.

Seven Years' Travels in the Region East of Lake Nyassa.

By REV. W. P. JOHNSON.

(Read at the Evening Meeting, June 23rd, 1884.)

Map, p. 550.

THE country of which I have to speak seems naturally to divide itself into three parts: the country north of the Rovuma; that between the Rovuma, the Lujenda, and Nyassa; and, lastly, the country south-east of Nyassa, down to Quilimane.

It is impossible to reach the people without mastering the main features of the land, and commonly the features of the land are often

* Washjird was one stage or about 20 miles from the "Stone Bridge," and may therefore have been at the town of Kafir-nihan, the next stage to the east according to Istakhri being at Ilek, perhaps the modern Fyzabad. In Sidi Ali's time the next stage to the west after the "Stone Bridge" was Bazarand, and from here the road to Chaghanian was probably deflected to the south, leaving Hissar at some distance to the right.

† The following passage occurs in Mr. Delmar Morgan's paper recently published in the Supplementary Papers of the R.G.S., 1884, p. 229. "The watershed between the two rivers (Ilek and Ab-i-Garm) is imperceptible, the valley of Dasht-i-Bidan, where they rise, being a high steppe, such as are common in the highlands of Central Asia. . . . Ascending one of the head-streams of the Ilek (from Fyzabad) M. Oshanin found that after proceeding along the bank some distance the track left the water's edge, approaching it again after a while. No perceptible difference having been noticed in the level, he thought he was following the same river, and was surprised on observing later the water flowing in an opposite direction, proving that he had crossed the watershed between the basins of the Kafir-nihan and Surkhab, here undivided by the smallest eminence." Across this steppe then was the track pursued by the Kharlook and Taghazghaz nomades whom Fadhl sought to arrest, and somewhere within its limit must his famous fort of "the Gate" have been erected.

dramatically set forth in a correct view of the position of the people. Thus, the first step towards seeing the country is to know the routes, and these bring a fourth element on the scene beside the above three parts, viz. the people who come from the east.

I. The central part may be divided into the eastern coast-line of Lake Nyassa, its wall of hills, its central slopes, and the valleys of the Lujenda and Rovuma.

Its coast-line is cut by small streams flowing into the lake, often not more than 10 miles in length, except one, the Lunyo, and that is probably not very much longer. I first reached the coast at the village of a chief named Makanjila; this man's predecessor, a Masanyinga Yao, came across from the Lujenda, and drove the Wa-nyanja before him. Livingstone describes either this or a similar movement of the Masanyinga Yao when he first crossed the great hills east of Makanjila's, and came down to the lake near Losewa.

I reached Makanjila's by way of the hill Mtonia from Mataka's town at Mwembe; a little lime had been found near his then village, with which he had decorated a mosque, and an open verandah was used for a school. In front of the verandah two coco-nut trees were growing, the only ones of any size I have seen at Nyassa.

There I first made the acquaintance of his Mahommedan teacher, who has gathered round him all the upper class in the place; he is a fine, tall man, with probably some Arab blood, and quotes and reads the Koran fluently. Makanjila is said by all at Nyassa to have a very long hand, and he gave me the idea of much power and energy. The lower class in the town are Wa-nyanja. The chief sent on a coast man to guide me; with this guide and the one Yao boy I had with me, we went through a number of coast villages, generally with a Nyassa headman, though under the Yao; the guide was charged to purvey food, and the dried fish was very acceptable; in some places there was a little beach, and reed-beds outside, but often a dense bed of prickly reeds shut off a view of the lake, and long passages were found or cut through these to launch a canoe; in these hippopotami abounded, and no canoe ventured to pass late at night.

The plantations inland were many of them in the hands of half-coast men, who have a great regard for Makanjila. After three days we reached the ford from Ngombe to Pasekole.

At that time there were a number of these Nyassa villages in the reeds easily accessible from the lake; and sometimes, when my guide had got a canoe, we stopped in front of a long narrow entrance to a village through the reeds, that the people might stare at the white man. My guide left me when safely in the canoe with my boy, and two silver dollars were the only thing I had to give him or his chief. At Sekole's I found men who hailed from Masasi, come across on mysterious trading; here again I borrowed a canoe and coasted very slowly round Nhosi

(a hill) Malabwi into what I think is called Monkey Bay. I then experienced the kind hospitality of Dr. Laws and his coadjutors for the first, but not the last, time.

Long afterwards I came down from the hills east of Ngombe, and found Namkumba and a number of Yao at the foot of the hills, who told me that canoes were still crossing from Ngombe to Sekole continually. While I was there, a party returned who had been over the lake; distant guns announced their coming, and the usual wild dance of greeting followed, to welcome the son of the chief. To have made a long expedition successfully is the thing to do.

Villages are scattered on the hills. I passed one on the way from the south end of Nyassa to Mwembe, some seven miles from the river Shiré. On the hills east of the Shiré, lives a powerful chief, Mkata. Going north from Makanjila's we pass the Loangwa, and by grand hills lives a Yao, Mkalawili, who, as well as Makanjila, has a dhow or two. From there Nyassa villages dot the lake shore, protected by fences of euphorbia and marshes. Losewa, where Roscher is supposed to have been killed, is one of these, a wretched harbourage, where some eight dhows ply across. These dhows can be fastened to a bed of reeds alongside the bank. Some 10 miles north, at Chingomanje's (a Yao), there is good anchorage, and a smaller inner creek, in which lay a dhow as we passed. A few miles further north a small headland runs out south-west from the bold promontory of Mtenguli, and forms a capital harbour. Considerable villages of independent Nyassa extend from near Mtenguli up to Chiteji's and the other side of Chiteji's Bay; at one part the rocky hills, everywhere trying to the feet, as they abound in loose quartz pebbles, come down into the lake, and are rarely traversed near the lake shore.

Though the lake is widest at Chiteji's, yet, owing to the proximity of two islands, Lukoma and Chisamulu, both in dependence on the villages of the Chiteji group, there is a regular crossing there; and it impresses one much to see three or four canoes as it were in mid-ocean, whence the hills are on either side barely visible. A long day-and-night paddle may land the adventurers, if there is no storm; I have only heard of one being lost, yet the passage is very frequent. Such exertion seems the natural outcome of the long nights and days of fishing, and the shorter runs to Chisamulu and back. Boys look forward to be given the bow paddle, and their only reward is to see the other side of the lake. I have heard a boy taunt another, "You paddled across, and then were so afraid that you sat in the canoe while the others went up into the villages." These canoe-men, like those at the Pasekole ferry and those on the dhows at Losewa, are a class nourished by their position.

The prevailing violent south wind hinders the native efforts to carry about salt and food in the native dhows, yet sometimes a vessel ventures to bring salt from the south to Chiteji's; it is obtained near the

south end of the lake in considerable quantities by filtering the earth. Canoe life takes us north too, to Mbampa, the best harbour on the lake, where some people, akin to the Nindi tribe, live. Day and night work, and often a ducking such as ruined my dried plants, do not daunt the canoe-men from passing along much rock-bound coast, and buying the nasty salt made from tree-ash, or manioc, or hoes, in exchange for fowls, or a goat, or what not.

Mbampa is nearly land-locked, a beautiful deep basin, where the people live all about upon the rocks, on which a hut can hardly be made to perch. Here the rocks come down to the shore, and a little to the north are a number of inhabited islands, and some villages built on piles in the water. Here a brisk traffic goes on. Amakita, the chief of a considerable village a day's journey up in the hills, and his dependent villages—one I remember as a mass of bananas round a beautiful stream, Nyassa just visible down the steep gorge—brings Indian corn to exchange for an equal sackful of dried fish. This fish, like a small sprat, is eagerly sought for, and is dried whole by the natives. Many of these hill-people have adopted the Angone shield.

This part of the sea-board is important ground for coast caravans, who must establish a connection with some chief on the east before they can cross the lake. Thus these caravans keep up much life between these villages and the outside world, and often enable villagers to travel by land to the coast, or wherever they wish to pass. Their spirit of adventure often urges them to go alone or in small parties to some other town, as from a village on Nyassa to Mwembe, &c., but too often some of the little party are killed by marauders, by wild beasts, or hunger.

We may now go a step eastwards. At all points in going east from Lake Nyassa we have to ascend very soon, and from far north to the hills beyond Mkata, south, stands a great barrier of hills of considerable variety. To these all the lake people look, whether for the guns that announce a caravan, or for the sweeping raids of an enemy. To begin south. North of the huge pile of Zomba, and other smaller hills in its neighbourhood, there is a break in the elevated land where Pamelomba may, at some former time, have overflowed into Lake Kilwa, but north of this come a group of hills conspicuous for their sharp peaks which, low on the south, rise northwards to the lofty height of Mount Mangoche, now the shelter for the Amachinga Yao. From the middle of these hills rises the Nyinyesi, tributary of the Lujenda, and from its north side the Mandimba. West of the Mandimba the hills that limit the Nyassa basin are not very high, well covered with verdure, and rounded. On the south-west of Mangoche lives Mkata, not on good terms with his relatives. The Yao near Zomba said that they ordinarily went round by the Shiré and Mponda's to get to the east side of Nyassa and Makanjila's rather than pass Mkata's village. When I passed in 1880, he was living well up in the hills. The base of Mangoche is 2000 feet above

sea-level; the peak would be nearly 5000 feet high, while the hills crossed north of it near the south end of Nyassa would be 3000 feet. There were a few villages dependent on Mkata, and marshy land below, near the south of the Mandimba, as there is near the source of so many African rivers—sponges that overflow in the rains, and always send out a stream.

Above Namkumba's, where we crossed the hills by a path from Ngombe's to the lake, and caught sight of a small island, the height is about 4000 feet. These hills are wooded on the sides, and to the north rises a mass of peaks, the outposts of the high land which takes in Mount Mtonia, and stretches up to the river Msinje. These peaks must be over 5000 feet high. Mtonia village is at an altitude of 3500, at the foot of what looks in the distance like a vast wall, some 10 miles long. North of Mount Mtonia come rolling uplands, as we near the source of the Msinje, covered with forests of *masuku*, but otherwise sparsely wooded and with no wood in the upper part; these hills fall away into a well-watered low land near Makanjila's present village at Cape Ngombo, but north of that place come down steeply into the lake. There is a great deal of mica and quartz in these hills, but north of the Msinje river commences a different country, rich in flowers, where my men found lime to chew, and I subsequently sent men who burned and brought back lime. The hills there, as further on, were rich in bracken and flowers, but not in trees; a cave afforded refuge to those who fled from war. The Msinje starts on its course between steep hills, and when we tried to cross it, just after the rains had commenced, we lost a donkey, and very nearly its driver. The stream was some 10 yards across, and only spanned by a tree, under which it rushed some 10 feet below, and the boy did not hesitate to jump down into the stream with the unwilling donkey.

This limestone country is only separated by one long day's journey from the harbour of Mtenguli.

Chisindo stands out conspicuously in the Msinje valley, an outpost of the northern hills; from it starts the Lunyo, a stream that is one of the hundred rills that feed Nyassa on the east, and, like the others, brings down sand, so that before the rains are well over its mouth is silted up, as the lake itself rises a little after the rains just as the river is falling, and so the sand is rapidly deposited at the mouth of the river. North of the Lunyo the low hills near the coast are in some places cultivated, but north again the hills near the lake, as they rise and form the great headland south of Chiteji's, are one mass of loose quartz, &c., and we found no regular path over the headland, and camped in a tiny bay on the shore at a point where the passing canoes always imagine they have seen marauders encamping.

The hills fall away to some few miles from the Kobwe, and I first crossed them to visit the marauding Gwangwara. A good supply of very

moderate sized timber here grows in the valleys, beautiful rills run everywhere, but often no track can be followed over the loose stones, and so we wandered up and down in those hills, as the usual path to Unyango went too far south, when we struck the war-path of the Gwangwara. We soon came out on the east side of the hills and could see Chisindo south of us, and from thence northwards at intervals we could see the hills east beyond the Msinje valley. Here and there a very narrow steep piece of path reminded us of what the captives must go through as they are driven handcuffed up this path. We often passed ravines through which streams issued from marshes shut in between the low ridge we followed and the higher hills nearer Nyassa. Some 50 miles further these hills became higher and bare at the top, but all the lower ridges are well wooded.

Day after day we slept in deserted Zulu encampments, getting accustomed to the apprehension that their owners might find us trespassing at night. However, we met no one till we reached the Rovuma. We noticed at one marshy place that some man had passed alone with a child, probably a refugee; but if they were passing that way they hid from us. On Sunday we got a fine view over towards the Rovuma, apparently a boundless well-clothed plain, with two or three little hills north-east, and Msenga south-east in the distance. Above the Rovuma we were met by a Yao, who had come up to ransom his wives, and he told us that we should find some villages of the dependents of the Gwangwara beyond the river, but they themselves were three days further on.

On leaving the Gwangwara I had to return with three Nyassa over the hills above Mbampa. We followed a well-used path up steeply into the hills, then along a fine valley, over a big brook, and then through large fields of peas, and through valleys where horns were blown to summon the workers to Amakita's town.

The people here hoe with long-handled hoes with blades like a small spade, and raise capital mounds, while irrigation is used to a considerable extent. Yet at the village the people were only able to live up the hill, and always afraid of the Gwangwara; the houses were very low and round, while the verandah was fenced in and its door not corresponding to the inner door, which one could only reach by drawing the body along the tiny verandah on all fours to the inner door. Of course inside was pitch dark save for a smoky fire. This arrangement of doors may be partly for warmth, partly for wild beasts. When we reached the village we slaughtered what remained of a very thin heifer, and as the sun went down there was a fearful yell, as some wild animal had carried off part of our meat and a child. When these things happen often among a poorly-armed people, who are always fearing human enemies as well, the idea that the beast is not an ordinary hyena or leopard, but something uncanny, seems quite

natural. I only just had strength to pull myself inside the hut. Coastmen had penetrated to this village, and one of them stood on a hill the next day as I was being ignominiously carried to the coast, cursing me and all Europeans, who, he said, had meddled with his slaves. The scene was striking as we descended from the hills—how very sweet the sound of the waves on the beach seemed! But there was no rest, as a great dance was going on, and we met the whole population painted a bright red; and at night, just outside my door, drum and rattles and pipes kept the merriment going till the sunlight came over the hills down into the tiny huts perched about amidst the rocks.

There were numbers of villages about here, some on islands, and coming down the lake I afterwards spent two days on one of these islands, where I was much struck by the performance of a herd of cows, who swam to the mainland in the morning and back in the evening, carefully avoiding sunken rocks.

It is very strange, reaching one of these rock-embedded villages at night; torches cast a strange light on the rocks and wild forms, the tossing canoes and the cliffs overhead; and how pleasant is the proffered hospitality—the cleanest mat on the state bedstead of crossed bamboos in a well-built hut! A long canoe or land journey makes you forget the rats; nor do I remember mosquitoes there. All this headland north of Mbampa is inhabited, and islands abound; the people with Amakita seem to be a united body—at least in language.

Going further east, to what ought to be the best of the land, I recall the figure of an old man, a Mchinga Yao, who, with a youth and a Yao Christian from Masasi, accompanied us through the country west of the Upper Lujenda. He was an old man, very loquacious, and of little dignity; but as he accompanied us up the masses of rock between the Luambali and the Luchimwa to point out to us every day the features of the country, whence we could see the Mwembe hills, part of the rich valley of the Loangwa, and the hills beyond the Lujenda, his face would light up as he described the good old days when he was a boy, when each of the many streams we had crossed, and were to cross, was the site of a village, when strangers could pass from one end of the country to another, and Indian corn, rice, and goats abounded; he dwelt on the social life, the free hospitality, the ready transit, the giving food and receiving news in turn that then prevailed; before the Alolo had come upon them from beyond the Lujenda, and driven some north, some south—a people very fierce and barbarous, whose language he tried to imitate.

When I passed at that time, the Mandimba was thickly settled under their chief Nyambi, a vegetarian. The other man then with me had been carried by his mother from the same country from the river Mtapili, and he seemed to be proud of its depth of verdure and pleasant pools, when we reached it on our way to Mwembe from Masasi; and he might be, as he was then conducting me with five of his own men. Probably,

this same raid drove the Yao south, whom Dr. Livingstone and Bishop Mackenzie encountered; no wonder, then, they found it difficult to all at once realise the intention of the strangers they met, as they fled from the Alolo. As I crossed the Mandimba and wound up and down over the Ligama, the Luchimwa, the Luambali, the Ngwena, the Luchulinga and their hundred tributary streams, or in another journey followed the lower plateau further east from Nyambi's to Mwembe, the whole country seemed to invite inhabitants; one route might be 1600 feet above the sea, the other from 2500 to 3500 feet. The Mwembe plateau is very rich in its wide grassy glades studded with bright orange flowers; the forest is of very small trees, too low for the *masuka*. But the successive raids have not been able to drive the inhabitants entirely from the country. For as the marshes of the lake afford shelter, so do the hills; thus Nyambi's people have been driven to the hills near Mangoche, the Mtonia mass is occupied—villages cluster round Lisali, and the hills east of Mataka's town. There are still villages on Namwere's hill near old Mwembe. The whole country is fertile, and water is found on all the hills. I have a favourable recollection of the Mlimas' hospitality, and of the grey-haired chief at Mtonia. But Unyango is perhaps the most striking of these hill-towns.

After eight days' uninhabited track over and through the numerous tributaries of the Luchulinga, with the beautiful heights of Manza on the right, and the Kambango range on the left, Janson and I were pressing on to find the town Unyango, of which we had heard as the great rendezvous. We passed through a half-deserted country, and saw the two peaks of Unyango rising sheer out of a flat plain before us, but no house could be seen: the hill seemed covered with big stones, and it was not till we were near enough to hear the hum of a populous village that we perceived that the big stones were houses, and that people were moving about on the hill like ants, no one venturing to live below. All that side of the hill was full, and when, last year, I came to the other side, that was full also; and I saw more then, as I went up to see the chief. There must be at least 9000 huts on this hill. The chief seemed a man of a great deal of character, but, as with all these men, we have not yet any independent society to offer him: if he wishes to advance he can go in for coast ways, and yet maintain his independence. He told me that two large caravans were at that time away from his hill on the way to the coast.

We found the same thing at Chiwagula, where, as at Unyango, the Amakali Yao live. Here every pinnacle was occupied by the Yao children curious to see the Europeans. Many of these children have lived on these rocks till they are quite accustomed to them, and at Mwembe I felt that to follow truant boys was like hunting wild goats; and often in the delight of climbing and their independence, the children would laugh at the enticement of a meal, though they had had nothing.

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Far worse than the Alolo have been the Gwangwara, who have carried their merciless forays through the land. Just before I passed through the country they had swept round Unyango hill. Mtonia had seen them in the distance. They had left many dead of small-pox at Mkata's; but as we look at the Msinje valley we find them settling refugees from Unyango, Chiwagula, and other places as dependents of their own. From these settlements on the Msinje we sometimes at the lake hear grand accounts of Indian corn, &c.; but it is often the old story of the fox who lost his tail. The people who submit to the Gwangwara are not to be envied.

I do not remember very much of the journey from Mwembe across country to the river Kanyenda; it took us fifteen days, but I had nothing to write with, and so kept no journal. We ought to have done it in seven days, but the popular voice was for very slow marches. We crossed the Luatisi, marked by water trickling over flat rock; afterwards the Matipili, and left Mkula not very far on the right. The scenes every day are impressed on my mind, as I had to depend entirely on those with me, having no stores of any kind. The party would be about 300, some carrying ivory, some tobacco, and a few slaves. The Yao do not travel by canoe, but they love journeys, and barter not for the profit, but as a means of communion with other men, and those caravans are just what they want; in this life was Chuma born, the faithful servant of so many English expeditions. To accompany English travellers, slave caravans, or ivory traders equally meets their wants; if they do not find other opportunities, they make caravans of their own, that can hardly get bare subsistence.

The beds of the Rovuma and Lujenda afford refuge in war time in their labyrinth of islands, and unless we realised this we might pass along stretches of the river and imagine them deserted by everything but the storks and kingfishers and hippopotami. I have followed the Lujenda down from its head to some two days from its junction with the Rovuma. The highest town in it was Amaramba, which I had better describe when I come to Lake Kilwa. The next noticeable feature is Jombone hill, which marks the beautiful confluence of the Luambali and the Lujenda; it is a favourite resort of fishermen from Mwembe. As to these fishermen. A man is delighted to go off for four days if he gets some 30 or 40 small fish, which are dried over a fire; for these, if he is lucky, he may get a shilling's worth of cloth. He goes 30 miles to the fishing-place and 30 back, but there is all the pleasure of hawking these dried fish about, which they do merrily enough. Unfortunately, the famine time at Mwembe was not the fish season—at least none were brought then. Similarly, men and boys go off to the south end of the lake to get salt. I came back part of the way with a party of eight or nine and camped with them; they had been seven days going to Nyassa, and perhaps five returning, and had nothing with

them but the salt. I watched them narrowly, and the two days they were with us they only smoked bhang, and licked the dropping of the salt-bags, with which they seasoned some toadstools; but these men would have all the joy of a journey and carrying the salt about at Mwembe. They would have to pay toll to the chief probably. Similarly, by the way, hunting is an excuse for sociability. They are poor huntsmen, but the happiness of a man who can return and summon a village to a feed, or give his chief a tusk! So a party is often organised to hunt, who go agog into camp life but often shoot next to nothing.

To return to the Lujenda. After the Loangwa has entered it we come to villages dependent on Mtarika, especially Tola, and here is a maze of islands; at one of them, Matola, the temperance chief near Masasi was spoken of with great respect. Mtarika has settled on the islands in the river and his town is the first place where I saw each head of a household collecting his belongings inside a big fence. This chief occupies an important position, as here the principal road goes off to Ibo. When I first passed his town a band of men were encamped who had lately come from Mwarija's, and another who had come down the Lujenda from some point of Nyassa; the latter would not allow me to enter the encampment. One route from Makanjila's crosses the hills south of Luambali and follows that stream to very near the Lujenda, some branch off, cross the Luambali, and so by Mwembe, and thence to Mtarika's. Near Mtarika is another civil Yao chief, Mpelembe, who ventures in the wet season to come out of his beautiful island, and cultivate the banks of the river. Crossing the Luatisi and a few other small streams, we found villages—the people, however, in the utmost terror of the Gwangwara—and so we crossed by the Mtapili and found a number of Masanyinga villages under Kandulu; and all up the west bank we met small caravans, some with Mahommedan teachers, others purely native. Kandulu and Mangoché were declared afraid of the evil eye, but gave orders that I was to be treated civilly. I returned up the right bank, crossing at Tola's and so to Nakawali, Mataka's outlying village, 15 miles perhaps. It was only at crossing this time that I had proof that Mataka had confiscated all my property as a reprisal for an attack on one of his caravans. I only mention it here because, hearing of this, a man in charge of a caravan going right up the Lujenda and so to Nyassa, insisted on my receiving a present of food, and would not hear of my giving him anything in return. I had never seen him before, and should not know him again: it was simply helping the oppressed. In the next month I found similar help in a slave caravan, and in the cottages along the Rovuma, until I was able to return to the usual European show of wealth.

Life on the Rovuma is much the same as life on the Lujenda. Two of my companions disputed energetically as to whether the Lujenda or the Rovuma reached the sea; they had each followed his own stream to the

sea, not realising that they join long before reaching it, and the two streams are much the same size.

I first saw the Rovuma in the distance from the location of Matola, the Yao chief near Newala, some 30 miles from Masasi. Later on I reached it at Makochiro, a Matumbwi chief's; it was then winding in and out between densely wooded islands, and the group of the Majeje hills were north of us in fantastic peaks just visible from the higher hills at Masasi. Most of the people of Majeje have moved down to be safer in the river, and here two canoes are used, but the rocks would prevent any very extensive journey being made in canoes. Both the Rovuma from this point to the source, and the Lujenda, would be useless for any big boat; a canoe might get *down* stream in the rains. Every now and then we came to beautiful reaches on each. Westward of Makochiro is a Yao, Chitwanga; here caravans are continually passing and the country is eaten up. I was begging of this man, when I was delighted by Janson's arrival with porters and stores, and here we settled to press on to Nyassa. From a point near here only small granite hills were to be seen, and the gorge through which the Rovuma breaks a little further up. The next large set of villages were Mtotela's, a very civil Nyassa chief; he and other Nyassa people were delighted to see my men, most of whom were of the same tribe. I have noticed that ideas of kindred are very strong with all these people. The idea that they do not wish to return to their own country arises from our not realising that they have no knowledge where their kindred are: they know that they were raided, and have very vague ideas of the route they followed; but Livingstone found that some of his boys would willingly give up the comfort they had with him to return to their kindred — and where I have gone, old associations, old ties, when found at all, heal up at once and attract the lost one. All the Nyassa people fraternise somewhat, but if a native does not at once wish to go to Nyassa we must remember the great size of the lake: he may have come from the south-west, and so does not want to go to the far distant north-east of Nyassa.

Beyond Mtotela's we found some friendly Makuas, but could not estimate the population, which was settled to a great extent on the islands. We passed Loundi, another Nyassa chief, and Mpingawandu, and crossed at Kanyenda's ferry. On the islands here is a considerable population, but very loosely united with Kanyenda. Here, as at Mtarika, caravans often cross, and some go down to Chitwanga. Thence the Kilwa road formerly lay by Majeje and the Yao and Donde, then by the Donde villages near Ilulu hill, but now caravans often strike across from Kanyenda's through the forest, only the Lindi parties going by Ilulu or Masasi. A day's journey took us from Kanyenda's to Chipajola, a Masanyinga Yao, who, I believe, has now moved to the Lujenda; the location seemed very fertile and the people were boldly living on the right bank of the Rovuma, not on islands. To this point some caravans

come across from Mwembe. Three days' journey brought us by a number of old clearings to Mpanda's, the edge of the debateable land that caravans only venture to skirt.

II. It would probably be some 80-100 miles further up the Rovuma that I crossed it to go to the Gwangwara country, and this takes us to the northern division of the region treated of in this paper, over a bridge of creeper and bamboos some 100 feet across. Advantage is taken of two tall trees overhanging the torrent; creepers are used as ropes to support a platform of bamboo on either side, and these are joined by other bamboos, cross-pieces being laid on, and then bamboos are bound on to overlap the joints till the whole is one long arch of bamboo only needing the creepers to steady it. I crossed similar bridges over the Luachesi near Mwembe, and over a stream near the Wa-bena country.

Once over this narrow bridge, we were soon passed by three Gwangwara, who regarded us with great suspicion and fear and would not come to parley; some sort of news had preceded our coming, however, as I had told those who raided the village near us on the lake that I was coming.

We soon found that the country was divided into small hills, and places like gravel pits, common there as near Mwembe, and at last found a Nindi village dependent on the Gwangwara. Here the men were mostly away, and we learnt that the Gwangwara had settled all the country round with Donde and Nindi people to cultivate for them; these dared not settle on the main path, or their masters would raid them as they went by. Here and there the path was festooned with handcuffs, probably rather neck-links, which had been taken off gangs of captives. These Nindi, at least the boys, had the Gwangwara scanty dress of skins, and top hat of feathers. The people were afraid to show us the way to their masters, but as we had fraternised with them over a dance that we had seen before at a Donde village near Masasi, a woman hinted that if we set off north we should soon find a path; and so we did, passing some deserted villages—probably the people had moved to a more sheltered place. In the evening we were met by two Gwangwara and a coast man, who said he was from Kilwa, and had come months before with a caravan. This man was very civil and helpful all along, having got into the confidence of the chief. The next day, after traversing low open ground, we again crossed the Rovuma, now a tiny little stream, and not far on found the first Zulu village. Here there was much delay and ambiguous answering, and we had time to observe the wealth of Indian corn, tobacco, and the beans called *baazi*. There were not many oxen at this village. Some men with me had to return to Masasi, and as it appeared that they would have to pass through another chief's village named Songea, they said they could not unless I went with them. Jazi or Mheruli, himself civil, said he could not give us a guide, as they were not on good terms; and we

found it very hard to get on at all. The people were evidently afraid of us, and we could only get information by sending a man out alone to question children. In this way we passed the source of the Rovuma, a large open glade with a tract of spongy ground in the middle. We were shown a hill in the distance from whence the Lufu is said to rise. At last we reached a village of Songea; we saw some elders there, but who they were I do not know; I here left our men from Masasi, and it is to the credit of the Gwangwara that none of them were hurt, though an attack was then in progress on our mission district of Masasi. I returned safely to Nyassa, and feel no doubt that we may venture amongst them and find a welcome, though difficulties may arise afterwards. As with the Donde and Nindi so with the Yao; we found these settled near Songea, and cultivating the land and paying tribute. So they deal with all who do homage to them. To do this is "Kugwira mwendo," that is, seize the chief's leg.

They seem to deal in the same way with Amakita. There are elements of good in the system, but they afflict all too much. I followed their war-path up from Chikala. Some had gone by Mkata and right up by Makanjila's; they had been seen from Mtonia, and had passed Unyango only a few weeks before I was there; they have long desolated the Rovuma, and at length reached our station at Masasi, some 200 miles distant. As I came down the east side of the lake I found a burnt village under the Livingstone Hills, and a little south the booths in which the Gwangwara lived just opposite the Lipingo village on piles.

As regards the language of the Gwangwara, the men with me who acted as interpreters had been with the Angone west of the lake, and the latter, as I am informed by Dr. Laws, of the Scotch mission west of Nyassa, speak the language of the Zulu. How much Zulu blood may be left is very doubtful; one chief assured me very little was left, but I am told that amongst the Zulus in the south great pains are taken to put an adopted boy on the same footing with those of the tribe, and this goes on regularly with those of the Gwangwara. The chief fraternised with me on the ground that we each wanted youths to educate on our own system. The women act as a great incentive to the men; they are said to expect a suitor to be the first to enter a stockade. They laughed at the youth of my porters, and said that with them none were allowed to marry till they had beards; the men wore the clay top-knot moulded round their head.

When asked as to their ancestors' graves they said they had been driven south from them; and when I bid farewell to the man who had acted as our host, and expressed a hope to see him again, he said, "Yes, if the Nyaka-Nyaka do not kill us all;" and, like the men at Songea's, he expressed a hope that Europeans would go and pacify these Nyaka-Nyaka. On leaving them I passed other villages and found how much they fear this northern tribe. Seeing the people thus at home, so

vivacious and full of family life, we could not but perceive that their fierce raids are due not to mere lust of rapine but to the impulses of a conquering people.

Their promise not to attack my station on the lake was kept, but they came very near it, both north and south, and to really master the situation in this region it seemed to me necessary to visit those who raid these raiders. No such tribe as the Nyaka-Nyaka is marked on any map, but one of my men, who had lived at Kilwa, said another name for them at that town was the Wa-bena, and that parties of them there had sometimes petitioned the Governor of Kilwa to let them have it out with parties of the Angone, as the Gwangwara are there called. The Wa-bena are marked on the map as inhabiting to the north-east of Nyassa. My quest of them led to an expedition from Kalonga's, a harbour west of Nyassa formed by sandbanks; thence we crossed the Urufilio, and then through the elephant swamp. South of the Urufilio the country was somewhat marshy, but fertile; semsen, sweet potatoes, tobacco, manioc, baazi, some mapira, and a little cotton were growing, with ground-nuts and pumpkins. Here we first saw boys marching double quick and keeping time by means of anklets that tinkled. Here the prevalence of the wind from the south was very marked by the upward turn of the branches of the cotton trees on that side. Crossing the Urufilio we had to partly swim, though a native managed to carry over two tiny children. These people, I suppose Wa-chungu, soon showed us a comfortable hut under a dark-leaved tree, the berries of which yield much oil.

Next day we passed some indiarubber trees; no elephants were seen, though there were many tracks of the animals. Across the Sangwa, a very considerable stream swollen by the rain, which we crossed in a canoe, we reached very neat villages, where one felt scruples as to cutting up the ground with tent-pins. The next day we passed several villages, all marked by the same neatness, and were followed by hundreds of natives with a great variety of spears, but no other dress save a zone of copper wire. A mere strip of red cloth here procured a fowl, and sour milk was freely offered us; in each hamlet the door of a chief's hut was marked by an unusually tall bamboo.

Large plantations of the arrow-shaped leaf called *jimbe* at Zanzibar, of great luxuriance, set off the sweet-potato patches. As we stood towards evening on the banks of a large river surrounded by hundreds of these fine-looking men, and the canoe carried our party across in two or three trips, I felt the value of their natural disposition that prompts to hospitality rather than to seize unprotected goods. However, the African Lakes Company had already made friends here, and I was welcomed to a house when we had crossed the river; it belonged to a man whose son had gone with some of the Scotch party down south, and returned in safety. The next day we came to the Rombashi, where numbers were crossing.

Here we met a mad person. Such people seem to be kindly treated; elsewhere they are often put in a slave-stick to quiet down, as the expression is. Mr. Stewart says this Rombashi is a mere lagoon, and there seemed no current; four or five miles brought us to Mambungo's village, which has often been described. Mambungo himself was a head taller than his people, and as slenderly clad; he soon gave us a hut and an ox, and again I was thankful that no spirit of covetousness came over him. My ten men were seized with a panic the second night, and declared we were to be killed, but their fear was groundless. I took advantage of our stay to explore their villages along the Lumbaka, and the name Rombashi seemed applied to the most crowded part as well as to the lagoon. Wading and reed-work brought me out on a strip of sand, while the south wind seemed to lash the lake against this northern shore. The Lumbaka came round this north end, but whether it was joined by the Lufila before it entered the lake, I could not tell. A village of Wa-kinga was said to be some short distance farther on.

Due north there was a remarkable rounded hill, and to its right a striking smaller hill. My route went over the former; and its spur to the east was separated from the steep sides of the Livingstone Hills by the Lufila. The sides of these hills were in the lower part marked by the Wa-kinga plantations.

Next day Mambungo entrusted three urchins to my charge, and I set off through his village. The people are herdsmen and gardeners. Flowering trees are plentiful in avenues. They make neat mats, spears, and their houses are well constructed. Their pots are said to come from the foot of the Livingstone Hills by water. Some 30 miles south, under that range, we subsequently met with canoes belonging to this chief. We, as others, were very much struck by the care taken of their fine oxen.

The Lumbaka soon took a turn to the north, and we came on it just where some 50 yards of the path had fallen away into the river; then we turned off more towards the volcanic (?) hill, and passed a stream—the Yangangwisi—and came to the foot of that hill to a small village. All the time we collected words and sought to interpret. The words for water, fish, goat, and the Nyassa itself were all quite different from those used further south.

Next day from the hill we got a magnificent view over to the hills of Kalonga's, a peak to the north, and its spurs out to the Livingstone range, while at my feet, between the hill and the lake, lay the alluvial plain formed by the Lumbaka and Lufila, and one or two miniature lakes in it, one of which we had visited the day before. It was touching to see the kindness of the people in offering an ox as we passed; we got also sweet potatoes at our midday halt, and walked over a down carpeted with crowsfoot and English flowers to Majonga. Here we had a grand palaver, and obtained guides to the next place. No one had heard of

the Wa-bena, or the Nyaka-Nyaka at all definitely, and I could only get on my men by insisting that we must go over the appalling hills to the north-east. It rained almost continually. We passed very large villages, and by the peak a road, probably direct to Merere. Round the summit we found another village, with a somewhat different dialect to that spoken by our temporary guide. Here we killed an ox Majonga had given us. Dense mists shut out the view. The people told us that Merere had often raided here, and cut off people's hands.

Next day I determined to make for the hills, and passed a stream that showed the different strata of the whole of this alluvial surface, about seven feet deep. We came, after about three miles and a half, to a village where the people were wondrously painted in stripes in preparation for a dance. It was near a spur from the Livingstone Hills, which we crossed in the afternoon, and said to be two days from Merere's (first day at Pilungo, second day Maranguli, third day at Merere).

Two miles across ridge and through defile brought us to Mambepo's, at the bottom of a steep hill. Near here a European (Mzungu) was said to have passed, but nearer the lake; otherwise we had heard little of Europeans since we left Mambungo's, where the chief remembered the names of Mr. Moir and Dr. Laws.

The next day, as the path to the north-east was said to be only a path for firewood, we reluctantly toiled up a great ascent nearly north, with a steep ravine on our right, and so at evening got a glorious view of the valley of the Luaha, looking from there just like another Nyassa; and leaving a valley and path that descended northwards, we soon reached a village. There the people were shy of us, and showed signs of insisting on our going to Merere. I went a long trip, passing over a stream that clearly enters the plain, and in coming back lost my way. Fortunately a funeral was going on where we were put up, and at last I heard the dirge come over the valley and managed to get to it. When I reached the spot the dancers went on grimly by the dim firelight in full war-paint, and took no notice of me or my appeal, which they could not understand; and I was glad to see one of my men appear on the scene. We ought to have gone down into the valley, and so to the Wa-bena, but our hosts hoped to keep us in reach, and so we were directed eastwards over the Waluga downs, and found ourselves with a long-taloned chief, Mala-wanda, who remembered Mr. Cotteril and his party, and pointed to the site of Merere's stockade below. Here all was cross-paths and old plantations: clearly the Wa-bena or other raiders had been in the neighbourhood. We now saw what was said to be the home of the Wa-bena, and up hill and over river we went, and down from the Waluga uplands, and across the spurs, and so to the border village of the tribe. We were taken for the party of the French traveller (M. Giraud?) who had recently passed across these

downs, and many thought we had failed and so come back. When at the Wa-bena village we skirted that spur; we were warned against trying to cross it, and were tired of climbing hills, and so we wound round it, continuing eastwards past a number of quadrangles inhabited by people formerly belonging to Merere, and now under the Wa-bena, or, as we now heard the ruling clique called, the Wa-jinga.

Our guide to the first Wa-bena village would not enter with us, although he knew many of the people there who had been under Merere; and at all the quadrangles they received us well, though troubled at our coming; we heard some old hags calling us wizards.

In this long slope of the plain there was high grass, and sand studded with thorn bushes and gay with convolvuli. We passed plenty of plantations, and half of each quadrangle being deserted, we got good lodging; but fowls were rare, and the goats about the place were said to belong to the Wa-bena.

Tobacco and mtama were grown freely. At the end of the afternoon we crossed a large sandy bed with little water, and found a lodging next day by a very large quadrangle. The chief did not seem to know of any other river but the one we should reach that day. About six miles' march by one long shallow pool brought us to a large quadrangle, near which was a river, very shallow but broad. One mile further brought us to a house.

Next day we walked seven miles to another quadrangle, and then over another stream, which we re-crossed twice after seven miles' travelling. Here the country became more undulating and higher, and we reached a place said by the frightened guides to be the real Wa-jinga's abode. The guides left us, and then we found ourselves engaged in trying to find a chief. Grand herds of oxen, wearing bells, made these downs lively; but food was very scarce, and the chief suspicious. He said first that he was the head chief; then that the chief lived two months off, and so on.

Next morning we were given two guides, fine-looking young men, who, by-the-bye, scorned any idea of a present when they landed us at another quadrangle, six miles further on. Here the people were bringing in the mtama harvest, and the men crowded round while I waited for our nine porters to come up. The chief here looked a fine fellow. Here, as before, they asked if my men were not from the Gwangwara, or, as they called them, the Wa-poma. Their having slit ears was indeed a sign that they had been at one time with the Angone west of Nyassa. A few miles further on we obtained a grand view to the north and west, and again after crossing two more brooks. At the latter place a man assured me that the water that was so often seen in the valley was indeed a large marsh, and that they expected raids on that side only in the dry season. We were again lodged that night, and bought a small ox. The absence of fowls was trying in a land where there seemed

plenty. The people are very cleanly, and bathe regularly, and laughed at my men for merely washing face and hands, whereas we had been laughing at the uncleanness of the hill-people. The women wore hides ornamented most elaborately, and even tastefully, with beads. The men carried bigger spears than the Amachiusa. They said that some charred buildings had been burnt by the Wa-poma, but the Gwangwara have evidently met their match on this side.

At last we were met by a messenger, who said the chief should be communicated with, and we were to wait. After three days' delay we determined to push on, as some said the chief was a day's journey off, others two months' journey, and so on, and we soon came to a large village and a number of paths. We were met on the road, and not a little pleased to be invited to a separate house, while only one of my men was allowed to go to the village; and we were so closely watched that I could not climb the hills some little way off. A chief came and gave us audience three days running, and professed to send off messages to another head chief. Our friend was in full dress, wrapped in bands of beads almost all over. They were suspicious, because we came from the wrong side. They knew nothing of Nyassa, but had traded to Bagamoyo. They represented themselves as attacked on all sides, but we had seen their work on Merere, and saw it afterwards east of Nyassa.

We were recommended to lay in provisions, and finally commanded to go back as we came. This was trying, as I was suffering from a large boil, and had to be carried three days. Near this last village we skirted a hill and crossed a brook, and finally a big path that clearly went south-west round the range.

Men were sent after us to see us well back the way we came; and at the last part it was very absurd to see our guides change their tone. At first they were protecting us, and my men turned pale as they saw our old friends at the quadrangles turn out in white and black war-paint; but I soon more and more suspected that our two Wa-jinga guides had as little command over these late followers of Merere as we had, and that we were the favourites. So we got back to the hills. We had hoped to strike across right through the Gwangwara country, but now we had no idea of the way. We marched across the downs by the way the French traveller had taken, and made further acquaintance with the Wa-luga, who seem to flee into the narrow ravines that are full of foliage, tall trees, and brushwood, whenever the Wa-bena raid them.

These upper downs are rich in flowers, but we did not find brushwood sufficient even to light a fire. When we were on the watershed we had a magnificent view of U-jinga and the U-sango hills and the valley of the Luaha. We soon after descended into a long valley, and after seven miles' walk along it past villages with high cone-like huts, and crossing the streams we reached the first village that claimed to be of the

Wa-kinga. Here, just [at dawn, we caught sight of the great plain of the Lumbaka below, lakelets and all, and the stream we passed yesterday cut into the hill like a knife. All the natives seemed to think that we wanted or ought to want to descend to Amambunga's country; none knew anything of Mbampa, and so day after day we had to leave the westerly paths our guides got into and cross ridges. We had no way to ask for, this side of the lake being unknown; but finding at last that the Gwangwara are here called Wa-yoya, we could ask for the Wa-yoya war-path, although we could not tell if the people were really guiding us. We crossed a large stream that soon turned west, and climbed a very steep hill, thence in the evening following a narrow path hidden in mist, where we could hear the people shouting in the valley below, and here we found that coast caravans had been. Then we reached a very large valley, and a Kinga chief, named Ushalawile, who gave us an ox, and promised a guide to Wa-pelememo. All along here the houses were surrounded by pretty fences of euphorbia and other plants. Directly we reached the hills again we met with rain, but, to make amends for it, tender Indian corn cobs. Thence we passed the Liangali and reached another Kinga chief, who entertained us in the morning with a dance. Then we crossed the Anyawayo, and ascending caught a sight of the lake and saw the chief's village: Mwemushe's (his title seems to be Mhukilo) was to the west of our march and thence a road led down to the plain; to our west the hills rose higher than ever over Nyassa, and we went on and camped by a tall peak called Pkwawa. The next day we came to an end of these villages. All the Wa-kinga valleys are very beautiful and fairly populated; they said they have also lower lands, where their cattle are often sent. To the west the hills rise higher, rounded and peaked to the north-east. On the south they are bounded by the Lamkiu, which flows south-west into Nyassa. Between this and its small tributary the Nyelele we found the remnants of an oppressed people, and then ascending a mile or so we found the Wa-palameno, who gave us a wine distilled from the bamboos of the country. Crossing two more streams we came to many villages, and the next day ascended the eastern face of the Livingstone range again by a mount called Unsuti. Near the top was a village, and goats were there. From the top a lower terrace was visible to the west; on the east the hills rose as far as we could see to the north-east, but fell away to the south. We descended some five miles to a village; Nyassa was still hid by the dense fog. Even here marauders were dreaded, but whether Wa-bena or Angone we could not tell—probably the latter.

We went down by well-trodden paths enveloped in mist, and somewhat suddenly came to a place where you could look down sheer into Lake Nyassa. My ten men were rejoiced; it seemed an old friend, but we were not at home. A descent by rocks, like a ladder in some parts, brought us straight down on a village; the poor people thought we were marauders,

and as many as possible put off in canoes, returning only when they saw how few we were and that we did not burn the village. This and some other villages were clustered along the foot of the precipices. Further south, as Mr. Young has described in his book on Nyassa, they have built their huts on posts driven into the lake, and there they live, the scantily cultivated ledges of ground yielding them hardly any grain, and they do not seem to have much fish. One charred village on the shore told that the Gwangwara will not even so leave them in peace, but the villages on posts show that even a few yards from the bank the Gwangwara will not attack anything on the water. The regular visits of a friendly European would be an incalculable boon to these people, and to those who hide in the marshes, as in the great marsh that bounds the Lufu. All along that side from Sumba to Mbampa there is no path at all; we had to wade and plunge over rocks, now and again getting a lift in a canoe, now following hippopotamus tracks or skirting the reeds in the lake, neck-deep in places. It took us twelve days to reach Mbampa.

III. The southern division of the region now remains, and here Lake Chilwa, or Kilwa, is the principal object of interest. I first approached it from the north, but the notes I then took were unfortunately lost—I mean the levels, which I took carefully every day. We crossed the Mandimba, and ascending into the hills and by one or two small ranges made three days' journey south-east; we could then see Mangoche north-west, and leaving the main path, went due east till we reached a vast swamp of grass, only passable where elephants had been. We mounted a rock that rose up conspicuously, and could then see water and hills beyond, east and south-east, and an island in the water; our guide said this was called Chiuta. That day our guide deserted us, as he had pointed out where Europeans lived to the south, and I had said laughingly we would go to them.

I waded in towards the island, up to my waist and more, and the birds that thronged the place hardly took the trouble to flap out of the way. We followed this reedy edge all the next day, and saw herd upon herd of water-buck in the long reeds, when we struck a caravan route. It was very painful walking over dried-up elephants' tracks. This route took us near to the village of Amaramba, and a path through the reeds; the path had been cut for some hundreds of yards, and was all muddy, ending at water, and the cottages on posts in the river. Some cottages seemed to be on the other bank. Just before we crossed what in the wet season would be a considerable brook. The people of Amaramba are said never to take in a party till they have camped a night, and they would not have anything to say to us, except to tell us that there were crocodiles in the river when we threatened to swim to them. The people there are Yao, from near Mangoche. Evidently parties continually cross there. Some Alolo were said to have lately passed on a peaceful expedition.

The next day, following the Lujenda as near as we could, we reached the Mandimba, a considerable tributary. That in the dry season the Lujenda may not be continuous I can well imagine, as some 20 miles below the Mandimba I found a big pool, and apparently no current, stones above and below and hippopotami playing there; but there are hills on both sides of this marshy piece. In the dry season even the middle of Lake Kilwa would here and there be full of banks, for Mr. Buchanan told me that to reach the large island of Kilwa he was paddled in a canoe along a ditch with mud on each side, whereas in the wet season it would cover miles of country. What I actually saw was the water of the lake, and thence the reedy marsh extending by Amaramba, where also I saw water continuing to where I again saw it in the Lujenda, which I followed from thence down to Jambone hill. As to the extent of Kilwa, at several places I found the land between it and Pamalombe quite flat, 1457 feet above the sea; while my observations make Namkumba's, just above Nyassa, 1530 feet. Allowing for the fall of the Shiré and the height of Namkumba, this would make Shirwa, Pamalombe, and the land between them almost the same level.

No natives can be trusted in their statements with regard to these pools or Nyanjas. As we rounded Chikala and saw Shirwa before us, my porters from Blantyre insisted it was Nyassa, or as they called it, Nyanja of Mponda's; however, further north, when we reached the hills, a native pointed out Mchisi and where Chiuta would be, and said it was all one water with Shirwa which he knew south of Chikala.

Later we passed round the north side of Mlanji and found that the Mtuchila rises on that side, and runs round west and then south into the Ruu, and that the Pamalombe rises further east between Mlanji and Nyezi, and runs into Chilwa; the watershed of these two is very low.

Mounts Zomba and Chiradzula are well known; Mount Mlanji looks so very high owing to its base being lower than the base of Zomba. Mkanda at its north-west corner, and Njete, Manja and Matapwiri on the east side, all belong to the Yao tribe, and by the latter the caravan route passes from the Quillimane coast to Malemyas, &c., while the road to Wibo from the Makalolo passes by Chiradzula, and so to Zomba, and joins the other route there. I travelled to Quillimane by the less-known route. From Zomba, by Mlanji, and all down to the coast my route was a descent; the country seemed good. At the first village after Matapwiri the people talked a good deal in the Nyassa language with their Makua. One of my men could speak Makua as spoken at Masasi. All the way to the coast, they spoke of the Alomwe as living to the north-east, and as occasionally intermarrying with them. I made notes of the Makua language as often as I could. They noticeably retained the *mb* instead of *p*—as, *minemba* for

minepa, spirits. This route is clearly now the popular one for the old hands who used to hail from Zanzibar. I met men whom I had seen north of the lake; a Zanzibari, an old Masasi Makua, also Kilwa and Wibo people—every day band after band was met with, often a teacher with his alphabet-board, and once a large party under one of Tipo-Tipo's men, people from Makanjila's and Jumbe's, who eagerly asked me the news. Some of the streams we passed after leaving Mlanji entered the Lukungu, which was described as entering the Nyanja of Quilimane, or, as Quilimane is here called, Mirambo.

The people, Makua or other, near Matapwiri were mostly under the authority of Manja, whose village was full of coast men. The river Mlosa rises at Mlanji, and doubling round its south-east end enters the Ruu, leaving Mtumbwi on the right. The flowers, especially gladioli, were very bright on the way down; low ridges came all round south-south-east, probably low rocks left by the streams as the land sinks down to the coast. From the Makua village we crossed the Lumanama. Here the natives seemed as fearful and ignorant of distances as anywhere. We could hardly get a porter to carry our beans. We passed several hamlets and a stream named Misea, and at last a pool in an open place, and then reached the small river Majoka. Here we mounted a rock and got a fair view of Mlanji in the distance, and a high hill, doubtless Mount Chipirone. Another day's journey brought us to Mpasu's villages and their mango, cashew, and orange trees and pine-apples, on the banks of the stream Namasona. All the way rocks cropped up at times. At last, three days from the coast, we found a man, named Mchilembwa, who knew the Portuguese, but not one of them was seen. We reached the place to which caravans are allowed to come and trade. Here coconut palms, cashew-nut trees, and limes were abundant. A man, son of an Indian and a Makua woman, who has become a Christian, presides, and was very attentive to us. Several Indians had goods-stores there, and already had news of a caravan we had passed on the way. A regular marsh and a long road in a river led to a place where there was an office with a Goalese clerk, and Indian helper; and there we got a boat, and so descended the Mikwali, which we had before crossed four times, and we did not see a Portuguese till we were in Quilimane.

This does not seem the place to enlarge on the Portuguese settlements, on the slave trade, or the caravan life that knits all together from East to Central Africa. Almost everywhere I have travelled with natives only, my party being less than ten, and I have tried to enter into their life; thus I have been enabled to lay before you the routes they use, though my map may lack scientific accuracy. Any one now, by asking his way from one place to another, and noting the distance, could traverse the whole country, knowing the direction he had to go, and how many days' provision he would need.

Previous to the reading of the above :—

The PRESIDENT said the region to be described by Mr. Johnson was that lying along the eastern shores of Lake Nyassa, a country made famous by the discoveries of Livingstone. Mr. Johnson was already well known to the Society. He had spent seven years near the lake, acting as one of the Universities' Mission; and it was well to remember what important services had been rendered to geography by the missionaries of the various denominations in Africa. All those who read the newspapers must have observed during the discussions about Madagascar the unfair, ungenerous tone, assumed by the French papers towards English missionaries. They were represented as men who, under the disguise of advancing the cause of religion and civilisation, really went out for the purpose of extending British territory and increasing British commerce, and as filled with hate to other nations, regarding them as wanting in all the virtues which Englishmen possessed. Englishmen, however, remembered the great services rendered not only to the cause for which they primarily laboured, but also to the cause of geography, by such venerable names as those of Moffat and Livingstone, and were grateful for the living labours of men like Chauncy Maples and Mr. Johnson in the south-east of Africa, as well as for those of several members of the Baptist Mission on the Congo, such as Mr. Bentley, who had recently returned to England, Mr. Comber, and others. They also bore in mind the great services performed by Dr. Laws and Mr. Stewart on Lake Nyassa, as well as by Mr. Wakefield among the tribes near Mombasa and the Gallas. In Madagascar the great missionary Ellis had extended our knowledge of that island, and introduced civilisation and Christianity, which had advanced, among the Hovas especially, to a degree which was altogether un hoped for. Those who were present would also remember the most interesting account given of that island by Mr. Deans Cowan, of the Scotch Presbyterian Church. This was the stuff of which our missionaries were made. They were men of whom England might be justly proud, and among their number there was no one more devoted to the cause than the gentleman who was now about to address them.

After the reading of the paper,

The Rev. HORACE WALLER said that the natives in the part of Africa which Mr. Johnson had just described were very quick to sum up a man. If he happened to be tall they likened him perhaps to a giraffe, if he were small perhaps to a toad, and the nickname they gave to Mr. Johnson was "The man who never sits down," and he thought that these wanderings delineated on the map justified their assertion! Every one who had visited the region gave the same account as to the whole of the tribes being in a constant state of ferment. When he (Mr. Waller) lived to the south of Lake Shirwa, the Portuguese were taking the natives out of the district as fast as possible, and away to the west of the Zambesi, to trade them with the Kaffirs for ivory. Mr. Johnson had put the best possible face on the question of the slave trade, but if he were closely questioned he would no doubt admit that tens of thousands of slaves were taken down to the vicinity of the island of Ibo, a Portuguese possession, and were sent on to Madagascar and the Comoro Islands. At the same time it was only right to say that a difficulty had arisen which was not formerly anticipated. Owing to the development of the indiarubber and the gum copal trade a vast number of natives who were brought as slaves across Nyassa were absorbed by chiefs who found it worth their while to employ large gangs of labourers in obtaining indiarubber. Mr. Johnson was now trying to get a steamer for Lake Nyassa, so that he might move about more readily. Like a brave man he had attacked the very centre of the evil. The Gwangwara were at present harrying the whole of the country. They were an offshoot of the Zulu tribe who were driven away across the Zambesi during the desolating wars of Chaka about 30 years ago,

and they were now preying upon the lake tribes. One of the principal terrors of that part of the continent was Tipo-Tipo. The whole region to the west of Tanganyika and Bangweolo to an indefinite distance towards the West Coast was being destroyed by organised bands that went about capturing the people and selling them for ivory. He did not think things would improve if the wandering spirit of the natives spoken of by Mr. Johnson led them to join Tipo-Tipo. When Livingstone was at the village of Matakas, he wrote a very sad letter, regretting very much that Bishop Mackenzie was dead, and all those who went out with him were withdrawn from Zanzibar. He thought that for some time at least all hopes of improving the people and going about among them was at an end. If his brave spirit could now go with Mr. Johnson or Dr. Laws he would find how completely needless his forebodings were. It was a matter to be thankful to God for that for every Englishman who died there ten others were ready to spring out of his ashes, and Mr. Johnson would take back with him a great following, not only of interest, but of men. Mr. Johnson had omitted to state that the greatest fellowship and kindness prevailed among the different Lake missionaries of various Churches. A clergyman from Cape Colony, who spoke the Zulu language perfectly, was about to go among the Gwangwara. If the eyes and hearts of the people could be opened to recognise the blessings of peace the whole of the tribes there would be benefited, for at present their lives were hardly worth living.

The Rev. W. P. JOHNSON said that the expense of his travels near Nyassa was a little over 400*l.*, which he believed was but the estimate for two months of an ordinary African expedition. The lowness of the cost was owing to the hospitality of his native friends.

Sir T. FOWELL BUXTON thanked Mr. Johnson for his extremely interesting paper. No one could look at the map without observing what rapid advances had been made in the knowledge of the regions which had just been described. It should be remembered that Mr. Johnson did not go there specially for geographical purposes; still he had brought home a great deal of geographical knowledge. If there were any society before whom his paper should have been read rather than before the Geographical Society it was the Alpine Club, for he had ascended a great number of peaks, and discovered many new passes, and it was to be hoped that when he returned to the region his labours would be crowned with still greater success. If a steamer would really aid him in his investigations, they must all hope that he would get one; but it would be a matter of regret if the possession of the steamer kept him from wandering about among the mountains and plains over which he had travelled with such great success.

The PRESIDENT joined very heartily with Sir T. Fowell Buxton and Mr. Waller in the eulogy that had been passed upon Mr. Johnson's interesting address. He had brought most vividly before the Society the state of things in those wild regions, and had shown them how some inhabitants were peaceful and cowardly, and others warlike, and thinking of nothing but plunder. At the same time he had shown that both among the oppressed and oppressors there existed a considerable amount of genuine kindness of heart. His account of his travels encouraged the hope that a great work would be done by Christian missionaries in that part of the world. Doubts sometimes arose as to whether Christianity could take root among a people so barbarous and ignorant, but it was evident that they had many feelings in common with ourselves, and that there was a great deal of good to work upon. Every one who had heard Mr. Johnson's address must recognise that there was a fair prospect of civilisation being introduced into those countries with the same blessed effects that followed the abolition of the slave trade in the neighbourhood of Zanzibar. While he listened to the address he could not help contrasting the picture which was

drawn with that given by Dryden in the reign of Charles II. The poet said the Protestants left the Roman Catholic Church to do all the missionary work, and did nothing themselves but send the greatest villains in England to plunder and ravage the distant Indian coasts—

“Thieves, pandars, pallards, rogues of every sort,
Those are the manufactures we export.
And these the missionaries our zeal has made,
For, be it with my country's pardon said,
Religion is the least of all our trade.”

GEOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

Mr. H. H. Johnston at Kilimanjaro.—We have just received the following interesting letter from Mr. Johnston, dated June 18th, from “Uvura, in Chagga, altitude 5000 feet.—For nearly a week now I have been settled on Kilimanjaro, camped on one of the loveliest sites in the world. Above me towers into the deep blue heaven the snowy head of Kibó, around me are green hills and forest-clad ravines in whose profound depths great cascades of water leap from rock to rock and splash the fronds of luxuriant ferns; before me lies spread out a vast blue plain—‘all the world’ as my host, the chief Mandara, proudly says, and my view southward is only bounded by the distant horizon. Perched as I am up here on the shoulder of a great buttress of the mountain, I seem to be on a level with the uppermost flight of the vultures, who hardly ever soar higher, and who poise themselves and wheel in circles over the awful depths at my feet. When the first cares of my installation are over I am going to set to work on a picture such as I see before me, and call the view ‘à vol de vautour.’—This is the bright side of my affairs; lovely scenery, a fine climate, trusty servants, and congenial studies. The darker prospects are the being in the power of, and subjected to the capricious interference of an African tyrant, whose favour at present shines on me, but who may in a moment change his mind and shatter all my castles in the air. Many people will be disposed to ask me, Why did you put yourself in his power? Why not go to some part of the mountain where the country is uninhabited and where you would be in complete freedom to pursue your investigations? To this I would reply that there is no habitable part of Kilimanjaro without an owner. It may seem very nice to go and live in a primeval forest 10,000 feet above the sea, and feed on wood-pigeons and guinea-fowl, but it is impracticable. When you have thirty lusty men to feed they object to such slender fare as the forest provides; consequently a settlement must be formed sufficiently near a native village for food to be easily procurable. It is, further, impossible for these natives of the warm coast-lands to endure the severe cold at night which is met with at an altitude of 10,000 feet. Consequently, as a central station, a lower