WILEY

A Journey to Garenganze

Author(s): Alfred Sharpe

Source: *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society and Monthly Record of Geography*, New Monthly Series, Vol. 14, No. 1 (Jan., 1892), pp. 36-47

Published by: Wiley on behalf of The Royal Geographical Society (with the Institute of British Geographers)

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/1800874>

Accessed: 24-06-2016 20:26 UTC

Your use of the JSTOR archive indicates your acceptance of the Terms & Conditions of Use, available at

<http://about.jstor.org/terms>

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Wiley, The Royal Geographical Society (with the Institute of British Geographers) are collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society and Monthly Record of Geography*

*A Journey to Garenganze.**

By ALFRED SHARPE.

Map, p. 68.

IN the latter end of July 1890, I left Mandala, in the Shiré Highlands. My endeavour was to reach Garenganze, the country of the well-known Central African chief, Mshidi, which lies between Lake Mwero and the Luapula river on the east, and the Lualaba on the west.

The route I decided to take led up Lake Nyassa to its northern extremity, and then across to the Mambwe country near the south end of Lake Tanganyika, where I hoped to obtain carriers who would continue with me for the remainder of my journey. From thence I proposed to go west to Kazembe's on Lake Mwero, cross the Luapula above its entrance into that lake, and make south-west for Mshidi's.

The journey from Matope on the Upper Shire was performed in the African Lakes Company's steamer *Domira*, and after an eight days' voyage I found myself at Karonga Station, near the north end of Nyassa. Following thence the usual route across the Nyassa-Tanganyika plateau, I reached the Lakes Company's station at Chirundamuzi in the Mambwe country, on August 18th. I was there joined by Mr. Stewart Burton (who eventually accompanied me as far as Kazembe's on Lake Mwero). I was disappointed in getting the Wa mambwe carriers I had hoped for, and had to leave Chirundamuzi with less than half the number required, my remaining loads being taken by local men who only agreed to go as far as the south end of Lake Tanganyika.

Abercorn, at the extreme south-east corner of the lake, was reached on August 25th. This station, established by Mr. H. H. Johnston in 1889, has already attracted a considerable trade from various parts of Tanganyika, Ulungu, Itawa, Fipa, &c., and has every prospect of increasing prosperity.

The portion of my route between the two lakes lay through well known country, which has been so frequently described that it is needless for me to say more of this part of my journey. The path traverses plateau land of from 4500 to 5500 feet; the climate is cool and pleasant; carriers are fairly plentiful and good, and carriage cheap.

Leaving Abercorn, we had to skirt the lake to its south-west extremity; at first we kept to the shore, but at Pambete, left the water and climbed up to the plateau land, about 2300 feet above the lake level. The hills are very steep, and the carriers found great difficulty with their loads, especially in the descent to Kabunda's in the Lofu valley, where we had to let ourselves down the rocks from ledge to ledge with the greatest care. This plateau in its highest parts is about

* A short account of this journey was published in the 'Proceedings' for July last (vol. xiii. 1891), and the present paper is the more complete one mentioned at p. 423 as then on its way to the Society.

5000 feet above the level of the sea, is well-watered and well stocked with game, including a few elephants.

Our descent brought us to Kabunda's, where we succeeded with difficulty in procuring men to go even as far as Bwana Teleka's village at Sumbo (or Msika). Between Kabunda's and Teleka's is stony country, and water is very scarce. At Sumbo (or Msika) we were hospitably received by Bwana Teleka himself, and were reinforced by as many carriers as we required. Sumbo is a thriving settlement, and Teleka, a coast man, is subject to Tippoo Tib. There is frequent communication by dhows, between Ujiji and Sumbo. Here we paid off our men from Kabunda's, bid farewell to the lake, and started due west. Our route lay through country which is riverless and in the dry season almost a desert, our only supply of water being obtained from occasional water-holes by the way.

We reached at last the village of Mkula, which is still held by the native tribes in the teeth of the Arab conquest of Itawa, in which country this chief was formerly one of the ruling men. The people were glad to receive us, and invited us into the village, but although I went in, the natives' fear of treachery kept me from seeing the chief. The village is a large one, and is surrounded by a double mud wall, loopholed for muskets, and a deep ditch.

Instead of proceeding westwards I now struck down to the south-west towards Abdallah-bin-Sulieman's. His town is built on the site of the Hara mentioned by Livingstone; he himself with other Arabs had travelled with Livingstone, and remembered him well. He is lieutenant of Tippoo Tib for this part of the country, and his power extends eastwards as far as Kabunda's (just mentioned) at the south of Tanganyika. He is a pleasant hospitable Arab, and gave me much information regarding the district through which I proposed to pass. The country is high, about 3300 feet, but I had only passed one stream, the Mwambezi, about 8 miles from his town, since I left the lake.

From Abdallah's I started for Kazembe's, having procured all the men I required from Nsama's, which is 15 miles W.S.W. of Abdallah's. Nsama had a large stockaded town and a few villages scattered round. He is the successor to the Nsama mentioned by Livingstone. He and his people are Wawemba, and are the north-westernmost portion of that large and warlike tribe: they live on fairly good terms with Abdallah, but occasionally give him trouble by stealing his people and interfering with his caravans; they fight with spears and have few guns. Throughout Itawa we found the heat very great, and travelling had to be done as much as possible in the early hours. One day from Nsama's we crossed the Mkubwe river, a fine stream, some 15 yards wide, with deep rocky pools frequented by hippos, and with occasional falls; its course was to the N.N.W., and we were told that it ran to Mwero. From the Mkubwe to the Kalongwizi river (two days), we passed

through dry scorched country with little water, reaching the latter river at the confluence of the Movu. The Movu is, however, no longer a river, its bed is quite overgrown and has no water in it except a little swampy portion in the centre. It must have been a large stream at one time. The Kalongwizi we found a deep river, about 70 yards wide, bordered by broad plains on either hand. These are covered with game, zebra, roan antelope, eland, waterbuck, and immense herds of the Vardon antelope. Crossing the Kalongwizi we went due west through uninhabited country, undulating and lightly timbered, to Lake Mwero (Moero), reaching its shores about 12 miles south of the mouth of the Kalongwizi river. The shore here (and, as I subsequently found, throughout two-thirds of its whole extent round the lake), rises abruptly from the water's edge to a height of from 150 to 200 feet, above which is undulating country.

Travelling parallel with the lake, but keeping a little way inland, we reached in two days the northernmost of Kazembe's people, and here we passed out of a dry country into one well watered with streams, and with swamps in every hollow, and having green leaves and grass everywhere. We reached Kazembe's town on September 29th, and pitched our camp a short distance from the stockade. From here, Mr. S. Burton returned to Tanganyika, and the remainder of my journey was made alone. After keeping me waiting a day, Kazembe received me in great state; he was dressed in marvellous costumes and carried by twelve men in a large square box on poles, the box was covered with leopard skins, and the chief was shaded by an immense red and white umbrella. His big wooden drums kept up such a constant drumming that little else could be heard. The "official reception" over, I was taken to Kazembe's house, and we discussed the news. When I told him that I intended to cross the Luapula and go on to Mshidi's, he would not hear of it, as they are bitter enemies; and no amount of reasoning could convince him that I must go on. I decided to take my own course, and start the following day. All but seventeen of my men, however, refused to go on, and deserted. I therefore started with seventeen only, hoping to obtain canoes somewhere up the river. Kazembe sent on messengers up the banks of the Luapula forbidding the people either to sell me food or let me have canoes. When a native chief decides that one shall not do a thing, it is often very difficult to break through the barriers interposed by him. Carriers become afraid and desert, and even those who stick to their master lose heart, and hunger often completes what intimidation has begun. A chief's reasons may be jealousy, very commonly he is on bad terms with other chiefs one desires to see, and in any case he finds it hard to understand why, with no reason apparent to him, one should desire to go at all, and above all why one should be in such a hurry. For two days, some 42 miles, I followed up the river, I was everywhere met with refusals of food or canoes, and then in the

early morning all but seven of my men deserted: I pushed on with these, hoping to cross the Luapula higher up, and reach Mshidi's in six or seven days. Once there I hoped to get cloth from European missionaries to carry me back to Nyassa. Finding it impossible to get a canoe, I left the river bank and going some miles back into the forest, stripped the bark off a large tree, and patched up the ends, hoping to use it as a canoe. This we carried down to the banks at night, but it leaked too much to enable us to cross in it. I therefore gave it up, and being entirely without food decided to return to Kazembe's and endeavour to come to some arrangement with him. The Luapula here is from 250 to 300 yards wide, deep, and running with a slow current of about one mile and a half per hour. Its banks are lined with palm trees and there is much game, mostly Vardon's antelope. This antelope, which is so common in these parts, is unknown in the countries bordering on Lake Nyassa. It stands about three and a half feet at the shoulder, is reddish in colour, with rather long hair, and has lyre-shaped horns; it goes in herds and is a great leaper, wherever the foremost jumps they all jump, like sheep. On returning to Kazembe's, I was received with open arms, as he thought I might have come to harm, and that trouble would come to him. He now said I should cross, not up the river, but to Chilwa Island, and thence to the opposite shore; he accordingly sent me north with men of his own as guides.

Some way above (south of) Kazembe's, the Luapula divides, the larger portion going west of a long low island; a small portion running east of it, into what is known as Mofwe. The western portion is called Luapula. Mofwe is not a river, but a shallow arm of the lake, in some parts four or five miles wide, narrowing in others to a mile. The island is covered with palms, is uninhabited, and is called Chisi (or Kisi). At the northern termination of Chisi, the Luapula may be said to actually enter the lake. The Island of Chilwa (or Kilwa) lies in the lake, some three or four miles north of Chisi, and is distant from the eastern shore of Mwero some three miles. Chilwa has two hills on it. I followed the shores of Mofwe for 20 miles after leaving Kazembe's, until I reached a point (opposite Chilwa) where the lake shore turns to the north-east. Here I was to get canoes to take me to Chilwa; but none were forthcoming, and after two days' delay it became evident that Kazembe had never really meant me to cross. The Kazembe whom I saw is the same who was in power at the time of M. Giraud's visit: I found him friendly, intelligent, fairly reasonable in his demands, and no more grasping than most other African chiefs. Beyond the difficulties I had with him about proceeding to Mshidi's, I had no troubles with him, and on my departure he gave me a 40-lb. tusk.

Finding it impossible to get to Garanganze through this country, I started back for Abdallah's, to try for men from him to go to the north end of Mwero, and, crossing the Luapula at its exit from the lake to

travel south-west from there to Mshidi's. I returned to Abdallah's by a slightly different route, and on arrival there, after some delay and trouble, I succeeded in getting fourteen men, and more from Nsama; and made once more a start.

Fourteen miles west of Nsama, I reached and crossed the Mkubwe river, which running north, entered vast marshes, and I here solved a question which had puzzled me for some time past, viz. as to where the Mkubwe and Mwambezi rivers ran to. I had hitherto been told that they ran into Mwero. As I was now to the south-west of both these rivers, and on my way to the north end of Mwero, it was evident that if they ran into the lake I should have to cross them both again. This I was however told was not the case; that the Mwero into which they ran was another Mwero. I then ascertained that the Mkubwe from the south, the Mwambezi from the south-east, the Chisela from the north-east, and the Choma from the north, all ran into a salt lake also called by the natives Mwero; that this is the remnant of a much larger lake which formerly had its outlet at the south-west end by the Movu river-bed to the Kalongwizi river; that this lake was now a vast marsh, with open water in stretches all over, and with a large piece towards the centre some ten to fifteen miles in diameter. I decided to visit it on my return journey if possible. At the village of Chipembiri I crossed the Movu river-valley, down which the waters of the lake originally had their outlet. Where I now crossed it, at its exit from the old lake, there were large patches of marsh, smelling strongly of ammonia, and I was told that in occasional years, after a heavy rainy season, a little water found its way down the valley to the Kalongwizi. On October 20th I reached the north-east corner of Lake Mwero, and following the northern shore for four or five miles, struck north and crossed the Luao river some five miles from its entrance into the lake.

Immediately after leaving Chipembiri, which by the aneroid was (on the level of the swamp) 3050 feet above sea-level, we had commenced a steady rise; the highest point on the road between the old lake and the real lake Mwero, being 3850 feet. The eastern watershed of the latter, along the upper half of its length, is never more than six or eight miles away from its shore. Eight miles beyond the Luao, I crossed the Luchinda (Lokinda) and turning due west travelled seven miles to the town of Mpweto. The country lying north of Mwero consists of undulating plains covered with stunted forests and thickets; there are many signs of former occupation, but now, with the exception of two villages of Abdallah's Rugaruga, between the Luao and Luchinda rivers, there are no inhabitants. These two rivers Livingstone describes as some forty yards wide, but this was in the middle of the rains. At the time of my crossing, they were each about twenty yards wide, deep and muddy, and swarming with crocodiles; the Luao is crossed by a very creditable wooden bridge erected by the Rugaruga.

The Luchinda has to be forded, and at the time of my crossing it on my outward and subsequently on my return journey, was about five feet deep.

Mpweto was at one time a chief of some importance in these parts, and was subject to Nsama; now, however, he is quite in the hands of the Arabs and calls himself 'Abdallah's child.' At the time of Livingstone's visit, Mpweto's town is described as being one mile from the Luapula. It has now, however, evidently been moved to the eastward, as I found it fully five or six miles away and a range of hills between the two. On leaving Mpweto, I expected to have crossed the Luapula due west from the town, but was taken south, and reached the river at the point of its exit from the lake. I found it here a smaller river than it is south of Kazembe's, before it enters the lake. The width was about 200 yards, the bed rocky and not deep. As soon as I had crossed the river, the path led up a steep ascent on to a ridge, and I found that the river takes a peculiar course after leaving the lake. It flows for three miles S.S.W. parallel with the shore; the ridge, some 300 feet high, dividing the two; the path runs along this ridge, which has a steep descent on each side, and I overlooked the lake on the left hand and the Luapula on the right. Two miles after leaving the lake the course of the river is broken by rapids, which continue, according to native information, far down its course. After running three miles S.S.W. the Luapula takes a sudden turn to the west, and then apparently to the north. It runs through steep rocky gorges, which it has cut for itself through the rugged mass of mountains lying north-west of the northernmost corner of Mwero.

On leaving the Luapula, I followed the lake shore south for a day, and then crossed over the northern bit of the large elevated plateau lying west of Mwero and the Upper Luapula. It only took me one day to cross, though farther south the plateau is much wider. The highest point was 4400 feet, the height of Lake Mwero being, by my aneroids, 2900 feet. Leaving the north-western edge of the plateau, I came to Chuako, a small town subject to Mpweto; after which the whole country is subject to Mshidi. From Chuako I followed for many days the base of the steep rise to the elevated plateau, the path being generally near to the Luvule river. This river, which joins the Luapula not far from its exit from Lake Mwero, I crossed three times, first at the village of Chifwambula, again the following day, and later, on its leaving the plateau; on its lower parts it is a deep muddy river some 25 yards wide; but where it comes down from the plateau to the lower country it is a mountain stream of clear water. From Chifwambula, messengers were sent on ahead to advise Mshidi of my coming, and as the distance is eleven days' hard travelling, it will be seen how far Mshidi's power reaches. The height of Chifwambula village is 3100 feet. From here to Ngele, the next village (two days), we gradually and imperceptibly

rose to 3600 feet, and thence, always skirting the rise to the plateau, very gradually descended, having now the Luvua river on the right hand. From Ngele on to Kifuntwe the mountain wall on the left is extremely steep, has an abrupt edge, and is apparently table-topped. In places great buttresses stand out, and there are horizontal strata of rock traceable for miles. The Luvua river eventually joins the Lufira a few miles above the junction of the latter with the Likulwe.

After leaving Ngele, I reached the village of Maroa, and then Kifuntwe, crossing on the way the Mpango and Luiki rivers, which descend from the plateau and join the Luvua. The Luiki has a fine fall from the edge of the plateau of fully 200 feet before striking rocks. The edge of the plateau here appears to be about 1500 feet above the lower country. At Kifuntwe the Luvua is joined by another stream, the Luizi. Crossing the Luvua here by a wooden bridge, I left the mountain wall and struck across the plains to the Lufira river, seeing vast quantities of game on the way. Where I reached the river it was about 45 yards wide, muddy, and flowing at two miles per hour. I followed up its right bank to the junction of the Likulwe, then crossed in canoes, and ascended the latter river to Kagoma, fording it at Mirambo's, and recrossing a few miles further up. The Likulwe has cut a deep bed for itself through these plains; in many places the stream is 25 feet below the top of the banks. The soil is rich; tomatoes grow wild in great quantities. In these plains, when once the river banks are left, water is scarce. I left a small stream running into Likulwe early on November 8th, and travelling 29 miles reached Mshidi's own town that evening, after one of the most trying marches I have ever had. The sun was terrible; the country shadeless and waterless. Mshidi's town is situated between two peaks rising from the plain, and is generally known as Kumpata. (This is, however, simply the two words Ku-mpata, meaning "at the pass.") Mshidi's name is differently pronounced in different parts: Mshidi, Msidi, Msiri, &c.

Mr. F. Arnot's mission-station is situated a mile south-west of the chief's village, on a hill overlooking the plains to the north. Here I found two European missionaries, Messrs. Swann and Faulkner, and a few days after my arrival, three more came in from Benguela, on the west coast.

Mshidi I found fairly well disposed to me, but very suspicious, and firmly impressed with the idea that any parties coming from the east were doubtful customers. This was, he told me, because the only people who had hitherto come thus had shown themselves to be his enemies, and he instanced Reichard, the German traveller, who he asserted had fought against and killed his people; also Nsama's people, and various Arabs and coast men. He is now doing most of his trade with the west. He is constantly at war with Kazembe of Mwero, and with Simba, a

coast man established on Kilwa Island (in Mwero); also with Mere-mere and the Waussi of the western Bangweolo districts. At the time I was there, he also had a large war party in Urua. Mshidi is now an old man, and there is no one to succeed him at his death. He trusts none of his subchiefs, and is very severe in his government; his own stockade was plentifully decorated with human heads. The number of his wives is great.

Throughout all these countries south-west of Lake Tanganyika, maiming is very common; the Wa-Wemba are perhaps the worst; but throughout the countries of the Wa-Wemba, Wa-Lunga, Wa-Lunda, and Wa-Garenganze, one constantly sees men and women without ears, hands, noses, fingers, lips, &c. Mshidi himself is a Wa-Nyamwezi; he came originally to Garenganze on a trading journey, settled there and became chief; he has gradually built up a large kingdom, and his power is felt far in all directions. There are settled with him many Baluba from the Kasai river, also coast men from the east, and a few Wa-Nyamwezi.

North of Mshidi's the country is all vast plains, but to the south towards Katanga it is hilly. The Katanga copper-mines are two days south, gold also is found in that district. I was told that the Lufira was deep and navigable from a point about E.S.E. of Mshidi's town, down to rapids a few miles below where I first struck it. I could get no reliable information as to the navigability, or otherwise, of the Lualaba.

I had hoped to make my return journey to Nyassa round the south end of Bangweolo (called at Mshidi's "Vemba"), but the chief insisted on my returning to the north. I then tried to get east, so as to cross the Luapula a little above Kazembe's, but Mshidi was determined that I should only return by the way I had come, and sent his men to accompany me some way and see that I did so. I crossed the Lufira once more at its junction with the Likulwe, and then struck across to the Luvua and followed that stream up to Kifuntwe; it runs through plains covered with game.

From Kifuntwe I followed my outward route to Ngele, and then climbed the rise to the plateau and went east, intending to strike Mwero and follow up its west shore to the north end. On turning off my old route the Wa-Wemba carriers (Nsama's men) threw down their loads and disappeared, having previously declared their intention of doing so if I left the old road, as they said there were no inhabitants on the way to Mwero or up its shores, and consequently no food. As I had now very few (and small) loads, I managed to distribute the discarded ones among Abdallah's men who were still with me, and proceeded on my journey. The Awemba had not looked for this, and presently came on behind and begged for their loads. I agreed to take them back without loss of pay if they all came up and took their punishment, which they did, and worked merrily and contentedly after-

wards. As I had been unable to get any one to come as a guide, I took the first path running in an easterly direction, and after travelling four miles east by north, struck the Luvule river, where we slept. There was a little stockaded village on the river, but the people would give us no information about roads, nor even approach us at all. Throughout this country west of Mwero the inhabitants are extremely suspicious, and appear to look on all strangers as probable enemies. No amount of conciliating or reasoning will induce them to be friendly. They are determined that you have come to harm them, and nothing you say or do will persuade them to the contrary. Probably they have had no opportunity of learning yet that most white travellers do not come with war.

From Ngele to the Luvule we rose 300 feet, the crossing of the river being 4000 feet. Travelling slightly south of east we crossed the Luvule twice the following day and camped at 5100 feet. The plateau is mostly covered with scanty forest, but here and there we came on large open spaces of short grass. Beyond an occasional roan antelope, we saw no game. I was surprised to find tsetse-fly up to the highest parts of this plateau. All Itawa, Lunda, and the country west of Mwero swarm with tsetse. On the following day I reached the highest point on the plateau, 5400 feet, and at once commenced the descent to the low country bordering on Mwero's south-western shore. From the top I had a magnificent bird's-eye view of the southern portion of the lake and Kilwa Island. The lake appeared to be not over ten miles away, but proved to be double that. Mwero has none of the wide expanse to the south-west as shown in existing maps. From a point due east from where I stood, it gradually contracts to the entrance of the Luapula river. I was too far away to distinguish actually where the river might be said to end and the lake begin. There is only one island in Mwero, Kilwa, which lies about equidistant from the east and west shores, apparently three or four miles from each. Kilwa has two hills on it, is seven or eight miles wide from east to west, and was described to me as being very fertile. Kisi, the low island in the Luapula, is marshy and is said to have oil-palms on it.

Simba, a coast man who has lately settled on Kilwa, makes constant raids on Mshidi's north-eastern villages. Descending from the plateau I camped on the low undulating country which borders Mwero's south-west shores. From the foot of the mountains to the lake shore was 15 miles. I reached the lake at a large marshy plain where I found much game, also spur-winged geese, ducks, and snipe. Crossing the plateau and to the lake there were no inhabitants, and it was not till five days after I reached it that I again came to villages. Three miles along the lake shore (to the north) from where I reached it, the flats ended, and thence, all the way to the north end, the lake was bordered by abrupt cliffs from 150 to 200 feet high; the country above the cliffs being

wooded, undulating, and abounding in game. At the time I was there, water was plentiful, but possibly scarce in the dry weather, as no streams of any size enter the lake. I found it best to travel above the cliffs, as the lake shore itself was very rocky; as a rule, there is no flat ground between the lake and the foot of the cliffs, but here and there at the mouth of the small streams, deltas of rich soil, containing from one to thirty acres, have been formed. On December 3rd I reached a few native huts built on one of the small deltas, but before we could reach them the natives had fled. As my carriers had eaten nothing but meat for a week or more, it was a difficult matter to keep them from helping themselves to anything they could find. On December 4th I reached the small stockaded village of Chipungu, subject to Mpweto, and was at length able to buy food for myself and the carriers. Fish, eggs, cornmeal porridge, tomatoes, &c., were luxuries. From Chipungu to the Luapula was one day's journey, the country being overrun by herds of buffalo and zebra, also sable antelope, vardon, pigs, waterbuck, bushbuck, &c.

From the time I left Mshidi's, constant rains caused much discomfort. Arriving at Mpweto's on December 6th, I left on the following day, and retraced my outward route to Chipimbiri's, whence, sending on all but a few carriers to Abdallah's, I went myself with five men to see what I could of the old lake-bed called also Mwero. Following the southern shore of the old lake for some distance, I crossed to a large wooded island, wading thigh-deep in swamp. As we walked, the surface of the swamp went in waves, like thin ice, and with a fifteen-foot bamboo pushed through the matted vegetable surface we touched no bottom. Reaching the island, we travelled up its western shore to its northernmost point, the distance (following the bays) being some nine miles; the island is three to four miles wide (from east to west). I have never before seen such vast quantities of buffaloes as there were along the flats bordering on the swamp; immense herds numbering thousands blackened the flats. Also zebra in great quantities. Lions were numerous on the island. From a small hill at its northern point I looked up the marsh to the N.N.E.; it reached to the horizon; on the south-east and north-west it is bordered by mountain ranges, the width of the old lake being about fifteen miles. Here and there I saw large patches of open water glistening in the sunlight, and numerous small pools; in these were hippos. I was told by the natives of Chipimbiri that the Choma, which runs into this marsh from the north, is a larger river than the Mkubwe. In addition to the four rivers which run into Mwero swamp, there are said to be numerous local torrents from the hills which only run during the rains. All the water is salt and undrinkable. In a pool at the northern point of the island I found sixteen hippos, and as the people of Chipimbiri village were in a state of famine, I sent back messengers to tell them to come for meat. I shot eight hippos, and the

following day some hundreds of men, women, and children arrived to eat and carry away the meat. During the two nights I slept there many lions were roaring round the camp. In no part of East Africa have I seen such great quantities of game as there are on the edges of the Mweru swamps. Returning to Abdallah's, I went on from there in an easterly direction till I struck the Lofu river two days journey above Kabunda's, and followed it down to Liendwe where I joined on to my old route. From where we struck this river down to Kabunda's the valley is now uninhabited, and occupied only by game and a few elephants. Our route in some parts was very bad, the path running alongside the river's edge among boulders and rocks of all sizes. The hills on each side of the river rose steeply up from the water's edge. The Lofu was full and unfordable, and we had to obtain canoes to cross at Kasingere's village, near Kabunda's. I arrived at Abercorn Station on Christmas Day, and from there crossed to Karonga and came down Lake Nyassa by steamer, arriving once more at Mandala in the Shire Highlands on February 14th, 1891. On my journey across from Tanganyika to Nyassa, I was accompanied by Mr. Nicoll, of the African Lakes Company, who was on his way to England. While at Mwenzo, half-way between the two lakes, we made a short journey north to the town of Chikanamalira, the paramount chief of the Wa-Nyamwanga people. Our road took us to Mzwilo (or Mzwaro), and thence due north through the Chingambo Hills to the north-eastern edge of the Tanganyika-Nyassa plateau, the country well watered and wooded, with an almost bracing climate. From the edge of the plateau there is a steep descent of 1700 feet to the valley of the Mkana river (running to Hikwa Lake). The Mkana valley is swampy and hot. Chikanamalira's town is on the bank of the river, and has a strong stockade and ditch. He is frequently at war with the Hikwa people.

While passing, on the Tanganyika-Nyassa road, the sources of the Chozi or Chambezi river, I was struck with the smallness of fall there must be from its sources to Bangweolo; the Kalisi, one of its principal sources, at the point where we crossed it, was 4400 feet by my two aneroids. I see in Bartholomew's last map of Central Africa, Bangweolo is stated to be 4260 feet. If therefore this is correct there is only a fall of 140 feet from the sources of Chambezi to the lake, which would seem to show that this river is probably navigable for the greater part of its course. Some Wa-Wemba I met from Mchewe (Mkewe) told me that canoes travelled long distances down the river, but none of them knew anything of its entering any large lake.

Throughout the countries traversed on my journey, elephants were very scarce, but still the supply of old ivory seems to be fairly plentiful. There are however many natural products which only await European energy and a firm administration to develop. Rubber especially is found everywhere throughout Nyassaland and the countries bordering

on Tanganyika and Mwero. Wax is found in large quantities in the Mwero countries. Hitherto war, the African bugbear, has prevented any development in these regions.

GEOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

Educational Lectures.—The Council of the Society have come to the conclusion that it would be carrying out one of the objects for which the Society was founded—the diffusion of geographical knowledge—if occasional courses of lectures of an educational character were given in connection with the Society. The date at which these will begin has not been decided upon; it may be in the spring, but more probably in October of this year. Mr. H. J. Mackinder, Reader in Geography at Oxford, will be the first lecturer. It is hoped that the services of other specialists in geography may be obtained for subsequent courses, and that the series will be continued each session. Details of the arrangements will be published as soon as they are settled.

Orthography of Geographical Names.—A circular has been prepared by the Orthography Committee of our Council, and is now being issued, explaining the rules for spelling the native names of places more fully than was done in the first circular, published in the ‘*Proceedings R.G.S.*’ 1885, p. 535. The success of the system so far has been much greater than had been anticipated. All charts and maps issued by the Admiralty and War Office since 1885 have been compiled and extensively revised in accordance with it. The Foreign and Colonial Offices have accepted it, and the latter has communicated with the Colonies requesting them to carry it out in respect to names of native origin. And further, the Government of the United States of America, after an exhaustive inquiry, has adopted a system in close conformity with it.

A Southern Source of the Nile.—The interesting news has reached Berlin that Emin Pasha and Dr. Stuhlmann, who have been exploring together the little-known region lying between Lakes Victoria, Tanganyika and Albert Edward, have discovered a river named Kifu, which flows into the south end of Lake Albert Edward. The river is conjectured to rise in Uhha, about 4° S. lat., and to have a length of about 250 miles. There is a conjectural Lake Kifu lying between Lakes Tanganyika and Albert Edward, and it is possible that this may really be a portion of the river. It is possible also that Lake Akanyaru or Alexandra Nyanza, placed by Stanley from native report, may have to be removed, and the Kagera river reduced in length. But on these points we must await detailed information from Emin. Whether the Kifu is the most southerly source of the Nile also remains to be proved, for it is evident that Emin has not himself traced it to its origin. Moreover, in the