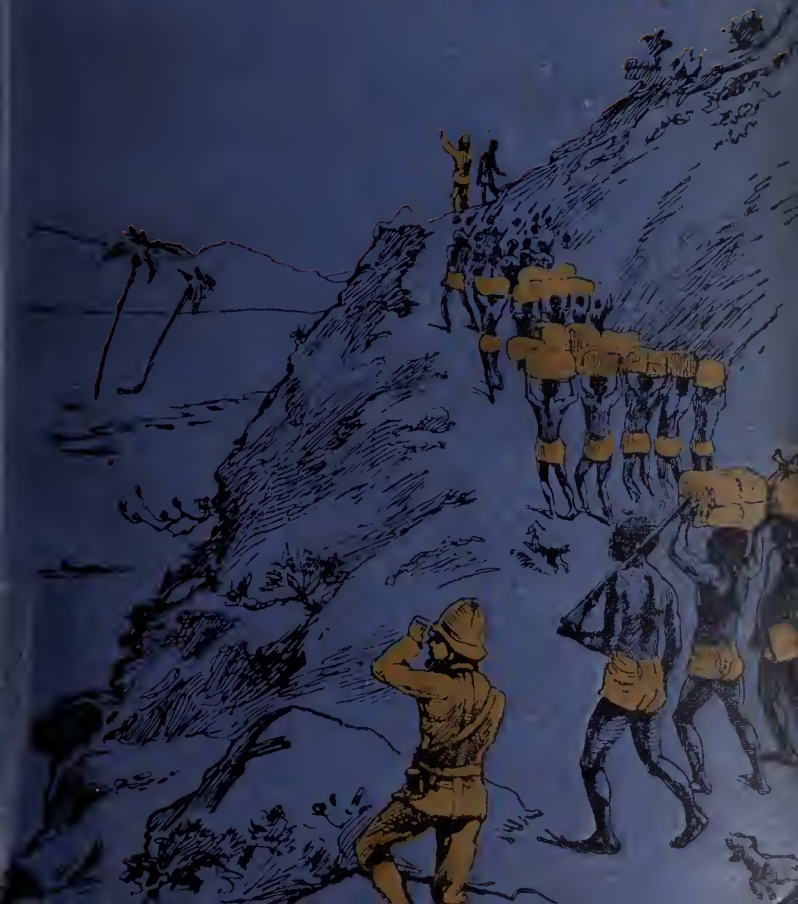


ADVENTURES IN NYASSALAND



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ADVENTURES IN NYASSALAND.



L. MONTEITH FOTHERINGHAM.

Frontispiece.

ADVENTURES
IN
NYASSALAND

*A TWO YEARS' STRUGGLE WITH ARAB
SLAVE-DEALERS IN CENTRAL AFRICA*

BY
L. MONTEITH FOTHERINGHAM

AGENT OF THE AFRICAN LAKES COMPANY

LONDON
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON
Limited

St. Dunstan's House
FETTER LANE, FLEET STREET

1891

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FIRST YEARS AT THE LAKE.

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AFRICA, and more particularly Central Africa, is the topic which interests most people in these days. There is no meeting the demand for literature on what is now no longer—geographically speaking—“the dark continent.” Nearly every man who goes on a hunting expedition to the interior, must, on his return to civilization, publish an account of his travels or deliver a lecture on his experiences. In this, the least-known simply imitates the most celebrated. Mr.

Stanley emerges from the Equatorial regions, hastens to Cairo, shuts himself up in his room, and completes "In Darkest Africa," which not to have read, is to confess yourself not in touch with the times. Immediately a whole host of minor books is announced, so that by the end of the year every subscriber to a lending library ought to be as well acquainted with an African negro as with his next-door neighbour. On that account I make no apology for adding my quota. As one who has spent eight years in East Central Africa, who has undergone many privations, and come through experiences sufficiently exciting, though comparatively unheard of, I may be able to enlighten my readers on a territory now definitely annexed to the Empire. I shall have something to say on the part I played in a struggle to preserve that territory against Arab aggression. My narrative will not be unrelieved by glimpses of native prosperity; but it must also deal with the ravages of the slavers who threatened to destroy all vestiges of civilization, and break down what Lord Salisbury has called "those splendid monuments of British energy and enthusiasm on Lake Nyassa."

The Lake district is a region probably more interesting to Scotchmen than to Englishmen, since it was explored by Livingstone, and opened up by his countrymen. The Scotch missions have done good work there. The Livingstonia Mission of the Free Church of Scotland has five stations on or near Lake Nyassa, its sphere of operations stretching from Livingstonia at the south end to Mwiniwanda at the north. The Universities' Mission, which has a steamer and boats on the Lake, has its centre on the island of Likoma, from which the missionaries put out to the people of Chitesi, on the east side. Then the Established Church of Scotland has a successful mission in the Shiré Highlands to the south of the Lake, while the London Missionary Society has penetrated to Tanganika. There they have a station at Niumkorlo—the terminus of the Stevenson Road from Nyassa—and another at Fwambo on the plateau between the Lakes—about two days from Tanganika.

These missions were practically isolated, until, in 1878, the African Lakes Company, Limited—which, as everybody knows, is a Glasgow company—was inaugurated with the

view of reaching the interior by the Zambesi and Shiré rivers. The main objects of the Company were to facilitate communication between the mission stations on the Lakes, to carry supplies of provisions to the missionaries, and to effect trading transactions with the natives and the Arabs. Commerce is always a civilizing agency, and when in Africa commerce and Christianity go hand in hand, there is no limit to their benign influence. The humanizing of the natives of Nyassaland was the ultimate aim of the directorate, and, the better to accomplish this, spirits, as an article of barter, were rigidly excluded. With a capable management, the Company started under the best auspices.

The first consideration was the planting of trading stations, and the despatch of a light-draft river steamer. Some harassment was occasioned by the influence of Portugal on the Zambesi and the Shiré; but, in spite of that, ports of call were established on these rivers. From the coast at Quilimane to Mandala near Blantyre, thence *viâ* Matope on the upper Shiré and along the west side of Lake Nyassa, the Company's agents organized stations. There were only two

steamers in the service of the Company ; one on the Zambesi and Shiré, plying from Mururu to Katunga, and one on Nyassa, calling at the various ports on the Lake, and coming down the Shiré as far as Matope. To-day the Company have two steamers on the Zambesi and Shiré and two on the Lake, besides several steel boats and barges. But at the time of which I speak there was but the single steamer sailing on the lower rivers. She could only proceed as far as Katunga, because a little above that point the Murchison Falls block the navigable course of the Shiré. From Katunga to Matope—a distance of sixty miles—the Company carried a road over the Shiré Highlands, now called in the maps “the Shiré Junction Road.” Midway between these two points is Mandala, the chief station of the A. L. C., where the manager, Mr. John Moir, has his residence. The elevation here being very considerable, the climate is healthy and invigorating. The mission station of Blantyre, with its trim gardens and general air of peace and plenty, is but a mile distant. Goods for the Lake have to be carried by porters from Katunga to Matope, whence they are shipped to Nyassa.

To make a similar road between the north end of Lake Nyassa and the south end of Lake Tanganika, and so unite the great Lakes as with a chain, was an early dream of the Company. Mr. James Stevenson, F.R.G.S., of Largs, chairman of the A.L.C., took the first practical step, in 1881, by contributing 4000*l.* to make and maintain the road. He did so on condition that the London Missionary Society and the Free Church Mission would establish stations on the line of roads, and that the Company would undertake to maintain regular communication between the ports on Lake Tanganika and Quilimane. Two civil engineers were sent out to survey and carry forward the work. These engineers, both of whom died at their post, were Mr. James Stewart and Mr. W. McEwan. The road was to run from Karonga on the Nkondé plain, over the hill country to Mwiniwanda—the F. C. mission station—and thence through Unyamwanga, Mambwe, and Urungu to Niumkorlo on Tanganika. Of this road more anon.

“And what wind blew you thither, sir?”
Well, I suppose, I may reply with Pistol,
“Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.
. . . I’ll speak of Africa and golden joys.”

And yet, not so much of golden joys, Master Pistol! In April, 1882, I went out under the African Lake Company as a trader. After an uneventful voyage I arrived at Quilimane, which is situated twelve miles from the sea on the Qua Qua river in the northern delta of the Zambesi. The town, which forms the gateway to the interior, is filthy and unhealthy, rendered all the more so by the presence of mangrove swamps in the immediate neighbourhood. This route—which is destined to become the great eastern avenue of commerce with Central Africa—is the most convenient for travellers bound for the Lakes or Ujiji. The main inconvenience is the Portuguese customs' official. It is a pity that the waterway is not placed under international control, like the Congo. Could this be done, and the Chindé mouth of the Zambesi opened up, a great impetus would be given to trade with the interior.

No doubt that will come in due time. Leaving Quilimane, I passed up the Qua Qua in an open boat, propelled by paddles, and fitted with a stern cabin. The river was flanked on either side by swamps and luxuriant vegetation, a perfect fever belt,

which every man who hopes to pass into the interior must make up his mind to face. Sometimes the traveller is here introduced to his first sickness; but, for my part, I got up to Mandala without any such experience.

My first year was spent at Mandala. During that time I was chiefly occupied visiting the various places on the Lake, and doing a little hunting up the west side and down the east side as far as Mbampa. I returned to the headquarters, and awaited the arrival of the first consignment of the *Good News*, a steamer which was being sent out by the London Missionary Society, for the use of their agents on Lake Tanganika. At length (in 1883) the plates came, and I proceeded up to Karonga—the point, it is as well to repeat, from which the Stevenson Road had been carried north-west to Mwiniwanda. From Karonga to Mwiniwanda is a distance of sixty miles. And here it may be stated (in view of recent misrepresentations), that the road which now traverses the hilly country north-west of Nyassa is no mere natural path, but a veritable bit of engineering. Beyond the Nkondé plain, where the road merges in the hills, very considerable cuttings had to be made. With the

exception of some nine miles, it is practically terraced out on the hillsides from Nkondé to the mission station. Possibly the toughest part of the engineering was found on the Viraura hill, round which the path winds. At Mpata the excavations occupied some time, and Professor Drummond (who made a short journey up country) found some interesting fossils in the mountain cuttings.

Whatever German geographers might assert while the frontier negotiations were in course of settlement, the fact remains that the Stevenson Road—so far as it is advanced—is of immense advantage to the traveller between the Lakes, and an important acquisition to our territory. The road at this time only penetrates ten miles beyond Mwiniwanda; but, having been carried to that point, the worst obstacles have been surmounted, for the route then lies along the plateau. It is sufficiently flat to be traversed without much inconvenience.

From Mwiniwanda to Tanganika is a distance of about 190 miles. For ten miles the road passes through a wood. An avenue was made in the natural forest—a work of time and trouble. Only those who have experienced it, know what it is to

uproot the trees of Central Africa. They are not large trees, but they have a prescriptive right to the soil. On this occasion I did not proceed farther than Mwiniwanda, where I left the pieces of the first consignment of the *Good News*. I then returned to Karonga, and remained there buying ivory, until Mr. Fred Moir (joint manager of the African Lakes Company), Lieut. Pulley, R.N. (who was out on a hunting expedition), and Mr. Roxburgh (an engineer from Glasgow, who had been sent out to put the steamer together), came up, and carried the consignment across to Tanganika.

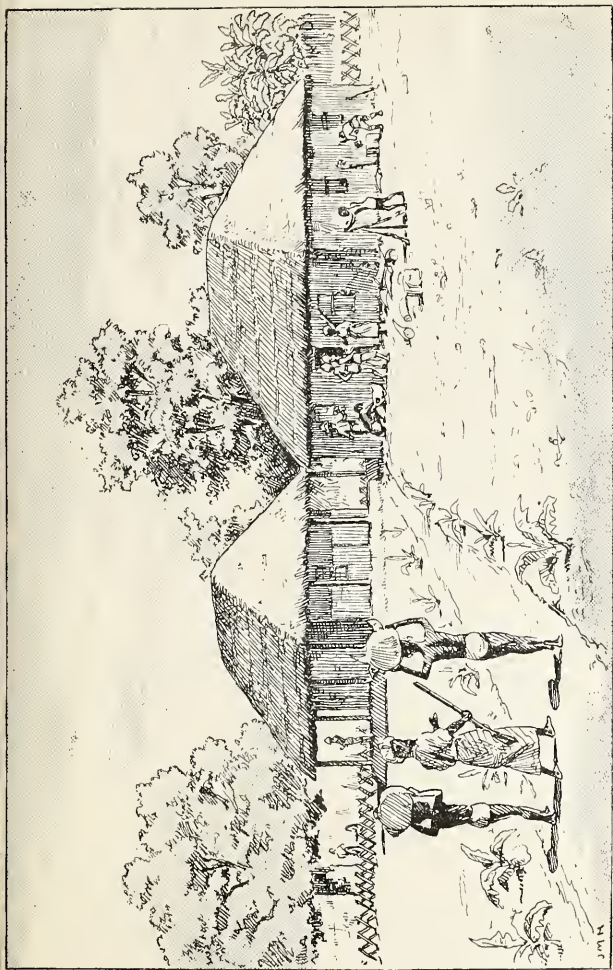
On Mr. Moir's return, I went south again to Mandala. In the beginning of 1884, the low river troubles commenced. This disturbance, as is well known, arose out of a British trader shooting the principal chief of the Makololo people. The trader and the chief had quarrelled about a private transaction, and the former, having hastily fired his revolver, fled for his life, but ultimately fell a victim to the native spears. As a consequence of this unhappy incident, the Shiré was blocked against all white men. The tribe threatened to annihilate the enterprise of the Europeans. Communica-

tion with the coast was at a standstill. We had to remove the goods from the stores at Mandala, and take them to Mr. Moir's house, where we put ourselves into a state of siege. The doors and windows were barricaded, and we slept with our revolvers at our heads. For some time we held out in this manner, until the necessity of conciliating the excited people forced itself upon us. Our provisions and trading goods were scarce, and I had to make a journey to Chironji—a Portuguese port on the Shiré. That journey was just performed in time, as the Company's steamer, *Lady Nyassa*, had been seized by the Makololo while attempting to make her way up. Her cargo was forfeited, and the white man in charge sent north with a defiant message from the natives.

I got thirty trusses of cloth at Chironji, and on my return met with Consul O'Neil at Mlolo. The Consul had been sent out from Mozambique by the Government to effect an understanding with the people. He was in a fix as to how he was to get up country, and was glad to see me. We proceeded together to Mandala, where we found on our arrival that the dispute had

been practically settled through the agency of Consul Foote of the Nyassa district, and the Company's manager, Mr. John Moir. Ramakukan, the new chief of the Makololo, had accepted payment of a certain quantity of cloth, and further bloodshed was averted, the white men promising to recognize him as chief of the Makololo country.

In the month of June, 1884, I went back to Karonga, at the north end of Nyassa, where I commenced to build a station for the Company, and to re-open trade with the natives and the Arabs. The latter soon flocked to the district when they discovered a new market for their ivory. In Central Africa we meet with three classes of Arabs—first, the Muscat, or white Arab, who is the true species, hailing originally from Arabia; second, the Mswahili, or coast Arab, who is black, but is strictly Mohammedan in religion, and withal a shrewd and money-making mortal; and third, any up-country native who adopts the manners and customs of the Moslem—more particularly the Unyamwesi tribe, who aspire to imitate the Arabs in many details of religion and dress, and whose allegiance often takes very ludicrous forms. It was the Mswahili with



Karonga Station before the War.

whom I came more immediately into contact at Karonga, and they it was who subsequently caused us so much trouble.

For some time I remained alone at the station—the only white man in the district—and continued to send up goods to the mission station of Mwiniwanda. The steamer afterwards brought up my assistant, Mr. John L. Nicoll, and subsequently I made my first journey to Tanganika with another consignment of the *Good News* plates. I engaged a large number of carriers for the job. These were hired from the Nkondé plain, and the villages along the route to Tanganika. The natives, and especially the Mambwe, make very good porters. The walk to Mwiniwanda was performed in three days. Beyond the mission station I found the natives on the plateau quite a different class from those in the neighbourhood of Karonga. The former lived in constant terror of their enemies the Awemba, and the people of Chimarawungu—the instruments of the Arab traders. Their stockaded villages were built with an inner and outer circle of poles, surrounded by a ditch, and entered by a narrow door made out of the solid trunk of a tree. This door led into a

strait passage up to a second door, so that any one forcing his way through the first would be certain to fall a victim to the spears of the natives, who could thrust through between the poles of the passage. The natives, who are not a particularly industrious race, are very primitive in their apparel. Most of them wear a patch of goatskin in front and a remnant at the back. Others sport the bark cloth so common among the Awemba, and a few have adorned themselves with pieces of native cloth woven from a species of wild cotton. Their gardens are far apart from their villages, but of them and their persons I shall have something to say later on.

From Mwiniwanda to Fwambo the way was studded with stockaded villages every ten or fifteen miles, so that I had no difficulty in getting relays of carriers on the road. Passing Fwambo, however, we entered upon a change of scene. For fifty miles we came across no tokens of native prosperity, though there were abundant signs of Arab cruelty and carnage. The blackened ruins of the villages, and the bleached bones of human beings on the grass, told their own tale. "Who has been here?" I inquired of my

carriers. "Kabunda," said they, and they pronounced the name with evident terror. Kabunda was a wealthy Arab, who had settled in the valley of the Lofu some ten years ago. It is the way of the Arab to establish himself in a prosperous community, and live at peace with the natives—behave, indeed, as their friend—until such time as he may think fit to rig out his caravan for the coast. Then come the treacherous and bloody attacks on the innocent and unsuspecting natives, the wholesale butchery of the males, and the capture of the women and children. Mr. Fred Moir, who previously passed through the same district, in a paper in the *Geographical Magazine* for April, 1885, thus describes the circumstances: "Kabunda determined to go to Zanzibar with his ivory, so he picked a quarrel with Katimbwe, the chief, and took all his cattle; then organized a sudden raid throughout all the valley, and every man, woman, and child who could be found was seized and tied up. Very few managed to escape him or his keen hunters, and a caravan was made for the coast; but the smiling valley that had been known as the garden of Tanganika, from the fertility and industry of its people, now

silent and desolate, was added to that already long stretch of hungry wilderness through which we had passed." And again : " The man who was guilty of this dark deed of cruelty and treachery was no untutored savage, but a dignified and cultured Arab, full of courtesy in his dealings with Europeans." To me it was the first and harrowing specimen of Arab barbarity, and one which left an abiding impress upon my memory.

Instead of putting into Niumkorlo, I arrived at Kasakalawa, where Mr. Swan and Mr. Roxburgh, of the London Missionary Society, met me with the *Morning Star* sailing boat. We had the goods put on board, and proceeded round the south end of the Lake and up the Lofu river to the mission station at Liendwe, near which, by-the-bye, Kabunda had his thriving and picturesque village. After spending a day or two with the missionaries, I returned, but did not get the boat, having to cross on foot the high range of mountains which skirts the base of the Lake. This in itself occupied four days, and during that time I came upon nothing to relieve the mournful aspect of the landscape, which had been defaced in the manner already described.

Getting back to Karonga just as the wet season set in, I was occupied for the next few months repairing and adding to the station, forwarding goods to the missionaries, and trading with the Arabs.

In the following year (1885) I made another journey to Tanganika. The expedition on this occasion was stronger and better equipped than the first. I had 350 carriers. It was no easy task leading this army of blacks over a road which was now rendered more than dangerous by a native war. The trouble arose through Chifuta, a renegade chief from the Mambwe country, usurping the chieftdom of the Unyamwanga, in opposition to Chikanamalira. Chifuta had got the help of Chimarawungu, who was to that quarter of the country what Rob Roy was to the Highlands. The two combined to put down the chief of the Unyamwanga. They destroyed seven villages on the way to Fwambo, and many slaves were captured. Having pushed the war to this point, they disagreed between themselves. Chimarawunga wanted Chifuta to hand over more payment to carry on the struggle, but Chifuta would not agree to do so, with the result that he himself was challenged by his quondam com-

panion in arms. Under these conditions the state of the road may be better imagined than described, for these internal feuds are exceedingly bitter and long-standing. They are no less to be deplored than the Arab attacks, more particularly when those who pick the quarrel are, as in the present instance, the dupes of slavers.

I managed to get safely across to the Lake with the plates. On the way back, Chifuta was on the watch for our caravan, being desirous that I should take him with me to Nkondé. This, of course, I could not do, as all the natives on the route were against the usurper. It would have been as much as my head was worth to have taken him to Karonga. However, he followed at our heels for a whole day, and on several occasions my men had to turn about and use their sticks. I myself had three times to present my revolver, though I refrained from firing. At night we encamped on the outside of a deserted village. Chifuta made a circuit of the place and entered the village by a far-off gate. I sent him a message to the effect that unless he cleared out by the morrow, I would have to fight him. He had about 300 followers, but I had thirty sniders,

and was in a position to punish him. He was evidently confident of his strength, as he replied to my message in an insulting manner, saying he was entitled to go wherever he liked in Central Africa. He would go to Nkondé in spite of me. Hearing this, I thought it well to take the bull by the horns at once. I consulted my head boys, and arranged to fire the village there and then. I sent men with torches into the village by the three gates, and in ten minutes the place was ablaze on all sides. There was a wild stampede on the part of Chifuta's followers, who ran for their lives. They gave me no further trouble. This journey to Tanganika and back, which ought to have been performed in seven weeks at the outside, took nearly three months in consequence of the state of the country.

My duties were now mostly confined to Karonga. The natives were very friendly and we got along well together. As for the Arabs—who have always an eye on the main chance—they found it not to their interest to quarrel with me just at this time. They came in with their ivory from all parts—from Senga and the far side of Tanganika. They brought with them large followings, and as

they had to wait some considerable time for their goods, they practically established themselves in the Nkondé country. They became a thorn in the side of the Wankondé, whose food was often stolen by the unscrupulous wretches that formed the train of the Moslem caravan. Hence the quarrels and subsequent war.

CHAPTER II.

THE NKONDÉ COUNTRY.

The great plain—Banana groves and native houses—Character of the Wankondé—Their gardens and their cattle—Cows and cows' milk—No poverty in Nkondé—Religion of the natives—Their marriages—Shaving—" Dress"—Smoking—Native tobacco—Village smithy—Spears—Charge of warriors—Dancing—Music of the Mambwe—Arab encroachments—Strained situation.

BEFORE proceeding further it may be well to introduce the reader to the Wankondé and their country. First, then, as respects their country, the Wankondé dwelt in one of the most picturesque and fertile regions of Central Africa. Viewed from the vantage point of our port on the shore of Nyassa, it was simply one vast plain, dotted all over with tidy villages, and enriched with luxuriant groves of banana, sycamore, and cotton trees. Possessing the additional advantage of being well watered by several considerable rivers, it afforded fine pasturage for the innumerable cattle, sheep, and goats which constitute the wealth of the

natives. Between the branches of the banana trees the roofs of the houses shot up like so many mushrooms. Passing through these groves, you could imagine yourself in the heart of some beautiful tropical garden, and you would be more enchanted from the fact that your path might lead you for some miles under such superb shade. The architecture of the native houses would also strike you as being different from that of the common African huts. A Wankondé could positively invite you to *walk* into his parlour, for the doors are high and wide enough to permit you entering without stooping, whereas the majority of other tribes build so low and so awkwardly, that—had you the wish to enter—you would have to crawl in on your hands and knees. There is even an attempt at art in the decorations of the exterior, the doors and mud walls showing many fantastic devices. Many of these houses are built of sun-dried brick, embedded in a framework of bamboo, with neatly thatched roofs. The women make the bricks in shape like large eggs by pressing the clay between their hands. Everything is scrupulously clean, contrasting in this particular with the villages on the plateau. Each house-

holder sweeps the part in front of her own house, thus obviating any disputes, and keeping the whole settlement in good order. The interior of the house is varnished periodically from roof to basement with cows' dung. This gives a tidy appearance to the hut.

The Wankondé, who are descended from the Chungu family, are more accustomed to the quiet of pastoral pursuits than the hazards of war. The men are stalwart, muscular fellows, and the women have proportionately good physique, though they cannot be said to excel in good looks. Generally speaking, they are an industrious race. They have their chiefs and sub-chiefs, and their own ways and customs. They take a great pride in the cultivation of the gardens round their villages. Excellent sweet potatoes are raised by planting leaves as seed. The ground is delved with hoes, and the earth thrown up in drills. Of course, the bananas are a great source of nourishment, but the yam is also an important item of diet, the fruit when roasted being very palatable. Besides these, they also raise Indian corn (*Mpamba*), cassava, beans, peas, millet, and a variety of other things native to the soil. Each garden has a specified boundary, which

is seldom overstepped. The men do most of the heavy work connected with the gardens, not as in other tribes, where the women are mere beasts of burden. There is some in-born chivalry in the Wankondé heart!

But while the gardens are carefully looked after, the live stock receive even more attention. The Wankondé have splendid cows. The breed may be inferior to the British varieties, yet they yield a good quality of milk. With the exception of the hump, they resemble the cows seen in Scotch meadows. They are very tame, and easily managed by the herd boys who tend them on the plain. It is a pretty sight to see them coming into the villages in the evening, and pleasant to hear the tinkle of the bells which are suspended from their necks, recalling in homely quietude the peaceful scenes of the Swiss. At noon, and in the evening, when they come to be milked, the boys kindle fires of leaves, and the cows stand and chew the cud as the smoke curls up among the bananas. The animals evidently enjoy the aroma of the fires while the herd boys collect their milk in gourds. Generally, when I wanted a supply, I sent up a tea tin, as the gourd always affected the taste of the milk. The natives

usually keep the milk until it congeals, when they eat it. At night the cows are housed in the *àkiwaggà*, or sheds, which the unmarried men also occupy. The *àkiwaggà* are made of reeds, and may be twenty yards long. The cows are stalled on one side, and the young men sleep on the other, upon beds raised a few inches from the ground. The sheep and goats are also put under cover at night. Poultry is abundant, but not of a very high standard, while the eggs are much smaller than those to which we are accustomed at home.

The superstition of the natives is shown in their reliance on witchcraft and charms. When a man dies they regard his spirit as still living and exercising an influence over their lives, and not confined to the grave of the departed. Many of them build shrines, at which they make offerings of a little flour, a fowl, or a piece of meat to the spirit. If about to go on a journey, they invoke the protection of the spirit. They have also a vague notion of God (*Mulungu*), the Great Spirit, for when any one dies they say, " *Mulungu* took him." A *Nkondé* chief, whom the natives regarded as the rain-maker, was on one occasion put in great personal fear, as his people began to blame him for

withholding the rain which had been delayed some time. I remember him coming and asking me to give him a bullock to sacrifice to Mulungu. He said Mulungu was angry with him, and required to be appeased. I, of course, declined his request. Among these people no direct missionary work has ever yet been attempted. No mission station has been established. The nearest is sixty miles away, and planted among the Awanda, a people entirely different in language, &c.

Before the outbreak of the war, Mr. Nicoll and I used to teach a class of boys at night, and hold services with the natives every Sabbath.

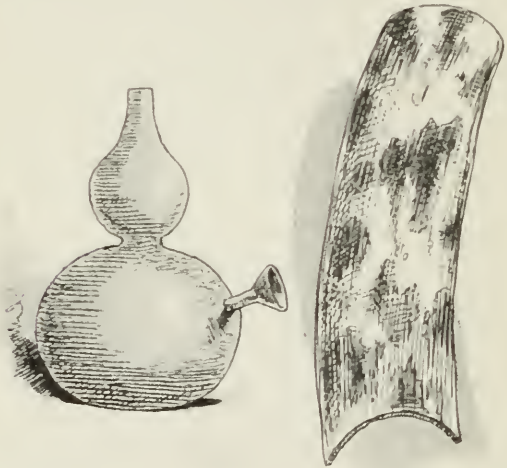
The marriage customs of the Wankondé are akin to those of other tribes. The chief feature is the purchase of the bride. A marriage in Nkondé is a commercial transaction. Cupid has very little to do with it. The parents make all the arrangements, in which the contracting parties generally concur. An ordinary native (*i.e.*, one not distinguished by descent or wealth) has to pay a cow, so many hoes, and so many yards of cloth to his intended father-in-law before he can take unto himself a wife.

Perhaps it ought to be put in the plural, for the Wankondé are not a monogamous race. A man's wealth is sometimes measured by the number of his wives. The chiefs have many wives, and in their marriages the principles of caste are not disregarded.

You could see the people in their element any forenoon you chose to walk among the bananas. You would be greeted on all sides with "*sawkire, ugunili?*" "Good morning, have you slept well?" Possibly some of the natives might be at their toilet, some washing, and others shaving. Both women and men shave off their eyebrows and pull out their eyelashes—a practice which does not enhance their appearance. They also shave the head. A bit of iron with a good edge does duty as a razor. In the matter of dress, the men simply wear a brass loin belt, made out of brass wire imported from Britain. The wire on its arrival is a little thicker than a common lead pencil, and is bartered to the natives in exchange for cattle, ivory, &c.

The process of drawing out the wire is very interesting. A notch is cut in a tree. Into this is put an iron bore. The wire is tapered to a point and entered through the

hole in the bore. The natives catch hold of the wire with a pair of tongs, and a number of them pull it through. The bore is then taken out, and the smith hammers the hole to a smaller size. The wire is again



NKONDÉ PIPE AND SHIELD.

entered, and the process repeated, until it is drawn out no thicker than small cord. It is then made into a belt by winding it round hair or sinew.

The women have aprons of bark cloth, from eight to ten inches wide, suspended from their belts.

The men love to sit and smoke their morning pipes under the cool shade of the bananas. The pipe is simply a gourd with a little hole near the bottom, into which the head or cup with the tobacco is put. Water is poured into the gourd. A hole at the top, about 1" in diameter, is the mouth-piece. The native puts his lips over this hole and takes a good pull, and then passes it on to his neighbour. Then they puff the smoke in the air, and watch it, with their dreamy eyes, dissolve among the leaves. They know both how to grow tobacco and how to smoke it, as the luxury of the native pipe is uncommonly refreshing. The whites find the native tobacco quite pleasant, and extremely cheap, whereas British mixture can only be brought from the coast at an absurdly high rate. This is on account of the Portuguese tariff.

The men may be found in groups, making mats or baskets. These mats, which serve the purpose of blankets, are made from the fibre of the banana stem.

Sometimes you may find the natives congregated round the village smithy—which is just an open hut—talking the gossip of the country or discussing local politics. The smith makes the spears from cast-off hoes, which the Wakinga people at the north-end

barter to the Wankondé. His anvil is just a huge stone, and his forge hammer a like tool, though he has small hammers for finishing the spears. Every native carries a handful of these spears and a shield. The spears are cruel-looking weapons, with long, sharp barbs. Their shafts are generally mounted with thin brass or copper wire. The shield is made of pith wood, and is from 8" to 12" broad by about 4 feet long. It is covered with cow-hide, and from its lightness can be very deftly used by the warrior. A very pretty spectacle is afforded when a body of young men, with spears and shields uplifted, rush on an imaginary foe, their jingling anklets beating time to the charge. This may be seen any night when the young fellows incline to have a little warlike exercise. Their evenings are varied by the dance, which, as often as not, takes place in the moonlight. On a vacant space in some of the villages, the big drum is hauled out and the place made merry by the shouts of the girls as they execute the mysterious mazes of the native dance. At the same time, it must be confessed that the Wankondé are not a musical race. The Mambwe, who dwell in the hills, are highly gifted in this

respect. They have both war-songs and love-songs, and as you listen to their martial airs you feel thrilled in spite of yourself. There is much real music in the soul of the Mambwe, which may be accounted for by their contact with the mountains.

But the Wankondé yield to none in hospitality. Whenever you enter a village you are presented to the chief, and receive a present of a bullock or its equivalent in fruit, etc. There are only two regular meals in the day (I shall not say how many snacks they have in the interval), and these occur at mid-day and between six and seven o'clock at night. Native etiquette prevents the men dining along with the women. The staple food is *nsima*, a kind of porridge made out of the flour of the Indian corn, mpemba, or cassava. By way of relish they have vegetables or stewed fowl or fish.

The natives have various methods of fishing. At night they may be observed putting off from shore in canoes to set their deep nets, which they lift the following morning. When the weather is somewhat rough and the water broken, the natives take their hand-nets, which they manage with considerable dexterity. Wading in shallow

water, they hold the net open till an unlucky fish finds its way inside, when the handles are immediately brought together, the net closed, and the booty bagged. Another method is employed at the mouth of rivers and lagoons. Stakes are driven into the water bed, and to these are attached conical baskets or creels, so arranged that the fish may freely enter, but, once in, are beyond escape.

On the whole, the Wankondé, as I found them, were a particularly prosperous and happy people, inoffensive, and contented. I could not help thinking how much better they were than certain products of civilization at home.

It must be added, however, that the Arab villages which subsequently sprang up around Karonga formed a slight incongruity in the landscape. In bygone years the Arab traders had ventured into the Wankondé district, but their reception had not then been of a favourable character, and they were obliged to "fold their tents" and "silently steal away." They afterwards returned, but instead of coming in force to retrieve their lost honours, they sent M'loze, a wily chief and sly diplomat, with professions of the warmest friendship to the natives, and so

obtained Karambo's consent to pitch an Arab camp in touch with the Wankondé settlement. None were more alive to the advantages of the country than the Arabs, who, while professing peace, were plotting plunder; and, while carrying on a legal traffic between the natives and ourselves, were secretly maturing their plans for the destruction of both. But to us their plan was obvious. We only needed to reflect on the Ujiji episode, on the ten years' struggle of the Church Missionary Society on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, on the murder of the first Bishop there, and on the ravages in the Congo Free State, to put us on our guard.

The relations between the Arabs and the Wankondé were not of the most cordial nature. It only required the electric spark to explode their pent-up feelings.

From this it will be understood that the situation demanded the most careful diplomacy on our part. For some time we successfully acted as mediators, and staved off many a quarrel; but the Arabs never once relinquished their designs on the country, and our best efforts at conciliation were doomed to disappointment.

CHAPTER III.

TROUBLES COMMENCE.

Shortness of supplies—Debtor and creditor—Raid by Arab followers—Murder of Kasote—Captain Ramathan and his Ruga-Ruga—Interview with Salim Bin Najim, the Arab trader—Burial of Kasote—Diplomatic relations—War averted—Departure of Salim Bin Najim for the coast—Attitude of M'loze—Murder of another chief—Ramathan declines to negotiate and means to have war.

THE month of July, 1887, brought the first of our troubles. I was then the only white man at the station. Mr. Nicoll, my companion, had gone to headquarters. Our stores were full of ivory, and I was awaiting the arrival of the steamer with the soft goods to pay off our debts. A considerable quantity of the ivory in store was bought on credit from the Arabs, and the fact of our being in their debt, to some extent acted as a deterrent upon their sanguinary schemes. The boat could only bring a limited quantity of goods at a single voyage. I was thus

unable to meet my total liabilities with the Arabs ; but this circumstance, I repeat, was rather in my favour than the contrary. In order that you may better appreciate my position, I extract the following from a dispatch under date 23rd May, 1888 :—

“One great cause of trouble during the last two years at Karonga has been shortness of supplies, thus causing Arabs who have come long distances to wait in the district as long as three months before we could give them their goods. The Arabs always bring great numbers of people along with them : hence there have been continual quarrels between them and the natives about food, the Arabs invariably helping themselves. . . . Ramathan, one of the principal Arab leaders, a white Belooch, came down from Kabunda's with 1500 lbs. of ivory. He could not be supplied with goods, and as he had seventy people with him and about fifty guns, the natives did not care for his presence.”

That is by the way. On an afternoon in July, 1887, one of these Arab men came down to Kasote's village—a sub-chief of the Wankondé—whether in search of food, or something else, is immaterial. Anyhow, he offended a native who was swaggering through

the village with an axe on his shoulder. Having been indulging in *pombé* (native beer), and *pombé*, like most spirituous beverages, having a tendency to excite a man's pugnacious instincts, the injured native swung his axe in the air and brought it down on the shoulder of the Arab. This seemed to be decisive, as the Arab went back to his quarters on the shore of the lake, and related the insult, with a due amount of colour, to his comrades. Revenge was resolved upon, and immediately some goats and sheep were lifted from Kasote's village. As soon as Kasote heard of this raid, he called out his men, who were armed with shields and spears, and determined on an attack on Mirambo, the Arab village, where a trader named Salim Bin Najim was in command. About sunset, Kasote marched up with an escort of thirty men to Salim's quarters, and as is the custom on such occasions, there was a great deal of preliminary talk, mingled with threats and hostile demonstrations. When all this was going on, one of the white Arabs of the camp—a traveller who had come south, and did not belong to Salim Bin Najim—levelled his gun at Kasote, and shot him through the thigh.

As Kasote fell, his son rushed forward to protect him, but one of the Ruga Ruga ran up to the wounded chief, and while he was lying on the ground, shot him through the heart. Kasote's son also received a bullet, and one of his tribesmen was likewise shot. This cold-blooded atrocity was the work of a few minutes. Beyond a doubt the Ruga-Ruga had a large share in it. These Ruga-Ruga were Ramathan's followers, and belonged to a troop of brigands who attached themselves to any slaver that chose to have their services. They cost little, their only pay being a minimum share of the plunder, and uncontrolled license among the captives. When they came into the Nkondé country they greatly harassed and frightened the natives. They would go into the villages attired in their war plumes—feathers stuck in their black pates—and wearing necklaces made of human teeth. Their practice was to demand food of the natives, even insisting on having the very dinner which the poor people might be eating. If their requests were refused, the Ruga-Ruga would shake their feathers, and, pointing to their ghastly necklaces, inform the simple natives that they would devour them. "We eat people

up country," they would say, "and if you don't give us some food, we will eat you some day."

About 8 o'clock, when darkness had set in, Kasingula, a native chief, superior to the murdered Kasote, came over to my station and asked me if I would go to the Arab village and get the body of Kasote. I took eight of the station natives, who carried a hammock, and by the help of a lantern I found my way to Salim Bin Najim's place, distant about a mile and a half. We had no fire-arms. On approaching the village of Mirambo we were hailed by the guards, and received an order to stand. I told them who I was and what I had come for. They replied that I was deceiving them; that I had a band of natives with me, and that if I did not beat a retreat they would open fire upon me. I expostulated with the out-posts, and told them to communicate with their chief, Salim Bin Najim. Finally they did so. Salim Bin Najim came out, and invited me into his house to explain matters. His was a commodious circular house, about twenty feet in diameter, and made entirely of reeds and mud. Two dingy oil lamps, or rather saucers of oil with a wick dipped into them, served to light up

the apartment, sufficiently at least to reveal the forms of several scores of black men. There was a confused gibbering on all hands. I noted that there were five white Arabs in the house, three of whom I knew to be Persian Gulf men, the fourth a real Persian, and the fifth that Belooch Arab, Ramathan, who was in the service of Kabunda. I was proffered a seat, and Salim Bin Najim related his account of the tragedy. He told me how he and Ramathan were in the garden when they heard shots fired. Ramathan said it was nothing; it was only the arrival of a caravan, for the custom is to fire a salute when a caravan comes into a village. Salim Bin Najim said he had his suspicions on that score, as a caravan generally puts forward runners to prepare for its entrance. They went back to the village, and found Kasote dead.

Such was Salim's version of the story. While he told it, he exhibited unmistakable emotion, and all the time I remained in the house intense excitement prevailed. I had some difficulty in making myself heard, but I pointed out to Salim Bin Najim that the proper thing for him to do was to give up the men who had killed chief Kasote and

his son. This, I observed, would possibly pacify the Wankondé, and there would be no more reprisals. He declined, and by way of apology said, had he been in the village at the time, the thing would not have occurred, as he had frequently, under similar circumstances, calmed Kasote. I knew Salim Bin Najim to be a very decent Arab ; perhaps as honest a man as one could meet with among his class. I had known him for years, and had no desire to disturb our kindly relations. Seeing that he was not averse to a peaceful settlement of the dispute, and knowing that some sort of compromise would have to be made, I asked him for an alternative. He said he was willing to pay anything as compensation. Promising to consult with the chiefs, I said " Good night " to Salim. My men were waiting for me, and, as Salim had no objection to my taking Kasote's body, we proceeded to lift it into the hammock. The only clothing on the corpse was a bit of calico attached to a wire belt. The body was quite cold, and there was a pool of blood at the side near the heart. Seen by the light of my lamp, the sight was gruesome enough. We spoke little on our way to Karonga. It was midnight before we arrived at the station.

I spent a sleepless night. There was no calculating the outcome of this unhappy incident. Next day the chief's body was hastily buried with the usual ceremony. The Wankondé attach much importance to the burial of their dead.

On the following day the neighbouring chiefs, with their people, numbering in all about 2000, came to my station to confer with me on the death of Kasote. I found them unanimous in their desire to revenge Kasote's death. The people were furious, and moved about, brandishing their spears. I had a lengthy consultation with the chiefs, and put the different phases of the question before them, especially urging upon them the danger of an attack. I admitted the natives outnumbered the Arabs, but the Arabs were stronger in point of arms. "They have guns," I said, "and you have only spears. True, you might be successful at first, but the Arabs would beat you in the end. Now, you cannot restore Kasote to life by fighting the Arabs. You might lose your own lives in the attempt; but if you accept the goods and goats which Salim Bin Najim has offered, you will avoid bloodshed, and you will be richer." No, no! They could not

see the logic of my entreaties, and would be content with nothing short of the men who had shot Kasote and his son.

So I went over to Salim, and explained the attitude of the chiefs. Salim was firm in his resolution not to give up the men. What was I to do? I returned to the chiefs, laid my views before them once more, and again went back to Salim, who by this time had called in reinforcements. We had a guard of 300 men equipped with muskets and flintlocks. Salim adhered to his original decision, and repeated his willingness to give any other reasonable compensation. I met the chiefs for another time, presenting anew my arguments, and finally persuading them to give up their warlike intentions. Thus, after oscillating four days between Karonga and Mirambo, engaged in diplomatic work of the most delicate order, I succeeded in smoothing over the quarrel. The chiefs agreed to accept some eighty yards of cloth and four goats as compensation for Kasote's loss.

Nothing of an eventful nature occurred during the next two months. Of course, the Arabs were as active as ever; but they made no very decided aggressions. Almost daily,

trading transactions took place between myself and them, but, as formerly, I was handicapped by scarcity of supplies. Meantime Salim Bin Najim, the Arab trader, set out for the coast with his caravan. He left his people in charge of his headman, with instructions that should any difficulties arise, he was to consult me and do as I bade him. Salim also left in my stores thirty-four bags of rice. He expected to be away when the hoeing season commenced, and I was to give out that rice to his women when they wanted it for seed. He further deposited with me, by way of a pledge, a box containing some private valuables. Evidently he did not place implicit trust in Ramathan, who was staying at his village with the Ruga-Ruga followers.

I was constantly receiving deputations from the villages complaining of the thefts and threats of the Ruga-Ruga, for they carried off fowls and anything they could lay their hands on. They were a complete pest. I had to counsel the Wankondé to tolerate them as best they could: With such a following, Ramathan was not a man to be trusted:

Towards the end of August, my comrade, Mr. Nicoll, returned from Mandala, and

after a few days' stay at Karonga, he set out for Tanganika, to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Mr. Wright, of the London Missionary Society, to the mission-station on the Lake. He also took away eighteen gunmen, and most of the Snider rifles.

During the month of September a great many Ruga-Ruga were drafted into the country by M'loze, who was the nominal chief of the Arab settlement, he being the first slaver to establish himself in the Wankondé district. This was a source of dissatisfaction to the native chiefs, who complained to me about the growing numbers of the Ruga-Ruga. I saw M'loze on the subject, and asked him why he was gathering all these rough fellows about him. His answer was that he was going to make a raid on the Angoni country, to avenge the death of his brother, who had been killed by that tribe. He was a slaver like M'loze, and the Angoni, who are a powerful people inured to war, had attacked his caravan and annihilated it. This was a very fair face to put upon the matter, but I shared the suspicions of the natives on the presence of these Ruga-Ruga.

On the 4th October another murder occurred, the issue of which was much more

serious than the first. This was the shooting of the chief Mwini-Mtete at Mpata, a native village twelve miles distant from Karonga. When the outrage occurred I was still alone at the station, my comrade not having returned from Tanganika. On turning to my despatches of that month I find two separate accounts bearing on the cause of the murder, and an extract may be quoted here :—

“ On Monday, 4th inst., a quarrel arose between the Arabs and the natives at Mpata. A number of Arab people went to Mwini-Mtete’s village to buy sugar-cane. A quantity was produced, but the Arabs refused to accept it, as it was so small. They wanted Mwini-Mtete to give them a better lot, but Mwini-Mtete had it not to give them. Upon this being made known, the Arabs swore at the native chief, making some insulting remarks about his corpulence. Mwini-Mtete speared one of the Arab men for his insolence, and the man, who had been wounded in the thigh, raised his gun and shot Mwini-Mtete dead on the spot. This is the Arab statement.

“ On the other hand, the Wankondé say that the Arab fired the gun first, and killed Mwini-Mtete without provocation.”

Looking back on the event now, it seems to me that, whatever might be the facts of the actual occurrence, the murder was pre-meditated, as a prelude to the policy of rapine which the Arabs had resolved upon. The natives would be sure to flare up at this atrocity, and then the Arabs would shoot them down like nine-pins. Seeking to avert the outbreak, I lost no time in communicating with Ramathan, the self-imposed captain at the village of Mirambo. The Belooch sent back my messenger with the answer that the Arabs have no intention of entering into negotiations on the subject, as they had made up their mind to have war. This was quite in keeping with his past conduct, and the conduct of M'loze who had been gathering the Ruga-Ruga for no good purpose. Not content with this response, I walked over and had a personal interview with captain Ramathan. I found him in no pleasant mood. He maintained a haughty and over-bearing manner, and his language became both foul and insulting. On one point he was explicit, namely, that the Arabs meant to have the Nkondé country. They were resolved to drive out the natives, and then to bring down the Wahenga people.

These Wahenga were at one time slaves under the Angoni already referred to, the Angoni being the Zulus who inhabit the highlands on the west side of Lake Nyassa. The Wahenga having escaped from the Zulus, became pariahs in the north. They had no country, and their chief, Kanyoli, was easily won over by the Arabs. Their large stockade was situate on the shores of the Lake, about twenty miles north of our station. These were the people whom the Arabs proposed to substitute for the natives of the Nkondé country. You may have some idea of my feelings when I heard his scheme, for I had learned to like the simple people. But feelings are not of much account if your only backing is thirteen chassepots and eight black men! "Go back to your station," was Ramathan's reply; "if you venture outside you may be shot, as Ramathan means to have war."

CHAPTER IV.

WAR TO THE KNIFE.

The crisis at Karonga—I give out guns and place my sentries—The battle of Mpata—Send out messengers for help—The plain devastated—Ramathan determined to drive the Wankondé from their country—M'loze declared Sultan of Nkondé—Natives flee to Mgerenge—Arrival of the *Ilala* with Messrs. Howat and Bain—We begin to build a fort.

FOR once in my life I took a hint from a Belooch. I went to my station, but I went there to organize. Doubtless I was in a critical position, yet the ivory which I held in store on credit from Kabunda's men (to wit, Captain Ramathan) was a sort of hostage, a guarantee that an attack would not be made upon Karonga for the nonce. Had the attack come at that moment, I was prepared to fire the stores and flee to the north end of the Lake. The crisis was bound to come sooner or later.

The captain of the Ruga-Ruga meantime sent me another of his characteristic

messages, to the effect that I was not on any account to leave the station should I hear guns firing; that, if I wanted anything, I was to send a messenger to his village, not to appear personally. It was patent the gallant captain had assumed the dictatorship of the district. I knew what this meant. It meant the devastation of the country, the extirpation of the people, and the ultimate ruin of our station. Fearing the worst, I gave out the guns to the men on the station, placing six sentries on the outside, namely, two on the Lake sands, two on the Tanganika road, and two at the store. Unfortunately the guns were the chassepots, which had recently come up without cartridges. My stock of ammunition consisted of thirty-four cartridges to thirteen rifles. On the Monday afternoon my guards reported having heard firing in the distance. Hostilities had opened at Mpata. The Arabs had chosen the right moment. They were numerous and well armed. They first attacked the Mpata village, whose chief, Mwini-Mtete had been murdered. The natives offered a stout resistance, and the encounter was sharp and bloody. With M'loze as their commander-in-chief, and Msalemo as major adjutant, the Arabs

deployed round the village, and poured volley upon volley into the huts. Their fire was occasionally answered by a native charge, the Wankondé rushing upon the enemy with their spears, and sometimes driving them back. They preserved a courageous front, and retired in order upon Mgerenge, having captured some of the Arab women, and slain a number of the men. Certainly the native loss was considerable; but it must be said they defended their homes heroically. The Arabs were left in possession of Mpata which they harried and reduced.

Judging that the Arabs would continue the attack in a worse shape, I began to feel my position, and despatched two runners to the Free Church Mission Station at Mwiniwanda, urging the Rev. J. A. Bain, the missionary, to come down with all speed.

I again tried to open diplomatic relations with Ramathan, but to no purpose. On the Tuesday the fighting was renewed. The Arabs stormed village after village, pillaging and slaughtering without stint. They seemed to have taken their cue from the text: "Now go to and smite the *Wankondé*, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not but slay both man and woman, infant

and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass." Ramathan's Ruga-Ruga were, however, a little shrewder than Saul's selected band, for while they gave no quarter to the Wankondé, they secured their goods and cattle. Those women whom they did not kill, they put in irons, and reserved for a fate still more severe. Aged blacks were cruelly butchered in their attempt to hobble out of the way. But yesterday the blue smoke curling upwards from their tidy huts betokened the perfection of African quietude; to-day, what are they? roofless, desolate, mangled bodies, and charred ruins! I longed for the arrival of Mr. Bain.

Fortunately the villages in the immediate vicinity of my station were as yet left untouched. These were Kasingula's, Muliema's, and Karonga's. A great number of the people who had been driven out of their villages flocked to the station, wondering what the white man would do. Truth to tell, I was in as great a fix as themselves. On Wednesday morning, when the Arabs returned to their hideous work, I sent a message by my boy Belali, asking Ramathan to spare the villages of the aforementioned chiefs. He replied that the fighting would not stop until

all the Wankondé were killed or driven out of the country. The country, he added, was now in possession of M'loze, who had been installed Sultan of Nkondé. If I wanted workers at the station I was to apply to him, and he would send me Arabs or Wahenga.

Dreading an Arab attack, these chiefs and their people fled up country to join the rest of the Wankondé at Mgerenge, a village twelve miles north, under chief Chirapura. This was really a black look-out for me, so I again sent over a request to spare Kasingula's and Mulilema's villages, seeing they were so close to the station, and that I looked to them for workers and food supplies. I also pointed out that these chiefs had taken no part in the battle at Mpata, not even sending men to help the Mpata people against the Arabs. He sent back the answer that all the Wankondé were the same in his eyes; but, under the circumstances, he would let these chiefs alone if they would send to the Sultan (*i.e.* M'loze) three cows apiece by way of recognizing their new governor. This sounded strange, coming as it did from captain Ramathan, so I resolved to approach his majesty. Accordingly, I sent Belali with a request to M'loze not to disturb the

native villages around my station. A reply came in this wise:—"What does the white man want? If he wants workers, our people or the Wahenga will do his work. The country is now mine, and the Wahenga are my children. I mean to put the Wankondé utterly down, and bring in the Wahenga. I have always been friendly with Mr. Monteith" (so they named me), "and wish to be so still. He came before any other Christian, and I came before any other Mohammedan. I will therefore allow Kasingula and Mulilema to return to their villages as the children of the white man, if Mr. Monteith will send up to Msalemo's village, before twelve o'clock noon to-morrow, thirty pounds of gunpowder, 2000 percussion caps, 1000 flints for the guns, and a supply of red cloth; and so, &c., &c., M'loze, Sultan of Nkondé." This was a stickler, and even out-Ramathaned Ramathan. I could only smile at the blackguard's audacity. Of course I took no notice of the Sultan's humble request, which was a dodge, and an attempt to exact tribute from me. In this decision I had the support of Kasingula.

My position was becoming more and more unsafe. When my hopes were at their

lowest ebb, what should I see in the distance but the mast of the steamer. Good, I thought, Ramathan's debt will be cleared up, and we will get him out of the way. The reduction of the Arab force by fifty guns would mean much in my favour. The *Ilala* steamed up at 6 p.m. Glad I was to see Mr. Howat, the engineer, but I could not describe my disappointment when I learned that he had not brought any goods for the station. She had only brought a quantity of mission goods from Bandawe. The Angoni had threatened war on the mission station there, and the missionaries, not knowing the state of the country, had sent the goods up to Karonga to be stored; of course I could not take them over. The steamer also brought letters for Emin Pasha and the late Mr. J. A. Mackay, the missionary at Uganda. These letters were to be sent *viâ* Tanganika. I despatched runners forthwith, who also carried a message to Mr. Nicoll at Tanganika, asking him to come back at once.

The burning of the villages still proceeded. The Arabs only ceased at sunset, and in the night the plain was illuminated by the fires. There had been no such luxury as sleep since

Sunday. Jaded in body and vexed in spirit, I took the advantage of Mr. Howat's presence, and had a short rest. Early on the Friday morning Mr. Bain arrived from Mwiniwanda. I was rejoiced to see him.

We discussed our position at breakfast. Mr. Howat agreed to remain for a while to see what turn things would take. We required the assistance of his men, for, having no defences, it was necessary to build a brick fort.

The Arabs renewed their work of burning the villages. Their evident intention was to leave not a hut



THE LATE REV. J. A. BAIN,
F.C. Mission, Livingstonia.

on the plain. Mr. Bain and I passed over and had an interview with Ramathan. We talked first on our business transactions, for all this time I had never lost sight of my duties as agent of the Company while acting the part of mediator. Ramathan was very angry on hearing that

his goods had not come with the steamer. I told him he might remove his tusks from my store if he chose, and return what goods he had already received in part payment; but he would not give me a definite answer to this proposal. He seemed inclined to abide by the original bargain, and wait the arrival of the next boat. I then spoke to him on the subject of the war. He coolly assured me that the fighting would not stop until the principal chiefs were killed. Kasingula would, however, be allowed to stay on complying with the following conditions: 1st, to acknowledge M'loze his chief; 2nd, to hoe M'loze's gardens; 3rd, to build his village; and 4th, to hand over his young women to the "Sultan's" harem. My answer to this was a decided negative. I told him it would be impossible to obtain these conditions, the first of which was quite at variance with the temper of the people, who were determined not to recognize M'loze as chief of the Nkondé country. Hearing this, the fire-eater hinted something about the argument of force. I said I would write at once to the British Consul at Zomba, and report everything that had been said and done. "The Consul!" he exclaimed, "what do I care

for the Consul? Bring up your Consul, and we will defy him."

This was Ramathan's view, but it was scarcely M'loze's. In the course of the afternoon I received an invitation from the pseudo-sultan, asking me to send up a messenger on the morrow, as he had something to communicate. On the following morning (Saturday) I sent my bog Belali up to M'loze's stockade. M'loze told him that he wanted the *milandu* (quarrel) settled, and he would like Mr. Monteith to call down Chungu—the principal chief of the Wankondé—from his hiding in the north, with the view of smoothing over the quarrel. Besides the verbal message, the "Sultan" sent two letters by the hand of Belali, one being addressed to myself, and the other to captain Ramathan. Mine was in the form of an apology for attempting to exact revenue from me in the shape of powder and percussion caps. M'loze's heart was turned upside down—so ran the letter—when he made the demand, for he had lost five ladies of his household, and twenty-five women belonging to his people had either been slain or carried away captive. "His Majesty's" heart had been turned upside down at that sad bereavement and so

he made the call for compensation upon me! He now begged to be excused for such a rash request, and promised on his oath that he would not fight us. In like manner, we must promise not to fight him. On the whole, the note was courteous, but it was Arabic.

Mr. Bain and I walked along the sands, and handed Ramathan his letter. The "Sultan's" note to the "Captain" made mention of the apology, and contained assurances of friendship to the chiefs Kasingula and Mulilema, who were to return to their villages as soon as they liked. M'loze added that he would postpone the attack upon Mgerenge for four days, in order to give Chungu the chance of coming down to a conference. Apparently the "Sultan" now wished arbitration. Delighted with the prospect, I despatched an escort on the same night to accompany Chungu, Kasingula, and Mulilema from Mgerenge to the station.

Sunday morning found us early astir. After breakfast I walked out, as was my custom on the Sabbath; but what a contrast the scene presented to the peaceful quiet which formerly reigned here! The Nkondé plain, from the Lake up to Mpata, covering

an area of at least 225 square miles, was nothing but blackened ruins. The villages in the neighbourhood of the station were still to the fore, although the people had fled. On going round I found a number of Arab men and women looting. Immediately the thieves saw me they bolted, but I hailed the station guard, and Mr. Bain, along with a dozen armed men, quickly came up. The Arabs, however, were soon out of sight. We found a lame cow, the property of Kasingula, and brought her to the station.

In the evening chiefs Kasingula and Mulilema arrived. The father of Chungu accompanied them, Chungu himself being unable to put in an appearance. Chungu *père* may have been a very nice old gentleman, but Chungu *fils* was the man I wanted, he being the only native magnate whom M'loze would recognize as chief of the Wankondé. Accordingly, I told Chungu senior to go back and send down his son by hook or crook, as his presence was urgently requested at the conference, which was to take place on Monday, the 10th. Chungu junior obeyed my summons, and duly appeared on the Monday, bringing with him the inferior chiefs Karambo and Chirapura.

We were now ready. But where was the chairman? What could be detaining M'loze? We filled up the time talking upon our troubles. All the chiefs were anxious that the differences should be settled by speech rather than by spear. My messengers who had run to M'loze's to acquaint him of the arrival of the chiefs, now returned, saying that they had found the Arabs encamped in the bush ready to advance on Mgerenge. We had been deceived. Here was another specimen of Arab insincerity. The "Sultan" would not now hear of arbitration. He positively refused to talk the milandu, after he had requested the chiefs to come to Karonga for that purpose! His message to Chungu was to remain at the station along with Kasingula and Mulilema, while he went north to fight his real enemies, namely, the native chiefs Mandiwanga, Karambo, and Chirapura. In this, he at least made us aware of his intentions, and it was for us to meet them as best we could.

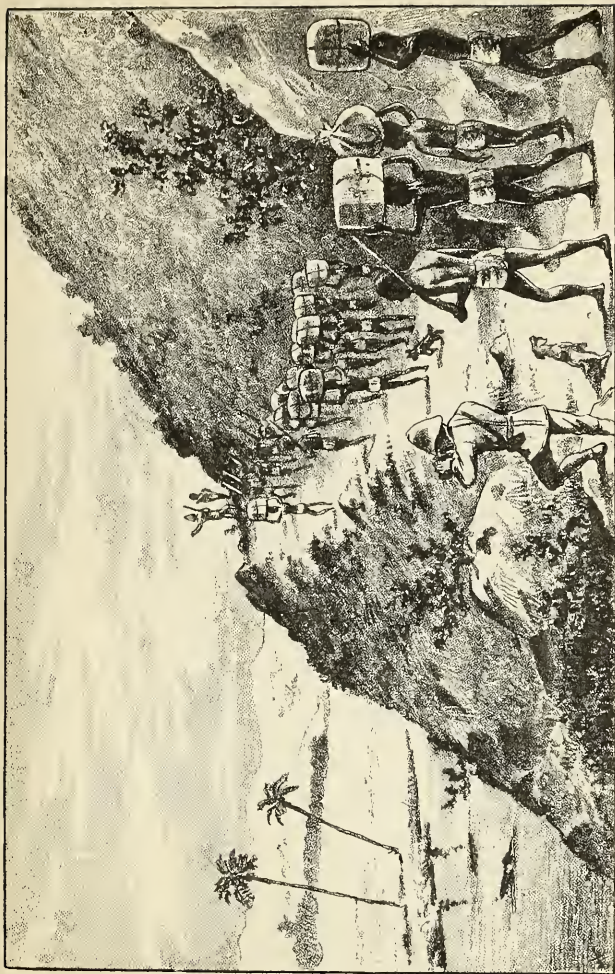
Now, Chungu being the recognized chief of Wankondé, the people would follow wherever he led, or wherever he stayed; hence his remaining at the station might lead to serious complications. I therefore advised

Chungu to return to Mgerenge with all speed,—a suggestion which he was not slow to adopt. We also began to think of our own safety, to secure which we designed the fort after the shape of a rhombus. We proposed to build this fort of bricks which had originally been intended for additions to the station, the site to be on the edge of the Lake, a few paces from the station houses. But before we put a hand to a brick, I sent a messenger to M'loze informing him that, owing to the disturbed state of the country, we found it necessary to build this fort, which would both be a protection to the Company's goods and his ivory. I thought it only politic to take this precaution, because had M'loze heard of our exertions from any other source, the probability is, he would have misconstrued it. To my surprise he answered that he had no objections to the white man living in a stockade. "You are a stranger like myself," he said, "why not live in a stockade like me?" "He had nothing against the Mzungu, nor against the chiefs Kasingula, Mulilema, and Karonga." It was gratifying to have these assurances, whatever they were worth. The fact remained that M'loze was simply awaiting reinforce-

ments from Senga to attack Mgerenge. This I had from Ramathan's own mouth on Wednesday. The Belooch happened to be in fairly good humour that day, and I asked him to write to M'loze in my name (Ramathan was a deft penman in Arabic) as follows:—

“As to what you say in your letter regarding a promise from me not to attack you, I have to observe that we at Karonga will only act upon the defensive. I can promise nothing beyond, but a full report of all that has occurred will be sent to Mandala and to the Consul at Zomba, with whom any decision on the matter will rest. Notwithstanding your refusal to talk the milandu on Monday, I again ask you to name time and place for a conference, at which I may have an opportunity of presenting the whole facts of our case. I beseech you in the meantime to refrain from further excesses, and so,” &c., &c.

That letter was written on the 12th. On the same day, two of Mr. Nicoll's men returned, bringing with them letters recording a safe journey to Tanganika. On the way back, however, they were attacked by Arabs, who seized the letters, a gun, a cap, and



A Caravan on the Stevenson Road.

some yards of cloth. They kept the cloth and the cap, but gave up the gun and the letters. This was a mere incident, but it is worth setting down as showing that the slavers were a terror on the road between Karonga and Niumkorlo. The men also told us that Dr. Tomory, of the London Missionary Society, was at Mwiniwanda's (Chirenje), on his way south. I sent off men to ask the doctor to come down at once, as our steamer was still lying here, but would leave as soon as the fort was finished.

CHAPTER V.

CONFERENCES, QUARRELS AND MASSACRES.

I capture a Ruga-Ruga—Sally out on Arab robbers—
More letters from M'loze—Threats by Ramathan
—Conference at Msalemo's—M'loze conciliatory—
But determined to kill certain chiefs—Description
of Arab village—Warlike visitors at the fort—The
natives at Mgerenge deluded—Massacre at the
lagoon.

MR. BAIN, Mr. Howat, and I continued to make head-way (or rather breast-way, for it never rose higher than four feet) with the fort. Thursday, the 13th, was an exciting day. In the course of the forenoon I saw the Arabs moving about the plain. One of Ramathan's men—a Ruga-Ruga—had the boldness to venture to the station ground, where, according to the promise of M'loze, he had no right to be. I went out and quietly came down upon him, but he darted off like a deer. After a hard chase I captured him, bound him with cords, and carried him to the station. Shortly afterwards one of the sentries

came in, and informed us that a large number of Arabs were looting Kasingula's village. I got my blacks together, and passed out, intending to take the robbers by surprise. The Ruga-Ruga espied us advancing, and fired on our boys. We returned the compliment, I myself firing two revolver shots. In the encounter a station man was shot in the shoulder, and the Ruga-Ruga also had a man wounded. It was a mere skirmish, but the Arabs took the hint and cleared out of the villages.

To show that we did not mean war, I released the Ruga-Ruga whom I had taken into custody in the morning, and at the same time despatched a messenger to M'loze explaining how the skirmish occurred. My messenger returned with two letters from the "Sultan" in the same order as before—one for Ramathan and one for me. The letter addressed to me contained expressions of friendship and regret that such an incident should have happened, and at the same time condemning Ramathan's action. I sent out messengers to Mirambo with the captain's letter, but they could not get it delivered that day. However, it subsequently fell into his hands, and I learned that it was couched in

plain terms, requesting Ramathan to restrain his men and avoid giving offence in our quarter.

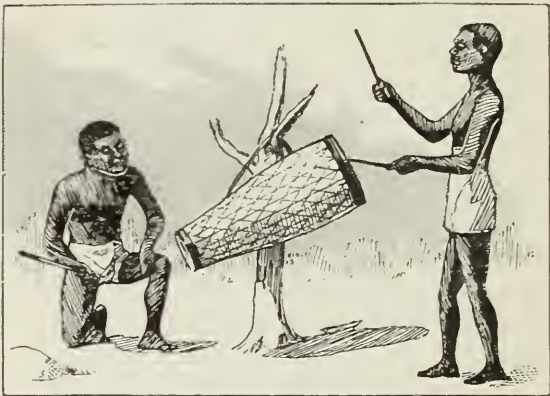
M'loze sent me another letter on Friday, stating that he had intended coming down to talk the *milandu*, but his friend Salim Bin Nasero, who had arrived from Senga, had taken a bad cold! However, in came Hamid Bin Sayid, who explained that M'loze would arrange a meeting some day soon. He had evidently renounced his claim to the sultan-ship, and was anxious to get the affair settled—only the loss of his women was still a sore remembrance. While Mr. Bain and I were talking with Hamid Bin Sayid, two of the station men, whom I had sent to Ramathan, asking the captain to keep his Ruga-Ruga out of the way, came in with a message from that gentleman. This was in the form of a threat. Ramathan said that as soon as I paid up the remainder of my debt, he would go away, and if he met Mr. Nicoll on the Tanganika road, he would relieve him of all his goods. I determined that Ramathan should not be paid up until Mr. Nicoll was safe at the station. We could afford to be firm. Our fort was now taking something like a formidable shape.

Early on Saturday morning (the 15th) some Wahenga people and a couple of Arabs came to Karonga to invite me to a conference at Msalemo's village — an Arab settlement situated on the Tanganika road on the bank of the Rukuru river, and distant five miles from our station. Taking the six black sailors as guard (my object in this being to delude M'loze as to our real strength, for when he saw the strange faces he would conclude that the station had been recruited), I set out for the great conference, not particularly overjoyed. On arriving at Msalemo's one could see nothing but the upright poles of the stockade, though one could hear sounds of revelry inside. Like all other Arab villages, the stockade quite surrounded the place, the only aperture being a narrow gateway, which led to a still narrower lane, made of close-set poles, at the end of which was another gate,



STOCKADED PLATFORM,
OR "CROWSNEST."

capable of admitting one man at a time. As I approached the stockade, a number of Arabs came out and salaamed me in true Oriental fashion. They conducted me up the narrow entrance and into the square. The spectacle which met my gaze was one to



WANKONDÉ DRUM AND DRUMMERS.

be remembered. Hundreds of fighting men, clad in parti-coloured clothes, the red predominating, were careering about in great jubilation. Some were dancing to the thunders of the big drum, which was beaten by a pair of men—one standing and devoting himself to the top of the drum, the other kneeling and pegging away at the smaller end. Thus

the pit-a-pat of the kettle-drum, and the measured beat of the big drum, were conveniently produced, and the place was further enlivened by the dances and songs of the warriors. Their voices were pitched in many different keys. A great many left off their games when they saw "the Mzungu," to whom they bowed and made obeisance in an uncanny fashion, for their guns were at full cock, and might have gone off in my face. I had to walk rather gingerly through the crowd. Ruga-Ruga were here also in force. Their long black hair was plaited into thin cords, which dangled about their shoulders. Their headgear consisted of bunches of feathers, which, together with the war paint that besmeared their faces, and the necklaces of human teeth that adorned their throats, rendered them both fierce and distinctive in that picturesque and warlike assemblage. The huts inside the square were inferior in construction to those of the native Wankondé, but the chief's house, to which I was escorted, was a superior bit of architecture, having a verandah and other convenient accessories. There were, however, no windows in it, the light being admitted only by the door. My men remained outside the house as I entered

along with M'loze, Msalemo, and Salim Bin Nasero. M'loze was both attentive and polite. We squatted on a mat, and, after the usual preliminaries, commenced the conversation in the Swahili language.

As matter of order I first called for an explanation of the outbreak of hostilities. M'loze, who was a middle-aged man, and wore a white robe with a Muscat sash thrown over his shoulder, and whose shaven head was set off by a small white cap, giving effect to his sloping brow and clean-cut features, began by saying that on the 4th of the month the people of Mwini-Mtete caught a slave belonging to the Arab camp at Mpata. The Arabs, anxious to get back their property, offered cloth to redeem the slave. The native chief, Mwini-Mtete, took the cloth, but refused to part with the slave. "Now," continued M'loze, "what took place after this was unknown to me; was, in fact, done entirely without my sanction. I understand that some of our people went up to the village on the pretext of buying sugar cane. While a few made it their endeavour to draw out Mwini-Mtete, others secured themselves behind the bananas, and shot the chief." Then, as a *pièce de resistance* of logic,—“Now,

Mr. Monteith, while I did and do much regret the death of Mwini-Mtete, do you think if I had been party to such a deed I would have allowed my women to be out in the Wankondé villages? No, believe me, I was ignorant of the whole affair!"

I said I would accept his statement about the death of the chief as being the authentic account. At the same time I believed that the attack had only broken out prematurely. So I asked him what he meant to do now.

M'loze replied that he did not want the country, would call himself neither sheikh nor sultan, would allow Kasingula, Mulilema, and Karonga to return to their homes, but the other chiefs were still his enemies, and in particular he must punish Mwandiwanga and Karambo, who had always molested his women. They had killed at least forty of his women, and this slaughter must be avenged by a march on Mgerenge.

"Well," I said, "I am sorry to hear of your losses in that respect; but before you take that step, had you not better wait until Consul Hawes and Mr. F. Moir of the African Lakes Company come up?"

No! no! he would not agree to that at all.

Then I told him I could not call down

Kasingula, Mulilema, and Karonga so long as Kabunda's man (Ramathan) remained at Mirambo with his Ruga-Ruga. "If Ramathan is allowed to remain," I said, "there will be no peace, and it would simply be adding fuel to the flame to call down the chiefs."

M'loze would oblige! M'loze did not see why Ramathan should not be removed. "Those three chiefs," he added, "are the Mzungu's children. We have no quarrel with them nor with you."

I repeated that I could not recall them if Ramathan and his brigands remained so near our station and their villages.

Upon this, Salim Bin Nasero wrote a note in Arabic to Ramathan, commanding him to evacuate the village of Mirambo, and withdraw to Mpata with all his forces. At the same time M'loze assured me he would take care that the natives, when they did return to their homes, would not be interfered with, so I could call down the chiefs and all the people as soon as I liked.

Thus ended the Msalemo conference. At the conclusion of the conversation a servant brought in a dish of water, into which we dipped our hands. A large plate

of rice was next introduced, and a curried fowl—curried in the matchless style of the Moslem—was set down in the centre. By way of compliment to my colour, I was handed a spoon, but my distinguished associates simply used their fingers, holding a bit of fowl in one hand, and with the other picking up the rice. The rice was well boiled, and very appetizing. Having thus refreshed the inner man, I bade good-bye to the chiefs, and again ran the gauntlet of the painted warriors.

While I could not say I had obtained "peace with honour," I had at least scored on one head, namely, the withdrawal of captain Ramathan and his Ruga-Ruga. Yet, as I marched back to the station with my sable escort, I had many misgivings. What did it all mean? Was this conference a sham, these warm assurances and hospitality mere theatrical display? What was behind it? These doubtings would force themselves upon my mind, and I find the following significant words at the end of a despatch to the Consul at Zomba, which I forwarded about this time: "You will easily understand how the attitude of the Arabs must affect both the Company and the

missions, and how it may lead to the abandonment of both—for the lives and property of their agents are in immediate danger—unless vigorous steps are taken to prevent the occupation of the country by the Arabs.”

On returning to the station, everybody was anxious to know the result of the meeting, and when it was made known to Mr. Bain and Mr. Howat, they, like myself, were not particularly elated. On the following morning (Sunday, the 16th), Ramathan and his Ruga-Ruga took their departure for Mpata. His withdrawal was a farce. He returned on the Monday, a circumstance full of meaning to us. I for one, would not recall the chiefs now.

While we were consulting on this latest development of affairs, I received on Tuesday (the 18th), a message from M'loze saying that he would have to demand a cow from each of the chiefs Kasingula, Karonga, and Mulilema, as a condition of their return and a pledge of goodwill towards himself. This demand was not only preposterous—it was the height of impudence, and boded coming evil. Happily, our fort was now well advanced, and the steamer was able to leave on Wednesday, the 19th October.

The *Ilala* steamed off at dawn, with despatches, and carrying Dr. Tomory south. Mr. Bain and I watched her masts vanish in the distance. Our hopes were wrapped up in her sails. In the course of the day we had further news from M'loze. Two well-known Arabs, Hamid Bin Alfán and Hamid Bin Sayid, came down to the store to transact business with me, and also to discuss the condition of the country. I accommodated my customers with camp stools, and perched myself on a small table opposite. They proceeded to speak on the proposed return of Kasingula, Mulilema, and Karonga, and asked that these three chiefs should hand over to me three women, fifteen cows, and eighteen goats, which indemnity I was forthwith to carry to M'loze. I frankly told them I would have nothing to do with such an arrangement. I pointed out—as I had often done before—that these chiefs had taken absolutely no part in the war, and were in no way under obligations to M'loze. While thus conversing, I noticed Hamid Bin Alfán shrug his shoulders, accidentally tilting up a white sash which covered his hand, and disclosing a revolver which he grasped in a suspicious manner. I had not my weapon on me at the time, and felt a little uncom-

fortable, though of this I showed no outward sign. The Arab did not know that I had seen the revolver; so, begging to be excused for a moment, I stepped into the house, put my revolver into my pocket, went back to the store, and resumed the conversation as if nothing had occurred. They reminded me that M'loze had averted an attack on the station on the 13th, when we had the skirmish with the Ruga-Ruga, Ramathan having contemplated wholesale butchery in our direction. M'loze had evidently conciliated the captain by sending two powerful Arabs to stay at Mirambo. This was a clever ruse to inspire us with confidence in M'loze, but I firmly declined to entertain the proposals.

While these Arabs were with us, a messenger came in from Kopa Kopa (the Arab trader at Mpemba, twelve miles south) with the news that his master, and Abu Beker and Ramathan were about to pay us a visit. The distinguished party soon arrived, accompanied by about a hundred armed men. They brought a keg of gunpowder, which they concealed near the entrance to the station. In the discussion which followed, our attention was chiefly directed to the

encounter with Ramathan's Ruga-Ruga, and to the captain's threat to attack Mr. Nicoll on the Tanganika road. Ramathan accused us of firing the first shot on the 13th, but I testified, as an eye-witness, that the Ruga-Ruga were the first to fire, and Mr. Bain spoke to the Ruga-Ruga having trespassed on the station ground. I reminded the company of the release of the captive, whose gun was restored to him as an additional proof of our desire to maintain a friendly attitude.

The conference accepted my statement, and Kopa Kopa there and then reprimanded the captain for having allowed his followers to plunder the villages around our station, and especially for having fired on the British.

Ramathan thereupon expressed a desire to maintain our friendship. He said he had no quarrel with us, that he was willing to return to Tanganika as soon as he got the balance of his goods, which were expected by the first steamer. On parting we shook hands all round.

So far, so good. But how far could I trust them? That was the rub. It was necessary, of course, to be true to the

interest of the Company, and in the midst of all these negotiations I did daily business at the store. Paradoxical as it may seem, the store was at once my security and my chief source of danger.

Meantime, some Wahenga people, friendly to the Arabs, had carried the news of my interview with M'loze to the three chiefs, Kasingula, Karonga, and Mulilema. They told the chiefs how the white man had been received in great style at Msalemo's; how M'loze had said he had no quarrel with them; and how he had invited them to return to their villages. Upon hearing this, the unsuspecting chiefs—who were only too glad to get back to their food supplies—beat their drums and marshalled their people. They came down as far as the Kambwe lagoon. This is a stagnant swamp, overgrown with rank reeds. In the rainy season it becomes a sheet of water connected with the Lake, and all the year round is infested with crocodiles. To this place, but a short distance from the station, came the Wankondé chiefs and a number of their people; mark! at the instigation of the wily Wahenga, certainly not at my bidding. After the people had safely located themselves among

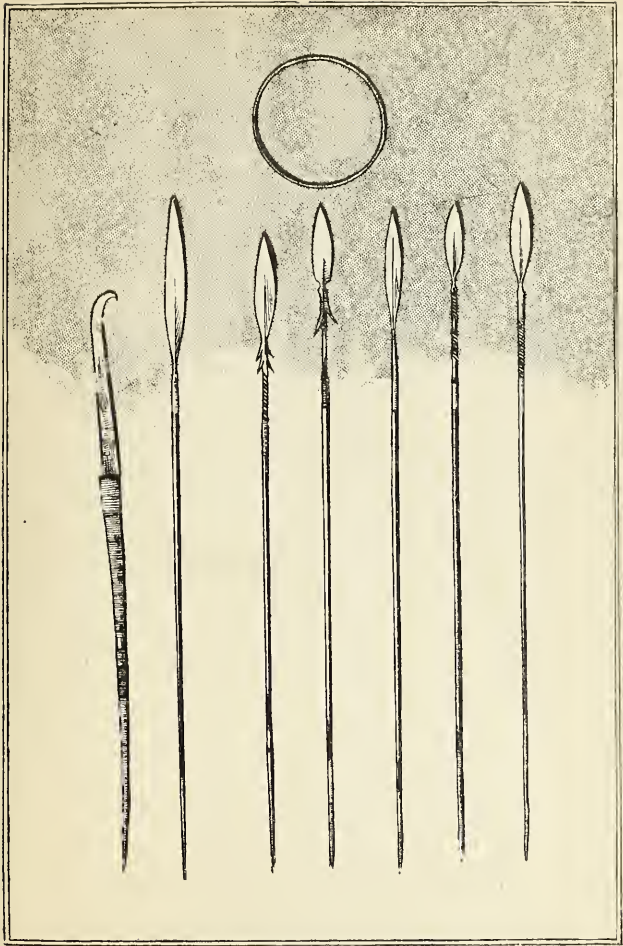
the reeds, the chiefs came to the stations to ascertain if the Wahenga report were true. I told them the circumstances, pointed out to them the foolishness of accepting the invitation of the Wahenga, and advised them to get away to their people without delay, as I did not trust M'loze to the hilt. The chiefs returned to the lagoon, which, it may be well to add, is just within a stone-throw of Karonga's villages.

On Sunday (the 23rd) I received news of a serious skirmish in the neighbourhood of the lagoon. It seems that some of the Ruga-Ruga had gone down to loot at Karonga's, when the natives, in the defence of their property, sallied out of their retreat in the lagoon. They made a courageous charge, putting the Ruga-Ruga to flight, killing one man, and taking captive an Arab woman and child.

When I heard of this I made up my mind for the worst. Mr. Bain and I often talked over our risky position, sometimes planning the burning of the stores and escaping up country, yet always rejecting the idea from the hope of something turning up. On the night of the 26th, a Wankondé man informed us that the Arabs were massing their forces

at Msalemo's village, and that an immediate attack was contemplated. I gave instructions to the sentries to be particularly on the *qui vive*, and made careful inspection of our arms and fortifications.

Next day about noon we heard firing in the direction of the lagoon. The Arabs, through the Wahenga, having drawn the Wankondé into this trap, had now commenced their fiendish brutality. They made the killing of a single Arab the pretext for a general attack. By a stealthy and rapid march they surrounded the lagoon before the natives were well aware of their presence. Immediately a scene of the wildest excitement prevailed. The war-whoops of the Ruga-Ruga smote the Wankondé heart with terror. Armed only with spears, they were no match for the Arabs, who, keeping at a safe distance, poured volley upon volley into the reeds, which were soon red with the blood of the dying. Every black who jumped out of the lagoon was shot in the open, and not a native escaped who came within range of the Arab rifles. There was no outlet to the west side, and but small chance of escape on the north. The Arabs gradually moved forward, and the terror-stricken Wankondé



Wankondé Spears and Waist Belt.

were forced into the swamp yard by yard. Maddened by their success, the Ruga-Ruga rushed upon the natives and drove them farther back, spearing those who stuck fast in the mud. They then fired the reeds, and as the flames rose, the yells of the poor creatures behind might be heard far and near above the steady discharge of the guns. Now another enemy, more dreaded than the Arabs, rose against the natives in their dire extremity. This was the crocodile, who swung his hideous jaws out of the pool and made an easy prey of the bewildered blacks. Those who did not perish by the rifle and the spear were either burned to death or devoured by the innumerable crocodiles that infest the lagoon. Few succeeded in struggling through the slough to the other side. While the attack was in progress, the three Arab leaders, in order to gratify their morbid curiosity, climbed into trees, and with diabolical interest watched and regulated the work of extermination. Darkness only put an end to the slaughter. The native chiefs with the remnant of their people fled to the Songwe river, while the Arabs, who had captured a great many women and children, encamped at the lagoon.

Surely never was such a cruel massacre as this day had witnessed ! It was the butchery of a simple people who had done wrong to no one, who had been compelled to leave their houses owing to the menaces of the intruders, and who had been beguiled into this disaster by professions of friendship and protection.

Next day the Arabs withdrew from the lagoon, and the Wankondé returned to bury their dead—a rite which is held sacred by the natives. Many of the bodies were past recognition, having either their faces disfigured or heads totally cut off. This was yet another instance of the cold-blooded cruelty of the murderers, who, not content with an afternoon's butchery, had gone round during the night and mutilated the slain.

CHAPTER VI.

PREPARING FOR THE ATTACK.

Defiant message from M'loze—Our carriers molested—Arab attack on Mgerenge—Kopa Kopa's threat—Arrival of steamer with Consul O'Neil and other whites—But no ammunition—The *Ilala* goes for reinforcements—We take in some Wahenga—Mr. Nicoll comes in from Tanganika—Arabs decline negotiations—The Wankondé, under the local chiefs, come down to us—The fort is attacked.

ALREADY we began to weary for the return of the steamer. Messengers were sent to Mwiniwanda (Chirenje) with letters for Dr. Cross. Every man at the station worked with a will, so that the walls of the fort were now approaching completion. In the midst of our bustle I received a message from M'loze commanding that all work in defence of the station should cease, as he had heard that we were going to use the fort to fight against him. This was testing our tempers. What possible right had he to dictate in this fashion? "Ours not to reason why." It would have been madness to have offended

the usurper at this moment, hence I sent him a courteous reply, informing him that while our defences were scarcely completed, we would abstain from clearing cover and digging a moat, as had been our original intention. This had a soothing effect for the time being.

On the 30th the two mail men who had carried letters to Dr. Cross, returned from Mwiniwanda's, and reported that M'loze's men had fired on them as they were coming down the Tanganika road, though the Arabs knew quite well that they were our letter-carriers.

From this date down to 2nd November, Mr. Bain and I spent a miserable time. We could not rest, as we never knew what was on the programme. On the day mentioned we heard that the Arabs had attacked Mgerenge, where Chungu and the subordinate chiefs were assembled. The natives were dispirited, and the Arabs obtained an easy victory. Instead of shooting so many on this occasion, they captured the best of the tribe, and carried away a great many cattle. Some of the Wankondé fled to the mountains west of the Lake. Having nearly decimated the natives, the Arabs returned to their stockades in the Nkondé country.

A war party, headed by Ramathan and Kopa Kopa, came along the sands, and passed right through the station grounds. As they passed the fort, Kopa Kopa (who was one of the principal Arabs of the district) shouted that the game was up. "I am going to build a village on Karonga's ruins," he added, "and I will come back, and talk to you soon." From his manner and the tone in which he spoke, we judged that his visit would amount to more than talk. This put us much about, as we were not strong enough at present to resist an attack on the depôt, and our ammunition was the veriest makeshift. We had no hope of aid for at least ten days. Thus we were in great straits, and could only appeal to the Great Disposer of events, who proved "a very present help." This passage I find under date, Friday, 4th November:—

"At seven o'clock this evening our immediate apprehensions were happily removed by the most timely arrival of the s.s. *Ilala*, with Consul O'Neil of Mozambique, Rev. L. Scott of Manchester, Dr. Tomory of the London Missionary Society, and Mr. Sharpe, at present hunting in the Nyassa district."

The presence of so many whites (we were now half-a-dozen) had an electric effect upon Mr. Bain and me. Moreover, the steamer had brought goods sufficient to pay all debts contracted with the Arabs, and this would permit of my squaring off Ramathan, who would now have no excuse for remaining in



CONSUL H. E. O'NEIL.
Formerly of Mozambique.

the country with his Ruga-Ruga. Unfortunately the steamer brought no ammunition. The gravity of the situation being now understood, the *Ilala* went off on the following day to bring up reinforcements and a supply of ammunition.

Consul O'Neil, a man of long experience in African affairs, and withal a capable and courageous gentleman, now relieved me of much responsibility. We at once started to dig a moat and to clear cover.

On Sunday, the 6th, about three score Wahenga people, who had formerly lived

under Karonga, but who had been driven from their homes at the first attack, came to the station craving our help and protection. They were a pitiable troop of men, women, and children. They declared that they were starving, a fact sufficiently illustrated by their emaciated condition. Now, remembering that we had an assurance from M'loze that he would not interfere with the return of Karonga and his people; that we had a distinct intimation from him that he had no quarrel with Karonga; and, urged further by the promptings of humanity, we resolved to protect and assist the refugees. They had first encamped round the station when Mr. Nicoll arrived from Tanganika, bringing with him a number of men and eighteen guns, mostly breech-loaders. Thus we whites were seven! Our position was now very much stronger.

On the Monday, Ramathan came down to the station to receive the balance of his goods. Other Arabs brought ivory to the store, and received cloth or provisions. The Consul tried to open negotiations with the principals, and had many promises of a meeting, but the Arabs never kept their appointments. The fact was they did not

want to have the milandu settled. For several days we had seen them cutting down the cotton trees and piling them up in the villages. We could not understand what they meant to do with those trees, unless they purposed strengthening their stockades by putting down green wood, and thus securing what is termed "a live defence."

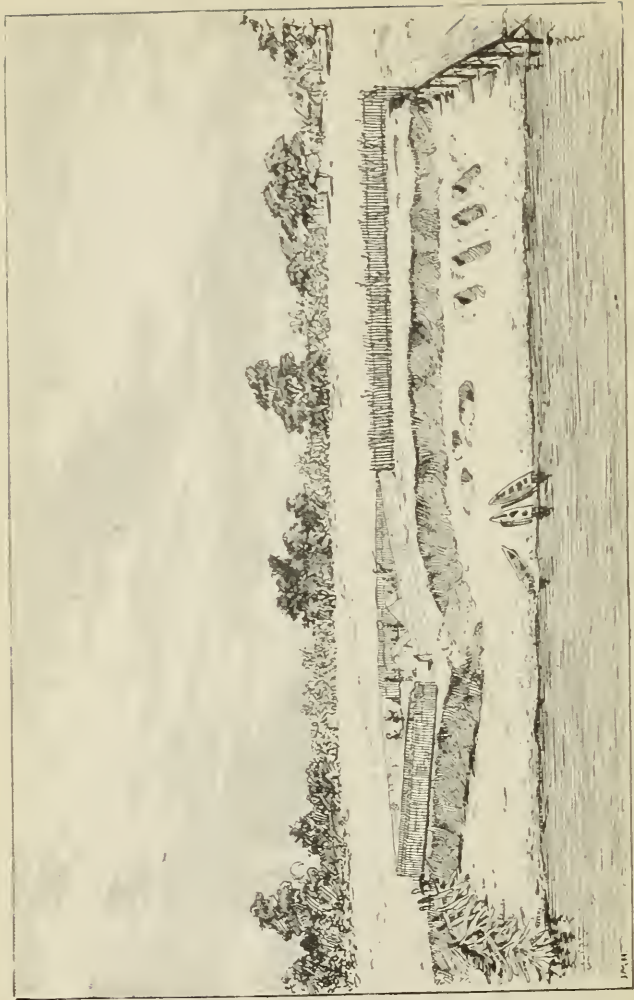
Not a day passed without some proof of Arab treachery. Our messengers were frequently fired upon, and on the 15th November there occurred a little incident, which, while trifling in itself, was significant to us. I quote from my official despatch: "Dr. Tomory and I, on returning from a short ride along the Tanganika road, were met by an armed party of Arabs with flags and with women, carrying great quantities of looted food from Karonga's village. They put down their loads, and commenced flourishing their guns, one of them performing a war-dance before us, and the others threatening and jeering derisively. As we were unarmed, but within sight of the station, we sent for men. Hearing such orders given the Arabs decamped."

This gave us a taste of what we might expect. Meantime, we had been repeatedly

importuned by Kasingula, Mulilema, and Karonga to take their people under our protection. "You have taken in the Wahenga," they said, "why leave us out, we, who were your friends? We are dying of hunger. Our food is all in the villages near the station, and we have nothing to eat." Moved by their entreaties, and acting to some extent on the promise of M'loze (who always said he had no quarrel with them, and had not objected to the presence of the Wahenga), we took their position into careful consideration and decided to bring them down. Next day Consul O'Neil, Mr. Bain, and Mr. Sharpe and I, set out for Kanyoli's, a village under Arab influence, where the Wankondé were being dreadfully tormented by the hostile tribe. Hardly a day passed without some of the Wankondé being killed. No wonder the chiefs were desirous of our protection. As a matter of course, the Wankondé were overjoyed to see us. We had no difficulty in getting them together. We brought them away to the number of 1500, along with their cattle and goats, arriving at the station on Saturday forenoon (19th November). This addition to our family necessitated an immediate addition to our fortifications.

Meanwhile the people encamped on the station ground. On the same day (Saturday) a man came down from Salim Bin Nasero to receive the balance of goods due to him by the Company. On going home this man had apparently spread alarming reports as to the strength of the station. At any rate, that was the last trading transaction with the Arabs. Before dusk, a messenger came in with the startling intelligence that the Arabs would attack us on the morrow.

This put us all agog! Those whites who had been sleeping in tents on the station grounds removed inside the fort. The chiefs and their people also went behind the fort. We doubled our guard, and had a certain sense of security, though our resources were very meagre. They consisted of some 600 rounds of Snider cartridges to eleven rifles; eighty chassepot cartridges to fourteen chassepots; 300 cartridges for three No. 2 muskets; 300 cartridges for three Winchester, fifty cartridges for one No. 2 express:—total, thirty-two breech-loading guns, and 1330 cartridges, besides about a dozen old-fashioned percussion guns. This was exclusive of Mr. Sharpe's guns, who, besides other things, had a powerful elephant rifle



Karonga Fort and old Store in the distance.

with him. The steamer was to call at Bona and bring up his boxes of ammunition. Should the *Ilala* return in time we would be in capital order for a siege.

The Arabs made no appearance on the Sunday, on which day all hands were directed to the extension and strengthening of our fortifications. We dug a fosse round the sides of the redoubt, which were certain to be attacked, and this ditch we filled with acacia thorns. These would be a sure impediment in case of an attempt to scale the walls. Then we projected a strong redan of wood from the north angle of the fort, which again was flanked by a brick wall running back to the Lake. We effectually blocked the way up the sands on the south end by a bank of thorns, thus forming a square, whose front was the fort, and whose rear was the Lake. Into this area we drafted all the natives, numbering upwards of 1500, along with their cattle, goats and donkeys.

On the Monday we carried our goods from the store into the fort. Here it may be explained that the station proper stood about fifty paces north-west of the fort, and consisted of, first, the store, second, the kitchen and cooking boy's bothy, and third, my own

house with the byre and hen-house near by. Abutting on the sands, and about twenty yards from our defences were a couple of long sheds set apart for making bricks. We ought to have demolished all these extramural buildings, because they afterwards afforded a protection for our enemies. From the north to the south point our fort would measure between fifty and sixty yards. By Tuesday everything was in fighting order.

The first intimation of the attack came on Wednesday morning (the 23rd). We were sitting at breakfast—our breakfast consisting of English coffee and African mutton—when we were alarmed by a sharp volley on our front. We quickly sprang to arms, but could only get a glimpse of the white dresses of the Arabs disappearing among the bananas on the south side. We sent them a prompt reply, and they troubled us no more that day, permitting us to finish our breakfast in peace.

A council of war was held during the day, as the result of which Mr. Nicoll was despatched to the north end to secure the Mwamba people as allies. A number of Mwamba men were already with us in the fort, and Manjiwara, their chief, had been continually urging us to accept the assistance

of his people in any difficulty with the Arabs. The Mwamba are a fighting race, and we knew that, could we get them down, they would be of much service. Mr. Nicoll's task was fraught with danger in the accomplishment. He had to pass through territory hostile to the whites and friendly to the enemy. His escort was a couple of guns and half a dozen Mwamba men. They walked as far as the Lufira, where they slept for the night.

There was little sleep at the fort. Our sentries were always on the move. Between 1 and 2 a.m. we received a hint from a native that the Arabs had left their stockades and were marching to attack us at day-break. This intimation was communicated to the Consul and myself, and we were prepared to give them a real British welcome. On the first streak of dawn we observed a mysterious movement among the trees. It was about five of the clock. A strong force of Arabs—at least 500 armed with guns—and innumerable spearmen were advancing in open order, as if to encompass our whole fortifications at one fell swoop. We allowed them to approach within range, when our "boys," resting the rifles on the breastwork, discharged three deadly volleys into their ranks. The

enemy evidently did not expect such a hot reception, as they immediately went to the right about, hiding behind every available cover. Some of them even came down to the brick sheds nearest the redoubt; but instead of taking possession of the sheds—which they might easily have done—they fired them, and ran back to the shelter of the other houses. For some time they persisted in irregular firing, to which we responded only when there was a chance of scoring. We had to exercise great discretion in the expenditure of shot, as our ammunition was very limited. At the same time, it was necessary that an effort should be made to deprive the enemy of the shelter afforded by the station houses. Accordingly, a sortie was organized, and led by the Consul and Mr. Sharpe, my men covering their advance. The little party got well round upon the station, and beat back the Arabs who occupied the depôt. They succeeded in firing my own house and another near by, but they did not manage to ignite the store. This sally was accomplished without loss on our side. Throughout the day the Arabs never ceased firing, and when night fell they continued to torment us by smart volleys from all points.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SIEGE OF KARONGA.

The Arabs settle down to a siege—They build stockades, and pour in a heavy cross fire—We dig pits in the sands for the protection of the natives—An example of native pluck—A deed of daring—Two native Kapitaos fire the store—The siege continues—Threatened with famine—Fifth day—Rapid firing succeeded by ominous silence—The enemy skulks off—Arrival of Nicoll with 5000 Mwamba—Destruction of Mirambo—Disaffection among the natives—Evacuation of Karonga.

THE enemy now began to see that our position was not to be taken by means of assault. During the night they threw up various erections, and settled down to a regular siege. When morning broke we found that the Arabs had made a hole in the roof of the Company's store, and had erected a corresponding platform inside, protected in front by bullet-proof logs. This commanded our north-west defence, at a range of about eighty paces. Opposite our south-west line, at a distance of about 100 yards, they had monopolized a

huge tree. Considerable ingenuity was exercised here. Five shooting platforms, capable of accommodating seventy men at a time, had been built in the tree, and looked right down into our fort. They had buttressed these platforms with heavy planks, thus concealing the sharp-shooters. Then a strong wooden stockade had been thrown up on the sands of the Lake, which, at a shorter range, swept our south-east line, though practically intended to harass the square where the natives were congregated. By this means they had adroitly prepared for us a cross fire, which, with our scanty supply of ammunition, it would be impossible to check. Their plans were, indeed, admirable, displaying some knowledge of military tactics. We had now no difficulty in guessing what their purpose had been in cutting down the cotton trees during the previous few weeks. The whole thing was premeditated; every detail of their strategy had been pre-arranged.

Very early, and almost simultaneously, they opened fire upon us from their different positions. From the elevated platforms in the tree, as well as from the roof of the store and from the beach, they poured in upon us a galling cross fire. Consul O'Neil was in

charge of the fort proper ; I had the command in the square where the natives were assembled, my attention being more particularly confined to the north and west sides.

Rain fell in the morning. Many of our refugees, who were both wet and hungry, began to feel a little alarmed as the bullets came whizzing over their heads, or beat hard and fast upon the outer walls. We saw that some protection was urgently required, and the Consul suggested raising the wall and digging a two-foot shelter trench inside, so that our men could communicate with each other without exposing their pates to the Arabs in the tree or at the store. Pits were ordered to be dug in the sands. We soon made an effective addition to the height of our walls by piling up trusses of cloth and boxes of goods, leaving loopholes for the guns. Our black soldiers worked with zeal, and the trenches and pits were quickly completed. The fears of the Wankondé were allayed. They crowded into the pits, and were now safe from the enemy's fire. They practically lived underground, like so many moles, during the rest of the siege.

While these operations were in progress, we were bothered a good deal by the Arabs.

There were a couple of tents standing inside the fort, and at these the sharp-shooters kept peppering away, apparently under the impression that there were white men beneath the canvas with as many lives as the cat in the story. We thought it a good ruse to leave the tents as a target, and before long they were literally riddled. Only our crack shots were permitted to answer their fire.

We made one or two successful sallies in the direction of the store. These rushes were always well sustained, the Arabs on every occasion retreating before our men. Those on the roof of the store, however, stuck firm to their post, and gave us frequent proof of their ability. The day being wet, a great many Arabs had crowded into the store, and their clamour could be heard from our walls. Mr. Sharpe took his eight-bore elephant gun—a very deadly weapon—and planted a bullet in the wall of their stronghold, which caused some commotion inside. Then he took aim at the door, and sent a ball right through, which operated as an immediate notice to quit. Our men had a hearty laugh when they saw the Arabs trooping out in evident wonderment, as they did not seem to understand what “infernial machine” we

had brought into play. One of the bullets (as we afterwards heard from the Arabs themselves) killed three men. While those on the ground flat evacuated, the persistent musketeers on the roof remained—were, in fact, determined to sit there until such time as we could dislodge them.

An incident happened about this time, which, as an exhibition of native pluck, greatly encouraged us. It was brought about in this way. The cattle, having waded into the lake, passed beyond our lines, and strayed into the open—a tempting prize for the besiegers. As soon as the Wankondé noticed this, they dashed through the surf and got right round the herd, bringing it home with a cheer. While they made this courageous sally—it only lasted a few minutes—the Arabs fired at them in hot style, but happily no fatalities occurred.

In the course of Saturday afternoon our attention was attracted by an extra loud volley from the platforms in the tree. This was repeated so smartly that we began to think the Arabs had concentrated all their arms in this arboreal cupboard. On the contrary, it was an attempt to divert our attention from a secret move which they were making on the

north side of our defences. A number of Arabs left the store, and, joined by others, marched some distance up the beach, where they started to fire on some canoes which were proceeding down the Lake in the direction of our fort. We suspected that they might be Mwamba canoes, but to whomsoever they belonged they did not come near us that day nor during the night.

The circumstance was not without a favourable result. I thought the moment had come for an attempt to get rid of the store. To have made an organized attack upon it would have been useless. The thing had to be done quietly. I therefore asked the two Mambwa Kapitaos, Chitambala and Chifungulu, who had been a long time with me, and had shown themselves brave and obedient, if they would go and fire the store. At first they did not seem to like the idea, but after thinking awhile, they consented. They both carried breech-loading rifles. I promised them a new gun apiece if they succeeded in their endeavour. One of them got a charred stick, without flame, but red hot to the core. They crawled on their hands and knees along the side of the bank unseen by the enemy. I had arranged to protect

them from the fort as they ran across the open. Fortunately they got behind the store without being detected. While Chitambala applied the stick to the thatch, Chifungulu protected him with his gun. The thing was very smartly done, but the wet weather was against them. When the boys returned I was not sure that they had succeeded in their plucky sally. There was no smoke—no sign of the thatch having ignited. Chitambala assured me it was all right, if I would only have patience. After keeping an anxious eye on the store for about an hour, and just as darkness set in, the whole building blazed up into a magnificent conflagration. The natives cheered. The marksmen on the roof fled in terror from their perch, and the Arabs in their stockades ceased firing, as if awe-struck by the spectacle. Our men seized the opportunity to rush out and set fire to the neighbouring houses which had been left standing. They were in high spirits, ready for any deed of daring, while our enemies were quite disconcerted.

We all complimented the Kapitaos. They got their guns. Had we but the power we would have decorated them with the Victoria

Cross, for we felt that if ever men deserved that honour it was Chitambala and Chifungulu.

During the night the enemy made several attempts to burn the thorns in the fosse around our fort, but they were always repelled. One man crept up, torch in hand, and got so near the ditch that, had he not been discovered, our position would have been endangered. Mr. Sharpe, however, got his eye upon the fellow, and pinned him to the ground.

Next morning we felt considerable relief from the disappearance of the store. The principal Arabs had a wooden stockade some distance off, in a line with the old store, but fire from this quarter was not very accurate. The sharpshooters in the tree kept up their fusilade without doing conspicuous damage. While we were proof against their bullets, another enemy began to gnaw our vitals. We had some 1500 hungry mouths to feed every day, and our provisions against famine were far too meagre. The natives clamoured for food, and we had to kill some cattle to meet their demands. For ourselves we were reduced to biscuit and meat, but of this we had a fair supply. A man will fight well on

biscuit, even in Central Africa. Then there were murmurings against staying in the fort. The black soldiers did not relish the idea of remaining a target to the Arabs ; they wanted to go into the open, " to have it out with them and be done with it." Of course we pointed out that it was unnecessary to make any such sacrifice, seeing Mr. Nicoll would soon be present with the Mwamba allies.

The food of the natives was stored on the station ground. The people used to rush out occasionally, to secure their eatables.

There were one or two false alarms during the night, and early on Monday morning, the fifth day of the siege, we were disturbed by rapid firing from the tree. The firing suddenly ceased, and was succeeded by a blare of horns and a roll of drums. Much stir was going on behind the stockades and among the bananas on the south-west. " What were they up to ? " was the anxious question heard on all hands, and our people began to prepare for an open attack. Consul O'Neil, who had acted throughout with great coolness and commendable prudence, ordered every man to his post in the fort ; and I issued a similar order on our side. Our riflemen were as usual strengthened with a body

of spearmen; so that, if need be, we were resolved to die hard. We waited patiently for the next move; but that move did not come in our direction. A deep silence fell upon the plain. We looked in vain for a glimpse of the enemy. They had gone bodily off, and the siege was at an end.

We marshalled our men, and marched over



J. L. NICOLL, ESQ.,
Karonga.

to the stockades, finding them, as we had expected, deserted. We were not certain that this was not a ruse to draw us out; and before we started to demolish the stockades we made careful scrutiny of the cover. The work of tearing down the Arab defences was no easy one; they were well built, and might have stood against us for a long time. But we set to like regular Vandals. Possibly the stiffest bit of work was the stockade in the tree—

“our old natural enemy”—which was constructed with heavy logs crossed and tied in a very solid fashion.

When we were thus engaged, the vanguard of our Mwamba allies was seen hurrying along the sands. Shortly afterwards Mr. Nicoll came up, “and full five thousand men was he.” The king who came through Caddon Ford could not have been a prouder man than my comrade as he led forth five thousand Mwamba men to raise the siege of Karonga. Manjiwara, whom Mr. Nicoll found seriously ill, had generously responded to our appeal. Makyusa had contributed 2000 fighting men, and all the sub-chiefs had come out for the occasion. On the whole, Mr. Nicoll’s mission had been eminently successful; but, as already hinted, he had to pass through the Wahenga district, and that hostile tribe, seeing the powerful army on its way south, communicated with their friends the Arabs, who, considering prudence the better part of valour, raised the siege before our allies arrived. This was tantalizing. With our fresh forces we could soon have smashed the enemy. No one was more vexed than Mr. Nicoll, though we were all resolved that the Mwamba should have an

opportunity of displaying their prowess before returning home.

They were too tired (having just come off the march) to do any fighting that day; so we were content to rest until the morrow. Our people could now get abundance of food. For four days and five nights they had been pent up in the fort, with little to eat and hardly any personal comfort. Like ourselves, they rejoiced at their deliverance.

At a council which was subsequently held, it was agreed to attack Mirambo in the morning. Mirambo was the Arab village nearest our station, and as it was the abode of Ramathan, we resolved to make it the first point in our aggressions. We started at 6 a.m. The Arabs again played us false. Mirambo was evacuated. All we could do under the circumstances was to destroy the stockade and burn the houses.

On returning with the chiefs to our defences, we found the allies preparing to go home, or anxious to get back to their country. They said they were ready to fight the Arabs if there were any to fight, but as the Arabs had fled the country, there was no use remaining in Nkondé. Moreover, they added, the

Arabs, learning that the Mwamba were all in the Nkondé country, would go north and carry away all their cattle.

Persuasion was of no avail. The Mwamba were bent on getting back to their homes. This unexpected turn of affairs upset our schemes, as we had planned the destruction of Msalemo's.

Misfortunes never come singly. Our own "boys" expressed themselves unwilling to go back to the fort with our present supplies of ammunition. They said they were married men with wives and children dependent upon them, and they did not want to shut themselves up in a brick fort to be pelted at by the Arabs—a feeling which, I must admit, was natural enough, though it may be stated here that our total loss throughout the siege was only two persons slightly wounded and one donkey killed. We consulted the headmen, and were assured that while the natives were quite willing to engage the Arabs in the open, they would not care for another siege, and for the time being would prefer to accompany the North-enders.

All we could do was to submit to the inevitable. If the steamer had only arrived at this juncture, Karonga would not have been

deserted, but there was no prospect of her coming, so we had to make arrangements to get the goods removed from the station. The Mwamba men acted as carriers. But it was only after much pressing that we got some of them to convey the Company's goods to the north end. They left in the afternoon



DR. TOMORY,
London Missionary Society.

with a great quantity of stuff, the Consul, Mr. Scott, Mr. Bain, Mr. Sharpe, and Dr. Tomory going along with them. Mr. Nicoll and I stayed for about two hours behind the party, sending off more goods by canoes, and expecting the steamer to come in.

Three large canoes put off for the north end; but after all our anxieties and exertions we were compelled to leave behind goods to the value of between 300*l.* to 400*l.*, which, of course, fell as loot to the Arabs.

Tramping along the sands in pursuit of

the advance party, we were fortunate enough to hail a canoe which was going down the Lake towards Karonga. The canoe came alongside, and the occupants proved to be Mwamba men on their way south to see how their friends were getting on with the fighting. A few preliminary explanations, a smile of surprise, and then the canoe with Mr. Nicoll and myself, put about for the north end. It was a slow passage. Only those who have experienced canoe travelling in those regions can have any notion of our miseries. The night was bitterly cold; and, as we had lost all our personal belongings in our zeal to save the Company's, we had no covering beyond a thin shirt and a pair of trousers.

At daybreak we reached the Nsessi. Cold, hungry, and sleepy, our first impulse was to kindle a fire on the sands. My comrade and I threw ourselves down before the blazing faggots and were soon fast asleep. Having had no rest for many days, we slept as if danger were a thing unknown.

When we awoke we were greatly refreshed. We found ourselves on the borders of the Elephant Marsh—a very hot-bed of mosquitoes. Our friends did not arrive till later

in the day ; they had to march round the bend of the Lake, whereas we made a bee-line with the canoe across the water, and consequently preceded the overland party. When they did come up, I found the Mwamba men rather inclined to stick to the Company's goods. Some of them seemed to think that porterage was equivalent to purchase, and though I paid every carrier in cloth, we had no small difficulty in securing our property.

Knowing that we might have to remain here for some time, we built ourselves grass huts (msassas), into which we crept at nights to be nearly eaten up by the mosquitoes and half-drowned by rain. By-and-by, the kindly chief of the district removed his cows from a byre, and invited the white men to walk into it if they chose. It was a melancholy change, but the byre was better than the msassa, for we could sling our mosquito curtains over our beds and enjoy a better rest, which, to us in our jaded condition, was a consideration of the first importance.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE AT THE NSESSI.

Attack on Wahenga village—Total rout of the enemy—Arrival of steamer—Council—Resolve to attack M'loze's village—Steamer goes for ammunition—5000 Mwamba put in the field—No appearance of steamer, and we set out for the Arab stronghold—I am elected to the command—Divide the blacks into battalions—An imposing array—War-dance of the Arabs—We rush the stockade—Blacks fight brilliantly—But having secured their booty, refuse to continue the pursuit—Two whites wounded—Return to the Nsessi, and finally go up to Mwiniwanda's.

LIFE under our new conditions was not a bed of roses. Plagued by mosquitoes, chilled with the cold winds of night, or sickened with the aroma from the swamp; worse still, threatened with fevers by reason of the rains which now began to fall, and vexed by the unaccountable delay of the steamer, we were, indeed, a sorry company. Yet we managed to bear up. *Nil desperandum* seemed to be the motto of the whites.

Dreading that the Arabs, having got us so far out of the way, would make a march on Mwiniwanda's, where Dr. Cross, Mr. Bain's associate, was alone at the mission station, we sent men off to bring the doctor down. This journey occupied some days, but was accomplished without mishap.

Meantime, another difficulty presented itself. This was the presence of Kanyoli, chief of the Wahenga whose strongly fortified village lay on our flank, but a short distance from the Nsessi river. Kanyoli, it will be remembered, had always been a thorn in our side. He had aided M'loze in his attacks upon the Wankondé, who were to be decimated or put out of the country in order that the Wahenga might take their place, thus bringing the whole Nkondé country under Arab influence. The Wahenga had further assisted the Arabs during the siege, and did our enemy signal service by apprising them of the approach of the Mwamba. They were a restless and treacherous tribe, and it was felt that our camp and our little band of refugees were unsafe so long as Kanyoli was stockaded on the Kapora river. We therefore resolved

to force the Wahenga from their position at the point of the spear.

Accordingly, we again made representations to our friends the Mwamba, and they willingly agreed to unite with us in fresh hostilities. We got the Wankondé into order, and about midnight on the 3rd December we were joined by some 4000 Mwamba spearmen, drawn from Manjiwara's and Makyusa's. With the Consul in command, we set out to lead this considerable army to the Wahenga village.

After crossing the Songwe river, the lines were drawn up, and Makyusa's men were told off to make a circuit of the country, so as to get into the rear of Kanyoli's. Manjiwara's men and the Wankondé continued the march along the sand which at this point slopes upwards from the Lake until they form an embankment of some height. This afforded a cover for our men who came right under the village without being seen by the Wahenga. The village was well protected on the south and east by the Kapora—a deep and sluggish stream infested with crocodiles. An almost impassable marsh served as a defence for the back, while a strong stockade guarded the northern

approach. It was necessary to proceed with great care.

We came upon the village on Sunday morning, just as the sun rose over the Livingstonia mountains on the east side of Lake Nyassa. Our tactics were simple, but sufficient. Makyusa's men, who were assembled in force behind the village, had received orders not to charge until they heard the guns on the Lake side. I was stationed a few paces south from where Consul O'Neil stood. Bang went our rifles, and immediately the Mwambas raised their war-cry, as with a rush they fell upon the village. The consternation of the Wahenga was complete. Surrounded by our fierce warriors—men impelled partly by revenge and partly by the loot in store—they were thrown into blind excitement. Our allies leapt over the barricades, and were soon in possession of all the goods and chattels. The Wahenga offered little or no resistance, most of them being glad to escape with their lives. The Mwamba had no difficulty in harrying the place. Besides carrying off all the cattle and canoes, they captured a number of women, whom they hastily drove up to the north end. We ourselves made

several prisoners, and burned out the village. The loss on the side of our allies was trifling. When we returned to the Nsessi we drafted out the prisoners, and had them escorted beyond the Songwe, whence they were allowed to return to their friends. The other white men who took part in the destruction of Kanyoli's village were Messrs. Scott, Nicoll, Sharpe, and Dr. Tomory. The Rev. J. A. Bain remained behind in charge of our camp.

Nothing of any consequence occurred during the next five days. We were in daily expectation of the steamer. On the 9th the *Ilala* hove in sight. This raised our spirits, and we were glad to shake hands with Consul Hawes, of the Nyassa District; Mr. John Moir, manager of the African Lakes Company; Mr. Howat, chief engineer of the *Ilala*; and Mr. Moolman, a Dutchman. Our joy was modified, however, when we learned that the steamer had not brought us much assistance in the way of ammunition and guns. Our friends had apparently failed to appreciate the serious nature of our position. It required few words of ours to explain this to them. A general council was held to discuss the line of action which

should be taken in the circumstances. We were all agreed that M'loze ought to be punished. It was therefore determined to attack that Arab's stockade as soon as possible.



DR. D. KERR CROSS,
F.C. Mission, Chirenje.

For this crusade we needed men and ammunition. Dr. Cross, having arrived some days previously from Chirenje, now left with the steamer to endeavour to pick up ammunition from the missionaries and natives at

Bandawe and Chitesi. The steamer was also to lift Mr. Sharpe's ammunition from Bana, and bring up Mr. Lindsay of the African Lakes Company. We had reasonable ground for annoyance in our hampered position. Mr. Lindsay had been delayed, through no fault of his own, at Bandawe for some time when he might have been with us, while Mr. Sharpe's ammunition should have come to hand long before.

Ten days were occupied in making investigations and arrangements prior to the attack. We again found the Mwamba willing to act with us. We were thus able to put 5000 men under arms (*i.e.* spears). Naturally, we experienced no small difficulty in managing such a considerable body of men, all brave enough when they had something to fight for, but utterly untrained and undisciplined. Our station "boys" were superior to the average northender, both as regards intelligence and training. They knew what it was to be under fire.

As the steamer did not appear by the 22nd, we left the Nsessi on the afternoon of that day. A magnificent sight it was—the departure of so many brave fellows on an expedition the results of which might be

serious enough. Our lines covered an immense tract of country. Every black bore his shield and handful of spears. The whites and the station boys had their guns. The whites on the field were: Consul Hawes, Mr. J. Moir, Mr. Bain, Mr. Sharpe, Dr. Tomory, Mr. Moolman, and myself. Consul O'Neil and Mr. Nicoll were down with fever, and the Rev. Lawrence Scott stayed behind to nurse them. We completed a march of seventeen miles by camping at the Lufira river. Shortly after we arrived, our advance guard reported having heard firing in the distance, as if the Arab outposts were signalling to M'loze that we were on the way. The whites here held a council for the purpose of appointing some one to organize and lead the attack on the stockade. The choice fell upon me. Invested with this new responsibility, I spent the night cogitating on my tactics. The main question was—how to deploy this vast army of men?

My first duty in the morning was to get the men across the river, taking particular care to send one chief and his following over at a time. After much bother all the spearmen were marshalled on the other side. I divided them into what might be

termed battalions. On the right I placed Manjiwara's and Mankenje's men; on the left Makyusa's men and the Wankondé, and in the centre were the station boys. Each battalion was commanded by its chief, while the companies or bands—comprising between 200 and 300 men—were led by the head men under the chiefs. The station boys were headed by the whites. All the lines were not of uniform depth, and though our formation might not have pleased an inspecting officer on review day, it must be owned that we looked like our work, as we stood on the bank of the Lufira ready to resume the march.

Eight long miles through the jungle in pouring rain brought us to the Rukuru river at 9 a.m., within gunshot of M'loze's stockade. We waded across the water *en masse*, throwing our lines considerably out of order. Reforming on the opposite bank, we found ourselves between the river and a high hill, being partially concealed by a grove of bananas. Looking up, we noticed several Arabs sitting outside the stockade. Some of them we recognized as white traders. They seemed to regard our movements with the utmost *sang froid*. Some of the more irre-

pressible spirits treated us to a war-dance, throwing up their guns, shouting and gesticulating as if to raise our ire with the familiar challenge, "Come on, Macduff!"

We accepted the challenge. I gave orders to Manjiwara's and Mankenje's battalions to march round and rush the stockade on the south side. Makyusa's and the Wankondé were to concentrate on the west, and we whites with the station boys determined to advance up the middle. The blacks were not to charge until we brought our guns to bear on the enemy. As a preliminary we sent those outside the village a message couched in leaden terms, which made them hasten behind the stockade. We then advanced at the double, firing all the while, Mr. Sharpe and I leading on ahead. Our pace was interrupted by the deep pits which the natives had dug for pottery purposes. We ran down one pit and up another, then across the open as fast as our legs would carry us. "Come on," I shouted, "let us get to the stockade," for truth to tell, we were in as much danger of being killed by the bullets of our own men who were in the rear as from the stockade fire in front. Knowing that when we were once at the stockade it would

be as great a protection to us as it was to the Arabs, we went ahead with alacrity, notwithstanding that the bullets were whizzing past us like hailstones. As soon as I came near I was recognized by M'loze's people, who called out: "Oh, there goes Monteith!—he's got 'dawa,'" which, being interpreted, meant that I had partaken of some magic medicine which made me proof against their fire. (This superstition actually obtains among a certain class of natives, who believe there is a medicine which has the power of making men bullet-proof. They have even told me they could produce a person of this sort, but they would never permit me to test him with my Snider.) At last we gained the stockade. Mr. Sharpe and I were the first to lay our hands on it. We got the muzzles of our guns between the poles, and poured a quick succession of shots into the village. Immediately we were joined by the other whites, and shortly afterwards the shouts of the natives announced that they were making a grand charge from all points on the stockade. They completely surrounded the village. With mad rage they tore away the well-timbered walls, and rushed in upon the terrified defenders like a torrent. The Arabs

were overwhelmed by sheer force of numbers. While it lasts there is nothing more irresistible than a native charge. In a few seconds our allies came trooping out driving the cattle before them. The enemy fled in wretched disorder, but our Mwamba people, instead of obeying orders and pursuing the fugitives, returned to their loot. It was this booty that marred and made our victory. Had the natives not known that M'loze's was a rich settlement, they would not have marched so fast nor fought so brilliantly; yet had they been content to leave the loot alone for the time being, we should have been able to inflict on the Arabs a decisive defeat. As it was, our allies seemed to have made up their minds that they would fight no more that day. They began to carry off whatever they could lay their hands on. Ivory they got in abundance, besides powder, trusses of cloth, and a variety of other articles. We did our best to destroy the village, but the rain had soaked the grass, and made burning an impossibility. However, we managed to tear down some of the more serviceable out-works, and to demolish some of the principal houses; but we were obliged to leave without completing the destruction of the Arab

stronghold. The Mwamba had gone off with their burdens of plunder. They also carried away many wounded on their shields and on their backs ; for, while their actual loss had not been severe, a great number were badly wounded. We ourselves had two of our party wounded in this action, namely—Mr. J. Moir in the thigh, and Mr. Sharpe in the heel. Neither of the injuries was of a fatal character, and Dr. Tomory's attentions helped to relieve the immediate pain. On the other hand, the Arab loss was considerable. A few of the principals were killed, and in the matter of followers they lost (as one of them afterwards said) *wingi, wingi*, i.e. "many, many."

We camped that night on the north side of the Lufira, and got back to the Nsessi on the following day.

The steamer returned from the south in the course of a day or two with Dr. Cross. The only reinforcements were Mr. Lindsay of the African Lakes Company, and Mr. Gossip of the Free Church Mission at Bandawe. As to ammunition, she only brought a few pounds of fine powder and a few rounds of cartridges—nothing to encourage us to attempt another attack.

What was to be done ? Rains had set in,

our ammunition was short, and the natives began to grumble about getting home. We saw it would be impossible to do anything in the way of hostilities during the wet season.

A meeting of the white men was called to consider the position. Consul Hawes proposed that we should abandon the country for the present, at any rate until we could return and proceed on a proper scale.

I opposed this view, holding that we would only lose in the end by going south at that time. Did the proposal mean that the natives were to be left to themselves? I inquired. If that were so, I would not be a party to it. I reminded the council that a great many of those blacks, who had fought so well for us, belonged to Tanganika, and that, if they attempted to return home in the then state of the country, they would run the risk of being killed on the way. Moreover, what of our recent allies—the north-enders? Were we to leave them to the tender mercies of the slavers, who, knowing that the Mwamba had no guns, would immediately go north to exterminate them? Further, by leaving the country, we would put the missionaries at Fwambo in a very critical position.

In short, I did not like the idea of abandoning the country at a moment when the tide seemed to have turned in our favour; and I therefore submitted that I was willing to stay at Chirenje (Mwiniwanda's) until the Company saw fit to send me ammunition and reinforcements.

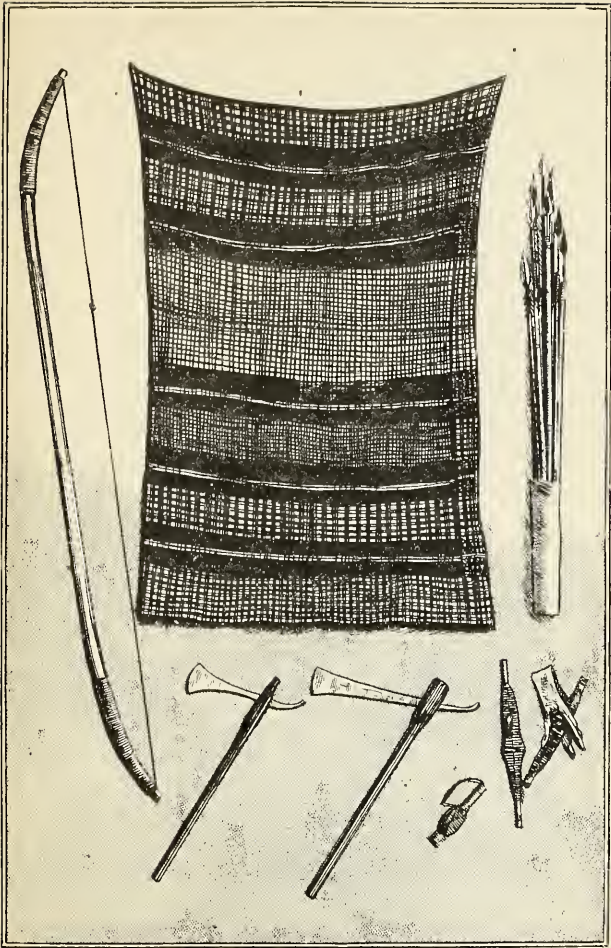
Mr. Nicoll, my comrade, concurred in this view, as also did Dr. Cross, who, it will be remembered, was attached to the mission station at Chirenje.

By way of guarantee, we received a paper given under the hand of Mr. John Moir, manager of the A. L. Co., stipulating that fifteen white men would be sent up by the end of April, along with a specified quantity of ammunition and guns.

This done, we sent messengers to Mwiniwanda, informing that chief of our intended march, and asking him for men to aid in carrying our baggage to Chirenje.

On January 5th the steamer left, taking south the two consuls, Mr. Moir, Dr. Tomory, Mr. Sharpe, Mr. Lawrence Scott, Mr. Lindsay, and Mr. Gossip. Mr. J. A. Bain and Mr. Moolman were to have gone by the same boat, but she was overcrowded, and they preferred to go with us. Mr. Moir, however,

gave them the promise that the steamer would travel night and day, and would be back at the north end *in a fortnight*, with all available ammunition for us. Hearing this, they were quite pleased to know that they would follow so soon, and as the steamer was not to be such a stranger at the north end, we were all in good spirits when she took our friends away.



Cotton Cloth and Weapons (Mwiniwanda).

CHAPTER IX.

STOCKADED AT CHIRENJE.

The march to Mwiniwanda's—Beautiful plain—A herd of buffalo—The Wantali country—Tidy and picturesque villages—Presented to the chief—A present—Mwinichinga's people—Chirenje and its folks—Why a mission station?—Confusion of tongues—The gardens—We build a stockade—Fever—Rumours and raids—A chief comes in—Pursuing the Arabs—Visit of Maggidda—I write to the Arabs at Senga—An expedition to the south—News of a steamer—Departure of Messrs. Bain and Moolman—My men go to Nkondé—"Napoleon"—Scarcity of food—Arrival of Mr. F. Moir at the Nsessi.

WE left the Nsessi on the same day (January 5th). Our caravan consisted of 103 black men and five whites. The blacks included some Mambwe and Awanda, a number of Bandawe boys, and a few Wankondé. Each was entrusted with his own particular burden. As our journey would occupy four days, through very hilly country, the carriers had to be loaded according to strength and agility.

Finally, after a good deal of trouble, we

got into marching order, the whites leading the procession. For some distance our path lay through the cool shade of banana groves in Makyusa's country. Then we struck across a plain clothed in lovely fresh verdure, and affording good pasturage for the cattle. Trees were scarce here, and we walked under the full blaze of the sun. Nothing very tempting in the shape of game was to be seen, but later in the day a magnificent herd of buffalo—at least 1000 head—dashed past at a gallop. Some of our carriers fired their Sniders without the slightest effect on the hard hides of the animals, each of which looked larger than the average British bull. A herd like this—it was certainly the strongest I have seen in Africa—is not exceptionally dangerous to caravans. The stray bulls that have been put out of the ranks are more savage brutes, and the hunter requires to be very wary in stalking them.

Towards sunset we passed up between the Kawina and the Songwe rivers, and camped at Makanyakera—now a deserted village, having been attacked by the Wahenga. The scene here, barring the memories which the empty houses called up, was beautiful beyond description. Had Tom Hood looked upon

the meeting of the waters in this corner of our planet, the probability is that he would not have written in such glowing terms of the Vale of Avoca.

Next morning we left this pleasant spot to enter a sterile and hilly tract. After a good deal of stiff climbing we got among more congenial surroundings. Here and there a stream irrigated the valleys. The hillsides were clothed with trees, not like our Scotch pines, but stunted things of no particular value. That night we camped in the bush.

We made an early start on the morrow, and after a nice march entered the Wantali country. The pictorial beauty of this district is unrivalled in Central Africa. As we walked up the valley between the converging mountains we were charmed with the prospect opened to our eyes. The soft green hillsides were terraced with native villages. Escarpments had been cut in the hills, and upon these were built the native huts. There might be a dozen or half a dozen on one terrace, all contrived with the same sense of security and taste, and surrounded by sycamore, banana, and mlambe trees. The mlambe is the tree from which the native women get the bark to make aprons. These trees were

planted by the Wantali. Far above the houses there was nothing but the sweet rich grass upon which the cattle browsed "from early morn to dewy eve."

We encamped at the chief's village, by name Nyumberi. The chief received us with native hospitality. He sent us a bullock as a present, and some bunches of bananas for our men. The bananas and bullock were both in prime condition. A banana, when pulled fresh from the tree and allowed to ripen at the tent door, is a different thing from the withered apologies that appear in fruiterers' windows at home. The chief being wealthy to abundance could easily afford a bullock. Some of the natives came to inspect us. They talked much the same language as the Wankondé and Mwamba, and varied little indeed in manner and "dress" from the people of the plain. The dress of the men here was simply a brass or copper wire belt worn round the waist.

On the following day we got out of the Wantali valley, and came upon Mwinichinga's village on the banks of the Songwe. The river was running very swiftly, and some fun was caused by the struggle to get through. Mwinichinga's people are quite a different

set from the Wantali. They dwell in a stockaded village, as they are in perpetual dread of being attacked by the Awemba and Usango, two tribes who are the instruments of the Arabs, and who are continually overrunning the country in search of loot and slaves for their masters.

Chirenje, the Free Church mission station, is only twelve miles distant. We arrived there in due course. The natives of this latitude have ways and customs of their own. It has often been a puzzle to me to understand why the Free Church selected this spot as a station. It is not a populous locality ; it is not particularly healthy, and it is inconvenient to reach. Although it stands 4000 feet above the sea level the atmosphere is not the most invigorating. The station is situated on the slope of a hill, at the bottom of which is a huge marsh whose vapours hang heavily and long over the district. From the standpoint of health, therefore, the station is uninviting ; but there is another consideration more important still from the missionary's point of view. That is the difficulty of language. It is not one language, but many languages. One might almost imagine it was in the neighbourhood of Chirenje that

the confusion of tongues took place. First of all there is Mwiniwanda, who is recognized as the chief of the country simply on account of his being the first settler in the locality. His people speak a language of their own. Next comes Titima's village, with its distinct inhabitants and distinct dialect. Eight miles distant is Chitipa's—a people using an unique speech, which an admirable Crichton might despair of acquiring. Then there is Nyondo's, the people there also talking in an uncouth tongue. Were they all huddled together round a tower the traveller might fancy he had discovered Babel; but, fortunately for him, and unfortunately for the missionary, the villages are far apart. Originally refugees, the people have established themselves in these remote and isolated villages, where they live behind stockades, and lead as indolent a life as any negro can do. They are in continual fear of the powerful Awemba, the terror of the district.

They do very little agricultural work. Their chief exertions in this direction lie in the cultivation of gardens, which reflect the character of the people. When they want to open up a garden they go into a wood, or

some well-wooded district, and fix on an area which they strip of its trees. The branches are piled up to be burned before the rains come on, while the stems are at once put into the ground, and constitute a circular stockade, which serves as a protection against wild beasts. The ground only gets a scrape, and the ashes of the fire are scattered over the soil. The seed is then thrown in, and, provided rain comes in due season, fine crops of beans, maize, pumpkins, and ground-nuts are raised. I have come across gardens of this sort ninety-four miles distant from a village.

Such was the character of the country where we had now arrived, and where we were to stay for some time. We were all tired with the journey. After paying men and carriers and giving out posha cloth, Mr. Nicoll and I took a walk round in search of a site for a stockade to protect us against the Arabs, should they think of renewing the campaign. We found that by building round the brick school-house of the mission we would be secure against invasion, as the place had many natural advantages in the shape of ravines, which made it difficult of access on the south side. Our men immediately began

to cut down trees for the fortifications, and this work proceeded quietly for some days.

About this time I was stricken with a severe fever, which prostrated me entirely. Of course, every man who goes to Central Africa must make up his mind to have the fever. It seems to be the tax which nature levies upon the white man's strength. Thanks to Dr. Cross' kind ministrations I pulled through, and was again able to take an active interest in the operations connected with our defence. Our men soon began to complain about scarcity of food, which could only be obtained by barter at distant villages. We had not stores sufficient to transact business in wholesale style with the natives. Nevertheless, we continued the work, and by-and-by completed a very substantial defence, by surmounting our walls with wooden towers from which we could survey the country for many miles, and do deadly work, if need be, with our quick-firing guns. We also cleared 300 yards of cover on each side of the stockade, and filled up all the ravines with branches of trees, so that no enemy could approach without being seen.

Rumours were constantly coming in about the movements of the Arabs. The Wahenga

were always lying in wait for the Wankondé, and mutual raiding took place, both tribes having one or more killed on each occasion. On the 19th we heard that some Arabs from Kabunda were on their way south, and were lying at Nyimbo's, thirty-two miles distant on the Tanganika road. Mwini-Wiwa, who is the chief there, would have killed them outright, but they told him they were the friends of the white man, for whom they were carrying letters and cloth. Now, as Dr. Cross had written in November to Jones at Tanganika, it was possible that the Arab story was true; so, on the following day, I sent off three men to get the letters. They returned with two loads of cloth and two letters for the doctor. The Arabs retained one truss of cloth, saying they were going to camp at Chitipa's on the morrow, when it would be given up to us. I knew it would not be wise to allow these Arabs, friendly as they seemed, to pass through to the Nkondé country, because they carried the guns and ammunition which would surely be used against us in course of time. It was part of our policy to interrupt the supplies going south. Accordingly, on Saturday morning (21st) I set out, along

with Mr. Nicoll and Mr. Moolman and a band of twenty-one armed men, for the purpose of talking with the strangers at Chitipa's. On arriving at Titima's village, we were surprised to meet a large party of men from Chitipa's, armed with bows and arrows, who came to tell us that the Arabs had gone off during the night. They had taken Dr. Cross' truss of cloth with them, and made a stolen march through the woods. We at once got upon their trail. Their track is always a bloody one. Among the first signs that the villagers got of their flight was the body of a murdered native. It was one of Mwini-Wiwa's people, who had been returning through the woods to his home. The Arabs, suspecting that he would convey the news to our stockade, seized him, cut his throat, and left him dead on the road. Our followers were enraged, and vowed vengeance on the murderers. I forthwith went and saw Titima, who gladly obeyed my orders and turned out all his guns. We marched across country, and tracked the blackguards from one place to another. We continued the pursuit till night, but the fugitives had got a good start, and steered clear of us. We returned

tired and disheartened. This exertion, after my severe illness, was too much for me, and I had to go to bed.

Two days afterwards another incident occurred, which, as false reports went abroad about it, ought to be fully stated. I quote from my journal under date 23rd January, 1888:—

“This forenoon, Mwiniwanda and Choto, brother of Titima, a headman from an outside village, came in with an Arab prisoner who had been captured after Saturday’s chase, and who belonged to the Kabunda set. He had remained behind, and was found by some of Choto’s men. The prisoner told us they had been sent by Kabunda with thirteen tusks to sell to me. All our boys wanted to lynch the prisoner to make up for the murder of the native in the woods. We were in a fix, not knowing what to do with the man. If we tied him up, he would be killed at night by some of our party; if we liberated him, he might burn our houses or carry news to the enemy, and we would displease every man in the camp. After consultation, we agreed to hand the prisoner over to Mwiniwanda and Choto. We told them we did not want the

man; that he was their slave. The chiefs took the man away, and we heard afterwards that he was killed the same afternoon."

In the course of the same week I had a visit from a well-known Arab named Maggidda, a man with whom I formerly had several trading transactions. He had just returned from the coast. On his way up-country he had an interview with M'loze, which did not result in any good. The "sultan" demanded powder from the trader, but the latter refused to give him it, and they parted in the thunder of high words. Maggidda mentioned that it was not known at Zanzibar that M'loze had taken up this attitude towards the British in the Lake-land. The war, it seemed to him, was M'loze's own making. The Arabs at Senga, he added, were against the war. They detested M'loze, and would not help him.

This last statement, I confess, sounded a little strange. I knew it to be the fact that M'loze had entertained some white Arabs at his village shortly before we made the attack upon it. I did not say so bluntly to my visitor; but I had from him the admission that, as the result of our assault on M'loze's stockade, several important Arabs on their

way to the coast with ivory were either killed or robbed. One gentleman lost thirty-five frasilahs (a frasilah being equal to thirty-five pounds avoirdupois) of ivory, a second fifteen, and a third six, besides cloth and cattle. About twenty headmen were killed, but the number of followers who perished was not estimated. In the attack on our fort the Arabs lost twenty-four men.

Such was Maggidda's account. During the few days that he stayed with me I was placed in a rather peculiar position. Though his dealings with me had always been of an honourable character, I could never disabuse my mind of a certain suspicion which haunted me while he remained. This was partly due to the conditions under which we lived, and partly to the duplicity of the Arabs. "Was Maggidda sincere?" was the dominant doubt of the moment. What, I thought, if this man is simply come as a spy to find out the real state of our defences, and to carry reports to the enemy? However, before he left he gave proof of his sincerity by paying up an old debt, and presenting me with a quantity of powder and 1000 percussion caps. Taking him at his word, and considering that it would be a good stroke of

diplomacy to localize the war and divide the white from the coast Arabs, I wrote this letter, and forwarded it by the hand of Maggidda:—

“Chirenje, 1st February, 1888.

“To Salim Bin Nasero, Bin Hamid, and all other Arabs in Senga.

“Salaam to all of you. I write this day to say that the white men at Nkondé have no quarrel with the Arabs at Senga. The quarrel is with M'loze, Kopa Kopa, and Msalemo, with whom the English at Nkondé will not make peace until they are killed or driven out of the country. Further, the English trust that you will in no wise—either by powder, guns, percussion caps, or men—assist the said M'loze, Kopa Kopa, and Msalemo. Any act of that sort on your part, would, of course, mean general war.

“I trust we will all live to see this trouble ended, and that trade may go on as hitherto.

“And now, may God's blessing be on you all.

“For the African Lakes Company, Ltd.

“Monteith Fotheringham.”

Maggidda wrote a note on the spot on behalf of the Senga Arabs, pledging that

they would not, in any particular, aid M'loze and his sub-chiefs in the pending quarrel. But this promise was never kept.

After Maggidda's departure we spent the next few days preparing for a march on Mpata. Msalemo, the Arab at Nkondé, had been sending his men to capture women. The Wankondé chiefs were continually urging us to reprisals. Our intention was to attack Msalemo's village by moonlight, and if possible, burn it out. For this end we had manufactured a kind of rocket, which consisted of bark cloth made into tow, and steeped in paraffin and sulphur. We meant to shoot this on an arrow into the stockade. On Monday morning (the 6th) I set out with 100 men, accompanied by Mr. Nicoll and Mr. W. H. Moolman. We made a good march, covering at least seventeen miles that day, and camped at a deserted village, destroyed by the Wahenga under Kanyoli.

Early on the following morning we resumed the march, but had only got over thirteen miles when a halt was called by two men overtaking us with the news that the *Charles Jansen*, the University Mission boat, had arrived at the north end with mails and orders. This knocked our expedition on the

head. A note demanding the presence of our Atonga boys at Bandawe—where Dr. Laws was in the midst of threatening troubles—confirmed our first intention of giving up the march. Moreover, the steamer was only to wait until Friday, which left us but two clear days to make arrangements. Mr. Nicoll went off immediately to the Lake to see if the steamer had brought any goods for us. Mr. Moolman and I retraced our steps northwards to Mwiniwanda, walking some thirty-three miles without a break. I was occupied all night writing mails.

Mr. Nicoll returned and told us that the steamer had brought us no goods—and, indeed, it was not her function to do so—but Mr. Johnston of the University Mission kindly gave Mr. Nicoll two trusses of cloth and some English provisions, which were a veritable God-send, as we were on the point of starvation. We had no posha cloth with which to buy food, and there seemed to be no prospect of the Company's steamer coming up to relieve us. Mr. Bain and Mr. Moolman left with the *Charles Jansen*, as also did the Atonga and Ajawa boys. By the same boat I sent down a letter to the managers at Mandala, explaining our position. "We are

here with about 100 men," I wrote, "and these mouths have to be fed. I have no cloth to buy food. Can I disband these men, and rumours coming in daily that M'loze means to attack us? Personal safety demands that we retain them. It is too bad to keep us up here and not to send the necessaries of life." From this the reader may form an idea of our circumstances.

The *Ilala*, it will be remembered, was to have returned in fourteen days. We were now into the sixth week, and no sign of her! The fever had left me very much reduced in strength, and in the absence of sufficient nourishment, I could not be expected to recoup. Yet the spirit was willing, and every morning at day-break I paced the verandah, in order to keep a look-out, as I knew that if the Arabs came at all, they would come at the dawn.

Life continued in one monotonous round. We cut down 577 express rifle cartridges to fit the Sniders, and strengthened our stockade. On Sundays Dr. Cross conducted public worship, these meetings being always well attended and enjoyable.

On the 15th we had a visit from the sons of the Wasingwa chief—a notable chief—

who brought a present of a cow and calf. M'loze was still active in sending out Wahenga to annoy the north-enders. Nicoll passed through a Wahenga camp on his way to the Lake, but they fled before him.

All sorts of rumours came floating towards our station. We were told that M'loze was coming north when the shamanga was ripe, that he was already encamped on the Lufira, and might surprise us at any moment. The latest report was that the aforesaid Wasingwa was in league with the Arabs; that if we marched on Nkondé he would destroy our defences here; all of which were alarming in their way, as this chief could put in the field 300 flints. Since the departure of our Atonga boys I had only some twenty men upon whom I could rely. It is tough work drilling the raw material in black. I listened to all the rumours, and pursued my own line of duty. Our primary drawback was scarcity of ammunition. We had not twenty rounds for each gun.

As the Arabs were getting bolder every day, it was necessary to make a counter move of some kind, if it were only to show that we were not afraid of them. Accordingly, on the 29th, I sent off a small party to

Nkondé to make a sally upon the villages and fire them. They got to Mpata at night, and, when approaching the Arab stockade, fell into an ambush. With an effort they managed to get clear, but a small boy belonging to the party was captured. The little fellow set up such a tremendous screaming that our men turned about and opened fire in his direction, with the consequence that the youngster was released instanter. We afterwards dubbed him "Napoleon."

Messengers came in on the same day reporting that the Arabs and the Wahenga had attacked the village of Kapoko—distant ten miles from Mwiniwanda. Nine natives had lost their lives, and great damage had been done. Judging that they would march straight on Chirenje, I despatched men to keep an eye on the Arab movements. I arranged that if the enemy came on we should be prepared for him, while the native villagers with their flint-locks could attack him in the rear. Our outposts returned late at night, and said they had followed his track southwards towards Nkondé. Apparently it was not intended to attack us yet. We were almost *in extremis*—our food was done, we had no cloth to make purchases, our hopes

were at their lowest ebb—when a letter came from Mr. Fred Moir, joint manager of the African Lakes Company, informing us of his arrival at the north end with the steamer *Ilala*. This was the boat that was to be back in a fortnight! She had taken ten weeks to return.

CHAPTER X.

THE OLIVE BRANCH.

A peace policy resolved upon—I leave Chirenje for the Lake—Return to Karonga—Crossing the Songwe—Arrival at my old quarters—The desolation—Make grass huts and organize a guard—Build a stockade—Acting-Consul Buchanan comes up—Tries negotiations—Arabs say they will quit Nkondé—But don't—Peace negotiations broken off—Proclamation of war.

MR. F. MOIR wrote on the 3rd March, stating that the Company had had grave consular difficulties to meet. Consul O'Neil was not to return, and Consul Hawes could not ; but Acting-Consul Buchanan was on his way north, on board the *Charles Jansen*, to try a policy of conciliation. There were to be no more hostilities on our side for the present. Mr. Moir added that there were now six whites at the Nsessi, namely—himself, Messrs. Howat, James Lindsay, Tom Morrison, Peebles and Bell. They were strengthened by sixty Mandala men and

about one hundred guns. They had also 200 lbs. of powder and a fair quantity of cartridges. Thus, it seemed, we would be better equipped should the peace policy fail.

I left for the Lake on the 8th. Mr. Nicoll and Dr. Cross remained behind in charge of the station. Accompanied by a few "boys" I travelled through Chinga's country, and slept the first night on the banks of the Songwe. On the Friday we had some severe climbing in a steady downpour of rain, and about 10 p.m. crossed the Songwe, which was much swollen. We arrived at the Nsessi on Saturday afternoon. Acting-Consul Buchanan had not come up, and we were obliged to remain a few days. Rain fell incessantly. The whole plain between us and the Lake was flooded, and the Elephant Marsh was emitting its febrile vapours. We spoke of going south to re-occupy Karonga, and in the meantime sent some goods up to Mwiniwanda to relieve the immediate necessities of Dr. Cross and Mr. Nicoll.

Thursday, March 15th.—Left Nsessi with Mr. F. Moir, Mr. Peebles, and about ninety men. The heavy rains had swollen the Songwe to an enormous size, so that it took almost two hours for our party to pass over.

It was night when we reached the Lufira. Here we found Mgerenge, which used to be a very beautiful village, dilapidated and in ruins. Its paths were now overgrown, its neat houses partially destroyed, and many of the bananas cut down. Our arrival in the darkness surprised a party of Wahenga out food-hunting. They did not stay to dispute our entrance, but at once took to their supple heels, leaving us in possession of an abundant supply of plantains, bananas, and pumpkins.

About 10 a.m. on Friday we arrived at Karonga. At the same time the steamer *Ilala* and the steel boat, carrying Messrs. Howat, Lindsay, Bell and Morrison, came in with all the goods which had been left at the Nsessi. The arrival of the steamer had been timed to coincide with that of the land party in view of a possible opposition from the Arabs at Karonga.

Every one of us—perhaps more particularly myself—was astonished at the appearance of our old quarters. The brick fort had been pulled to pieces; not a brick was left whole. The woodwork and part of a pier had been burned. The place was overgrown by rank grass and wild mapira. The whole Nkondé plain, over

400 square miles in extent, which before the war was studded with lovely villages teeming with human life, now lay desolate and silent around us.

Shelter from the rain and some rough sort of sleeping accommodation were the first essentials. We therefore improvised grass huts on the ruins of the station, and organized a guard for the night. We placed two men on the Lake shore on the south, two men at the junction of the Tanganika road going to Mirambo's village and the road leading to Msalemo's, two men on a back road to the north-west, and two on the north sands. We were thus protected by a crescent of sentries. The march round the guard-posts at night, in pitchy darkness and under torrents of rain, was a memorable experience. The circuit lasted half an hour, and had to be done three times during the watch by the white man on duty.

On Saturday we started to clear bush and to make a stockade of earth and bananas. The banana trees were put down in double rows, bratticed by reeds, and the earth thrown in between. This served our purpose for the time.

The *Charles Jansen*, which had touched at

Kayuni's village on the 16th, now came up with Acting-Consul Buchanan, and Rev. W. P. Johnston, of the University Mission. Mr. F. Moir and I went on board. After consulting with the Consul, it was decided that the steamer should return to Kayuni's, whence messengers should be sent to M'loze.

The *Charles Jansen* sailed on the 17th, and returned on the 20th. Mr. Buchanan had rather good news for us. He had had an interview with M'loze, Kopa Kopa, and Msalemo at Ntora, a place about three miles from Karonga. Strange to say, these Arabs expressed themselves ready to have their stockades partly destroyed and to leave the country in two months! They wanted papers to that effect signed forthwith. They even admitted that their attack on the whites had been unprovoked. What could they have in view? How had they turned penitents? Naturally, Mr. Buchanan told them he would have to consult the white men at Karonga, in the first instance. The Arabs were quite agreeable. They arranged to meet Mr. Moir and the Consul at the same place on the morrow, but did not wish me to be of the company. What their reasons were for excluding my presence at such a conference it would

be hard to tell, unless it was that they were afraid I knew them too well. Next day Mr. Moir and Mr. Lindsay went down at the appointed hour, and waited patiently for the arrival of the Arabs. They stayed there till night, but neither M'loze, Kopa Kopa, nor Msalemo put in an appearance. Such are the tricks of the Moslems! A letter was despatched to M'loze, asking an explanation, and a reply came on the 22nd to this effect:—"I don't want war. If you want me out of the country, you must come and put me out."

It was also bruited that he had said to the Wahenga: "Kasingula, Mulilema, and Karonga are the children of the white man; but all the rest, and the north-enders are mine. We will leave the Mzungu alone, but we will bring all the cattle from the north end." From his direct answer to our letter, and from this rumour regarding his intentions, we were left in no doubt as to his attitude towards our peace policy. The simple truth was that the Arabs had taken advantage of the Company's delay in sending reinforcements, and were now so strongly fortified, that they could afford to snap their fingers in the face of the Consul.

A message was sent to M'loze informing him that peace negotiations had been broken

off through no fault of ours, but entirely on account of Arab deception and stubbornness. M'loze sent a reply to this ultimatum on the 24th, a reply couched pretty much in the same language as the previous one, and not in any way altering the situation.

Our course was more clear. If we were to maintain our position in the country, these hostile slavers must be put out. The following proclamation was therefore written in Arabic, and addressed to all the loyal subjects of the Sultan of Zanzibar, trading in the Nyassa District :—

“ I, John Buchanan, H.B.M.'s Acting-Consul, Nyassa, do hereby call upon all loyal subjects of Seyid Burgash, trading, residing, or travelling in the district of Nyassa, who respect and esteem the friendship of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, to withhold all support and maintenance from the following gentlemen, viz. : M'loze, Kopa Kopa, and Msalemo, who, without provocation, attacked and destroyed the Karonga station of the African Lakes Company (Limited) ; and who have now had conditions of peace put before them as follows :

“ 1st. M'loze, Kopa Kopa, and Msalemo to leave the country, and go to Senga within two months.

“2nd. The stockades of M’loze, Kopa Kopa, and Msalemo’s villages to be destroyed at once.

“3rd. No further reparation to be demanded of them.

“The above conditions, M’loze, Kopa Kopa, and Msalemo accepted at a conference held at Ntora on the 20th day of March, 1888, but have since absolutely refused to implement their promise, and now assume a defiant attitude.

“As the African Lakes Company now insist on redress by force of arms, it would be well that all loyal subjects of Seyid Burgash keep away from the district during hostilities.

“I further call upon all whom it may concern to understand that there is no desire on the part of the English to interfere with loyal subjects of Seyid Burgash trading in these parts.

“Given under our hand and Consular seal, this twenty-fourth day of March, eighteen hundred and eighty-eight.

“John Buchanan,

“H.M.’s Acting-Consul,

“*Nyassa.*”

Mr. Buchanan's mission being now ended, the *Charles Jansen* got up steam ; mails were put on board, and the Consul and Mr. Johnston—who knew Arabic well and wrote the official despatches—went south on the Saturday.

CHAPTER XI.

RENEWAL OF HOSTILITIES.

Extending the stockade—Preparing fire darts—A march on Bwero—Food parties attacked—A young captive—Reconnoitring Msalemo's—Enemy strongly stockaded—Management of our commissariat—New arrivals—Ready for the fray—Maggidda steps in as mediator—But fails to bring about an understanding—March on Msalemo's—The village fired—Stampede—Kopa Kopa appears—I dislodge him from a Wahenga village—Mr. Moir wounded.

FROM the departure of the *Charles Jansen* down to the beginning of April, we were chiefly occupied completing our defences and building additional houses. Dr. Cross and Mr. Nicoll being expected from Mwiniwanda's with native allies, we had to make arrangements for their accommodation. Mr. F. Moir was daily experimenting with fire darts, in which he had considerable success. We had regular intercourse with the north-enders, who continued to send us beef, mutton, and grain. On Sunday (March 25th) a letter came in from M'loze

in reply to the Consul's proclamation. It was addressed to Mr. Buchanan, and written in Arabic. M'loze, at the same time, expressed himself ready to give up the truss of cloth which had been stolen from Dr. Cross by the Tanganika Arabs, whom we chased across country on the 21st January. This was M'loze's humble way! He had no intention of yielding, all the same. We took no notice of his letter; we had had enough of this epistolary correspondence in the past.

At two o'clock on the morning of Monday (26th March) I set out, along with Messrs. Peebles and Bell, at the head of a large body of Wankondé spearmen and a troop of thirty riflemen. Our destination was the village of Bwero, situated in a strong position among the hills, eight miles to the south-west, and occupied by Wahenga people—the notorious Arab underlings and spies. We got there a little before day-break, but found the place deserted. Some one had apprised them of our intentions, and they had hastily left their stockades. The fires were still burning in their houses. Had they stuck to their position they might have tried our mettle, as the village, besides

being almost hidden by the bush, was surrounded by a moat, and protected by an outer and inner stockade. The Wahenga had been good enough to leave us all their food, which our men carried off in great quantities. We burned down the huts and destroyed part of the defences. Amongst other things, we found an iron purchase block, which I at once identified as belonging to the old fort at Karonga. From this we inferred that the Wahenga had had a share in the demolition of our former redoubt. There were many other evidences to prove that they were hand and glove with the Arabs.

On the following day some of our men went back to Bwero to obtain more food, and others went to Chilindi on the Lake shore—a Wahenga village some seven miles south, which had been deserted when we re-entered Karonga. Both parties had an encounter. The Bwero company came across a number of Wahenga, upon whom they fired, killing one man and capturing a boy. Those who went to Chilindi were successful in bringing home some loot; but one of their number, following a piscatorial bent very common among the natives on the Lake-side,

wandered out in search of fish. He was not permitted to indulge his whim with impunity. Some Wahenga, who had been lurking among the reeds, rushed out and cut the poor fellow's throat. Thus, as the result of that day's expeditions, both sides lost one man. We, however, had gained the boy, who proved a chatty urchin, ready to enlighten us on the condition of Msalemo's and Kopa Kopa's villages. When he had told all he knew, we gave him his choice—either to return to his friends or stay with us. He was quick to make up his mind, and said he would remain with the white men.

On the night of the 28th, Mr. Moir and I went out with thirteen men to reconnoitre Msalemo's village. By road it is about five miles off, but we took a roundabout course, crossing the Rukuru and following its opposite bank till we were over against the object of our quest. For a long time we stood under the drenching rain, hesitating whether we should return by the same *détour*, or take a short cut across stream and right under our enemy's nose. We were wet to the skin, and determined to save five miles of the way even at some risk. The darkness favoured us. Some of our men waded

almost across the river, and returned with the report that the Arabs were awake. After further delay, Mr. Moir and I entered the river just as we were, and soon found ourselves under the poles of Msalemo's stockade. It was necessary to proceed with caution, as the slightest noise might alarm the Arab guards. We walked round Msalemo's, and thence over towards Kopa Kopa's village, both being within a short distance of each other. Having completed our reconnaissance, we came back to the Tanganika road, and reached camp none the worse.

Report and investigation revealed the enemy to be thoroughly prepared for the forthcoming attack. Cover had been cleared over a considerable area, and spiked pits were said to have been dug around the stockades so as to retard our approach and prevent a rush. The stockades had been strengthened by double rows of closely fixed poles, with an embankment of earth behind, and loop-holes eighteen inches from the ground. Behind these loop-holes was a ditch of some depth, affording a bullet-proof protection for the Arabs, who were thus enabled to fire a direct volley—not over our heads as before, but straight on our lines.

In the middle of Msalemo's village was a tower (or, as it was named, "The Crow's Nest") from which a body of sharpshooters could pour a rattling fire into our columns. In short, their defences would have tested the courage of a body of regular troops. The huts inside the stockades were huddled together in a rough-and-tumble fashion, and, being made of inflammable material, might be ignited by one of Mr. Moir's darts, in which case we should certainly drive the Arabs out. These huts formed the vulnerable point in the armour of the enemy.

Mr. Moir continued to improve upon his invention. Some men arrived from Mwiniwanda's on the 30th with ammunition and guns, and on the night of the 1st April Mr. Nicoll and Dr. Cross came in with about 200 allies. We had now 464 men inside our stockade, with 270 guns. Mr. Lindsay managed the commissariat, a charge of no small importance with so many fighting men to feed. We had to draw upon our north-end friends for supplies of food.

On referring to my journal I find one or two items which are not uninteresting: *e.g.*, "Some men from the north end arrived with eighteen bulls and three goats;" following

day—"bought eighteen bulls from north-enders," and again—"two canoes came in with a present of food," or—"killed half a dozen cattle this morning and distributed them."

Wednesday, April 4.—"Had drill with station men. Sent out a band to reconnoitre round Msalemo's. They killed one of the enemy, and brought back a gun. Gave out nine more guns to men."

More men came down to us from the hills on the Thursday, and I supplied them with ammunition. My health at this time was unfortunately not the best, the high pressure at which we had to work was not conducive to our well-being, and the deficient and irregular sleep inevitably told upon us. On Saturday afternoon news came that Maggidda—the friendly Arab who visited me at Chirenje—was on his way south, and might be expected on the morrow. He did not arrive on the Sunday. On the Monday we were in readiness for the attack when Maggidda came in. Seeing all our men mustered for the fray, he was in some agitation, and prayed that we should postpone the march until Wednesday. Our intention was to make the attack on Monday, but we had delayed it till Tuesday morning to allow Maggidda to arrive.

Maggidda wanted it delayed in order that he might proceed to Msalemo's and acquaint the Arabs with our proposals. Of course we would not hear of that, as it would have allowed the enemy to remove all the cattle and all the food which were behind the stockades, and which our native allies recognized as theirs. The loot was their only remuneration, their prime stimulus for risking their lives on our behalf. If the Arabs put away their cattle and goods, the hillmen would possibly not fight, or, if they did, would certainly look to us for payment in kind. Keeping this in view, we waived Maggidda's request, although we allowed him to send up two of his men immediately ahead of us, with the message that if Msalemo paid fifty head of cattle, Kopa Kopa ten frasilahs of ivory, and M'loze twenty frasilahs of ivory, we would give them one more day to clear out all their baggage and live stock. This compromise, if compromise it could be called, pleased Maggidda, whose friendship had to be reckoned with, for he came as the representative of the powerful Arabs at Senga, and assured us that they sympathized with us in our struggle against the three slavers of Nkondé.

Next morning (10th April) we were in marching order by six o'clock, at which hour we departed for Msalemo's, preceded by Maggidda's messengers, who had instructions to leave the Arab village whenever they heard three revolver shots from our lines. Our force—the largest as regards guns and white men that had ever proceeded against the usurping Arab—consisted of eight white men, namely, Messrs. F. L. Moir, Lindsay, Peebles, Nicoll, Tom Morrison, Bell, Dr. Cross, and myself, and about 500 native allies, with 270 guns. Dr. Cross and Mr. Bell had charge of the ambulance and of the reserve ammunition. They were stationed at a tree, which we christened "the Doctor's Tree." It was about half a mile from Msalemo's stockade.

When we came within range of the stockades we formed up in line. The Arabs were peculiarly quiet, a stillness due, perhaps, to the palavers which Maggidda's men were having with the chiefs, or, more probably, part of their tactics. Anyhow, we stood at ease to await the return of the messengers. After waiting more than the stipulated time, Mr. Moir fired three revolver shots in the air, to which, however, there was no response

on the part of the messengers. Conceiving that Maggidda's men had been forcibly retained, we commenced hostilities by Mr. Moir advancing to an ant-hill (within fifty paces) and levelling his rifle at the "Crow's Nest." The rest of the whites simultaneously opened fire with their heavy guns and Martinis. We planted some damaging shots in the stockades, to which the enemy furiously replied from all points of their defences. We could see the splinters flying from the Crow's Nest as our bullets played against it—no doubt to the consternation of the occupants.

Just as we were in the thick of the fight, Mr. Moir managed to drop some darts among the huts. One of these took effect, and in a short time the whole village was in flames. There was a general panic in the Arab camp, followed by a stampede. Now was our opportunity to charge. In this, however, we were checked by a clever move on the part of Kopa Kopa, who instantly sent out a party from his stockade to attack our flank. They poured a galling fire into our lines. Our men fell back in spite of every effort on the part of the whites. It was chagrining this confusion and retreat, after

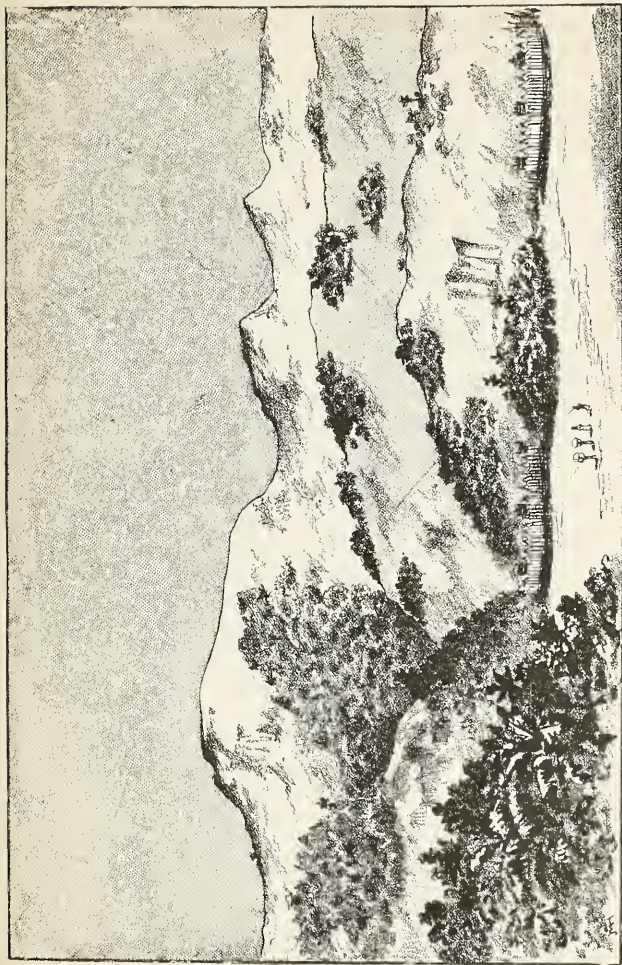
being in sight of victory. I hurriedly got together twenty of my station boys, and marched straight in the teeth of Kopa Kopa's fire. His flanking party had esconced themselves in a Wahenga village on our left. The houses sheltered them from our bullets. No



FRED MOIR,
Joint Manager African Lakes
Company.

time had to be lost. Their fire was throwing our men into disorder, and it was therefore necessary to clear them out at all hazards. We carried the village with a rush, and after some close firing compelled the Arabs to flee to their stockade. To prevent a repetition of this sally, we fired the Wahenga village before withdrawing.

I returned through a garden of virombi (maize), and got close up to Msalemo's stockade, where we sent volley after volley through the poles. At the same time Mr. Moir, advancing on the front face with his



Msalemo and Kopo Kopo's Stockades.

men, got shot in the arm, and had to retire. He was carried to the Doctor's Tree, where his wound was dressed by Dr. Cross. For awhile we continued to harass the Arabs, but it was impossible under the fire of the stockade to rally our scattered men for a combined rush. We therefore deemed it prudent to retire in order, satisfied for the present with the severe punishment we had inflicted upon Msalemo, who had lost all the food (looted from the Wankondé) which was stored in his village. The Arabs came out as we withdrew, and fired upon our rear. The sharp experience which they had just passed through, taught them, however, to keep at a respectful distance from our rifles.

We arrived at Karonga in the afternoon. None of our men were killed: Our casualties amounted to thirty-six wounded.

CHAPTER XII.

RAIDING AND RECONNOITRING.

A tremendous day at the fort—Discontent and desertion—Titima's loyal band—Reconnoitring Kopa Kopa's in the dark—A weird experience—In search of a food party—Take in Kayuni and his people—Troubles at Mwiniwanda—Nicoll goes up to restore peace—Mr. Moir ordered south—The Atonga rieviers—Extending our fort—More difficulties with the commissariat—A successful sortie—Arrival of steamer with the manager, Captain Lugard, and a strong party of whites—The Captain assumes command—Improvements—Making ready for a grand attack.

FROM 11th April to 28th May I was again in full command at Karonga. During that period we were chiefly occupied harassing the Arabs with raiding bands, spies, and sharpshooters.

The 11th day of April was a tremendous day at the station. As may be imagined, the natives were greatly chagrined at not obtaining the longed-for loot of the Arabs. There was not one better than another; all were in the worst temper—discontented with

everything. A number went off to their homes in the hills without consulting us; and some of my station boys, my chivalrous but uxorious blacks, fearing that M'loze would carry off their wives who had been left at the mission station at Mwiniwanda, put their guns into the store, and made a secret march, notwithstanding that I had promised to send up a convoy for the women and children. This was all very gallant and very flattering to the ladies, no doubt; but I suspect the "boys" were moved more by gastronomical cravings than the dictates of chivalry. Their common complaint had been the want of native food (*nsima*). Once they secured this, I was hopeful of their return. It is noteworthy that the men whom Titima had sent to us stuck fast by our side amid these wholesale desertions.

At night I organized a small sortie, which was intended both to reconnoitre and, if possible, burn Kopa Kopa's village. Accompanied by Mr. Howat of the *Ilala*, and half-a-dozen trusty station men, I led the way through the dark night over a track which I knew well, but which I had now to tread with extreme caution. The path was blocked by trees which had been cut down by the

Arabs, and whose branches were a constant source of danger. As we passed along softly between Kopa Kopa's and Msalemo's, we could distinguish the watchmen's fires inside the stockades. The nearer we came to Kopa Kopa's, the more difficult became our task, as the ground was matted with thorns and the path lost in ravines. We dared not make the slightest noise, but as ill fortune would have it, I toppled into a hole, tearing my trousers and lacerating my leg. This, I thought, must arouse suspicion, as a very distinct noise was here made; but just at that moment a hyena, who was prowling near, gave vent to his well-known call, and drowned our interjections. The Arabs were deceived; now was my opportunity to project the darts. We sent four in the direction of Kopa Kopa's village, but all fell short. Immediately the Arabs were aroused and flashed out their fire. To run might be natural, but it was impracticable in the present case, owing to the obstacles in our path. We returned the Arab fire, and then walked in an opposite direction, so as to put them off the scent as to our position.

While making our way back, their bullets played grim but familiar music as they

whizzed over our heads. Fortunately we met with no casualties.

Friday, 13th April.—" Steamer left this morning for the north end with Mr. Nicoll on board. Nicoll's mission is to buy food for our men. The daily cry here is— 'Hunger! hunger!!' We continue clearing grass and strengthening our stockade."

On Sunday (the 15th) a large number of our men went south to Chilindi to get food from the Wahenga gardens. When gathering the fruit they were surprised by a company of Arabs, with whom they had a sharp skirmish. From the station we could hear the guns firing in the distance. Feeling a little anxious for our men, I went out with a guard of five, and passed round Mirambo's village, where we got the Arab track. The natives are wonderfully sharp in picking up the trail of a foe. On this occasion the track lay through spear-grass to the Lake, and thence along the sands. We met some of the "boys" returning from Chilindi. They had a great story to tell. Among other things, they had slain three Arabs; but they could not say if any of our own people had been killed, as a number, on seeing the Arabs, ran to the woods and the Lake.

Our boys kept dropping in in dribblets until night, when only one man and a boy were missing. I shall have something to say about this boy further on. His name was Sukwa. Let the reader remember Sukwa.

On the same day the steamer came in from the north end with a welcome supply of native food. We heard also that Kayuni, whose village was twelve miles along the sands, had sent up five goats to Kasingula, one of the Wankondé chiefs staying with us; but these goats were seized by the Arabs, and the two men in charge of the animals killed. One more atrocity which called for swift punishment!

Monday, 16th April.—“Working at fort, clearing bush, and discharging steamer. Sent out men to see if any trace could be found of the missing man and boy. They found the man's body washed up on the sands. He had evidently rushed into the Lake and gone beyond his depth. No trace of Sukwa.”

The *Ilala* left on the 17th for Bandawe for provisions, with instructions to cross the Lake on her return and bring over Salim Bin Najim—the Arab trader who had many titles to

respect, both on the score of fair-dealing and friendliness. On the 19th, chief Kayuni came up, pleading to be allowed to stay with us. The Arabs had attacked his village, killed four men, and captured two women, and all on account of the friendly attitude which he had assumed towards us. We agreed to give him shelter, and sent down Mr. Lindsay with the steel boat for his food, of which a great quantity was brought away that day.

From this date down to the end of the month, nothing of any startling consequence occurred at Karonga. Our men were occupied bringing in food and firewood. On the 20th we had a false alarm. Our guards sighted some Arab scouts and fired their guns. We immediately sprang from bed and hastened every man to his post, but no enemy appeared.

News came from Mwiniwanda's of trouble having broken out there on account of the Mambwe men who had gone up to bring down their wives. They not only wanted their better halves, but the greater portion of the mission station goods. Mr. Nicoll went off on the 22nd to pacify the Mambwe. The *Ilala* returned from Bandawe on the

Monday. She had been across the Lake, but Salim Bin Najim could not be found. Our garrison was strengthened by thirty-three Atonga. On the 26th we heard that M'loze had received encouragement from Tanganika to continue the war, Kabunda having sent some men and two large tribes by way of signifying his approval of the campaign. We held a council, and it was agreed that Dr. Cross should accompany Mr. Moir (who was now recovering) to the south, and that the steamer should return as soon as possible with all available help. They left on the 27th. Only six whites remained at the station. These were Nicoll, Lindsay, Bell, Peebles, Morrison and myself.

April 30th.—"Clearing grass round stockade. Sent twenty Atonga up to Kopa Kopa's. They came back rejoicing in the course of the forenoon, having killed two Arabs and wounded two, besides capturing a new flint gun, a bow and arrows, and an axe."

The month of May was a busy one. Each day brought its own responsibilities. Rumours, false alarms, and hints were always coming upon us. The majority of the natives on the Tanganika plateau were our

friends, and kept us posted up on the Arab movements. Kaieresia, a native chief, whose village was fully two days' march from Karonga, did us a good turn on the day of the attack on Msalemo's. Some of the Arabs from Msalemo's who had fled to the hills were checked by this chief, and five of their number killed.

Our Atonga allies were courageous rievvers, and made various successful raids for food. One day they went down to Kayuni's, and on their return had to fight their way through a large band of Arabs and Wahenga. They ran the gauntlet without serious mishap. One of their number was wounded slightly, and another missing. The latter turned up after a day's absence. He had dropped behind and concealed himself for a night and a day at Kayuni's.

Mr. Nicoll returned from Mwiniwanda's on the 5th. The Mambwe men agreed to accompany him to the Lake, but when the time for departure came they were not to be seen. He left instructions with Titima to drive them out by force of arms should they show face again at the mission station. We continued gathering supplies of food from the Arab gardens, building new houses, and

making roads through the long grass for the white men to go round the watches. To accommodate the reinforcements which we expected to arrive by the next steamer, we erected sheds or booths with reeds and mud. One of these was of considerable dimensions, with beds all round. The feeding of our large garrison was a matter which frequently gave rise to much anxious thought. To show the confidence reposed in us by the natives, I may mention that Manjiwara's people sent us twenty-four bulls and a goat, and accepted an I.O.U. in exchange without any immediate prospect of payment in goods. Only those who know how difficult it is to strike a bargain with those people, unless "the medium of exchange" is dangled before their eyes, will appreciate this credit transaction with the north-enders.

On the 21st I made a sortie with some of Titima's men and some Atonga on Msalemo's and Kopa Kopa's stockades. We managed to get very near, and sent a few smart volleys into the villages. Two Arab men who were outside fell dead, and my men got hold of a small boy. While on the point of securing three cows, a strong party emerged from the fortifications, and we were obliged

to return. My boys had to let the cattle go, and fight for their own safety. We had no casualties.

The steamer was now overdue as usual, and we were anxiously awaiting her arrival. On the 28th she came into port with a party on board which in point of numbers and equipment far exceeded our most sanguine expectations. There were Mr. John W. Moir, and Captain Lugard, D.S.O. of the 9th Norfolk Regiment, a distinguished officer who bore many medals for service in the field. He had visited Africa to hunt during his furlough, but on hearing of the state of affairs at Karonga, he kindly volunteered his services, with the consent of H.M. Consul. Besides these, there were Messrs. Smith, Stewart, Watson, Nisbet, and Moore, agents of the African Lakes Company, and nine men from Natal, viz., Messrs. Auld, Binns, Burton, Hooper, Kaufmann, Jones, Pigott, Raw, and Rolfe. We had also Messrs. Howat and Wilson in charge of the steamer, while my old friend, Mr. Sharpe, was on his way from Bandawe with a force of 190 Atonga natives. As regards ammunition, they brought 20,000 rounds of Snider, and an abundance of

Martini, while as to fire-arms we were strengthened with from two hundred to three hundred guns. Our total muster was now twenty-four whites, the largest number, I believe, ever assembled at any place in Central Africa. With our four hundred blacks we calculated on making a move which would finally settle this long-standing quarrel with M'loze and his associates. The advent of such a large body of whites, headed by a competent officer of the British army, changed the conditions of life at Karonga. Captain Lugard was at once put in full charge. His self-sacrificing disposition, courage, and military skill commanded universal esteem.

The first reform which he instituted—a reform which I myself had often contemplated without having the means to carry it out—was the improvement of our sanitary arrangements. Up to this time, black and white had been huddled up behind the same stockade. Now the natives were drafted out to a place about one hundred yards from our houses, where a new stockade was built of wood and mud. Grass huts were thrown up, and a ditch dug round the village, just deep enough to cover the bodies of the men when they knelt

to fire. The men were divided into companies (No. 1 Company, No. 2 Company, and so on), with Kapitaos in charge, who had instructions to take up certain positions in case of an attack, some having to come from the native quarter to join our native guard at the first alarm. The companies had regular drill on the Saturdays. We taught the natives to stand at attention, to extend two paces and prepare for action, to allign sights on canvas targets (a very tedious process, as some of them could not be taught to close one eye), to open out for skirmishing, and many other things which they learned but slowly, not the least being the maintenance of silence during drill. A stated amount of ammunition was distributed to every man and examined weekly. At first they persisted in wasting, hiding, or bartering the powder and cartridges, but a fine of one yard of cloth for every lost cartridge effectually put a stop to this extravagance. An order book was kept, and every night the work for the ensuing day was duly entered.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ATTACK ON KOPA KOPA'S.

Captain Lugard and I reconnoitre—Wankondé surprised while gathering food—Arrival of Mr. Sharpe with Atonga—Adventure with Arab party on the way—The Arab slave stick—Return of Mambwe deserters—Arranging for the attack—The attack—Arabs strongly stockaded—Do not make an entrance—Captain Lugard and two more whites wounded—Several natives killed.

MEANTIME events multiplied. The steamer went south on the 31st May, and took the steel boat in tow part of the way, the latter afterwards proceeding to Amelia Bay, on the other side of the Lake, to see if Salim Bin Najim had arrived as reported.

On the night of the 1st June, Captain Lugard and I went up with a guard of five natives to reconnoitre the Arab stockades. We got so near the enemy that we could hear the sentry in the watch-tower calling out: "We see you, we see you!" This might have alarmed us, had it not been repeated so

often ; but the iteration of the words showed it was only the watchman's call. Accordingly, we proceeded with our investigations at Msalemo's, Captain Lugard advancing to the very poles of the stockade, but we were unable to get a proper view of Kopa Kopa's. Towards daybreak we climbed into a large tree, from which the Arab defences could be more completely surveyed. Our escort remained on the ground. As we were conversing among the branches, some Arabs, who came outside the stockade, espied us, and raised the alarm. Not wishing to become a target for the Arabs, we got out of the tree as speedily as possible, and passed in a leisurely manner within 150 yards of Msalemo's. We saw that dignitary standing at his gate with a crowd of followers, who shouted out : " Mote, mote ! " (fire, fire !).

" Let us hurry up," said Lugard, " they will be sending out parties to cut us off."

" Not at all," I answered, " I know them well. Let us take it leisurely till we get out of sight."

As we were speaking together a bullet came right between us, tearing the grass at our feet. Our men responded to the fire with heir Sniders, and when we were fully 1000

yards from the stockades, Captain Lugard took one of the rifles and sent a ball well into the midst of the Arabs, who had advanced into the open. This seemed to astonish them, and made them scatter. They followed us for some distance, but we got back without injury.

On the 4th there occurred an incident, which, as illustrative of the temper of the enemy, may be set down. A number of our Wankondé went out about two miles to get some food from the Arab gardens, and, when in the act of gathering it, were surprised by some Arab sharpshooters, who scattered the natives with a volley.

The Wankondé fled in all directions without securing their food. When they returned for their loads they found one of their number lying dead on the grass, with his head cut off, and his person otherwise mutilated.

On the morning of the 6th, we heard that Mr. Sharpe was on his way overland, and would be with us shortly. He had now been eleven days on the road, and, marching at the rate of fifteen miles a day, he must have covered upwards of 160 miles on foot. He arrived about noon at the head of 190 Atonga. This was an important addition to

our arms. Mr. Sharpe did not make the journey without adventure. For instance, he told us how he encountered a caravan travelling from M'loze's with slaves, cattle, and ivory, bound for the Arab ferry on Lake Nyassa, about forty miles south from Karonga. The party was on its way to secure help to M'loze from the Magwangwara on the other side of the Lake. Mr. Sharpe took in the situation at a glance, and attacked the slaver's caravan with the Atonga. After a brisk bit of firing the coast Arab, Muntu-Mweni, who was in charge of the party, was taken prisoner, five of his followers were shot, and three women and a little boy, who were in slave-sticks, were released. The poor slaves were brought to the station, and two of the women turned out to be Wankondé girls, who were captured during the war.

In the course of the fighting the little fellow had received a bullet wound in one of his arms. Dr. Cross was afraid that it would require to be amputated. The Wankondé girls were returned to their friends. For some weeks the boy was under the care of Dr. Cross, and when he was out of danger he was handed over to his parents.

The slave sticks, in which the captives were found, are simple in construction, but often cause much suffering by interfering with the movements of the slave and lacerating the parts exposed to friction.

To make a slave stick a small branch of a tree is taken with a forked end. The arms of the fork embrace the neck of the victim, while their projecting ends are united by means of an iron bar, which effectually secures his head. In the Arab villages the slaves may be seen squatting on the ground with the slave sticks on their necks. At daytime they are allowed to sit in the sunshine under the care of vigilant guards, while at night they are safely secured by ropes, which are suspended from the rafters overhead and attached to the shafts of the slave stick. Generally the slaves are marched to the coast bound together by chains, in which iron collars are placed at short intervals. When the supply of chains runs short the deficiency is made up by slave sticks.

After Mr. Sharpe's arrival we continued building new houses for his Atonga, rolling in logs for the native stockade, and drilling the men. We had also huts to build for the Mambwe station boys, who, it will be

recollected, ran off to Mwiniwanda's some time ago, but, finding that they could not get along without the white men, returned to Karonga, begging forgiveness. We forfeited their arrears of pay, and imposed a fine of four sheep and a bull on the delinquents: a deterrent which had a healthy influence on the discipline of the camp.

The forces at our disposal were divided into seven companies of about fifty natives each, and each company was put under the direction of three whites. The responsible leaders of these companies were Messrs. Moir, Lindsay, Smith, Peebles, Morrison, Nicoll and myself. Over and above all was Captain Lugard as general commanding officer. Everything was now ready for an attack on Kopa Kopa's.

No. 7 Company, under Mr. Thomas Morrison, had to remain at Karonga to protect the camp. It was arranged that Mr. Smith with his company should leave the fort first, and wind round between Kopa Kopa and M'loze's villages, so as to prevent M'loze sending relief to the object of our attack. Messrs. Lindsay, Nicoll, and Peebles had to deploy round the south and east faces of the stockade. A deep, dry

ravine on the north of Kopa Kopa was assigned to Mr. Moir, while I was stationed between Kopa Kopa and Msalemo's to prevent any communication between the two.

At 10 p.m. on Friday, the 15th June, our little army of 300 blacks and twenty-three whites proceeded to the attack. Mr. Smith led the way, as he had to occupy the most distant position. Our aim was to be in readiness to deliver the assault at break of day. All night long we marched slowly and silently till we reached the Doctor's Tree, where the column rested, with the exception of No. 1 Company under Mr. Smith, which had to go farther ahead. About 2 a.m. we could distinctly hear the Arab horns blowing for the change of sentries. Messrs. Lindsay and Sharpe, guided by Muntu Mweni, a prisoner captured by Mr. Sharpe on his way overland, set their men in fighting order, and were followed up by Messrs. Nicoll and Peebles. Mr. Moir led his company safely to the ravine after he and I had spent some little time in a vain attempt to make out its whereabouts. Just about day-break, when my company was getting into position between the two Arab stockades,

we heard a tremendous shouting, and at once knew that the assault had commenced. For some time there was nothing to be heard but the confused clamour of battle accompanied by the sharp rattle of musketry.

The din was awful, and the early hour with its faint light tended to increase the terror inspired by our sudden attack. The general behaviour of our men was superb, but the firing must have been somewhat reckless, as their bullets whizzed over our heads, and strewed the leaves of the trees down upon us plentifully. At the same time my company was exposed to the regular and sustained volley firing of the Arabs, so that we were practically under a cross-fire. The main body of our troops had already made a gallant rush on the stockade, and as Msalemo made no attempt to join in the fray, we could have been of little use where we then were. I therefore led my company across the ravine, and charged for the stockade. This movement brought Mr. Moir's company and mine together. Our charge was well executed over rough ground cumbered with trunks of trees, and brought us to a ditch about fourteen feet deep in

front of the Arab stronghold. Crossing this trench we found ourselves face to face with a wall, mudded below to a height of several feet, and surmounted by strong poles interlaced with creepers and hung with thorns. The base of the wall was of immense thickness. Our advance was for a moment checked by the fierce hail of lead which greeted our approach. My helmet was shot off my head, and I was thrown flat on my back. Mr. Moir also lost his helmet. Scrambling to my feet, I regained my head-gear, and made a fresh attempt to reach the comparative shelter afforded by the wall, urging on my men all the while. One of my blacks fell at my side, killed by a shot in the front of his neck. Mr. Rolfe, a few paces off, was exerting himself in right manly fashion when a bullet wound in the head brought him down. Mr. Jones went down with a similar wound. Further away a native lost one of his hands from the accidental bursting of his gun. The Arabs levelled straight at the heads of the white men, and their cry, "Uko Wingine!" ("See, here's another!"), showed that they valued the death of a white man beyond that of many blacks. After the tough work required

to get alongside the wall, we found it impossible to break a passage through. All we could do was to ram the muzzles of our guns through the loopholes and return the fire, a proceeding necessarily accompanied by great risk. It was quite impossible, with only a band of natives, however brave, to pierce the stockade. A similar difficulty met Captain Lugard on the other side, but in his zeal to gain an entrance, he leaped up and endeavoured to wrench some of the sticks from the top. This fearless exposure of himself cost him dear, for he received a bullet, which, entering his right elbow, tore obliquely across his breast, and finally lodged in his left forearm, where it broke one of the bones. Thus disabled, he set off by himself to find the Doctor's Tree. In the confusion he lost his way, but was afterwards picked up and carried to the camp.

Between 9 and 10 a.m., as the enemy showed no signs of yielding, we decided to withdraw, rather than incur needless loss. Our men were therefore recalled, and we retreated in an orderly manner. When they could do so safely, the Arabs ventured outside to jeer us for our failure. We had some hope of them pursuing us, and so

placed an ambush at the Doctor's Tree. Unfortunately, the natives, stung by the Arab taunts, exposed themselves prematurely, and spoiled our scheme.

On reaching Karonga we found that our losses were: five natives killed, one white man (Jones) fatally wounded, and two others (Lugard and Rolfe) seriously wounded. A number of the natives had received severe wounds, and three of them afterwards succumbed. We had no means of ascertaining the Arab loss, but it must have been considerable, if we might judge from the moaning of the cattle inside their stockade.

Our wounded were placed under the care of Dr. Cross and Mr. Bell, who were stationed at the Doctor's Tree during the fight.

We had attempted the impossible, and failed. But not altogether, for we had at least proved the fighting mettle of our men to be of a genuine reliable stamp. That surely was of value. We had also convinced ourselves of the futility of attempting to breach the Arab strongholds with nothing heavier than rifles. When assembled at Karonga, we were gratified to hear our gallant captain assure us that with the means at our disposal all had been done

that could be expected. With only our rifles we had attempted what British infantry would have done only with the assistance of heavy ordnance.

The disablement of Captain Lugard and the departure of Mr. Moir made it necessary for me to re-assume the command.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EXPEDITION TO DEEP BAY.

Captain Lugard's illness—Affairs at the fort—Dispute between natives in camp—Accident on board the steel boat—New tactics—Deep Bay—Encounter with Wahenga—Blighting influence of the Arabs—Mundromo—Our woodmen—The Arab depôt in the Bay—No canoes—Boldness of Atonga—Fight with Arab canoe—March back—Burning of the plain.

“ON Tuesday, 3rd July, called a meeting of those remaining, explained shortly my reasons for going, handed over my whole powers to Captain Lugard in the first place, and failing him to Monteith (Fotheringham). Told them to fear dysentery and dissensions even more than Arabs, and asked them to look up to Monteith (Fotheringham) as the man who knew most about the people, and to stick together.” So concludes a despatch written by Mr. John Moir previous to his departure from Karonga on the morning of the 4th July. It explains my position at the

time; but, perhaps, not so minutely as the case demands.

The captain was rendered unfit for active service, and, indeed, for some days after the attack, his condition was such as to cause the doctor grave anxiety. He had personally asked me to take over the command, *pro tem.*, which I did, conferring occasionally with him on the orders of the day.

Until the end of June we were engaged bringing in food, drilling the natives, and strengthening our defences. Poor Jones died on the 22nd, and we buried him next morning before breakfast. The steel boat, proceeding from the north end with food, sank near the Kambwe lagoon, and it was only after heavy exertions that she was secured. In the beginning of July we organized an expedition to Deep Bay to capture some Arab canoes, but just as arrangements were being completed, a quarrel broke out between the Wankondé and the Atonga at the camp. On account of this I could not accompany the expedition, but the steel boat left in tow with the *Ilala* on the 4th. Messrs. Moir, Lindsay, Sharpe, Morrison, Bell and others went south in the steamer, while the boat was commanded by Wilson and Kauf-

mann. A lamentable accident occurred on the steel boat before the voyage was completed. The natives, who carried their powder in cloth bags, were sleeping in the bottom of the boat, when some sparks from the steamer's funnel ignited the ammunition, with terrible consequences to the men and the boat. Seventeen Atonga men were more or less severely burned, and the side of the boat was blackened. This unlooked-for occurrence necessitated the return of the expedition, though the steamer continued her voyage. When the boat arrived in the afternoon there was great consternation at Karonga. The natives—and especially the women—were very excited. Dr. Cross, who was not feeling well, pulled himself together and dressed the men's injuries. We had a talk with the headmen of the Atonga, and arranged to present each injured man with so much cloth. Two of the poor fellows afterwards died from the effects of the accident.

Our tactics now became more simple and more effective. We began sending out parties to intercept supplies of food for the Arabs. Our men went far and wide, and were sometimes absent from the station for

many days. They concealed themselves in the bush, and terrified the enemy's marauders on all hands. For instance, on the 9th July I sent out forty-five Atonga, who were to locate themselves near Mgerenge and cut off the Arabs. They had an encounter, killed two men, and captured seven women and two guns. They brought the women down to the station, and we were puzzled to know what to do with them. As they were all slaves, we gave them their choice—to go away or remain at Karonga. They were unanimous in the desire to stay, and so they were allowed to go over to the Atonga who captured them.

Here is the entry in the Order Book under date 13th July, 1888:—

“The Atonga of No. 1 Company and half of the Murenga men of No. 2 (under Masewa), will go out to-morrow beyond the low hills towards the west to intercept any Arabs on the road between M'loze's and Deep Bay, returning not later than Tuesday evening. Breechloaders to take twenty rounds, muzzle-loaders twelve ditto.”

We were giving some attention to Deep Bay, as we knew the Arabs were down in that direction. They communicated with the

other side of the Lake from that point. It was therefore important that something should be done to break up this line of communication. Another expedition was organized, under my immediate command. The objects of the expedition (I quote from the Order Book) were:—(1), to meet with an armed party of Arabs said to have been sent by M'loze to coerce those natives who were friendly to us ; (2), to seize the large canoes used by the Arabs for taking slaves and supplies across the Lake ; (3), to destroy Arab property and gardens ; (4), to collect food ; (5), to reassure and reward those natives who had been faithful to us at Deep Bay ; and (6), to insist on the chiefs along the Lake shore sending us news of Arabs. Accordingly, on the 17th, a company, carrying eighty-six rifles and headed by myself and Messrs. Binns and Kaufmann, set out for Deep Bay. The steel boat, under charge of Mr. Wilson, left about the same time, intending to join the overland party at the wooding station.

On the first day of the march our party had an encounter with some Wahenga in Kayuni's gardens. We had followed their track, and found them gathering food. Our men opened fire, and speedily dispersed the

pillagers. That night we camped on the Lake shore. The white men rolled themselves in their blankets and slept soundly. We divided the night into three watches, each white man taking his turn.

We proceeded early on the morning of the 18th, and got to the village of Mundromo, which we found practically deserted. After waiting a while, Mundromo, the chief, came up and told us the position of affairs. "Every day," he said, "my people have to run into the reeds to hide from the Arabs. My women dare not stay in the village; they live always in the reeds. We dread the Arabs; they steal our food, and would take our women and children could they get them." The people were very timid. When they saw our caravan approaching they mistook it for the Arabs, and immediately hid themselves in the reeds. When they learned who we were, they came out and presented us with a fowl and some mapira. This expression of confidence in the British was extremely gratifying. We bade Mundromo good-bye, and pushed on to a deserted Arab village belonging to Bwana Malia—M'loze's half brother, who was a coast Arab, and whose village the relief party under Captain

Lugard had pillaged on the way to Karonga, capturing a large stock of rice. Some Arabs had left the village a few hours before our arrival, and we got abundance of food.

Next morning, at 10.30, we reached Deep Bay wooding station. This was the place where our woodmen cut wood for the steamer and other purposes. The steel boat ought to have been awaiting us, but we found neither boat nor natives, the latter having fled to a small island some distance round the point. They had evacuated the station on account of the menaces of the Arabs. We had to make our way through the hills, and after two hours of stiff walking, came opposite the island where our people had taken refuge. At night I sent a canoe round the point to see if the boat had come in, but there was no sign of her.

On the 20th we set out for the large island in the Bay—the island which the Arabs had converted into a kind of *depôt*, from which they crossed to the other side of the Lake, and thence to the coast, or conveyed goods hither on their way to the interior. The natives on the island were not friendly to us, though the head chief afterwards sent us an offering of good fellowship. Binns, whose

feet were badly blistered, remained behind, and Kaufmann and I made the march together. When we got into line with the island—which is about a mile from the shore—we found no means of transport, the canoes which we had anticipated, being *non est*. After a search, three of our Atonga boys got hold of a native canoe, with which they boldly crossed to the island. They were met by a sub-chief on the island, who on hearing that they had come as the white men's emissaries, lifted his spear to strike them down. The Atonga immediately shot him dead on the spot. This incident created something like a panic. The natives rushed to their canoes, and made for the far side of the Bay, leaving the Atonga Kapitaos in full possession of the island, but without means of escape. Seeing what had occurred, I went round the corner, where I could get a better view of the bay, and here observed a large canoe with the Arab flag, and carrying about a score of persons. As soon as they got a glimpse of us they opened fire, some of their bullets striking the rocks at our side. As they were making for the shore, I despatched men to capture the canoe, and offer fight to the occupants. Whenever it touched the

shore, the Arabs jumped out and ran. Our men went smartly forward, seized the large canoe, and two smaller ones. With these we were able to communicate with the Atonga on the island. As the result of the foray we got 175 yards American sheeting, two tusks (12 lbs.), two 5 lb. kegs of powder, two large fishing nets, sixty goats, five canoes, and an Arab mattress and pillow.

We returned with our booty to the camp on the mainland, where we were informed that Mandovi (head chief of the island) had sent a canoe to our quarters, with the present of a tusk, and a message of friendship. This was all very well, but we were now aware that Mandovi harboured Arab slavers in his village.

On the Saturday most of the goats and canoes were sent off to Karonga. I had a long conversation with the chief of the wooding station, who promised to acquaint us of the Arab movements. On Sunday (July 22nd) we left Deep Bay, and got as far as Bwana Malia's village, where we had encamped on our way down. Here we burned the houses, destroyed the bananas, and left the place in ruins. A canoe was found in the stream alongside the village, and identified

as belonging to our station at Karonga. We packed it with food, and sent it up the Lake. Continuing our work of devastation, we set fire to the plain. The grass was long and dry as hay. Fanned by a slight breeze, the flames went tearing along and upwards to the hills like an embodied fury, sweeping over the whole plain for a distance of forty miles. At night we pitched at Mundromo's, where we found a canoe awaiting us with provisions from the station. Having been on *nsima* since Friday, these English provisions were very acceptable. The 23rd saw us back at Karonga.

CHAPTER XV.

WE SLIP THE SLEUTH-HOUNDS.

Three months' hard raiding—Drill—Order Book—Missionaries—Arab treachery—The Wahenga—Katumbé—How he was put out—Steel boat—Two Arab prisoners—Hunger stares us in the face—Adventures of the raiders—Manjiwara and the Sniders—The gallant thirteen—A midnight attack in the reeds—Private quarrels—A public flogging—Arab doings—A female visitor from M'loze's—Arrival of Mr. Moir and Captain Lugard—Letter to M'loze—No settlement.

WE now entered upon a three months' spell of monotonous and fatiguing duty. With our present equipment it was impossible to dislodge the Arabs, so we had patiently to await the time when a piece of ordnance should come up with which we could shell the enemy's stockades.

At the same time, we were not idle at Karonga. We made bricks, built stores and dwelling-houses, and dug a trench round the native defence. We persisted throughout in the policy of harassing the Arabs by means of skirmishers, who regularly scoured the

country, and did much to prevent supplies of food reaching M'loze's, Msalemo's, and Kopa Kopa's stockades. Drill was performed on stated days, thus keeping the blacks up to a certain standard of efficiency. That standard was never particularly high. In other respects a semi-military discipline was enforced. The Order Book, made up nightly, detailed the duties of each company for the following day.

Thus:—"August 2nd : (I.) Commanders of companies are requested to send in as soon as possible a list of the men of their companies recommended to go down by this steamer : list to include (1) all men likely to be useless from sickness ; (2) under promise to go ; and (3) not likely to be valuable as fighting men in consequence of discontent, &c., &c. Those for Bandawe to be distinguished from those for Mandala, and a X to be put opposite the names of the most urgent cases.

" II. The jobs which most urgently require completion are (1) the repair of the steel boat, (2) the new store, and (3) the firing posts in the stockade."

In regard to the above entry, a short explanation may be necessary.

Much grumbling had broken out in camp owing to the scarcity of food, and some of the men were disabled by ulcers, through want of a proper supply of salt. As this was a source of weakness to us, we determined to get rid as soon as possible of all who were unable to render us active service. We got the desired opportunity when the steamer arrived, bringing the Rev. J. A. Bain and the Rev. Mr. Murray, on their way north to select a site for a new mission station. As the demand for food was urgent, the steamer had to make a run to Bandawe and back. This allowed us to send Captain Lugard south, as Dr. Cross had ordered. At the same time it took away a number of the Atonga men who were mere encumbrances on our resources. On its return Dr. Cross joined the Rev. Messrs. Bain and Murray in their visit to Ukukwe.

On the 23rd August, at midnight, the steamer left Karonga on its way south with the *Herga* in tow. It carried away Messrs. Peebles and Moore, and over seventy men bound for Mandala. When it had gone a few hundred yards the rudder of the *Herga* got out of order. Mr. Morrison sent some men in the dingy to put it right. In the

attempt the rudder slipped, and being made of iron, went to the bottom. The steamer had therefore to stand by till the following sunset to allow Messrs. Stewart and Nisbet to make and attach a new rudder of wood and iron.

Various noteworthy incidents occurred during the next three months. The Arabs never ceased tormenting the natives when they could get a chance. On one occasion they shot two Wankondé boys, and captured a woman not far from the station. They went down to Kapiyeri's village—thirty miles south—beat the chief, and took away all the food from his stores and gardens. Then the Wahenga in the neighbourhood of Kanyoli's were a constant pest to our north-end friends who supplied us with cattle. When they saw the north-enders on their way to us with supplies, they would send news to the Arabs, who in turn contrived to waylay and rob them on their homeward journey.

One day we were on the point of destroying a village two hours from Kanyoli's, when the chief of the village, by name Katumbé, came into the station, professing himself our friend and child! We told him, if he continued to be our friend, we would not march

against him ; but he must prove his friendship by refusing to help our enemies. He promised to do so, but failed to keep his word. Twice already had this same chief professed friendship and deceived us. We gave him repeated warnings of the serious consequences to which such conduct would lead. Could he have read the future he might have become wise in time.

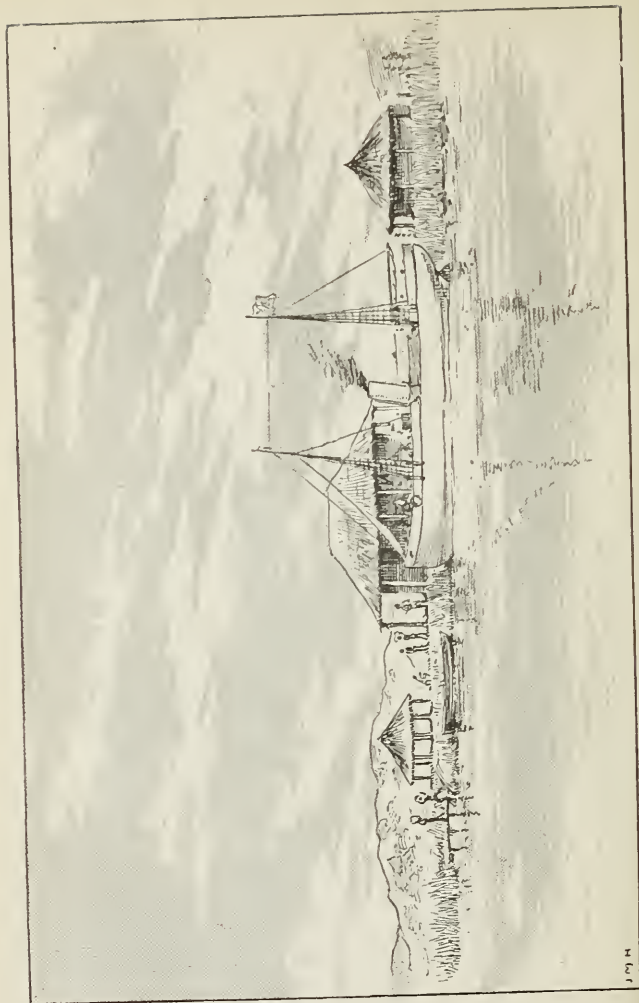
The north-enders continued to be molested, until finally I sent up a band of natives with instructions to oust Katumbé. They were also to intercept the Arabs on their way to Ngana for food. Ngana lay beyond Katumbé, and the habit of the Arabs was to plunder and catch slaves in Ngana, returning to deposit their booty in Katumbé, preparatory to a fresh raid. This saved them repeated journeys back to their own quarters, and made Katumbé the same as an Arab so far as we were concerned. How our men put out Katumbé is rather a ghastly detail, but it illustrates a phase in the native character. They entered his stockaded village with professions of friendship, and stayed overnight. Next morning they asked Katumbé to assemble his men before them. Immediately they were drawn up in line, the visitors

carefully scanned them, and then, quick as thought, raised their rifles and fired. I confess I shuddered to hear of such treachery on the part of our men. They certainly took the easiest, the most cunning and most effective way of destroying Katumbé's; but I could not approve of the method. The treacherous nature of the punishment bore a great resemblance to the treachery of the criminal punished.

Every day companies left the station by different routes, some in search of food (hunger was our greatest enemy), some to intercept the Arabs, and others to keep a watch. The steel boat—which had given us so much trouble when she sank near the Lagoon towards the end of July—put out regularly for the north end, and brought down grain and other food. One morning (by diary 16th August) she came in with two Arab prisoners on board. Messrs. Wilson and Nisbet were in charge. They had gone out a week previously to buy food from the Wakisi, and on nearing the end of the Lake at night, two boys swam ashore to get hold of a canoe with which to convey the rest on shore. They got a canoe, but were eyed by the Arabs. However, when darkness set in,

they returned with six comrades, and slept on the beach. Sitting round a fire in the early morning, they were surprised by a party of Arabs, who fired upon them. Two shots fell right in their midst. Seizing their guns, the station-boys jumped up and faced the skirmishers, whom they put to flight. They gave chase, but the fugitives escaped. Our boys returned to the boat, and Messrs. Wilson and Nisbet accepted the offer of the natives to guide them to the Arab camp. On seeing the boat the Arabs asked if the white man was with it. The natives, who had only seen our blacks, replied, "No, only his men." Two of the Arab party were then sent to see what guns our men had, and if it was possible to seize the boat. These two scouts encountered Messrs. Wilson and Nisbet, and knowing it would be death to flee, they immediately surrendered. One of them flung away the sword which he carried. The other Arabs, hearing of the affair, fled to the hills, and kept up a harmless fire on our men. Two of the Arabs were killed. In their camp we found two 10 lb. kegs of powder, four tusks, a quantity of American sheeting, and one flint gun. When our party left, the natives were chasing the Arabs up the hill.





J. M. H.

S.S. *Ialala* at Matopé on the Upper Shire,

A Wahenga woman, who had been sold by the north-enders to these Arabs, gave herself up to our men. She reported that the Arabs wanted canoes to cross the Lake, but the natives refused to supply them. They were on their way to M'loze with ten kegs of powder. The two prisoners, most ruffianly-looking fellows, denied that they had ten kegs of powder, and declined to give us any information. They asserted that they were going to the Mzungu, and said it was another party that fired on our men. By this time we were experienced in the hardihood of Moslem mendacity, and knew how to discount their statements.

Food was getting scarcer every day. It seemed as if we would have to relinquish our post, when the *Ilala* returned from Bandawe with a good cargo of native supplies. After discharging, she proceeded to the north end to buy more, and returned with 150 bags of grain, a supply which made things look brighter for the moment.

But it is no joke purveying for a few hundred hungry warriors in Central Africa! I had to dole it out with great care. Our raiding bands were constantly coming in tired and with appetites which did the

country credit. They had their own adventures to relate over their meals. The Atonga boys whom I sent down to Kapiyeri's told how they met the Arabs, slew five of them and two Wahenga, besides capturing three guns. The men who went up to reconnoitre Msalemo's and Kopa Kopa's spoke of their stratagems, and the cunning way they deluded the guards. Fifty skirmishers, who were down by Deep Bay gave an account of five days' wandering without getting upon the trail. A dozen trusty blacks, who had been despatched in another direction, came in with a report of a tussle with the enemy's food gatherers, in which three Arabs had fallen before their rifles, and three large loads of mapira had been captured. Forty Wankondé, who had gone out to scour the plain, returned with a quantity of shamanga and two goats. Eighty-seven riflemen, who proceeded to Ngana to check M'loze's detachments, having encountered nobody, turned in by Manjiwara's village. The chief wished very much to see the boys fire their guns! They gratified his wish, but a bullet made a ricochet and killed a native. This created a great commotion, but the chief, being able to distinguish between an

accident and a wilful deed, declared there was no *mirandu* (dispute). The Mambwe men, who were out three weeks on the road from Senga to M'loze's with the view of cutting off supplies from Fundi, had quite a chronicle of adventures. They had put out two hostile villages, and made friends with two chiefs among the hills. Some Atonga, who had been sent out to watch the road to Ngana, came round by Kopa Kopa's at daybreak, and opened fire on the stockade. Then they made a feint of retreating, and thus drew out some of the enemy. Returning to the fray, our boys replied effectively with their quick-firing rifles. The Arabs retired with a loss of four men.

At 5 a.m. on the 14th September, I was awakened by the sound of heavy firing away to the south. We had sent out thirteen men in that direction, and I was afraid they had got into trouble. I therefore despatched Messrs. Watson, Kaufmann, and Wilson with fifty men to intercept the Arabs on their return. About midday our thirteen men came in, one of them shot in the shoulder. They had an interesting story. For two days and two nights they watched the road from M'loze's to Deep Bay. As nothing came of

it, they determined to return home *viâ* Mundromo's, where they arrived on the 13th, late at night. Next morning three Arab bands, quite unaware of the presence of our men, attacked the village, expecting, no doubt, an easy victory. However, they had caught a Tartar. A stiff fight ensued, and the Arabs were driven off. A number of the enemy were slain, and two guns captured. The large party sent out in the morning returned. They reported having seen the Arabs, about 200 strong, but at too great a distance to allow of an attack being made. Mundromo himself and others afterwards confirmed the story of our gallant thirteen.

Another incident connected with this policy of skirmish remains to be noted. News came in that the Arabs were down at Fulirwa's, and were building stockades around Deep Bay. I sent off a large band of Atonga with instructions to proceed to the village of the friendly chief Kapiyeri, who would be able to say whether or not the rumour was true. On the arrival of our men they were led by the chief's son to the place where the Arabs and Wahenga were known to sleep at night. This was simply an area of strong reeds which completely hid the

enemy, and acted as a safe cover, inasmuch as the reeds on the outside were tied together in such a manner that it was impossible for an attacking party to charge them without being tripped up. The station boys, therefore, poured a volley or two into the reeds from the outside, and these volleys, though fired at random, had the effect of rousing the whole camp. The people inside were powerless to resist—it was a case of *sauve qui peut*—and before they escaped to the hills, they left nineteen dead in the reeds, while five guns, twenty-two spears, a shield, and a mail of letters, in the Arabic characters, were seized. The letters were from M'loze to Arabs on the coast and on the other side of the Lake. The Arabs had sent this party to coerce the natives who refused to help them with their stockades. They still had the intention of making the island at Deep Bay a fortified depôt.

While our blacks could thus co-operate to annoy the Arabs, they frequently disagreed among themselves. The Mambwe and Atonga often had a tiff. Thus, on the 9th September, a Mambwe man stole some fish belonging to the Atonga. Where was the culprit? His comrades would not say. A

fight ensued, in which sticks, bricks and mud were freely used. Ultimately I got hold of the thief, tied him up, publicly flogged him, and forfeited his cloth. It was necessary on such occasions to act firmly, otherwise general mutiny would have been the result.

Of course the poor fellows had a hard time of it with raiding and scarcity of food. There was considerable discontent among the white men on this score. We were left for many days short of English provisions. The native *ufa* did not suit so well. As the month of October advanced, it became more and more difficult to buy food at the north end, the natives preferring to store their grain against the rainy season. About sixty men came down from the Fwambo district to help us in our struggle with the Arabs, but having nothing with which to feed our new allies, I had just to send them back. The steamer had now (17th October) been absent four weeks, and once more we were brought face to face with absolute starvation or evacuation of Karonga.

Meantime we were not ignorant of the Arab movements. We had, indeed, negotiated with the Wahenga to quit the enemy and come over to our side, which they did

not do, though we had reason to believe that many of them withdrew from the hostile camp. In September a woman came down from M'loze's village seeking to stay with us. I sent a letter by her to the "sultan," requesting him to go away from the Nkondé country. Another woman came in during the same month, fleeing from the cruelty of her Arab master. She had run off from M'loze's stockade, where she had been beaten by some brute with a stick. Her shoulder was badly injured, and bled profusely.



J. W. MOIR,
Joint Manager
African Lakes Company.

She told us how M'loze sent his bands to Ngana to plunder; how serious the attack on Mundromo's had proved for the Arabs, who had four wounded, besides six killed; and how anxious M'loze was to keep up the connection with Deep Bay. We acted upon her information with advantage. A few days prior to this, we were notified by the mission

boy at Mwiniwanda's that the Arabs had been in that district, where they had destroyed a village and carried off the cattle. Mwiniwanda's men pursued them, and forced them to lay down their booty and run for their lives.

Finally, on the 25th October, the *Ilala* returned with Mr. J. W. Moir and Captain Lugard. She brought a considerable cargo. A letter was despatched to M'loze, asking him to use his influence for a peaceable settlement. The courier (the same woman as before) returned with a reply couched in rather high and mighty terms. It seemed as if a settlement on any other terms than those of the musket would be of no account.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN ENVOY'S ERRAND.

Nicoll goes to Deep Bay—M'loze's letters—Fire in the camp—Ali Bin Suroor, the Sultan's envoy—The Senga chiefs are coming—We give out grain to the natives—Rats—The envoy goes up to the stockades—Captain Lugard's encounter with an Arab dhow—We give Arabs notice to quit—M'loze says he will go in fifty days—An Armstrong gun arrives—The lost boy Sukwa turns up—And the envoy disappears—Lay plans for attack—Sickness.

TOWARDS the end of October the steamer left for the south with Mr. John Moir and Mr. Nicoll, the latter of whom was going to Deep Bay with a company of Atonga. His mission was to occupy the islands in the Bay, to establish a permanent garrison, and thus block the Arab route across Nyassa. We continued working at our stockades, and had further communication with the Arabs. M'loze of Tanganika came down to hear what we had to propose, and Captain Lugard told him that M'loze of Mpata would have to remove out of the country. I suspect M'loze

considered he had too good a title to Mpata ; at any rate, he sent no answer to the Captain's injunctions. It was patent to every one that strong measures would have to be used, and pending the arrival of the Armstrong gun we could do nothing. The Captain went off to join Mr. Sharpe on a hunting expedition at the north end, leaving me in charge at Karonga. I continued to follow up the policy detailed in the preceding chapter.

News came in from Mr. Nicoll on 8th November to the effect that some important Arabs were on the other side of the Lake, preparing dhows with which to cross and attack the islands. They had two small cannons. According to native report they intended to come over and fortify themselves on the large island at Deep Bay, and make it a base for building a strong fort on the mainland. On the whole, the report looked serious. I sent couriers after the Captain to acquaint him with the circumstance. Meanwhile, word came in from M'loze saying that the Arabs were tired of epistolary negotiations, and the well-known Arab, Salim Bin Nasero, was to come down from Senga to effect an understanding. The same night we had rather an alarming outbreak of fire

in the camp, caused by the overturning of a candle in one of the tents. Next day (25th November) the steamer arrived with a distinguished personage on board, to wit, Ali Bin Suroor, an envoy from the Sultan of Zanzibar.

The envoy was a plain, unostentatious, coast Arab. He had been sent with the special view of smoothing over this long-standing quarrel between the white men and the Arabs on Nyassa. Captain Lugard returned at once, and he and I had a long interview with the Sultan's representative, to whom we presented an unvarnished narrative of the war, and laid down what we deemed the essential conditions of a peaceful settlement. Ali Bin Suroor, who was a born diplomat, skilled in all the ruses of his office, took our case to Avizandum, where, it is as well to state, it remained for eighty-eight days. Negotiations were delayed, in the first instance, on account of the Senga Arabs, who, at one time seemed favourable to us, but had now thrown in their lot with the Nkondé Arabs. The envoy said he could not act until he had consulted Salim Bin Nasero, as M'loze had thrown the whole blame on that gentleman. According to

M'loze, it was Salim Bin Nasero who instigated them to make war on the Wankondé, and afterwards on the whites. He also supplied the necessary powder.

We were now (December, 1888) into the rainy season—the season dreaded by all Europeans in Central Africa. Some of our men were down with fever, and all were more or less affected by the wet weather. Mr. Nicoll came up from Deep Bay, leaving Mr. Wilson in command of the garrison. We gave out seed to the various Wankondé chiefs, on condition that when harvest-time came round they should present us with so much grain in return. This encouraged the natives to get on with the cultivation of the gardens, and was a guarantee that, come what might, we would not desert the district. A new enemy attacked us about this time, viz., rats. The omnivorous creatures became a perfect plague. They overran the fort. They forced some of the white men to leave their houses and sleep in tents. The stores were ransacked, in short, the depredations surpassed anything related in “The Pied Piper of Hamelin.” We killed them off by the hundred. One morning, before breakfast, we killed 153, and within a fort-

night nearly 1000 of these enemies were slaughtered.

On the 14th December the envoy went up to M'loze's to have a talk with him on the question of a settlement. The steamer arrived the same day with Captain Lugard from Deep Bay, whither he had gone to hunt some time previous. Along with the Captain came Lieutenant Crawshay, a young gentleman from England, who had come into the interior to hunt, but who, on learning the state of the country, had volunteered to assist the handful of white men at Karonga. The envoy did not return to our fort for five days, at the end of which period he came in with but poor consolation. M'loze and Kopa Kopa could do nothing until they saw their Senga friends. He himself appeared dissatisfied, and went off to hunt up Salim Bin Nasero.

About the end of December Captain Lugard had a sharp encounter at Deep Bay with the Arabs from the other side, who wanted to land a dhow on the Lake shore. The Captain had gone down to the Bay more on pleasure than on any bellicose errand. One afternoon a dhow was observed crossing the lake. As it could not arrive before night,

the Captain set watchmen, and prepared to give them a warm reception, being convinced that these were the Arabs of whom we had heard so much. The night was pitch dark, and the hour late when the dhow drew near. As soon as it came within range the gallant Captain opened fire, which was briskly returned by the new-comers. Standing up to the waist in the water in order to get better at the dhow, the Captain and his men maintained an unceasing fire, guided in their aim by the flash of the enemy's guns. It was a severe struggle, and fought under circumstances which might have defeated a less courageous spirit. Had the Arabs been allowed to land, it would have been a case of getting in the thin end of the wedge. More dhows would have followed, and they could have pointed to a distinct victory over the whites. But the Captain was determined that they should not get ashore, and succeeded in driving the dhow out of her position. The clumsy vessel must have been utterly riddled, for, as we afterwards learned, it was with the utmost difficulty that they kept her afloat re-crossing the Lake. When they reached the farther side, and stopped baling, she sank. Seventeen of the enemy fell in the fight.

We at Karonga were now getting disgusted with the procrastination of the Senga Arabs, and accordingly sent the Sultan's envoy to M'loze saying that we had had enough of this sort of business, and that unless the Arabs wanted war they had better clear out forthwith. Ali Bin Suroor returned next day with the news that M'loze would remove in fifty days. This was too long for our purposes, and the meaning of it was all too apparent. Fifty days would allow them to bring their crops forward, and then they could support reinforcements, and hold out against us for thrice fifty days. We therefore sent Suroor back, commanding them to commence removal at once, otherwise we would take the necessary steps to compel them. The envoy went up to Kopa Kopa's accompanied by two station boys. The boys were refused admission to the stockades, on the excuse that they had not come as an escort, but as spies. After the lapse of a day or two the envoy sent down M'loze's final reply, which was to the same effect as the first, viz., that the Arabs would not go until the fifty days were over. Furthermore, he (M'loze) had communicated with the Sultan, and it was yet a question

whether he would go at all. Fortunately the steamer arrived about this time with a piece of ordnance—an Armstrong M.L.R., jointed 7 lb. mountain gun. The envoy came down, and went back again to the stockades to tell the Arabs what our intention was. This time they promised to go with the new moon. So he went up once more on Monday, 28th January, stipulating to be down on the Thursday following with intimation of their departure.

On 1st February, the lost boy, Sukwa, came in with a slave stick on his neck. Sukwa, it will be remembered, was lost on 15th April, when he went out along the beach with a band of our men in search of food. He had an interesting story to tell. When the Arabs pounced upon them, he said, his companions ran in all directions, and he ran too. He was caught in the bush, and carried a slave to Msalemo's stockade. There he was well fed at first, his master intending him for the market. But the caravan never started, and Sukwa made an endeavour to escape. This brought a further punishment down upon the little fellow. He was tied up in the slave stick and watched. During the day the stick was tied to a post outside the

hut, and at night the end of the stick was tied high up to the centre pole of the shanty. He had absolutely no freedom, and very little to eat. His companion in misery was a little Wahenga boy, and the two became fast friends. The Wahenga boy being among friends of his own, was not tied up, so he offered to help Sukwa out of his slavery. One dark wet night, when Sukwa was bound by the iron-looped slave stick to the pole of the hut, the Wahenga boy came in, and, climbing up the pole, cut the rope which secured the stick. The stick was still firmly fixed to Sukwa's neck, but he was no longer tied to the hut. His deliverer raised the end of the stick while Sukwa crawled to the side of the stockade where a hole had been made by the heavy rains. When outside, Sukwa found that with the stick on his neck he was neither able to run nor walk; so he had to crawl through the bush all night. He took a whole night and half a day to come five miles, and was ultimately brought into the fort by a Wankondé man. Poor boy! he was greatly emaciated, but all his suffering found compensation when the slave stick was removed, and the exulting Mambwe took their lost one to their arms.

But the envoy—what of Ali Bin Saroor? Had he also been secured by a slave stick? What had they done with him at the stockades? True, we had received letters from him, bearing on the attitude of the Arabs, but there was no sign of his return. At last Captain Lugard sent him a note, telling him he was running great risk remaining where he was, to which he replied on the 11th February that he could not leave until he saw Salim Bin Nasero and Bwana Hamis, the famous Senga Arabs. The Captain responded with another note, couched in more emphatic terms, and ordering him to return at once, else whatever occurred would be due to his own negligence. Whether he had been finally won over, or whether he found life at the Arab stockades more agreeable than with us (it was rumoured that he had taken unto himself a couple of wives and was enjoying the sweets of matrimony), are points that have never been cleared up; but certain it is that Ali Bin Suroor failed in his mission. We therefore began to reconnoitre the stockades, and called a meeting to discuss the lines of attack. Be it noted that there was a pretty general desire to delay the attack while the Sultan's representative was

with the enemy ; yet he had traded so much on the good nature of the whites that Captain Lugard felt justified in laying his plans for the bombardment.

Meantime we could afford to rest a short while. Sickness had broken out in our camp, several of the Mambwe men falling victims to a malady the cause of which could not be ascertained until a *post-mortem* examination had been made on one of the bodies. The natives have great respect for a corpse, and it was an innovation to which they only consented after conferring with ourselves and the doctor. The examination proved that the complaint proceeded from inflammation of the bowels, and with this information a number of deaths were averted. The approach of another and more decisive fight nerved the whole camp, and we were soon in a condition to port arms and take the field.

CHAPTER XVII.

SHELLING THE STOCKADES.

First assault with the gun—Swift damage to life and limb—Mr. Sharpe drives back M'loze's party—More negotiations—Envoy says he will come down, but doesn't—Bands on the patrol—We call down the north-enders—Dr. Cross's services and schools—Arrival of 800 spearmen—Second bombardment—Departure of Captain Lugard—Third bombardment—Affairs at the fort—Bad news from Ukukwe—The Arabs and Mr. Bain—A relief party goes up—An alarm—Arrival of Mr. Bain—His death at Bandawe.

THE Sultan's envoy having disregarded our invitations and warnings, on February 21st, 1889, we determined to renew hostilities. Captain Lugard was in command. There were eleven whites, and over 200 natives. Mr. Kydd, in charge of No. 1 Company (Atonga), marched out first; Mr. Nicoll and Mr. Barton with No. 2 Company (Wankondé) followed; I, at the head of No. 3 Company (Mambwe), came next, while Mr. Crawshay, in charge of the gun, assisted by

Messrs. Nisbet and Auld, came up behind with an escort of fifty. Dr. Cross, with the baggage and a few Wankondé, and Makyusa, who had been down with cattle, brought up the rear. The march was done smartly. No. 1 Company took up a position about 300 yards in front of Msalemo's stockade; No. 2 went to the left to keep a watch on Kopa Kopa's; while half of my company concealed themselves in the bush some distance behind the gun, the other half guarding the hill between the Stevenson Road and the gun. The gun was placed on a small hill commanding the Arab villages—1060 yards from Kopa Kopa's, and 780 yards from Msalemo's. Mr. Sharpe had left the previous afternoon, along with twenty men, to take up a position on the hills overlooking M'loze's, and endeavour, if possible, to checkmate that dignitary, should he attempt to pass over with reinforcements to Kopa Kopa and Msalemo. Our plans were well laid, and it now remained with Mr. Crawshay to prove what damage could be done with the gun. At the start we heard the beating of the Arab drums, but latterly they remained very quiet, and allowed us to shell away without offering much resistance. Mr. Kydd's company kept

Msalemo well in check. Our men lined the plain in front of the villages, so that, had the enemy attempted to come out, we would have been ready for him. The discharges from the cannon, while exploding inside, and doing swift damage to life and limb, did not break a sufficient hole in the piles to enable an attacking party to enter. The shell simply passed through the woodwork, and left an aperture of its own shape. At length, after three hours' shelling, we drew out of action. At 9 o'clock Mr. Sharpe turned up, just as we were about to leave. He had done good service on the road between M'loze's and Kopa Kopa's. A party from M'loze's made a gallant attempt to get through. Mr. Sharpe permitted them to get within 150 yards, and then jumped up, and flashed a volley from his twenty rifles. They were completely beaten back, and several of their numbers were either killed or wounded. When we got back to the fort, which had been left in charge of Mr. Watson, we all felt the need of rest. We could not congratulate ourselves on having dislodged the enemy, but we had certainly given him a fright. We subsequently heard that in Kopa Kopa's two houses had been knocked down and

eighteen persons killed, and in Msalemo's several houses had been destroyed with similar results, and that Mr. Sharpe's party had killed five men.

On the 23rd, the steamer arrived, and on the 25th, the Captain called a meeting of the whites to decide on another attack. The point under discussion was whether we should go up at once and put a few more shots into the villages, or wait until the north-enders came down, when we might attempt to rush the stockades. The majority were of opinion that it would be safe to postpone the second attack in the meantime. This decision gained importance by a letter from the envoy, which came in on the same day, and complained that we had renewed hostilities while he was still in the midst of negotiations. We replied, saying that if he would return at once we would know what course to adopt. He had arranged to rejoin us in four days, but a month had now elapsed. We further promised to call in the raiding bands for the present. We expected him to return to us on the 27th, but he never showed his face.

On the 28th February we despatched a band of Mambwe men to hang round Kopa

Kopa's stockade, and cut off any party that ventured out. They succeeded in killing two men and capturing a gun.

On sending to the north end for reinforcements, we found a ready response. Manjiwara had only to mention it to his people and they immediately signified their intention of helping the Mzungu. Makyusa was away some distance marrying another wife, and could not join Manjiwara at the moment, but word was passed on to the hymeneal altar, and we were assured that the gallant chief would be down with his people soon. Manjiwara travelled by canoe, and came into our port that night. His people were to march overland *viâ* the Songwe, but that river was so much swollen by the rains, that they could not get across, and so returned home. We agreed to postpone the attack forty-eight hours, as the envoy and Salim Bin Nasero (who had now arrived at the Arab camp) had sent letters saying that M'loze and Kopa Kopa and Msalemo were prepared to leave the country.

Sunday, 3rd March.—Dr. Cross, according to custom, conducted service under the shade of the sycamore trees. The doctor, besides conducting the native worship on the Sunday,

held a school for the Wankondé children during the week, and about 300 youngsters belonging to the district attended. The school, like the services, took place under the trees.

Letters came in from the Arabs, intimating that they had all agreed to go to Senga, but they wanted fifteen days to carry out the removal. We agreed to give them five, but as the north-enders were reported to be on their way, we could give them no longer time to think about flitting.

On the 7th I went up with four canoes to ferry the people across the flooded rivers. On arriving at the Nsessi I could see no north-enders. However, I pushed through the country, and had a conversation with Makyusa, who promised to come with all his people, but said he would wait until he saw Manjiwara's men pass his country on their way down. I afterwards saw Manjiwara's headmen, who, after a palaver, arranged to meet me in a body at the Songwe river. All this time it rained incessantly.

I waited at the Songwe all night, only to be comforted by one of my own men, whom I had left at the north end, coming with the information that Manjiwara's men declined to

march at the last moment. Leaving two canoes in charge of my boys, who had instructions to bring on Makyusa's people, I left the Songwe about mid-day, and reached Karonga on the night of the 11th. Makyusa's men, to the number of 800, came down on the 12th, so we arranged to have another "go" at the stockades, with this considerable backing.

On the same day we received an insulting challenge from Salim Bin Nasero. We agreed to take it up on the 14th.

On that morning we started at five o'clock. Our positions were much the same as on the previous occasion, only each company was strengthened by a body of north-end spearmen. Our lines formed a crescent in front of the Arab stockades. Mr. Auld—an old artilleryman—had charge of the gun, and was assisted by Messrs. Sharpe and Nisbet. The gun was well handled, almost every shell went crashing through houses and bursting inside the stockades, causing great destruction. Unfortunately, in driving back a party of Arabs who sallied out into the open, one of our men was shot in the arm, his wound eventually proving fatal. This was our only casualty.

Next day the steamer, which had been kept waiting over these attacks, went south, taking from us Captain Lugard (who finally left the Lakes) and Messrs. Sharpe, Crawshay, Burton and Hector, leaving in garrison the following seven white men, Dr. Cross, Messrs. Nicoll, Watson, Nisbet, Kydd, Auld, and myself.

On 18th March, the third day after the departure of the steamer, we made another attack. We chose a new site for the gun, 1500 yards from Kopa Kopa's and 1100 from Msalemo's. Mr. Nicoll and Mr. Kydd's companies were arranged in open order to the left and right of the gun. My company was on the old cannon hill, about 250 yards in front of the new site. From this point I could communicate to Mr. Auld the result of his shooting, and, if necessary, could repel any outrush of the enemy. The rain was pouring heavily when the gun opened fire, the shell falling right into the middle of Kopa Kopa's. Sheltered in their houses, the Arabs were quite unaware of our approach. We heard afterwards that that first shell carried great destruction with it, killing and maiming many people. The firing was again good, every shell bursting within' the stock-

ades. The gun was manned by Messrs. Auld and Nisbet. The Arabs this time sallied out in large numbers, and after some hard fighting we drove them back. When they came out in the open a shell was landed right amongst them, knocking down several, amongst whom was a man with an Arab flag. The shelling all through was most destructive. On each of these occasions Dr. Cross, of the Livingstonia Mission, was with us, not as a combatant, but as one eager to do his utmost should his medical services be required. We all felt very deeply the warm interest he took in our welfare—both physical and spiritual. As it was too risky for seven whites to continue shelling, we thought it wiser to harass the Arabs by sending out raiding parties until more help came up.

Accordingly we had raiding bands out every day. Arab gardens were destroyed and several Arab men were killed. On our part we had two men killed and one wounded. The first of these was killed in his own garden by a party of Arabs, who took off his head, and placed it on one of Kopa Kopa's stockade poles. The second was in advance of a party of our men, when he was shot

through the abdomen from an Arab ambush barely two miles from our fort. The wounded man was shot while he was cutting firewood a few minutes' walk from his own village.

March 18th, 1889.—Our position was nearly as follows:—We were seven white men with about two hundred and fifty natives. Our stockade or fort was impregnable to any force the Arabs could bring against us. Besides, the wet season was now almost over, and our native quarters were free from sickness. Our native food supply was abundant, and there was every prospect of future plenty. Against this last had to be placed a great lack of English provisions for the white men in garrison, and consequent frequent attacks of fever. Our numbers, arms, and ammunition were altogether insufficient to give us any decided advantage over the Arabs.

The condition of the Arabs could not be pleasant. During the day, at least, they were practically prisoners, not daring to venture out for fear of being cut off by our bands who patrolled the country. That they were short of food we knew from the wretched appearance of the women who ran away from them to us. And for the previous two months

small-pox had been causing great havoc amongst them, so that we had by far the better position.

With our small force their stockades were too strong for us to rush them ; yet they were too lightly built to give to our shells the resistance necessary to effect a breach.

About the end of March we had bad news from Ukukwe, where Mr. Bain was living all alone. He got on well with the natives, until they were disturbed in their harmonious relationship by the Arabs. The latter, in conjunction with Merere, the chief of Usango, had marched against Ukukwe, and destroyed some villages. When Mr. Bain wrote they had got within seven miles of the mission station. I called a meeting of the white men, and we agreed to send Mr. Kydd with a company of twenty to Mr. Bain's help, and, if possible, to bring him away. Mr. Kydd accordingly went north in the steel boat.

The following extracts from Mr. Bain's letters will surely open the eyes of the people at home to the great curse that these slave-dealers are to Africa. If they could picture the beautiful villages desolated, and see the cruelties of these Arabs—women carried away captives, separated from husband

and children, children separated from their parents, husbands who would stand up for their homes and those near and dear to them murdered and their bodies mutilated—I think the Christians in Britain would not rest content until steps were taken that would strike at the root of this great evil.

“We have had trying times during the last three weeks. First the Injanga scare, of which I wrote you, and now the more real one—because so near us,—Merere with a large party of Arabs laying waste villages, capturing women, children, and cattle, besides killing and mutilating men, within visible and audible distance. On Friday, at daybreak, they attacked Mwas-yogi’s village at the foot of Rungwe, and ever since they have been firing guns and burning houses. Mwas-yogi has had five men killed and three wounded. Some twenty or thirty women, with bairns on their backs, and twenty cattle captured. The attacking party had one killed—an Arab with a gun—and one wounded. The Wakukwe seem to have fought well, but against guns the odds are not in their favour. I think, from Arabs being with them, and their defiant attitude, bidding the natives call their protector the Mzungu,

that they may very likely come here. In which case, am I to run or stand my chance? A broken fowling-piece—even with a rifle, is poor defence—if I trusted in that! But I have been brought through as great danger before, and shall be, I trust, again.”

Further extracts from letter of 23rd March:—“ I hope that by this time you may have got my letter, written last Sunday, and sent round by Mwiniwanda’s. If you have, you already know the perilous situation we were in. Perhaps, if I were again to write you an account, I should emphasize rather than seek to make less of it. On Monday, after burning all the villages they had seized, Merere and his Arab allies set out for home. They seem to have acted in their own brutal and inhuman manner. Women and girls were outraged, and two young children who disturbed their beastly revellings were tossed into the flames of some burning houses. Upwards of thirty women, with many children and growing girls, were captured. Eight of Mwas-yogi’s men were killed, and, as usual, mutilated.

“ Two of the enemy were wounded, and a belt and powder-horn of the Arabs taken. Mwas-yogi does not mean to submit, but says

he will fight them again on Kararamuka's ground."

Meanwhile, we had our hands full at the fort. We were pestered with visits from Arab women who came down to our stockade begging shelter, but, truth to tell, we were puzzled to know whether they might not be sent as spies, or sent to communicate the foul disease of small-pox which was rampant in the Arab camp. In any case, we declined to entertain them, and gave them an escort back. So treacherous were they that on one occasion, when our men accompanied them within a short distance of the stockades, they raised an alarm, which brought out a large company of Arabs, who nearly cut off our small party.

Two native chiefs, who had hitherto been under the wing of the Arabs, came to us in the beginning of April. They now wanted to make friends with us. Their lives were made miserable by the continual depredations of the Arabs, who made quite free with all they had. By taking in these chiefs we deprived the Arabs of labourers who might have hoed their gardens—an important blow at their supplies.

A band of our Atonga boys passed up the

other side of the Rukuru, and destroyed a quantity of the enemy's grain. In an encounter they killed one man and captured two women (Wahenga). These women we subsequently sent back with a message to the Wahenga to leave the Arabs and remove from Nkondé.

Towards midnight on 16th April, we were surprised by firing within a short distance from the fort. The Arabs had sent down a party to annoy us. They came within 1000 yards, and quite close to the Wankondé village. All our men were in their places in a trice. I sent out a party to move along the Tanganika Road, and, if possible, to check the enemy's retreat. It must be said our boys acted very smartly, and no casualties occurred beyond the wounding of an old woman, who was shot in three different parts.

Mr. Bain did not leave Ukukwe on Mr. Kydd's arrival. He waited some time to see that his people were safe from the depredations of the Arabs. Having made the necessary arrangements for his departure, he came down, and arrived at Karonga on 22nd April. From his appearance I could see he had had a trying time up country. Besides

the nervous wear and tear of standing alone against the Arabs' advance, he had come through a severe fever. The steamer was now lying at anchorage off Karonga, and on the 24th Mr. Bain, along with the other three whites, left for the south. That was the last I saw of the brave missionary. The next steamer brought news of his death at Bandawe. He was a young Scotchman, but old in experience. He had a winning way with the natives, and wherever he went he carried a sunshine which attracted and elevated those about him. Friends are not very plentiful in Central Africa, and all, black as well as white, who knew Mr. Bain, mourned his early death. To me the blow was all the heavier from the fact that I had been more associated with him than any other. Men of his stamp are not uncommon in missionary annals. But it is one thing to read of such lives, and quite another to live within the sphere of their active influence.

We knight our engineers for their gigantic works of general utility, we bestow the prizes of rank and position upon many who have nothing but the accident of birth to recommend them, and even the unscrupulous politician can exchange his soul for public

honour in our social market, while men of whom the world never can be worthy are passed by in contempt or silent indifference. Perhaps it is better so. For thereby the world honours those whom it would fain despise, by proclaiming that they are not of it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“WHATSOEVER THY HAND FINDETH,” ETC.

A blockade—A false alarm—How three boys caught a cow and a calf—Complication at Deep Bay—Native chiefs go over to the Arabs—Crawshay goes down to command—He attacks a village and pacifies a chief—Returns with complaints, and goes back to build a stockade—Female stragglers—Superstition about serpent—Arabs on the war-path—Tit-bits from my journal.

THE direction of affairs again devolving upon me, I returned to the policy of patrol, which had formerly been so effective, and which, under new conditions, developed into something like a blockade. We handicapped the Arabs at every turn. Our bands were ubiquitous. They blocked all the roads likely to be traversed by Arab food parties, so that supplies could only reach the enemy's stockades after running the gauntlet of our Sniders. There remained with me at the fort after the departure of the steamer on the 24th April,—Dr. Cross, Messrs. Auld, Kydd, Burton, and Crawshay.

Thursday, 2nd May.—At 3.15 this morning the whole camp was aroused by the sentries firing from their posts. Every man turned out smartly, and took his allotted place. Some friendly Wahenga from Deep Bay had passed in view of our guards, who hailed them, but got no answer. Upon that they sent them a volley, which was the signal for the camp to spring to arms. The alarm, while false, had the effect of proving that our men in an emergency would not fail in their duty.

Three Wankondé boys came in this morning with a cow and a calf which they had taken from Kopa Kopa's. The theft was a bold one. During the night they had gone up to the stockade, and dug a hole underneath the woodwork with their spears. Creeping inside, they found a cow and her calf, but when in the act of getting them out they were disturbed by an Arab, who raised the alarm. The boys instantly speared the guard, rushed the cow out of the stockade, and got away in the darkness.

On the 4th we had news of further complications at Deep Bay. Matamora, our native Kapitao in charge of the garrison, and Mandovi and Ngabi—both Deep Bay chiefs—came up in a canoe. They had a

long story to tell. Briefly put, it amounted to this : that some chiefs down in Deep Bay and Mount Waller direction had been won over by the Arabs ; in particular, a chief named Bwana had shown himself friendly to M'loze, whom he had assisted in various ways ; that another chief called Mlowi had helped an Arab party to escape by ferrying them across a river. Our men, who were pursuing them, he refused to help, and fired on them. He had also on another occasion purloined some cloth belonging to our men. Further, we were informed that a party of Arabs and Wahenga had recently arrived at Mkandapasi—a village fully a day's march from Deep Bay—and were making overtures to other local chiefs to fight against our men.

In a word, the Arabs were determined to make another bid for the coveted island.

We consulted, and agreed that Deep Bay should be retained at all hazards. Accordingly, Mr. Crawshay was despatched on the 6th, with a company of thirty armed natives. He had instructions to march on Mkandapasi, and thence to Mlowi's.

We next heard from him on the 14th. In his note Mr. Crawshay mentioned how the villagers at Mkandapasi fled on his approach ;

how he had secured twenty-nine goats, two cows and a sheep, besides three guns; and how, in spite of all his tact, his native escort became rather unruly. He returned on the 17th along with Matamora, the Deep Bay Kapitao, against whom he had several complaints. The principal complaint was that while he (Mr. Crawshay) was about to march against Mlowi, the Kapitao had concealed an indemnity in the shape of several goats, which the refractory chief Mlowi had sent us as reparation for the injury he had done.

Mr. Crawshay, not knowing this, would have punished the chief, had he not discovered the deceit of the Kapitao. Hearing this, I deposed Matamora forthwith. Mr. Crawshay afterwards agreed to go back to the Bay, and build a stockade. It was necessary to follow up our action at Mkandapasi, the punishment of which village had a most healthy influence over the whole district. Mr. Crawshay accordingly left for Deep Bay on the 21st, and remained there till the end of the war.

The stockade which he built was a strong one, and showed the Arabs that we had firmly established ourselves there, while it inspired the natives with confidence in us.

Female stragglers from the Arab camp continued to come in, and though we did our best to keep them out of the way, they seemed irrepressible. At length we had recourse to the only effective plan, which was to escort them to the trees in sight of Msalemo's stockade, and there tie them up. Our men drew the Arabs' attention to them by firing three shots. As small-pox was very bad at the Arab camp, we did not know what the result might be had we taken them in. Our bands were always on the move. Occasionally, however, they gave us some trouble, as on a Friday in May, when a band of fifty Mambwe men left to waylay the Arabs in the early morning. Our boys came trooping in at night, pleading that they could not go on.

They had seen a snake! It is an omen of ill-luck, if, on setting out on a journey, a snake crosses the native path. So strong a hold has the superstition, that the commands of a white man are of no account against it. The serpent, even in Central Africa, is the incarnation of evil. I talked with the men, and ordered them to resume the march. The majority reluctantly yielded, but thirteen resolutely refused. These thirteen put in

their guns, and were paid off on the following day.

Mwini Kairezia, the native chief who checked the Arab retreat after the burning of Msalemo's, sent down a party for help. The Arabs had attacked his village. To assist our allies as far as our means would permit, we sent Kairezia some powder.

I must refer to my journal for an account of the work at Karonga from this date.

3rd June.—We sent out a band of Atonga and Wahenga. They went up the other side of the Rukuru river until they got opposite Msalemo's. There they lay in hiding amongst the reeds until three men and a woman came down to the river, when our men fired and killed them. The people in Msalemo's village opened fire, and Kopa Kopa sent out a party, who crossed the river and tried to get behind our men, but their attempt proved unsuccessful.

12th June.—Word in to-day that the Arabs have been down at Mundromo's village—about twenty-two miles south—and captured five women. From Mundromo's they proceeded to Fulirwa's, a few miles further south, and killed one woman and captured two others ; but as three days had elapsed we could

do nothing. It was said that they bought powder with the women that they captured.

A Wahenga woman came in this afternoon from M'loze's. She says that the Wahenga are very discontented, and that a number of them yesterday attempted to leave, but the Arabs laid hold on their women and children, so that they were compelled to remain.

14th June.—A band of our Mambwe men, sent out yesterday, returned this morning, having met with a large party of Arabs who had been down at Kapiyeri's village, about thirty miles south. They had burned his village, and captured a number of women and children, and were now on their way back when our men met them. It seems our men went amongst the hills to the south of M'loze's, and about sunset, when on the top of one of the hills, they heard shouting in the distance, and on looking in that direction, saw smoke rising above the trees. They went on by moonlight, and came on a large camp of Arab people. Our men got close up, divided into two bands, and opened fire, causing a thorough panic amongst the Arabs, who fled in all directions into the long grass. Five of M'loze's Ruga-Ruga were killed on the spot, and a great many

must have been wounded, as they saw blood on many of the tracks through the grass. Our men captured six good percussion guns (English make), powder horns, and belts, two Wahenga shields, and a great many spears. But, best of all, they brought in six of Kapiyeri's women and six young children. One of the women had the rope round her neck with which the Arabs had tied her. We sent word to Kapiyeri, who came up a few days afterwards, and got his people back. He was glad to get them.

On the night of the same day we sent up 234 Wankondé who went up by moonlight, and destroyed nearly all the gardens round M'loze's stockade. They pulled up and cut down everything they came across.

18th June.—A band of Atonga, sent out yesterday, returned to-day. They had gone up close to M'loze's, and lain on the road from his village to Kopa Kopa's. In the early morning a number of Wahenga and Arab people came out to hoe their gardens. Our men lay in ambush until they came up, and then fired. Seven Wahenga men, three Wahenga women, and three Arabs were reported killed. Kopa Kopa's and Msa-lemo's people, hearing the firing, tried to

cut off our people by lying in wait for them on the way home. A number of shots were exchanged, and the Arabs fled. One of our Atonga was killed.

23rd June.—A child, about four years, was brought in by the Wahenga woman who fled from M'loze's on 12th inst. Apparently it belonged to the people at Mundromo's. It was captured along with its mother on the 12th, the day that the five women were captured.

The Wahenga woman said its mother had been taken by the Arabs to Bwana (about six or seven days' march south of this) to buy powder.

The child we returned to its father, who, hearing it was with us, had come up and claimed it. This shows how the slave trade breaks up the family relationship. Father, mother, and child were in this instance miles apart from each other.

The Wankondé, who literally owed their existence to us, began to give us some trouble by obstinate refusal to obey. For example, I had repeatedly cautioned them not to allow their cattle to stray on the plain, but they persisted in sending out the

herds under charge of small boys. One Sunday, the boys, who had fallen asleep, were awakened by the report of a gun, and finding their herds gone, raised the alarm.

I sent bands out in all directions, and succeeded in bringing back the cattle. I summoned the chiefs before me, and told them squarely that, if this conduct were repeated, I would punish them, and that in the meantime I would retain the cattle until they supplied us with ten women to do a month's work on the station for nothing. They brought ten women, and got the cattle. This, I thought, would have taught them how to behave, yet shortly afterwards they stole a quantity of stuff from our men's gardens. They had to pay nine baskets of virombi to settle this mirandu; and so we inculcated the eighth commandment!

I experimented with some fire darts, and on the night of the 29th June sent up a small party to fire them at Kopa Kopa's village. The men passed up with cat-like cunning, and got close to their stockade, when they fired. One of these darts alighted on top of a house and ignited the thatch, but the Arabs were too quick for the

flames, and extinguished them before any damage was done.

June closed without bringing us any nearer a final settlement.

The country remained in a chronic state of disorder.

CHAPTER XIX.

WILL THE ARABS SURRENDER ?

News from Deep Bay—Wankondé raid—Arabs attack Mafulirwa's—Some of the captives escape—Mails from Tanganika—The missionaries in difficulties—Work of our raiding bands—Small-pox breaks out in our camp—Arabs attack Mdoko—Chitambala to the rescue—Recaptures the women and sets them free—Our Atonga encounter Arabs at night—Salim Bin Najim—The hyena—We reconnoitre in force—Attempt to fire stockades—More raids—Captain Trivier—Seizure of Arab letters—M'loze's threat.

SOME events occurred during the next three months which call for notice in a special chapter. The net which I had cast over the Nkondé country was never once removed, and I am sure the enemy must have been heartily tired of holding out against us.

4th July.—Mr. Crawshay reported from Deep Bay that a party of Arabs from M'loze's had settled at Kibabi, a village two days' from our station on the Bay. It was his intention to punish Kibabi, but that chief came to him some time afterwards, and denied all know-

ledge of the Arabs. To us, however, it was patent that the Arabs had an eye on Bwana, which they meant to make their new port or ferry on the Lake, and it was important that every effort to establish themselves in that direction should be counteracted by our Deep Bay garrison.

The women who came from the Arabs informed us that Bwana ferried over the supplies that the Arabs on the other side, who were repulsed by Captain Lugard, had for M'loze; and that it was from Bwana that they got their powder. Bwana's village is seven days' march south of Karonga.

4th July.—Our Wankondé who were sent out yesterday to Mgerenge, twelve miles north, returned to-day. They came across a party of Arabs who were out for food, and put them to flight, killing one man and capturing his gun, powder-horn, and belt.

6th July.—At 7 o'clock p.m. three men came in from Mafulirwa's, saying that the Arabs had attacked their village that morning, and had carried off all the women and children. We immediately sent out three bands in order to catch the Arabs on their return. The men were away all night and all next day, but did not see the Arabs.

We heard more about this Arab raid later on. Weeks after, just as we were finishing our breakfast, an old woman came in with a slave-stick round her neck. She belonged to Mafulirwa's, and had been captured on the 6th. Taken prisoner to Kopa Kopa's, she was tied up in the manner described, but managed to escape. She told us how the Arabs were then down at Mafulirwa's on a kidnapping errand, and as one of our bands was on the watch in that direction, it was possible they might fall into our hands.

Sometime afterwards another of Mafulirwa's women escaped from Kopa Kopa's, and she brought news of Kopa Kopa's intention to clear out. He and another Arab named Fundi were determined to go, but M'loze and Msalemo held back for a turn of the tide.

Mail men from Tanganika came in also on the 6th, with letters from Messrs. Jones and Wright, the missionaries. They wanted to negotiate with the Company to supply them with provisions, etc., in event of the route to the coast becoming finally blocked. "We hear," they wrote, "that the Germans are determined to carry operations inland—which may probably mean the extermination of the Arab slave-dealers. We have much

reason for abandoning any hope of assistance from Zanzibar." Of course, we offered to supply the missionaries, in their trying position, with provisions as far as lay in our power, and with an escort to bring them over if necessary.

15th July.—One of our Mambwe bands to-day came on a large party of Wahenga and Arabs going to Mgerenge for food. Two Wahenga and one Arab were killed; three shields and a great many goat-skin bags were captured.

A party of our Wankondé raiders, who had been out on the road to Mgerenge, came round by the Arab stockades on the 16th. They found a number of women gathering bananas, caught eight, and shot one man in the thigh. The women said that M'loze would fight for two years before he would surrender to the British. He had circulated stories about my death, and caused it to be rumoured that our allies were leaving us. We heard afterwards, and, indeed, the women who had come down were a living testimony to the fact, that there was great hunger in the Arab camp. Their main dependence was on Bwana, whence they got powder and goods.

Troubles were also developing at our fort. A great many of the Wankondé had been stricken with small-pox, but we managed to isolate the patients by building an hospital for such cases. Fatal cases occurred every day among our natives and the Wankondé refugees. In our camp seven died before the pestilence ended.

Dr. Cross was untiring in his efforts. Recently we heard a good deal about Father Damien, but the cases which that noble man tended on the Sandwich Islands were not more severe than those to which Dr. Cross gave his attention at Karonga. Along with the doctor, I made an inspection of the Wankondé villages, and got all the infected people removed to the bush.

24th July.—Mwini Mafulirwa came up to-day in a canoe, and informed us that the Arabs were again down at his village, and at Kapiyeri's. We sent down forty-two Mambwe men to try and catch them. After the Mambwe men had left, a canoe arrived from Deep Bay, and informed us that the Arabs had gone to Mdoko's village, and killed eight persons, and taken away a great many women. Chitambala, the native Kapitao who had distinguished himself

during the siege of Karonga, went off with a considerable company to overtake the Arabs. He succeeded in overtaking the party after a rapid march. The Arabs had twenty-nine women, five goats, and a large quantity of food, all the result of the raid on the native village. When Chitambala approached, they supposed he belonged to Msalemo's, but a volley from the rifles gave them evidence of his purpose. The Arabs immediately took fright and fled, leaving the women and booty behind. One fellow snatched a little girl and rushed into the bush with the child on his shoulders, but he was so hotly pursued that he had to drop the girl. The women, who were tied together with grass ropes, carried loads of food for their captors, but Chitambala relieved them of their burdens. They told him that on the march the Arabs had taken three of their babes, and flung them into the bush. Chitambala, who was naturally a chivalrous black, set to and found the children still alive, but crying as if their little hearts would break. The babes were returned to their mothers, and Chitambala led the women and his party back to the native village (Mdoko). The people of Mdoko were overjoyed to see their friends return.

Some of the men threw themselves down, and clapped their hands in sheer delight. Chitambala, as he deserved, was the hero of the hour.

26th July.—A party of our Atonga, sent out four days ago to lie on the Senga road, returned to-night. They had got on to the Senga road, and were following up the track of people who had gone before them. At night, as they were going along, they were met by a party coming in the opposite direction. These people shouted to our men, “Cha Ruchi?” (“Who are you?”), and fired their guns. One of our men was killed on the spot, and one died shortly after being brought in. Another was shot through the thigh. One of the hostile party was killed. His companions, after firing their guns, fled, and left him lying.

27th July.—Our Wahenga came on a party of Arabs yesterday. They killed two men and captured two guns, powder-horns, and belts. They say this is the party of Arabs that Chitambala scared a few days ago. On the way back the Wahenga saw the dead body of a child lying on the beach, the child having doubtless been taken from its wearied mother and thrown into the Lake.

30th July.—The steamer, after an absence of nine weeks, returned to Karonga. The delay had been due to a break-down. We were already short of English provisions.

In the beginning of August I had a note from the well-known and friendly Arab trader, Salim Bin Najim, at Lindy. He had heard the war was finished, and had sent to see if the report was true. He had been on his way up some months before, but M'loze had sent word to the Magangwara chief not to let him pass, as he was the white man's friend, so he had to turn back. I sent back word by his messengers that the war was not yet finished, and that it would be better for him not to come up meantime. We also sent him a small present.

5th August.—A number of men were sent to cut wood, and two of them fell out by the way. The one called the other a "hyena." The latter, in a rage, lifted his axe and struck his insulter in the back, inflicting a deep gash. We sentenced the culprit to twenty-five lashes, which were administered in public. It should be explained that to call a native a "hyena" is to offer him a gross insult, as the prowling and filthy habits of that animal render it peculiarly disagreeable.

Dr. Cross left next day for Mwiniwanda and Ukukwe. Mr. Bell took his place, and to his great credit displayed both courage and unceasing kindness in nursing the victims to small-pox.

A Wahenga woman came to our stockades seeking refuge. She had run away from M'loze's, as her people wanted to sell her to the Arabs for cloth! Her husband had died of small-pox, and this was the fate reserved for the poor widow. We took her in. Indeed, we might have had plenty of refugees had we been disposed. But we could only listen to the most urgent cases.

Kapiyeri came up with all his people. He was afraid to remain longer at his own village, and wanted to build under the protection of the Mzungu. His wish was immediately granted.

For some time we were busy getting in wood to build stockades up at the Arab villages, and so besiege them in a practical way. We left on the 21st August with 120 men to reconnoitre the ground for a suitable place to build. While inspecting the place, we noticed some people troop out of Kopa Kopa's, and despatched a small party to fire upon them. This they did, but the enemy,

thinking that this was just one of our usual raiding bands, rushed out in considerable force, and must have been astonished when they saw that we were in such force. The Arabs were driven back to their stockades. Another body of Arabs attempted to outflank us by blocking the Tanganika Road. In this they might have succeeded had we not taken the precaution to place a company of Mambwe men there. These Mambwe, always courageous and reliable, checked the enemy in that quarter, and drove him back.

On our return to the fort we found Dr. Cross had returned from Ukukwe and Mwiniwanda with favourable reports regarding the attitude of the natives. We heard also that all the Wahenga who were with the Arabs, wanted to come over to our side. In short, this raiding was bringing the Arabs to their senses. They began to see, and so did their followers, that this tension could not be kept up much longer.

After this we were engaged building additional houses, as we had promises of relays of white men from the south.

We had regular communication with Mr. Crawshay at Deep Bay. During his residence there he had an interesting rencontre

with Bwana, who ferried the Arabs over the Lake. This crafty chief found it necessary, for some purpose of his own, to get more canoes. To secure wood for this object, he had to come north to Deep Bay, and lest suspicion might be excited, he informed Mr. Crawshay of his intention. This, Mr. Crawshay reported to me by letter. In reply I warned him to take care that Bwana did not deceive him. He then made an exploration, and found four very large canoes with great quantities of food. Up country, a few miles from the Lake, eight or nine large canoes were in course of construction. Naturally, he called upon Bwana to shew his colours, and, if friendly to us, to go up to Karonga and explain his actions to me. Mr. Crawshay guaranteed that no harm would come to him by this course. Bwana, after much palaver, agreed to this suggestion, and left to secure paddlers for his canoes. Mr. Crawshay waited two days, but Bwana took care to keep out of the way. The canoes were therefore seized and brought to Deep Bay station. We sent down Mr. Burton with a number of men to assist Mr. Crawshay to drag to the Lake the eight additional canoes that Bwana had constructed for ferry purposes.

It was important to destroy all means of transport which the Arabs could invent.

Our bands were tireless in their attempts to annoy the Arabs in their stockades. They frequently stole up and fired into the villages, and on one occasion some Atonga had an exciting brush with the enemy. They captured a woman, who gave us a hint of a project to build a stockade near the Doctor's Tree. Could the Arabs succeed in this, they would spoil our site for the gun ; but I sent men out nightly to watch the spot.

The steamer came in on the 3rd September, and brought news of the death of our old friend Mr. Auld, who had succumbed to an attack of jaundice at Bandawe. Mr. Bell took the *Ilala* down on the 6th, so that only Dr. Cross and Mr. Kydd remained with me at Karonga. Messrs. Burton and Crawshay were at Deep Bay.

We had a scare on the 8th. Our boys who were sent out to watch the Doctor's Tree came in saying that the Arabs were on the road. Seeing it was clear moonlight, we thought that possibly the Arabs would commence building operations, and so determined to stop them. Mr. Kydd and I set out with a large number of men, leaving Dr. Cross

only in the fort with a few blacks. We marched right up to the spot where they were expected to build, and within sight of their stockade, but saw nothing. Probably it was simply scouts that they had out, thinking we might attack them by moonlight. Had the Arabs carried out the project with which we credited them, it would have been an awkward thing for the three whites at Karonga.

On the 10th September couriers from Tanganika brought a despatch from the French traveller, Captain Trivier, who had been sent out by the journal *La Gironde*, and had travelled from the west coast to the Lake. He was now at Fwambo. His Swahili porters, whom he engaged from Tippoo Tib at Manyuema, had refused to accompany him to Nyassa on hearing of the war in the Nkondé country. The Captain therefore appealed to me for help, and I sent him a score of men with rifles, and a quantity of provisions.

A party of Atonga, who had been sent out to watch the Senga road, returned on the 13th, having killed four Arabs and captured a quantity of powder, besides letters from Senga and a boy. One of the letters was from

Barawa and Bwana Hamis to M'loze and Kopa Kopa. It ran thus:—

“We are all well, and hope that with you it is well. Just now there is no powder here, but when it comes we will buy it and send it to you. We send you just now 10 lbs. of powder which we bought from Misozi. I offered him a tusk for it, but he wanted a good-looking young woman. Meanwhile, to secure the powder, I left the tusk, and when he gets the girl the tusk will be returned.”

Mail men came in from Mwiniwanda's with news of a combined raid of Arabs and Awemba on Zoche—a village about twenty miles distant from the mission station. They had also destroyed three villages in Nyondo's country, quite close to the mission, carrying off women and children and cattle. It was part of the policy of our enemy to excite the Awemba to raid upon their neighbours, and by this means prevent us obtaining help or supplies from that source.

Towards the middle of September we heard from a fugitive that M'loze was negotiating with the Awemba with the view of bringing them down next moon and making a combined effort to drive us out of the country. Now, at this time our Snider

ammunition was very short. In a fight it could all be used up in a few hours. We were only three whites with about 300 blacks, and then we had an immense array of natives to protect. Our men were useless without whites to make them keep order. On the whole, our position at this time was somewhat precarious, and we anxiously awaited the steamer.

CHAPTER XX.

PEACE AT LAST.

A truce established—Communication with M'loze—Disappearance of a native headman—Natives vaccinated by the hundred—Kaoka and his lover—An elopement—And a whipping—Arrival of Consul H. H. Johnston, of Mozambique—Open negotiations with the Arabs—Jumbe's headman—Captain Trivier—The Consul interviews the principal Arabs—They demand their women—And we refuse—The 22nd of October—We meet the Arabs in the plain—Signing of the treaty of peace—Terms of the treaty—Rejoicings—Fête at the fort—Running up the Union Jack—Cessation of labour—Local chiefs sign the Consul's treaties—Visit of the Arabs—Dr. Cross sleeps at M'loze's—The natives begin to rebuild—I visit the Arab villages—Courteously entertained—Nkondé itself again!



CONSUL H. H. JOHNSTON.

EVERYTHING comes to him who waits. The maxim is trite, but true. Our hopes were once more revived by the arrival of the Company's steamer on the 20th of September. Mr. Nicoll was on board, and he came to make arrangements for the

visit of a well-known Government official, to wit, Mr. H. H. Johnston, H.B.M.'s Consul at Mozambique. The Consul was to join us in a few days, and re-open negotiations with the Arabs. From this date, therefore, hostilities ceased. Both sides recognized a temporary truce.

Messengers were sent up to M'loze to acquaint him with the Consul's intentions, but that Arab, with characteristic distrust, replied that we were deceiving him, that we had some hidden purpose in declaring a truce. Nor would he be convinced of the sincerity of our representations until he had received more communications on the subject.

One of our native Kapitaos, Dzenje by name, went a-missing towards the end of September. He had been afflicted with small-pox, and his brain had suffered. The poor fellow slipped out of our hands, we knew not how. He was the headman of our Atonga, and had done yeoman's service in the raiding expeditions. I sent out search parties day after day, but Dzenje could not be found.

Dr. Cross having obtained a supply of lymph, now vaccinated hundreds of the natives, conferring upon them an immunity from the fell disease.

The doctor's fame spread. A woman came down from Msalemo's wanting to be cured forthwith. She demanded medicine to take back with her; but her injury—a sore finger—would have required continuous treatment for many days, and as we could not keep her in camp without giving the Arabs ground for saying that we had broken the truce, we sent her back to the stockade, with instructions to bring a line from her master for any medicines needed. Our position demanded circumspection in the minutest details, for a fault at this juncture might have re-opened hostilities.

An incident occurred at this time (13th October) which had both a romantic and a criminal side, illustrating what a man (and a black man too) will do for the love of a woman. Kaoka, a young Wahenga man, fell passionately in love with a Wankondé girl, to whom he offered his hand in marriage, and had the good luck to be accepted. In this instance it was a case of intermarrying with an alien tribe. The Wahenga had all along been associated with the Arabs, except a few who had stuck faithfully by us. This young man, Kaoka, belonged to the latter. Either on account of this tribal distinction,

or prompted by the romantic inclinations of the native heart, the lovers ran away — eloped to Makyusa's country. There Kaoka found a home for his young bride, and leaving Madame Kaoka in one of Makyusa's villages, he proceeded in quest of riches to the Wantali country. Kaoka interviewed one of the chiefs, representing that he had been sent from Karonga to find out whether the chief desired to be considered the white man's friend or not. The chief was beguiled into regarding the slippery-tongued fellow as my representative. Not wishing to fall out with us, he presented Kaoka with a cow, two bulls, three goats, and a sheep, which, having been handed over, he bade adieu to Wantali, and returned to Makyusa's.

The joy of his devoted spouse may be better imagined than described when she saw her husband coming in with the fruits of his adroit diplomacy. But that joy was short-lived. The fraud was too apparent, and soon reached our ears at Karonga. I sent up my trusty Chitambala to bring the pair back. Chitambala had a strong escort, and succeeded in his mission. Kaoka and his wife, with the cattle and goats, were conveyed to the fort. Makyusa retained

the sheep as compensation for the trouble he had been caused. After a summary trial, Kaoka was sentenced to twenty-five lashes and the forfeiture of all his arrears of pay. The girl was handed over to her own chief. Even in Africa the course of true love is sometimes ruffled.

Consul Johnston, along with Archdeacon Maples, came up on the 15th. The Archdeacon only stayed with us for two nights, and returned; the Consul had come to transact business, and remained in the country for some time.

On the 17th the Arabs indicated their desire to meet us. The Consul requested M'loze to go to Msalemo's in the meantime, and in the afternoon to come down into the plain and wait at a spot midway between the Arab stockade and our own fort. Without waiting for a reply, we set out at the appointed hour with an escort of twenty men, but had only got a short way when we were met by messengers from M'loze, who wanted to see Jumbe's headman before the interview occurred. Jumbe was one of the most important Arabs in the south. He lived at Kota Kota, and had sent his headman with the steamer to represent him at

the conference. Not wishing to thwart M'loze in any particular, we returned, and the headman was allowed to go. Captain Trivier, whom my men had conveyed safely from Tanganika, arrived on the same day as the Consul, and left to-day with the steamer for the south.

On the 18th Jumbe's man returned with a favourable report. The Arabs wished the Consul to come up to their villages. The Consul sent messengers saying he would meet them next day half way to their stockades, and that he would bring twenty men, while they also could bring a similar escort. Everything having been duly arranged, we anxiously awaited the morrow.

In the morning Consul Johnston went up. The Arabs kept their appointment. They received the Consul courteously, and confessed themselves willing to have peace. There was but one drawback on their side. That had reference to some women whom they supposed we held as prisoners. Several women had escaped from the Arab camp during the war, and had voluntarily taken up their abode with our people. Others had been captured, it is true, but in every case they were given the chance of returning to their homes, and in every case they declined.

Most of them found husbands among our men, and some had been in the camp for no less than two years. To return the women at this date would therefore have been unkind to them and their husbands. The fact was, there was not one out of all those who were with us who wanted to go back.

The Consul returned, and on the morrow wrote to the Arabs formally refusing to hand over the women, and strongly urging them not to make such a paltry consideration defeat the ends of the conference. The terms of peace were also put into their hands. In the course of the day our couriers returned with the news that the Arabs would meet us on Tuesday to sign the treaty of peace.

Tuesday, 22nd October, 1889.—A red-letter day in the history of Nkondé, and, for that matter, in the history of Nyassaland. Consul Johnston, Dr. Cross, Messrs. Nicoll, Kydd, and myself, with twenty armed men and other natives, left Karonga and travelled along the Tanganika road to a place about two miles from Msalemo's. Having arrived at the spot first, our natives placed chairs for the whites and spread mats for the Arabs. Our guard formed up, and a bull, which had been brought for the occasion, was held in halter at the back. M'loze, Kopa Kopa, Bwana

Malia, and Msalemo appeared in due course with their body-guard of musketeers. After shaking hands, the dignitaries squatted on the mats, and the Consul opened the conversation in the Swahili language. The treaty, the main points of which had been previously put before the Arabs, was then read over, and the Arabs having expressed entire satisfaction with its terms, appended their signatures. The main articles of the treaty were, (1) that the Wankondé and the people of Ngana be allowed to return to their villages; (2) that having returned they will not be molested by the Arabs or those for whom they are responsible; (3) that no new Arab villages, or villages of Arab allies, be built north of the Rukuru river, or on the south side within three miles of the Tanganika road; (4) that within a year one or other of the villages of Kopa Kopa and Msalemo be removed from the Tanganika road; (5) that the African Lakes Company will hold themselves responsible for the behaviour of their allies; and (6) that any hostile act or acts on the part of the Arabs against the natives will be interpreted by the Company as likewise hostile to them.

Thus we secured peace on our own terms.

When the treaty had been signed, the bull was slain and quartered, and the flesh distributed equally among the followers of each party as a symbol of goodwill.

We returned to Karonga, and the Arabs went back to their stockades to hold rejoicings. We had our own ceremonies to perform at the fort. All the Wankondé chiefs came in and signed the treaties put before them by Consul Johnston, after a lengthy explanation. A fête took place in the afternoon. Our warriors were drawn up in a circle round the flagstaff. There was something grand in the spectacle. The Consul addressed the men in the Swahili tongue, and then the Union Jack was run up, while a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. Cheers were given for Queen Victoria, cheers for the Sultan of Zanzibar, cheers for the African Lakes Company, cheers for the missionaries, and a lusty round for the Consul who had been instrumental in securing peace. The natives huzzaed with genuine enthusiasm, every man glad in his heart that the days of suspense were ended. In the evening the people made merry in their own style.

The following day was also given over to

rejoicings, being observed as a general holiday in the plain. We killed a number of bullocks for the natives, and all day the people danced and feasted to their hearts' content. News of the peace was sent broadcast throughout the country; Chirapura and the rest who were absent were recalled, and everybody made aware that the spear and the rifle were now to give way to the hoe and the fishing net.

M'loze, Kopa Kopa, and Msalemo came down to pay us a visit on the 25th, and brought a large following of people. Their followers amused themselves, along with our natives, outside the stockade in dancing, singing, and eating. The Arab chiefs again expressed satisfaction with the agreement. The Wankondé chiefs were called inside, and in presence of them M'loze broke a spear in two, and Karonga, on behalf of the Wankondé, did the same—representing the end of all war and the seal of friendship. The Arabs were very short of food-stuffs, and hard up for cloth, as I noticed that many coast men, who were wont to be dressed in white kanzas, were now in rags.

The next two days were occupied hiring



Wankondé Village.

porters and preparing caravans. Mr. Crawshay collected all the chiefs from Mount Waller to Deep Bay, and brought them up to sign the Consul's treaties. On the 28th the Consul left for Tanganika, proceeding in the first instance to the north end in the steel boat. Mr. Nicoll took a large caravan overland to join him at the Mbashi; and Dr. Cross set out with a party to the mission station at Mwiniwanda. The Doctor slept that night at M'loze's—the first act of hospitality towards his quondam enemies. The doctor was well entertained. Mr. Crawshay went on a hunting expedition to the north end.

Mr. Kydd and I remained to get the natives into order. I went round the people, and told them to begin and build their houses at once. M'loze paid us another friendly visit, and again expressed his desire that the native chiefs, Mandiwanga and Karambo, should return without delay, and build their villages. Some of the Rūga-Rūga, who also confessed themselves delighted at the return of peace, came to see me, and I gave them a bull and four goats. Bwana of Syiska, whose canoes had been captured by Mr. Crawshay, came up to see

if he might have them back, and we agreed to let him have four of them at once, and the others on paying a tusk of ivory and two big canoe loads of cassava, which he did. The steamer arrived, and took away Jumbe's headman and Bwana Malia, the Arab.

On the 8th November I went up along with the Wankondé chiefs to the Arab villages. We met M'loze and the others. They received me kindly, and, turning to the chiefs, gave them further assurance of their safety. They could go and hoe their gardens with the knowledge that they would reap the increase. M'loze killed a bullock for them, and gave other indications of unmistakable gratitude at the result of the negotiations. He returned some articles which had been taken from the fort after the evacuation, and Kopa Kopa gave me a sword which Captain Lugard lost during the attack on his village.

Day by day the Nkondé country assumed some of its old picturesqueness. The mushroom huts of the natives sprang up everywhere under the shade of the luxuriant bananas, the tinkle of the cow-bells resounded once more in the plain, and the industry of the people revived.

CHAPTER XXI.

THROUGH UKUKWE AND BACK.

Leave on a treaty-making tour—Arrive at Mwahambi's—Buy the rights of the bays and lands adjoining—Makyusa and his son Masoni—The march to Ukukwe—Footsore—Luxuriant valleys, rich pastures, and romantic people—Kararamuka's—The mission station—Petty internal feuds—Merere, the chief of Usango—Four chiefs sign the treaties—And want us to help them against Merere—Mwasumpikete—How he came and signed—The bracing air of the hills—Mwasyogi willingly appends his \times —An impostor at Mwamboneka's—A good site for a mission station—Return to Kararamuka—And climb the mountains—A fine waterfall—Dr. Cross' illness—The march through the hills—Stricken with fever at Karonga—Go south with the doctor—The Sultan's envoy turns up—Recruit at Mandala—Home again.

CONSUL JOHNSTON was to be congratulated on the success of his negotiations. But his mission did not end with the restoration of peace. He had treaties in his portmanteau which he meant to have signed by the chiefs on the Tanganika plateau. Not being able to overtake the whole of this work of treaty-

making in the time at his disposal, he asked me, seeing that I intended visiting Ukukwe, if I would take some of the treaties and negotiate with the chiefs to get them signed. This I agreed to do.

11th November.—Left this morning with Mr. Burton in the steel boat to cross the Lake. Our destination was Mwahambi's—a point on the east side said to be a good position for a station. For two hours we had a nice breeze, which was succeeded by a dead calm, and our progress was consequently very slow. Did not arrive at Mwahambi's until late at night.

I spent the whole of the 12th making observations there. The hills rise almost sheer up from the Lake, and at Mwahambi's proper there is only a corner of flat ground which is hemmed in by the mountains—part of the Livingstonia range. On that account I did not consider the place particularly well suited for a trading station. Its chief recommendation was the natural harbour, for in the north bay the Lake was so deep that a steamer could lay alongside the shore. I bought the full rights of the bays, and those of the land adjoining, on behalf of the Company. The only exit from

Mwahambi's was a roundabout path among the hills. The Lumbira river enters the Lake here. The glen down which the stream tosses and tumbles is an exceedingly cool retreat, and but for this, the place would not be inviting for Europeans. Mwahambi's now comes under the German sphere of influence.

13th November.—Started at 9 a.m. in steel boat for the Nsessi river. Got over about three in the afternoon, and set out for Makyusa's, having heard that there was fighting in that quarter. Investigated the quarrel, and found that Masoni, Makyusa's son, had rebelled against his father. Old Makyusa had driven his son out of the village, and one or two casualties occurred. Masoni had fled to Kanyoli's old village, and thence proceeded north to Manjiwara's.

16th November.—Slept at Manjiwara's. Rose early this morning and started for Ukukwe. Walked for an hour and a half through banana groves—air deliciously cool and invigorating. After emerging from the bananas the march became a little more difficult, requiring a good deal of climbing through thickly wooded country. We crossed the Mbaka river twice that day, and another small stream later on. There seemed to be

a scarcity of water, but in the rainy season I imagine these rivers will come down in great volume. My feet were beginning to give way from the pinch of a pair of new boots, and I was glad when I reached some outlying villages belonging to a chief called Makanyamara. Slept there for the night.

Makanyamara being ill, I did not see him ; so on the following morning I continued my journey. I now entered the country of the Wakukwe. The feeling of expansion which is natural to every healthy mind on looking upon a varied and extensive landscape, is experienced in a high degree on the Wakukwe plateau. Standing on one of the grassy hill-tops, the traveller might fancy he was on one long elevated plain ; but in reality every hill alternates with a valley, so that the vision only sweeps the crown of the hills, making it appear as uniformly level. These valleys—or rather they should be called glens or ravines, so narrow and so steep do they appear—have an elevation of 3000 to 5000 feet above the sea. Some are reserved for grazing purposes, others are given over to cultivation. The hillsides are ablaze with the tints of many flowers. The people build their huts on the crown of the hills, hidden by thick

groves of bananas. The Wakukwe are mountaineers. Differing in few points from the Mwambe, they have the same manners and customs, and are not inferior to them in courage or physique.

But I must refer to my journal for further notes of my experiences.

Sunday, 17th November.—Arrived at Kararamuka's. This is the Free Church mission station, which Mr. Bain and Dr. Cross founded. The mission boys I found healthy and well-behaved. They told me Dr. Cross had been at Chirenje, but had gone to Unyika, and was to return soon. Makan-yamara sent me a cow as a present, but I did not accept this, having nothing to give in exchange. The country was in rather a disturbed state, owing to petty feuds between the chiefs. Last week Kararamuka had four men killed. It is the height of folly for the Wakukwe to fight against each other, when they ought to present a combined front to the great hostile chief of Usango, viz., Merere, whose country skirts Ukukwe. Merere makes frequent incursions, and exacts tribute from the people, who pay up in sheer dread. He was the man who gave Mr. Bain so much vexation. Crafty, audacious, and

powerful, he could get whatever he demanded from the natives.

18th November.—Sent out a party to call Mwachibuti, a chief who lives about seven miles to the south. He came up in the afternoon, and brought me a young bullock. I got him housed for the night. He is the only chief who will visit me. I must go to the others. They are all afraid to leave their villages, owing to the disturbed state of the country.

19th November.—Four treaties signed to-day. The chiefs were: first, Mwachibuti, aforesaid; second, Swewe; third, Mwambagi; and fourth, Kararamuka, in whose country the station is built. The latter is an important chief, but he seemed to be a very stupid person. After they had signed the treaties, I told them all about the war at Nkondé, and the result of the peace, and asked them to send their produce to our trading station. They promised to do so, but would like the white men to come north and help them to fight Merere. “Merere, Merere!” was their constant cry; “come and put out Merere for us.” They said they had to give him the fruit of their gardens to keep his bands away.

20th November.—Set out at 8 a.m. to visit some of the other chiefs. Arrived at noon at the village of Mwasumpikete. Asked the headman to call the chief, but was informed that the chief was in one of the distant villages mourning the death of a friend. He could not be called! Sent the headman away to the village with a message to the chief, saying that the white man was here on urgent business. After waiting several hours (during which time the name of Merere was dinned into my ears by young and old), I grew impatient, and sent off other messengers to tell Mwasumpikete that if he did not come at once the white man would leave his village in disgust. About 6 p.m. a great crowd, shouting and gesticulating, announced the appearance of some important individual. The crowd swayed up to where I stood, and in the midst of the motley throng I saw a little boy with his head covered with a cloth. This, I was told, was the chief. He had only reigned four months, his father having died and bequeathed the sceptre to the child. I could hardly credit the story, the people are so cunning. However, what could I do in the circumstances? I called all the people; and caused them to sit round about

me, with the boy in the centre. I then addressed them in the dialect of the country, and told them what the treaty meant. They conferred among themselves for some time, and then the boy put his cross to the document.

There were a great many streams in the country through which we passed. Most of these debouched into the Loangwa river, which falls into the Lake Nyassa as the Kawirwa. The hills were rich with verdure. The air was very exhilarating—one feels as if he were buoyed up, and could march all day without fatigue, in spite of sore feet!

21st November.—After a sharp walk of more than an hour, I came upon the villages of Mwasyogi, at the foot of a small hill, distant fifteen miles from the mission station. Saw Mwasyogi immediately, and he signed the treaty without hesitation. He was most anxious that a white man should settle in his village. He complained seriously of the ravages of Merere of Usango, and would like revenge on that chief's head.

Rested three hours in the village, and went on to Mwamboneka, whose village lies at the base of the Urungwe mountain, which in a peak form rises to a height of 8000 feet.

This is the chief who killed four of Kararamuka's men. He seems a wealthy man, if one may judge from his villages. The chief supposed I had come as an avenger, and his people thought to deceive me by sending out the headman to represent Mwamboneka. I told them it was no use trying to pass off an impostor ; so the real Mwamboneka came out. He was most particular in telling me that he did not wish a quarrel with Kararamuka. I showed him the treaty form, made the necessary explanations, and Mwamboneka was delighted to think that the great Lady across the seas was his friend. Down went his signature. He did not understand why the white men should not come up at once and smash Merere. If Merere could only have heard half the curses that were heaped upon his head, he would never have shown face again in Ukukwe !

I think, upon the whole, this would have been a much better place for a mission station than Kararamuka. There are some nice flat parts at the base of the Urungwe mountains, which would form a beautiful, as well as a healthy and secure site for mission buildings. The view commands the whole of Ukukwe. Gardens could be broken

up, and any amount of wood could be got for the hewing.

Having completed my tour in Ukukwe, I returned to Kararamuka, but was disappointed to find that Dr. Cross had not yet arrived. The mission boys were hoeing their gardens, and everything seemed in good order. To vary the time of waiting, I went out one day to climb the range of mountains which divides Ukukwe from the Unyika. It was a stiff climb. The country did not seem so rich as that at Urungwe. I reached the village of Kambiramberi, or Mwin Kiwa, in the afternoon, and was glad to rest my tired feet. The headman of the village, in the absence of the chief, gave us some bananas and milk—a refreshment which was extremely acceptable. There is a fine waterfall here, with a drop of over 200 feet. It must be gorgeous when the rains flood the stream. On our way back we had a fearfully steep hill to climb, and the descent on the other side was equally precipitous. That is a peculiarity of Ukukwe travelling—you are no sooner down one hill than you find yourself confronted by another.

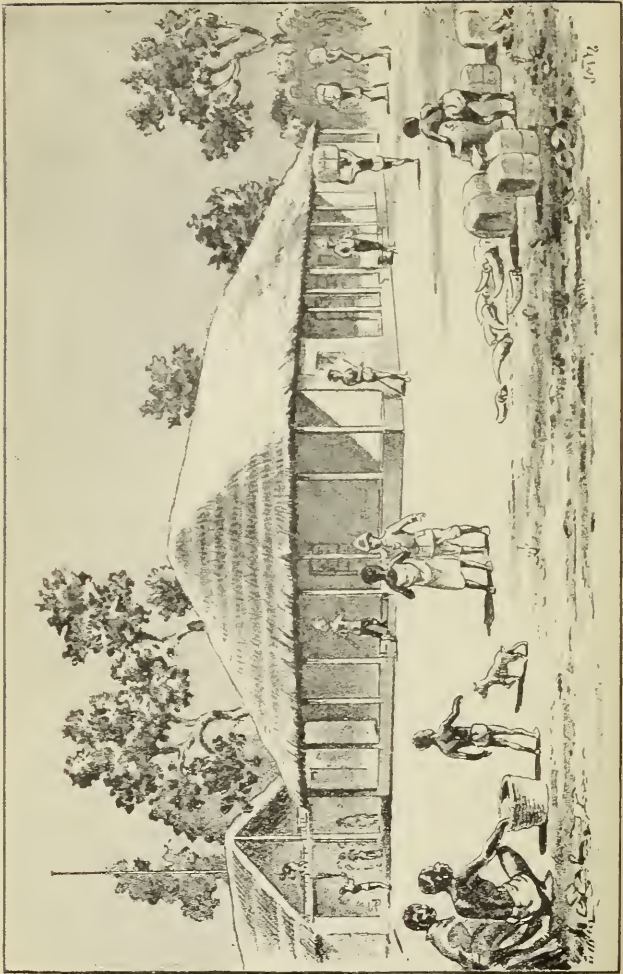
Dr. Cross not having arrived on Thursday (the 28th), I was preparing to make my arrangements for the march to Wakinga

country, when, shortly after sundown, couriers came in from Mwiniwanda's—sixty miles distant—with a note from the doctor, stating that he was very ill. The men had travelled night and day with the news. I immediately gave up all intention of entering Wakinga, and arranged to march overland with the mission boys.

Two more chiefs signed treaties on the Friday, and with one thing and another I was detained till three o'clock in the afternoon. Our path lay over the hills—here rising to a height of from 5000 to 7000 feet—and we covered a considerable tract of country before bivouacking at 12 p.m. Starting at dawn on Saturday, we passed on to Nyumberie's village in the Wantali country, where we rested a couple of hours, and got some refreshment from the chief. I was terribly foot-sore, but was determined to reach the doctor that night, so pressed on until 10 p.m. When we came to Mwiniwanda's, I was grieved to find my friend utterly prostrate, and did what I could in the circumstances. Mr. Yule came up from Karonga, and we waited a week, when Dr. Cross had sufficiently recovered to allow of his being removed in a hammock. We occupied four days in the

march, and on the way down we saw that the Wankondé natives were making great progress in rebuilding their villages.

I had not been long at the station when I was laid down with a very severe fever—probably brought on by the rapid change from the pure air of Ukukwe to the heat of the plain. Feeling wretched in body, Dr. Cross and I took the next steamer to Bandawe, where we got the advice of Dr. Laws of the mission. The steamer returned at once to Karonga to bring down Consul Johnston, who, when we left, was expected to arrive from Tanganika. We remained eight days at Bandawe—eight days of intense suffering to me. By the end of that period the *Ilala* returned with the Consul, and we proceeded together to Mandala, calling at Bana on the way, and picking up our hunting friend, Mr. Sharpe. We also put into Kota Kota, where the famous Arab Jumbe resides. And who should make his appearance here but the long-lost envoy of the Sultan, Ali Bin Suroor! Of course he had to give an account of his stewardship, and his story was a trifle shady. He declared he had been carried off from Msalemo's by Salim Bin Nasero, who took him to the Senga, and



African Lakes Company's Store at Mandala.

thence to the Babisa country, where he remained practically a prisoner until Jumbe brought him to Kota Kota. Very interesting, no doubt! The Consul took the envoy with him to Mozambique. I should like to follow Suroor's history to his meeting with his master; to hear his subterfuges, his quibbles and excuses; but all these things—are they not written in the chronicles of Zanzibar?

Continuing our voyage, we called at Kasembe's—himself a chief of some quality—who signed our treaty, as also did Mponda, the wealthy chief whose establishment is at the south end of the Lake at the entrance to the Shiré. Our passage down the Shiré was not a pleasant one, the water being very low, and at certain stages we almost stuck high and dry.

At length we reached Mandala—that sanatorium for all Europeans in East Central Africa—and after recruiting there for some weeks, bade farewell to my friends. Arriving at Quilimane, I took a berth in the s.s. *Courland* for Cape Town, where I transhipped into the *Hawarden Castle*, which, after a pleasant voyage, brought me back to “my ain countrie.”

CHAPTER XXII.

LAST WORDS.

NOW that the hurly-burly's done I may be permitted from my armchair to offer a few observations on the war and its possible results.

In the first instance, it must have struck the reader that, had we not maintained an undaunted front throughout, things would have been in a very different state at Nkondé to-day. The Arabs would have been paramount in the plain, instead of occupying, as they now do, a position neither prejudicial to the native nor hostile to the British missionary or trader.

The contest for supremacy was a bitter one; it was at once a trial of strength and a diplomatic struggle—a struggle in which the best qualities of both races were put to the test. For, philosophically considered, the question came to be whether the Moslem or the Christian was to reign at the north end? As to the adaptability of either religion to the spiritual wants of the native,

I say nothing ; but it is a fact that the people of the north end took kindly to the white man and his Christianity, while they showed an instinctive dread of the Arab and his Mohammedanism. It was against the forces of Mohammedanism—with its attendant evils of slavery and massacre—that we took our stand. There is something unique, if not heroic, in the spectacle of a small band of white men, stockaded in the heart of Africa, pitted against some of the most powerful and intelligent Arabs of the interior, and contesting with them and their innumerable followers the rights of the natives to their homes. “ Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart and in limb, strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey, to endure. Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but on him.” We were a peculiar company. Some had come to Africa to trade, some to teach, and some to hunt. Each man came on a separate mission, but when my position was known, when concentrated at Karonga, they had but one purpose, and that the repulsion of the Arabs. It was a long, vexing, and uneven struggle ; yet the result was a compliment to every member of

our corps, and a decided triumph for the Consul of Mozambique.

It is difficult to gauge the effect of such a victory. One can only do so in a negative way. Imagine for a moment what would have been the consequences if the Arabs had triumphed or secured peace upon their terms. They would have swept the plain of the Wankondé, and substituted an alien tribe; they would have held the Stevenson Road, and blocked the way to Tanganika; they would have annihilated the Mwambe, paralyzed the whole commerce of the Lake, destroyed the missions, and dissipated past efforts at civilization. Worst of all, slave-dealing would have received a terrible impetus; it is impossible to compute the number of human beings that would have been butchered or sent into life-long bondage. Unless this country had resolved to give up Nyassaland, we should have had to meet the Arabs sooner or later, so that practically the people at home are under a debt of gratitude to the brave little band who fought the slavers of Nkondé.

We have seen that as soon as the *status quo* had been restored, industry revived. This healthy influence permeated far and

wide. The missionaries were able to extend their sphere of work ; a mutual understanding was established.

Now that Britain and Germany have finally fixed their respective spheres of influence, the further development of the commerce of Central Africa seems only a question of time. The agreement, on the whole, should operate for the best interests of both nations, though it contains certain points which do not entirely meet my views. For example, the great mass of the Mwambe who rescued the band of whites besieged in Karonga, and afterwards fought side by side with us against the Arabs on several occasions ; whose country we, in turn, were the means of saving from Arab aggression : people, in fact, whom we had been amongst for a decade, are handed over to the Germans. So are the Wakukwe, whose chiefs signed treaties with us ; whose country, called the Garden of Africa, was explored, and in a missionary sense, opened up by Scotchmen. Germany's claim to the *hinterland* might be sound ; but the concession of these territories was certainly a little galling to one who had been so intimately associated with their peoples.

However, let us be thankful for small

mercies. We secured the Stevenson Road. This, of course, was but our due, as it was the fruit of Scotch brain and muscle labouring strenuously in Central Africa at a time when comparatively little was thought of these parts by European politicians. The value of the road as a line of commerce will continue to increase indefinitely as the district is opened up.

The German boundary runs in an almost parallel line with the Stevenson Road, from the Songwe at the west of Nyassa to the Kilambo at the south end of Tanganika. There is a space between the road and the frontier of about twenty-five miles on the Nkondé plain. Then, from the Songwe round the north end of Lake Nyassa, and down to Mbampa on the east side—which takes in the Livingstone range—the Germans hold sway.

There is room and enough for all, and we do not grudge the Germans territory in Africa, but we *do* object to them intruding in regions developed and actually occupied and administered by Scotch people, as is the case in the district we are speaking of. If European nations join hands to suppress the slave trade, that inhuman traffic will be short-lived. With a British Protectorate at

Zanzibar, with the whole sea-board from opposite the Kwyhoo Island to Cape Delgado practically controlled by Britain and Germany, the slavers ought to have poor chance of pushing their trade to the coast, while we have a guarantee from Belgium that every effort will be put forth to crush the trade beyond Tanganika. Without powder the Arabs would be helpless against the natives. A sharp eye should be kept on the transmission of powder to the interior. Already the Sultan of Zanzibar has prohibited the sale or exchange of slaves in his dominions, and slave depôts in Zanzibar have been forbidden under severe penalties. This is a step in the right direction. It remains to be seen what action Portugal will take. She commands 1400 miles of the coast from Cape Delgado to Delagoa Bay, but hitherto her influence has never penetrated far into the interior. Her *hinterland* is a mere strip, so much so, that you will hear it said out there that the Portuguese only rule within the range of their coast guns. It is unfortunately true that they are dominant on the lower parts of the Zambesi, and so far as I am aware they have never exerted themselves to hamper the slave trade. They

have rather a degrading than a civilizing influence on the natives.

What cannot be directly accomplished by the nations interested, may be undertaken by the wealthy companies who trade with the interior. The representatives of such companies should forbid slavery within their sphere of operations. They should break up all slave caravans passing through their territory, and keep the consular staff informed of the probable arrival of slaves at any of the coast stations.

So far as trading companies are concerned, there are two important considerations which should weigh with them in regulating trade relations with the Arabs in Central Africa.

In the first place they ought to see that their stations are planted so as to prevent the Arabs from coming into contact with the mission stations or acquiring influence which might be exerted in a manner antagonistic to the work of the missionaries. In the second place, it is essential that the Arabs who live in Central Africa, and the native chiefs who adopt Arab habits, should be made to feel it unnecessary as well as unprofitable to send caravans laden with ivory to the coast.

For this end, I would suggest that, at the principal Arab towns, trading stations be established and kept well stocked. The prices of goods at such stations should be but a little in advance of the coast rates, just sufficient to reimburse the trading companies for freights and other necessary charges. In this way the self-interest of the Arab traders would be brought into alliance with the work of the traders, and in a manner which the former could not resist. With cheap markets at their very doors, they would no longer care to incur the heavy risks involved in sending their ivory across the Lake and by a long land journey to the coast. Moreover, a severe blow would thus be inflicted on the slave trade.

As is well known, one of the main reasons for the existence of slavery is a commercial one. The slaves supply the Arabs with a cheap transit for their ivory. To kill this form of slavery, it is only necessary to render it useless as a commercial system.

Further, the establishment of such trading stations would lead to the development of the country's material resources and the stimulation of honest industry among the natives. Gradually the slave-dealers would

find themselves driven from place to place, and by stress of circumstances would be compelled to give up the abominable traffic.

Such a consummation of our past struggles is devoutly to be wished. Let us hope it is no visionary dream.

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