

dead Sultan. The two horses were killed, and their bodies were buried by the side of their late master. Then the graves were filled up, and the procession returned to the soul to partake of another grand funeral banquet; the women meanwhile chanting a mournful dirge before the pile of horse-trappings and apparel which had belonged to the dead Sultan. A hundred horses and a thousand sheep were slaughtered to provide for these funereal solemnities, which lasted for several days, until the people gradually departed for their homes. But for a whole year the chanting at the Sultan's grave was kept up at sunrise and sunset.

The space allotted to this article is exhausted; and yet we have left untouched many of the points of Mr. Atkinson's narrative to which we had purposed to allude. The life of the officials of the Empire, dispatched to forward its interests upon this distant frontier—a life abounding in hardship and adventure—has remained untouched in this paper. For this and other kindred topics, and especially for an account of the region drained by the Amoor, we must refer our readers to the work of Mr. Atkinson, and to that of our own countryman Mr. Collins, an abstract of whose journal has already appeared in the pages of this Magazine.

A JOURNEY TO THE LAND OF THE MOON.*



A VILLAGE INTERIOR IN THE LAND OF THE MOON.

Utania, or Loom.

Iwanza, or Public-house.

DURING the disastrous years 1857-'58, while the great commercial panic and the cruel Indian mutiny filled all Christendom with fear and trouble, two travelers, starting from nearly opposite points on the widest expanse of the African continent, were endeavoring, through all manner of hardships and dangers, to push their explorations to the very heart of the great *terra incognita*. If Mercury, the god of travelers, were a Frenchman, he would certainly have decreed that these two adventurous spirits, who were, single-handed, breasting the perils of this great waste, should meet and shake hands upon the highest peak of that range which, their discoveries render it probable, crosses the continent without deviating far one way or other from the

equinoctial line. Here they should, with rapturous shouts, have planted the star-spangled banner of the Union and the red cross of Old England; and thus have given a subject to some eminent historical painter, languishing in obscurity for lack of human greatness to illustrate.

But whatever Mercury was in his youth, at present he is the most prosaic of old bachelors. Unappreciative of the grand dramatic point which he might have given to African exploration, he decreed that lack of shoes and supplies, the hostility of savages, and deadly fevers, should drive each traveler back on his tracks, and that their first meeting should take place far from the peaks of the Kong, in no more romantic a spot than the Editorial Room of *Harper's Magazine*.

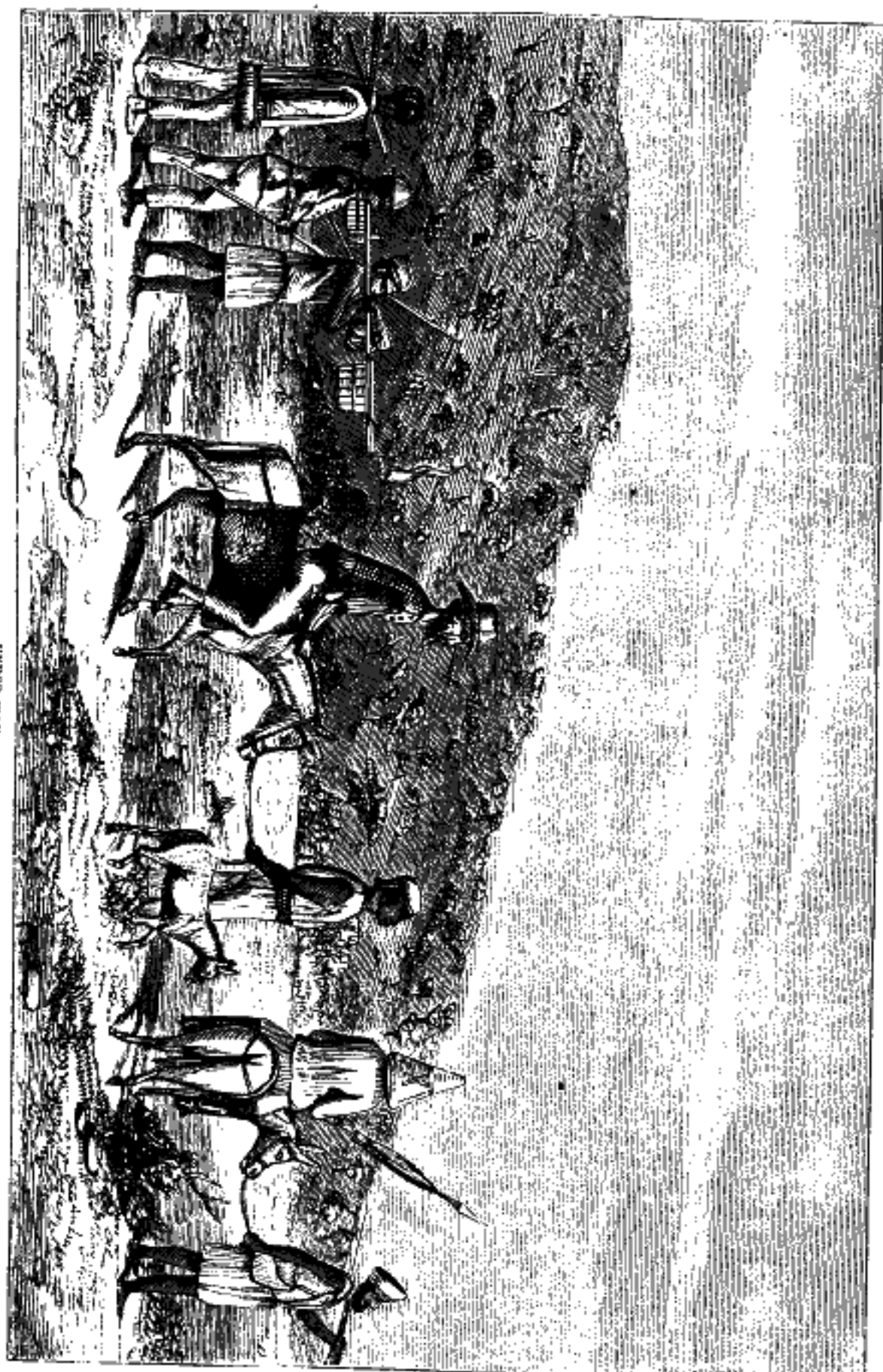
Trusting some day to give our readers some accounts of Mr. Du Chaillu's hunts of the gorilla, and adventures among the ghoul-like tribes of

* *The Lake Regions of Central Africa, a Picture of Exploration.* By RICHARD F. BURTON, Captain H.M.I. Army, etc. 8vo. With numerous illustrations. Published by Harper and Brothers.

the Western Interior, who eat their dead, and have even disinterred the buried and putrid corpses of their neighbors to convert them into food, we propose now to follow Captain Richard Burton on his tour to the mysterious "Land of the Moon."

For several centuries European geographers have had dim and vague reports of one, or two,

or three great seas, said to be situated in the far interior of Central Africa. Arab merchants had traveled thither in search of ivory, the precious copal gum, and slaves. They had brought back accounts, embellished in the Eastern way, of the dangers of the passage, and the beauty and prosperity of the country. Rich princes ruled over industrious people, who practiced the



ENTER WAY.



PERSONNEL OF THE CARAVAN.

Mganga, or
Medicine Man.

The Porter.

Mother and Child.

The Karangai, or
Guide.

arts and amenities of life, owned flocks and herds, houses, slaves, and cultivated fields. The great sea, of almost boundless extent, was navigated by vessels, who carried on a profitable coasting-trade, and made the waters white and gay with prosperous sails. Such a country and people, indeed, as might—but never do—exist in some secluded, well-guarded spot of earth. This was the Land of the Moon. On our most recent charts this considerable region is prudently marked “unexplored,” and the blank yellow tint, which seems to consign it to torrid heats and yellow fevers, is blotted only by a series of dots which represent the “great sea,” and which, with the infelicity of map-makers, are put in exactly the wrong place.

It is this region, so long wrapped in mystery and given over to Arab tradition, that Captain Burton determined to see with his eyes, and report on with his pen. “The migratory instinct,” which, if report speaks true, is now urging him westward to hunt the grizzly bear of our own Rocky Mountains, then turned his face toward the great sea. On the 16th of June, 1857, he left Zanzibar Island. He was accompanied by one European, two half-caste Portuguese of Goa, two negro gun-carriers, and a guard of eight Baloch mercenaries. He had letters of introduction from the Sultan of Zanzibar to some Arab merchants resident at *Ungamwezi*, which may be considered the half-way house on his route. A traveler must not go without cash, and unfortunately the circulating medium in this country consists of such bulky articles as American cotton cloth, brass wire, and various colored beads. The total amount of luggage for the trip—and it proved insufficient

in the end—required no less than 170 men—for neither camel nor other beast of burden is known in this region. When the gang was hired and paid in advance, they ran away, fearing to travel with a Muzungu, or white man. Of course they forgot to return their advance.

When the expedition had reached this point of perplexity, naturally they were surrounded by that class who still exist in Africa, and who trace their descent lineally from the gentlemen who comforted Job. One, who had visited *Ungamwezi*, declared that nothing less than 100 guards, 150 guns, and several cannon, could enable them to fight a way through the perils of the interior. Talsi, the Banyan, warned them that for three days they must pass among savages who sit on trees and discharge poisoned arrows with such unvarying dexterity that they never fail to wound the traveler mortally. For this reason they were strongly advised to avoid trees, which, as the country was an almost uninterrupted forest, was of course an easy matter. Farther, they were assured that the chiefs of the interior had sent six letters to the coast forbidding the white man to enter their country. Also that the natives would hide their provisions and starve the invaders; that the rhinoceros, which encumbers the way, constantly kills 200 men at an onset; that armies of elephants attack the camps by night, and that those who escape the rhinoceros and elephant are unfailingly eaten by the hyena. Fortunately it was found that even against such tremendous dangers plenty of speculative fellows would volunteer for a consideration. Of course, the greater the danger the greater the pay.

It is not good to be a white man in Africa.

Even while they were recruiting a wail went through the coast town: "O son, hope of my life! O brother! O husband!"

A young man of a good family traveling up the country had been killed by the upsetting of a boat.

"Insaf Karo!" (be honest), said the Banyan, to Captain Burton, "and own that this is the first calamity which your presence has brought upon the country."

It is not pleasant to be regarded as the cause of every imaginable ill-luck—though it sounds odd to hear Captain Burton devoutly thankful for the safe entrance into the world of a dozen savage babies, any harm to whose tender frames would have been visited on his head. For is not the white man a wizard?

The Wasawahili—the coast tribe—are what Colonel Benton used to call "great liars and dirty dogs." They lie not from principle, but by nature. They glory in it, saying "Are we not Wasawahili?" which is as much as to say "artful dodgers." They claim the right to sell their nephews and nieces into slavery. "Is a man to want when his brothers and sisters have children?" say they. As might be expected, they take the sister's son—the *suror* side—to heir. Withal they are superstitious. If a blackbird cries "chee chee" on the road a whole caravan stops, for that portends blood. Not till the partridge cries "chika" do they advance again. Captain Burton dealt like a man of the world with this point of their character. When the party became anxious he sent for a *Mganga*—a medicine man—paid him liberally for a "good haul of prophecy," and of course had the matter all his own way. The journey was to be pro-

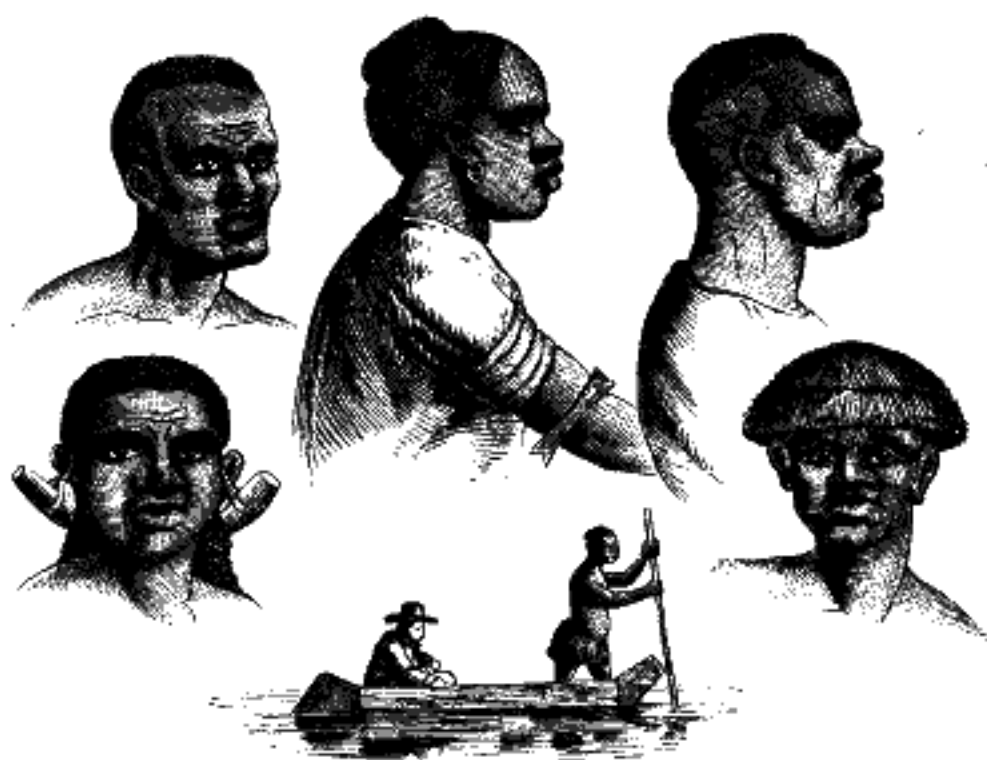
perous. There would be much talking and little killing (which proved to be entirely true). Before navigating the sea of *Ujiji* (the great sea) a sheep or a parti-colored hen should be killed and thrown into the lake. (They were duly killed, but, alas! eaten by the irreverent white man.)

Great bodies move slowly, especially in Africa, where twelve miles a day is railroad speed for a caravan, and necessitates a rest of at least two following days. Moreover, there are three starts: the little start, when nobody pretends even to get up; the great start, which is all pretense; and the final *go*. By the time this has been attained many days are wasted, and the explorer has got safely rid of that virtue of patience which he inclines to consider a vice in this hot climate. Henceforth he kicks against the pricks; he is a son of anger; a man of thunder.

The first of July saw them on their winding way. Arrived at Nzasa, the capital of the first district, they were requested to delay till news of their coming could be sent to the next chief. As this would cause a stoppage of three days—the first being "no day," the second a day of deliberation, and the third for the message—Captain Burton declined to stay, but offered to pay for leave to go on, with which fascinating proposal to break the law the chief of Nzasa at once closed.

So they passed on; through a country of hills and plains, in which the splendid *Koodoo*—an antelope—the zebra, the pheasant, quail, and other game were seen roaming at will. At every village the inhabitants rushed out to stare at the strangers.

"What should you think of these white men



PERSONNEL OF THE CARAVAN.

A Mnyamwad,
A Mgogo.

A Mjiji.
Ferry Boat
on the Malagarazi River.

Murunga Mhaya,
"the wicked white man,"
A Mzaramo.



THE IVORY PORTER, THE CLOTH PORTER, AND WOMAN, IN USOGARA.

for husbands?" asked one of the fair sex of another.

"What, with such things (jack-boots) on their legs? Sivigo! not by any means!"

Occasionally they heard the howl of the fisi, the wolf of this region; which seldom attacks man, except when sleeping, but then snatches a mouthful from the face, causing a dreadful and permanent disfigurement. In the second week fever struck the explorers. Burton was weakened till he had to be held on his donkey as they traveled through huge morasses which barred their way; through thorny jungles, where every step rent a garment or drew blood from man and beast; up weary ascents, with the vertical sun glaring down upon their heads; across dry wastes, where the fever-parched traveler must cool his thirst with a few lukewarm drops of brackish water. But this was only the beginning. When the route began to be hard the men began to desert. By the end of the third week half the party had gone off, having previously wasted and stolen goods which should have lasted three months. Those who remained speculated with their master's goods, and sold their burdens bit by bit for articles which they even then grumbled to carry. In Africa all men are liars and thieves. Moreover, they are lazy, they are grumblers, and they live in fear of their own shadows. This is Captain Burton's verdict.

As they approached the first range of mountains—the Delectable Mountains, Burton calls them, knowing that here health and vigor would come back in a measure—the country became more sickly, the people more rude and barbarous, and their chiefs more insolent and exacting. One of the tribes, the Wadoe, have made their name terrible in East Africa by the practice of cannibalism. It seems to have been deliberately assumed. Finding themselves going to the wall in a war with their neighbors, they began after a battle, and in the presence of their foes, to roast and devour slices of the fallen. This was too much for the enemy. They could stand it to be killed; they did not relish the idea of being eaten. Consequently, they left the country to the victorious Wadoe.

On the 7th of August the expedition left Zun-

gomero, the two Europeans so weak they could scarce sit their donkeys. Now came the ascent of the Usagara Mountains. The next day they saw the cocoa-tree for the last time. In the fields the rats were eating the crops, and the owners were digging out and eating the rats. Weak and exhausted, they at length reached the higher plains, where, beyond reach of the miasmas, they recovered health and strength as by magic.

As they marched on with renewed spirits, they began to meet skeletons, strewn the road—the remains of former caravans which had here starved to death. Happily they as yet ran no risk of that. Again they met a caravan which had lost fifty of its porters by small-pox—which dreadful disease, it seems, rages among the tribes almost constantly. Several of their party caught the infection, lagged behind, and were lost.

On the 10th of August fever reappeared, and several of the porters were down with small-pox. They had lost nearly all their donkeys. The men grumbled at the scarcity of water. When Burton proposed that the loads which there were no longer animals to carry should be put upon the porters who were lightest burdened, a general row ensued. The Jemadar accused him of starving the party. "I told him not to eat abominations, upon which, clapping hand to hilt, he theatrically forbade me to repeat the words. Being prostrate with fever, I could only show him how little dangerous he was by using the same phrase half a dozen times." Truly a lamentable refuge for a stalwart warrior, more inclined to the use of the strong arm than to such child's play. The upshot was that all but his Wanyamwezi (interior) porters left him, but seeing no pursuit made, prudently returned to their duty. All this was worse than fever.

Nor was the road, when they were happily in motion, devoid of pests, enough to sicken a well man, and this man was sick. Often the path was slippery with mud. They sustained as best they could the savage attacks of armies of predatory ants, some of enormous size and all of notably fierce tempers. These animals know neither fear nor fatigue. They rush on, reckless of impending destruction; nor can they be ex-

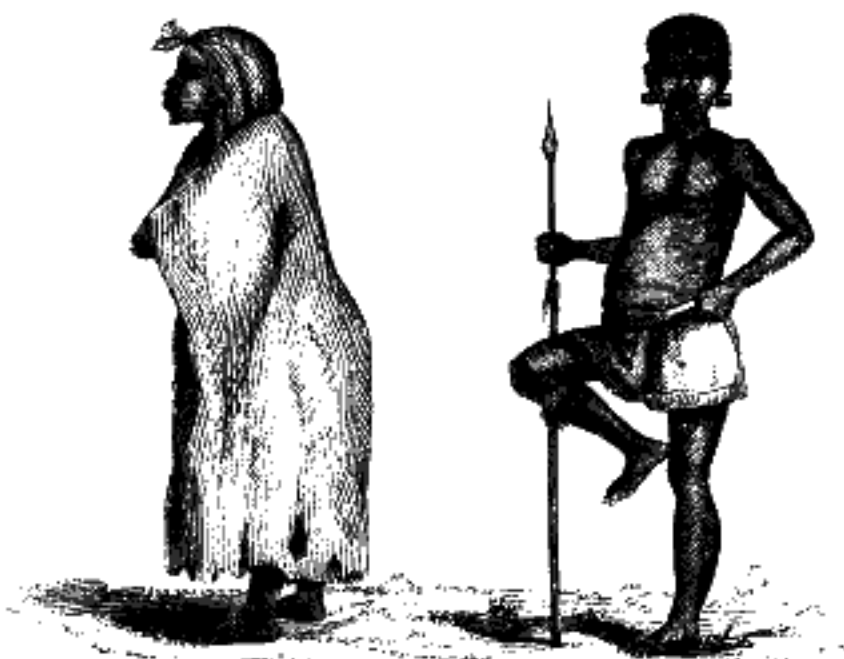
pelled from a hut but by fire or boiling water. The tsetse, the venomous fly first made known by Dr. Livingstone, also here attacked man. Cattle, fortunately, they had none to be stung to death by it—and to man its bite is merely painful, not poisonous. But its sting is as severe as that of our large horse-fly, and its attacks are so persistent that it is impossible to drive it off. And to crown their misery, there was famine in the land; and on many stages water was scarce and brackish.

Falling short of porters, at Inenge two women were added to the train. One, Sikujui (Don't know) by name, enlivened a few days by her pranks. She was a bad subject; broke every thing intrusted to her, as the best way of getting rid of a load; was married to the giant of the caravan to subdue her temper, and unmarried and sold in a week to a traveling trader, who came with a broken head, next morning, to complain of having been swindled. On the 10th of September they came to another steep ascent. "Trembling with ague, with swimming heads, ears deafened by weakness, and limbs that would hardly support us, we contemplated with a dogged despair the apparently perpendicular path that ignored a zigzag, and the ladders of root and boulder, hemmed in with tangled vegetation, up which we and our starving, drooping asses were about to toil. My companion was so weak that he required the aid of two or three supporters; I managed with one." As they were in the midst of this Pass Terrible the

"saybah," or war-cry, rang out in their rear, and the cowardly guards and porters at once proposed to run off and leave the whites to their fate. For there were savages behind. Fortunately they were plundering somebody else.

They were now in Usagara, of which the chief people, called Wasagara, wear the classical coiffure of ancient Egypt, distend the ear-lobes with ornaments till they hang down on the shoulders, wear scant wrappers of wild beast skins, and ornament themselves with the precious beads, which are the chief circulating medium of the country. They are armed with bows and arrows, spears, and shields of hardened skin.

On the 26th of September they met with the first topographical disappointment. The Ziwa had been described to them as a piece of water fit to float a man of war. They found it a mere pond. "News from afar," said Kidogo, their guide, when spoken to about the false report. Here, too, began the system of levying tribute, or black mail, which continued all the way to Ujiji, and all the way back—every little, petty sultan through whose territory they passed demanding and receiving presents for himself, for his wives, for his children, for his ministers, and for any others of his people who happened to be in necessitous circumstances. The shave is according to the traveler's means. It is set by the sultan, and if refused is taken by force. With the trading caravans it is usual to pay tribute only one way. But these white men were exceptional cases; and as the Sultan of Ugo



BELOCH GUARD.

AFRICAN STANDING POSITION.

justly observed, he never expected to see them again, and it was his painful duty to get all he could out of them, which he faithfully did.

The Wagogo they found a grain more intelligent than their neighbors. Instead of stupidly paying no attention to the whites, they crowded about them with screams and remarks of wonder. Some even asked for particulars of that wonderful "white land" where beads grow in

the ground, and where the women weave such cottons. "What will happen to us?" they cried; "we never yet saw this manner of man!" Some Arabs had industriously misrepresented the whites; and they found themselves regarded as "men full of knowledge," which means magic—as causing ruin to fall in advance, and droughts to destroy the country in the rear; as possessors of four arms, and but



VIEW IN UNYAMWEZI.

one eye. It was believed that they cooked water-melons and threw away the seeds, thus generating small-pox; that they heated and hardened milk, thus breeding a murrain among cattle; that their wire, cloth, and beads bred misfortunes; and that they intended to return next year to take the country. The last the most terrible threat of all. Nevertheless they were

not injured; but the day before they left the country Burton was required to bind himself by solemn oath not to smite the land with drought or with fatal disease, the Sultan declaring that all he had was in their hands.

Here, too, the people began to be great beer-swillers. Pombé is made of fermented grains of the country. It is a highly intoxicating



LADIES' SMOKING PARTY IN UNYAMWEZI.

liquor; and it is the delight of the people to drink deep potations—men and women alike rolling about town in a maudlin or murderous state. The chief is drunk at least every other day, and has wit enough not to do business except on the off days, when his temper is soured by abstinence, and the traveler pays, as he should, for the headache which is the secondary result of pombé.

The religious ideas of the Wagogo are best made apparent by the following story: In the early days of Arab trading a caravan passed through Ugogo, at whose head was Juma Mfumbi, a Diwan, and a huge fat man. The people, penetrated with admiration at his corpulence, after many experiments to discover whether it was real or not, determined that he was, and must be, the deity. After coming to this conclusion, they resolved that, being the deity, he could improve their country by heavy rains. When he protested against both resolutions, they proposed to put him to death. Fortunately a succession of favorable showers released the poor Diwan; but also convinced the Wagogo.

These people are peculiar for the smallness of the cranium, compared with the broad circumference of the lower face. "Seen from behind, the appearance is that of a small half-bowl fitted

upon one of considerably larger bias; and this, with the widely extended ears, gives a remarkable expression to the face." They are very greedy of slaves, for whom they give ivory, the country being full of elephants, which are captured in pits. After mid-day it is hard to find a sober man in the whole community.

At last, amidst gun-firing, and dressed in their best, long preserved for this occasion, the caravan entered Kazeh, the chief town of Unyamwezi. It was the one hundred and thirty-fourth day of their journey, and they were now about half way. The porters had begged powder for a grand and noisy entrance, saying, "Every peddler fires guns here. Shall a great man creep into his Tembe (house) without a soul knowing it?" Here they were hospitably received, fed, doctored, comforted, and, after a long, long delay, were able to hire more men to send them on their now still more hazardous way.

And here is, perhaps, the best place to describe a day's work of the caravan. It must be borne in mind that it is a motley, many-minded body—the porters, the guards, and the Arab superintendents and stewards, and Portuguese cooks all ready to cut each other's throats, and each determined to have his own way, if at all possible. About four A.M. the crowing of the

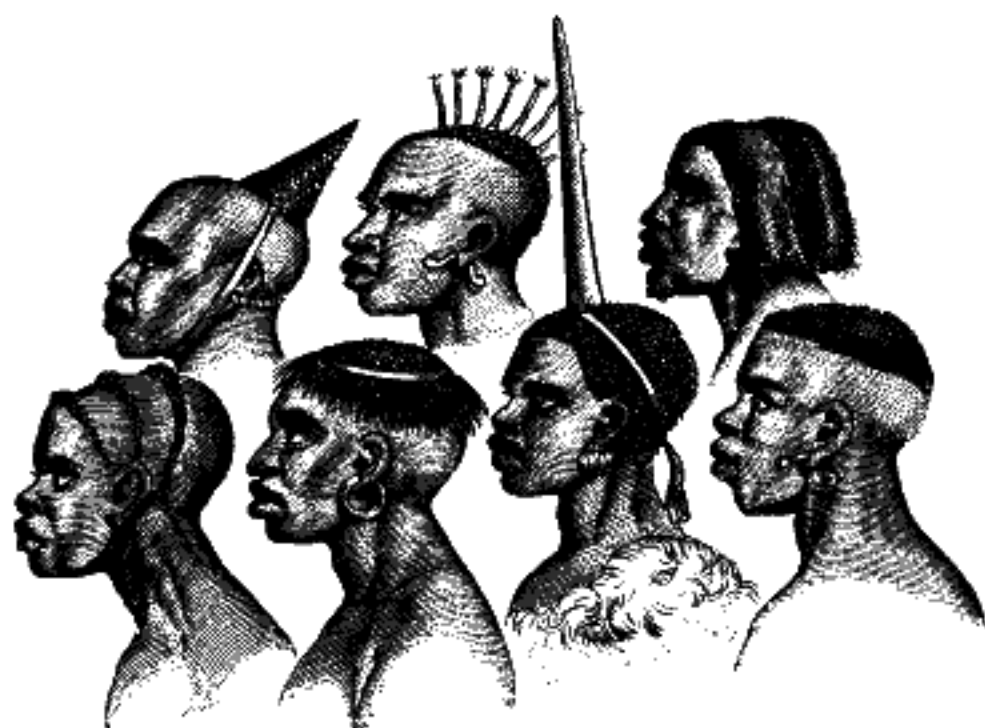
cocks, which accompany every party, announces that daylight is at any rate approaching. Captain Burton, who has been longing for his breakfast since he waked at three, rouses the Portuguese, who, shivering with cold, build up a fire and prepare the morning meal of rice-milk or porridge, and coffee or tea when they are on hand. Meantime the Baloch guard are singing and praying, as a devout introduction to the day's lying and stealing. About five o'clock the camp is fairly roused; and now is the critical moment which decides the fate of the day. The porters have promised to start early, and make a good march. If, as is like to happen, they have unanimously changed their minds, that day is wasted. No persuasion would help on. If, however, the question seems to have two sides, the master may put in a few judicious remarks, and, after some struggle, hear the welcome sounds, "Kweeha! kweeha! pakia! hopa! collect! pack! set out! safari! safari los! a journey, a journey to-day!" mixed with some peculiar African boasts, as "P'hunda! Ngami! I am an ass! a camel!" and a roar of bawling voices, drumming, whistling, piping, and the braying of the surviving donkeys.

Now begins a lively time. Every man is busied, but unhappily his chief business is to look out the smallest burdens, to get out of the way of extra work, and to skulk as far as possible out of the duties he is paid for. In the midst of the hurly-burly the chief guide, Kidogo, comes to consult with his master as to the programme of the day. At last the porters are driven from the fires, over which they linger to the last moment, and begin to pour out of the camp. They rush in a mass to some trees at a hundred yards distance, and stack their loads to wait for the invalid and the lazy. Captain Burton and his companion mount their asses, or, if the fever has proved too much for them, crawl into ham-

mocks which are borne on the shoulders of men. Then follow their gun and ammunition bearers; the cooks with the kitchen department; and when at last the commandant of the rear-guard casts his eyes over the deserted ground, he is pretty sure to find half a dozen packs, which have been left in the hope they would be forgotten. These he bullies some of the quieter porters into carrying in addition to their own loads, and then at last all is in motion.

In advance marches the Kirangozi, or Mnyamwezi guide, bearing a light load and a blood-red flag, the sign of a caravan coming from Zanzibar. Him follows a drummer, who is exempted from loads, and beguiles the way by drumming upon a tom-tom. The Kirangozi is clad in splendor. A magnificent square of scarlet broadcloth is cast over his shoulders in the manner of the Mexican "poncho;" his head is dressed with feathers and monkeys' tails. The skin of a wild-cat hangs about his neck. The insignia of his office is a fly-flapper made of the tail of some wild beast, which he affixes to his person behind, as though it were a natural growth. This custom, which obtains also among the chiefs of some of the interior tribes, has probably given currency to the rumors, brought by French travelers from the coast, of a people having tails. No man is permitted to precede the Kirangozi. Trespassers are fined.

About the time the last man has left the camp, the travelers' houses where they camp, and which are built of thatch, are generally set on fire by some careless or mischievous fellow, and with this excitement the caravan winds on its way in Indian file, each porter bearing upon his shoulders or head a huge bundle, generally about six feet long by two in diameter, weighing some seventy pounds. A Mganga, or medicine man, always accompanies the party, but acts also as porter. The masters of the caravan

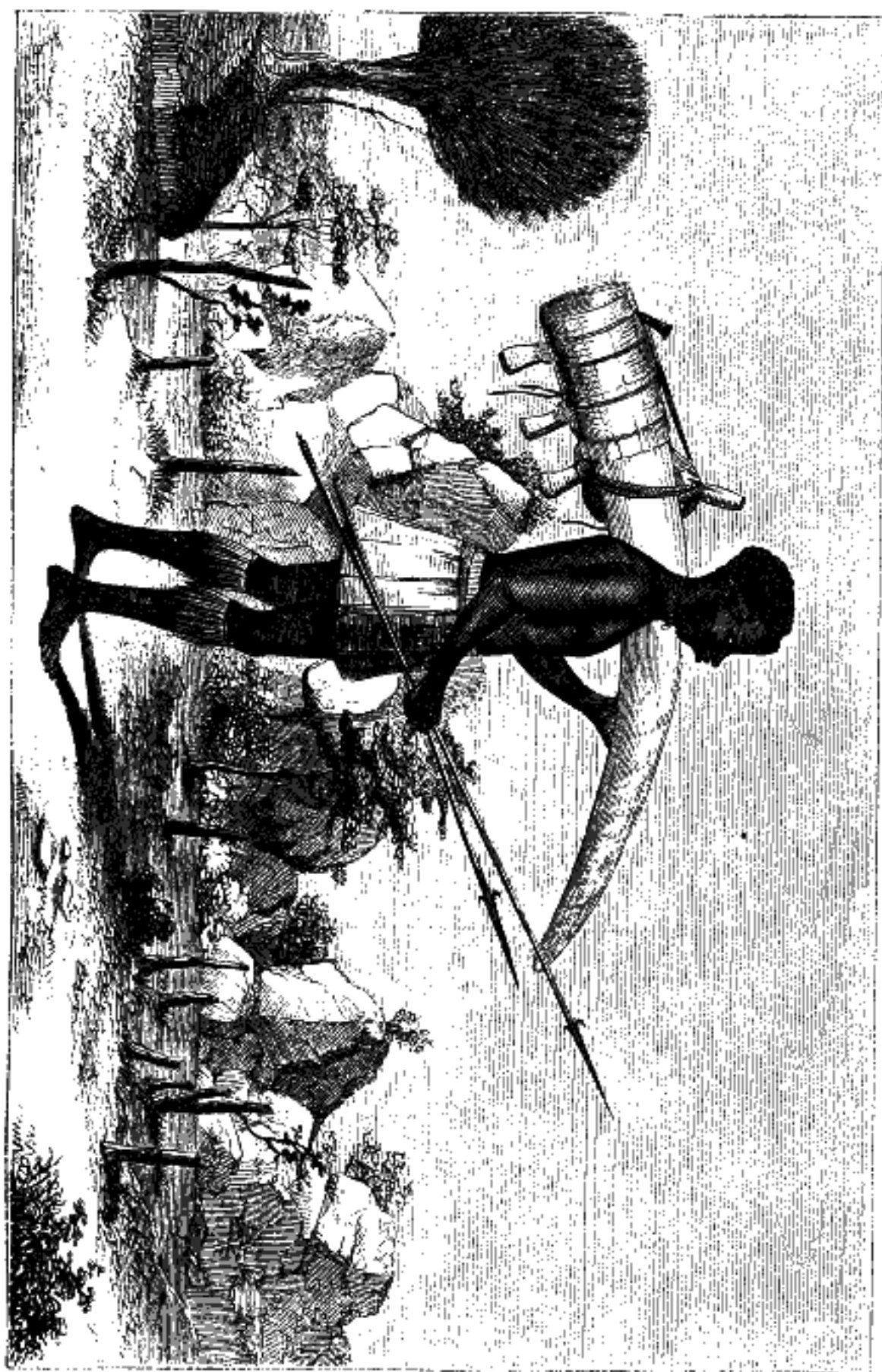


HEAD-DRESSES OF THE WANYAWWEZI.

bring up the rear to prevent desertion. The barbarian porters wear their worst clothes on the journey. For head-dress some wear a fillet of zebra's skin, whose long hairs radiate outward like the gloria about a saint's head. Skins of the leopard and ocelot, ostrich feathers, and sometimes an ox-tail stuck perpendicularly upon the forehead, are other ornaments. The arms

are decorated with heavy bracelets of ivory, brass, or copper; their necks with beads or little strings of bells. All carry arms: bows and arrows, assegais, a knobstick, or a battle-axe borne upon the shoulder. The recreations of the journey are singing, whistling, shouting, blowing on horns, imitations of the cries of birds and beasts, and the use of a certain slang, which is talked

IVORY PORTERS.



only on the tramp. Hopa! Hopa! go on! they cry; Mgogolo! a stoppage! Food! food! Don't be tired! Home is near! Hasten, Kirangozi! Oh, we see our mothers! We go to eat!

As for Burton, he rides silently along, thinking of the imminent attack of fever, or the next black-mail levy of the next sultan, till at last some bright spirit of the motley crew advances to enter into conversation. The intellectual delights of this last resource for passing the weary day are shadowed in the following example. Twanigana is the speaker:

"The state, Mdula?" (i. e., Abdullah, Burton's name, and a word unpronounceable to Negro organs.)

"The state is very! (well) and thy state?"

"The state is very! (well) and the state of Spikka? (Burton's companion.)"

"The state of Spikka is very! (well.)"

"We have escaped the Wagogo," resumes Twanigana, "white man oh!"

"We have escaped, oh my brother!"

"The Wagogo are bad."

"They are bad."

"The Wagogo are very bad."

"They are very bad."

"The Wagogo are not good."

"They are not good."

"The Wagogo are not at all good."

"They are not at all good."

"I greatly feared the Wagogo, who kill the Wanyamwezi."

"Exactly so!"

"But now I don't fear them. I call them —s and —s, and I would fight the whole tribe, white man oh!"

"Truly so, oh my brother!"

A cow is sufficient, if she charges, to break and scatter the line. A hapless hare crossing the path causes the whole 150 men to set down their loads and scamper after him. When they catch him, as they always do, he is instantly torn to pieces and devoured raw. When two caravans meet, the two Kirangozi sidle up with a stage pace, a stride, and a stand, prance with side-long looks till arrived within distance, then suddenly ducking their heads butt each other like rams. The weaker of course is floored. Both laugh—for it is only a joke. But the party whose headman has been butted down must yield precedence to the conquering caravan.

About eight o'clock, when the fiery sun has topped the trees, a pool of water is the signal for a short halt, which the porters devote to smoking tobacco and bang, and their masters to breakfast. Presently all are under way for another two hours. If the day's work is prolonged beyond ten o'clock, toward noon the porters begin to grumble. The hot sand scorches even their hardened soles. Some set their burdens against trees, and rest in their shade; other stray off the path. This is an anxious time for the master; for now desertions take place if he does not carefully watch. The porters have, however, one very unexpected point of principle. They do not carry off their burdens.

At last, about ten or eleven, the hubbub in front increases, and shows that the resting-place has been reached by the van. Then gradually the elongated train draws in its length like a vast worm. Every fellow rushes to secure the best hut or shelter; fires are lit, provisions cooked, bang smoked, and all is quarrelsome hilarity; and here they are for the rest of the long hot day and the night. In the afternoon rations are foraged for, for the morrow, and cloth served out to buy more; a bull perhaps is slain, and the porters fight about their shares like hyenas. At four Captain Burton dines, when there is any thing to eat. In the evening there are dances and songs. Of the last he gives a specimen—such a maudlin song as sailors sing when weighing anchor:

Muzunga Mbaya (the wicked white man) goes from the shore,

(Chorus) Puti! Puti! (meaning "Grub! grub!")

We will follow Muzunga Mbaya,

Puti! Puti!

As long as he gives us good food!

Puti! Puti!

We will traverse the hill and the stream,

Puti! Puti!

With the caravan of this great munda (merchant),

Puti! Puti! etc., etc.

These songs are varied by quarrels and discussions on the one standing subject of conversation, *food*, until, at last, they sink off to sleep. But even in the middle of the night the women wake up to have an extra talk.

Besides the pagan medicine man, the caravan is fortunate in the possession of an Arab who unites the avocations of priest and guard. Though a great thief, his religion hangs heavy on this man's hands; and as they sit promiscuously about the fire, he suddenly attacks one of the heathen, who has taken the, in his case, very fanciful name of Muzunga Mbaya (the wicked white man), for he is black as the ace of spades.

"And thou, Muzunga Mbaya, thou also must die!"

"Ugh! ugh!" replies the Muzunga, personally offended, "don't speak in that way! Thou must die too."

"It is a sore thing to die," resumes Gul Mohammed.

"Hoo! Hoo!" exclaims the other, "it is bad, very bad, never to wear a nice cloth, no longer to dwell with one's wife and children, not to eat and drink, snuff, and smoke tobacco. Hoo! Hoo! it is bad, very bad!"

"But we shall eat," rejoins the Moslem, "the flesh of birds, mountains of meat, and delicate roasts, and drink sugared water, and whatever we hunger for."

The African's mind is disturbed by this tissue of contradictions. He considers birds somewhat low feeding, roasts he adores, he contrasts mountains of meat with his poor half-pound in pot, he would sell himself for sugar; but again he hears nothing of tobacco; still he takes the trouble to ask,

"Where, oh my brother?"

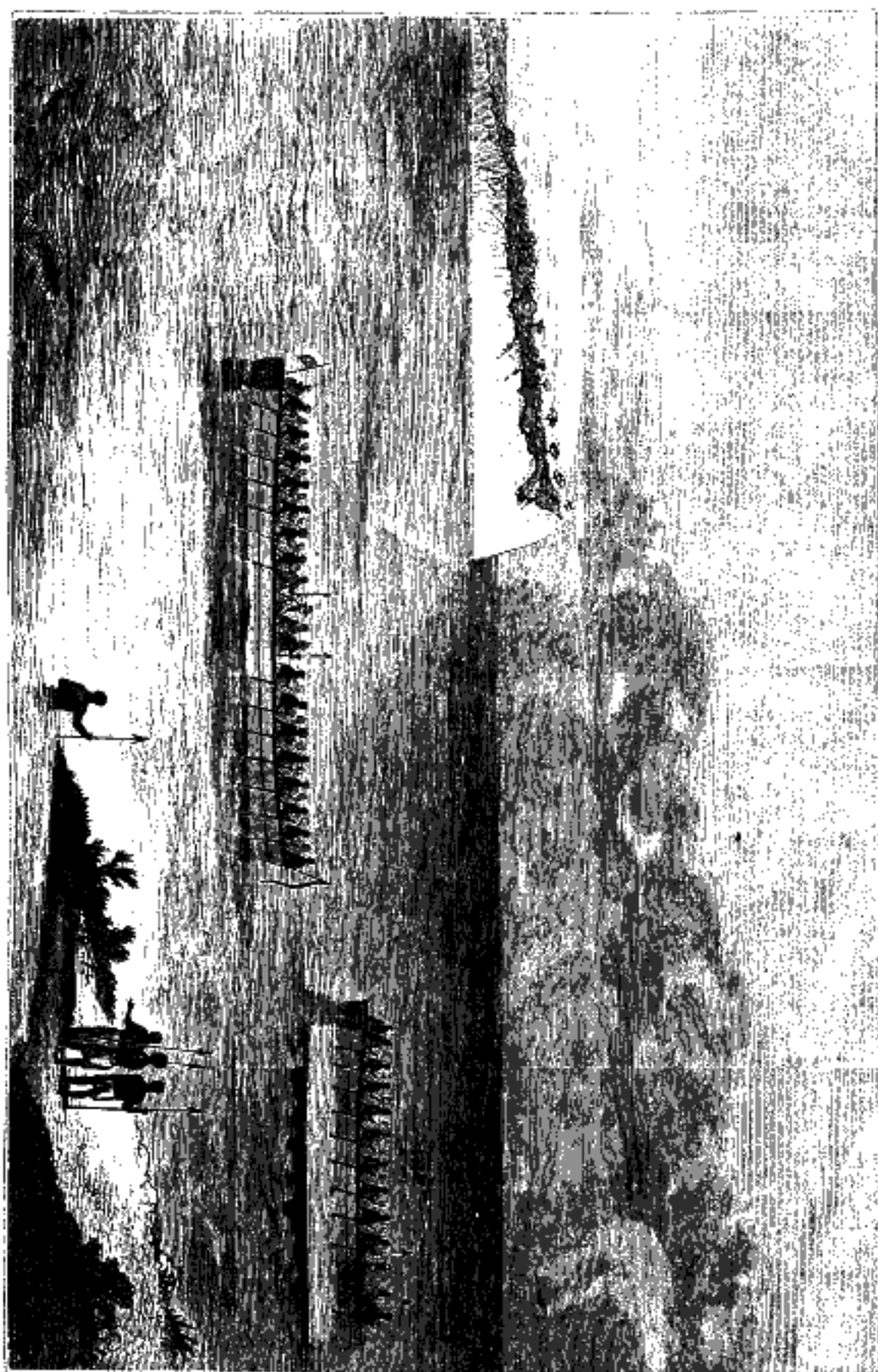
"There," exclaims Gul Mohammed, pointing to the skies.

This is a "chokepear" to Muzunga Mbaya. The distance is great, and he can scarcely believe that his interlocutor has visited the firmament to see the provision; he therefore ventures upon the query,

"And hast thou been there, oh my brother?"

"Astaghfar ullah (I beg pardon of Allah)!" ejaculates Gul Mohammed, half angry, half amused. "What a nushenzi (pagan) this is! No, my brother, I have not exactly been there; but my Mulungu (Allah) told my Apostle, who told his descendants, who told my father and mother, who told me, that when we die we shall go to a Shamba (a plantation) where—"

ON THE LAKE TANZANIA.



"Oof!" grunts Muzunga Mbaya, "it is good of you to tell us all this Upumbafu (nonsense) which your mother told you. So there are plantations in the skies?"

"Assuredly," replies Gul Mohammed, who expounds at length the Moslem idea of paradise to the African's running commentary of "Nenda wei!" (be off!), "Mama-e!" (oh, my mother!), and "Tumbanina," which may not be translated.

Muzunga Mbaya, who for the last minute has been immersed in thought, now suddenly raises his head, and, with somewhat of a goguenard air, inquires,

"Well, then, my brother, thou knowest all things! Answer me: is thy Mulungu black like myself, white like this Muzungu, or whity-brown as thou art?"

Gul Mohammed is fairly floored: he ejaculates sundry *la haul!* to collect his wits for the reply—

"Verily the Mulungu hath no color."

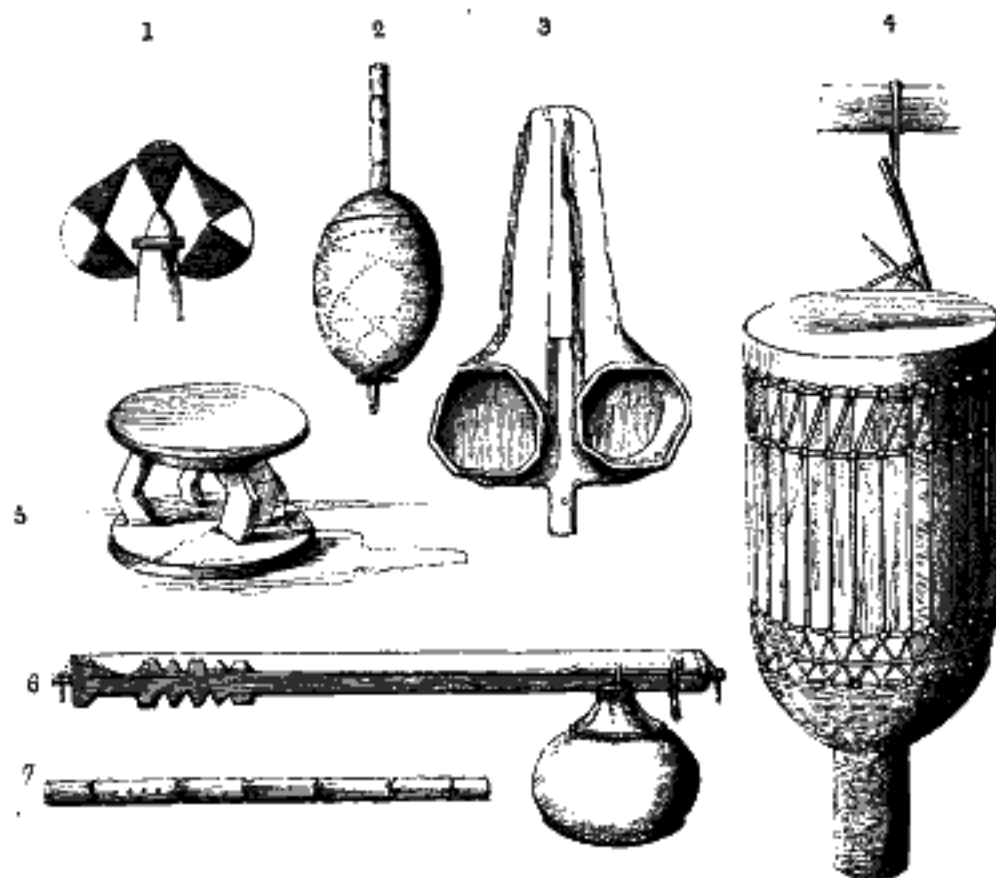
"To-o-oh! Tuh!" exclaims the Muzungu, contorting his wrinkled countenance, and spitting with disgust upon the ground. He was now justified in believing that he had been made a laughing-stock. The mountain of meat had, to a certain extent, won over his better judgment: the fair vision now fled, and left him to the hard realities of the half-pound. He turns a deaf ear to every other word; and, devoting all his assiduity to the article before him, he unconsciously obeys the advice which many an Eastern philosopher has inculcated to his disciples—

"Hold fast the hour, though fools say nay
The spheres revolve, they bring thee sorrow;
The wise enjoys his joy to-day,
The fool shall joy his joy to-morrow."

This is the day's work. As for the progress, ten miles make a huge day's journey.

On the 14th of November the rainy season set in with a tremendous storm of rain and "rain-stones," as hail is here called. The weather now became cooler, and the climate healthier in a degree. The rainy season is the white man's holiday in tropical Africa. Nevertheless the violent change of seasons brought out from their debilitated systems violent paroxysms of fever, which prostrated Captain Burton and all his more immediate attendants. As they advanced a new peril beset them. The currency changed. The blue and black beads, which had passed below, now proved almost worthless. They had to be exchanged at a ruinous discount for the pipe-stem kind, which were in demand. These again came into disrepute, and necessitated another change near the great sea. Finally, at Kajjanjeri Burton was struck with paralysis of the lower limbs. "About three p.m. I was obliged to lay aside the ephemeris by an unusual sensation of nervous irritability, which was followed by a general shudder, as in the cold paroxysms of fever. Presently the extremities began to weigh and burn as if exposed to a glowing fire. At sunset the attack had reached its height. I saw, yawning wide to receive me,

"those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows."



IMPLEMENTS USED IN THE LAND OF THE MOON.

1. Paddle.—2. Sauge, or Gourd.—3. Bellows.—4. Drum.—5. Stool.—6. Zee (guitar).—7. D'bet.

The whole body was palsied, powerless, motionless, and the limbs appeared to wither and die; the feet had lost all sensation, except a throbbing and tingling as if pricked by a number of needle points; the arms refused to be directed by will, and to the hands the touch of cloth and stone was the same. Gradually the attack spread upward till it compressed the ribs." This at two months' distance from medical aid, and, as Captain Burton bitterly remembered, with the work of the expedition only half accomplished.

The Arabs who were called in declared the case not novel; it was a consequence of malaria, but beyond their skill. They only prophesied that in ten days he would be able to move. On the tenth he mounted his donkey. But it was a year ere he could walk to any distance; and more ere the numbness of extremities disappeared. Toward the end of January the whites and the Gouanese were nearly blind; another result of malaria. Every thing was seen as through a dark mist.

And now at last they entered into the Land of the Moon, a district of peaceful rural beauty, which is really, the explorers say, the garden of Central Intertropical Africa. The fields yield sixty fold; water is abundant; the climate, though unhealthy to residents, is better than to the eastward. The forests abound in lions and leopards, cynhyenas, and wild-cats; on the plains are seen the elephant, rhinoceros, giraffe, zebra, Cape buffalo, the juaygar, and the splendid koodoo. Birds of various kinds and several beautiful monkeys frequent the neighborhood of the pools. The people are fat and brave. They remove the eyelashes, and the women are remarkable for the elongation of the mammary organ. Cloth is only worn by the wealthier classes. The commonalty dress in skins, but wear ornaments of beads and brass wire. When a woman is about to become a mother she retires to the jungle, and after a few hours returns to the hut, with the child wrapped in foal-skin upon her back, and probably carrying a load of firewood on her head besides. When she bears twins, one is immediately killed. But the poor mother wraps a gourd in skins, and tends and feeds it like the survivor, near whom this touching effigy is always laid to sleep. The father *owns* his children, and may sell or slay them without reproach. By a curious reversal of common customs a man leaves property to the children of his concubines, but none to those by his wives. The former have no friends, he says; the latter have relations. At ten the boy is his own master, plants his tobacco patch, and aspires to build a hut for himself.

The young girls remain till marriageable in the father's house. Then they leave it, and live, a number together, in a separate hut. Here they are courted, and from here they are married. Husband and wife have no community of goods. They plant, trade, and save separately, and a husband or wife succeeding to an inheritance will abandon the other partner to starvation. They are fond of pombé, but get drunk in build-

ings erected for convivial purposes, of which there are two in each village, one for men and the other for women. The sexes do not eat together, even boys disdaining to eat with women. To "sit upon pombé" is the term for drinking to intoxication. When a prominent man falls sick, the Mganga, or doctor, fixes, by incantations, upon the poor wretches who have bewitched him. These are tortured by forcing the thumb back upon the hand; the victim who confesses is speared or beheaded; and every day men and women die, till the sick man either recovers or dies himself.

At last, on the 13th of February, 1858, they stood upon the top of a hill, to surmount which had cost the last donkey his life.

"What is that streak of light which lies below?" inquires Captain Burton of his Arab companion.

"I am of opinion," quoth Bombay, "that that is the water."

Looking with his dimmed eyes through a veil of trees and jungle, poor Burton saw a narrow strip of water, a mere pond; and began to curse his ill luck and the Arab exaggeration that led him through this valley of the shadow of death for so poor a prize.

But advancing a little farther, the whole glorious view opened to him, filling him "with wonder, admiration, and delight." With a hearty shout of joy he hailed the goal of all his troublous journey. He had found the sea; and it was worth the discovery.

"Nothing in sooth," he says, "could be more picturesque than this first view of the Tanganyika Lake, as it lay in the lap of the mountains, basking in the gorgeous tropical sunshine. Below and beyond a short foreground of rugged and precipitous hill-fold, down which the foot-path zigzags painfully, a narrow strip of emerald green, never sere and marvelously fertile, shelves toward a ribbon of glistening yellow sand, here bordered by sedgy rushes, there cleanly and clearly cut by the breaking wavelets. Further in front stretch the waters, an expanse of the lightest and softest blue, in breadth varying from thirty to thirty-five miles, and sprinkled by the crisp east wind with tiny crescents of snowy foam. The back-ground in front is a high and broken wall of steel-colored mountain, here flecked and capped with pearly mist, there standing sharply penciled against the azure air; its yawning chasms, marked by a deeper plum-color, fall towards dwarf hills of mound-like proportions, which apparently dip their feet in the wave. To the south, and opposite the long, low point, behind which the Malagarazi River discharges the red loam suspended in its violent stream, lie the bluff headlands and capes of Uguhha, and, as the eye dilates, it falls upon a cluster of outlying islets, speckling a sea-horizon. Villages, cultivated lands, the frequent canoes of the fishermen on the waters, and on a nearer approach the murmurs of the waves breaking upon the shore, give a something of variety, of movement, of life to the landscape, which,



HOUSE-BUILDING IN THE LAND OF THE MOON.

1. The Timber.—2. Burned down.—3. Put into shape.—4. Setting up the Frame.—5. Roofing the House.—6. It is finished.—7. Industry has its reward.

like all the fairest prospects in these regions, wants but a little of the neatness and finish of art—mosks and kiosks, palaces and villas, gardens and orchards—contrasting with the profuse lavishness and magnificence of nature, and diversifying the unbroken *comp d'ail* of excessive vegetation, to rival, if not to excel, the most admired scenery of the classic regions. The riant shores of this vast crevasse appeared doubly beautiful to me after the silent and spectral mangrove-creeks on the East-African sea-board, and the melancholy, monotonous experience of desert and jungle scenery, tawny rock and sun-parched plain, or rank herbage and flats of black mire. Truly it was a revel for soul and sight! Forgetting toils, dangers, and the doubtfulness of return, I felt willing to endure double what I had endured; and all the party seemed to join with me in joy."

On the next day they paddled over the lake—the first white men who had ever bathed their hands in its cool waters—to the locality of the fabled city of Ujiji. But, alas! the town reported by the Arabs to be as large as Zanzibar, proved to be only a rude trading centre, boasting a number of dilapidated houses and an open market space, where crowds of dusky barbarians bought and sold ivory, slaves, provisions, and fruits, with much scolding and frequent dagger-thrusts.

The party were assigned houses, and received numerous civilities from the people, who expected to get their trade. At last Burton was forced to declare that he had no commercial object in view, but that he would pay as much tribute as a trader. It was an incautious acknowledgment. "These are men who live by doing no-

thing!" exclaimed the suspicious Wajiji; and thenceforth, though they submitted to every exaction, all was vain. They were held in bad odor; and as nobody would gain by them, every body was consistently uncivil.

The first two weeks were days of rest. For a fortnight the unhappy Burton lay upon the earth, too blind to read or write, too weak to ride, too ill to converse. His companion suffered in addition from a curious distortion of face, which forced him to chew sideways like a cow.

With partial recovery came the desire to explore the lake—a desire made more urgent by a report that from its northern extremity issued a large river flowing northward. Perhaps—who knows?—thought our explorers, the Nile! The thought that they held, perchance, in their hands the clew to a riddle which has gone unsolved for twenty centuries—that was a thought to spur them on to their bravest. Fortune, fame, hung upon a voyage of perhaps a hundred miles by water.

To get boats was an undertaking requiring four weeks' negotiations. At last they were fairly embarked in two long, shallow, narrow, and frail boats, crowded with a horde of supernumerary blacks, who had their own business affairs to look after, and in momentary danger of being overset. Seated in the bottom at the midships of the boats, wet through by the spray of the paddles and by the leakage, which required the services of two constant bailers; half starved, and in constant danger of losing their lives in the affrays with people along shore, they at last arrived, after an eleven days' voyage, at an island in the northern portion of the lake, inhabited by indubitable cannibals. They are a

degraded set, who devour, besides man, all manner of carrion and vermin. The next day the narrowing shores proclaimed that they were approaching the termination of their voyage. With anxious eyes they scanned the waters ahead, to catch their first glimpse at the expected fountains of the Nile. On the 27th they landed at the extreme point to which trade is carried by the Ujiji people.

The next day came three stalwart negroes, sons of the sultan of the country, who dispelled all their hopes. They had been to the river. It flowed *into*, not out of the lake. It was a short and trifling stream. They offered to convey Burton to see with his own eyes. But his attendants and the negroes refused point blank either to go along or to await his return. They lived in a state of chronic terror of the barbarians; would not stir five yards from the boats even to get supplies, and insisted upon returning. So, assuring himself that he had at last heard the truth about the mysterious stream, they turned sadly back.

Meantime Burton, by reason of an ulcerated mouth, was compelled to live by suction for the better part of two weeks; and his companion was made deaf by a bug which crawled into his ear, and which he incautiously rammed down with a stick. Moreover, the extortions of the various dignitaries left them with scarce beads enough to buy food, and they actually saw starvation staring them in the face here, where no soul would have pitied them; when luckily supplies, long-expected, reached them from Zanzibar. Then, sore, fevered, wearied, and in many ways disappointed, but yet with the gratification of having made a real and important discovery, they set their faces eastward once more. And here, with some account of the lake and its people, we leave Captain Burton.

The eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika is distant, in a direct line, 540 geographical miles from the eastern coast of the continent. The windings of the caravan route make the distance up to about 950 miles. To traverse this distance the expedition had taken seven and a half months. Their average rate of marching was 2½ miles per hour, and the number of marching hours was 420. The number of halts exceeded the marches by one-third.

The Tanganyika ("meeting-place of waters") Lake occupies the centre of the length of the African continent, and lies on the western extremity of the eastern third of its breadth. Its total length is about 250 geographical miles; its breadth from 30 to 35 miles. The superficial area it covers is about 5000 square miles. It is therefore somewhat larger than our Lake Ontario, and smaller than Lake Erie. The water is sweet and pure, but has a considerable power of corroding metal and leather. The land and sea breezes are felt upon its shores almost as distinctly as on the shores of the Indian Ocean. The chief breezes are from southeast and southwest. The lake is very subject to squalls, in which a short, chopping sea makes navigation

uncomfortable and unsafe in the vessels of the natives. These are mostly long, very narrow, and shallow boats, made of trees, and which they have not yet learned to unite for safety, or to fit with outriggers, in the manner of the Pacific islanders. There is but one Arab *dow* on the lake, and that Captain Burton could not get. The hippopotamus and crocodile are found in great numbers on all parts of the shores. The woods abound in elephants. The soil is fertile. Sugar-cane, tobacco, and cotton are always to be purchased in the bazar. Long-tailed sheep, goats, fowls, and pigeons are reared. Poultry and eggs the people sell, but do not eat. Pigeons they rear, but will not sell. Ujiji is the great slave mart for a vast extent of country around.

The Wajiji are a burly race of barbarians, insolent in their manner, with harsh voices, large feet and hands, dark skins considerably tattooed, plain faces, entirely devoid of mustache or beard which are pulled out with tweezers, and straight, sturdy forms. They wear very little covering, delight to paint themselves with red earth, and are very fond of ornaments of brass and beads. They do not smoke or chew, but, instead, mix snuff with water, and sniff the expressed juice up the nostril, retaining it there by closing the nostrils with a pair of pincers, which every man and woman wears suspended from the neck. They make a kind of felted cloth by beating the fibrous bark of a tree. Their arms are small battle-axes, spears, and bows which carry unusually heavy arrows. The Arabs have avoided giving them muskets, which they therefore have very few of.

They have little family affection; yet when out in a storm, in their boats, the silence is broken only by the exclamation, "Oh my wife!" They are never sober when they can be drunk; never civil, and always ready to rob, steal, or murder.

The tribes who are neighbors to the Wajiji do not materially differ from them. They grow to be a finer race to the north of the lake, lighter colored, better formed, and evidently more intelligent—a different people, but yet barbarous. Of the countries beyond the lake, and in the far north, Captain Burton speaks of course only on the authority of Arab merchants. Some of the accounts are very curious. It appears that in about latitude 0° 10' south is Kibuga, the residence of the powerful Sultan of Uganda. This town is not less than a day's journey in length. The sultan's palace is a mile long. Its walls have only four gates, which are hung with bells. These announce to the sovereign the approach of strangers. The harem contains 3000 women, children, and slaves. The palace is peculiarly subject to be burned down by lightning; and on these occasions the warriors are expected to assemble and put out the fire by rolling over it. "The Chief of Uganda has but two wants with which he troubles his visitors—one a medicine against death, and the other a charm against the thunder-bolt; and immense wealth would

reward the man who could supply either of these desiderata." Here seems a fine chance for some Yankee lightning-rod or quack-medicine seller.

The army of Uganda numbers at least 300,000 men. Each brings an egg to muster, by which means a general census of the people is made, and the Court is supplied with the material for omelets. Each soldier carries one spear, two assegais, a long dagger, and a shield. The women and children carry the food and baggage. They fight to the sound of drums, and if this ceases the whole host takes to flight. The Sultan's public appearance, on occasions of state, is made riding "pickaback" on the shoulders of his chief minister. When he needs money, he invades one of his own provinces, massacres the chief people, and sells the rest.

Such are the stories which stir up the desire of the travelers to go farther. Doubtless it would be "go farther and fare worse;" and luckily the shortness of supplies obliged them to return from the lake without exploring beyond. Here, therefore, we take our leave of Captain Burton, recommending those who feel a desire for farther knowledge of him and his important discoveries to read for themselves his interesting volume.

THE PEARL RING.

IT was Friday afternoon, and a crowd of girls of all sizes and ages, between seventeen and seven, were pouring out at the great double doors of our old-fashioned country school-house. As different as possible from all modern institutions of learning was this long, low, weather-stained brick building, with its one immense, uncarpeted room, crowded with desks and forms, and answering all the purposes of class-room, recitation-room, lecture-room, chapel, and every thing else.

As different, perhaps, were the order of exercises within; and possibly this was a difference with an advantage. I know we were not crammed with all the "ologies," confounded with all the languages, and tortured with all the accomplishments that ever had been invented; but there was plenty of mental aliment, nevertheless, dealt out to all who would receive it, and some food for heart and soul included.

Such as it was, the school was very popular in a certain county of Virginia, whose name need not be mentioned here. All the best people—the most wealthy as well as the most aristocratic—sent their daughters to Miss Page and the old brick school-house, in preference to distant boarding-schools, whether Northern or Southern; and every body in the village near who would "take boarders" for love or money had applications in plenty from such pupils as lived at too great a distance to come every day from home.

The house stood away back from the roadside, half hidden in the pine woods which made extensive play-ground for us, besides affording delicious shade and coolness in the sultry spring and summer months. I remember well how the sweet woodland breezes used to flutter through

the wide-open doors and windows, so fragrant with their piny odor, and so musical with the murmur of the trees. And sometimes I almost forgot my lessons in delightful dreams and fancies, as I gazed out of the window before me down into the glades and arches of the forest, watching the wavering sunbeams with the leafy shadows dancing against them, and listening with an ever-new enjoyment to the surging antheams of the pines.

A group of girls stopped, on this Friday afternoon, under one of the large trees near the house. It was a veteran old pine, whose topmost branches seemed always reaching after the clouds, they held themselves so loftily above all their neighbors. Beneath and around it was a thick carpet of dead pine-leaves, upon which two or three of the girls threw themselves lazily, declaring it was a great deal pleasanter than going home.

"Don't be in a hurry, Nelly Randolph," said Maggie Wise, a stout, merry-faced girl, to another, at least a head taller, and as graceful in appearance as Maggie was clumsy. "Sit down here, I want to talk to you."

"About what?" Nelly answered, pausing a moment, but refusing to sit down.

"Why, about the piece of intelligence Miss Page gave us this afternoon—the new teacher, of course."

"I'm sure I don't know what we can say on that subject," said Elinor Randolph, with a laugh. "We have not even seen him yet, and are not in possession of one item of information concerning him, save and except his name."

"But we are not above the folly of speculation, Miss Randolph," interposed another girl, sarcastically, "upon a matter of interest to us all. Though, of course, it could not be expected of your Majesty to join us."

"If my Majesty could see any satisfaction, Susie, in such speculations, I should not refuse to join you. But I really have nothing to say or think about Mr. Peyton. I know he is to fill Miss Page's place for a little while—a few months at longest; but it doesn't seem to me a matter of much consequence any way."

"Oh, you're always so horridly indifferent, Nelly Randolph!" another voice chimed in. "One would think it was an everyday thing for Miss Page to have a sister get married, and go North for the summer, and have her place filled by a gentleman. For my part, I'm dying with curiosity to know all about him—whether he's young and handsome, and if he's going to be agreeable, and whether I shall like him or not—and every thing!"

"And speculating about him will satisfy your curiosity on all points, I suppose," Nelly retorted, gayly.

"Don't you really care?" Maggie Wise asked, wonderingly. "I never had a gentleman teacher in my life—oh! except my music teacher—that cross old Harig!—and I'm delighted with the idea of Mr. Peyton. I'm sure he will be nice. Sha'n't you like it, just for a change?"

"No, I shall not," Elinor answered, promptly.