

better acquainted with telegraphy, railroads, &c., whilst the Chinese tries to impose upon the European with false tales of his *tsian-tsiun's* (general's) troops.

At Manass our travellers came upon a curious illustration of Chinese justice. In front of the gates were exhibited the heads of two Sarts. A few days before, the Chinese, or Dungans, killed two Sarts in the street. By way of exacting a penalty for this murder two more were led to execution.

The traffic in Dungan children between Manass and Turfan is large, and Dr. Regel even was offered some of them at Turfan.

On the 26th November the travellers again arrived at Shi-ho, where the *tsian-tsiun* detained them by various artifices. On the 5th December Dr. Regel decided to start for Sigashu, where he overtook his men who had been sent on before. As frequently is the case in China, the wind suddenly changed: a brilliant convoy, comprising the son of the *tsian-tsiun*, escorted the travellers with flags and music to Djin-ho, but on approaching the Russian frontier, to the north of the Borborogussun valley, the whole Chinese escort dispersed, as a report had spread that a marauding band of Dungans was approaching, and Dr. Regel and his six servants were left to beat off the attack in the best way they could. In this, fortunately, they were successful, and on the 24th December returned in safety to Kuldja.

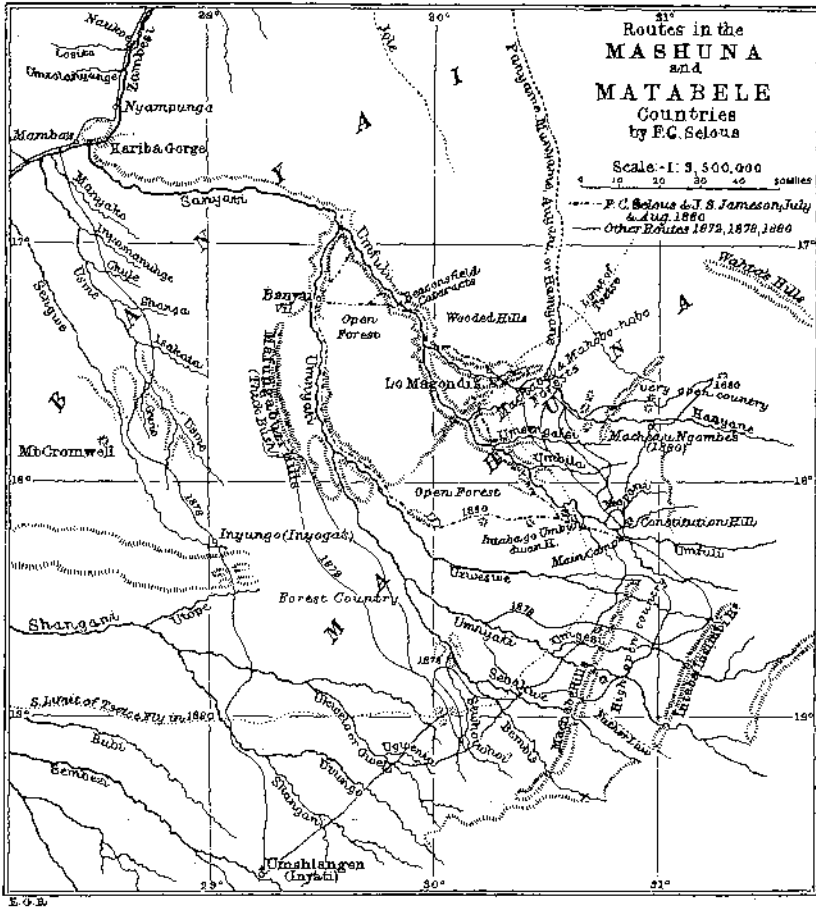
Recent Explorations in Mashuna-land. By F. C. SELOUS.

I SEND you a short account of a journey which I made with Mr. J. S. Jameson last year to the junction of the Umfuli and Umnyati rivers, in North-Eastern Mashuna-land, which by my reckoning is situated just about 200 miles slightly to the east of north from Inyati, the most northerly mission station in the Matabele country, and 100 miles to the south-west of the deserted Portuguese town of Zumbo, on the Zambesi.

On the 24th of July, 1880, Mr. J. S. Jameson and myself left our waggons, which were standing on the banks of the Umfuli river (not far from the spot marked Constitution Hill on Mr. Baines's map), and started on foot, on a trip into the "fly" infested country to the north of our encampment.

A four hours' walk through an alternation of open forests for the most part free from underwood, and broad grassy valleys, brought us to the banks of a fine clear stream, a tributary of the Umfuli, which ran at the foot of a hill known to the Kafirs as "Intaba go Umbundwan." As we still had our dinner to shoot, we went no further than this the first day, but spent the afternoon in search of game. We shot an oribi antelope and a reeduck. The hill which I have mentioned above is

about the southern limit of the tsetse fly on the western bank of the Umfuli, and from there it extends to the north and north-west without a break right up to the banks of the Zambesi: curiously enough, however, on the eastern side of the river there is a large area of country free from "fly" further north, extending as far as Lo Magondi's (Maghunda's) mountains.



On the following morning about ten o'clock we struck the river again, and followed its course for the rest of the day. The scenery was similar in every respect to that we had passed through the previous day. We saw a great many waterbuck, and a good deal of rhinoceros spoor in the course of our march.

On the third day, July 26th, we got into a very rough hilly country, through which the river forced its way in a succession of foaming rapids, some of which were very picturesque, rushing as they

did over and amongst great boulders of rock. These rapids were interspersed here and there with deep still pools of dark blue water, which must have harboured many herds of hippopotami at no very distant date, for the broad, well-beaten double footpaths made by these bulky beasts and leading from one pool to another, sometimes up and down very steep and rocky hillsides, were to be met with all along the river. All this day and the next we made our way through a series of the most exasperating stony hills that it is possible to imagine. Sometimes we had to keep away from the river to avoid hills that came down precipitously to the water's edge, and whose sides were too steep to afford a footing. Towards evening on the 27th we came to a large range of hills running east and west, and cutting the Umfuli at right angles.

The following day, as we had found game very scarce along the Umfuli, and as our Kafirs and we ourselves were almost entirely dependent upon our rifles for our daily food, we struck away to the eastward under the range of hills I have spoken of above, with the intention of trying our luck on the river Hanyane. In the course of the day we shot a sable antelope and a waterbuck, and in the evening struck a beautifully clear stream of water, which led us into a deep gorge through the hills. During the night a light drizzly rain fell. Early the next morning (July 29th) we made our way through the gorge into an open marshy valley between two ranges of hills, and after a struggle through an immense vley of long wet grass, struck a native footpath, which we at once followed. A three hours' steady tramp along this path brought us to some old mealie gardens and deserted huts, and just over the next ridge we came upon a small kraal which we found to be one of Lo Magondi's outlying villages, that august personage being a petty Mashuna chief, holding his life and property at the caprice of Lo Bengula, king of the Matabele. Finding that our Kafirs had meat which they were willing to sell for meal, ground nuts, &c., the villagers soon came trooping down to our camp, intent upon barter. As they were tired of a continuous vegetable diet, and our boys were equally tired of meat, the exchange was very brisk. The women usually brought the produce of their gardens down themselves in very small baskets or wooden plates, and then sitting at a little distance from us, gave them to some male friend to sell for them, keeping, however, a sharp eye upon the whole transaction, and assisting or hindering the barter with a never-flagging tongue. Altogether it was a noisy and amusing scene. The fashion of the huts and corn-bins, the tame pigeons flying in and out of the public dove-cot (these birds, originally obtained, no doubt, from the Portuguese, are to be found in every kraal along the Zambesi), the arms and dress of the men, and the wonderful way in which some of them had frizzed and got up their hair, all recalled to my mind a Banyai kraal on the banks of the Zambesi.

We now got a boy to show us the way to the chief's kraal, the path

to which took us through another village and across a large extent of cultivated land. These people seem very industrious, cultivating large quantities of Kafir corn, maize, ground nuts, and a few sweet potatoes. They had any amount of vegetable food and native beer, and what they seemed to covet most was meat, fat if possible; but meat in any shape, lean, fat, fresh or putrid, was evidently to them a luxury. They have no domestic animals, either cattle or goats.

We found old Lo Magondi living in a small village, occupied apparently only by his own wives and a few intimates, and perched upon the summit of a very steep hill. When we reached the top, the old fellow, with some of his sons and a councillor or two, was seated on a bark mat, with a huge pot of beer in front of him. Two years previously, in 1878, having paid a visit to one of his other towns, and he himself having also brought some ivory to our waggons at Umfuli to sell, he at once recognised me, and offering us beer and ground nuts, became very friendly.

At this little kraal we noticed a man weaving a blanket on a native hand-loom, and out of wild cotton. We also saw that they had planted a few cotton bushes near the huts, and enclosed them with a hedge. Later on, when we were on the Umnyati, I noticed that at every Banyai village we visited, the people had planted and enclosed a few cotton bushes.

Old Lo Magondi dissuaded us from going down the Hanyane, saying that there was no game there, the country being thickly inhabited, and begged us to go with him to the lower part of the Umfuli and shoot some hippopotami for his people, as a reward for which he said he would consult his god, who would infallibly tell us where the elephants were to be found. He also stated positively that the Umfuli ran into the Umnyati, not many days' journey below where we were to find the hippopotami. This last statement decided us to give up the Hanyane and follow down the Umfuli to its junction with the Umnyati, so as to establish the fact, for in all maps of South Africa hitherto published, the Umfuli is marked running into the Zambesi about half-way between the Umnyati and Hanyane rivers.

The following day we started. Although we took two days to do it, having to go at Lo Magondi's pace, it is only a day's walk from his town to the junction of a small stream (which runs past his town) with the Umfuli. We kept a general course of north-west through a very rough hilly country, crossing one high and steep range. From the top of these hills, as far as the eye could reach to the north, north-east, and north-west, the whole country seemed to be a mass of wooded hills. On the morning of July 31st we again followed the bank of the Umfuli northwards. In the course of an hour we passed some magnificent pools, several hundred yards long, at least 200 broad, and seemingly very deep. Here for the first time I saw a beautiful species of plantain-

eater, new to me, of a dark metallic purple colour, with a crest that appeared black, and bright scarlet wings. About nine o'clock we reached a pool in which seven hippopotami were located. Of these we shot five, and then made a camp in order to dry the meat. Here we remained for a week, during which time I made an excursion to the Umnyati, which, although the natives with Lo Magondi swore it was three days' journey distant, I found to be not more than 25 miles to the west of our camp, as the crow flies; at least that is the distance I judged it to be. A few miles below our camp there is a waterfall on the Umfuli. At the falls the river runs over and amongst huge boulders of granite rocks in three channels, altogether quite 300 yards broad, and when swollen by heavy rains, these streams must all be united into one broad expanse of seething water, foaming over a bed of solid rock, and at such times could not fail to present a grand and awesome sight. There are three small falls, which are, however, insignificant at this season of the year, the highest being that on the eastern side, which falls into a deep hole that the water has worn in the solid rock. These falls Mr. Jameson and I afterwards named the Beaconsfield Cataracts. Where I first struck the Umnyati I found it running amongst a succession of low wooded hills, its bed being about 200 yards broad, and sandy. Here I found several Banyai villages, and learnt from the people that it was only a day and a half's journey to the junction of the rivers, so I determined to return to our camp, and then with Mr. Jameson start for the junction at once.

On again reaching camp, I found that Jameson had just returned from an excursion to the south-west. Old Lo Magondi was still here with half his tribe, women and children, all of whom were trying to devour as much hippopotamus meat as possible. Poles had been cut and raised upon uprights in every direction, all of which were red or white with festoons of meat and fat. The trees that surrounded the pool were covered one and all with the griffon and little black vultures, and here and there sat a couple of the carrion-eating marabout storks, eyeing the bones and ribs of the five hippopotami, now well picked, which strewed the rocks at the lower end of the pool. As soon as darkness set in, hyænas began to approach from all quarters, and laughed and screamed and howled over the remains of the feast in a manner that must be heard to be appreciated. In the middle of the night, when the fires were burning low, old Lo Magondi, who always slept at our scherm amongst our Matabele boys, suddenly jumped up and called to the Kafirs to make up the fires, as there was a lion about. Though I was awake, I had heard nothing; but soon after the boys had rekindled the fires, a low deep growl—of, disappointment, I suppose—broke the silence of the night, such a growl as can only issue from the throat of a lion. The deep sullen sound was twice repeated, seemingly within 50 yards of

where we lay, and then all again was still ; nor were we further disturbed that night.

Next day we packed up our traps, and crossing the Umfuli at the Beaconsfield Cataracts, made for the Banyai villages on the Umnyati, which we reached by midday on the morrow.

The following morning we were up betimes, and leaving four of our Kafirs to look after the bulk of our traps, started with the rest for the junction of the rivers, taking our blankets, some ammunition, and provisions for a week. Getting a guide from one of the Banyai villages, we held away through a very hilly country to the north-east, and early the following morning found ourselves once more on the banks of the Umfuli, very near, as our guide affirmed and we afterwards found to be the case, to its junction with the Umnyati. We were delayed, however, during the rest of the day looking for game. We killed a waterbuck, a wart-hog, and a buffalo bull.

Here, as higher up, the Umfuli runs through a succession of rocky gorges, dashing over and amongst great masses of granite rock. Through these ravines hippopotami must have wandered for countless ages, for in one place, where a ledge of rock ran along the bank of the river, they had worn a path about 20 yards long across it, at least four inches deep in the hard stone. This path, worn into the solid rock, was the very facsimile of those recently made in soft ground, having, as in them, the slight ridge all along the centre, which is caused by the hippopotamus not crossing its feet as other animals do, but moving them in parallel lines. The time required for a limited number of these animals to wear a path four inches in depth into this excessively hard rock, seems almost beyond calculation.

August 11th.—Up again at daylight, and after a two hours' scramble, at last reached the junction of the two rivers. Although there are large deep pools more than 100 miles nearer the sources of the Umfuli, yet it only pours a narrow stream of water, three or four yards wide and knee-deep, into the Umnyati at this season of the year. The Umnyati itself is narrow and rocky just at this point, but a little below the junction it opens out into a sandy bed, fully 400 yards broad, through which two or three narrow channels of water find their way.

Just below where the waters of the two rivers met, there was a fine deep blue pool, in which a herd of about ten hippopotami were disporting themselves.

The Umnyati here runs to the north-east, and the Umfuli enters it almost at right angles. About four miles below the junction, however, the river runs right against a chain of hills, and then taking a sudden turn, flows along their base towards the north-west, which is the general course it must hold until it finally empties itself into the Zambesi just at the entrance to the Kariba gorge.

On the 13th of August we commenced our journey homewards, and followed the banks of the Umnyati until we reached the mouth of the Umzweswe, one of its chief tributaries. This I have placed further north than it has been marked on Mr. Baines's map. The Umzweswe joins the Umnyati amongst a mass of rocky precipitous hills, through which we found it very tedious work to make our way. In spite of their stony character, these hills are, however, for the most part wooded. After following the course of the Umzweswe for a day and a half, we left it, and struck away nearly due east, through an alternation of forests and valleys, intersected by several fine running streams of beautifully clear water, and eventually struck the Umfuli about 12 miles below our camp, which we reached on August 30th, after an absence of nearly six weeks. During our return journey, we fell in with two elephant bulls, which we killed, besides a great many buffaloes, black rhinoceroses, and hippopotami. My friend also shot a fine lioness.

April 26th, 1881.

GEOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

Mr. H. M. Stanley's Expedition on the Congo.—M. Devaux, Chef du Cabinet to His Majesty the King of the Belgians, has lately communicated a long account of Mr. H. M. Stanley's proceedings on the Congo to the *Daily Telegraph*, in connection with which journal his former explorations were carried out. The greater part of M. Devaux's report covers tolerably well-known ground, including the establishment of the station at Vivi, but towards the close we learn something about the difficulties experienced in reaching the second station. Mr. Stanley had selected as the site for this a place called Isangila, situated some 30 miles above Vivi. To reach this point he had to traverse a very irregular country, sparsely populated, and without available resources for support. His provisions, boats, and the materials for the new station altogether weighed 42 tons, and they were carried partly on men's backs, and partly in waggons furnished by Messrs. Woolf, of London. With this amount of baggage—an immense quantity when the means of transport and the nature of the country are considered—Mr. Stanley commenced his march to Isangila. The difficulties he had to encounter were often serious; sometimes torrents had to be bridged over or ravines filled up, and at other times a road had to be cut with axes through dense forests, and rocks had to be blown up; sometimes, again, steep mountains were met with, along the sides of which the waggons had to be dragged by sheer strength of arm. If, however, Mr. Stanley could have moved forward with all his baggage at once, his difficulties would not have been so great, but this appears to have been out of the question. He went on at the head of an advance party, and after