IV
The Stanley Expedition Through the "Mgunda Mkali"

(The Terrible Forest)

19 October. We remain at Ikungu.

Mr. Stanley allowed a day's rest, partly to give our weary porters a break, partly to buy provisions in preparation for crossing the Mgunda Mkali. We spent the day chatting with the members of the expedition, who complimented us on the speed of our march. In twelve days we had covered nearly a third of the way from Nyanza to the coast. If we continued to walk at the same pace, we should reach the sea in a month; but it would be better for our porters if we proceeded more slowly.

20 October. From Ikungu Kuikuru to Mt. Mizanzi, seven hours.

We were late in departing. Mr. Stanley had already been on his way with the caravan for half an hour, but it was Sunday, and although we were somewhat late, we still wished to say Holy Mass. We would have no difficulty catching up with him, however. The long line of women and children advanced only slowly, and already after an hour we were no longer the last.

Shortly before entering the Mgunda Mkali, we passed the place where we had camped on October 28th last year. The forest was somewhat thinned, the people of Ikungu also having cleared this side. The Mgunda Mkali (terrible forest) covers the high ground that separates Ugogo from Unyamnézi. It also forms the watershed between the Indian Ocean, the Nyanza, and the Tanganyika. But if we imagine a true forest under this name, we are entirely mistaken; it consists only of low scrubland and thorny thickets, separated by grassy and bare plains.

It was the caravans that gave it its frightening nickname. For five days there was no sign of a village along the road. Consequently provisions were difficult to find and water was scarce. Only isolated hunters roamed this solitude, and lawless people—brigands—had built their huts near the road. Therefore, before entering this dangerous zone, the porters were advised to take an abundant supply of water, to use it sparingly, and to stay in tight formation to better resist attacks. They always promised this with great oaths but seldom kept their word.

From the very first hour walking, we saw people emptying their water vessels and stragglers lingering behind. For the latter, Stanley had taken measures; a company of Wangwanas brought up the rear under the command of Lieutenant Stairs or Captain Nelson, who alternated in this unpleasant task. But as to the conservation of water, it always depended on the carrier himself, and it has been observed that people carry little when they know they will find water in the evening.

But if one had to sleep in the arid pori, one can be almost certain that on the first part of the journey half of the porters will have already drunk their water.

At the head of the caravan marched Stanley with two companies of Wangwanas. Then came Dr. Emin Pasha with his men and the crowd of Egyptian employees and merchants. The entire caravan numbered about six hundred souls, including 180 Wangwanas divided into three companies, and 70 to 80 Wanyamnézi porters. The rest were made up of people from Wadelai and formed a strange mixture: a Jew from Tunis, a pharmacist from Wadelai, Egyptian officers, Coptic secretaries, Sudanese soldiers. People of any importance took with them a retinue of slaves, women, and children, all loaded with a veritable store of bric-a-brac. They carried pierced copper coffee pots, large water basins, empty cans, small chairs, mattresses, boxes, and a mass of other useless objects.

We Europeans were also numerous: Stanley with five officers and a servant, Emin Pasha, Casati, and the two of us. It was a strange mixture of all the tribes of Africa and all the Wazungus (European peoples)—English, Americans, Italians, French, Germans, Greeks, Turks—so that the natives could scarcely conceal their terror and astonishment. All these marched under the red banner adorned with the crescent of Islam, which preceded Stanley. The Europeans would much prefer him to unfurl the English or American flag, but this was forbidden to him.

Once in the undergrowth, the rearguard, which we had caught up with in the meantime, began to press forward. They wanted to surpass each other, and it was especially the Nubian women who distinguished themselves, as if they had only been walking since this morning. In thick bush where the path was often barred by thorns, one advanced even more slowly than an ordinary caravan. Finally, the herd of oxen, which numbered eighty head, increased the delays still further.

The drivers of these oxen were commanded by a negro captain, a handsome and robust Sudanese.

We took advantage of a few open spots to walk through the grass and overtake this crowd. Some Nubian women cried out loudly at the sight, but we cared very little about it. After an hour's walk in the forest we encountered at the edge of the path, a baobab tree in whose shade I had rested last year when I had a fever.

Soon we crossed the stony and dry bed of a stream flowing northeast, and after a total walk of three and a half hours, we left the great caravan road, which had hitherto generally run southeast, and took a side path going northeast.

I had informed Mr. Stanley that the year before, we had made a diversion northwards, and we had found good water there.

On the main road one travels fourteen hours without encountering any water, whereas thanks to the spring on this side track, the waterless trip is reduced to eleven hours. For a caravan carrying so many sick people, this was a very important consideration. Stanley's kirangozi were also of this opinion so we took this northern path which caravans avoid only for fear of the Masai who are often in the neighbourhood.

We followed the dry bed of the stream for some time, then turned east and stopped for an hour around noon. After that we walked again for two hours to a stream, naturally dry, which flows northward and is called Mto Mizanzi (river of palms) because of the many palms that grow on its banks.

Last year we had camped not far from this stream. I had arrived at six o'clock in the evening suffering with fever, and it left me during the night while I was sleeping in the open air, the tents having remained behind. We were threatened with being deprived of tents again today.

Our people doubtless thought they could act as they pleased in this great caravan, and seeing porters everywhere stopping by the wayside, they imitated them. Therefore, when we arrived at three o'clock at the appointed stage, we had to remain exposed to the heat of the sun and suffering from thirst, as the water-carriers had also lingered behind.

An officer of Stanley's, more fortunate than ourselves, offered us a cup of tea. Somewhat refreshed, I turned back and walked for more than an hour and a half in search of our people, whom I found at last sitting under a tree eating and talking merrily. But in less than an hour they had arrived at the camp, running through the grass and brambles, and they were able to furnish Father Girault with clear proof that the Bwana can also sometimes become ‘kali’ (angry). A man warned me that there were others farther away. Abandoning the pursuit of the former, I turned back for another half hour and I found the others devoting themselves with delight to the same occupations.

I pulled them rather roughly from their hiding place and pushed them ahead of me. Since it was unwise to be last and risk being overtaken, they fled as their comrades had done, disappearing into the undergrowth. Despite their burdens, they displayed such agility that I, quite exhausted, gave up pursuing them. I contented myself with shouting after them that they must hurry or they would learn what it would cost them for making me run uselessly for three hours following a seven-hour march.

When I arrived at camp at nightfall, I found the tent pitched and my bed prepared. Water was boiling in the pots, but the coffee pot was missing. Perhaps seeking revenge, one of our men had taken it to fetch water. He didn't return with it until nine o'clock, and even then it was empty. We had found water an hour away, but the scoundrel had brought none back for us. As punishment for this misdeed, he had to go fetch some early the next morning.

When, as was my custom, I visited my brave Bukumbis around their fires in the evening to see if everything was in order, Munyamduru begged me not to be so "kali" (harsh) as I had been; in future they would march obediently to whatever place we assigned them in the caravan. I believe this lesson will suffice to nip in the bud any desire to lag behind, which had not yet manifested itself. Until now we had walked according to our porters' pleasure, halting when they pleased, insisting only on one thing: reaching the appointed destination. Now this is no longer possible; we must not allow any disorder in the caravan. We have decided to march ahead of the Sudanese, so that our people may have before their eyes the good example of the Wangwanas who follow Stanley in close ranks, rather than that of the Nubians, Turks, and others who march very disorderly. But this extra exertion exhausted me and fearing I would not sleep, which would bring on fever, I took chloral.

October 21st. — From Mt. Mizanzi to the camp near the spring, two and a half hours**.**

We break camp after six o'clock. The natives usually leave earlier, especially when water is scarce, to avoid walking as much as possible during the heat. But Mr. Stanley doesn't like to depart from his habits, and the people are in no hurry either. They know the walk will be short, and many of them had found water in a place where last year there was none at all.

We maintain our southeasterly direction and after an hour come across the stony bed of a stream. In some deep holes there is still water, to the great joy of those who had none last night. We follow this stream for some time as it flows northward, then cross several similar beds, all dry, ascending through scrubland that gradually becomes clearer and taller. It consists largely of trees called miumbas, which have not yet turned green. (This tree resembles the ash in leaf and general appearance, and is often called ‘African ash’ for this reason, though it belongs to the Papilionaceae family.)

At half-past eight, after a walk of two hours and fifteen minutes, we discover an abundant spring emerging from under a rock and forming a small pond. I thought I had noticed yesterday that this year the water was more abundant than last year, at least in some places, and my observation was confirmed. Where last year abundant vegetation alone testified to the moisture in the soil (water was visible only in a few holes), there is now a small clear pool toward which the carriers rush. However, we didn't stop there but continued walking for another quarter hour and arrived at a place where last year there had been a beautiful spring with clear, fresh water. I can scarcely believe my eyes - I see only black mud. Elephants, rhinos, buffalo, and other beasts have chosen this place to come to drink and bathe, and they had visited it again the night before.

While the people of the caravan were hastening to draw water from the place where the spring emerged from the stony ground, I walked along the marsh. I had kept an exact memory of the place: close to the mud is a round hole in the rock, twenty-five centimetres wide and a meter deep, from which bubbles up a spring, less abundant but which I knew could not be fouled. I had the area around it cleaned, and after the water muddied by this operation had flowed away, we had beautiful water—clear, without any bad taste such as we had never encountered before. The year before, the wild beasts had been undisturbed in this place. Elephant hunters had set up blinds in the trees and on the ground, and the wild animals had had less time to wallow in the water. This spring is on fairly open ground broken by isolated bushes and dotted with palm trees. In the neighbouring undergrowth these hunters had erected a hut of tree trunks and defended it against nocturnal attacks from ferocious beasts with an enormous rampart of thorny plants.

Near the spring itself we saw small platforms built of branches in the larger isolated trees, and in the earth we saw large holes with shelters of palm leaves, partly covered with more leaves. The whole was protected by ramparts of thorns against the dreaded visits of lions and leopards, and perhaps also elephants or wounded buffalo. In this country where lions swarm, the night watch has its dangers so no fire can be lit, and the hunters are quite right to protect themselves with strong barriers against attacks from their four-legged competitors. This year the blinds are in poor condition, the hunters no longer come there, and the animals can wander in the forest and trample around the spring without fear of being disturbed.

This is one of the consequences of the Masai invasion of Ikungu. The latter having taken the cattle from Ikungu, it is assumed they are still in the neighbourhood, and the hunters of the country don't dare venture as far as this spring, which provides water year-round. This is what attracts not only game, but also the Masai when water becomes scarce in their region. This is doubtless why the country is uninhabited, for such beautiful and pure water would certainly support a large population, were it not for the lack of security which continues to increase.

October 22nd. — From the spring to the Mizanzi road, two and a half hours.

Despite the great abundance of game at this point, no one in the caravan takes advantage of the opportunity to kill any for the evening meal. When I asked the reason, the English invariably replied, "We have no more shotguns." In the difficult negotiations with the natives between the Aruwimi and Lake Albert, all the guns had been given away one at a time. The last one, which belonged to Stanley, was offered to the king of Nkole (Usongora, west of Uganda).

Besides, the English don't seem to me to be the rabid sportsmen they are generally said to be among those who travel in Africa. The naturalist Jameson, who died at the Bangala station on his way back from the Yambuya camp on the Aruwimi, was apparently the only remarkable hunter. I too gave up hunting, for it was not my place to go out alone.

At night our camp presented a magical aspect, for due to the proximity of ferocious animals, we were obliged to maintain large fires everywhere, which cast strange reflections in the undergrowth and palm fronds. These fires, it is true, kept the wild beasts away, but in the tall dry grass surrounding us they posed a very real danger. With the still considerable supplies of gunpowder we possessed, the camp could be reduced to ashes. Sentries had therefore been placed everywhere to immediately suppress any fire that might start in the grass. Many of the Egyptians are extremely careless in this regard.

However, the night passed without incident, and in the morning camp was broken at the usual hour. We no longer need to lead our people to their positions; they depart before us and take the rank we have assigned them in the caravan. We walk two and a half hours in a southeasterly direction through a plain where at first we encounter only thorny brushwood, but then there are many palm trees, whereas near the spring we had seen only a few. Having rejoined the great caravan road, abandoned the day before, we followed it for half an hour to a stream which I intend to name Mto Mizanzi, as I did last year. We crossed its bed filled with rushes and tall green grass and set up camp on the eastern bank. This stream flows from south to north. When I attended to the water supply, I again found my observation confirmed: the year is wetter.

Last year we found nothing but mud in the stream bed. Our carriers, who had just walked for six hours, looked in vain for water; they found only liquid mud. At last, setting to work ourselves with mattocks and picks, we began, despite the ironic laughter of the natives, to dig in the sand at a higher, and consequently less muddy, spot. These good people pitied us because we were searching at a point a foot higher than where they could find nothing but mud. When we came across stones (ferruginous, I believe), their thirst could not stop their mirth, especially when they saw that, far from giving up, we seriously affirmed that there was good water there. What wide eyes they opened when, having broken through the weak stone with great blows, fresh and clear water gushed from the layer of pebbles underneath! They gave us fearful glances that seemed to say, "They are clever sorcerers!" and no one dared draw from the water.

Even an Arab who was with the caravan—in this country Arabs are as backward as the natives in superstition—asked very humbly if he could safely drink our water, and only then did the Wangwanas venture to do so.

Having therefore carefully noted the place at that time, I returned to benefit from the work we had done there, but it proved unnecessary. In the holes there was a quantity of water at ground level, so there was no need to dig. It was sufficient to draw from places where the steepness of the bank prevented the natives from descending into the water and disturbing it. In the absence of running water, it is always good for Europeans to have water that we have protected, so that the porters don't bathe in it and we aren't faced with encountering only mud instead of water.

Here too, numerous tracks of wild animals can be seen on the riverbanks. Some Zanzibaris go hunting and return in the afternoon with large pieces of meat; they had managed to kill a giraffe.

Following the custom of the natives, and like true savages (Mchenzis), the Wangwanas, who nevertheless consider themselves superior beings, didn't begin by skinning the beast properly; they simply butchered it, so that not even a piece of hide sufficient to make a belt could be salvaged from it. Giraffes are still numerous and their skin can be converted into excellent leather for making soles.

Our frequent conversations with the expedition's officers reveal many things that clearly show what its purpose was. Judging from appearances, it has succeeded, and Europe will celebrate it accordingly. But deep down, these heroes are very unhappy with the result and don't hesitate to admit it.

"Many people died, important resources were sacrificed, we spent two and a half years in misery, and what did we accomplish?

We brought back from the interior a certain number of Egyptian employees, useless and corrupt—Jews, Greeks, and Turks who aren't even grateful to us. Casati himself wasn't worth it; he became 'mchenzi,' savage. As for the Pasha, he's an honest man, but he's merely a man of science."

It was thought that in Emin Pasha there was a soldier at the head of two thousand well-disciplined men, to whom it was only necessary to bring ammunition to secure the equatorial province for England and to open a route to Mombasa with their bayonets. Now all this has failed and we are dissatisfied. Dr. Emin Pasha himself knows his men too well to delude himself about the expedition's real motives.

These marches through the wilderness are certainly disagreeable to the porters, but meanwhile, we Europeans are at ease and we aren't assailed by unwelcome crowds. Moreover, the lack of water isn't felt as much on the path we've chosen as on the route from Tura to Muhalala.

On the latter route, one should find water only once during this season. It is therefore necessary to cross the entire Mgunda Mkali in three days' march, which is very painful and well justifies the name given to it. Our road, however, is not terrible; we find no villages there, but we are provided with supplies for five days. Water is not scarce, and when one is well-armed and exercises some prudence, one has nothing to fear from brigands.

October 23rd. — From Mizanzi to Makomera, six and a half hours.

Leaving at six o'clock, we again walked in a southeasterly direction through a plain covered only with sparse groves of thorny acacias. We rise slowly. At nine o'clock I saw to the north four large palm trees that I had already noticed last year, and we then entered thick brush that somewhat hindered our progress and through which we advanced for about an hour. Then we had open country before us and camped near the springs of Makomera.

The traveller is astonished at the sight of these three springs. They appear to owe their existence to European hands, having been dug very methodically into the stone to a depth of 20 metres where they reach an underground water table. According to the natives, this current can be felt when water is drawn. On my first journey I asked Mr. Stokes whether perhaps the Portuguese had penetrated this far, but he told me they had not. These springs had been dug by a native who still lived in Ugogo and whom he had seen there. As for the water, it was so deep that he had not been able to find the bottom when he had fallen in while trying to retrieve a lost bucket. Since it was necessary to lower the vessels used for drawing water, we had cut an ox-hide into strips and drew up very clear and very fresh liquid, though slightly salty. In the expedition, tent ropes, pack-animal tethers, and such were distributed to the people to reach the necessary depth.

The porters don't like these springs - they say the water is not "convenient," and since their vessels (copper pots) are poorly secured, they lose many of them at the bottom. In a short time I saw five of these copper pots remain there. Nearby can still be seen the round excavations and troughs that were used to water the cattle, for this country was inhabited until very recently. Mr. Stokes told me that he had to pay heavy tribute nine years ago and had been obliged to abandon this convenient route for many years; then he had found the villages destroyed. Our people tell us the same thing. Formerly the Wataturus lived here, rich in sorghum and herds, yet they taxed the caravans very heavily. The latter were at their mercy, since the water from these springs was the only water in the country. Then the Wahumbas (Masai) invaded, carried off the flocks, and destroyed the villages. The inhabitants fled to the northeast or to Ugogo.

Only these three springs now attest that the country was formerly populated. Thorny scrub covers the old sorghum fields, and in thirty years, if no other tribe has settled there in the meantime, the origin of the springs will be attributed to a beneficent mzimu (spirit) and will form the basis of a legend that some Mnyamwezi will tell to whites as historical fact. In any case, it is very surprising that a native could have accomplished such work with his primitive tools. A single man dug the three wells with native picks. The earth and stones were removed in gourds, and everything was executed so regularly that it must be admitted he had been schooled by Europeans. However, he was apparently a native, a Mchenzi, and not a Mgwana—proof that necessity can sometimes lead the native to want to do something energetically and to persevere in the work undertaken. And if necessity can do this, why should it be impossible for education fertilized by God's grace?

In the evening I try to determine the latitude through some astronomical observations, but I can obtain no results, as the wind constantly

extinguishes the lantern. I think the latitude is approaching 5°37' South and the longitude about 32°40' east of Paris.

October 24th. — From Makomera to Matongo, six and three-quarter hours**.**

Today we shall doubtless find no water anywhere, so each person takes as much as he can carry. We break camp as usual after sunrise and walk eastward through flat ground still showing distinct traces of previous cultivation. After an hour we find the remains of villages, and later many destroyed settlements—the former homes of the Wataturus. Some are still standing and it wouldn't take long to make them habitable again. In some, the clay has fallen from the walls and the roof is holed; in others, only the posts that supported the roof remain, simply marking the shape of the dwelling. Near the springs themselves, in the undergrowth, there are said to be traces of three dwellings, and near the road are those of about twenty others. It's impossible to verify what is hidden in the undergrowth, but what we can see is enough to

convince us that the population was very large.

The Wataturus, like their kinsmen the Wanyaturus to the southeast of the lake, are mainly engaged in herding. They have the reputation of being still quite savage and unapproachable, but they have been unable to hold their own against the incessant attacks of the Masai. In Unyanyembe many are visible and they are particularly esteemed as cattle herders. By way of wages, they are given the milk of three or four cows, and in exchange they guard the herds and defend them very bravely against wild animals. One day a lion threw himself on our herd and seized a cow by the muzzle. The shepherd (mnyaturu) hurled his first spear at it, and his second and last javelin without hitting it. Then, brandishing his shield and staff, he rushed at the lion without further weapons. The lion fled, frightened by this daring attack. The brave mnyaturu whistled to his herd, gathered them together, picked up his two spears, and calmly followed his cows as if nothing had happened.

It was only in the evening, when asked why the cow was bleeding, that he remembered the lion and couldn't understand why he was being given a reward.

At eight o'clock we saw the last remnants of villages and again entered low, thick brushwood, through which we pressed on, continuing to climb slowly toward the southeast. A little before ten o'clock we reached the watershed. It is a small plateau on which one can see only a pond, now dry, filled with debris. In Kiswahili, a pond is called “ziwa”, and the place, naturally, “ziwani”. In the rainy season there is an outlet flowing to the north, and this corresponds well to the lie of the land, for the country seems to incline toward the northeast. Last year I also camped here on the same day, and our porters went to fetch water from the north; surely there is no outlet on the south side. This pond is very small, covering at most a few hectares, with perhaps a metre and a half of water during the rainy season. Then it becomes a swamp and for six months is completely dry, like all those "lakes" found in the Mgunda Mkali.

All the various “ziwas” (ponds) are completely dry during the dry season, and not a single one of the streams flowing northward brings water to the lake except during the rainy season. All the rivers marked on the map with lines of varying thickness are dry for the greater part of the year and fall into the category of wadis of the Algerian Sahara. From the lake to this point we have not encountered a single drop of running water. Tchaya and the other ziwas (lakes) are dried up; it would therefore be difficult to regard them as the southernmost sources of the Nile. These are marshes which overflow northward in the rainy season but where people die of thirst from July to December. Even in wet weather these depressions contain only a small amount of water because they are too small—neither wide nor deep enough.

The flat terrain doesn't allow rapid flow; the soil then becomes swampy, and the water later evaporates without a stream having formed.

Barometric height: 637 millimetres. After passing Ziwani, we climb slowly for about 200 metres, then descend just as slowly, now treading the Indian Ocean slope. This watershed is almost imperceptible - no great mountain chain marks it, yet it is one of the most important in Africa, for it forms the boundary between the Indian Ocean on one hand and the lake and Tanganyika—that is to say, the Nile and the Congo—on the other. We walked until half-past twelve, six and a half hours in all through thick and unpleasant undergrowth. Only at the end does it become somewhat taller, and we camp near Matongo, the ruin of a destroyed village. Our people find water at a short distance which, although not good, is nevertheless drinkable.

Others go as far as Kabarata, which is only an hour away and which we could have reached today. At three o'clock the caravan was already complete in camp. Barometric height: 641.5; so we descended about 50 metres. The ruins covering the country are new proof that if order and security could be assured, the Mgunda Mkali would soon be repopulated for it offers the same resources as Unyamwezi and water can be obtained just as easily.

October 25th. — From Matongo to Kabarata, one hour.

We descend slowly for another hour in a southeasterly direction through sparse brushwood, and then reach the village of Kabarata, which is considered part of the Mgunda Mkali. In front of the village we see at the end of a pole a human head and a shred of cloth—doubtless a warning to thieves. The village is not very large, but it is well populated and there are more resources than I had thought.

Thus isolated in the undergrowth, the inhabitants have put themselves on a war footing and have fortified their village by means of lattice towers 5 to 6 metres high and covered with clay. The small round arrow holes, usually closed, are now open. There is only one spring. Last year the chief had it filled in before our arrival, leaving only a small opening. When he heard we were about to leave, he had the spring cleared in our presence. Today he is very polite to Mr. Stanley, saying that white people are his best friends. Could it be otherwise in the face of the numerous bundles of weapons in the caravan? The population has been brought together by chance and misfortune; it belongs to the Wataturu tribe and is said to be formed from the remains of their ancient colonies at Mikomera. They have been joined by Wagogo and Wanyamwezi; the latter were mainly porters abandoned by caravans or deserters. One of the men who had joined us at Shinyanga, seeing that he was ill, also decided to remain in the village.

The language is almost pure Kigogo, and Kinyamwezi is less and less understood.

Mr. Stanley arranged a new distribution of fresh meat so that the people of the caravan could recover from the fatigues of the Mgunda Mkali, which, by the route we took, had nothing very extraordinary about it. From Kabarata, where we are now, a direct path leads to Usukuma through Itura, a dependency of the Wanyaturu. This path is usually followed by a merchant named Mterekesa, who, it is said, reaches with his caravan as far as Uthia in Usukuma, northeast of Shinyanga, in eight days. From there to Bukumbi would be only eight days more; the journey would therefore be shortened by at least eight days, but there would be great suffering from lack of water and the inhabitants are said to be not very accommodating. Mterekesa's caravan usually consists of more than a thousand individuals; therefore, if necessary, he can force the natives to give him passage. He is now on the coast. He was wounded in Usukuma while trying to force his way through, but he recovered and was able to reach Bagamoyo after fighting against Bushiri's bands.

We occupy his camp, where numerous enclosures testify to the great herds he drives toward the coast. Cattle, donkeys, goats, and sheep are, like ivory, articles of export to the coast. These animals are very inexpensive in Usukuma. An ox is worth six hatchets—that is, six marks (7 francs 50 centimes)—while on the coast it typically sells for four to eight times as much. Transportation costs almost nothing when you're also carrying ivory since there are always plenty of porters available. They only become busy on the return journey, bringing back fabrics.

They set out at the end of the rainy season and walk very slowly according to Wanyamwezi custom. The animals, having food and water in abundance, arrive at the coast in good condition, so buyers are easily found. The city of Zanzibar, with its many Europeans, Arabs, and Indians, consumes large quantities of fresh meat.

If an ox dies along the way, it is used to feed the Wasukuma, who from infancy never eat any meat other than that of animals which have died naturally.