

## IMPRESSIONS AND SCENES OF MOZAMBIQUE

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*With Photographs by the Author*

A COUNTRY as big as the Atlantic States from Florida to New York, with the capital near the southern boundary and half a dozen smaller towns scattered along the coast; more than 3,000,000 inhabitants, of which only about one per cent are whites; one of the oldest of all European possessions and one of the richest in agricultural possibilities, at least, but one of the least known countries in the world. Such is Mozambique.

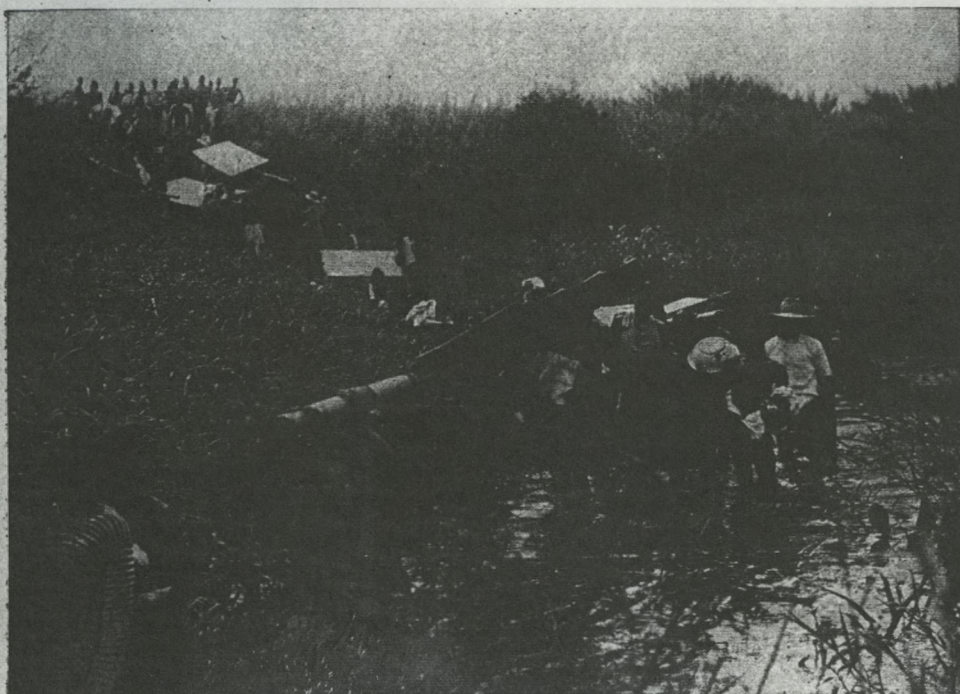
Four or five good ports and as many bad ones; five towns and a small but up-to-date capital city, and a generous number of military posts and outposts, a few of which are in the real raw interior; millions of acres of the finest alluvial soil fairly aching to show the farmer what big crops may be grown; waterways like the Zambesi, the Limpopo, and plenty of smaller ones to allow cheap handling of products; no deserts, no salt sinks, no large swamps, no mountainous wastes, no impenetrable jungles; out of some twenty only one or two tribes that object seriously to paying taxes to the government, now that they realize that the tax collector is a vital organ of the white tribe, which objects to any one tribe extermin-

ating another in the good old way; for, wicked as a bush policeman tries to be, he must needs fall far short of the unrestrained chief's "induna".

The early history of this strange section of East Africa should not be, even if it could be, written. We know the old-time black was as bad as a barbarian can be, and the endless tale of persistent, widespread, and continuous butchery would not be good to read.

Yet the ethnologist may well listen to the half legend, half true stories of the clans, tribes, and races that have been lost forever. No pottery, no carvings, no ruins will remain after a few more years; only language traces (for the slayers sometimes spared a few of the comeliest maidens) and father-to-son oral history. To ride over the site of a native village which probably held a thousand huts less than twenty years ago, to note the bits of charcoal, pieces of clay bowls, bones, and the few ominous breaks in the heavy ten-foot stockade fence made of hardwood logs set upright close together, forcibly reminds one of the wretched people, tired of fighting, who sought to gain respite by erecting a barrier that no foe could burn or climb over, only to





FORDING A BRANCH OF THE SLUGGISH, MIRY RIVER NEAR THE ZAMBESI

The "mashila" or hammock poles are raised from the shoulders to the heads of the carriers to avoid wetting the passenger. A lion devoured a native on the further bank shortly after our party had passed.

At Quesico we had the good fortune to witness a batuque, or ball, lasting nearly three days, at which about 3,000 fine specimens, mostly adults, were present. To describe the weird minor music of the marimbas, or huge xylophones, the blood-freezing death chants, the thrilling war songs, the "expression" dances of both women and men, and rites and divination ceremonies which the witch doctors were induced to show us would require much space. Many of these things could not have been seen by strange white men except that the commandante, Lieutenant Alves, the authority on all M'chopis [Mtyopi] matters, had the full confidence of the chiefs; and, besides, there were other more material inducements in the shape of feasts and presents.

At Inharrime, near Inhambane, we saw another grand batuque, with 3,500 Lan-

dims, M'chopis, and Bitongas. Here 200 native "pianos" kept up an incessant din for 36 hours. The "tunes" varied with the tribes. The Portuguese national air was executed pretty well by several of the bands, who had picked it up from obscure sources.

Each key of a marimba has suspended loosely beneath it a hollow gourd as a resonator. All but the smallest of these resonators have one or two apertures covered with the stretched membrane from a bat's wing. The membrane itself is protected by an artificial rim of wax, and this membrane continues to vibrate for several seconds after all sound from the key and resonator has disappeared. The particular orchestra shown on page 829 had learned to play the Portuguese national air very creditably, but when attempting "God Save the Queen" it became evident that the memory of each





FILED TEETH OF THE M'CHOPI NATIVE

This custom is practiced by comparatively few members of this tribe and is undoubtedly in imitation of some of the tribes of Zambesia. The woman being usually right-handed, prefers to carry the child on the left hip, where it is not so much in the way while at work; hence the left breast is usually slightly elongated.

player was decidedly inadequate to the feat. All the notes from whatever style of marimba are in the minor scale. This form of musical instrument appears to be used only by the M'chopi tribe and their immediate neighbors, who are only poor imitators. The drum-stick carries a lump of native "landolthia".

The warriors in the dance, who may

number 300 or more, constantly drop in their tracks and pretend to be smitten with death. The witch doctor then passes around, sprinkling them with medicine, whereupon all gradually resume their places and the dance continues. This dance is said to be as old as the tribe, which is probably the oldest Kafir tribe in East Africa. Their language is quite





KAFIR DRUMS AND RATTLES: THE ROAR OF THESE HUGE DRUMS CAN BE HEARD TEN MILES AWAY

distinguished from that of any neighboring Kafir tribe, and many of their customs are also peculiar. About 25,000 individuals are now in existence. They have the best "shambas" and take the most interest in agriculture of any known native tribe in East Africa.

The young girls' dance of the M'chopi tribe requires several years' practice before the difficult poses and contortions can be successfully performed. Several ankle rattles may be seen worn by the girls at the lower left of the picture on page 828. These hollow spheres are made of palm-leaf or grass, if not young gourd fruits, and are partially filled with large seeds, pebbles, etc. The noise of these ankle rattles is supposed to assist in keeping time in the dance. This is probably a Zulu custom, and even today in civilized Durban the ricksha boys frequently wear similar ornaments.

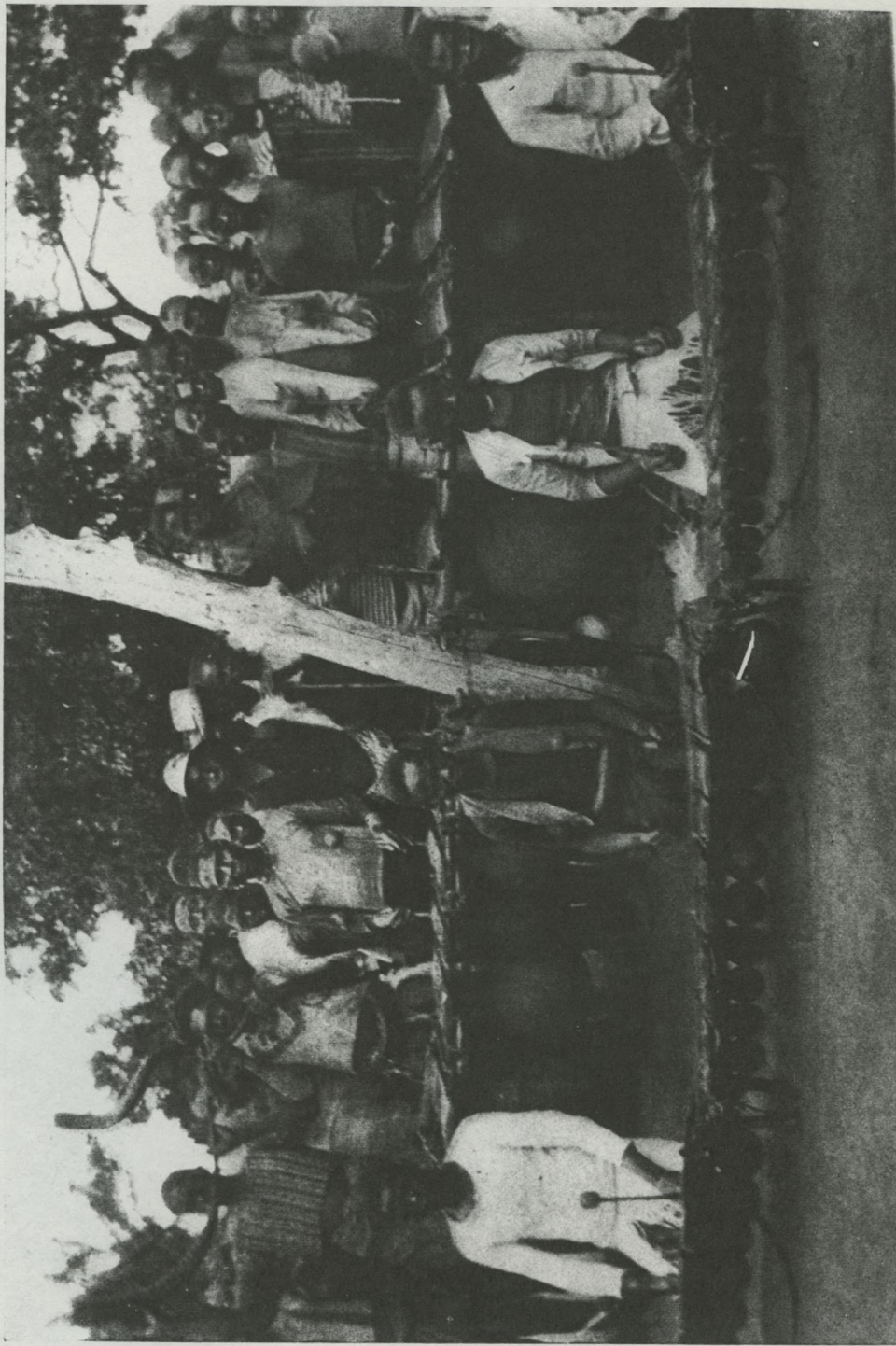
The tribes meet but do not mingle. Here we saw grave old M'kumbi, who

has an income of \$50,000 from the 10,000 huts of his tribe.

On the Zambesi, at the head of Chinde, I counted eight hippos at one time around the boat. Since the natives are not supposed to have guns of any sort, and since few devastating tourists pass that way, these uncouth monsters may endure a few years longer. There are usually to be seen one or two pairs in the Inkomati River, some three hours from Lourenço Marques, the capital. Feet a foot across and a body as wide as a wagon—no wonder the poor native sits up nights beside his corn-field when he hears the ominous "woo-uff" of an old tramp bull in the neighborhood.

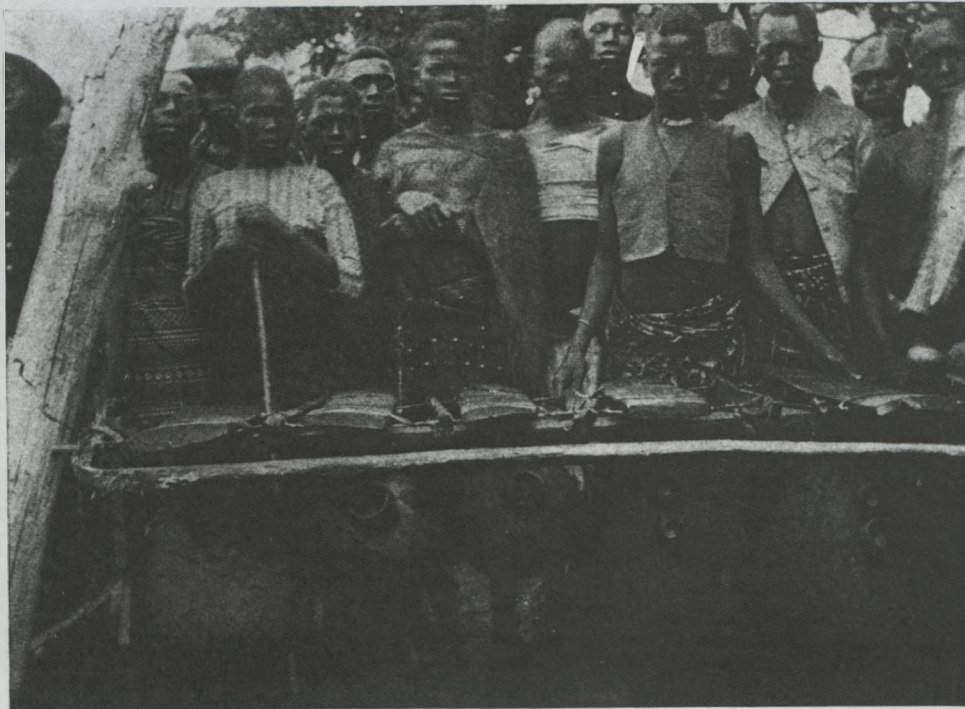
Near Mopea, three days up the Zambesi, we passed through two small native kraals in which the lions had eaten 18 people in three months previous. It is quite impossible to hunt these man-eaters on account of the tall, rank grass (four to six feet high), and, since they soon





AN ORCHESTRA OF MARIMBAS, MANTU, VENEZUELA





THE "MARIMBA" OF THE M'CHOPI TRIBE IN THE STATE OF INHAMBANE, PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA

The resonators are made from a kind of wild gourd attached beneath the xylophone keys. One or two apertures in the side are covered with the membrane from a bat's wing, fixed with gum, so that a "snarling rattle" is produced, even continuing several seconds after the sound within has ceased. These gourds vary in size from 6 to 40 centimeters in diameter. All the notes are in the minor key.

learn that two or three cuffs will make a big hole in the side of an ordinary hut, the poor native must roost high or die.

Even Major Kirby, the famous lion hunter, has not been able, he tells me, to average one lion per month during his stay in the Boror Company's estates, where over 100 people were devoured last year.

In the Zambezia district there has been spent a large amount of money in agricultural experiments, and, though the results are not encouraging thus far, it is no fault of the land. I have never seen any soil quite so rich, apparently, in either temperate or tropical America as are to be found in the Zambesi, Limpopo, and Inkomati alluvial plains. The colo-

nization laws are pronounced excellent, even by English colonials. They are automatic—just to the government, to the colonist, and to the natives. And here I may say that it seems to be agreed by men who know that nowhere else in Africa is the native question so well managed as in Mozambique. But it is a very big and deep and difficult question.

During our trips, covering some 250 miles on mules, 125 with hammocks, and 1,000 in boats, we came into touch with at least 500 natives as bearers and quasi-police guides; but not one thing was stolen during the ten weeks' travel, and never was it necessary to punish a "boy" for any misdeed. The 50 to 75 loads, 30 to 50 pounds each, were mostly pack-





HAND-DRUM ORCHESTRA OF THREE PLAYERS IN THE ZAMBESI DELTA

Both the bare hand and a short drumstick are used in producing the weird but highly variable "music." A carved image on a post presides over the occasion





WAR DANCE OF THE M'CHOPIS: FEIGNING DEATH TO BE REVIVED BY THE WITCH  
DOCTOR (SEE PAGE 818)

MASKS USED BY SOME OF THE WARRIOR DANCERS

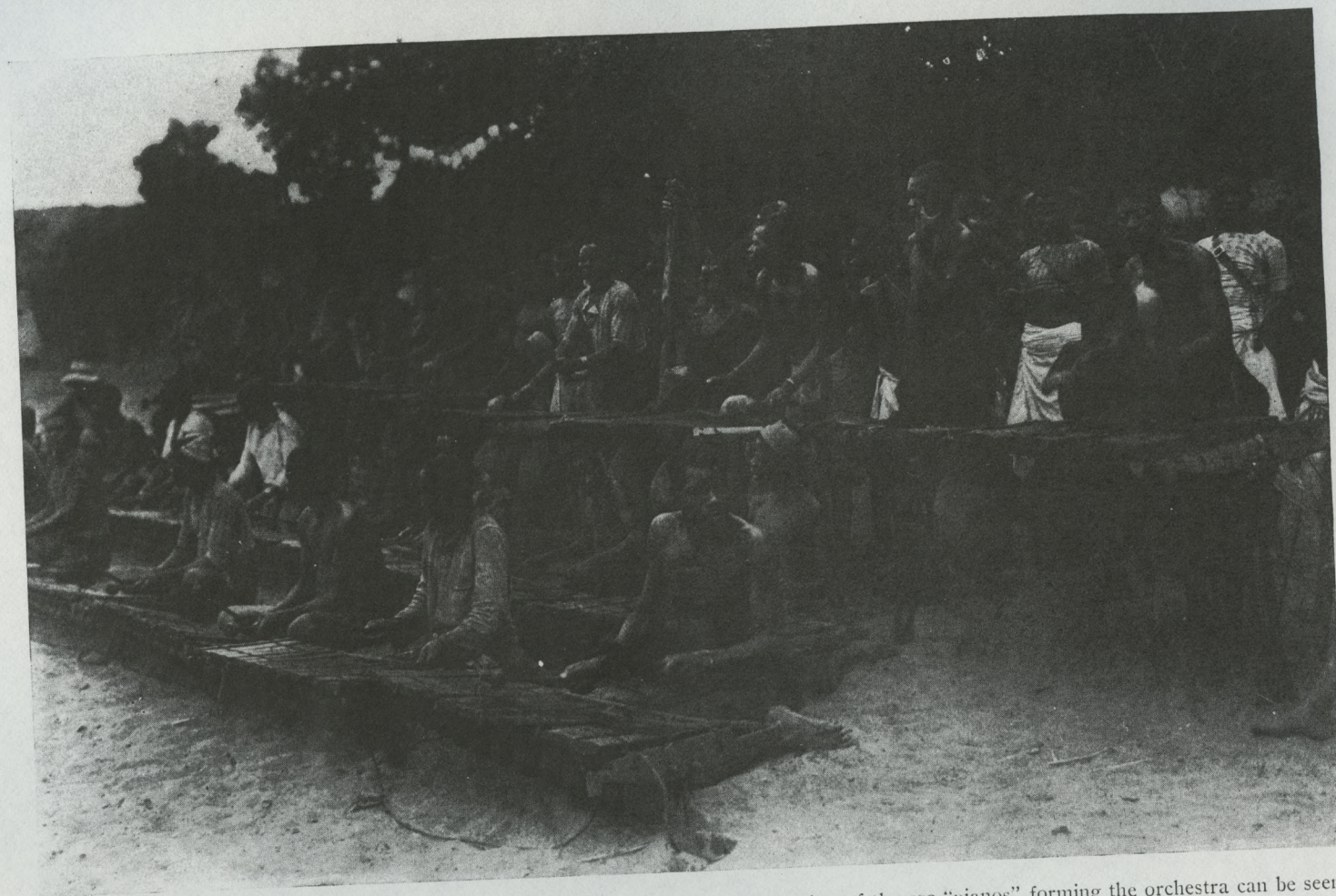




THE YOUNG GIRLS' DANCE OF THE M'CHOPIS

Note the rattles above the ankle of one of the girls (see page 819)





The din from this triple rank of marimbas was overwhelming. Only a small portion of the 200 "pianos" forming the orchestra can be seen





THE WOMEN'S WAR DANCE AT QUESICO, MOZAMBIQUE

ages filled with things dear to a native's heart and easily pilferable.

Neither were any acts of cruelty nor of indecency witnessed on the whole trip, except on the part of the whites. The farther away from civilized centers we went the more *respectable* became the native.

Thousands of "black ivory" specimens are exported to the gold and diamond mines of the Rand; they return with money, disease, discontent, and bad morals. The young men from Gazaland and Inhambane go on contract for say one year to get money to pay the hut taxes and to buy one or two wives. Instead of paying for a wife with cattle, as formerly, before the terrible ravages of rinderpest and "East Coast" fever,

sterling gold, £10 to £25, must now be cashed down to the father before the union is legal or the bride enters the new hut.

With diseases which practically preclude the breeding of all domestic animals but the pig, it is no wonder that the rich lands are so very little cultivated. But the steam plow has put in its appearance and as soon as permanent regulations for sale or rental of land are promulgated the country should be a happy harvesting ground for planters. With labor at \$2 to \$5 per month, good transportation, no more sickness than in any other country, perhaps, and good support from the government, colonists will come and then Mozambique will gloriously come into her own.