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ART. I.—MY JOURNEY IN AFRICA.

THE world at large, one would gather from its conversation looks upon Missionaries very much as the passengers of the P. and O. boats look upon the Zanzibaris that, for the most part, perform the duties of stokers on board these ships. The expressive name Seedy boys tell us how they estimate them; but it is the Seedy boys that, amid heat that few Europeans could stand, pile on the fuel which causes the mighty engines to move; and thus, as the passage goes on, the history of these ships is hourly being changed, and progress is made toward the desired haven. So Missionaries, under the burning sun of the tropics, or amid the ice and snow of the frozen regions, keep in motion the grand machinery that the master Builder has formed for His Church; and thus it is that the history of nations is changed, the very character of races is altered, and many immortal souls are furthered towards the Haven of rest. The world may think of them as it likes, but thank God some will be found ready to face any difficulty, and through good report and evil report will go forth to further such great ends. Few of those who stay at home realize how hard the Missionary life is. It has its joys, and they are great; it has its adventures, and amusements, and relaxations; but, as a rule, the battle of life is fought with a stern reality that saps the very blood of the natural life from the veins, while, at the same time, the isolation and surroundings are such that without the utmost watchfulness and prayer, the spiritual life also becomes sapped, and the torch burns low and dim. What I have to record will, I think, be a further proof of the hardships of this life in one of the most interesting parts of the world; but though I have passed through much, and met with great difficulties, yet the most trying circumstance in the career of many Missionaries is absent from my

tale ; namely, long and patient waiting in a lonely land, labouring on and on often for years without seeing much result.

On 17th May, 1882, in company with four other clergymen and one layman, I started on board a British India steamer for East Central Africa, our instructions being to strengthen the already existing station of Uyuvi ; to form a new station at the south end of the Lake Victoria Nyanza, and to reinforce the one at Rubaga, the capital of Mtesa, the powerful Emperor of Buganda, or as it is generally called in the Zanzibaris dialect, Uganda. We were thus to endeavour to promote the work that, in answer to Mr. Stanley's appeal from Rubaga itself, had been undertaken by the Church Missionary Society, and was commenced by Rev. C. Wilson in 1876.

Our sea voyage was not an eventful one. The first port we touched at was Malta. Long before we arrived, passengers began to flutter about the deck in their best things. The male portion now, for the first time, mounted their solah topees, and tucked white umbrellas under their arms, ready to do battle with the fiercest rays of the sun. The steward, who had a little more leisure than the officers, was much besieged with questions as to the precise moment we should arrive in port, and rather piteously deprecated that he was not a navigating horficer. As in all these ports, the instant the gangway was lowered, guides, interpreters, puppy-dog merchants, coral sellers, etc., stepped on board. But it is no use my describing the sights we saw. I had an immense treat ; I found a stinging nettle that I had been looking for for years in different places (*Urtica pilulifera*) ; but what surprised me most about it was, nobody would get excited about it, nor would volunteer to see how much more painful the sting is than of our ordinary nettle (*U. dioica*).

The heat of the Red Sea was spoken of by the captain of the unlucky *Austral*, who was there at the same that we were, as being more trying than he had known it before. This was but a poor preparation for what lay before us, for, instead of the voyage renewing the strength that had been expended by the fatigue of getting together the necessary outfit and leaving home, some of us were reduced to great prostration.

At Aden we exchanged into another and much smaller steamer, in which we were greatly over-crowded and badly fed. "Dirty" was rather too mild a word for her ; and, as a preparation for the country to which we were going, she was a complete entomological cage, where the natural history of ants, cock-roaches, flats and sharps might most successfully be studied, even by a non-enthusiast. On rounding Cape Garda Fui we fell in with the first fury of the south-westerly monsoon. I, for one, was three times washed to leeward, and got a good

ducking, without any possibility of changing my things for three days and nights ; so it can well be imagined that we were not sorry to reach Zanzibar on the 19th of June.

Here we were welcomed by our travelling Missionary, Mr. C. Stokes, and by the Society's agent, and were soon very comfortably housed in the French hotel ; and a delightful exchange it was after what we had just gone through.

Zanzibar has been so fully described by such great travellers as Burton, Stanley, and Wilson, that I need say but little about it. European intercourse and civilization has done much for the town and island ; and the description of squalor and filth that one read and heard about, now appears to be almost exaggeration. Still there are dirty quarters, and there are many odorous perfumes into which you can thrust your nose without a great deal of seeking for them ; but I doubt if they are worse than in many continental towns. Even the sweet waters of Cologne and the lanes of Genoa the beautiful have a mild savour. And as for half-starved slaves and beggars, the former have grown fat and the latter have almost entirely disappeared. One is accustomed to be persecuted by beggars in foreign towns, but I don't think I was asked for alms more than once or twice in Zanzibar ; and the many quaint sights one sees more than atone for all disagreeables.

Outside the town the tropical vegetation, oftentimes crowning a gentle slope and standing out against the clear blue sky, or backed by the deeper blue of the ocean, kept a succession of striking pictures before the eye. Dark spreading mangoes, limes, lemon and orange trees laden with fruit within our reach ; broad-leafed bananas, plumed cocoa-nut palms are crowded together with the luxuriance of a forest ; while pine-apples are planted in rows along the roadsides, or massed together in small enclosed gardens. The whole forms a scene of great beauty to the newly-arrived traveller. Cultivation seemed to me to have cleared the ground of larger wild flowering plants, though here and there strange things cropped up ; while old familiar green-house friends, as Thunbergias, occasionally appeared. No doubt in the rainy season there is a profusion of blossom.

But I said I would not enter into a description of Zanzibar. Even our great day, the wedding of my late charge, Miss A. Havergal, niece of the poetess, does not tempt me to delay ; for it was such a success, and exactly what it would have been had it taken place in England, with but two or three exceptions—namely, the narrowness of the streets compelled it to be a walking wedding ; black servants waited at table, and black ants joined us at the feast, even partaking off the same plates. It was rather an unlucky day for me, for I got a slight touch

of sunstroke in the back, of which I did not take sufficient notice at the time, but went in the evening for a ride which nearly terminated disastrously. Our intention was to go and see something of the work of the Universities Mission at Mbweni, a station about five miles distant from the town. When about a mile on the road my horse took fright; in my endeavour to stop him one of the stirrups broke, and my other foot, as a natural consequence, got disengaged, and my power over my hard-mouthed steed was much weakened. Away we went over a rough road, mended with sharp-edged coral, at a break-neck speed, and we soon began to draw near to our destination. When close to the house a sudden fear seized me of thus coming into a courtyard, probably full of children. My hat gone, my whip thrown away, perspiration streaming down my face, were but small matters compared with riding over a child, or perhaps being thrown on top of a tea-table. So I determined, come what would, to put his head at a cocoa-nut palm, and make the best of it. In this way I not only stopped him, but succeeded in keeping my seat. Being, however, weak and poorly at the time, I was much exhausted by my adventure, and was easily persuaded to stop the night, which gave me an opportunity of seeing more of their excellent work than I otherwise should have done.

My time was more than taken up getting things together for the journey into the interior. Nor was it on the whole an easy task, for one has to combat with the intense lethargy that prevails in a tropical and feverish climate. This is the style of thing: six a.m.—for one gets up early—you want a package sewn up in canvas. You find a clerk at the agent's, probably a Parsee, who promises to send you a Hindu who will do it at once. You wait half an hour most patiently; then you think it would be as well to go and see when he is coming, and you find that the Parsee did not realize that you wanted him in such a dreadful hurry. However, he will send a boy to fetch him at once; in fact you see him start. And now you have nothing more you can do until the Hindu, or, as he would be called out there, Hindi, arrives. About an hour afterwards you see him stroll quietly into the yard. You jump up; he, on the contrary, sits down, and wonders why you troubled yourself to bound so energetically from your seat. You explain what you want, and impress him that you are in a great hurry. He looks first at you and then at the package, and measures both with his intelligent eye. By-and-by he actually rises and measures the package with tape; then he once more squats down and chews betel-nut with an activity that you wish he would apply to your job; and then, in about a quarter of an hour, departs to

get his needle and thread, promising to return instantly. 'Tis now about half-past nine, and you are summoned to breakfast, which is quite ready for you and you for it, as you still carry about with you a few fragments of your European appetite. On arriving upstairs you find nobody else has come, so you sink into an Indian armchair, and with your feet higher than your head you meditate on the Java sparrows which fly in and out at the open windows, and build in mysterious holes in the wall of the sitting-room; or you watch the black hornet skilfully plastering his nest of clay which hangs from a beam above. In about an hour's time the party has all arrived, expressed its various apologies, and in another hour has languidly concluded its breakfast and discussed the topics of the day. On your return you expect to see the package finished. Alas you ignoramus of Zanzibar ways! You find that the Hindi has arrived, but he is patiently waiting for you to show him how you want the job done. Having stated your opinion at length, with very great pains and with many signs, you delight to find he pooh-poohs your notions and prefers his own way, at the same time reminding you it is the midday hour, the hour that he feeds and sleeps; but he will return afterwards. 'Tis three p.m. before the package is finished; and thus did one have to battle his way through an immense amount of packing, much patience and perseverance being necessary for us to be ready at the appointed time.

Only one circumstance more connected with Zanzibar, and then I am off into the interior, to fields of stranger adventures. I speak now of my visit to Seyyid—Bargash Bin Said—the Sultan. His palace is well situated on the grand square looking out on the roadstead, with a most ornamental lighthouse, lighted by a fine electric light, close to its side. Hither, at the appointed time, Colonel Miles, H.M.'s Acting Consul during the absence of Sir John Kirk, conducted me, arrayed in cap and gown. A guard of honour was drawn up in front, and saluted us on arrival. After waiting a minute or two the Sultan descended the steps of the palace, attended by one or two officers, and met us. He shook hands first with the Consul, and then with Captain Hore, of the London Missionary Society, who was likewise being "introduced," and with me, after which he beckoned us to follow him. We mounted some very steep stairs, which were quite sufficient to prevent any inebriate from thrusting himself into the royal presence, and were then led by the Sultan into a small reception-room, and bade be seated on some grand amber armchairs. Then some attendants brought Moeha prime in glass cups exquisitely mounted in gold; it was certainly the best coffee I had ever tasted. Immediately after it, iced sherbet was served in beautifully cut

glass tumblers. The fashion with this seemed to be only just to taste it, for the attendants at once presented their trays and relieved you of your burden. These now retired, and silence was broken. The Sultan asked me, through an interpreter, how long the journey would take? how fast we travelled? and about the shape of the Victoria Nyanza. I, on the other hand, expressed my respect for his Highness, and said I had come to pay homage, and to ask for letters of introduction to King Mtesa. The most extraordinary part of the conversation was about a snake in Ugogo, reputed to reach to the sky, and to eat up whole oxen and women and children (quite a match for St. George's dragon): if we heard about it we promised to let him know. After about half an hour the Consul said we must be going, otherwise, I think, his Highness would gladly have prolonged the interview and the conversation, which never flagged for a moment. Upon our rising he likewise arose, led the way into the square, and wished us good-bye. He is apparently about fifty; and, from a European standard, thick-featured and not handsome. His dress was the plain, everyday attire of wealthy Arabs, the long black coat, or Joho, trimmed with silver; an ordinary turban; a handsome waist-belt, in which was thrust two finely wrought dirks. The most remarkable ornament about him was a splendid beryl ring, worn German fashion, on the first finger.

Owing to the ravages of the tsetse fly and the density of the jungle it is impossible to convey goods by horses or waggons, and so porters have to be hired to carry our packages on their heads or shoulders according to their nationality; but of this more by-and-by. By the 26th of June we had got our things together; and Stokes, our caravan-leader, with the majority of goods and porters, left on two Arab dhows for Sedaani. How they ever got across I don't know, for they were huddled together like men after a shipwreck on a raft. The next day we were to join them. When I went round the first thing in the morning to the agent's, I was saluted with "You can't go to-day." "Why not?" "Fifteen men have run away, and they must be hunted up." Now this is what the traveller is liable to. Part of the men's wages must be paid in advance. They get this under the plea of support for wives and families, and it is the law that they should have it; when paid, the temptation proves too strong for some, and they bolt with their advance, and leave the white men in the lurch. The Sultan, however, lends all the help he can, and the strong arm of the law goes in pursuit; most times, I fear, it returns empty-handed. The news of these runaways had been received from Stokes, who had written a letter and sent it back with the dhows by Raschid, one of our head-men, but an out-and-out scamp. On

examination into the case I found I had simply to instruct the police about it and leave the matter. The difficulty made about starting was nothing but villainy on the part of Raschid, who wanted to spree about town with his advanced money. So I ordered a start at 12:30 p.m., and actually by 1:30 things were ready; but we were not off yet. Just on starting, a letter, accompanied by two armed soldiers, was brought to me from General Matthews, the Commander of the Sultan's army, saying that one of our boys, William Sayed, owed money, and if it was not paid he must be arrested; he wrote exceedingly politely, suggesting its being stopped out of his wages. So I sent Litala, our chief cook, off to see; and we embarked on board the dhow. I there found a man, whom I knew nothing of, giving orders to start without the cook. I imagined that he was one of Stokes' head-men, and in some authority; but I insisted on their bringing up again and waiting for the cook's return; and well I did so. This scoundrel turned out to be Jacob Faithful—one of Livingstone's men, who has now become a terrible drunkard. It afterwards appeared that he had thrust himself on board our boat with a quantity of grog to sell to our porters, and had urged a start in case I should find him out and turn him back. Once off, he became more and more intoxicated and objectionable, yelling at the top of his voice, till at last I had to threaten the use of violence.

How Stokes managed to get over I don't know. We were crowded; and as a man fell on board, so he had to lie for the rest of the passage, and we were not half so huddled together as was his party. On reaching the coast we grounded about half a mile out, and began to thump so furiously that I anticipated the speedy dissolution of the dhow. Stokes, who was awaiting our arrival, plunged into the sea, and with some men brought off a small dugout canoe more than a quarter full of water. I thought better to put my clothes into a bag and plunge into the sea, never giving sharks and crocodiles a thought, while they fortunately treated me in the same off-hand manner. I found, however, that I had to struggle over sharp coral thinly covered with sand, which, to say the least of it, was unpleasant. We all arrived safely ashore, found our tents pitched, and were soon introduced to that universal luxury of African board, a tough goat.

It is too early to begin about tent-life just at present; I must turn to the men and describe them. They consisted of three distinct sets, talking three cognate, yet sufficiently distinct languages for those who only knew their own dialect not to be able to understand the others. First there were the Wanguana—the coastmen and Zanzibaris. The word itself means "gentlemen," and is generally applied to freed slaves; but

amongst our Wanguana were many who were slaves at the time, and permitted to go, or even sent by their masters, into the interior with us: in such cases the masters take the wages. The next two classes were the Wanyamwesi, from the region between Tanganika and Nyanza; and the Wasukuma, from the south end of Nyanza. These men from the interior are far the best porters, but are of rather a quarrelsome disposition. We trusted them with the cloth and beads; while the Wanguana carried the tents, personal luggage, and boxes. Then we come to two very important individuals, our cooks—so-called Christians; but if their Christianity was measured by their cooking, it was small indeed. To each tent were attached two boys as personal attendants. Mine were freed slaves from Darfurteet, brought thence by Pearson; and I also had a third boy, Henry Wright Duta, the first baptized convert from Buganda, a chief's son, who was attached to me to do odd jobs as a kind of payment for his passage home. With the exception of being intensely idle he was a thoroughly good fellow, and a great favourite of mine when I was not in a hurry.

One day was spent in getting things ship-shape for the road; and on the morrow, June 30th, we started for the interior: Stokes, our caravan-leader, six Missionaries, about 500 porters, head-men, and tent boys all told. We were compelled to have so many porters on account of the quantities of cloth that one has to carry to barter for food, and to pay away for wages, besides the necessary supplies of English stores that one must take.

Of course we expected to see lions, leopards, giraffes, etc., at every turn of the way; a hare, however, summed up all the game we saw for a great many days. Our first march was very uneventful. We began at once with the same narrow track—like a path through an English wood—that continued with us to our journey's end; and we also began to pass through high grass, thickly strewn with mimosa-trees of all sizes, which likewise, from time to time remained our faithful companions to the lake. A few strange butterflies, mostly orange and purple tips, crossed my path; but I was slightly disappointed with regard to them, and even more so with the birds. One expected to have the eye dazzled with gaudy plumage and painted wing; but our feathered companions were chiefly sombre doves and pigeons fleeing before us *multo cum strepitu*. Our first camp was a dirty one, and we were introduced to another delightful experience—water that you might almost cut with a knife. If we had succeeded in getting our baggage ship-shape, we had not done so with the men; they were in a most disorderly state, and were very noisy till the small hours of the night began to be succeeded by the larger ones. Even a heavy

shower seemed to have no effect upon their intense joviality; the consequence was, neither they nor we were in proper marching trim when daylight dawned. Then again, we had not yet learnt to manage our commissariat department properly, nor was there anybody to give us advice, so that we started away with next to nothing to eat before the march, and about 11 a.m. we were found under a tree in an exhausted condition. Sugar-cane was presented to us by one of our men (I hope it was not stolen), and, like Jonathan, our eyes were enlightened, and we struggled on to the camping-ground, only to find the natives had decamped, and that nothing was to be bought. In this state we had to choose a site for the tents—no small difficulty, for one cried one thing and one another; the fact being, that we had arrived at a very beautiful spot and there were many desirable situations. Even when this momentous question was settled we had to wait a tremendous time for our baggage, for the men were tired after their noisy night, and many threw their burdens in the road and refused to go on. They often want no little skill to manage them, and the more so when they have so much advanced wages in their possession, and are so near the coast. What an experience the first explorers must have had, ignorant of the language of the proper camps, and of the ways of their men! they must have been entirely at their mercy, and I can assure anybody that it is not very tender. It was an immense advantage to us having Stokes' experience at our service; we cannot be too grateful to him for undertaking this work.

Every day had its adventures. Almost a volume might be written about the march, the scenery, the camp, the natives, the trials we had with our men, and so forth, even on one day. But one cannot stop to dilate; it is only a circumstance here and there that must detain us. On the 8th July we arrived at our first stream. Loud had been the warnings that we should not wade through or bathe while on the march for fear of fever, for it was here that one man nearly died from his imprudence. I was very hot when I reached its banks, and needed no advice. Well, just at the time there were no head-men up, and I was going to wait patiently, when my boys volunteered to carry me over, a thing they could very well have done. But the ambitious Johar must needs have all the honour and glory to himself; he rushed and seized me, bearing me off in triumph. I felt an ominous totter, and yelled to him to return. But in vain; he refused to listen. More tottering, entreaty to return; but no. Swaying to and fro like a bulrush in a gale of wind, I clenched my teeth and held my breath; they shout from the bank for Johar to return, but it has not the slightest effect; he feels his only chance is to dash right on. Mid-stream is

now reached, and my hopes revive; I think perhaps—but the water deepens, the rocks become more slippery, a huge struggle, and down we go flat, Johar collapsing beneath me, as an india-rubber ball punctured by a pin. Far better to have walked through with all my things on, for I should then only have got wet to the knees; but now no part of me could claim to be dry. Fortunately I did not get fever as I expected. I had some symptoms of it, but the next day's adventure completely turned the current of my thoughts.

It was Sunday. We had just had our morning service, and all but myself had retired for their midday nap, when I noticed that the prairie (we call it "pori" out there) was on fire. I at once ran off to hear Stokes' opinion about it. He was dozing serenely, and on catching sight of the flames leaping high in the air, bounded from his bed, seized the drum, and beat to quarters, asking me to see that the tents were struck and everything prepared for flight. This done, I followed him and the men who had dashed off to beat down the fire. It was splendid to see the flames and to hear the crackling of leaves and grass, mingled with the excited yells of the men. After a time it was subdued, and the men began returning, very quietly as we thought, to the camp. But it was not so; they had found out that the natives had fired the grass maliciously, on purpose to burn us out; so they stole away with their guns and bows and arrows to take vengeance, and burn the village to the ground—a nice thing for the Missionaries' caravan to accomplish.

By-and-by Stokes dashed past our tents in the most excited state, crying out in the strongest Irish accent, "Write it down in ye diaries, gintlemin: me min have gone to burnn the village, and I can't stop thim." I did not wait to get out my notebook to jot this down at the time, but tore after him as fast as I could, and we, but more particularly the head-men, many of whom are chiefs, succeeded in stopping them. Only one man had been wounded with a war-club in the head. I took him back to my tent, dressed his wounds, and gave him a present; then, thinking all was over, we sat down to dinner. We were no doubt discussing some delicious goat-soup, when the cry of fire was once more raised. This time it had broken out in a still more dangerous quarter, and threatened very soon to consume the camp. Off I dashed, leaving the others to see after the tents, and arrived about fourth on the scene. The fire was simply terrific. At the spot where we came upon it, the grass was far over one's head, and there were, too, a number of palm-trees with dead leaves attached to their trunks, which carried the flames high in the air. These conflagrations can only be got under by following them up from behind, and beating them

out down wind. For one moment I quailed, as I had to set my face at the flames and dash through them before we could begin work; but it was merely the matter of a moment, and I was soon through, and followed by the rest.

Now began the battle, and it was glorious. No fifth of November excitement ever came up to it, in my opinion. The naked figures of the men, leaping, yelling, and dashing about like so many hundred demons; the roar of the fire at times almost drowning the men's cries of "Piga moto!" ("Beat down the fire!"); the brilliant flames, amid dense columns of smoke—formed a scene that I expect few have witnessed; and which wants a better pen than mine to do it justice. In the midst of it all, there I was, scorched, dripping with perspiration, dashing about and urging on the men with all my lung-power. It was all very well for me among the hot embers, but I don't fancy it was quite so pleasant for the men with their naked feet, though only a few demanded treatment afterwards. In the confusion Stokes, who had attacked the fire from its other flank, fell into a hole, and was severely shaken; however, there was not much time to think about it then, as we had much work before us. After a time we conquered our good friend, but bad foe. One thing I certainly learnt, namely, that the American tales about prairie fires must be greatly exaggerated. Fire does not travel at the pace they make out, and anybody with a stout stick could beat his way, as I did, right through it. I was disappointed, too, in another respect; there was no stampede of wild animals, nor did I see even a reptile hurrying away from destruction. But then the fire in the afternoon had given alarm to any game there might be in the neighbourhood; nor do I think there is much in this locality at the best of times.

Following on our journey, we came to a broad and deep branch of the Wami. Here the vegetation assumed an entirely different aspect, and we beheld for the first time what is generally understood by the expression "tropical forest scenery." Magnificent trees, towering aloft and supporting endless creepers and parasitic plants, presented to the eye every shade and variety of foliage: there a mass of jasmine perfumed the air; there a euphorbia, like the candelabra of the Jewish temple, stood stiffly erect; and from the boughs of those trees which overhung the stream the great belted kingfisher watched for his shining prey.

The natives possessed a small dugout canoe, which tempted me to go for a short paddle midst the fairylike scene; but the evil spirits in the vasty deep below in the shape of crocodiles soon caused me to retrace my steps and make for the less enchanted ground of the camp. This stream it was that we probably crossed after about three days' march by a curious native

bridge of poles and trees and living creepers pitched and tangled together in a most marvellous way. Living poles one has often seen used. I remember four trees being topped and the roof of a shed put on them, and the shed gradually getting taller and taller; but this was the first time I had seen living ropes binding the bridge together, and stretching across to form a hand-rail for the wayfarer. It was intensely picturesque, but equally inconvenient, and took the men with their loads about two hours to cross. There was not the general activity amongst them that I expected; some almost wanted to be carried over, as well as their loads, though others bounded across like monkeys. While at the river-side I heard a sharp but familiar note, and looking up I beheld our gay old friend the English kingfisher in his bright blue uniform, by far the prettiest bird I had yet seen in Africa. Only one load was dropped over the cobweb-like parapet of the bridge, but that, of course, was a box of cartridges, being one of the most spoilable things they could find; however, it was better than a man being snapped up by a crocodile.

Within a mile of this we had to cross the stream again. Here the river had considerably widened, and was spanned by a huge fallen tree of enormous girth and length; it could not have been much less than 200 feet long. On arriving at the village we found that a false report had reached the natives that we were exceedingly hostile; accordingly they had fled pell-mell, leaving behind them nothing but empty huts. In cases of this kind it is exceedingly difficult to prevent the men from robbing the sugar-plantations and banana-trees, for they must have food. Then, if they steal, the natives naturally say the report was right, and the white men are bad.

This district was very swampy, and I think here we began to get incipient fever. It was a remarkable sight to see the swamps at night literally blazing with fireflies, darting about like millions of miniature meteors; here, too, we met with another accompaniment of marshes, which did not amuse us in the least, namely mosquitoes, in equal myriads.

The very next day brought us to one of the most beautiful spots in this neighbourhood, the Zingwe or Rocky River, a clear stream descending from the Usagara Mountains, and, with the exception of the foliage, we might have been encamped on the banks of the East Lynn in North Devon. I was crazy to ascend to a greater elevation to botanize, but would not suggest a day's rest, as the great object we had before us would ill brook delay: was it not fortunate that an urgent appeal came from the men to rest? On the morrow I started off at sunrise with two others to ascend the highest peak of the chain. The Sultan has a garrison here; and the Arab in charge, hearing

of the expedition, sent a soldier to protect us; but we soon left him curled up fast asleep at the foot of a tree, and had it not been that we managed to secure a native guide, we should have had to return. The path was exceedingly circuitous, as it went from village to village; and often we had to ascend a small peak only to come down to the same level on the other side. Nearly all the villages about here are well situated on elevations, forming natural strongholds. At last we got clear of habitations, and a really stiff ascent commenced. Mountain plants, too, began to show themselves in the shape of lycopodiums, sedums, ferns, and mosses; it was here I found the new *Selaginella Mittenii*. I had previously estimated the height of the mountain to be about 5,000 feet; and this is what, from our observations, it turned out roughly to be when, after no small difficulty, we had reached the top. We descended by another route on the north side of the mountain, and here the vegetation was truly magnificent. Ferns towered far above our heads, while others, together with orchids and lycopodiums, covered the trees. Two sorts of ginger-plants abounded, the acid fruit of which was a great favourite with the men; nor was it to be despised by a thirsty European. The climbing indiarubber-tree is very plentiful on these hills, and though its foliage is generally far above reach and recognition, yet it is easily known by the milky juice immediately congealing in the hand. There also grew that extraordinary bean, the pod of which is densely covered with short red hairs, which, if handled, enter the skin, and sting far worse than the well-known devil's-ring caterpillar; so bad is it that the natives recommend washing with ashes, and if possible potash, to get rid of it. It is reported to be used as a torture for slaves by scourging them with it, and using it in manners too horrible to describe, in which cases it produces madness and death. This venomous plant is exceedingly beautiful, climbing as high as fifty feet, with large clusters of white flowers, the shape of bunches of Muscat grapes. I found three species—a second with purple blossoms, a third at the Victoria Nyanza, which was a much more glabrous plant. When I first seized the tempting bait I was nearly driven mad myself with pain, and was a long time discovering the source of the mischief; for, unlike the nettle which immediately resents handling, this does not develop its evil effects until some time afterwards. Even when I knew its malicious propensities I never could gather it without suffering for it, even though I used the utmost caution as I examined or attempted to dry it. This chain of mountains is densely populated, I suppose on account of the wonderful fertility of the soil and the beautiful Alpine climate. Villages were to be observed almost to their summits.

The natives of some of those we passed through betrayed great alarm at the sudden influx of white men, and began driving their chickens and cattle away to places of safety; nor was it an easy task to assure them we were peaceably inclined. It was in this neighbourhood that fever first began to develop itself among us; nor was it to be wondered at, as swamps border all these rivers, and the luxuriant vegetation must produce miasma from its rapid growth and decay.

As we journeyed on, more rivers had to be crossed. At one I had an amusing adventure with our hospital donkey, which we kept for the transport of invalids. It happened to be up at the time I wanted to cross, so, having had an experience of a two-legged donkey, I thought I would try the four-legged one. The wretch had no saddle or bridle on at the time, but he let me get well into the stream, and then he began to kick, and threatened to lie down and roll; however, the head-men saw my predicament and rushed at me, caught me up as if I was a wisp of straw, and bore me in a horizontal position over the donkey's head to the farther bank. At the next stream I selected two men, and was assured it was exceedingly narrow, and so it was; but there was no exit on the other side, an impenetrable fringe of reeds and jungle hedging us in, so we turned up stream. I had to urge, and urge, and urge them not to drop me until we reached a small sandbank, where I stripped and waded the best part of a mile before we found a break in the dense tangle.

July 21st we reached our first Missionary station, Mamboia, about 150 miles from the coast. Here our good Missionary and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Last, met and welcomed us, and instantly carried me off to their comfortable quarters, for by this time I had had no less than five attacks of fever.

The house, or if I call it bungalow it describes it, is prettily situated on the mountain-side about 3,000 feet above sea-level, and commands most extensive and beautiful views. Immediately on the west side rises a precipitous cliff, in which a grand old eagle has its eyrie; to the east the mountains form an amphitheatre, and bold jutting crags add a wildness to the scene; all that it lacks to make it surpassingly beautiful is water.

The soil is most productive, and the climate sub-Alpine, so that our English vegetables grow to great perfection; and the flower-garden in front of the house was a mass of geraniums, nasturtians, petunias, and other denizens of our home gardens. We had not had enough of the wild-flowers of Africa to care much for these. How differently I felt about twelve months later! Next to the house was the church—a very original structure. Circular mud walls had been built to the

height of about six feet, which were covered by a deep sloping roof, open in the centre, from which rose wooden stanchions, which in their turn supported a cap roof, thus a large open space was left between the two roofs for ventilation. The luxury of pews was not needed, the natives preferring to sit on the ground; and two chairs served for the ordinary European portion of the congregation. The Sunday we were there of course was an exception. On this occasion the church was quite full. Part of our prayers were read in the Kiswahili, as well as the lessons for the day. Two or three hymns were sung; and by giving them out a verse at a time the natives were able to join. Then followed the sermon, which always takes the form of catechizing, or is even more conversational still. Although, in these early days, no definite results in the way of conversions are known of, yet it is most encouraging to see the natives listening attentively and sending their children to be educated.

A short scientific expedition was organized for my benefit, and some mountain localities of great beauty were explored. It was here I found the new *Asplenium Hanningtoni*, and several mosses which promise to prove new to the world. While examining the bark of a tree for beetles we disturbed the nest of a variety of trap-door spider, which sprang at Mr. Last with the ferocity of a tiger, and naturally caused him to bound away from it as if he had been shot.

Under the bark of another tree we found some bright emerald-green earth-worms, which at first sight roused the suspicion that we had come upon a small but exceedingly venomous variety of snake, though examination soon showed that they were *genuine* worms. The flora was exceedingly varied and beautiful. I could well have spent days in this charming locality, but it could not be; as it was, some of our party, who have no botanical turn, had already vowed that nothing should induce them to go out for another natural history excursion: they could not see any fun in poking about over a lot of rotten wood and grubbing for little bits of moss.

On 25th July we were fain to proceed, our friends accompanying us as far as they could; but at length a river decided the question, and with many heart-achings we said farewell. With one, Mrs. Last, we were to meet no more on this side the narrow stream of death. The march was a long one. We crossed a lovely looking rivulet, clear as crystal; but its waters had a strong taste of Epsom salts, and the effect produced by drinking them was much the same. There are many saline springs and streams to be met with in Africa: woe betide those who are unwary enough to partake of them! When the wave of civilization spreads over the land, these places will be

the Baths and Buxtons of East African society. Presently we came upon a thick dirty brook, the water of which was pronounced by the men to be very beautiful, and here they had placed our camp. For the first time the men had the choosing of it, as we had delayed with our friends. It was no small misfortune this; for their one idea is to take the site of an old camp, because there are some dirty old huts left by the last comers, and wood and stones for making fires are generally ready to hand. It is in these old camps that small-pox is picked up and carried from place to place. It is nothing unusual to have two or three, or even more, cases in a caravan, and to find dead bodies left in the huts as they died of this loathsome disease. Therefore, if it could be helped, we never allowed the men to pitch upon old sites; sometimes, however, from swamps and jungles, it was unavoidable.

This part of the country abounds with game. On one occasion a herd of antelopes crossed the path as tamely as if they had been sheep; and the tracks of giraffe and larger game were frequently seen. Guinea-fowl were so plentiful that one of the white men at Mpwapwa told us that he did not trouble to fire at them unless he could ensure killing two or three at a shot. I had two narrow escapes in one of my walks with a gun in search of game. I came to a belt of jungle so dense that the only way to get through it was to creep on all fours along the tracks made by hyenas and smaller game; as I was crawling along I saw close in front of me a deadly puff-adder: in another second I should have been on it. The same day, on my return, I espied in one of these same tracks a peculiar arrangement of grass, which I at once recognised to be over a pitfall; but though I had seen it I had already gone too far, and fell with a tremendous crash, my double-barrel gun full-cocked in my hand. I had the presence of mind to let myself go and look out only for my gun, which fortunately never exploded. On arriving at the bottom I called out to my terrified boy, Mikuke Hapana, "There are no spears,"—a most merciful Providence, for they often stake these pitfalls in order to ensure the deaths of the animals that fall into them. The pitfall could not have been less than ten feet deep, for when I proceeded to extricate myself I found that I could not reach the top with my uplifted hands. Undaunted by my adventures, and urged on by the monotony of nothing but tough goat-meat on the sideboard, I started before the break of day the next morning in pursuit of game, and was soon to be seen crawling on hands and knees after antelope, I am afraid utterly unmindful of puff-adders and pitfalls. By-and-by the path followed the bed of a narrow stream, which was completely ploughed with the tracks of buffalo and giraffe as fresh

as fresh could be. Our impression was—and probably it was right—that the former were lurking in the dense thicket close by. The breathless excitement that such a position keeps you in does much to help along the weary miles of the march, and to ward off attacks of fever. All experienced hands out here recommend that men should, while not losing sight of their one grand object, keep themselves amused.

My nephew, Gordon, and I, with our boys, had led the van all the morning. He, having lately had fever, complained of being tired, and begged me to continue in pursuit of game alone, merely taking my one faithful boy with me to carry my gun; but I refused to leave him, for never had I complained of an ache or a pain but what he was by my side to help and comfort me. After living in the same tent, and never being separate until I left him at the lake, I say we have no more gentle and heavenly minded man in the Mission field. We sat down and rested, and the other brethren, with a party of a dozen or fourteen, marched on ahead. They had not gone many hundred yards before I heard the whizz of a bullet. "They have found game," said I. Bang went a second shot—it is a herd; then another—yes, it must be a herd; then a fourth, and it dawned upon me that they were attacked by robbers—the far-famed *Ruga-Ruga*. "Stay where you are," I cried; and dashed off, closely followed by my boys. The bangs had now reached seven, and we had not the slightest doubt that it was an attack by robbers, and so it proved to be. My anxiety was relieved by seeing our men intact, standing together at bay with a foe that was nowhere to be seen. I soon learnt that, as they were quietly proceeding, a party of the savage Wahumba tribe had swooped down upon them; but seeing white men and rifles among the party, had fled with the utmost precipitation, without even discharging a poisoned arrow. To make their flight even more rapid the white men had fired their rifles in the air; and one in grabbing his gun from his boy had managed to discharge it in such a manner as to blow off the sight of his neighbour's rifle. Finding that danger was at an end for the time being, I begged them to remain as they were, ready to receive an attack, while I returned with my boys to Gordon, and got the stragglers together, after which we all proceeded in a body. I have always thought that it was I who had the greatest escape of all; for had I gone on, as Gordon proposed, with only one, or at the outside two boys, I should most probably have been attacked, and should have had no hesitation about laying low the first man who advanced upon me. I felt truly thankful we were all preserved. Surely we had traces of an ever-watchful Providence every step of the way.

The march was a long and anxious one after this, for it was not until we saw all arrive that we could feel certain there had been no stragglers cut off. When we reached the halting-place a desirable-looking site was pitched upon, and preparations were made for the erection of tents, etc., when something was found to offend the olfactory nerves, which led to the discovery of three dead men, who probably had perished from smallpox. Not even a black man could stand taking up his abode in such a quarter, so with a groan and a grumble a move was made farther on. The cooks next chose a spot that had been fired—the chances were that it had been burnt because of an infected camp having been stationed there. Even if it were not so, all the ground was outrageously dirty from the black ashes; and the result of such a place is that tents and everything get in a filthy state, so I insisted on a further move to a piece of entirely fresh ground. This thoroughly put the cooks' backs up; the consequence was, the boy was an immense time fetching water, and when it was fetched the fire would not burn, so breakfast was not finished until 4 p.m. This meal over, I made up my mind to proceed to Mpwapwa, twelve miles farther on, and was accompanied by two headmen and one boy. Most of the march was by night; but I had no fear of robbers, in spite of the recent attack, for, take it as a rule, unless the attack is a premeditated one on a village, they prefer doing their dirty work by daylight. I was a little astonished, as we passed through mile after mile of dense forest, that but very few sounds of wild beasts were heard. Now and again the sharp cry of the fence broke the stillness of the evening, or a porcupine rustled away from almost beneath one's feet; but this was all, although other game abounds in the neighbourhood.

At Mpwapwa, about 200 miles in from the coast, we have our second station; and as the peaceful occupants of the Mission buildings were thinking of turning in, two sharp cracks of a rifle announced our arrival. They were not too sleepy to immediately respond to the summons, and almost before my men had had time to impart the news that they had brought the *Bwana Mkubwa*—literally, the great master—I had received a hearty welcome. News, business, future plans, occupied us far into the small hours of the night, and enabled me to digest the hearty meal I made of the European luxuries, in the shape of bread and cheese, that were set before me. When one goes for weeks, and sometimes months, without tasting bread, friends at home have little idea what a treat it is to sit down to a loaf, nor how quickly, after a thirty miles' march with its fatigue and excitements, it disappears.

JAMES HANNINGTON.