

## MY SECOND EXPEDITION

19

### EASTERN INTERTROPICAL AFRICA.

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IMMEDIATELY ON arrival in England, the first thing I did was to visit Captain Burton, and obtain an introduction to the society under whose auspices I was about to travel. I next visited the Royal Geographical Society, and here was revealed to me, for the first time, the great objects designed for the expedition in question. On the walls of the society's rooms there hung a large diagram, comprising a section of Eastern Africa, extending from the equator to the fourteenth degree of south latitude, and from Zanzibar sixteen degrees inland, which had been constructed by two reverend gentlemen, Messrs. Erhardt and Rebmann, missionaries of the Church Mission Society of London, a short time previously, when carrying on their duties at Zanzibar. In this section-map, swallowing up about half of the whole area of the ground included in it, there figured a lake, of such portentous size and such unseemly shape, representing a gigantic slug, or, perhaps, even closer still, the ugly Salamander, that everybody who looked at it incredulously laughed and shook his head. It was, indeed, phenomenon enough to excite anybody's curiosity! A single sheet of sweet water, upwards of eight hundred miles long by three hundred broad, quite equal in size to, if not larger than, the great salt Caspian.

Now, to the honour of Admiral Sir George Buck be it said, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and an old explorer himself in the Arctic regions, that he had determined in his mind that this great mystery should be solved, and that an insight should be gained into those interesting regions, concerning which conjectures and speculations had been rife, and which had caused so many hot debates for so many ages past amongst all the first geographers of the day, and yet which, hitherto, nobody had been found energetic enough to determine by settling the matter on positive inspection.

Casting about for a man fitted to carry out his plans, the Admiral hit upon Captain Burton, who had recently returned

from Constantinople, where he had been engaged with the Bashi Bazuks; and it was thus, through Sir George's influence in the Royal Geographical Society, that Captain Burton had now been appointed to the command of this expedition.

My incorporation with the expedition was not, however, quite so easy as had been expected; for the Government in India at this time were trying every endeavour in their power to increase their Indian European forces, and had written home to Leadenhall-street an urgent desire that no officers should have their leave extended, or be placed on duty out of India; and for this reason, the Indian-House authorities, although privately evincing a strong disposition to permit my going, felt it necessary to withhold their sanction to it. I was now between two fires. I had sacrificed my Caucasian expedition, and could not speak with the authorities in India. So, to cut the matter short, as I had still nearly three years' furlough at my disposal, I ventured over with Captain Burton by the overland route to Bombay, and tried my luck again. This time, fortunately, it turned up trumps; for I need only say that the Governor of Bombay at this time was Lord Elphinstone, a man whose large and comprehensive mind was not only able to discern the frown of a pending mutiny looming in the distance, but whose quick foresight, backed by a great and natural unremitting energy of body, was subsequently able to forestall and provide, as far as human powers extend, against its thundering outbursts. He saw at a glance the great importance to the improvement of the commercial objects of his presidency, what this exploring expedition was likely to achieve for it. The Secretary to Government, Mr. Anderson, who was equally of this view, treated the matter as a great national object, and at the request of Captain Burton, drew up an official application to incorporate me in the expedition, and sent it to the Government at Calcutta, with the recommendation of his lordship; whilst I, in anticipation of the sanction of the Governor-General—Lord Canning—was permitted to accompany Captain Burton to Zanzibar in the Hon. East India Company's sloop-of-war *Elphinstone*, commanded by Captain Frushard, I.N., and commence operations at once.

This vessel had been detached especially on this duty to meet Captain Burton's views, that a political importance should be given to the mission by our arriving in government official state at the starting point, in order to secure the influence and respect of the Sultan reigning there.

After a residence of one week at Bombay, during which time we completed our outfit in scientific instruments and other minor points, we set sail on the 3rd December, 1856, and in eighteen days landed at our destination, Zanzibar. The kindness of Captain Frushard, who shared his cabin with us, as well as the

constant attentions of his officers, combined with pleasant weather and a liberal fare, made the time occupied on the voyage fly quick and very agreeably.

Immediately on arrival at the island of Zanzibar, we were warmly received and welcomed by our consul, Colonel Hameston, an Irish gentleman, and one bearing the true merry hospitable characteristics of his race. He had been a great sufferer, by the effects of the climate operating on him from too long a residence in these enervating regions, but he was, nevertheless, vicacious in temperament and full of amusing anecdotes, which kept the whole town alive. He gave us a share in his house, and what more, made that house our homes. His generosity was boundless, and his influence so great, that he virtually commanded all societies here. Our old and faithful Ally, the Imaum of Muscat, who, unfortunately for us, had but recently died, was so completely ruled by him, that he listened to and obeyed him as a child would do his father.

The present ruler of Zanzibar—that is, of the coast line with all the islands which lie between the equator on the southern confines of the Somali country, and the Portuguese possessions on the Mozambique—is Sultan Majid, the second son of the old Imaum; for it must be remembered that the Imaum, at his death, divided his territories, then comprising Muscat, in Arabia, and Zanzibar, in Africa, into two separate states, giving the former, or Muscat, to his eldest son, Sayyid (Prince) Suweni, whilst the latter was bequeathed to his favourite, the second son, Sayyid Majid, now styled Sultan. Sultan Majid was born of a Circassian woman, and, in consequence, is very light in complexion, and, taking much after the inclinations of his father, is likely to become as great a favourite as was the old Imaum. Zanzibar Island is the seat of government, and consequently the metropolis. The town contains about sixty thousand inhabitants of all nations, but principally coloured people, of which the Suwahili, or coast people, living on the opposite main, predominate in number, though they are the least important. Of the merchants, there are several Europe houses, comprising French, Germans, and Americans; and numerous Asiatics, mostly from Arabia and Hindoostan,—the Suwahili ranking lowest of the whole. There are also three consuls, an English, French, and one American, who look after the interests of the subjects of their several governments.

We found we had arrived here at the very worst season of the year for commencing a long inland journey, it being our winter, but the height of the dry season in these regions, when water is so very scarce in the more desert tracts of the interior of the continent, that travelling, from want of that material element, is precarious; and, moreover, it was just before the commencement of the

vernal monsoon, or greater rainy season, when everything would be deluged, and the rivers rendered quite unfordable.

Considering this, and giving due deference to the opinions of the travelling merchants of this place against our organizing at once for the interior journey to the great lake, Captain Burton bethought himself of gaining a little elementary training in East African travelling, by spending the remainder of the dry season in inspecting various places on the coast; and, if a favourable opportunity presented itself, he felt desirous of having a peep at the snowy Kilimanjaro mountain, of which the Rev. Mr. Rebmann, who first discovered it, had sent home reports, and had excited many such angry and unseemly contests amongst our usually sedate though speculative carpet-slipper geographers in England as rendered a further inspection highly necessary.

Now, as the Royal Geographical Society had desired us to place ourselves into communication with Mr. Rebmann, who was then at his mission station, Kisuludini, at Rabhai, on a high hill at the back of Mombas, to try and solicit him to go with us into the interior, where it was thought his experience in the native languages would be useful to the expedition,—my companion hired a small beuten, or half-decked Arab vessel, by the month, to take us about wherever we pleased; and on the 5th January, 1857, having engaged a respectable half-caste Arab, Shaykh, named Said, to be our guide and interpreter, with two Goanese "boys," previously taken into service at Bombay, we took leave of our host, set sail, and steered northwards, coasting along the shores of this beautiful clove island, until we sighted the still more lovely island of Pctaba, or, "The Emerald Isle" of the Arabs, named, doubtless, after the surprising verdure of its trees and plants. Here we called in at Chak-chak, the principal place, where there is a rude little fort and small garrison of Belooch soldiers, and a Wali, or governor; but this visit has been so graphically described by my companion in the journals of the Royal Geographical Society, that I will not dwell any further on it. Starting the following morning, we put to sea again, and in three days,—sailing against a strong current, aggravated by a stiff north-easterly breeze, almost too much for our cranky little vessel, and which frightened the crew and our little timid Shaykh so much, that they all lost presence of mind, and with the greatest difficulty we repressed from "bouting ship," and wrecking themselves, together with us, on the shores of the coast,—we harboured in the Mombas' creek.

Mombas on the north, like Kilwa on the south, are the two largest garrison towns belonging to the Sultan on the main shores. They each have a Wali, or governor, custom officers, and a Belooch guard; and have certain attractions to the antiquarian in the shape of Portuguese ruins. We left our traps here to be housed by a Banyan, called Lakshmidos, the collector

of customs,\* and started on the 17th January to visit Mr. Rebmann, beyond the hills overlooking this place. It was a good day's work, and was commenced by rowing about ten miles up the Rabbai branch of the creek we were in, until arrived at the foot of the hills bearing the same name, beyond which his house stands. This inlet was fringed with such dense masses of the mangrove shrub, on which clung countless numbers of small tree oysters,—adhering to their branches in clusters, and looking as though they subsisted thereon after the manner of audacious plants,—that we could obtain no view whatever, save of the hills towering to the height of some ten hundred or twelve hundred feet above us. The water journey over, we now commenced the ascent of Rabbai, and soon *covering its heights by a steep slope*, passed into the country of the Wanyikas, the first true negro tribe of my acquaintance, and by a gentle decline passing through quiet little villages, we entered, after a walk of five miles, the Kisuludini mission-house, and there found Mr. Rebmann, with his amiable English wife, living in their peaceful retreat. They gave us a free and cordial welcome, and comfortable lodging, and supplied us with all the delicacies of a dry Wanyikas season, for there was now a drought in the land, and consequently a famine. So hard were the times for these unfortunate negroes, that they were forced against their wills to support the bulk of their families, by the sale of some of its junior members, to keep themselves alive. And now, according to Mr. Rebmann, to aggravate their predicament, they were on the eve of a more *dreadful enemy still than famine, that of the attacks of a marauding party of the barbarous pastoral Masai*, a neighbouring tribe, who were now out engaged in pillaging some of the Wanyikas villages, not far from this, of the few heads of cattle which they keep as a safety-valve against the scourge of droughts. The oddest thing to me was to see the placid equanimity with which Mr. Rebmann and his wife coolly delayed a day or two, notwithstanding the near proximity of this savage band of thieves, to pack up their kit comfortably before leaving the place; but we were assured by the vevend gentleman that the Masai cared but little for anything save beef, and they therefore did not apprehend rough usage at their hands. The air of this high land is cool and pleasant, and the scenery from the station overlooking the sea was very picturesque and serenely beautiful. The Rabbai Hills are an outlying range running parallel to the coast, or more properly, I should say, an abatis, which supports a high flattish interior, slightly declining westwards. After a good night's rest, we returned to Mombas, housed ourselves in

\* Banyans are the only class of men who have the ability as accountants. They fill this office properly, and are therefore always selected for it.

the dwelling appointed for our use by Lakshmidos, and had many civilities paid us by the Wali and coloured merchants of the place, who brought us fruits and paid other delicate little attentions as a welcome and kind regard. The Wanyikas having by this time sent to the fort for aid to support them against the attacks of their enemies, we felt some alarm at the position of Mr. and Mrs. Rebmann, and again returned to Kisuludini, to see if we would be of any use to them: but not so; they were as fearless as before, and would not leave their house until everything had been well packed up and sent away. We now bade them adieu a second time, and returned to our house at Mombas. Here we heard that several of the Belooch troops had been dispatched against the Masai, and that some skirmishes had taken place, but they were nothing of any material consequence. Seeing this little excitement on the direct road to Kudiaro and the Kilimandjaro, Captain Burton thought it inadvisable to venture on that line, the more especially so as he judged the Mombas people were not over well disposed to our travelling into the interior: further, he had heard of fresh attractions on the coast, in the shape of ruins, both Portuguese and Persian. Those places from which, in former ages, the Portuguese, led there by the adventurous Vasco de Gama, who were the first European occupants of these dark lands, were driven thence southwards by the Arabs of Southern Arabia. Moreover, he saw the mountain of Kilimandjaro was just as accessible to us from Tanga or Pangani, a little further down the coast, where there would probably be no war parties standing in our way, as the case was here. I, on the other hand, saw various reasons for abandoning the projected plan of looking at the Kilimandjaro. In the first place, it had been already discovered by Mr. Rebmann; it was, moreover, rather distant for our limited time; it would require more money than our limited funds could admit of; and last, though not least, as we had some time to spare, I thought it would be much more agreeable to spend it in hippopotamus-shooting on the coast, and on what game we might find on the hills of Usumbara, if we perforce were to go through that kingdom on our way to the Kilimandjaro, an idea that had struck us; for though Usumbara had been traversed formerly by the Church missionaries, it was still a maiden country for the sportsman. Considering Mombas as a starting point for an excursion into the interior, I can conceive no direction more interesting or advantageous for any one to embark upon. Dr. Krapf has already been as far as Kitui, in the country of Ukambani, fourteen marches distant only from Mombas, and there he heard of a snowy mountain called Kcenca, lying probably to the northward of and on the same hill range as Mount Kilimandjaro, which most likely separates the river system

of the east from those which flow to the westward into the Nile. In confirmation of this argument, I would mention the fact that a merchant caravan of about two hundred men, whilst we were stopping here, arrived from Kitui, laden with elephant ivories, which they had bartered for American sheeting, venetian beads, and brass wire, &c., &c., in the district of Ukumbani, and they described the country in the most glowing terms, with a healthy climate, pleasant temperature, wholesome water, and an abundance of provisions, both flesh and grain: they had, moreover, camels and donkeys as beasts of burthen, which alone denotes a great facility for travelling in Eastern Africa, where men only more frequently take the place of beasts. The Wakumbani porters belonging to this caravan, as many as there were, were boisterous, humorous savages, who, as they danced and paraded about the town, all armed in savage fashion with bows and spears and sharp knives, in fact anything but clothes, looked as wild as animals just driven from a jungle. Noise and dancing seemed their principal delight, and they indulged in it, blowing horns and firing muskets with a boisterous glee, which bore the strangest contrast to the tame Hindoos and other merchant residents of the place. They were jolly niggers.

We had now decided on quitting Mombas; and on the 24th January, after embarking in the little *Beden*, set sail southwards. Following the coast line, we touched in at the villages of Gasi, Wasin, Tanga—where I had my first flirtations with the hippopotami, of which more hereafter, and Tangata, to inspect ruins and make inquiries about the interior condition of the country.

The coast line was one continuous undeviating scene of tropical beauty, with green aquatic mangroves growing everywhere out into the tidal waves, with the beetal, palmyra, and other palms overtopping this fringe; and in the back-ground, an heterogenous admixture, an impervious jungle of every tree, shrub, or grass, that characterize the richest grounds on the central shores of this peculiar continent. The little islands we passed amongst, and all the reefs that make these shores so dangerous to the navigator, whether large or small, were the produce of the industrious little coral insect. The lime with which their cellular beds are composed being favourable to vegetable growth leaves no wonder that the higher grounds and dryer lands are thus so densely clothed. The few villages there are, bordering on the coast, are poor and meagre-looking, but their inhabitants were very hospitable, especially where there were any Banyans. Nothing could exceed the mingled pride and yearning pleasure these exotic Indians seemed to derive from having us their guests. Being Indian officers, they looked upon us as their guardians, and did everything they could to show

they felt it so. Our conversing in their own language, and talking freely of their native land, must, as indeed they said it did, have felt to them as if after a long banishment they were suddenly thrown amongst their old and long-lost friends. To us, how strange did these things appear; that men so full of life, good-breeding, intelligence, and affections,—so meaning and calculating in their conversations, with such genteelness in their every behaviour, to live this life of utter banishment, amidst these barbarous, worthless savages, devoid of all sympathetic affections, and knowing not even what things constitute the commonest business of life. And why? To make a little money for their latter days when life's enjoyment has passed away. Their wretched case would not be so bad, only that, from being Hindoos, they cannot marry or even bring their wives from India with them. It is a position even worse than that of hermits. Tanga was the most considerable of all the places we visited, being the grand terminus of those caravans, which, passing immediately to the south of the Kilimandjaro and the snowy Doengo Engae, traverse the Masai country to Burgenei, near to the Victoria Nyanza. Here, of course, we again felt our way by making inquiries about the route to Kilimandjaro, and how, if we could not manage that, considering the circumstances at our disposal, we could march into Usumbara, see the capital Fuga, and pay the king, Kimweni, a cursory visit; but being more or less dissuaded from it, evidently, as it afterwards appeared, by the timorous inclinations rather than from any real difficulties which presented themselves to the mind of our timid Shaykh, my companion thought it better to see first what could be done at Pangani.

We arrived in the mouth of the Pangani River on the 3rd February; and, immediately on landing, were met by all the grandees of the place, who welcomed us as big men, and escorted us to a large stone house in the town overlooking the river. On the way to this domicile, a number of black singers were formed in line to serenade us, and they danced and sang in real negro peculiarity with such earnest constancy, that although a novel sight, we were glad to be rid of them long before they were tired of performing. All inquisitive about other people's concerns, the Paaganyites at once eagerly busied themselves to find out what our intentions were in coming there, and accordingly began to speculate on what they could make out of us. First the Diwans (head-men) wanted us to pay our footing in the town, but that only provoking a sharp rebuff, they began a system of "making difficulties." To go to the Kilimandjaro—naturally our first inquiry—we must have a large and expensive escort, or nobody would go with us. But this we were not persistent in, for two reasons: in the first place, having frittered away so much time

in delaying at Mombas, and inspecting ruins on the way from it, we had no time left ere the kazi, or little proceeding rains, which would shortly set in in the high lands near the Great Mountain, would fall and impede our progress; and, in the second, we were short of cash. Next, we contemplated a flying trip to Fuga, for which alternative Sultan Majid, had provided us with introductions to the king, Kimweni, living there, and this, of course, being known to the people through the medium of Shaykh Said, they at once beset our doors to meet our proposals and make fresh difficulties.

The king's son, who happened to be here on his way to Zanzibar, presuming we had presents for the king, kindly begged us to give them up to him at once, he securing us a passage to his father,—a cool request, which, of course, was just as coolly rejected. And now everybody, evidently actuated by him, stood in our way at every turn. We must not go the straight road, as the Wazogura living on the right bank of the Pangani river, were "out" and in open hostilities with the Wasumbara, and would intercept our passage, and instead, proposed our going via Tangata, a much longer route, but open to us if we only took a sufficient number of men and paid handsomely for the convenience. Considering that the value attachable to the undertaking would be magnified in our minds in proportion to the amount of obstacles which had to be surmounted, difficulty upon difficulty were now conjured up and produced as fast as they thought they were working upon our inclinations. Sometimes they would go, and then the opposite. They were verily as coy in their advancements and retractions as a woman who, in love, gives and takes with a wavering man on whom she has set her heart at a time when he is fearful of giving way to her little seductive artifices. At this perplexing juncture, quite unforeseen to us, the Jemadar of a small Belooch garrison (Chogwe), about seven miles up the river, came to pay his respects to us, and by a clever artifice—purely an oriental dodge, as anybody who has lived in India will readily admit—at once perceiving an advantage to be gained by which he might profitably fill his own pocket, at the same time that he would save ours, and give a job to his own Belooches, to the prejudice of those avaricious Panganyites, offered us an inducement which was too good to be otherwise than accepted. The plan was simply this: He was to leave at once and return to Chogwe and make arrangements with his guard for our reception there, whilst we, feigning abandonment of all these plans, were to prepare for a shooting excursion up the river, with one servant and our sporting gear only with us. This dodge succeeded admirably, without provoking the slightest suspicion on anybody's part. Leaving our Shaykh and one "boy" behind to take care of our

property, we now set sail in a small canoe, on the 6th February, and made for Chogwé. The river was extremely tortuous and filled with hippopotami, who, as the vessel advanced up the tidal stream, snorted and grunted as if they felt disposed to dispute our passage; but this never happened. Inquisitive in the extreme at our foreign body, they could not resist continually popping up their heads and apparently inviting us to take a shot, which, as may readily be imagined, we lost no opportunity in complying with. Whether we killed any or not is difficult to say, for as the guns were fired their heads immediately disappeared, to rise no more, or if not struck, to peep above again some way distant at our stern. To shoot hippopotami properly one must have time to wait for the receding of the tide, when their bodies would be left exposed on the sandy bottom, or if killed in deep water, to wait until being filled with gasses they would float by the buoyancy of their bodies. There was little to be seen in this voyage of any interest, for the curtains of mangroves, with palms and other trees growing in almost impenetrable denseness, veiled in our view to the limits of the stream's breadth. As the tide was running out at sunset, we halted for its return at Pomuni, a small village on the left bank, and resumed the journey after midnight. In two hours we reached the mooring-place opposite the station, Chogwe, fastened the canoe, and lay down to sleep. Early after dawn, the Jemadar, with his guard, advanced to meet us, welcomed us with sundry complimentary discharges of their matchlocks, and escorted us to their post. The Jemadar's guard was composed of twenty-five men, most of whom were here, whilst the other few held another fort on the top of a hill, called Tongwe. Volunteers were now called for to accompany us, who would carry each his arms, a little food, and such baggage as might be necessary, just enough to march up rapidly to Fuga, to have a little shooting in some favourable jungles near there, and return again as soon as possible. There was no difficulty, as the Jemadar foresaw. The Belooches receive so little pay from their Sultan that any windfall like this was naturally welcome; and out of the little garrison five men were readily enlisted; besides these, they supplied four slave servants, and two men as guides.

With one day's delay in preparing, we left Chogwe in the evening, and commenced a scrambling journey; all the men fully loaded and ourselves much the same.

On the morning of the following day, after travelling by a foot-path over undulating country, we mounted the hill of Tongwe, and put up in the fort.

Mount Tongwe is itself an outlying hill, detached from the massive clusters of Uambara by a deep rolling valley of broken ground of desert forest, which, as we afterwards saw by their numerous tracks, must contain during the rainy season, vast herds

of the elephant and buffalo, as well as antelopes and lions, though but few animals of any kind appear to be here now. Looking south-westward from this height over the broad valley of the Pangani, I was able to take compass bearings on some cones in the Uzegura country, which, as will be seen hereafter, form the northern flank of the Nguru hills. The whole country below appeared to be covered with the richest vegetation, and in the river we could hear the murmuring sound of a waterfall, said by the Belooches to be a barrier to the navigation of the river any further inland.

10th February.—Early in the morning we bid Tongwe Fort adieu, and descending by its northern slopes, threaded our way arching round to westward through the forests below, until late in the evening we arrived within a short distance of a hill, called Khombora; and here, as the darkness of night was closing in, the party by accident divided, some taking a more northerly track—the proper one—soon came across a nullah containing water,—the thing we were then in search of; whilst we, following on the heels of the guide, lost the way, and coming upon the same water-course, lower down the stream, bivouacked for the night alongside some green fetid stagnant pools, in which a young host of frogs were keeping up a merry concert. We fired guns but without avail, the distance we were separated by being too great to hear their reports.

Next morning, after following up the nullah for some considerable distance, we lit upon the rest of the party, sitting by a chain of pools, where they had bivouacked like ourselves; and, mingling together, commenced the march. At this time it was discovered that the surveying compass had been left behind, and I wished to return at once; but as no one would wait to show me the road, the instrument was abandoned. Then, with the party complete, we passed to the northward of Khombora, by an indenture of the ground lying between it and a much larger hill, called Sagama, which hill forms the south-eastern buttress of the Usumbara masses; and opening into the valley of the Pangani again, we put up at a Wazegura village, on its right bank, called Kohodé, crossing the river by a ferry. Here my companion, with all the party,—save one exceptional Seedi soldier, Mubarak Bombay, who knew a little Hindostani, and acted as my interpreter,—stopped a day, to recover from their fatigues of the late harassing march, for they appeared thoroughly knocked up, and to revel on a good feast of milk and flesh which, with great cordiality, was supplied them by Sultan Momba, a Wazegura chief. We were now fifteen miles distant from the compass, and I called on volunteers to forsake these festivities and follow me back to get it; it was a great trial, and Bombay alone, of all the party, was the only man who could be induced to go; but

he, as will be seen in many subsequent parts of this book, was ever ready to do anything for anybody, and cheerfully started off with me. The first thing, after crossing by the ferry, which we saw was a dead hippopotamus, lying on the green sward of the alluvial plain, encircled by a number of savages (Washenzi), all armed with bow and arrows, looking wistfully at their prostrate game. The animal was scarcely cold, and lay on the ground like a large shapeless hog bristling with arrows. It appeared from their statements that these savage hunters had been waiting on the plain for several hours before daybreak, expecting the animal on his retreat from his nocturnal excursions from under the lee of the Sagama Hill, in quest of rank grasses and forest trees growing there, which compose his ordinary food, to make for a certain deep place in the river, and by which means he would have to cross the plain exactly where they posted themselves: they were not mistaken. The beast advanced at the usual time for going to his watery abode, and they at once surrounded him on the plain; then, by their firing arrows from all sides at once in rapid succession, the huge, awkward beast knew not which man to set at first, and in its constant, fruitless, angry endeavours to grab the last assailant, he soon became exhausted and was mastered by the men. We now passed on to the nullah, followed it down to the place of bivouac, found the compass, and returned. In the bed of the nullah there were numerous pools, both large and small, but all were rapidly drying up, and destroying the numerous fish they contained; for as this desiccation increased, and the pools became smaller, the fervid sun heated the little remaining water to such an overpowering extent, that the fish, half suffocated, turned on their backs and became an easy prey to the numerous green and brown-striped iguanas that eagerly thronged their brinks for food. As we approached, these horrid-looking reptiles hurried off like frightened cats, to their hiding-places, some bearing fish away in their mouths, whilst others, less composed, dropped what they had half devoured, to evade us all the more readily. This intense fear of man is caused by their being the negro's game, who eat them with the same kind of pleasure and relish which a Frenchman has for frogs. Cheerily did we trip along, for Bombay, —astonished at my oddities or peculiarities, as he thought them, when I picked up a river shell, or dilated much on the antelopes and birds we sometimes saw—broke into a series of yarns about his former life, and of the wild animals with which he was familiar in his fatherland. He seemed to me a surprisingly indefatigable walker, for he joked and talked as briskly at the end of thirty miles as he did at starting. As the sun was setting, we re-passed the place where the hippopotamus had been slain, but not a vestige of his flesh or bone remained to mark the place, every morsel had been carried off for food. Ferrying

across the river, we were heartily met by the boisterous, mirthful Sultan Momba, who *insantly* on our landing invited us to his palace (grass hut), and gave us a royal repast.

13th February.—We started early in the morning, and after crossing the Pangani, took to the beaten track and followed up the valley. Nearly at the outset, we passed over the Luangera river, close to its junction with the Pangani, by a tree thrown across it. The stream, though not broad, is deep and sullen, and by native report, is infested with crocodiles. This may easily be imagined, for the Pangani, a much rougher river, undoubtedly is so. Here near the junction of these two rivers, their united valleys cause a much greater expanse of alluvial ground, and had we turned northwards, we might have reached Fuga in two short marches, by crossing over a mountain spur, called Vugiri; but in consideration for our men, who had to carry unusually heavy burthens, we determined following on our course up the valley by a lower and more easy road, passing round instead of over the said spur. With the Vugiri hills overhanging us on the right, like a bluff high wall, prettily decked with bush and tree, and the boisterous Pangani murmuring on the left hand, which now in many places was divided by little inhabited islands, we tracked along the valley until arrival at Pasunga, when we left the river still coming from the north-west, and turning sharply round the extreme western point of the Vugiri spur, we entered on a cultivated plain in a direct line facing Fuga. Here, on the second day, being overtaken by a fierce storm, we put up in some sheds outside a village. There were three small cones, called Mbara, close to our north and by west; but besides these, to the northward, there was nothing save an uninterrupted plain of the densest jungle leading up to the Makumbara mountains, about ten miles distant. The village itself was enshrouded in a dense thicket, which was entered by the narrowest of passages, for security sake, and was further protected by piles or stakes against the attacks of enemies. Everybody here feels an insecurity to life and property, which makes people wonder how they ever can be happy. Prosperous they are not; and never will be, until such time as enlightened men may happen to come amongst them to teach their chiefs the art of governing. Of all villages the most secure from attack seem those that are situated on the river islands, where the division of the stream affords a natural moat, which no African art could overcome.

15th February.—After waiting for a few hours this morning for the rain to subside, we got under way and made straight for Fuga. The first half of the journey led us by well-beaten foot-paths through flat cultivated fields of sugar-cane and bananas, *amarind* trees, papaws, and various jungle shrubs, filling an

the unarable surface; and then began a steep ascent by ruddy beaten zig-zags, to ease the abruptness of the hill, on which the capital is situated. The whole face of this hill was clothed in large timber trees, around which, here and there, entwining their trunks, clung the delicate sarsaparilla vine, and beneath them flourished, as by spontaneous growth, the universal plantain, a vegetable grown in this country as we do corn and, like it, also, it is regarded as the staff of life. At length, after a little hard toiling, we emerged from this prodigious wooding, and found ourselves on a naked bold prominent point overlooking the whole plain we had left behind, and could clearly see its entire dimensions. To the northward, as said before, was the Makumbura range, a dense compact mass of solid-looking hills, much higher than the spur we stood upon, but joining it to the north-eastward; whilst its other extremity shot out to the north-westward, until it seemed as though it were suddenly cut off by the Pangani River. Beyond the river, again, looking across the western extremity, but further back than it, other large hills, bedimmed by distance, could be seen tending in a south-westerly direction, which in all probability are a link of the longitudinal chain, which, as our maps will show, fringe the whole of the southern continent of Africa. The country directly beyond the river valley, rose into gentle undulations, but on this side all was flat and densely wooded, save in one little spot to the north-west of the Mbara cones, where a sheet of water, or small lake, made a bald, conspicuous place, and here it was by native report that elephants and other large game abounded, but we had no means for prolonging our stay, so could not visit it. Having now completed the survey, we proceeded along the shoulder of the hill just ascended, and passing by a ferruginous spring, soon arrived, unexpectedly to its inhabitants, at Fuga, the capital of Usunbaru, and presented ourselves to the astonished Fugaites, who naturally began to question what could possibly be the meaning of this stolen march on them, for contrary to the laws of the land, no permission to enter their *citidal* had been asked, and consequently no one was prepared to receive us. Access to the village was strictly forbidden to us strangers, until at least the king, whose palace is situated some distance from it, had been consulted with in a certain form of a ridiculous ceremony, which, for politeness sake, we felt ourselves bound to assent to, but in the meanwhile took possession of some huts close to it, where Mr. —, our church missionary, had some years previously, when visiting this place, taken up his abode. A deputation was now sent with our compliments to the king, soliciting an audience; and just before sunset they returned to say we must remain where we were for the present, as the king was in doubt about our intentions, considering us with suspicion, as we had come through the territories of his enemies, the Wazeguras,

which was tantamount to a hostile declaration; and, moreover, he required time for his *mganga* or *magic-man* to divine what time would be propitious for an interview. The old man was in the *wane of life*, being upwards, it was said, of one hundred years of age, and his people thought he must soon die. Hearing this, my companion, playing with his superstitious credulity, devised a dodge, and at once gained access to him. He was lying on a *cartel* in a small round hat, encompassed on his near side by swarthy-looking counsellors, who smoked small pipes and sat on low three-legged stools. Sultan Majid's introductory letter was *now read*, and all seemed satisfied of who we were. We then returned to our lodgings, and found a bullock and some meal of Indian corn and plantains were sent as an honorarium after us. Next morning, agreeably to promise, at the king's direction, a guide came to show us about the place, in order that my companion might be able to pick some leaves or herbs to make a certain decoction which would ensure longevity, but as none such could be found, entrance to the town was still forbidden. Whilst wandering about, however, we chanced to see a number of negroes turn out and chase down an antelope. It was a very small rufous-brown animal, much about the size and colour of the Kakur deer of the Himalayas; but what struck me most was, the peculiarity of its having, unlike all hitherto known African species, four points of horns. In consequence of this great novelty, I tried to purchase its head, but the greedy beasts who caught it, coveting the flesh, would not, for any consideration, let me have it, and I never saw another killed. Rain poured down in torrents each night that we remained here, and the days remained so cloudy, that we felt the *kazi*, or monsoon, had now fairly set in, and the sooner we could get away from the high-lands, so much the better for us. In the evening (15th February), therefore, we sent our return presents to the king, and asked permission to be allowed to go. A very civil reply was given, with certain additions, for which I could not help admiring him, but he would not accept the present, and we might go whenever we pleased. Thinking to obviate to the best of my ability any differences with these benighted but cunning people, and to leave as favourable an impression of our visit as I could, I advised my companion to distribute amongst the ministers those things which had been brought for the king, and this accordingly was done, but not without considerable debate, and the finally reluctant sanction of the king. The next morning (16th February) saw us descending the heights of *Faga*, and in a few hours' walk we left the cool, congenial air, incidental to four or five thousand feet, for the hot, damp, morbid, close atmosphere of the jungly plains below; in which, as Miss Nightingale would say, you could palpably smell a fever. Then following the old route, we came down to

the Pangani, and in three days' travelling along it, put up once more at Kohodé, with Sultan Momba.

19th February.—To vary the way and gain a better knowledge of the river, we now determined to follow it all the way down to Chogwe, which we made on the third day, spending the two intervening nights at the Wazegura villages of Kiranga and Kizungu. The valley, though much varied, was generally contracted by the closing in of the rolling terminal abutments of the Tongwe Hill, on the one side,—with rising land, and little conical hills almost joining, which overhung the river on the right bank in Uzégura, on the other side. We seldom met any people on the line of march, and the land being totally uncultivated, excepting in the immediate vicinity of these villages, we felt as though we were travelling through a desert wild of dreary jungle, which, indeed, it was. No animals and scarcely any birds moved about to cheer and keep the road alive; and all was silent, save the constant gurgling, rambling sound of the river's waters as they rushed rapidly over boulders and often plunged down many little falls in the bed of the stream. On passing the point opposite to Tongwe Fort, we saw the cause which produced the sound like a cataract which formerly we had heard when standing on its summit. It was, indeed, a cascade of considerable dimensions, and would doubtless be a sight of pleasing grandeur whenever the river is full of water.

In the afternoon of the 22nd, as we approached Chogwe, the little Jenadar, with the rest of the guard, turned out to welcome us, and gloat over the successful termination of an artful dodge he felt himself the father of. He spread mats for us to sit upon, and brought the universal coffee-pot and some sweetmeats as a relish to refresh us and increase the triumph,—for the little man, no doubt, thought he had gained his prize.

The next three days were spent in making different excursions, shooting koodoo and hippopotami, in the vicinity of the outpost, and on the 26th February we returned to Pangani,—my companion dropping down the river in a canoe, whilst I, to complete the survey of the country and to check my former work on the river, walked with Bombay to Pombai, ferried across the stream there, and came by the right bank down to Bwéni, on the shore of the Pangani Bay. Here I re-crossed the river again, and found Shaykh Saïd and my "boy" Gaetano, with all the traps arranged, ready at the old house for our reception. Our former vessel had been discharged at the expiration of the first month's engagement, and we were now expecting a second one from Zanzibar, to continue the cruise southward along the shore, and gain a fuller knowledge of the various entrepôts of caravans, but this did not arrive for many days. I had by this time, become

much attached to Bombay, for I must say I never saw any black man so thoroughly honest and conscientious as he was, added to which, his generosity was unbounded; and I thought (as we shall see afterwards proved to be the case) he would turn out a most valuable servant for the future journey,—a regular “Friday.” The only difficulty now was how to obtain his discharge from the service he was in; but this the Jemadar, who followed us down to Pangani to receive the wages for the men who accompanied us to Fuga, said he would arrange, if Bombay felt willing and would have a substitute to act for him whilst he was away. A compact was accordingly concluded by which Bombay became my servant at five dollars per mensem, with board and lodging on the journey round him. The Jemadar now left us with his present and we were all alone.

On the 1st March, a violent bilious fever attacked me and also floored my companion and Valentine. It appeared in the form of the Yellow Jack of Jamaica, and made us all as yellow as guineas, and had we been able to perspire, I have no doubt we should have sweated out a sort of yellow ochre which a painter might have coveted. In this state we lay physicking ourselves until the 5th, when a vessel, chartered by the consul and stored with delicacies of all kinds by our generous, thoughtful old host for the journey southwards, arrived, and took us off. My companion being still under the influences of this terrible scourge and very ill, even to absolute prostration and occasionally wandering in his mind, we gave up our projected plans, and returned at once to Zanzibar, reaching it on the 6th March.

## ZANZIBAR.

The Masika, or great vernal rainy season which follows up the sun as it passes to the north, broke over the island of Zanzibar this year in early April, and was expected to last for its normal period of forty days. For this to subside we must now wait here as patiently as we can, occupying the spare time so forced on us in purchasing an outfit and in preparing for the journey. It was highly interesting to see here, as we well could do, so near the equator, the regular systematic procession of the wind and rain following up the sun in its northward passage. The atmosphere, at this time and place was heated and rarified by the vertical rays of the sun, that produced a vacuum, which the cold airs of the south and west taking advantage of, rush up to fill, and with their coldness condense the heated vapours drawn up daily from the ocean and precipitate them back again on the earth below. This occurring, and continually repeating day by day, for a certain time, nearly in the

same place, fills the air with electric excitement, which causes thunder and lightning to accompany nearly every storm. The atmospheric air again, being, so surcharged with electricity was palpably felt to the nervous system of animated nature; at any rate, judging from myself, I can only say I experienced a nervous sensibility I never knew before, of being startled at any sudden accident. A pen dropping from the table would even make me jump. Whilst stopping here, the colonel's house was one continuous scene of pleasure and festivities. The British consulate was the common rendezvous of all men: Arab, Hindi, German, French, or American, were all alike received without distinction or any forced restraint. Indeed, the old consul literally studied the mode of making people happy. And Zanzibar, instead of being an outlandish place, such as to make one wonder how men could exile themselves by coming here, was really a place of great enjoyment. The merchants, on the other hand, were not less hospitably inclined, and constantly entertained and gave very handsome dinners. Besides our consulate, there is a French and an American one, and the European merchants were composed of French, Germans, and Americans,—the dark-coloured ones being principally confined to Arabs, Hindus, and the Jawahili of the coast. Taking advantage of the time, especially the evenings, I spent most of them in rating the chronometers and getting all the surveying instruments into working order; whilst my companion busied himself in making all the other arrangements for the journey, such as purchasing Venetian beads, brass wire, and American sheetings, &c., which come here in ship-loads round the Cape of Good Hope, or in buying donkeys for our riding and their transport. Then in the cool of the mornings, we took social walks or rides through the clove plantations, or amongst the palms, mango trees, and orange gardens, treating pine-apples, as they grew like common weeds on the road sides, as if they were nothing better than ordinary turnips, though when placed upon the table they are certainly as delicious as any living fruit. The only fine houses are those occupied by the Europeans and the Sultan, and they front the harbour, which is considered a very good one, and is very constantly filled with shipping, the Sultan's men-of-war, foreign square-rigged vessels, and a host of buggaloes from Aden, Muscat, Cutch, and Bombay. The back of the town is very much like a common Indian bazaar, but there is a hollow square in its centre, which now-a-days is peculiar to this place,—it is the slave market. Immediately after every fresh importation, you can see in the early morning, unhappy-looking men and women, all hideously black and ugly, tethered to one another like horses in a fair, and calculative men, knowing judges of flesh and limb, walking up and down, feeling their joints and looking out to make a bargain. Women, of course,

sell better than the men, being fitted to more general purposes. For a good wife, any sum might be given. But the saddest sight which came under my observation was the way in which some licentious-looking men began a cool, deliberate inspection of a certain divorced culprit who had been sent back to the market for inconstancy to her husband. She had learnt to feel a sense of decency during her conjugal life, and the blushes on her face now clearly showed her heart was mortified at this unseemly exposure, made worse because she could not help it.