ZANZIBAR: AND TWO MONTHS IN EAST AFRICA.

[Some months ago we received a note, dated Zanzibar, 10th June, from Captain Burton, the accomplished author of The Pilgrimage to Mecca, saying that he had sent us the following journal, which, however, did not reach us until the present month.

In his note Captain Burton said that it was no use to write to him, as he was on the point of again plunging into Africa, and would be non inventus for some time to come.

Our readers will join us in hoping that we may soon receive tidings of the safe return of the gallant and indefatigable traveller.]

"To animate and influence the hearts of all the noble gentlemen who desire to see the world."—La Brocquière.

CHAPTER I.—ZANZIBAR.

"There is probably no part of the world where the British Government has so long had a Resident, where there are always some half-a-dozen merchants and planters, of which we knew so little, as of the capital and part of the kingdom of one of the most faithful of our allies, with whom we have for half a century (since 1834) been on terms of intimacy."—Trans. Bombay Geogr. Society, 1856.

Or the gladdest moments, methinks, in human life, is the departing upon a distant journey into unknown lands. Shaking off with one effort the fetters of Habit—the leader weight of Routine—the cloak of care, and the slavery of Home—man feels once more happy. The blood flows with the fresh circulation of youth, excitement gives new vigour to the muscles, and a sense of sudden freedom adds an inch to the stature. Afresh dawns the morn of life, again the bright world is beautiful to the eye, and the glorious face of nature gladdens the soul. A journey, in fact, appeals to Imagination, to Memory, to Hope—the sister Graces of our moral being.

The shrill screaming of the boat-swain's whistle, and sundry shouts of "Stand by yer boats!"—"All ready for'ard?"—"Now make sail!"—sounded in mine ears with a sweet significance. The H.E.I.O.'s sloop of war "Elphinstone," Captain Frey-bard, R.N., commanding, swung round in obedience to orders, and as the rosy beams of morning leaped gaily over the green-capped head of Elephanta, we bade a long farewell to Bombay. It was a Red-Calendar—day—a day to be noted with white clay, that 2d of December 1856.

We were not fanned across the Indian Ocean by the delicatess airs: a stiff breeze ran us right home without a flaw, and the weather was varied by occasional showers, and a squall, or two followed by a high combing sea. The track seemed a desert; not a being of life, except gannets and flying-fish, met our sight. The good old ship—now in her thirty-third year—made an average of 150, and, on one occasion, a run of 200 knots per diem, accomplishing the 2500 miles in eighteen days. On the afternoon of the 18th December, we were in sight of a strip of land, blue and blotted by distance, then waxing purple, and lastly green. This was Pemba, or Fezirat el Khasa, "the Emerald Isle," as this outlying picket of East Intertropical Africa is called by the inhabitants of tawny Oman.

We had tasted the contrast between the order and cleanliness of a ship-of-war, and the confusion, impurity, and annoyances of a Red-Sea steam-packet. Here were no rattling, heaving throbs, making you tremulous as a jelly in the campaign; nor coal-smoke intrusive as on a

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Garman railway; nor thisty cokeroaches exploring men's mouths for water; nor cabins rank with sulphured hydrogen; nor decks where on pallid and jaundiced passengers shook convulsive shoulders as they rushed to and from the bulwarks and the tarafall. No "labor and starboard exclusiveness"; no flitting Aborigines tending majestic dames, who looked crooked at all beyond the salvation-pale of their own set; no peppery civilians rubbing skirts against heedless griffins; nor fair lips ill-treating the letter H; nor officers singing lullabies to their etiolated terrible infants, and lacking but one little dispensation of Nature to become the completest of nurses. That "Elphinstone" belonged not to the category "Ship of Helle:" we would willingly have drawn out our cruise with the jovial Captain, and the good fellows in the gun-room, over many and many a path of waves.

But Fate willed otherwise. On the night of the 26th December we anchored off Tumbatu, one of the long, narrow coraline reefs which fringe these shores. It is scantily inhabited by a race of Makhadim or serviles, who have preserved in Telam a variety of heathen abominations. They repair for divination to a kind of Trophonius' cave. At funerals they lay out and abuse the corpse after this wise: "Fellow, a man will cry, "but yesterday I asked thee for some tobacco, and thou didst refuse, hein? Where now is the use of it?" Or says a woman, "Dost thou then making fierce love to me on a certain occasion? Much good can thy love do now that thou wentest to feed ugly worms in the grave!" I have heard of a Hindu caste in Madras, who, after filling the corpse's mouth with milk, and rapping its face with a conch-shell, most oppressively insult its female relatives. The Arrawak Indians of Guiana also, according to travellers, swallow the body's opened eyes with thorns, and all the lips and cheeks with lard, and use alternate sweet and bitter words. The idea underlying the act is probably the same as in the Irish "wake"—a test whether the clay be really inanimate. The Tumbatu men are celebrated as fishers and sailors; they burn large fires of dry leaves upon the sand, and upon their prey as it flocks to the light. They are an industrious race for these climates; their low jutting ledge of ground obliges them to fetch water from Zanzibar Island, and their sooty slings testify its heat.

Next morning, as we appeared on deck,

"Sabean odours from the spicy shore,"

affected the sensum with a sense of novelty; pleasant after the ocean's briny breath. It is generally doubted that India can thus be "nosed" from afar; and certain facetiousnesses, played upon the softer man, have made scepticism fashionable. Here, however, there is no mistake; the night-breeze from the island is heavy with a clove perfume, which the European residents are careful to exclude.

After a two-hours sail, the first terminus of our voyage declared itself. Most possessing was the distant view of this stately mansion of Eastern Africa. Earth, sea, and air were all soft and smiling as a poet's conception of Paradise, with a winning feminine beauty: in Arab phrase, a rose unto the eye of the beholder. The central ridge gently swelling, were streaked with rows of spice-trees resembling from afar the vines of romantic Provence. Contrasting with these prim plantations, the tall palm, a living column, luxuriant and perennial, rose behind and above the bright metallic underground which separated the land from the snowy foam creaming over the yellowish bores. Intense was the glowing azure of the sky; every object stood out distinct and brilliant, as if viewed through ethereal medium. Under a blaze of sun that touched everything with burnished gold, the sea was a sheet of purest sapphire, save where it showed

"A surface dappled o'er with shadows flung From brooding clouds;"

the lucid depths were stained with amethyst; the transparent shoals with lightest sapphire; and each ship anchored in the bay hovered
over her own reflected image. More like Malabar than dreary Arabia and sterile Persia, this land has a spring even in its midsummer.

We glided south by east through a breach in the coralline reef that recalled the gateway of Jeddah. Presently, detached houses sprang the shore. A large unfinished pile, whitewashed, but fast decaying, was called by our pilot Abhir al Zaman—the End of Time. Under divers insidious omens, it had been commenced by the late Prince in his latter days; and the death of sundry masons killed by a falling wall, rendered it so hateful to the Arabs that it will probably remain uninhabitable. Then at the distance of a mile, appeared the royal harem and demesne of Mtomy, a large rusty building with an extinguisher-roofed balcony, of dingy planking. It has a quaint kind of Gothic look, like a castle in a play, or the Schloss of a pensionless German baron; the luxuriant trees in rear have the faint air of an English park. A fetid lagoon here diffuses pestilence around it; and skippers anchoring off Mtomy for convenience of watering with the purest element on the island, have, in the course of a few days, had occasion to lament the loss of half their crews. Presently we floated past the “Shah Alum,” an old fifty-gun frigate, of Bombay build; she showed no colours, as is usual when a ship enters; and the few men on board shouted information which neither we nor the pilot understood. This worthy, as we drew near, decided, from the absence of Friday flags on the consular staffs, that some great man had gone to his long home. The “Elphinstone,” however, would not have the trouble of casting loose her guns for nothing; with H. H., the Sazzid of Zanzibar’s envoy—a plain red—at the fore, and the union at the main, she cast anchor in Front Bay, about half a mile from shore, and fired a salute of twenty-one. A gay hunting thcorpeau flew up to every truck, and the brass cannon of the “Victoria” roared a response of twenty-two. We had arrived on the fortieth, or the last day of mourning.

St. Julien, patron of the wayfarer, had frowned upon us this time; the first visit to Colonel Hamerton, H. B. M.’s Consul, showed us the extent of our mishap. H. H. Sazzid Said of Maskat, upon whose aid and influence we calculated, had died on his journey from Arabia to Zanzibar. State affairs had not been settled between the rival brothers, Sazzid Suwawul, the elder, and successor, to whom the old Sultan had been left, and Sazzid Majid, installed by his father Viceroy of the African possessions. This prince, moreover, being still confined to the house by an attack of the small-pox, which, during the last three years, has twice carried off thousands of the inhabitants, was ashamed to show a pilfered face to subjects or visitors. Colonel Hamerton, now our mainstay, was also in poor health. The northern coast of the mainland, about Lamu, as usual on such occasions, was in anarchy, the southern suffering from drought and famine. We spent some heavy hours that night. I will relieve my feelings by describing the town of Zanzibar:

Zanzibar (to begin with the beginning) lies in S. lat. 6° 9’, and in E. long. 39° 14’. The chief, and indeed the only settlement upon the island, it occupies one side of a wide curve on the coast of Coralline. Rur Chban-gany, “Sandy Point,” (this name, corrupted to “Shangany,” has erroneously been given to the whole town in charts), divides the front harbour from a back bay, where ships anchor, especially during the N.E. monsoon, to avoid the swell whilst loading cargo. The place is modern, owing its existence to the exigency of the trade. At the beginning of the present century it consisted of a fortified, and at present a few shops, and a ragged line of mat huts, where and a ragged line of mat huts, where

It is incorrect to call the Chief of Oman an Imam, although some of his ancestors had a right to the ecclesiastical title. Moreover, “Sazzid,” amongst these, means a chief or ruler, not, as “Sheriff,” a descendant of the Prophet.

his means permit. Zanzibar now contains in the season about fifty thousand inhabitants (slaves included), and there cannot be less than three thousand stationary habitations. This normal Arab town forms the segment of a circle, the chord resting upon the sea, and the arc forming the plantations of the interior. It is a mere “dicky”—a clean front, concealing something unsightly. Facing northwards is a line, about a mile and a half long, of large Arab houses, glaring, dazzling, whitewashed like sepulchres, and unrelieved save by a straggling cocoa, instead of domes and minarets. Like Jeddah and the Red-Sea cities, the material is wholly lime and coralline. The best houses—of course, those of the European merchants—are in the west end; wealthy “natives,” and a few foreigners, inhabit the eastern extremity. In rear of the dicky, and at both flanks, is a dense mass of dwelling-places, where the poor and the slaves pig together. There are huts of cadjan-matting, with or without wattle-and-daub walls, windowless, blackened externally by wind and sun, and consisting internally of a “but and a ben,” surrounded by projecting eaves, forming a deep and shady verandah, where articles are exposed for sale. The poorest classes content themselves with mere sheaths. Two tumble-down bridges, ignorant of the arch, span the foul lagoon, which, at the Lyzygies, converts the settlement into almost an island, and leaves behind it a legacy of fevers and terrible maladies. The drainage of the front is good, owing to the seaward slopes, but the inner town is a desert. Drainage is all in all more tropical than shine; drainage has rendered even Sierra Leone and our West Indian barracks salubrious. In the hands of Europeans, Zanzibar would soon be drained into healthiness; but the Arab looks upon pestilence as a minor plague compared with the trouble of cutting a ditch or building a dam.

The tide, here, rising twelve, sometimes fifteen, and even sixteen feet, occasionally walk over the lower apartments. Unchecked by quay or breakwater, this nuisance is on the increase. Off Chhangany Point, where, in 1823, stood a clump of huts and a mosque, five fathoms of water now roll. The British Consul, formerly many yards removed from the surf, at present requires the protection of piles and rubble. Some of the larger houses have sunk four feet, and have sloped nine from terrace to ground, owing to the instability of their soccy foundations. These coral formations are peculiarly fickle. The “Middle Shoal,” about fifteen years ago, was awash; it is now high and dry. The “Tree Island” of our earliest charts has been under mined and carried away by the waves. On the other hand, the sea has encroached upon Mtomy, where the Prince’s flagstaff four times required removal.

At Zanzibar the line of streets is, as it should be, deep, narrow, and winding. In the west end a pavement of chunam, provided with a gutter—the first I have seen in "Orient climates"—carries off the violent rain, and secures coolness and purity. The east end shows attempts at similar civilisation; but green and miry puddles argue a preponderance of black population. Houses are on the favourite Arab plan familiar to Travellers in Spain and her colonies; some of the oldest buildings in the city are in the Galway and western Ireland style, whose masonry attains the type—a"piano," or hollow paved quadrangle, where animals may be penned for safety, with galleries, into which the rooms open, running round the several floors. But architecture is at its lowest ebb. There is not a straight line in the masonry; the arches are of every shape and form, and the floors will have a foot of depression between the centre and the corners. The roofs, or rather terraces, supported by Zanzibar rafters, and walls of masonry thickness, are copiously channamed: here men sit to enjoy the sun-down breezes. Bandanis, or pent-houses of cadjans, garnish the houses-tops in the native town: Europeans do not allow these adjuncts, fires being frequent, and the slaves being addicted to aiding the work of destruction in hope of plunder. Some foreigners secure the delights of a cool night by erecting upper cabins of planking: the older, however,
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meeting in the Kipondah Quarter. Prayers of the great, festivals, during the Prince's life, were recited at Mtony; now in the Palace oratory, and other mosques. Sazid Said also built a gabled-ended house, after the model of the Dutch factory at Bun-
der Abbas. Unhappily a large chandelier dropped from the ceiling, and gave the place, which was intended for leves and a "hall of pleasure," a permanent bad name. It has ever since been shut up.

There are four Suk or bazars at Zanzibar; the fish-market lies behind the Suk Mahogo, a long street in the south of the town, where paddy and grain, cloth and cotton, vegetables and provisions, generally are for sale; and eastward is the Suk Melinde, where the butchers expose their vendible. The best articles disappear before 7 A.M., after which time sought but refuse remains. The most characteristic spot in Zanzibar—the slave auctions are held in an empty walled court—is undoubtedly the salt bazar at the foot of the Port's eastern bastion. It derives its name from huge heaps of saline sand, exposed for sale by the Melraus and the Suri Arabs. Being near the custom-house, it is thronged with people, and gives, like the bazars of Cairo and Damascos, an exaggerated idea of the population. The staple material is a double line of negroes and black youth, with heaps of sun-dried manioc, mangoes, pine-apples, greasy fritters, the abominable jack-fruit, and redolent fish piled up between their extended legs. They vary the tedium of plaiting leaves and mat-weaving, with conversations arguing an admirable combination of the articulating organs, and a somewhat lax morality. Pairs of muscular Hazramaut porters, hobbling along with bales of goods and packs of hides suspended from a pole, pass chanting down the central road, kicking out of their way the humped cows, who placidly munch oil, fruits, and vegetables under the eaves of their worship-pers the Banyans. Stout Bhattias, traders from Cutch, distinguished by high features, pale skins, shaven beards, peaked turbans of spotted people or crimson edged with gold, snowy cotton coats, and immaculate loin-cloths, chauffer with yellow Indian Kojaks; tricky-faced men with evil eyes and silvery beards, forked after the fashion of ancient Rustam. More picturesque than these, gaunt light-brown Arabs from the Gulf, whose unkempt elf-locks flow low over their suiffon-stained shirts, armed with two-handed swords, daggers, and small round hide-targers, stalk like beasts of prey, eyeing the crowd with cut-throat stare and single gaze. Sometimes a white man—how hideous his garb appears!—threads the streets, arousing the mangy curs, and using the stick upon the naked shoulders that obstruct him. Here and there waddles an Arab woman—a heap of unwholesome clothes, clad on invisible feet, with the Maskat masque exposing only her eye-balls. The black population, male and female, is more varied. Here is the tall Mhia woman, of stalwart frame and sooty skin, known by the hole which, pierced in her upper lip, allows a pearl to shine through the outer lip, after the fashion of being razor-traced upon the scalp; one wing of her flat nose is pierced to admit a bone or metal stud, and the lobes of her ears are distended with wooden pegs or twists of palm-leaf, which, by continued pressure, enlarge the aperture to a prodigious extent. The slave shaves her head into the semblance of a magnet; fleck coco-nut and mulas by her hopeful, a small black imp ignorant of clothing; on his head is a water-jar bigger than his own pot-belly and he screams Na-haid—"I come!"—to his friends, who are otherwise disposing themselves. There a group of Wanyassa, with teeth filed into sharp edge, wear cowlingly old Shylock, an Arab slave-dealer; whilst Wazegura, with patterned skins, scowl evilly at the Suri Nakhoda, the professed kidnapper of their race. The tattoo distinguishes this confusion of tribes; all, how-

 ever, have the common national marks, gashes, pelagra, and smallpox. But see, two Moslem Sawabhili, have met; let us listen to the lengthy greetings exchanged:

A.—"Yambo?" (the state?)
B.—"Yambo sana!" (the state is good!)
A.—"I seize the feet!"
B.—"How hast thou eaten and slept?"
A.—"I have made my reverential bow."
B.—"Yambo?"
A.—"It is good!"
B.—"Like unto gold?"
A.—"Like unto gold!"
B.—"Like unto coral?"

CHAPTER II.—DEPARTURE FROM ZANZIBAR.

"The billows are all sparkling
And bounding in the light,
Like creatures in whose sunny veins
The blood is running bright."—BARRY CORNWALL.

The beauties of this Hormos Episcope, the open road of the Periplus—are the labours of the Litho-
phyte,

"Sea-girl tales.
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The undorsod bottom of the deep."

These are five in number—Champany Island, Kibandito, Changri, Bavy, and Chamibi. I prefer their less barbarous European names. Northmost is French Island, here as at Canton, a cemetery for Europeans, more decently buried than at Maskat, where they have their choice of a dungeon or the Cove. Formerly this Death's Acre was frequented by turtle-fishers. "Mahogo," however, has seen so many ghastly visions of yellow-faced ghosts rising from the growth of Christian graves, that he now abandons the green clump to naval and commercial sportsmen, who repair here to shoot the Sazid's tame deer, and occasionally other brownish objects imperfectly seen through the bushes. Westward, and connected at low tides by a prac-
ticable reef, lies the Ponto— the hulk—a ledge of verdure. It is separated from Middle Island by a channel deep enough for a man-of-

war; and the neighbouring shoals supply certain small rock-oysters of by no means despicable flavour. The most important is Bawy, or Turtle Island, a long coraline bank, covered with tall cocoa, which are the Saz-
id's property, governed by a pecu-
larly violent baboon deported from Zanzibar, and used, as Colaba was of old, "to keep antelopes, goats, and other beasts of delight." Near it is the celebrated Harp-shell bank, so rich before its produce was spoiled for watch-dials. Farthest to the south is la Passe, which, mistaken for Bawy, has caused many a shipwreck.

Far westward, across the blue expanse of ocean, lies a faint line of flat coast, broken by high and remarkable cones. Within the Islands is an animated scene. Over the outer waters scuds a mosquito fleet of Galawas—canoes and monoxyles—cutting the waves like flying pros; and most skilfully handled by the sable fishermen. Some of these negroes, especially those of Brava, have retained the broad-brimmed straw hat which they borrowed from their conquerors the Portu-
guese. The "pequenos batallos" of the Lusitans are still the same, except that a disproportioned sail of Ameri-
can cotton, based upon a pair of outriggers ten or eleven feet square, in some cases now supplies the place of "velos d’huma folhes de palma ben testades." Many progress by means of a loin-cloth held up in the bow by a negro acting mast; others are propelled by a single paddle with a broad curved blade, shifted from right to left, and pulled, as amongst the Mandans, towards the paddle. They form a curious national contrast with the launches and lighters that unload European merchandise.

The northeast monsoon being the season at Zanzibar, the two bays present a busy scene. Over the square near the custom-house, a mob of "natives," dense as bees, swarm to feast their eyes upon an approaching ship of war. Slaves wash ivory, in the sea, pile hides, and heap longwood upon the sands, amongst sleek Breakney balls, pushing and butting by way of excitement. The younger blacks of both sexes bathe and display themselves in an absence of costume which would astonish even Ramgaste. During this season the number of craft in port may average from sixty to seventy. They are anchored close inland, and are sometimes bumped to pieces from the wondrous apathy of their crews.

The eye is first struck by the picturesque form of the "Mete," a lineal descendant from the Pioniera Khapat of the Peripius, which floated upon the seas two thousand years ago. This Lamu craft, with a beam one-third of its length, a thin mast that carries any amount of square matting, with a swan-necked prow, upon whose red head, as in Chinese junks, and in the ark of Egyptian Osiris, is painted a white circular eye, of the surmise that it is a similitude of a she-hyena, and the Bretons their Bisclavaret. John of Tyni declares that the priest of Odin assumed various appearances. Our ancestry had their werewolf (homo-lupus), and the Bretons their Bisclavaret. John of Tyni declares that the priest of Odin assumed various appearances. Our ancestry had

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Zanzibar was probably as shrewd and enlightened a prince as Arabia ever produced, yet we overrated his powers. A beautiful model of a steam-engine was sent out from England; it was allowed to rust unopened in his stores. Like all Oriental potentates, he was ever surrounded by an obvious entourage, whom he consulted, trusted, and apparently preferred to his friends and well-wishers. He believed firmly in the African frities, and in the Arabian Sabhin’s power of metamorphosis; he would never visit any of them, or medicine-man, nor did he ever take an elephant in any of his many expeditions.

"He will never go to Africa," he said, "he is a firm friend to the English nation, as he himself would have done, all the fleets and the public treasury of the realm. And, finally, he could never comprehend a relapse of the government in public— who administered the stick?" Yet peace to his soul! he was the model of a Arab prince; a firm friend to the English nation, and a great admirer of the "Malikat el Azzameh," our most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

On the 20th of December, riding through the surf, we landed, regretting that wealthy Zanzibar had not
afforded herself the luxury of a T-shaped stone-pier. We were received by Colonel Hamerton with a true Irishman’s welcome; and when the small mountain of luggage had been duly housed, we addressed ourselves seriously to the difficulties of our position. The report of our coming had preceded us. The Arabs were alarmed, and busy in conjecturing the objects with which the Frank was about to visit their copal coast, and explore their ivory lands; they knew that Europeans have coveted a possession upon the sea-board, and remembered nothing but evil results from the missionary visits to Fuga. The unworthy merchants at Zanzibar, American and European, did their best to secure for us the fate of M. Maizan, both on this and on a subsequent occasion, by spreading all manner of reports amongst the Banyans, Arabs, and Sawahlis. The Consul, warned of this commotion by Kazi Muhby el Din, the “celestial doctor” of the Sawahlis, did not hesitate, when pressed by the Arab chiefs, to swear by the “Kalimat Ulah,” that the expedition was wholly composed of English officers, and should have nothing in common with missionaries or Dutchmen, as these gentlemen from Germany were called by the Zanzibaris. Had Colonel Hamerton refused to gratify them, the course of events is clear to all who know this race. The surface of Arab civility would have been to appearance unbuffeted, but the under-current would have carried us off our legs. Considering the unfitness of such seas for serious business, it was strongly advised to defer exploration of the interior until we had learned something of the coast, and for that purpose to set out at once for a two or three months’ cruise. Persuaded by the Consul’s earnestness, Sazzid Sulayman bin Hamid, popularly known as the “Bahary Mair,” or Sea of Milk—the Ethioptic equivalent for “soft sawdow”—came forward in our favour. This old chief was governor of Zanzibar during the minority of Sazzid Khalid, the heir-apparent, who died in 1854, and his good word was strong upon the sea-board. He gave us circulars, to which the young Prince Majid added one, addressed to Sultan Kimmere of Usumbara, and another to the Diwans, or Sawahlil Headmen, and to the Beloch Yowlers commanding the several garrisons. On the other hand, Ladhama Dhama of Mandavie, the Banyan Collector of Customs, provided us with orders upon the Hindu merchants to advance requisite moneys: without these, our reception would have been of the coolest.

If we, travellers in transit, had reason to be proud our country man’s influence at Zanzibar, the European and American merchants should be truly thankful for it. Appointed in 1840 H.B.M.’s consul and H.E.I. Co’s agent at the court of H. H. Sazzid Said, and directed to make this island his headquarters, Colonel Hamerton found that nine years not a British cruiser had visited it, and that report declared us to be no longer masters of the Indian seas. Slavery was rampant. Wretches were thrown overboard, when sick, to prevent paying duty; and the sea-beach before the town, as well as the plantations, presented horrible spectacles of dogs devouring human flesh. The consular representations were accepted by Sazzid Said; certain dry floggings and confiscations of property instilled into slave-owners the semblance of humanity. The insolence of the negro was as summarily dealt with. The Arabs had persuaded the Sawahlis and blacks that a white man is a being human flesh. The consul’s representations were accepted by Sazzid Said; certain dry floggings and confiscations of property instilled into slave-owners the semblance of humanity.

The inoffensive Arab, short, thin, and delicate, a kind of man for the pocket, forty years old, with a yellow skin, weak and prominent nose, and a long nose like a young horse, was bought by colonel Maxwell and dyed by betel to the crimson of chieftain, almost beardless, and scantily mustached. Of noble family, the Beni Lank of the Hinawi, his father Salim had been governor of Kilwa (Quiloa), and he himself commanded at the little port Saadaan. Yet had dignity not invested him with the externals of authority. He says “Karrish,” (draw night) to simple and gentle. He cannot bear his shackled bondmen, though he perpetually quotes—

“Say thou not the slave but with staff in hand, or the word will slave, and the slave comm.”

The Arabs jostled strangers in the streets, drove them from the centre, and forced them to pass by the left hand. At night none dared to carry a lantern, which would inevitably be broken; and a premonade in the dark usually caused insults, sometimes a bastinado. To such a pitch rose contempt for the white face, that even the “mild Hindoo”—our fellow-subjects from Cutch and other parts of Western India—would not preserve with a European the appearance of civility. It required some time to uproot an evil trade inveterate by mercantile tameness: patience and the Sazzid’s goodwill, however, succeeded; and now an Englishman here is even more civility treated than at one of our presidencies. This change is the work of Colonel Hamerton, who, in the strenuous and unremitting discharge of his duties, has lost youth, strength, and health. The iron constitution of this valuable public servant—I have quoted merely a specimen of his worth—has been undermined by the terrible fever, and at fifty his head bears the “blossoms of the grave,” as though it had seen its seventieth summer.

Before we could set out a guide was requisite; this necessary was provided for us by the Beni Lank. Said bin Salim el Lamki, the companion of our way for many a weary mile, well deserves the honour of a sketch. He is a diminutive Arab, short, thin, and delicate, a kind of man for the pocket, forty years old, with a yellow skin, weak and prominent nose, and a long nose like a young horse, was bought by colonel Maxwell and dyed by betel to the crimson of chieftain, almost beardless, and scantily mustached. Of noble family, the Beni Lank of the Hinawi, his father Salim had been governor of Kilwa (Quiloa), and he himself commanded at the little port Saadaan. Yet had dignity not invested him with the externals of authority.

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and though I have heard him address with “round mouth” the small boy Faraj, he is mostly ashamed to scold. This results from extreme nervousness and timidity. Though he never appears without a dagger, and a two-handed knife fit for the Richard of England, he will sleep in an oven rather than open the door after hearing of a leopard. On board ship he groans like a colicky patient at every blast, and a sea shipped brings the squeak of mortal agony involuntarily from his lips. In the hour of safety he has a certain mild valour, which is exceeding likely to impinge. He cannot bear fatigue, hunger, or thirst, and until fate threw him in our way, probably never walked one consecutive mile. Though owner of a wife and three assistant wives, he was refused by Allah the gift of increase and multiplication. Possibly the glad tidings that a slave-girl was likely to make him a father, suddenly communicated on his return from the cruise, made him judge our companionship canny, and resolve once more to link his destiny with the Frank.

Said bin Salim is a Bayazi of the Kharjite schism; he prays regularly, fasts uncompromisingly, chews, but will not eat pork, never casts away a date-stone, and “sips water” but “swills milk,” as the Arab proverb directs. His mother-tongue is the Lingua Franca called Ki-Sawshill; he speaks the vile Arabic of Oman, but sometimes, to display the humanities, he mixes up hushed Koran and terminating vowels with Maskat, and eavesdropped behind Colonel Maxwell, dyed by betel to the crimson of chieftain, almost beardless, and scantily mustached. Of noble family, the Beni Lank of the Hinawi, his father Salim had been governor of Kilwa (Quiloa), and he himself commanded at the little port Saadaan. Yet had dignity not invested him with the externals of authority. He says “Karrish,” (draw night) to simple and gentle. He cannot bear his shackled bondmen, though he perpetually quotes—

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* This occurrence was afterwards denied by the best of all authorities,—the gentleman who told the tale. I have, however, every reason to believe it. *
Zanzibar; and Two Months in East Africa.

At Mecca I saw the last selling perfume:
She put forth her hand, and I cried, "O Tweet!"
...Three suffrages. she
She leaned over me, casting a glance of love;
But from Mecca I sped, saying, "Farewell, sweet!"
...Three Kaffir-sticks dimusando, surging; V'no go.

The reader asks, What induced us to take a guide apparently so little fit for rough-and-ready work? In the first place, the presence of Said bin Salim el Lamki was a pledge of respectability. Secondly, our companion had a well-filled knowledge-box, and was no churl in imparting its contents. Thirdly, he was courteous, thoroughly good-tempered, generous, and kind-hearted. And, lastly, a bright exception to the rule of his unconscientious race, he appeared truthful, honest, and honourable. I have never yet had reason to suspect him of a low action. This rare and solid merit determined us to attach him, and when we communicated to him the resolution, "Verily," was the reply, "whose benefity the beneficent becometh his lord, but the idle well-dressed, tarnish and a rendeth thee." I almost hope that he may not deceive us in the end.

On the evening of the 5th January 1857, Captain S — and I shook hands with our host and kind friend, and found ourselves on board the Riami, an Arab "Beden," hired for our coasting cruise, and stored with necessaries for two months by Ladha, the collector of customs. Our Nakhoda, Hamid — never was brain of goose or heart of ben-partridge hidden by brow so broad and intellectual, and by beard so fierce and bushy—belonged to that Suri race, the self-called descendants of Syrians, well known for beggary and covetousness, for kidnapping and safe piracy. These men, most unaccountable and vilest of the Arabs, would address even their prince, "O Said!" and though ever demanding El Hishmah, or respect for themselves, will on no occasion accord it to others.

It was vain to describe bow, after we had been peremptorily summoned on board, our gallant captain elysed himself in quest of two sailors who had absconded — how he had forgotten to lay in stores of wood and water—how he did not come home till morning, when, making sail, he ran down to Mtony, and there wasted twenty-four hours — how he again went on shore, promising to return in half an hour, but leaving us to spend the day in vain expectation — how Said bin Salim solaced himself by wishing that the Shatyan might appear to Hamid on his deathbed, and say, "O friend of my soul, welcome home!" — how he reappeared with half-a-dozen fellows, mostly Surs elled from the bazar, one maimed, another a stammerer, a third sick, a fourth malingering, No. 5 a tailor, and No. 6 a diminutive Somali boy — how he greeted me with a fleo in his car and the threat of Dakar, and by Said bin Salim with a cup of coffee and a pro­verb, importing that out of woe cometh weal and, finally, how, after a clear loss of two nights and a day, we drew up our ground-tackle and went our way. Orientals notably want the principle of immediate action. The traveller in Eastern Africa must ever be prepared for three distinct departures — the little start, the great start, and the start.

Our old tub, with knees and must- like a slayer, soon reached the usual point of departure, Kokotony Bay—"in the pebbles" — a roadstead with the usual trimmings of mangrove and manioc, lime and orange, superb mangoes and cacao waving in the clear sea-breeze. Clove plantations adorn the little hills, and the giant calabash stretches its stumpy crooked arms over the clustering huts. This tree is at once majestic and grotesque — the tall conical bole of spongy and porous wood, covered with a soft glossy rind at the base, has a girth of forty or fifty feet, and bear from five hundred to six hundred guards. Arbutea-like, in the same season some trees will be bare, others in leaf, in flower, or in fruit. When thickly clothed with foliage growing almost stalkless from the wood, topped with snowy flowers like the fairest of water-lilies, and hung about with ovals here somewhat larger than a coco-nut, covered with a green vei., and attached by a long thin cord, its appearance is striking as it is novel.

On the 10th of January we ran through the paradise of verdant banks and plates and forming the approach to Pemba, and halted a day to admire the Emerald Isle of these Eastern seas. In A.D. 1698, the bold buccaneer Captain Kidd buried there his blood-stained hoards of precious stones and metal, the plunder of India and the farther Orient. The people of Pemba have found pots full of gold lamps, probably moulded from buttons that the pirate might wear his wealth. Thus it is that the modern skipper, landing at Madagascar or other robber haunts of the olden time, still frequently witnesses the disappearance of his brass buttons, whilst the edge of a knife resting upon his throat secures the quiescence essential to the rapid performance of the operation. Landing at Chukchak, the principal harbour, we inspected the town and sketched the fort, an old building, vain and picturesque as any restored castle on the Rhine.

Our gallant captain of the band—"the Lord have mercy on him for a hen!"—determined to doze away the day, and at night to sleep soundly, anchored in some quiet bay. On this latter point we differed. Yet when running out of Pemba, grave doubts regarding my own wisdom suggested themselves as the moonless night fell like a pall, and, exaggerated by the dim twinkling of the stars, rose within biscuit to the silhouettes of island and plateau, whence proceeded the threatening sounds of a wash. Presently, however, emerging from the reefs, we smelt sea-air, and felt with pleasure the long throb of the Indian Ocean. Our progress northwards was made under difficulties. Rain fell almost daily; the wind was high and contrary, the sea wild and stormy; a strong current set dead against us; the lee-shore, within a few yards of which we were periodically drifted, was steep too, with coraline rocks and bars; and if all was unpleasant outside the Riami, the interior, with its atmosphere of cockroaches, bilge-water, and rotting wood, was scarcely more attrac­tive. On the 16th January, after beating about for three days in sight of the conical Hummocks, called by the Portuguese Corva de Mombasa, and when almost despairing of reaching them, we were driven by a fair puff round Ras Betany into the landlocked harbour. Our reception at Mombasa was characteristic of Africa. The men hailed us from afar with the query, "What news?" We were unmercifully derided by black nympha bathing in the costume of the Nereids. And the sable lymph upon the sands shouted the free and easy "Mzungu!"—white man!
CHAPTER III.—MOMBAS.

From earliest ages the people of this inappetent coast left untried neither force nor fraud, no secret nor open hostility, to hinder and deter Europeans from exploration. Bribed by the white and black Moors, the Arabs and Swahili, then monopolists of the interior trade, Vasco de Gama's pilots attempted to wreck his ships. In later years the Banyans, now chief merchants of the coast, have excited against us the half-caste maritime races—as usual, the worst specimens of population—and their neighbours, the sanguinary savages, who, in addition to their natural fear of our complexion, have preserved in verse and song a "reivaya," or prophecy, that sovereignty shall depart from them when the Frank's first footsteps have defiled the soil. In 1526, the brig "Mary Anne" was assaulted near Berberah, and some of her crew were murdered by the Somalis, according to Lieutenant Wallatel,* at the instigation of the Banyans, who certainly withheld all information by which the attack could have been prevented or repelled. In 1844, a combination secretly headed by Yayaram, the collector of customs at Zanzibar, so effectually opposed Colonel Hamilton, that, unable to procure a vessel on the island, he crossed over to the mainland with his own boat's crew in a launch borrowed from the Prince. Now, however, the number of the European merchants, the increasing power of the Swahili, and the presence of our ships in these ports, have convinced Arabs, Banyans, and Swahili, that it is vain for them to kick against the pricks in European shape.

Yet they yield unwillingly, knowing that by the advance of our interests their monopoly will be diverted into another channel. At present, fortune-favoured travellers may perhaps enter the country, but they should consider the countenance of the Zanzibar government a sine qua non, and never, unless marching in great force, or prepared to bribe in all directions, make any post distant from headquarters their starting-point.

The town of Mombas is mentioned in 1330 by the Shaykh Ibn Batutah as a large place abounding in fruits, and peopled by a chaste, honest, and religious race. Two centuries afterwards it is thus described by the "Colto e buon Luigi," as Camoes is called by the amiable Tasso. In these days of general knowledge I forbear translation.

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"Estava a ilha a terra ao chegada
Que houve estreito pequeno a dividir
Huma cidadela e praça,
Que na frente do mar aparecia
Do nobre edificio fabricada.
Como por fora ao longe dos cobras
Regida por um Rei de antiga idade,
Mombasa he o nome da ilha ed cidade."

We read also attractive details of beautiful gardens, lofty towers, a harbour full of ships; of handsome men, and of honourable women, in silk robes, adorned with gold and jewels; "the harem of Mombasa," which now barely contains an ass; and the "ladies of Mombasa," at present a heap of ruins. The venerable monarch received Vasco de Gama with peculiar attention, and with the benevolent purpose of cutting his throat, enticed him to land by samples of pepper, ginger, and cloves;† appa

* Europeans wonder that the East has attached contempt to the word Feringhee. Easterners became acquainted with Europe at a time when the Portuguese were slaves to the Lord's name, the French and Dutch second-rate traders, and the English were reck as "salt-water thieves." Vasco de Gama did not hesitate to decorate his yardarms with wretches suspended like the captives of Salset rovers. Torture and cruel death, especially wholesale burning, fell to the lot of Moslems and pagans. Albuquerque's soldiers hewed off the hands and feet of women and children, to secure their bracelets and armlets more quickly. In the seventeenth century, even the commanders of the English East India Company's ships, according to Dr. Kraff, the statues are called "Kiaus, or little devils, and carried in

† In the Portuguese inscription over the fort gate of Mombas, dated 1539, and half defaced by the Arabs, mention is made of the King of "Zara" becoming their tributary. Fichard (N. Hist. of Men) confounds the maulul and cannibal Zagos or Giagas of Congo, so formidable to the Portuguese in the sixteenth century, with the Chagha country near Mombas. His words are, "In 1659 the same people are said to have been completely routed on the Eastern coast near Mombas, after having lain wasted the whole region of Monomatapa. Chagha in East Africa—by some it is pronounced Zaga—is the name of a district. The people never call themselves Washas or Wajaga, but Wakinira, or Mountainers. A Zaga, on the other hand, in Western Africa, is said to signify "barbaric nomades," and to be now a title of honour.

‡ According to Andrew Battel, the English captive at Angola in 1589, the Giagas of Zagos had little images in their towns. As a rule, however, the want of constitutiveness and plastic power in the African prevent his being an idolator in the strict sense of the word. He finds in that country neither palm-leaves and broken pieces of cauliflowers, to which Faithers of fowls were fastened by means of blood.—Messrs. J. Skinn and Samuel Crowther's Journals with the Niger Expedition of 1841. London, 1842.
war-procession to encourage the combatants. No European, however, has seen this great medicine; the chief never dared to propose showing them to a missionary; and whenever an individual evinced more persistency than was pleasing, he found every bush upon his path bristling with bows and spears, and capped by the wool mop of some Roderick Dhu’s clansman.

On the 5th of Jemadi el Akbir, A.H. 1110 (A.D. 1698)—the date is celebrated in many bals—or the Mazrui, a noble Arab tribe, and the dependent Sawahillas, emboldened by the squadron of Sayf bin Malih el Yurabi, Imam of Oman, massacred the European masters of Mombas. They continued quasi-independent, sending occasional presents to the Ayaz Bú Said, the present dynasty of maskat, till 1823 or 1824, when they placed themselves under British protection in their rebellion against the late Sazzid. They were permitted to fly our flag—a favour for which, when danger disappeared, they proved themselves ungrateful: and a Mr Reece* was placed at Mombas to watch its interests. Sazzid Said, however, who showed a kind of title to the town, was permitted to attack it; and in 1837, after two seasons of desultory warfare, he succeeded. Rashid bin Salim, chief of the Mazrui, accompanied by twenty-six kinsmen, was cut out on board the Sazzid’s ship by an oath and a sealed Koran. He fell into the trap—it was a wonderful how liar trusts liar—and the vessel at once stood for Maskat. The chief spent the remainder of their days at Hormuz, and the power of the Mazrui was for ever destroyed. The traveller laments that we abandoned Mombas: had England retained it, the whole interior would now be open to us. But such is the history of Britain the Arab; hard won by blood and gold, her conquests are parted with for a song.

Mombas is built upon one of those small coraline islands, which, from Ras Hafun to Cape Corrientes, form the centres of commerce with a coast whose people, bruised by slavery and incapable of civilization, would have converted mainland depots into dens of rapine and bloodshed. Of this chain the principal links are Masawab, Old Zayla, Berberah (in the sixteenth century an islet), Lamu, Waisn, ancient Tangs, Pemba, Zanzibar, Maljey (by us called Mofia), the original Kitwa, and Mozambique. Mombas island is an irregular oval, about three miles long by two and a half in breadth; a meersarm, or narrow channel of coralline and oyster, separating it on every side from the coast. Behind lies a deep land-locked basin, called by Captain Owen “Port Tudor,” and westward, one similar, “Port Reith.” Vessels generally lie under the town opposite English Point on the mainland, and near a whirl made by Lieutenant Emery in 1825. The harbor is sanguine; in the south-west monsoon, however, square-rigged ships must be warped out, and in so doing run the greatest risk of a wreck.

Of the Portuguese at Mombas the only traces are ruins of desecrated churches, some old wells of good masonry, still supplying the best water, and a large fort well placed at the entrance: standing full to the bay, and detached from the town, if provided with a few batteries à fleur d'eau, it would soon dispose of Arab assailants. The picturesque yellow pile, with tall, long, and buttressed curtains, enclosing towers streaked with perpendicular loopholes, high domes, and little domes, was undergoing repair at the time of our visit; not being authorised to enter by the Prince, I can describe only its exterior.

The town is an array of brown cajon huts, with a few glaring piles of coraline and lime, surrounded by a tumbling enceinte; the position a diminutive rise at the eastern and seaward edge of the island. Landing at a natural jetty, where the marks of cannon—at show the old position of a battery, you ascend the cliff by a flight of steps in a dark dwarf-tunnel, the labour of your companions. Above, it opens upon the Mission-house, a double-storied pile of coarse masonry; to the right and left are others more or less dilapidated, and the east point of the town is occupied by a small custom-house painfully whitewashed. The wind-blackened sun-burnt huts stand far beyond the enceinte, and outside this suburb, the country—it served for skirishing ground during the wars—is a bushy plantation of coco and fruit trees. On the mainland, separated by a pure blue channel, verdans and orchards face the town. Mombas is, as far as Nature made her, pleasing, and picturesque.

The climate of this islet is hotter and healthier than Zanzibar. The people suffer a little from the fever, which renders it so dangerous for us. The endemic complaint is an ulcer upon the legs, and parts most distant from the seat of circulation. As in Yemen and in the Hijaz, here the black bear is sanguine; in the south-west monsoon, however, square-rigged ships must be warped out, and in so doing run the greatest risk of a wreck.

The population, including a Beloch garrison rated at 300 men, may amount to 8000 souls; of these there are 25 or 30. Indian Moslems, and nearly 50 Bhattias. We found unex-pectably the Mombas mission well received—by no means friendly inclinations. Small communities are rarely remarkable for amiability or morality. These people are taxed by other Arabs with overweening insolence. I should, however, have visited the nearer pili, where water penetrates through briny coralline.
and custard apples, the grava and the castor plant, the feathery cassava and the broad-leaved papaw, and plantain, flourish upon its banks; and in the patches of black forests spared by the wild woodman, the copal and the Invule, a majestic timber tree, still lingers. The ascent of the hills was short but sharp, and the way, checkered with boulders, wound at times under clumps of palms and great yellow chafer. One of its summits bore the peculiar 'straggling huts' of the savages, pent-housed sheds of dried fronds, surrounded by sparse cultivation, lean cattle, and vegetation drooping for want of rain. Amid cries of "Yambo!" especially from that part of the sable community termed by the white man "Galla," we righted the timber and the serenads of children, we pursued our road over seaward ridge and dell; at the end of a five-mile walk we entered the mission-house, introduced ourselves to the inmates, and received the most hospitable welcome.

The Kisiodiny mission-house stands, as a mirror of industry races, over the mud gravels of many defunct mangroves. Our boat, stripped of sail, oars, and rudder, to secure her presence next morning, was made fast to a stump, and we proceeded to breast the hills. A footpath led us over rolling ground by the heavy rains, thickly grown with tall coarse grass, sun-scorched to a sickly tawny brown, and thinly sprinkled with thorny acacias. After a mile we began the ascent of the Rabai Range. Rising behind the coralline of the coast, this ridge of yellow or russet sandstone and red ochreous clay, varying in height from 700 to 1200 feet, forms a break in the line from Melinde to the Pangany river. The hills rise abruptly seaward, and fall inland with a somewhat gentler slope, thus forming a mere ridge, not, as such maritime ranges usually are, the rampart of an interior plateau. This unusual disposition may have led to the opinion that inland the country falls to or below sea-level. The chine is broken by deep ravines, which, after rains, pour torrents to the ocean. Despite the blighting salt-breeze, ariesis and cocos, mangoes

* There is no reason to seek this name in the "Teniki Ernporion" of the Periplus: here every wilderness is called "Nika." The principalative or prefix M denotes in this group of dialects the individual; its plural Wa, the population; U or N, the country; and K the language or other accidents. Thus Nika is the wildland, Naka the wildlander, Wasunika the wild-land folk, and Wnaka the wild-land folk. To this general rule there are many exceptions. Some races, like the Rabai and Toruma, do not prefix Wa to the name. The people of Chagga, as I have mentioned, term themselves Wakirima. On the other hand, the Masai collective should be called Wamasaal. In these pages the popular Moslem corruption has been preserved.

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down into several and uniform national types. Many considerations argue them rather a degeneracy from civilised man than a people advancing towards improvement; and linguistic reasons induce belief in the consanguinity of all the African races south of the equator, and an ancient subjection to the great Ethiopian or Kishite empire. The historian of these lands, however, has to grope through the shades of the past, guided only by the power to assign himself of the dimmest present lights.

Physiologically, the Wanika are not an inferior African race. The features are Negritic only from the eyes downwards. Like the Galla and the Somal, the skull is pyramidal, flattened at the moral region of the phrenologist, and compressed at the sides. The face is somewhat broad and plane, with highly-developed brow, moderately conical, high and broad; the orbits wide and distant; the nose depressed with patulated nostrils; the lips bordés, fleshy and swelling; the jaw prognathous, and the beard scant. The Mnik’s hair, which grows long and wiry, is shaved off the forehead from ear to ear, and hangs down in the mass of curled hair, stiffened with fat. His complexion is chocolate-brown, seldom black, unless the mother be a slave from the south. The skin is soft, but the effluvium truly African. His figure is, like his features, Semitic above and Negritic below. The head is well seated upon broad shoulders; the chest is ample; the stomach, except in early youth or age, does not protrude, and there is little staturopyga. But the lean calf is placed ritually high, the shank bows forward, and the foot is large, flat, and “lark-heeded.” The gait—no two natives walk exactly alike—is half-stride, half-lommong; and the favourite standing position is crouched-legged. Eyes wild and staring, abrupt gestures, harsh, loud, and barking voices, evidence the savage. Nothing is more remarkable in the women than the contrast between face and form. Upon the lower limbs, especially the hamstrings, of the Medicus Venus, a hideous wrinkled face meets the disappointed eye.

The Wanika are a curious study of rudimental mind. In some points a nation of semi-naturals, all with them is confusion. To the incapacity of childhood they unite the hard-headedness of age. With the germs of the ideas that belong to a Bacon or a Shakespeare, they combine incapability of developing them. Their religion is that of “hastily worshipping nothing,” yet feeling instinctively something above them—a Fetis-system of demonolatry, and the ghost-faith common to Africans; in fact, the vain terrors of our childhood rudely systematised. Thus they have neither a heaven nor hell, nor soul nor idol. “Mulungu,” the word applied, like the Kafir Uhlunga, to the Supreme, also denotes any good or evil revenant. They offer sheep, goats, poultry, and palm-wine upon the tombs of their ancestors, but they cannot comprehend a futurity. They fear the Koma or Esphem; etymologically it means “one departed;”—but they say of the dead, Yuci sira—“he is finished.” Thus believing, with our philosophers, the Koma to be a subjective, not an objective existence, ghost craft is still the only article of their idiotic creed. All their diseases arise from possession. They have evil ghosts, and haunters of both faiths—the Mulungu is the Pagan’s, the Phaypo is the Moslem’s departed spirit. Their rites are intended either to avert evils from themselves, or to cast them upon others, and the principal cause of their sacrifices is the Kganga or medicine-man’s self-interest. When the critical moment has arrived, the ghost is adjured to come forth from the possessed; and he names some article in which, if worn round the neck or limbs, he will reside without annoyance to the wearer. This idea lies at the bottom of many practices. It is the object of the leopard’s claw, the strings of white, black, and blue beads worn over the shoulder, and called Mudugyu (ghost-beads), and the rags taken from the sick man’s body, and called to what Europeans call the “Devil’s cloth.”—termed technically a kaki, or chair. This article is preferred by the ghost or demon to the patient, and thus, by mutual agreement, both are happy. Some people, especially women, are haunted by a dozen revenants, each of which has his peculiar charm and name. One of them is ridiculously enough called Barakali—in Arabic, a blessing.

It has been settled the Moslem’s purpose to possess the Wanika, who doubtless would have adopted the saving faith like their brethren the Somal. As it is, the Torama clan has been partly converted, and many of the heathen fast like Mohammedans, feeling themselves raised in the scale of creation by doing something. Their ceremonies are the simplest contrivances of savage priestcraft. Births are not celebrated, and the new-born infant is strangled if weakly or deformed. Children become the mother’s, or rather her brother’s property, to be disposed of as she pleases. Circumcision, partially practised by the gentle throughout East Africa from Egypt to the Cape, is a semi-religious act, performed once every five or six years upon the youths; en masse, and accompanied by the usual eating and drinking, drumming and dancing. A man may marry any number of wives; the genial rite—naile, however, to these ‘fickle souls’—is celebrated by jollifications, and broken at leisure. The principal festivities, if they can be so called, are at funerals. The object is, as the people say, Usu iwamwe, to “break the fear” of death—an event which, savage-like, they regard with inexpressibly horror.

For a whole week the relations of the deceased must abstain from business, however urgent, and, under pain of insult and a heavy fine, themselves by killing cattle and bringing palm-wine for the community. At these times also there is a laxity of manners which recalls to mind the abominations of the classical Adonis.

The characteristic of their customs is the division of both sexes into initiatory rites—resembling music degrees. The orders are three in number:—Niyere, the young; Khambi, the middle-aged; and Mtaya, the old. Each has its different initiation and ceremonies, the principle of which is that the junior must purchase promotion from the senior order. Once about every twenty years happens the great festival Uyaro, at which the middle-aged degree is conferred upon men from thirty down to years of childhood. The candidates retire to the woods for a fortnight, during the first half clay themselves with white earth, and during the second with red earth. This article is pre-supposed to be of earthy and red earth “On creation by doing something.”

Children become the mother’s, or rather her brother’s property, to be disposed of as she pleases. Circumcision, partially practised by the gentle throughout East Africa from Egypt to the Cape, is a semi-religious act, performed once every five or six years upon the youths; en masse, and accompanied by the usual eating and drinking, drumming and dancing. A man may marry any number of wives; the genial rite—naile, however, to these ‘fickle souls’—is celebrated by jollifications, and broken at leisure. The principal festivities, if they can be so called, are at funerals. The object is, as the people say, Usu iwamwe, to “break the fear” of death—an event which, savage-like, they regard with inexpressibly horror.

For a whole week the relations of the deceased must abstain from business, however urgent, and, under pain of insult and a heavy fine, themselves by killing cattle and bringing palm-wine for the community. At these times also there is a laxity of manners which recalls to mind the abominations of the classical Adonis.

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the women have earthenware drums, which are concealed from the men.

Langur and apathy are the gifts of the climate; moreover, man in these lands, wanting little, works little. Two great bodies, indeed, seem everywhere to make of life one long holiday—the civilised rich, who have all things; and the savage, who possesses little or nothing. Yet are the Wanika, and indeed all wild men, greedy of gain—perfectly dishonest in quest of more, and not to be bound by agreement or oath. Like all nations in this part of Africa, they are essentially and instinctively thieves. They never go to war. Agriculture and settled life have enraptured them, without supplying superior knowledge. They scratch the ground with small hoes—wander about with their few goats and cows—sit in the sun, and spend hours squatting around an old well whilst water collects, rather than dig a pit or dam a ravine. They thus labour many days, and rest on the fourth, called Yuna, from Yuma, the Moam Sabbath: this is their only idea of weeks. Their time is principally passed in intoxication, by means of thembo, or palm-wine. The drum scarcely ever ceases; as amongst the Sawahili, it sounds at all times, seasons, and occasions. The music is simple: the ears are contented to receive it: for the livelong night, such мерых нектар as

"Китош миляшкі хошкі."

The polity of the Wanika is the rude and lawless equality of Bushmen. None commands where none obeys; consequently there is no combination, no improvement. The chief supplies his hose like the sea; and even to protect life, men will not unite. Causes are decided according to the great African code, ancient custom, by a council of elders. Adultery is punished by the fine of a cow; the murderer is more generally mulcted than slain. Little is said concerning the death of a slave, and a man found pilfering is chastised by the proprietor with sword or arrow. The tribe is divided into half-a-dozen clans, each in number perhaps sufficient to stock a small European town. Petty political jealousies and dissensions are as necessary to these savages as to the highly civilised.

The Wanika are an anomaly in mental gifts. With time and tune well developed, they easily learned music from the missionaries; but they ever prefer their own meaningless recitative. At first they attended the schools; presently, with their usual laxity and levity, growing weary of application, they dubbed all who had exerted themselves Waszinge, or fools. They possess in a high degree the gift of most African races, an unstudied eloquence. Their unprompted speech rolls like the torrent; every limb takes its part in the work of persuasion, and the peculiar rhythm of their dialect is favourable to such displays of oratory. Few, however, can "follow the words" that is to say, answer the head of an opponent's speech. Such power of memory and logical faculty are not in them. The abuse of the gift of language makes them boisterous in conversation, unable to keep silence—the negro race is ever loquacious—and to "bend their tongue like their bows for lies." They were not even, to use a Zanzibar German merchant's phrase, "lie honestly." Their character may thus be briefly summed up: a futile race of degraded men, drunken, destructive, cowardly, boisterous, immoral, indolent, and Improvident. Their redeeming points are a tender love of family, which displays itself by violent "kin-grief," and a strong attachment to an uninviting home.†

The men's dress is a tanned skin or a cotton cloth tied round the waist; strips of hairy cowhide are bound like garters below the knee, and ostrich and other feathers are stuck in the tufty poll. Their ornaments are earrings of brass or iron wire, and small brass chains; around their necks they wear rings, armlets and anklets, hang beads, talisman-case, and ghost-chairs; generally some article difficult to obtain, like a leopard's claw. They now rarely tattoo, saying, "Why should we spoil our bodies?" This ornament is abandoned to women, who raise the skin with a long sharp thorn, prick it with a knife, and wash the wounds with ochre and water. Abroad, the Manika carries his bow and long hide quiver full of reed arrows, tipped with wood or iron, and poisoned by means of some bulbous root: the citizens of Mombasa have wisely prohibited the sale of guns. He has also a spear, a knife at his waist for cutting coko-nuts, a Runga or knob-stick in his girdle behind, and a long sword rudely imitating the straight Omaní blade, half-sharpened, and sharpened near the point. On journeys he slings his bow to a back three-knobbed stool of solid wood—"sitting on the bare ground is supposed to cause dysentery; he hangs round his neck a gourd sneeze-mull, containing powdered tobacco, with fragrant herbs and the dried heart of plantain; and he holds a long-thin staff surmounted by a little cross, which serves to churn his blood—alike, milk.† The wife's toilet is as simple—a skin or cloth round the loins, another veiling the bosom, and, in some cases, a Māriná or broad lap of woven beads, like the Cōo of Guiana, falling in front, and displaying a broader tail behind. A flat disk of thick brass wire adorns her throat, making the head appear as in a platter; and pick beans, or the scarlet beans of the abrus, form her earrings and necklaces, bracelets and anklets; and a polished coil of brass wire wound round a few inches of the leg below the knee, sets off the magnificent proportions of the legs. Young girls, armlets and anklets, and "the bold bairn takes his bow" and arrows before thinking of a waist-cloth.

The Wanika are a slave-importing people. They prefer the darker women of the south to their own wives. Children are sold, as in India, only where famine compels, and all have the usual hatred of slave-dealers. When that enlightened Arab statesman, H. E. Ali bin Nasir, H. H. the Imam of Mossat's Envoy Extraordinary to H. R. Majesty, was Governor of Mombasa, he took advantage of a scarcity to feed the starving Wanika from the public granaries. He was careful, however, to secure as pledges of repayment the wives and children of his debtors, and he lost no time in selling off the whole number. Such a feat was probably little suspected by our countrymen, when, to honour enlightened benevolence, they welcomed the statesman with all the triumphs of Exeter Hall, presented him with costly specimens of geo-logy and gold chronometers, entertained him at the expense of Government, and sent him from Aden to Zanzibar in the H.R.H. C.'s brig of war "Frigia." This Oriental voyage of free trade came to a merited end. In 1844 he was one of the prisoners taken by Bana Mtakha, chief of Sewy, after the late Sazzid's ill-starred and ill-managed force had been destroyed by the Bajuni spear. Recognised by the enraged savages, he saw his sons expire in torments; waving brands over his head, dancing with delight, and spreading the flames as much from instinct as with the object of plundering. On the other hand, he will lose his senses with grief for the death of near relations: I have seen men who have remained in this state for years. But why enlarge upon what is apparent to the most superficial observer's eye?

* "The bird starts not from the palm."
† A proletarian critic has complained of my description of Somal inconsistency:—"This affectionately-atrocious people," he declared, "is painted in strangely opposite colours." Can he not, then, conceive the high development of destructiveness and adroitness, to speak pamphletically, combining in the same individual? and yet, from the Irish peasantry a familiar instance of the phenomenon? Such is the aristocrat's opinion of the negro's destructiveness, that I have never seen him drop or break an article with a burst of laughter. During the fires at Zanzibar he appears like a demon—

1858.]

Zanzibar; and Two Months in East Africa.
he was terribly maltreated during life, and was put to death with all the refinements of cruelty. The Wanika consider service, like slavery, a dishonour; they have also some food-prejudices which render them troublesome to Europeans. The missionaries were obliged to engage Moors as menials.

We had proposed a short excursion inland from Mombas, but everything was against its execution. The land was paraded up, provisions were unprocurable, and neither guides nor porters would face the plundering parties then near the town. Indeed, it is to be feared that the entrance to Chaga, Kilmanjaro, and the hill-country, will be closed to travellers for many years. Such is the normal state of East Africa. The explorer can never be sure of finding a particular road practicable: a few murders will shut it for an age, and stop him at the very threshold of ingress. On the other hand, the merchant always commands an entrance for his goods: if one be blocked up, another forthwith opens. But last year the north-western province of Ukambany, called Kikuyu, first visited by the enterprising Dr. Krapf at the imminent risk of life, began commercial intercourse with Mombas. The ground is reached after fourteen long stages, and the route bids fair to become a highway into Intertropical Africa. But let not geographers indulge in golden visions of the future! Some day the Arabs of Mombas will seize and sell a caravan, or the fierce Sawahis will prevail against it. Briefly, no spirit of prophecy is needed to predict that the Kikuyu line will share the fate of all others, and be visited by traders from Mombas, Wasin, Tangany and Kangan. This year, however, even those who went up from the southern points feared, to pass the frontier. It is the end and aim of their forays: all herds, they say, are theirs by the gift of their God and by right of strength—in fact, no other nation should dare to claim possession of a cow. They never attack, I am told, by night, like other Africans, disdain the place plundered, dancing, singing, and gorging beef, to offer the enemy his revenge. They fear the gun because it pierces their shields, and, though rough in demeanour, they are not according to travellers, inhumanable. Until this year they have shunned meeting Moslems and civilised men in the field: having obtained a victory, they will, I fear, repeat the experiment.

(To be Continued.)
PART II.

CHAPTER IV.—DEPARTURE FROM MOMBAS.

Not a head of game, not a hippopotamus, was to be found near Mombas. We finished our geographical inquiries, shook hands with divers acquaintances, returned to the "Riami," and on the 24th of January departed with a small company of men. The accidents of voyage turned in our favour; there was a bright fresh breeze, and a current running southward thirty or thirty-five miles a-day. After sixty hours of drowsy morning sailing, "Ras Tewy," a picturesque point, hove in sight, and two hours more brought the "Riami" to anchor in Gasy Bay. This coast has more coraline reefs than harbours; mariners dare not traverse the seas by night, and in the open roads they are ill defended.

The foolish many said, "To-morrow morning we will drive our flocks and herds to safety." But ere that morning dawned upon the world, a dense mass of wild sheep, swamping with shout and yell and charging arms by the mission-house, which they either saw not or they feared to enter, dashed upon the scattered village in the vale below, and left the ground strewn with the corpses of harmless fugitives. Thence they rushed down to the sea, driving their plunder, and found a body of Belochies and Arabs, Sawahis and slaves, posted with matchcocks to oppose progress. The robbers fled at the first volley. Like true Orientals, the soldiers at once dispersed to secure the cattle; when the Massai rallied, fell upon them, drove them away in ignominious flight, and slew twenty-five of their number. They presently retired to the hill-ranges, amused themselves with exterminating as many Wanika as they could catch, and, full of blood and beef, returned triumphant to their homes.

At sunrise we again made sail, and after long sighting a conspicuous sea-mark, the two high hummocks called the "Peaks of Wasin," in three hours entered the deep narrow sea-channel, which, running due east and west, separates Wasin Island from the mainland. Northwards, this bank of coraline, about two and a quarter miles long by one in breadth, is defended by abrupt cliffs and ledges, upon which the blue wave breaks its force. The southern shore is low, and rich in the gifts of floatsam and jetsam: here the tide, flowing amongst the mangrove forest and under shady eras, forms little bays by no means unpicturesque. To windward lies the Wasin Bank, with four or five plates of tree-turfed rock emerging a few feet from the crystal floor. The main island is the same asled on the leeward side by a red argillaceous soil, which produces a thick growth of thorny plants, creepers, and parasites. Eastward, where the mould is deeper, there is richer vegetation, and even some stunted cocos.

The only settlement occupies the centre of the island's length on the northern shore, opposite the coast. It is about three or four miles inland, with houses of long, flat-roofed rooms of lime and coraline, fronted obliquely to face Mecca; little huts and large houses of mangrove timber fied with colr-robe, plastered with clay, and in some cases adorned with whitewash. The sloping thatch-roof always approaches in magnitude the disproportion of the Madagascan cottage. Huge calabashes spread their flabby arms over the village; and the abodes of the dead, as at Zanzibar, are built amongst the habitations of the living. Water must be brought from the main: it is brackish, but not unwholesome. The climate, doubtless aggravated by the graveyards and the cawies festering in a filthy sun, is infamous for fevers and helcoma. The population is a bigoted and evil-minded race, a collection of Lympitic Arabs, hideous Sawahis, ignoble half-castes, and thievish slaves. The Sazzid of Zanzibar maintains no garrison here. Banyars are forbidden by their law to trade in cowries, and native merchants find few profits at Wasin. At the beginning of the wet monsoon, however, there is some inland traffic. Caravans, to which the Wadigo and Wasegeju savages serve as porters, start from Waung and other little Banderas on the coast, make the Wakanafy and Masai countries in twenty days, remain there trading three or four months, and return laden with ivory and a few slaves purchased en route.

A report prevalent in Mombas—even a Sawahil sometimes speaks the truth—and the march of an armed party from the town which denoted belief in their own words, induced my companions and myself to hasten up once more to the Kabai Hills, expecting to find the mission-house invested by savages. The danger had been exaggerated, but the inmates strongly advised to take temporary shelter in the town. Left Kisulodiny on the 22d of January, 1858. Some nights afterwards, fires were observed upon the neighbouring hills, and Wanika scouts returned with a report that the Masai were in rapid advance. The wise few fled at once to the Kaza, or hidden and barricaded stronghold, which these people prepare for external danger. The foolish many said, "To-morrow morning we will drive our flocks and herds to safety." But ere that morning dawned upon the world, a dense mass of wild sheep, swamping with shout and yell and charging arms by the mission-house, which they either saw not or they feared to enter, dashed upon the scattered village in the vale below, and left the ground strewn with the corpses of harmless fugitives. Thence they rushed down to the sea, driving their plunder, and found a body of Belochies and Arabs, Sawahis and slaves, posted with matchcocks to oppose progress. The robbers fled at the first volley. Like true Orientals, the soldiers at once dispersed to secure the cattle; when the Massai rallied, fell upon them, drove them away in ignominious flight, and slew twenty-five of their number. They presently retired to the hill-ranges, amused themselves with exterminating as many Wanika as they could catch, and, full of blood and beef, returned triumphant to their homes.

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We landed on the morning of the 27th January, and were met upon the sea-shore, in absence of the Arab governor, by the Diwans or Sawahili head-men, the Jemadar and his Belochies, the collector of customs, Mizon Sabib, a daft old Indian, and other dignitaries. They conducted us to the hut formerly tenanted by M. Enhardt; brought coffee, fruit, and milk, and acquainted us with peculiar civility. That day was spent in inquiries about the commerce and geography of the interior, and in hearkening to wild tales concerning the Æthiopic Olympus, Kilimanjaro. Here Sheddad built his city of brass, and encircled the hill-top with a silver dome that shines with various and surpassing colours. Here now the Jumu, or fire-beings, hold their convocations to satisfy the attempts of man's adventurous foot. The mountain recedes as the traveller advances, and the higher he ascends the higher rises the summit. At last blood bursts from the nostrils, the fingers bend backwards, and the most adventurous is fain to stop. Amongst this Herodotian tissue of fact and fable, ran one fine thread of truth: all testified to the intense cold.

In the evening we were honoured with the Ngonu Khuf, a full orchestra, for which a dollar was a trifle, if noise be of any value. And we took leave for the night, provided with a bullock and half-a-dozen goats, with fruit and milk, by the Diwans. These head-men, who prefer the title of Sultan, are in the proportion of a dozen per village, each commanding within his own walls. The vulgar may not sit on chairs, carpets, or fine mats, use umbrellas or wear turbans in their presence; moreover, none but the head-man dances the Pyrrhic on solemn occasions. Said bin Salim described them as a kind of folk who, wish to eat mere beggars. They head-man dances the Pyrrhic on solemn occasions. Said bin Salim described them as a kind of folk who, wish to eat mere beggars. They

* "Mirina," at Zanzibar, denotes the continent generally, in distinction to the island. Properly, it applies to the highlands between Tanga and Pangany. A diminutive form, also synonymous with the French Mont in composition (as Mont Blanc), is Kilima; a word entering into many East African proper names: Kilimanjaro (I have heard it pronounced Kilima-ngao, the umbo or shield-boss); Kiliman, the river in "on the round the mountain;" and Wakilima, or Wakilima, according to dialect—the "mountaineers."
sumed an Arab dress—a turban of portentous circumference, and a long henna-dyed shirt—and accompanied by Said bin Salim with his exollar, by the consumptive Jamadar, who sat down to rest every ten minutes, and an old Arab, Khalfan bin Abdillah, who had constituted himself our cicerone. I went to inspect the scene. Walking along the coast, we passed through a village of huts and 

"cocos, filled with forges, which were already at work, and a school of young hopefuls stunning one another. After two miles, we crossed some muddy tidal creeks, corded over with creepers and tree-roots, a sandy inlet, and the small sweet surface-drain, Mtofu, which had water up to the waist. Another mile brought us to Bebhemoth River, a deep streamlet flowing under banks forty or fifty feet high, covered with calabash and jungle-trees. Women were being ferried over; in ecstasy of fear, they hung down their heads, and hid their faces between their knees till the danger passed. The savages of this coast are by no means a maritime race; they have no boats, rarely fish, and, unable to swim, are stopped by a narrow stream. Having crossed the river, we traversed plantations of cocoas and plantains, and, ascending a steep hill, found the market "warm," as Easterns say, upon the seaward slope. The wild people, Washenzy, Wasebnura, Wadigo, and Wasegeju, armed as usual, stalked about, whilst mud below. Landing at

...with an elaborate prayer-niche, are several tall mausolea of elegant

construction, their dates denoting an antiquity of about two hundred years. Beyond the legend of the bay, none could give me information concerning the people that have passed away: the tombs bore the names of Sawahl; but the architecture proved a superior race.

In a mausoleum, the gem of the place, appeared a chipped fragment of Persian glazed tile, with large square letters in the beautiful character called Rukaa; the inscription was imperfect, and had probably adorned some mosque or tomb in the far north. It was regarded with a superstitious reverence by the Sawahlis, who declared that Sultan Kimwera of Usumbura had sent a party of bold men to bear it away; nineteen died mysterious deaths, and the tile was thereupon restored to its place. A few muslins had a wonderful effect upon their fancies: I was at once allowed by the Diwans, although none of them would bear a hand, to remove it.

This purchase concluded, we returned to the "Rimi," followed by the head-men, who, after tasting dates, sweetmeats, and coffee, naturally became discontented with the promised amount of "hishmat." They begged me to return, and assist them in digging for sweet water. There were four or five carefully-built old wells in the ruined city, but all had been exhausted by age, and the water produced by them upon the low grounds was exceedingly nauseous. As a rule, these people readily apply for aid to Europeans; such is their opinion of the wali-meriko—a freedman of the late Sazzid Said, and spent the evening in a committee of ways and means.

...and the grave of a wali or saint—his very name had perished—covered with a cadjan roof, fenced with stamped earth, cleanly swept, and garnished with a red and white flag. Near a spacious mosque, well-built with columns of cut coralline, and adorned

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asked by strangers why they do not
and burned their
wood, the people reply that the form-
over the coast, a little cotton is cultivated for
domestic use. Beasts are rare. Cows die after eating the grass; cows
give no milk; and sheep are hardly
procureable. But fish abound. Pou-
try thrives, as it does all over Africa;
and before the late feuds, clarified cow-
berries; and, as elsewhere upon the
coast, a little cotton is cultivated for
domestic use. Beasts are rare.

Pangany, with the three other vil-
lages, may contain a total of four
thousand inhabitants—Arabs, Mos-
lem Sawahili, and heathens. Of these,
female slaves form a large propor-
tion. Twenty Banyans manage the
lucrative ivory trade of the Nguru,
Masai, and Chhaga countries. These
merchants complain loudly of their
pagazi, or porters, who receive ten
dollars for the journey, half paid
down, the remainder upon return;
and the proprietor congratulates him-
self if, after payment, only 16 per
cent, run away. The Hindoos' pro-
file, natural and wild, is for
merous. Once
saw one man to whom twenty-six
thousand dollars were owed by the
people. What part must interest and
compound-interest have played in
Pangany and Bueny, like all settle-
ments upon this coast, belong by a
right of succession, to the Sazzid, or
Prince-Regnant of Zanzibar, who con-
irms and invests the governors and
divans. At Pangany, however,
these officials are for consép d'élire
selected by Kimwere Sultan of
Usumbara, whose ancestors received
tribute and allegiance from Para to
the sea-board. On the other hand,
Bueny is in the territory of the
Wazegura, a violent and turbulent
heathen race, invertebrate slave-dealers,
and thoughtlessly allowed by the
wander about in all
musquets, powder, and ball. Of course
the two tribes, Wasumbura and
Wazegura, are deadly foes. More-
over, about a year ago, a violent in-
testine feud broke out amongst the
Wazegura, who, at the time of our
visit, were burning and murdering,
kidnapping and slave-selling on all
directions. The citizens of Pangany,
therefore, hearing that we were
bearers of a letter from a Sazzid to
Zanzibar to Sultan Kimwere, marked
out for us the circuitous
route via Tangate, where no Wazegu-
a could try their valour. We, on
the other hand, wishing to inspect
Pangany and Bueny, began our little
proceeding by the directest line along
its left or northern bank. The timid
townsmen had also circulated a
report that we were bound for Chhaga
and Kilimanjaro; the Masai were
out, the rains were setting in, and
they saw with no armed escort.
They resolved, therefore, not to ac-
company us; but not the less did
each man expect as usual his gift of
dollars and bribe of inducement.

* Bana means "Sir," or " Master," and is also prefixed to names. Muigni
is the equivalent of the Arabic Sazzid—a prince not a descendant of the Prophet.
The expense of the journey was even a more serious consideration. In these lands the dollar is almighty. If deficient, you must travel alone, unaccompanied at least by any but blacks, without other instrument but a note-book, and with few arms; you must conform to every nauseous custom; you will be subjected, at the most interesting points, to perpetual stoppages; your remarks will be well-nigh worthless; and you may make up your mind that, unless one in a million, want and hardship will conduct you to sickness and death. This is one extreme, and from it to the other there is no golden mean. With abundance of money—certainly not less than £5000 per annum—an exploring party can trace its own line, paying off all opposers; it can study whatever is requisite; handle sextants in presence of negroes, who would cut every throat for one inch of brass; and by travelling in comfort, can secure a fair chance of return. Either from Mombas or from Pangany, with an escort of one hundred matchlock-men, we might have marched through the Masai wanderers to Ophuga and Kilimanjaro. But pay, portage, and provisions for such a party, would have amounted to at least £100 per week: a month and a half would have absorbed our means. Thus it was, gentle reader, that we. were grounded; then we were fearful of the journey was too oriental for our tastes. We refused, however, the Muigini's demand in his own tone. Following their prince, the dancing divans claimed a fee for permission to reside; as they worded it, "el adah"—the habit; based it upon an ancient present from Colonel Hamerton; and were in manifest process of establishing a local custom which, in Africa, before the advent of Christian law to regulate their acts, dictated to the flatly objected, showed our letters, and, in the angriest of moods, threatened reference to Zanziber. Briefly all began to beg bakshish; but I cannot remember any one obtaining it.

Weary of these importunities, we resolved to visit Chogway, a Beloch outpost, and thence, aided by the jemadar who had preceded us from Pangany, to push for the capital-village of Usumbur. We made preparations secretly, dismissed the "Riain," rejected the divans who wished to accompany us as spies, left Said bin Salim and one Portuguese to watch our property in the house of Meriko, the governor, who had accompanied his Muigini to Zanziber, and, under pretext of a short shooting excursion, hired a long canoe with four men, loaded it with the luggage required for a fortnight, and started with the tide at 11 A.M. on the 6th of January, 1857.

First we grounded; then we were taken aback, then a puff of wind drove us forward with railway speed; then we grounded again. At last we were successful in turning the first dangerous angle of the river. Here, when sea-breeze and tide meet the "buffing stream"—as usual at the mouth of African rivers the wind is high and fair from the interior—navigation is perilous to small craft. Many had succeeded, and sunk beneath the ridge of short chopping waves. After five miles, during which the stream, streaked with lines of froth, gradually narrowed, we found it barely breast-deep; and somewhat further, sweet as the celebrated creek water of Guiana.

And now, while writing amid the mourning blasts, the rain and the darkened air of a south-west monsoon, I remember with yarning the bright and beautiful spectacle of those African rivers, whose loveliness, like that of the dead, seems enhanced by proximity to decay. We had changed the amene and graceful sandstone scenery, on the seaboard, for a view novel and most characteristic. The hippopotamus now raised his head from the waters, snorted, gazed upon us, and sank into his native depths. Alligators, terrified by the splash of cars, waddled down with their horrid claws, dicing the slimy bank, and lay like yellow logs, measuring us with small, malignant, green eyes, deep set under watery brows. Monkeys rustled the tall trees. Below, jungle-men and women—

"So withered, and so wild in their afflue,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are none,"

planted their shoulder-cloths, their rude crates, and coarse weirs, upon the mud inlets where fish abounded. The sky was sparkling blue, the water bluer, and over both spread the thinnest haze, tempering raw tones of colour to absolute beauty. On both sides of the shrinking stream a dense curtain of many-tinted vegetation,

"Yellow and black, and pale and heathie red,"
sanded swirling pools where the current swept upon the growth of intertwisted fibres. The Nakhi el Shuytan, or Devil's Date, eccentric in foliage and frondage, projected gracefully curved arms, sometimes thirty and forty feet long, over the wave. This dwarf-giant of palms has no trunk, but the mid-rib of each branch is thick as a man's thigh. Upon the watery margin large lilies of snowy brightness, some sealed by day, others wide expanded, gleamed beautifully against the dark verdure and the russet-brown of the bank-stream. In scattered spots were interwoven traces of human presence; tall acaus and cacao waving over a now impenetrable jungle; plantains, sugar-canes and bitter oranges, choked with wild growth, still lingered about the homestead, blackened by the murderer's fire. And all around reigned the eternal African silence, deep and saddening, broken only by the curlew's scream, or by the breeze rustling the tree-tops, whispering among the matted foliage, and swooning upon the tepid bosom of the wave.

Amid such scenes we rowed and poled till the setting sun spread its cloak of purple over a low white cliff, at whose base the wave breaks, and on whose heary head linger venerable trees, contrasting with the underwood of innumerable flowers. The Pir of Wasi, a saint described by our Beloch guide as a "very angry holy man." A Sherif of pure blood, he gallantly headed, in centuries gone by, his Moslem followers, flying from Pangany when it was attacked by a ravenous pack of Injedels. The latter seem to have had the law of nature, for they caught the faithful at these cliffs, and were proceeding to exterminate them, when mother earth, at the Sherif's prayer, opening wide, received them in her bosom. This Pir will not allow the trees to be cut down, or the inundation to rise above his tomb. Moreover, if the devotee, after cooking food at the grave in honour of the deceased, ventures to lift fingers—napkins are not used in East Africa—he is at once delivered over to haunting jims. The Belochies never pass the place without casting a handful of leaves, a bullet, or a few grains of powder, into the stream. The guide once told, in the voice of awe, how St. Abu, doubtless tainted with Wallali heresy, had expressed an opinion that this Pir had been a mere mortal, but little better than himself; how the scoffer's ship was wrecked within the year; and how he passed through water into jehannum-fire. *Probatum est. Defend us, Allah, from the Sins of Reason!*

The tide, running like a mill-stream, compelled our crew to turn into a little inlet near Pombni, a stockaded village on the river's left bank. The people, who are subject to Zanzibar, flocked out to welcome their strangers, laid down a bridge of cocoos-ribs, brought chairs, and offered a dish of small green mangos, here a great luxury. We sat under a tree till midnight, unsatiated with the charm of the hour. The moon rained molten silver over the dark foliage of the wild palms, the stars were as golden...
lamps suspended in the limpid air, and Venus glittered diamond-like upon the front of the firmament. The fire-flies now sparkled simultaneously over the earth; then, as if by concerted impulse, their glow vanished in the glooms of the ground. At our feet lay the black creek; in the jungle beasts roared fitfully; and the night wind mingled melancholy sounds with the swelling murmuring of the stream.

The stars glowing about midnight, we resumed our way. The river then became a sable stream between lofty rows of trees. The hippopotamus snorted close to our stern, and the crew begged me to fire, for the purpose of frightening Sultan Momba—a pernicious rogue. At times we heard the splashing of the beasts as they scrambled over the shoals; and, at others, they struggled with loud grunts up the miry banks. Then again all was quiet. After a protracted interval of silence, the near voice of a man startled us in the deep drear stillness of night, as though it had been some ghostly sound. At 2 a.m., reaching a clear tract on the river-side—the Ghaut or landing-place of Chogway—we made fast the canoe, locked to our weapons, and, covering our faces against the heavy clammy dew, lay down to snatch an hour's sleep. The total distance rowed was about 13.5 miles.

We began the next morning with an inspection of Chogway, the Bazar, to which we were escorted by the jemadar with sundry discharges of matchlocks. It was first occupied about five years ago, when Sultan Kimwere offered Tongway or Meringa—a lofty peak in the continuous range to the north-west—with cheap generosity, as a mission-station to Dr. Krapf. The position is badly chosen, water is distant, the rugged soil produces nothing but vetches and muzzle, and it is exposed to misana when the inundation subsides upon the black alluvial plain below the Millock. Commanding, however, the Southern Usumbura road, it afforded opportunity for something in theouting line. The garrison ever suffers from sickness; and the men, dull as a whaler's crew, abhor the melancholy desolate situation. The frequent creaks around are crossed by tree-bridges. The walk to Pungany, over a rugged road, occupies from five to six hours, yet few but the slaves avail themselves of the proximity. A stout snake-fence surrounds the hill-top, created by the cadjan penhouses of these Bashi Buzzaks; its fortifications are two platforms for match-ammunition, planted on high poles, like the Indian "May-chan." The Washenzy savages sometimes creep up at night to the huts, shoot a few arrows, set fire to the matting, and hurriedly levant. When we visited Chogway, the Wazegura were fighting with one another, but they did not molest the Belochies. South of the river rises a detached hill, "Tongway, Muanapito," called in our charts "Gandaganda," which may be seen from Zanzibar. Here rules one Mware, a chief hostile to the Bashi Buzzaks, who not caring to soil his hands with negro blood, makes their slaves fight his men, even as the ingenious youth of Eton sent their scouts to contend at cricket with the ambitious youth of Rugby. Fifty stout fellows, with an ambitious leader and a little money, might soon conquer the whole country, and establish there an absolute monarchy.

These Beloch mercenaries merit some notice. They were preferred, as being somewhat disciplinable, by the late Suszid Saheb, to his futile blacks and his unruly and self-willed Oman Arabs. He entertained from 1000 to 1500 men, and scattered them over the country in charge of the forts. The others hate them—divisions even amongst his own children was the ruler's policy—and nickname them "Kurara Kurara." The jemadar and the governor are rarely on speaking terms. Calling themselves Belochies, they are mostly from the regions about Kech and Bampur. They are mixed up with a rabble-roust of Afghans and Arabs, Indians and Sudies,* and they speak half-a-dozen different languages.

* To sleep! to sleep!—"râta" being the Beloch mispronunciation of iltid.
† The pure negro is universally called "Study" in Western India.

Many of these gentry have left their country for their country's weal. A body of convicts, however, fights well. The Mekrami are first-rate behind walls; and if paid, drilled, and officered, they would make as "vaartim" light-bobs as Aramits. They have a knighthly fondness for arms. A "young barred and an old blade" are their delight. All use the matchlock, and many are skillful with sword and shield. Their pay is from two to three dollars a-month, out of which they find food and clothes. They never see money from the year's one end to the other, and are as ragged a crew as ever left the north hills of the northmost fortune in Africa. They live in tattered howels, with one meal of grain a-day for themselves and slave-girls. To the greediness of mountainpoors, the devilish adds the insatiable desires of beggars. The Banyans have a proverb that "a Beloch, a Brahmin, and a buck-goat, eat the trees to which they are tied." Like school-boys, they think nothing so fine as the noise of a gun, consequently ammunition is served out to them by the jemadar only before a fight. Suddenly and sharp in quarrel, they draw their daggers upon the minimest provocation, have no "mitigation or remorse of voice," and pray in the proportion of one to a dozen. All look forward to "Hindostan, bogh o busus."—India the garden; but the Arabs have a canny proverb importing that "the fool who falleth into the fire rarely falleth out of it." "Fraudare stipendio," saith ancient Justin, was the practice of the great king's strafts: the modern East has strictly preserved the custom. Each station is commanded by a jemadar upon four or five dollars a-month, and full licence to pectulate. The class is at once underpaid and overtrusted. The jemadar advances money upon usury to his men, and keeps them six months in arrears; he exacts perquisites from all who fear his hate and fail his aid; and he falsifies the muster-rolls most im­pudently, giving twenty-five names to perhaps four men. Thus the jem­adar supports a wife and a dozen slaves; sports a fine scarlet-coat, a grand dagger, and a silver-hilted sword; keeps flocks of sheep and goats, and trades with the interior for ivory and captives, whilst his company has not a sandal amongst them. Such has been, is, and ever will be the result of that false economy which, in the East, from Stambul to Japan, grudges the penny and flings away the pound.

Having communicated our project to the jemadar of Chogway, he promised, for a consideration, all aid; told us that we should start the next day; and, curious to relate, kept his word. The little settlement, however, affording but five matchlock­men as a guard, and four slave-boys as porters, the C. O. engaged for us a guide and his attendant—nominally paying 10 dollars, and doubtless returning one-half.

After a night spent in the Mag­chan, where, as usual, dust and ants com­pelled us to change our garments, we arose early to prepare for marching. About mid-day, issuing from our shed, we placed the kit—now reduced to a somewhat strict necessity—in the sun; and, as late as the "sham" or shame of our Beloch comrades. A start was effected at five p.m., every slave complaining of his load, lamenting up the lightest, and bargaining on regardless of what was left behind. This nuisance endured till summarily stopped by an outward application easily divined. At length, escorted in token of honour by the consumptive jemadar and most of his company, we departed in a struggling Indian file towards Tongway.

The path wound over stony ridges. After an hour it plunged into a dense and thorny thickets, which, during the rains, must be impassable. The evening belling of deer, and the clock-clack of partridge, struck our ears. In the open places were the less of elephants, and footprints retained by the last year's mud.

These animals descend to the plains during the monsoon, and in summer retire to the cool hills. The Belochies shoot, the wild people kill them with poisoned arrows. Many times during our wanderings we found the grave-like trap-pits, called in India Oggis. These are artfully dug in little rises, to fit exactly the elephant,
who easily extricates himself from one too large or too small. We did not meet a single specimen; but, judging from the prints—three to three and a half—africanis showing the shoulder—height—they are not remarkable for size. The further interior, however, exports the finest, whitest, largest, heaviest, and softest ivory in the world. Tusks weighing 100 lb. each are common, those of 175 lb. are not unknown, and of a pair whose joint weight was 560 lb. It was a severe disappointment to us that we could not revisit this country during the rains. Colonel Hamerton strongly dissuaded us from again risking jungle-fever, and we had a duty to perform in Inner Africa. Sporting, indeed, is a labour which occupies us the whole time to shoot for specimens, between work, is to waste time in two ways. Game was rare throughout our march. None lives where the land is peopled. In the deserts it is persecuted by the Belochies; and the wild Jagers slay and eat even rats. We heard, however, of mabogo or buffalo antelope, and a hog—probably the masked bear—lions in plenty; the nilgaha (A. Piata), and an elk, resembling the Indian sambar.

Another hour's marching brought us to the Makam Sazid Suleyman, a half-cleared ring in the bush, bounded on one side by a rocky and tree-fringed ravine, where water stagnates in pools during the dry season. The pedometer showed six miles. There we passed the night in a small bavel of Belochies. One recited his koran; another prayed; a third told funny stories; whilst a fourth trolled lays of love and war, long ago made familiar to my ear upon the rugged Asian hills. This was varied by slapping lank mosquiteos that flocket to the campfires; by rising to get rid of huge black pismires, whose bite burned like a red-hot needle; and by challenging two parties of savages, who, armed with bows and arrows, passed amongst us, carrying maize to Pan-gany. The Belochies kept the outer circle, some of whom were no doubt captured. They answered our questions by a language which we could not understand. We heard, however, of the Pangany river flows noisily through the plain; lies north-west of, and nine miles, as the crow flies, distant from, Chogway. The summit, about 2000 feet above the sea-level, is clothed with jungle, through which, seeking compass sights, we cut a way with our swords. The deserted ground showed signs of former culture, and our Negro guide sighed as he said that his kinsmen had been driven from their ancient seats into the far inner wastes. Tongway projects long spurs into the plain, where the Pangany river flows noisily through a rocky trough. The mountain surface is a reddish argillaceous and vegetable soil, overlying grey and ruddy granites and schist. These stones bear the "gold and silver complexion," which was fatal to the chivalrous Shepherd of the Ocean, and the glistering mica still leads the song of the Belochies of the century. The thickness of the jungle—which contains stunted cocos and bitter oranges, the castor, the wild

egg-plant, and bird-pepper—renders the mountain inaccessible from any but the eastern and northern flanks. Around the Fort are slender plantations of maize and maize. Below, a deep hole supplies the sweetest rock-water; and upon the plain a boulder of well-watered granite, striped with snowly quartz, and about twenty feet high, contains two crevices ever filled by the purest springs. The climate appeared delicious—temperate in the full blaze of an African and tropical summer; and whilst the hill was green, the land around was baked like bread crust.

We had work to do before leaving Tongway. The janmer ordered for us an escort; but amongst these people, obedience to orders is somewhat optional. Moreover, the Belochies, enviroured by climate and want of exercise, looked forward to a mountain-march with displeasure. Shoeless, bedless, and well-nigh clothesless, even the hope of dollars could scarcely induce them to leave for a week their lazy huts, their pig-pens, and their black Venuses. They felt happy at Tongway, twice-a-day devouring our rice—an unwholesome food. They felt happy at Tongway, twice-a-day devouring our rice—an unknown luxury; and they were at infinite pains to defer the evil hour. One man declared it impossible to travel without salt, and proposed sending back a slave to Chogway. This involved the loss of at least three days, and was at once rejected.

By hard talking we managed to secure a small party, which demands a few words of introduction to the reader. We have four slave-boys, idle, worthless dogs, who never work save under the rod, think solely of their stomachs, and are addicted to running away. Petty pilferers to the back-bone, they steal, like magpies, by instinct. On the march they lag behind, and, not being professional porters, they are restless as camels when receiving their load. One of these youths happening to be brood-lag—a fashion—to the janmer, requires incessant supervision to prevent him burdening the others with his own share. The guide, Munaij Wazira, is a huge broad-shouldered Sawahliti, with a coal-black skin: his high, massive, and regular features look as if carved in ebony, and he frowns like a demon in the Arabian Nights. He is purblind, a defect which does not, however, prevent his leading us into every village, that we may be mulcted in sprig-muslin. Wazira is our rogue, rich in all the peculiarities of African cunning. A prayerless Sherif, he thoroughly despises the Makapy or Infidels; he has a hot temper, and, when provoked, roars like a wild beast. He began by refusing his load, but yielded when it was gently placed upon his heavy shoulder, with a significant gesture in case of recusance. He does not, however, neglect occasionally to pass it to his slave, whose poor wrack is almost broken down by the double burden.

Rahewat, the Mekrani, calls himself a Beloch, and wears the title of Shah-Sawar, or the Rider-king. He is the "Chelebi," the dandy and tiger of our party. A "good-looking brown man," about twenty-five years old, with a certain gracefulness and affection of manner, which bode no good, the Rider-king deals in the externals of respectability; he washes and prays with pompous regularity, combs his long hair and beard, trains his bushy mustache to touch his eyes, and binds a huge turban. He affects the janmer. He would have taken the charge, had we permitted, of the general store of gunpowder—a small leather-bottle wrung from the commandant of Chogway; and having somewhat high ideas of discipline, he began with stabbing a slave-boy by way of lesson. He talks loud in his native Mekrani and base Persian; moreover, his opinion is ever to the fore. The Rider-king, pleading soldier, positively refuses to carry anything but his matchlock, and a private stock of dates which he keeps ungenerously to himself. He boasts of powers in vert and venison: we never saw him hit the mark, but we heard him use the matchlock ball, with which he may be more fortunate.

Hamdan, a Maskat Arab, has "seen better days." Melancholia and strong waters have removed all traces of them, except a tincture of letters. Our Mullah, or learned man, is small,
thin, brown, long-nosed, and green-eyed, with little spirit and less muscularity. A crafty old traveller, he has a store of comforts for the way; he carries, with his childish match-lock, a drinking-gourd and a ghee-pot, and he sits apart from the crowd for more reasons than one. Strongly contrasting with him is the ancient Mekrani, Shaaban, a hideous decrepit giant, with the negroid type of countenance. He is of the pig-headed, opposed to the soft-headed, order of old man; hard and opinionated, selfish and unmanageable. He smokes, and must drink water all day. He dispenses the wisdom of a Dogberry, much to his hearers' disgust, and he 'oughs through the hours of night. This senior will carry nothing but his gun, pipe, and gourd; and, despite his grey-beard, he is the drone of the party.

Jonnal and Murad Ali are our working-men, excellent specimens of the true Beloch—sieurs grognards—with a grim, sour humour, especially when the fair sex is concerned. They have black frowning faces, wrinkled and rugged as their natal hills, with pads of muscle upon their short fore-arms, and high, sinewy, angular calves, remarkable in this land of "sheep-shanks." Sparing of words, when addressed, they merely grunt; but when they speak, it is in a scream. They are angry men, and uncommonly handy with their greasy daggers. With the promise of an extra dollar, they walk off under heavy burden besides their guns and necessities.

The gem of the party is Sudy Mukbarak, who has taken to himself the cognomen of "Bombay." His sooty skin, and teeth pointed like those of the reptilia, denote his Mhlay origin. He is one of those real "Studentes" that delight the passengers in an Indian steamer. Bombay, sold in early youth, carried to Cutch by some Ban-yan, and there emancipated, looks fondly back upon the home of his adoption, and sighs for the day when a few dollars will enable him to re-turn. He has ineffable contempt for all "Jungly niggers." His head is a triumph to Phrenology; a high narrow cranium, flat-fronted, ditioning, by arched and rounded crown, full development of the moral region, with deficiency of the perceptive and reflective. He works on principle, and works like a horse, openly declaring, that not love of us, but attachment to his stomach, makes him insatiable. With a sprained ankle, and a load quite disproportioned to his chétif body, he insists upon carrying two guns. He attends us everywhere, manages our purchases, is trusted with all messages, and, when otherwise disengaged, is at every man's beck and call. He had enlisted under the jemadar of Chog-way. We thought, however, so highly of his qualifications, that persuasion and paying his debts induced him, after a little conqueting, to take leave of soldiering and follow our fortunes. Sudy Bombay will be our head gun-carrier, if he survive his present fever, and, I doubt not, will prove himself a rascal in the end.

A machine so formed could hardly be expected to move without some creaking. The Belochies were not entirely under us, and in the East no man will serve two masters. For the first few days, many a load wrangling and muttered cursing showed signs of a dissolution. One would not pretend because Rider-king monopolised the powder; another started on his way home because he was refused some dates; and during the first night all Bombay's efforts were required to prevent a scene qui peut. But by degrees the component parts fitted smoothly and worked steadily; at last we had little to complain of, and the men volunteered to follow wherever we might lead.

1858.

Our Convicts—Past and Present.

It would surely be a very interesting discovery to all philosophers of the Positive school, to identify in the dark distance of history the man who discovered slavery. Their leader, Auguste Comte, among other hardy theories which have reaped more wonder than acquiescence, enlarges all his eloquence on the adoption of this institution, as the greatest stride made towards human civilisation. Before it was suggested, men had no alternative, after they fought and conquered, but to slay, cook, and eat the vanquished enemy. To suggest to them the alternative of getting work out of the captives—compelling them to hew wood, draw water, and till the ground for their victors—was an act of benignant wisdom for which mankind should be ever grateful.

Laugh as we may at this specimen of wild ingenuity, it is yet true that there were in this country, within the past two hundred years, men of disinterested feelings, and, in some measure, enlightened views, who gloried in the distinction of having invented a beneficent kind of slavery. The arrangement by which criminals were given away as slaves to the Western planters, instead of being kept for the dungeon or the gibbet, seemed a blessing without alloy to the receiver as well as to the giver. The planter had what he sorely needed—labour under that tropical sun which ripens the rich harvests, and makes the human being so listless that money will not procure the arduous toil necessary to draw the full profit from the earth. The planter got his slaves, Britain got rid of her criminals without cost and without cruelty—at least of an immediate and palpable character. In this respect the arrangement stood in benign contrast with the hangings and the living burial in the putrescence of the old jails, which it came to supersede. We shall not attempt to deal with the theory of the prophet of Positivism. Within a short while he has gone to that place where all men are to be judged for their doings and their thoughts. But to the fallacy of those who discovered in later times a practical benefit in a peculiar kind of slavery, experience has borne ample testimony; and in this testimony they lie a solemn lesson for all social reformers—the lesson that all that is wrong in the world is not to be put right by some one simple theory—the lesson that it is not in the careless application of one universal cure, but in a careful observation of symptoms, and an anxious conscientious testing of warily-applied remedies, that we are to look for the cure of great social maladies.

In transportation to the American plantations, as it was practised by Britain for upwards of a century, the Government abandoned all control over the offender's fate, all knowledge of it, and consequently all responsibility for the character and extent of the punishment to which he was subjected, if punishment really were his fate. The absolute and entire manner in which the convict was cast off by the State, when compared with the system of transportation lately abandoned, shows how far even this system was an improvement, as being a nearer approach to the proper functions of penal law. If there be any who now demand that our criminals shall be sent forth into the desert, they assuredly would not be content to transfer them to a contractor, who might work them rapidly to death, or indulge them in a life of idle luxury, according to his interest or his humour. This arrangement produced social evils, from which the territories more immediately affected by them are even now suffering. They reacted in their day even on the shores of Britain; for the profuse dispersal of convict slaves created so ravenous an appetite for larger consignments of that valuable commodity, that while the fair trader contracted with Government for the harvest of the jail deliveries, the smuggler prowled about in quiet corners of the coast, and kidnapped young men, who were carried off and sold in the plantations. It is dif-
and I in rear of both, missed the road. Shortly after sunset we three reached a narrow finnara, where stood, delightful sight! some puddles bright with chickweed, and black with the mire below. We quenched our thirst, and tided our swollen feet, and patted, and felt, and handled the water as though we loved it. But even this charming occupation had an end. Evidently we had lost our way. Our shots and shouts remained unanswered. It would have been folly to thread the thorny jungle by the dubious light of a young moon; we therefore kindled a fire, and with the frogs chanting their ancient querele upon the miring margins of the pools. That day's work had been little more than five leagues. But

"These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways.

-Drew out the milea."

It seemed as though we had marched doubly as much; a circumstance which the African geographer would do well to note.

At dawn after our bivouac, we traced our steps, and soon came upon our people. They had followed the upper or northern path, and had nighted near the higher bed of the finnara which gave us hospitality. The "Myuzi" is a rocky line about 30 feet broad, edged with thick trees, gum, acacias, wild mulberries, and a hundred other and bearing traces of violent periodical torrents. Even in the driest season the sole preserves pools, sometimes 100 feet long, and by digging in the mud, water is always procurable. The banks conceal various antelopes and birds, especially doves, kites, and caribou, which, around the water iguanas congregate to dine upon the small fish - fry, which lie expiring with trees, as it mirrored the westering orb of the sun on the wave of the near the higher bed of the

Our arms were two clasp-knives, 3 swords, a six-shooter each, especially doves, kites, and caribou, which, around the water iguanas congregate to dine upon the small fish-fry, which lie expiring with trees, as it mirrored the westering orb of the sun on the wave of the sea·green verdure, pierced by myriads of sunbeams, whilst the azure effulgence above, purified, as with fire, from mist and vapour, set the picture in a frame of gold and ultramarine. Painful splendours! The men began to drop off. None but Hamdan had brought a calabash. Shaaban clamoured for water. Wazira and the four slave-boys retired to some puddle, a discovery which they wisely kept to themselves, leaving the rest of the party to throw themselves under tree and bush upon the hot ground.

As the sun sank westward, Wazira joined us with a mouthful of lies, and the straggling line advanced. Our purblind guide once more lagged behind, and the rest of the party to throw themselves under tree and bush upon the hot ground.

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the village boat from its cadjan cover, stood surrounded by the elders watching our transit, and, as we landed, wrenched our hands with rolling greetings, and those immediate explosive laughings which render the African family to all appearance so “jolly” a race.

The Thursday was a halt at Kohoday. It is the normal cultivators’ village of these regions, built upon the high and stiff clay bank of the Pangani river, here called the Lafa, or Rufu. From without it has a charming look of seclusion and rural comfort. Rendered invisible, till near, by bosoming tree, bush, and spear-grass, it is protected by a stout pallsade of trunks. When foes and beasts abound, this defence is doubled and trebled. The entrances in the shape of low triangles formed by inclining the posts, chelon, lead to a heap of wattle and dab-thatched huts; here square, there round; generally huddled together, but if space allow, scattered over a few hundred yards. Goats, sheep, and cows—their thrive beyond the coast—are staked near or inside the human habitations. From the deep strong stream, red with hill-loam, and here about 80 yards wide, a bathing-place is staked off against the alligator and the hippopotamus. Our Belouches, who, like all Orientals, believe that drinking the element at night weakens digestion, made of this an exception; and my companion, an old Himalayan, thought that he could detect in it the peculiar rough smack of snow-water.

These villagers are cultivators. Formerly tame, harmless, heathen to all but one another, they have become masters of muskets, which they use, to spoil and oppress those who have them not. We were shown, on the mountain—pass of Usambara, the watch-fire which is never extinguished; and the Mzegura chief, when supplying us with a bullock, poked his thumb back towards the hills, and said, with a roar of laughter, that already we had become the king’s guests. Our Belooch guard applauded this kindred soul, patted him upon the shoulder, and declared that, with a score of men of war like themselves, he might soon become lord of all the mountains.

Sultan Momba once visited Zanzibar, where his eyes were opened, to Keranian truth, by the healing hand of the Kazi Muki Al din. This distinguished Sawahili D. D. conferred upon the neophyte the name of Abdullah, and called him son. But the old Momba returned stroked upon Abdullah when he seemed more than once more his native air. He fell from prayer and ablation to the more congenial practices of highwaying and hard drinking. He is a stout, jolly, beardless young black, with a boatswain’s voice, an infinite power of surprise, and an inveterate itching for beggary. This graceless youth inspected our weapons for hours, and sat with us half the day. At one time he barged for the Colt; at another for a barrel of gunpowder; now he wanted to barter slaves for ammunition; and when night fell, he privily sent Hamdan, a barretor, to ask a bottle of brandy. All these things were refused, and Sultan Momba was far to content with two caps, a pair of muslins, and a cotton shawl. He seriously advised us to return with twenty barrels of gunpowder, which, he said, the article was in demand, and would, he assured us, excellent business. Our parting was pathetic. He swore he loved us, and promised, on our return, the boat to conduct us down the river; but when we appeared with empty hands, he told the truth, namely, that he is a succession of Falls and Rapides.

After a night in which the cimex betularia had by a long chalk the advantage of the drowzy god, on the 13th of February we were ferried across the stream, attended by divers guides from Sultan Momba’s village. At 7 A.M., emerging from the thicket, we fell into the beaten track over the alluvial plain, which here, as at Chogway, must, during rains, be a sheet of water. We crossed the Luangua, a deep silent affluent of the Lufu river, by a bridge composed of a fallen tree. Then stretching over the grassy expanse, we skirted two small cones, “Ngus,” the roots of the high Virunga range. Like Sagama, this bulwark of Usambara is a mural precipice, with bluff sides of rock, well wooded on the summit, and looking a proper place for ibex. It forms the rampart or escarpment separating the wooded rock, foam over the jagged incline; and at 5 P.M., passing two bridges, we entered Malisky Mguru, a Wasagura village distant twelve miles from Kohoday. It is a cluster of hay-cook huts, touching one another, built upon an island formed by divers rapid, and roaring branches of the river. The headman was sick, but we found a hospitable reception. Uninitiated in the African secret of strewing ashes round the feet of the Kitandah or Cartel, although eschewing the dirty smoky buts, we spent our night with ants, and other little murderers of sleep which shall be nameless. Our hosts expressed great alarm about the Masaal. It was justified by the tale. Scarcely had we left the country when a plundering party of wild spearmen attacked two neighbouring villages, slaughtered the helpless cultivators, and with pillage and pollage drove off the cows in triumph. They watched with astonishment the magical process of taking an altitude of Canopus, and were anxious to do business in female slaves, honey, goats, and sheep. Some of the girls were rather comely; they did not show the least fear or shame.

At sunrise on the next morning we resumed our march, following the left bank of the river, which is here called Kinira. For about three miles it is a broad line of flat boulders, thicket, sedge, and grass, with divers trickling rivulets between. At the Mauwri village, the branches anastomose, forming a deep and strong but navigable stream, about thirty yards broad, and hedged with masses of vegetation. Thence we turned northward, over rolling red clay, here cultivated, there a thorny jungle, in the direction of Tamota, another mural precipice and bluff headland in the bill curtain of Usambara. The paths were crowd below the red left grass-kilt race, chiefly women and small girls, who, by the by, displayed very precocious developments, leading children each with a button of hair left upon its scraped crown. The adults, laden with manive, holcus, and maize, poultry, sugar-cane, and waterpots with bunches of leaves to prevent splashing, with pumpkins and plantains—here their own land
...were bound for a Golio, or market held in an open plain. None evinced fear of a white face; but when our Belochies asked the fair how they would like us for husbands, they simply replied, "Not at all." The men chip their teeth to points, and, as in Usambara, punch out in childhood one incisor of the lower jaw; a piece of dried rush or sugar-cane dissects the ear-lobe to an unsightly size. All carried bows and arrows. Some shouldered such hoes and hatchets as English children use upon the sands; here bounteous earth, fertilised by the rains of heaven, requires the mere scratching of a man's nails. Others led stunted pariah dogs adorned with leather collars; they are prime favourites with the savages, who hold a staff of puppets as amongst us in the days of Charles the Second, a dish fit for a monarch. In West Africa also the meat is admired, and some missionaries have described it as "very sweet." The salutations of these savages provoked the wrath of Seedy Bombay. Acquaintances stood afar off and tossed forth 'ben and hum till they relieved their minds. None, even the women, refused to greet us; and at times Yambo, "the state!" was uttered simultaneously by a score of aable lips.

Having duly stared and been stared at, we unloaded for rest at 3.30 A.M., under a spreading tree, near the large double-fenced village of Palungu belonging to one of Sultan Kimwere's multitudinous sons. Again clouds obscured the air, and thunder growled over the near hills. It became evident that the wet season was fast approaching.

The coolness of the air drew cries of "Safar! Safar!"—let us march!—from the Belochies. At 1.30 P.M. we resumed our way, and presently passed on the left hand a tank of miry and water, thinly sprinkled with padd-birds, sandpipers, and Egyptian geese, exceedingly wild. Hornbills screamed upon the neighbouring trees, and on the mud my companion shot a specimen of the gorgeous crowned crane whose back-feathers would have made fine bonnets. After an hour's march we skirted a village, where the people peremptorily ordered us to halt. We attributed this annoyance to Wazira, who was forthwith visited with a general wigging. It is, however, partly the custom of the country. Man here claims a right to hear news, the pabulum which his soul loves, from his neighbour. To coin the most improbable nonsense, to be told lies, and to retail lies, are the mental luxuries of idle men, equally the *primum mobile* of a Cimmerian "slave" and of an East African palaver. But the impending rain sharpened our tempers; we laughed in the faces of our angry ex-postulators, and, bidding them stop us if they could, pursued our road.

Presumably ascending a hill, and turning abruptly to the north-east, we found ourselves opposite, and about ten miles distant from a tall azure curtain, the mountains of Fuga. Below, the plain was populous with hay-cock villages. The tall tamarind, the large-leaved plantain, and the parasol-shaped papaw, grew wild by the winds, hid large bunches of green fruit. The musa is probably an aboriginal of East Africa: it grows, I am told, almost spontaneously upon the shores of the far inner lakes. Here the fruit, which, maturing rapidly, affords a perennial supply, is the staff of savage life. As usual when men are compelled to utilise a single object, they apply the plantain to various purposes. Even the leaves are converted into spoons, plates, and even bottles. They are also made into thatch, fuel, and a substitute for wrapping-papers. Never transplanted, and the rotation of crops being unknown, this banana has now degenerated.

Issuing from the dripping canopy, we followed a steep goat-track, forced a crystal burn, and having reached the midway, sat down to enjoy the rarified air, used to cool the compass and spyglass. The view before us was extensive, if not beautiful. Under our feet the mountains fell in rugged folds, clothed with plantain fields, wild mulberries, custard apples, and stately trees, whose lustrous green glittered against the ochreous ground. The scarlet parrots hung in clusters from the supporting limbs of the tamarind, the toddy palm raised its fantastic arms over the dwarf coco, and bitter oranges mingled pleasant scent with herbs not unlike mint and sage. Below, half veiled by rank steams, lay the yellow Nil or Wazegurra wilderness, traversed by a serpentine of trees, denoting the course of the Mkomasi affluent. Three cones, the "Mbara Hills," distant about eight miles, crowned the desert. Far beyond we could see the well-wooded line of the Lafi river, and from it to the walls of the southern and western basin stretched a uniform purple plain.

We were startled from rest by a prodigious hubbub. The three fresh porters positively refused to rise unless a certain number of clothes were sent forward to propitiate the magistrates of Fuga. This was easily traced to Wazira, who received a hint that such might be dangerous. He had been lecturing us all that morning upon the serious nature of our undertaking. Sultan Kimwere was a potent monarch—not a Momba. His "ministers" and councillors would, unless well paid, avert from us their countenances; we must enter with a discharge of musketry to awe the people, and by all means do as we are bid. The Belochies smiled contempt, and, pulling up the porters, loaded them, deaf to remonstrance.

Resuming our march after a short halt, we climbed rather than walked, with hearts beating from such unusual exercise, up the steep zigzag of a torrent. Villages then began to appear perch like eyries upon the hill-tops, and the people gathered to watch our approach. At 4 P.M. we found ourselves upon the summit of a ridge. The Belochies begged us to taste the water of a spring hard by. It was icy cold, with a perceptible chalybeate flavour, sparkling in the cup, and had dyed its head with rust. East Africa is a "land whose stones are iron," and the people declare that they have dog brass.

We now stood upon the mountains, but we found no table-land. The scenery reminded my companion of Almrah, one of the Blue Mountains in Southern India. There were the same rounded cones, taperspried with velvety grass, and ribboned with paths of red clay; the same Sholabs...
or gloomy forest-patches clothing the
slopes; the same emerald swamps,
trough which transparent runnels
continually trickle, and little torrents
and rocky lines. This granite and
sandstone cap is, however, a
double aspect; the northern and
eastern slopes are bluff and barren,
whilst the southern and western
abound in luxuriant vegetation. The
reeking plains westward are well
wooded. We were shown the "water
of Maslida," a long narrow tank,
upon whose banks elephants are
said to exist. North-westward the
mountains rise apparently higher
and steeper, till about ten miles
further west, where, capped with
cloud-heaps, the giant flanks of Mu-
kumbara bound the view. We stood
about four thousand feet above the
east-level, distant thirty-seven miles
from the coast, and seventy-four or
seventy-five along the winding river.
There is a short cut from Kohoday
across the mountains; but the route
was then waterless, and the heat
would have disabled our Belochies.

After another three-mile walk
along the hill flanks, we turned a
corner and suddenly sighted, upon
the opposite summit of a grassy cone,
and uniced heap of hay-cock huts
—Fuga. As we drew near, our
Belochies formed up and fired a
volley, which brought the hind
and his wife, and his whole meane,
out of the settlement. This being one
of the cities whereby it is now
forbidden to strangers, we were led
by Wazira through timid crowds that
shrank back as we approached, round
and below the cone to four tattered
huts, which superstition assigns as
the "travellers' bungalow." Even
the son and heir of great Kimwere
must abide here till the lucky hour
admits him to the presence and the
imperial city. The cold rain and
sharp rarified air rendering any
shelter acceptable, we cleared the
huts of sheep and goats, housed our
valuables, and sent Seedy Bombay
to the Sultan, requesting the honour
of an interview.

Before dark appeared three bare-
headed mules, or "ministers," who
in long palaver declared that council
must squat upon two knotty points,
—Primo, Why and wherefore we
had entered the country via the
hostile Wazourgara? Secundo, What
time might be appointed by his
majesty's Mgangas, or medicine-man,
for the ceremony. Sharp-witted Ham-
dan at once declared us to be Euro-
pean physicians, and waganga of pe-
culiar power over the sun and
stars, the wind and rain. Away ran
the ministers to report the wonder.
Whilst they are absent, I will briefly
explain what a M gangbang is.

The Mgangas, who is called by the
Arabs Tabib, or doctor, and by us
physician, divine, magician, and
medicine-man, combines, as
these translations show, priestly with
medical functions. He may be con-
sidered the embryo of a sacerdotal
order amongst the embryo commu-
nities of savage tribes. Siberia has
ground, and Greenland Angros, Guiana her Peimans, and the North
Americans their mystery-men; the
Galla believes in his Kaleshah, the
Ku Republic in her Dayabos; the
West African negro in his Grugu or
Fetises seers, and the Cape Kafrirs in
witch doctors, the great originators
of all our troubles. Rain-charming
is the popular belief of Africa, from
Zanzibar to the Krup coast. It is not
confined to these barbarous lands.
In Ireland, the owner of a four-leaved
shamrock can cause or stop showers;
and the Fins on board our ships deal
with the clerk of the weather for fair
wind. The Indian Yogi, the Bayragi,
and the Snata Rami have similar
powers. I heard of a man at Po-
re bund, who, when torrents of rain
injured the crops, was threatened by
his Rajah with a "cotton coat," that
is to say, a padded poncho, well oiled
and greased, girt closely round him,
and set on fire. In East Africa, from
the Simuli country southwards,
and unless duly fee'd, shoves into his
mouth a red-hot hatchet, which has
no power to burn innocence. The
instrument of his craft is a bundle
or sticks. Thrown upon the ground,
they form the divining figures; hence
the Arabs translate Uganga,
"the art," by Remi or Geomancy.
Most of these men are open to the
persuasions of cloth and beads. One
saw the spirit of a white-face sitting
in a chair brought as a present to
his chief, and broadly insinuated that
none but the wise deserved such
chair. But let us not pose that all
are pure impostors: like supernaturals
in general, they are half deceived and
half deceivers. Like the most of mankind,
they are partly fools and partly knaves.
There is, indeed, no folly conceiv-
able by the mind of man in which
man has not firmly and purely be-
lieved. And when man lays down
life in testimony to his belief, the act
rather argues the obstinacy of the
martyr than proves the truth of his
tenets.

At 6 p.m. the ministers ran back
and summoned us to the "Palace." The
town lay through rain and mist to a clump of the usual huts,
half hidden by trees, and overspreading
a little eminence opposite to and
below Fuga. We were allowed but
three Belochies as a tail. Their
matchlocks were taken away, and a de-
mand was made for our swords,
which of course we insisted upon
retaining.

Sultan Kimwere half rose from his
cot as we entered, and motioned us
to sit upon dwarf stools before him.
He was an old, old man, emaciated
by sickness. His head was shaved,
his face bandaged, and he looked
like a grandam; his eyes were red, his
jaws disfurnished, and his hands and
feet were stained with leprous spots.
The royal dress was a Surat cap,
much the worse for wear, and a loin-
wrap as tattered. He was covered
with a double cotton-cloth, and he
rested upon a Persian rug apparently
coeval with himself. The hut ap-
peared that of a simple cultivator,
but it was redolent of dignitaries,
some fanning the Sultan, others chat-
ting, and all holding long-stemmed
pipes with small ebony bowls. Our
errand was inquired, and we were
welcomed to Fuga. As none could
read the Sazied of Zanzibar's letter,
I was obliged to act secretary.
The Gentagemen had heard of our
scourning stars, stones, and trees;
he directed us at once to compound
a draught which would restore him
to health, strength, and youth. I
replied that our drugs had been left
in Pungue. He signified that we
might wander about the hills
and seek the plants required. After half
an hour's conversation, Hamdun,
being interpreter, we were dismissed
with a renewal of welcome. On our
return to the hovels, the present was
forwarded to the Sultan with the
usual ceremony. We found awaiting
us a fine bullock, a basketful of
sima—young Indian corn pounded
and boiled to a thick hard paste;
and balls of urine bananas, peeled
and mashed up with sour milk. Our
Belochies instantly addressed them-
elves to the making of beef, which
they ate with such a will, that un-
pleasant symptoms promptly declared
themselves in camp. We had covered
that day ten miles—equal, perhaps,
to thirty in a temperate climate.
The angry blast, the groaning trees,
and the lashing rain, heard from
within a warm hut, affected us
pleasureably. We slept the sweet
sleep of travellers.
CHAPTER VII.—RETURN TO ZANZIBAR.

"Wasteful, forth
Walks the dire power of pestilent disease.
A thousand hideous fleas his course attend,
Dick his nature blasting, and to heartless woe
And feeble desolation, casting down
The towering hopes, and all the pride of man."

—The Seasons.

The African traveller, in this section of the nineteenth century, is an animal overworked. Formerly the reading public was satisfied with dry details of mere discovery—was delighted with a few latitudes and longitudes. Of late, in this, as in other pursuits, the standard has been raised. Whilst marching so many miles per diem, and watching a certain number of hours per noctem, the traveller, who is in fact his own general, adjutant, quarter-master, and executive, is expected to survey and observe—
to record meteorology, hygrometry, and thermometry—to shoot and stuff birds and beasts, to collect geological specimens, to gather political and commercial information, to advance the infant study ethnology, to make excellent recipes for preserving birds and beasts, to collect beetle, and direct his men to the use of arms and the conduct of a caravan, rather than the study of insinuation and barometers. The sight of an instrument convinces barbarians that the stranger is bringing down the sun, stopping rain, causing death, and bewitching the land for ages. Amidst utter savagery such operations are sometimes possible; amongst the semi-civilised they end badly. The climate also robs man of energy as well as health. He cannot, if he would, collect ticks and beetles. The simplest geodesical labours, as these pages will prove, are unadvisable. My companion twice suffered from taking an altitude. Why is not a party of physicists sent out to swallow the air we breathe? Perhaps, once drunk, they will prove, are unadvisable. The unconscious physicist now deems it his right to attend evening meetings. It is right, I own, to establish a high standard which insures some work being done; but explorations should be distinguished from railway journals, and a broad line drawn between the feasible and the impossible. The unconsiderable physicist now deems it his right to complain, because the explorer has not used his theodolite in the temple of Mecca, and introduced his spectroscope within the walls of Harar. An ardent gentleman once requested me to collect beetles, and another sent me excellent recipes for preserving ticks.

These African explorations are small campaigns, in which the traveller, unsaddled by discipline, is beset by all the troubles, hardships, and perils of savage war. He must devote himself to feeding, drilling, and directing his men to the use of arms and the conduct of a caravan, rather than the study of insinuation and barometers. The sight of an instrument convinces barbarians that the stranger is bringing down the sun, stopping rain, causing death, and bewitching the land for ages. Amidst utter savagery such operations are sometimes possible; amongst the semi-civilised they end badly. The climate also robs man of energy as well as health. He cannot, if he would, collect ticks and beetles. The simplest geodesical labours, as these pages will prove, are unadvisable. My companion twice suffered from taking an altitude. Why is not a party of physicists sent out to swallow the air we breathe? Perhaps, once drunk, they will

now in fashion throughout this region—from three to four pounds weight, encumber the shoulders of a "distinguished person." Their body-dress is the African sheet bound tightly under the arms, and falling to the ankles. The Wasumbara of both sexes are comparatively indolent. Their labor consists of weaving a quantity of a coarse cloth, and raising the staple product on their own ground. Our Belochiea had a small hut, with a thatched roof, and one or two stools made of termite-wood. The Bheels were comparatively industrious. The Wazira was the most active of all the inhabitants crossed over their bridge with mokassins and bowo, and squatted down to feast their eyes. All, however, were civil, and readily changed cocoos for tobacco. Here the Pangany is a strong stream, flowing rapidly through a rocky trough, between high curtains of earth and underwood. On both sides the hilly roots of Mount Tongwey approach the bed, leaving narrow ledges, slippery with ooze and mire, overgrown with sapot and grasses, and sprinkled with troublesome thorn-trees. From Kizanga, we followed the river by a vile footpath. The air was dank and oppressive; the clouds seemed to settle upon earth, and the decayed vegetation exhaled a feverish stopt. As we advanced, the roar of the swollen stream told of rapids, whilst an occasional glimpse through its green veil showed a reeuss surface, flecked with white froth. Heavy nimbi purpled the western skies, and the air was charged with scent, and the evening's rain-cloud was gathering. We halted about 6 p.m. and were glad to find a rude hut with a thatched roof, and a large fire close by. Our escort went to bed supper. It was, this fall, with the white spray of foam, which curled over the water, that a single horse-shoe, acquires a volume and momentum sufficient to clear an obstacle, and to bear the tempest's drive. Presently a cross-bow of the river by a long bridge, made recklessly for ready defence, we entered, and found a flock of homeward-bound goats, Kizangu, an island-settlement of Wazegara. The headmen, assembling, received us with some ceremony; introduced us into an emptied hut; and, placing cartels upon the ground outside, sat down, ringed by a noisy crowd for the ceremony's palaver. This village, being upon the confines of civilization, and exposed by wars and rumours of wars, suggested treachery to experienced travellers. My companion and I fired our revolvers into trees, and carefully reloaded them for the public benefit. The sensation was such that we seized the opportunity of offering money for rice and ghee. No provision, however, was procurable. Our escort went to bed supperless; Hamdan cursing this "Safar Elkah"—Anglés, rotten journey; Rahmat beweeping his twisted moustaches; and Shaaban smoking like a Hamman. Murad Ali had remained at Msiky Mungu to purchase a slave without our knowledge. A novice in such matters, he neglected to tie the man's thumb, and had the exquisite misery to see, in the evening after the sale, his dollars bolting at a pace that baffled pursuit. We should have heard the ignominy of misused gold and the news brought by the elders, after dark, a handful of red rice and an aged hen. This provant was easily dispatched by three hungry men, of whom one was a Portuguese cook. We then placed our weapons handy, and were soon lulled to sleep, despite smoke, wet beds, and other plagues, by the blustering wind and the continuous patterning of rain.

At sunrise on the 20th February, we were aroused by the guide; and, after various delays, found ourselves on the road about 7 A.M. This day was the reflection of the last march. Hills still girt the river, with black soil in the lower, and red clay in the upper, levels. The path was a mere line, foot-worn through thickety torrent-beds, thorny jungle, and tall grasses. At 9 A.M. we stood upon a distant eminence to admire the Falls of the Pangany River. Here the stream, emerging from a dense dark growth of tropical forest, in three huge sheets, fringed with masses of foliage, falls, down a rugged wall of brown rock. Half-way the fall is broken by a ledge, whence a second leap precipitates the waters into the mist-veiled basin of stone below. These cascades must be grand during the monsoon, when the river, forming a single stream, acquires a volume and momentum sufficient to clear the step which divides the shrunk stream. Of all natural objects, the cataract most requires that first element of sublimity—size. Yet, as it was, this fall, with the white spray and bright mist, set off by black jungle, and a framework of slaty rain-
cloud, formed a picture sufficiently effective to surprise us.

As we journeyed onwards, the heat became intense. The nimbo-ragen the mountain-tops. There it was winter; but the sun, whose beams shot stingingly through translucent air, parched the summer plains. At 10 a.m. our Belocbies, clean worn out by famine and fatigue, threw themselves upon the bank of a broad and deep ravine, in whose sedgy bed a little water still lingered. Wild bees had built upon the trees, but none courted the fate of plundering bears. The jungle was rich in Abū Jabl's melon, the colocynth; and the slaves gnawed the dried calabash pith. Half an hour's rest, a coco-nut each, a pipe, and, above all things, the spes finis, restored their vigour. No trifling our march over a rolling waste of green, enlivened by occasional glimpses of the river, whose very aspect cooled the gazer. Villages became frequent as we advanced, far distancing our Belocbies. At 3 p.m., after marching fourteen miles, we sighted the snake-ence and the pent-houses of friendly Chawway.

The jemadar and his garrison received us with all the honours of travel, and admired our speedy return from Fuga. As at Harar, a visitor can never calculate upon prompt dismissal. We were too strong for force, but Sultan Kimwere had titled Arab and other strangers for a fort-night before his Mganga fixed a fit time for audience. Moreover, these walking journeys are dangerous in one point: the least accident disables a party, and accidents will happen to the best-regulated expeditions.

Our feet were cut by boots and shoes, and we had lost "leather" by chafing and sunburns. A few days' rest removed these inconveniences. Our first visit was paid to Pangany, where Said bin Salim, who had watched his charge with the fidelity of a shepherd's dog, received us with joyful demonstrations. The Portuguese boy, our companion, had escaped with a few sick headaches, and we found his confère free from Pangany fever. After spending a day upon the coast, we returned, provided with munitions de bouche, and other necessaries, to Chawway, and settled old scores with our escort.* Then, as the vessel in which we were to cruise southward was not expected from Zanzibar till the 1st March, and we had a week to spare, it was resolved to try a fall with Behebom.

The hippopotamus, called by the Sawahlilas "kiboko," and by the Arabs "bakar el khor," or the crock-bullock, resembles a mammoth pig with equine head, rather than horse or cow. He loves the rivers and inlets where fresh-water mingles with the briny like. At dawn, retiring from land, he takes shelter in the deep pools, succeeding another chaplet-wise in the streams. Some such place is termed by the natives his "house." This, in the presence of man, he will not leave, fearing to expose his person while passing over the dividing sand-ridges. When undisturbed, he may be seen plunging porpoise-like against the stream, or basking in shallow water, and upon the soft miry bank, or cooling himself under the dense mangroves singly and in groups, with his heavy box-head resting upon a friend's broad stern. I have come upon him in these positions within sight of timber-boats, and women and children will bathe but a few yards from his haunts. Dosing by day, at night he wriggles up one of the many runs, on the river side, and wanders far to graze upon fat rich grass, and to plunder plantations of their grain.

He is easily killed by the puny arrow of the "dahab," for his haunch is difficult to shoot, and scarcely possible to bag. He exposes only his eyes above the surface, and after a shot, will raise for hours nothing but a postrie, slipping down the moment it highlights the enemy. Receiving a deathblow, he clings to the bottom, and appears only when blown up, by incipient decomposition. Without

*The jemadar, in consideration of the two slaves, received twenty dollars; the hard-working portion of our Belocbies five; and the drones—old Shaaban and the lady-like Rhamat—respectively four and three.
Our most successful plan, however, is to come. The Belochies have ceased firing, confessing their matchlocks to be "no good," but still take great interest in the sport, as Easterns will when they see work being done. They force the boatmen to obey them. S—— lands with the black woodman, carrying both "smashers." He gropes painfully through Mangrove thicket, where parasitical oysters wound the legs with their sharp edges, and the shak- ing bullet adds to his fear. After a time, reaching a clear spot, he takes up position behind a bush, and signals me to drive up the herd. As the Persians were at Zanzibar, they besought Colonel Hamilton's door, begging him to administer Warburg's drops, which are said to have a wonderful effect in malignant chronic cases. When the disease intends to end fatally, the symptoms are aggravated; the mind wanders, the body loses all power, and after, perhaps, an apparent improvement, stupor, insensibility, and death ensue. On the other hand, if yielding to treatment, the fever, about the seventh day, presents marked signs of abatement; the tongue is clearer, pain leaves the head and eyes, the face is no longer flushed, nausea passes, and a faint appetite returns. The recovery, however, is always slow and tedious. Relapses are feared, especially at the full and change of the moon; they frequently

about with curious morts, caused by breath passing through the wounds. At last S—— ventures upon another experiment. An infant hippo, with an immoderate pannardous at his years, uppers his crest; off flies the crown of the kid's head. The bereaved mother rises for a moment, viciously regards my companion, who is meekly loading; snorts a parent's diver as the cap is being adjusted. Presently a bump, and a heave, send the little canoe's bows high in the air. Bombay, describing a small parabola in frog-shape, lands upon the enraged brute's back. S—— steadies himself in the stern, and as the assailant, with broad dorsum hunched up, and hopped like an angry cat, advances for another boat, he rises and sends a bolt through her side. Bombay scramble in, and, nothing damned, paddles towards the quarry, of which nothing is visible but a long waving line of gore. With a harpoon we might have secured her; now she will feed the alligators or the savages. * * * 

* Hippopotamus meat is lawful to Moslems, especially of the Shafi school. In Abyssinia, it is commonly, here rarely, eaten by them.

Our attacks commenced with general languor and heaviness, a lassitude in the limbs, a weight in the head, nausea, a frigid sensation creeping up the extremities, and dull pains in the shoulders. Then came a mild cold fit, succeeded by a splitting headache, flushed face, full veins, vomiting, and an inability to stand upright. Like "General Tazo" of Madagascar, this fever is a malignant malaria. The eyes become hot, heavy, and painful when turned upwards; the skin is dry and burning, the pulse full and frequent, and the tongue furred; appetite is wholly wanting (for a whole week I ate nothing), but a perpetual craving thirst afflicts the patient, and nothing that he drinks will remain upon his stomach. During the day extreme weakness causes a wonderd and depressing sensation; the nights are worse, for by want of sleep the restlessness is aggravated. Delirium is common in the nervous and bilious temperament, and if the lancet be used, certain death ensues; the action of the heart cannot be restored. The exacerbations are slightly but distinctly marked (in my own case they recurred regularly between two and three months). The eyes become cloudy, are closely watched for administering quinine, after due preparation. This drug, however, has killed many, especially Frenchmen, who, by overdoing at a wrong time, died of apoplexy. Whilst the Persians were at Zanzibar, they besought Colonel Hamilton's door, begging him to administer Warburg's drops, which are said to have a wonderful effect in malignant chronic cases. When the disease intends to end fatally, the symptoms are aggravated; the mind wanders, the body loses all power, and after, perhaps, an apparent improvement, stupor, insensibility, and death ensue. On the other hand, if yielding to treatment, the fever, about the seventh day, presents marked signs of abatement; the tongue is clearer, pain leaves the head and eyes, the face is no longer flushed, nausea passes, and a faint appetite returns. The recovery, however, is always slow and tedious. Relapses are feared, especially at the full and change of the moon; they frequently

at Chogway, and his friend, an old Mozuran woodman, had promised us elephants, wild buffaloes, and giraffes. When we pressed the point as a trial, the guide averted; his son was absent, war raging in the clan, his family wanted provisions; he would ever come on the morrow. This convinced us that the tale of game in the dry season was apocryphal. Chogway then offered few attractions. On Thursday, the 26th of February, we left "the Bazar." My companion walked to Pungany, making a route-survey, whilst I accompanied the jemadar and his tail in our large canoe.

For two days after returning to the coast we abstained from exercises. On the 3d we walked out several miles, in the hottest of suns, to explore a cavern, of which the natives, Bombay, and P.M. (~), and the inter-ested curious, went to examine. Having gone uprears his crest; off flies the little can, and as a shield of protection the Belochie sets his shield. We soon learned the lesson that these cold-blooded animals may be killed with a pistol-ball, if hit in brain or heart; otherwise they carry away as much lead as elephants. At about ten A.M. we had slain six, besides wounding 1 know not how many of the animals. They might be nettled, but the operation would not pass in a pecuniary sense; the ivory of small teeth, under 4 lb. each, is of little value. Being perpetually piqued the Belochies, they are exceedingly shy, and after an excess of bullying they shift quarters. We returned but once to this sport, finding the massacre monotonous, and such cynegetica as exciting as partridge-shooting.

That partie concluded with a bathe in the Pungany, which here has nature's bowers for dancing and disport, fit for Diana and her train. About a dwarf creek, trees cluster on three sides of a square, regularly as if planted; and rope-like creepers form a vernal canopy. The eyes become impervious to the sylvan shade. Our companion was out walking an hour with the sextant and sun-glass, returning to his boat. On entering the house, we found the Portuguese lad, who had accompanied us to Fuga, in a high fever. S——, the Portuguese, is to come. The Belochies have already complained of his last night's labour—an hour with the sextant upon damp sand, in the chilly dew. This walk finished the work. On entering the house, we found the Portuguese lad, who had accompanied us to Fuga, in a high fever. S——, the Portuguese, is to come. The Belochies have already complained of his last night's labour—an hour with the sextant upon damp sand, in the chilly dew. This walk finished the work. On entering the house, we found the Portuguese lad, who had accompanied us to Fuga, in a high fever. S——, the Portuguese, is to come. The Belochies have already complained of his last night's labour—
assumed the milder intermittent type, and in some Indians have recurred regularly through the year. In no case, however, does the apparent severity of the fever justify the dejection and debility of the convalescence. For six weeks, recovery is imperfect; the liver acts with unusual energy, the stomach is liable to severe indigestion, the body is lean, and the strength well-nigh prostrated. At such times change of air is the best of restoratives; removal even to a ship in the harbour, or to the neighbouring house, has been found more beneficial than all the tonics and the preventive in the pharmacopoeia.

In men of strong nervous diathesis the fever leaves slight consequences, in the shape of white hair, boil, or bald toothache. Others suffer severely from its secondary effects, which are either visceral or cerebral. Some lose memory, others virility, others the sense of a limb; many become deaf or dim-sighted; and not a few, tormented by hepaticis, dysenteries, constipation, and similar disease, never completely recover health. The Arabs born upon the island, and the Banyans, rarely suffer severely during the fever, but many are laid up by its consequent "nazleh," or "defluxion of humours." Some Indian Moslems, have fled the country, believing themselves bewitched. Many European residents at Zanzibar have never been upon the island; but upon the coast, the experience of Captain Owen's survey, of the Mombas Mission, and of our numerous cruisers, proves that no European can undergo exposure and fatigue, which promote the overflow of bile, without undergoing the seasonings. It has, however, one advantage: those who pass the ordeal are acclimatized; even after a year's absence in Europe, they return to the tropics with little danger. The traveller is always advised to undergo his seasonings upon the coast before marching into the interior; but after recovery he must not await a second attack, otherwise he will expire, in preparation, the strength and bottom required for the execution of his journey. Of our party the Portuguese boy, who escaped at Pangany, came in for his turn at Zanzibar. The other has ever since had light relapses; and as a proof that the negro enjoys no immunity, Seedy Bombay is at this moment (9th June) suffering severely.

We passed no happy time in the upper story of the Wali Merikho's house. Luckily for us, however, the master was absent at Zanzibar. The jemadar, seeing that he could do nothing, took leave, committing us to Allah and Said bin Salim. The Banyans intended great civility; they would sit with us for hours, asking, like Orientals, the slightest of questions, and thinking withal that they were "doing the agreeable." Repose was out of the question. During the day, flies and gnats added another; stinging to the mortifications of fever. At night, rats nibbled at our feet, mosquitoes sang their song, and a torturing thirst made the terrible sleeplessness yet more terrible. Our minds were morbidly fixed upon one point—the arrival of our vessel; we had no other occupation but to rise and gaze, and exchange regrets as a sail hove in sight, drew near, and passed by. We knew that there would be no failure on the part of our thoughtful friend, who had written to promise us a "Battele" on the 1st of March. But we doubted the possibility of a Sawahili or an Arab doing anything in proper time. The vessel had been sent from Zanzibar before the end of February. That reason would move him; being men of Tambara, could not pass their homes unvisited; they wasted a precious week, and did not make Pangany till the evening of the 5th March.

After sundry bitter disappointment, we had actually hired a Banyan's boat that had nearly a crew, when the expected craft ran into the river. Not a moment was to be lost. Said bin Salim, who had been a kind nurse, superintended the embarkation of our property. My companion, less severely treated, was able to walk to the shore; but I—alas, for manliness!—was obliged to be supported like a bedridden old woman. The worst part of the process was the presence of a crowd. The Arabs were civil, and bade a kindly farewell. The Sawahili, however, audibly contrasted the present with the past, and drew deducrorous conclusions from the change which a few days had wrought in the man who bore a 24 lb. gun—my pet 4-ounce.

1858.]

Zanzibar; and Two Months in East Africa.—Conclusion. [May, 1858 - 589


No. III.

"Ready, aye ready."

Often has it been said of Indian civilians, that they are seldom judge rightly of military difficulties; and many a page of Indian history, with its record of the "exploits of politics," has furnished a painful demonstration of the truth of this saying. Yet this mutiny has brought out some bright exceptions: of Mr. Montgomery's energetic prudent firmness at Lahore we have already spoken; scarcely second was it to that displayed by the Chief Commissioner himself.

Sir John Lawrence had only reached Rawul Pinde a few hours, when a telegraphic message came from Umballa—"News from Delhi very bad; bloodshed; cantonments in state of siege." With the following day came the further tidings of the Meerut disaster, obtained by a runner through Sabarunpore—"News just come from Meerut: native regiments all mutinied; several lives lost; European troops defending barracks; telegraphic wire cut; all communication with Delhi stopped." The crisis, then, had arrived! From daily intimation of passing events in all the Punjab stations, Sir John Lawrence was not wholly unprepared for such a result. In the many acts of insubordination in Bengal and the North-west, and in the too frequent signs of disaffection in the Punjab itself, he heard the ominous matters of the coming storm, and saw the first of a thunder-shower," and when the thunder pealed around him, he stood calm, collected, and prepared to face the danger—strong in his own resources, but stronger still in the power that is from above.

Carefully and anxiously had he read the past; he could the better comprehend the present, and foresee the probable future of this mutiny. The danger of the Punjab was imminent; its chief hope, under Heaven, lying in the faithfulness of the Sikhs, and the peace of the Mohammedans around. To insure these, a brave fearless course, indicative of self-confidence and strength, was the only safe one; any sign of fear or misgiving, any timid counsels or timorous measures, would have been fatal.

In this spirit, prompt, ready, and hopeful, the Chief Commissioner entered on the task; and right ably was he seconded on every side.

Each message as it reached him had been forwarded to Peshawur. By the evening of the 12th the worst was privately known or conjectured by the authorities there; and scarcely had the disarming of the troops at Lahore been effected on the morning of the 13th, when the telegraph carried the tidings to the frontier. A council of war was at once assembled under General Reid, commanding the division. Colonel Sydney Cotton, the Brigadier; Colonel H.