

we may see the first symptoms of that fawning servility characteristic of those who serve despots.

The next scene we have is a section of a straw-house, with a gable-roof—twenty-five feet high, sixty feet long, and eighteen feet in breadth.

At the farther end—by the light afforded by the wide entrance—we perceive the figure of a man clad in an embroidered scarlet jacket and white skirt, seated on a chair, guarded on either side by a couple of spearmen, and two men bearing muskets. Two long rows of men are seated along the caned walls of the hall of audience, facing towards the centre, which is left vacant for the advent of strangers and claimants, and the transaction of business, justice, etc. Being privileged, we also enter and take a seat where we can scrutinize the monarch at our leisure.

The features—smooth, polished, and without a wrinkle—are of a young man who might be of any age between twenty-five and thirty-five. His head is clean shaven, and covered with a fez; his feet are bare, and rest on a leopard skin, on the edge of which rests a polished white tusk of ivory; and near this are a pair of crimson Turkish slippers. The only natural peculiarities of the face, causing it to differ from other faces round me, are the glowing, restless, large eyes, which seem to take in everything at a glance.

But hush! Here advance some ten or twelve people along the centre, and prostrate themselves before the Emperor, and begin—through a spokesman—to tell him of something to which, strangely enough, he does not seem to listen.

By means of an interpreter, we are informed that it is an embassy from the lawless bandit Mirambo, who, hearing that Mtesa was likely enough to send fifty thousand sharp spears to hunt him up, has sent three men with propitiating gifts, and a humble declaration that he has no cause to quarrel with Uganda. The gifts are unrolled to view, and counted. So many cloths, so much wire, some half-dozen dinner-plates of European make, an ample brass coffee-tray, a silver-hilted Arab dagger, and a scarlet coat.

Mtesa has been meanwhile carelessly talking to his chiefs while the embassy addressed him, but suddenly he turns on the embassy his large, glowing eyes, and speaks quickly and with decision:

"Tell Mirambo from me, that I do not want his gifts; but I must have the head of his man who slew my chief, Singiri, a year ago, as he was returning from Zanzibar to Uganda, or I will hunt him up with more Waganda than there are trees in his country. Go!"

The Emperor rises. Then the drummer beats the long roll on his drum, and all the chiefs, courtiers, pages, claimants, messengers, and strangers start to their feet. The Emperor—without a word more—retires by a side-door into the inner apartments, and the morning burzah is ended.

On first acquaintance, as I have already said, Mtesa strikes the traveller as a most fascinating and a peculiarly amiable man; and should the traveller ever think of saying this pagan continent from the purgatory of heathendom, the Emperor must occur to him as of all men in Africa the most promising to begin with. Had he been educated in Europe, there can be little doubt but that he would have become a worthy member of society; but, nursed in the lap of paganism, and graduate only in superstition and ignorance, he is to-day no more than an extraordinary African.

Flattering as it may be to me to have had the honour of converting the pagan Emperor of Uganda to Christianity, I cannot hide from myself the fact that the conversion is only nominal, and that, to continue the good work in earnest, a

patient, assiduous, and zealous missionary is required. A few months' talk about Christ and his blessed work on earth, though sufficiently attractive to Mtesa, is not enough to eradicate the evils which thirty-five years of brutal, sensuous indulgence have stamped on the mind. This, only the unflagging zeal, the untiring devotion to duty, and the paternal watchfulness of a sincerely pious pastor can effect. And it is because I am conscious of this insufficiency of my work, and his strong evil propensities, that I have not hesitated to describe the real character of my "convert." The grand redeeming feature of Mtesa, though founded only on self-interest, is his admiration for white men.

When the traveller first enters Uganda, his path seems to be strewn with flowers. Greetings, with welcome gifts, follow one another rapidly; pages and courtiers kneel before him, and the least wish is immediately gratified—for to make a request of the Emperor is to honour him with the power of giving. But now approaches the time for him to make return, to fulfil the promise tacitly conveyed by his ready and friendly acceptance of gifts and favours. He is surprised by being asked if he can make gunpowder, manufacture a gun, cast a cannon, build a ship, or construct a stone or a brick house.

If a priest ordained—and his garb and meek, quiet behaviour prove it—his work is ready cut for him. He has only to teach and preach. But if a soldier, why should he not know how to make guns, cannon, ships, brick-houses, etc.?

If he informs the Emperor that he is ignorant of these things, why, then, he must pay in other coin. He has guns with him—he must "give;" he has watches—"give." He has various trifles of value, such as a gold pencilcase, or a ring—"give;" he has beads, cloth, wire—"give, give, give;" and so "give" to his utter beggary and poverty. If he does not give with the liberality of a "Speki" or a "Stamlee," who will henceforth be quoted to his confusion and shame, there will be other ways to rid him of his superfluities.

From these exactions only the resident missionary would be exempt, because he will be able to make ample amends for all deficiencies by staying to teach and preach, and he, in time, would in reality be the Emperor. To him Mtesa would bend with all the docility of a submissive child, and look up to with reverence and affection. Mtesa is the most interesting man in Africa, and one well worthy of our largest sympathies; and I repeat, that through him only can Central Africa be Christianized and civilized.

In person the Waganda are tall and slender. I have seen hundreds of them above six feet two inches in height, while I saw one who measured six feet six inches. It has been mentioned above, that they surpass other African tribes in craft and fraud; but this may, at the same time, be taken as an indication of their superior intelligence. This is borne out by many other proofs. Their cloths are of finer make; their habitations are better and neater; their spears are the most perfect, I should say, in Africa, and they exhibit extraordinary skill and knowledge in the use of that deadly weapon; their shields are such as would attract admiration in any land; while their canoes surpass all canoes in the savage world.

They frequently have recourse to drawing on the ground, to illustrate imperfect oral description; and I have often been surprised by the cleverness and truthfulness of these rough illustrations.

Nearly all the principal attendants at the court can write the Arabic letters. The Emperor, and many of the chiefs, both read and write that character with facility, and frequently employ it to send messages to one another, or to strangers at a

distance. The materials which they use for this are very thin smooth slabs of cottonwood. Mtesa possessed several score of these, on which he written his "Books of wisdom," as he styles the results of his interviews with European travellers. Some day a curious traveller may think it worth while to give us translations of these proceedings and interviews.

The power of sight of these natives is extraordinary. Frequently a six-guinea field-glass was excelled by them. Their sense of hearing is also very acute.

After allowing a few days to transpire for rest, I began to recall to the Emperor's mind the original purpose of my visit to him, and of his promise to conform to my request. He consented to my departure, and kindly permitted me to make my own choice out of his chiefs for the leader of the force which was to give its aid to our expedition for the exploration of the country between Muta Nzigé and Lake Victoria. I selected Sambuzi, a young man of thirty years of age, or thereabouts, whose gallantry and personal courage had several times been conspicuously displayed during the war with the Wavuma. Mtesa, admitting that Sambuzi was a wise choice, stated that he should have five thousand warriors, and all the chiefs at the levee concurred with him. On my request that he would repeat, clearly and within hearing of all, his commands to Sambuzi, Mtesa called the chief to him, who, while prostrate on the ground, received the following command, in a loud and clear voice:—

"Sambuzi, my guest Stamlee is going to Muta Nzigé. He has asked that you should lead the Waganda to the lake, and I have consented. Now go, muster all your men, and I shall send four chiefs, with one thousand men each, to assist you. Do whatever Stamlee advises or suggests should be done, and by no means return to Uganda until you have absolutely performed my commands. If you do return without Stamlee's letter authorizing you to abandon the project, you will dare my anger. I have said."

"Thanks, thanks, thanks! Oh! thanks, my lord!" Sambuzi replied, rubbing his face in the dust. Then, standing up, he seized his spears, and levelling them, cried out: "I go at the Emperor's command to take Stamlee to the Muta Nzigé. I shall take Stamlee through the heart of Unyoro to the lake. We shall build a strong boma, and stay there until Stamlee has finished his work."

The eve of my departure was spent in conversation with the Emperor, who seemed really sorry that the time had arrived for a positive and final leave-taking. The chief subject of conversation was the Christian church, which had just begun to be erected, where the rites of the Church were to be performed by Dallington, after the style and manner shown to him by the Universities Mission at Zanzibar, until one more worthy to take his place shall arrive.

We went together over the grounds of the Christian faith, and Mtesa repeated to me, at my request, as much as he knew of the advantages to be gained by the adoption of the Christian religion, and of its superiority to that of Islam, in which he had first been taught. At night I left him with an earnest adjuration to hold fast to the new faith, and to have recourse to prayer to God to give him strength to withstand all temptations that should tend to violate the commandments written in the Bible.

(To be continued.)

I HAVE learned that he that will be a hero, will barely be a man; that he that will be nothing but a doer of his work is sure of his manhood.