

landed. Numerous drums sounded a noisy welcome, and flags, banners, and bannerets waved, and the people gave a great shout. Very much amazed at all this ceremonious and pompous greeting, I strode up toward the great standard, near which stood a short young man, dressed in a crimson robe which covered an immaculately white dress of bleached cotton, before whom Magassa, who had hurried ashore, kneeled reverently, and turning to me begged me to understand that this short young man was the *Katekiro*. Not knowing very well who the "*Katekiro*" was, I only bowed, which, strange to say, was imitated by him, only that his bow was far more profound and stately than mine. I was perplexed, confused, embarrassed, and I believe I blushed inwardly at this regal reception, though I hope I did not betray my embarrassment.

The *Katekiro* and several of the chiefs accompanied me to my hut, and a very sociable conversation took place. I obtained the information that the *Katekiro* was the prime minister, or the *Kabaka's* deputy.

Hosts of questions were fired off at me about my health, my journey, and its aim, Zanzibar, Europe, and its people, the seas and the heavens, sun, moon, and stars, angels, and devils, doctors, priests, and craftsmen in general; in fact, as the representative of nations who "know everything," I was subjected to a most searching examination, and in one hour and ten minutes it was declared unanimously that I had "passed."

The fruits of the favourable verdict passed upon myself and merits were seen presently in fourteen fat oxen, sixteen goats and sheep, a hundred bunches of bananas, three dozen fowls, four wooden jars of milk, four baskets of sweet potatoes, fifty ears of green Indian corn, a basket of rice, twenty fresh eggs, and ten pots of maramba wine. Kauta, Mtesa's steward or butler, at the head of the drovers and bearers of these various provisions, fell on his knees before me and said:—

"The *Kabaka* sends salaams unto his friend who has travelled so far to see him. The *Kabaka* cannot see the face of his friend until he has eaten and is satisfied."

We bathed, brushed, cleaned ourselves, and were prepared externally and mentally for the memorable hour when we should meet the Foremost Man of Equatorial Africa. Two of the *Kabaka's* pages came to summon us. "The *Kabaka* invites you to the burzah," said they. Forthwith we issue from our courtyard,