

gerent species, and the unwary voyager, on approaching their haunts, exposes himself to danger. We are frequently chased by them; and as the boat was not adapted for a combat with such pachyderms, a collision would have been fatal to us.

At evening we camped on Bridge Island, so named from a natural bridge of basaltic rock which form an irregular arch of about twenty-four feet in length, by twelve feet in depth, and under which we were able to pass from one side of the island to the other.

The number of islands encountered proved so troublesome to us that we were compelled to creep cautiously along the shores. We flew away with a bellying sail along the coast of Maheta, where we saw a denser population and more clusters of large villages than we had beheld elsewhere.

On the 2nd of April, just as we were about to depart, we saw six beautiful canoes, crowded with men, coming round a point. On surveying them with my glass I saw that several who were seated amidship were dressed in white, and our guides informed us that they were the *Kabaka's* people. The commander was a fine lusty young man, named Magassa, of twenty or thereabouts, and after springing into our boat he knelt down before me, and declared his errand to the following effect:—

“The *Kabaka* Mtesa sends me with many salaams to you. He is in great hopes that you will visit him. He does not know from what land you have come, but I have a swift messenger with a canoe who will not stop until he gives all the news to the *Kabaka*.

Magassa, in his superb canoe, led the way, and his little slave drummed an accompaniment to the droning chant of his canoe-men. When about two miles from Usavara, Mtesa's camp, we saw what we estimated to be thousands of people arranging themselves in order on a gently rising ground. When about a mile from the shore, Magassa gave the order to signal our advance upon it with fire-arms, and was at once obeyed by his dozen musketeers. Half a mile off I saw that the people on the shore had formed themselves into two dense lines, at the end of which stood several finely-dressed men, arrayed in crimson and black and snowy white. As we neared the beach, volleys of musketry burst out from the long lines. Magassa's canoes steered outward to right and left, while two hundred or three hundred heavily loaded guns announced to all around that the white man had