

and blow a blast ; he had always something to do. Immense will-power lay back of his activity, and, like most men of great energy, he was naturally headstrong and passionate, having a marked individuality. When seriously angry, he was formidable, not a man to be trifled with ; but in his later years he never became angry unless his indignation flamed at the wrongs done to others. He was passionately fond of travel, and once had made up his mind to go to sea, when the determined opposition of his parents prevented. He had a natural aptitude for science, especially natural science, which he inherited from his mother. From infancy he watched the birds, studied the insects and plants, and curiously examined "specimens." During his short halt at Mpwapwa, he scoured the country to collect specimens of its flora and fauna, with which he afterward enriched the British Museum. His enthusiasm was boundless. He could endure in his raging thirst to find only a dry bed of a pool, if he discovered a new shell ; he shouted for joy over a vestige of moss or a new butterfly. When nearly dead of dysentery he would sit up in bed, to paint flowers, brought in from Mr. Gordon's rambles. In the midst of a lion hunt he stopped to pluck an unknown flower, press it and take note of its classification.

Hannington's character was based on a courage that verged on rashness and a faith that quite crossed the limits into abandonment. As to courage, it was both of the physical and moral sort. He seems to have been absolutely a stranger to fear. At Martinhoe he took delight in perilous scrambles from ledge to ledge of precipitous cliffs that shot down to the sea in sheer walls hundreds of feet high, exploring their stalactic caverns fringed with fronds of fern. In one of these excursions he was caught by the tide in a cave whose only mouth was below water mark, and got out of the "straits" only by leaving his clothes behind and pushing his naked body through the narrow passage. The perilous had for him a fascination. He had a natural calenture in his temperament ; the sea was only a green field, and the Alpine peak only a hill to his daring soul.

That his courage bordered on recklessness, and sometimes overstepped that border, cannot be doubted. He met a rhinoceros and fired. Ten yards off there rushed from the jungle a bull and another cow rhinoceros, bellowing and charging fiercely down upon him. He simply stood, and eyed them defiantly till they turned round and disappeared. But what shall be said of that *lion story*, that some have declared a *lying story*? On Dec. 16, 1882, he shot a large lion's cub. There was a double roar, and the bereaved lion and lioness bounded toward him. Again he faced his enraged enemies, and, keeping his eyes upon them slowly retreated backwards, till he put a safe distance between him and them. But he actually ventured back to secure the skin of that cub! The lions were tenderly licking its body and growling their revenge. This man, a stranger to fear, coolly ran forward, threw up both arms,