

Barker, on about a score of matters concerning the well-being of the expedition during my absence, I set sail on the 8th of March, 1875, eastward along the shores of the broad arm of the lake which we first sighted, and which henceforward is known, in honour of the first discoverer, as "Speke Gulf."

Afloat on the waters of Speke Gulf! The sky is gloomy, and the light gray water has become a dull ashen gray; the rocks are bare and rugged; and the land, sympathizing with the gloom above, appears silent and lonely. The people sigh dolorously; their rowing is that of men who think they bound to certain death; and now and again wistful looks are thrown toward me, as though they expected an order to return. Their hearts are full of misgivings; and slowly, however, we move through the dull, dead waters.

We continued to coast along populous Ururi. The country appears well cultivated, and villages are numerous. Some of the Waruri fishermen informed us that we should be eight years circumnavigating the lake!

The hippotami of Lake Victoria are an excessively belligerent 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 forms 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 dusky 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 landed. Numerous drums sounded a noisy wel-

come; 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, knelt 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, five of the boat's crew on each side of me, armed with Snider rifles. We reach a short, broad street, at the end of which is a hut. Here the *Kabaka* is seated, with a multitude of chiefs, ranked from the throne in two opposing kneeling or seated lines, the ends being closed in by drummers, guards, executioners, pages, etc. As we approached the nearest group, it opened, and the drummers beat mighty sounds. The Foremost Man of Equatorial Africa rises and advances, and all the kneeling and seated lines rise—generals, colonels, chiefs, cooks, butlers, pages, executioners.

The *Kabaka*—a tall, clean-faced, large-eyed, nervous-looking, thin man, clad in a tarbush, black robe, with a white shirt belted with gold, shook my hands, warmly and impressively; and, bowing not ungracefully, invited me to be seated on an iron stool. I waited for him to shew the example, and then I and all the others seated ourselves.

He first took a deliberate survey of me, which I returned with interest—for he was as interesting to me as I was to him. His impression of me was that I was younger than Speke, not so tall, but better dressed. This I gathered from his criticisms, as confided to his chiefs and favourites.

My impression of him was, that he and I would become better acquainted; that I should make a

convert of him, and make him useful to Africa. But what other impressions I had may be gathered from the remarks I wrote that evening in my diary:—

"Mtesa has impressed me as being an intelligent and distinguished prince, who, if aided in time by virtuous philanthropists, will do more for Central Africa than fifty years of Gospel teaching, unaided by such authority, can do. I think I see in him the light that shall lighten the darkness of this benighted region; a prince well worthy the most hearty sympathies that Europe can give him. In this man I see the possible fruition of Livingstone's hopes, for with his aid the civilization of Equatorial Africa becomes feasible. I saw over three thousand soldiers of Mtesa nearly half-civilized. I saw about a hundred chiefs, who might be classed in the same scale; and have witnessed with astonishment such order and law as is obtainable in semi-civilized countries. All this is the result of a poor Muslim's labour. His name is Muley ben Salim. He it was who first began teaching here the doctrine of Islam. False and contemptible as these doctrines are, they are preferable to the ruthless instincts of a savage despot, whom Speke and Grant left wallowing in the blood of women; and I honour the memory of Muley ben Salim—Muslim and slave-trader though he be—the poor priest who has wrought this happy change. With a strong desire to improve still more the character of Mtesa, I shall begin building on the foundation-stones laid by Muley ben Salim. I shall destroy his belief in Islam, and teach the doctrines of Jesus of Nazareth."

On April 5th, about 7 a.m., Mtesa sallied out of his quarters, accompanied by a host of guards, pages, standard-bearers, fifers, drummers, chiefs, and native guests, and about two hundred women of his household; and as he passed by my courtyard, he sent one of his pages to request my presence. Mtesa was seated on an iron stool, the centre of a large group of admiring women, who, as soon as I appeared, focussed about two hundred pairs of lustrous humid eyes on my person, at which he laughed.

"You see, Stamlee," said he, "how my women look at you: they expected to see you accompanied by a woman of your own colour. Come and sit down."

Presently Mtesa whispered an order to a page, who sprang to obey; and, responding to his summons, there darted into view forty magnificent canoes, all painted an ochreous brown. These forty canoes contained in the aggregate about 1,200 men. Each captain, as he passed us, seizing shield and spear, went through the performance of defence and attack by water. The naval review over, Mtesa commanded one of the captains of the canoes to try and discover a crocodile or a hippopotamus. After fifteen minutes he returned with the report that there was a young crocodile asleep on a rock about two hundred yards away.

"Now, Stamlee," said Mtesa, "show my women how white men can shoot."

To represent all the sons of Japhet on this occasion was a great responsibility; but, I am happy to say, that I nearly severed the head of the young crocodile from its body, at the distance of one hundred yards, with a three-ounce ball—an act which was accepted as proof that all white men are dead shots.

On the 10th of April the camp broke up and moved to the capital, whither I was strongly urged to follow. Owing to my being obliged to house my boat from the hot sun, I did not reach the capital until 1 p.m.

The road was eight feet wide, through jungle and garden, forest and field. Within three hours