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ART. II.—MY JOURNEY IN AFRICA.

PART III.

UYUVI, October 16th.—By this time I was able to walk from one room to the other, and had had a trial trip in my hammock from the mission station to the camp and back. I bore this journey well, and although unable to sit up at the end of it, I deemed that the time had come for me to make a start for the lake. That very morning news was brought us that fifty of our porters had deserted, the result being that all was thrown into confusion. However, it never does to be downhearted at misfortunes, so we decided to start and leave Raschid to follow with the boat and a few odd loads. Stokes asked me to be down at camp at two p.m., and promised that I should have six porters told off to carry me. I made this a stipulation, as I had already experienced the trial of being dragged along by tired, ill-tempered men.

In spite of much weakness, I sat up the whole morning and wrote to as many friends at home as possible, for all here felt that the experiment I was about to make was not unlikely to terminate fatally. At twelve o'clock we lunched, and at two I entered the hammock and proceeded to the camp, where all was noise and excitement, for the question had to be faced what loads should be taken and what left? I saw that a start was for the present impracticable, and so was carried beneath the shelter of a great rock, and there left until 4:30 p.m., at which time a start was finally made. When the men came to fetch me, I was too tired to think how many or who they were, but before very long I discovered that I had only one relay, namely, four men in all, and that these, while at Uyuvi, had been going through a course of dissipation, and had neither power nor inclination to carry me properly.

I had not gone very far when a large green snake, about eight feet long came out of the grass and drew himself up in a defiant way, plainly declaring that if we attempted to pass it would be at our peril. My men prepared to drop me and bolt, so I jumped from my hammock and called for my gun, but was not allowed by Gordon to have it, as he thought me far too weak and ill. Another then fired a bullet from a very respectful distance without any effect; and, wonderful to relate, one of the Wanguana was found brave enough to advance upon the venomous reptile with a stick, whereupon it retreated, fleeing into a hole.

After about an hour and a half, my men began to show signs of utter collapse, and jerked and shook me most painfully. By-

and-by a stumble, and down they both went. I had been looking out for this, and so broke my fall; but it is very dangerous to be thus dropped, nothing being more likely to injure the spine. I gave them a long rest, but it was of no avail; finally, for safety's sake, I was compelled to abandon the hammock and walk for two hours. How I managed it I scarcely know. I had been in bed the best part of six weeks, had persuaded myself that I could only crawl from one room to another, and sit up for an hour at the time; now I had to walk six miles, or even more. It only proves what one can do if an effort has to be made. I got into camp at eight p.m., where sad confusion prevailed. Stokes had remained to see about the loads we had been compelled to leave behind; the consequence was, the men, being tired, took advantage of his absence and threw their burdens down anywhere. The grass was long, the night pitch dark, and thing after thing refused to be found. In my exhausted condition I had to do without bedding, and worse still, without food, for we had encamped in the Pori with neither village nor water at hand; and daylight scarcely mended matters, for there could be no breakfast. I refused to start until I had more men to carry me than the previous day; but although six were got together, yet they were not regular carriers, and I was worse off than before. The scenes of the past afternoon were painfully repeated, with the additional distress of want of food. At 1:30 p.m., five-and-twenty hours after lunch at Uyuvi, we sat down to a meal of pea-soup without stock, and flour and water dumpling without suet. The next day I declined to stir an inch until I had six good men allotted to me, for my life absolutely depended upon it.

The halt that night was by a river, the banks of which were covered with luxuriant vegetation. On entering camp, the men killed a wild boar, and my boys caught me some fish, varieties of silurus, carp, and gudgeon. I should have liked to have preserved them, as the two latter were probably new, but I had no means of doing so.

October 19th.—Arrived at the village of Mirambo's brother. This spot, according to their historical traditions, was the original settlement of the now widespread Wanyamwezi race. It was a long time before we were able to induce the cooks to prepare us a meal. When it came, it was the usual chicken and some very heavy dumpling fried in lamp-oil, which speedily proved too much for me in my then weak condition. The Sultan shortly paid us a visit. He was very jealous of anything being said in his presence that he could not understand. If we spoke to one another in English, he at once said: "I have not yet heard what you are saying;" which is the Kinyamwezi

mode of expression for "I have not understood you." I presented him with two or three pictures-books in which he had been greatly interested; however, they were soon sent back, with a message that he feared they were bewitched and would do him mischief.

October 22nd.—Arrived at the Pero (frontier town) of Mirambo, and received a kindly message assuring us of his friendship, and promising a guide to accompany us to the lake. I was too ill to go over and pay my respects; but the others, with the exception of Wise, who was also ill, immediately proceeded to the capital.

October 25th.—Started for the comparatively new country of Msalala; the only other white man who has passed this way was Speke, and he just touched our route at one or two of the earlier stages, so that there was an extra amount of interest and excitement in the journey.

Soon after arriving in camp a perfect deluge of rain came on, accompanied by thunder and lightning. The cook's fires were entirely extinguished, so those worthies were compelled to take shelter in the village and commence operations a second time; thus breakfast was delayed until evening hours. When relating how irregularly one was compelled to live on the road, friends have often implied that blame attached itself to some of us; but it was mostly through something quite unforeseen occurring to prevent matters going as we expected. It is just these circumstances that make the missionary's life so trying, both physically and spiritually, and we narrate them to show how much those travelling by land and by water stand in need of the prayers of those remaining at home.

In spite of every precaution the rain found its way into my tent: it beat underneath the sides, it filled the trenches and flowed in on the ground, and was so heavy that notwithstanding the double canvas a kind of sifted damp found its way through and wetted bed and bedding and the clothes I had on. A tree close to our tent was shivered to pieces. Then, a few minutes after, all was as bright and calm overhead as if nothing had taken place. The Kilangozi (guide) sent by Mirambo, arrived: a fine-looking elderly man, of majestic presence and of but few words. He related his orders, told off each camp with a determined snap of his fingers, as though there was no Court of Appeal, and then retired to his quarters.

The country in these parts was very picturesque. At times it looked so much like English park land, with the South Downs for a background, that it made me feel home-sick. At one spot I sat in my tent door and could not take my eyes from the view. Mostly, however, the scenery consisted of

wide plains, thickly scattered with well wooded villages and fine isolated trees. These plains were bounded by low mountain ridges, which were sometimes thickly wooded, at others, very rugged and bare. Often they were crowned by magnificent groups of rocks which have assumed the most fantastic shapes. Many of these rocks are supported and balanced in a marvellous way, like so many Druidical Temples or "Loggan" stones. Their size and position demands for them that they are natural, nor could I discover that the natives, who venerate cross-roads, gnarled and lightning-struck trees and spots, have any reverence for these weird and striking pinnacles of granite.

November 1.—Encamped near the village of a great chief called Shimami, great in possessions, stature, and power. He was considerably over six feet, and robust, although not over corpulent. A man of remarkably fine points. His first overture was the present of a very fine goat, which was followed by some milk, after which came two oxen; then, having prepared the way in a right royal manner, he came himself to see and to be seen, and to pick up any little treasure that might be presented to him.¹

I gave Shimami a few small presents, and among them a pair of blue spectacles; he then departed to the other tents, where he seemed inclined to spend the rest of the day, and so, as his room was rather to be desired than his company, I arrived on the scene and suggested that he should take me to see his village, and there I would present him with an English hat, which he greatly coveted. To this he readily assented, and we marched off in correct order, namely, in single file, the chief leading, the guest following, then the Kilangozi and officers according to rank. When we approached the village, Shimami produced the blue spectacles and said he must put them on. It struck me that this was the right moment to bring out the hat, for I had now accomplished my object and drawn him away from the camp; accordingly I presented him with it. His delight knew no bounds; he put it on, and—spectacles and all—strutted off as proud as a peacock. His chief minister discovered that the crown was flattened a little: in the fashion we generally wear our wide-a-wakes. So it was taken off and erected in a sharp peak; then its rim was bent up *au brigand*, and altered yet again and again. I was immensely amused; but my mirth only caused greater de-

¹ In Africa the most scrupulous etiquette is maintained. So the first visit was always paid to my tent as the senior, by courtesy, for Stokes was both senior in reality and caravan leader; but I having been appointed to take charge of the expedition, he was always most kind in pointing this out to the chiefs. I mention it, not to state my position, but to pay tribute to his unvarying kindness.

light, for in Africa laughter is seldom expressive of ridicule. Though this scene was otherwise ludicrous, the magnificent presence of my newly made friend, with his bright-coloured clothes elegantly thrown round him, was most effective. When we entered the village, every corner had to be explored and every subject had to be interrogated, in order that they might gaze upon the new costume. I felt quite sorry for the poor man that, in spite of all his grandeur, the white man was the chief object of attraction. The royal hut was very ordinary in appearance. I was proudly seated on the throne—a low stool with a wooden hood over it, rudely cut from a single block, joinery being unknown amongst the Wanyamwezi: any ethnological collection would be as proud to possess this rough seat as was Shimami. After sitting a short time I suddenly took my leave before his Majesty could even rise from the ground, and I slipped round the corner and out at the gate of the village, opposite to that by which I had entered. Can you believe it?—when I came round the camp side of the Tembe, I saw the same pompous procession, only altered in two respects—its face was turned the other way, and it lacked my figure, for that was at that moment hiding behind a bush. My object was hopelessly defeated.

Every day, for a week after this, we had interesting marches, and my health improved sufficiently to allow me really to enjoy life.

November 6th.—I deemed myself well enough to attempt an ascent of some mountains near at hand. I started on this expedition quite alone, and soon had a real precipice to scale. This I effected by clinging to rope-like creepers growing in the crevices of the rock. Above this I entered into dense jungle, through which there was a narrow track leading to some abandoned huts, which had the appearance of a robber's hold, and I believe some thoughts about a speedy return entered my head. However, the idea of fresh botanical treasures tempted me onwards. Beyond this settlement there was no definite path, and so I continued the ascent, going wherever the jungle was thinnest, oftentimes crawling on hands and knees; but at length growing weary of this arduous mode of proceeding, I determined to retrace my steps: as I turned I heard an ominous rustle, and the first thoughts that entered my head were that I had come upon a lion, and alas! I was unarmed. I stood peering into the dense tangle, expecting all manner of horrors. Then, as I was listening with bated breath, I heard a whisper that I felt sure was human, and my thoughts returned to the abandoned huts, and robbers with murderous intents were at once pictured by my vivid imagination. I cautiously proceeded a step or two further, each moment ex-

pecting to be pounced upon, when, to add to my discomfort, beheld the form of a man with a pistol in his hand lurking in the bushes; then I saw another with a bow and arrow, and yet another, and how many more were at hand I could not tell. I stood perplexed. I looked at the hill and the jungle, and measured my chance of flight, and saw how small it was besides, men might be above as well as below: I then said to myself, "I will face death as a Christian ought to do, I will not attempt to flee;" so, pulling myself together and expecting the worst, I called out "*Wadela,*" Kinyamwezi for "good afternoon," and then descended right upon them. If the answer had been a bullet, or an arrow, by way of saying "Pretty well, thank you," they, at all events, would not have had the excuse that I had been uncivil; but no such rough reply was returned. It proved to be three natives, who had been dogging my steps on hands and knees for the last hour, to see what I was about.

On arriving at this place, the chief and others had come to me and asked me to create water, for their supply was short. I told them that only God could create; white men had no such power, but sometimes white men could tell, by plants and other such signs, where water might be found. They had not believed my denial of power, and so these three had been sent to crawl after me to learn my secret. No doubt they disbelieved me still, for what could a man be doing who kept picking little pieces of moss and examining them through a magnifying glass, occasionally cutting off bark from a tree, or turning over a stone for a beetle? Why, even in the west of England, two very eminent botanists were regarded as old herbalists, and were not altogether beyond the suspicion of necromancy; but here, where witchcraft is the religion of the country, I am sure that no words of mine ever persuaded them that I was not a powerful magician, though unwilling to exert my power. Speaking about my botanical pursuits, which were always more directed towards cryptogams, especially mosses, the porters and my hammock-carriers used to believe that I wanted moss to make cloth with, although I think I satisfied them at last that I used to collect only different species in order to show *Watu Ya Ulia* (the people of England) what grew in Africa.

November 8th.—After a twenty miles' march we arrived at *Kwa Sonda*, the last village under *Mirambo's* jurisdiction, and the long-promised spot where we were to see the mighty *Nyanza* and found a new station. The first impression was one of utter disappointment; we expected to see a grand expanse of water and luxuriant foliage, instead of which there was a sandy plain, and in the middle of it, for these parts, a singularly

unpicturesque village. After being introduced to the chief, and being assured that water was not far off, I crept silently away, but was discovered and followed by the others. Soon a drenching shower overtook us, which would have damped the ardour of most men, but not of those who had tramped nigh a thousand miles to reach their sphere of work at the sources of the Nile. We crept beneath a gorgeous jessamine-bush, and there sheltered until the worst of it had passed. On we went, and yet onwards; and though the aspect had entirely changed, and the scenery had become very beautiful, yet no lake was visible. By-and-by, from the top of a high rock, a swamp of grass and reeds appeared, looking in the distance like a well-mown cricket-field, but not a drop of water was to be seen. Hearts sank, and with weary tread we returned to the camp, to answer the eager inquiries of the men with "Maji Hapana"—"There is no water." I implored the brethren to reserve all remarks until after they had been refreshed by food; for not only had we had a very long march, but also a fatiguing search and bitter disappointment. After dinner, just as we had opened the books for prayers, in came the chief, and asked what we were about; when we told him we were going to pray to our God; he replied, "Then you must teach me." This seemed to come to us as an immense comfort when we were all depressed, for although we were in most places asked to remain permanently and form a station, yet nobody had directly requested us to teach him to pray.

The next morning, before the sun was up, I had started; but was soon out-distanced by Stokes and a troop of men. In spite of the noise these made, a good bit of game was seen; at last, the party ahead set up a tremendous firing. I jumped to the conclusion that they had overtaken a "hippo" on land, and, seizing my rifle, began to run, but discovered, to my great regret, that I was quite unable to continue. I was now strong enough to walk a few miles, but not twenty yards could I run. Handing back my gun to my boy, I gave him permission to go; nor was my mortification diminished by the way he dashed off. I watched him disappear, wishing heartily that he would move like that when I was in a hurry, and secretly resolved that he should. Alas! how often good resolutions are vain. By-and-by he returned, saying that they were firing, not at game, but for joy; they had arrived at the lake. I brisked up once more, and soon reached the mighty Nyanza, here but a duck-pond. The nullah cannot be in this part quite a mile across, for some natives came rushing down on the opposite bank to see what was the matter, and we could distinctly hear their voices.

On my way back I had the good fortune to secure a blue

buck at 150 yards' distance; the bullet passed through the vertebra of the neck, and it fell almost motionless; it was about the size of a cow, and afforded us a considerable supply of meat. After breakfast we had a palaver as to future movements. There was but little to be said; for there we were, cloth short, a caravan still behind us, nothing before us but a swamp and the wet season, and we could learn from the natives very little of our whereabouts. Stokes, our caravan-leader, had made up his mind to return as quickly as possible; nor can anybody wonder at it, although we should have been glad of his experience a little longer. But I will say nothing about this beyond that, if we were not then capable of shifting for ourselves, it was quite time we were; and every day that Stokes and his men remained with us, it was a further drain on our already narrowed supply of cloth. The only thing we could do at present was to stop where we were and build huts just sufficient to protect us during the rainy season. As soon as we had come to this determination, I went out and, with Gordon, chose a fresh site for our tent, some miles from the village, and then moved to it.

He and I spent the night in the heart of the forest alone; nor did we feel nervous, although many lions roared close round the tent, and rather broke our rest; mosquitoes swarmed; three or four tarantulas dashed wildly about the roof; a few long, black millepedes and a snake paid us a visit; four different kinds of ants made themselves quite at home; and in the morning, an army of the kind they call out here *chunqu* ("bitter") ants advanced against us. There was nothing to be done but to light a fire, and regularly drive them out. In spite of these one or two small drawbacks, we congratulated ourselves upon having pitched upon an exceedingly pleasant spot, and determined as soon as possible to hedge ourselves in with a fence of thorns, to prevent a buffalo or a stray rhinoceros from charging the tent, or a lion from slipping his paw under the curtain and clawing one of us out of bed.

November 13th.—After we had enlisted a sufficient number of volunteers from the porters to remain and do our work, the rest returned to the coast with Stokes. We did not get up a parting scene when he started, although we were exceedingly sorry to wish him farewell. Let me raise my testimony to his unceasing kindness, and his ability in managing the men. After he had gone, a slight feeling of loneliness crept over us. We seemed rather like men with empty pockets turned adrift in the wide, wide world, not knowing exactly where we were, nor what to do next. Our instructions, in rough outline, were these: "Ashe and Wise to form a station somewhere at the end of the lake; and Gordon and myself to proceed, as speedily

as possible, to Uganda." Very good; but the difficulty as to supplies for necessary exploration we felt to be very great, and the horrors of the rainy season, now commencing, we believed to be yet greater.

The next day I dug a well with my own hands, Gordon being too ill to help me; then, in order to let no opportunity be wasted, I persuaded the chief's brother to come to me to learn the alphabet. How one longed to be able to talk sufficiently well to teach them the way of life everlasting.

The natives seemed to be very well disposed towards us, but most of them were grasping beyond measure, and food being scarce in the district, we found it expensive living here; so when health and study would permit me, I used to go out with my gun to try and secure some game. I could relate many strange adventures, but space will not allow. I started one morning at daybreak, and had not gone far before I sighted a fine herd of antelopes, but, as they were out of the track I wanted to follow, I passed on without going in pursuit. Presently I came across a herd of "pongo."¹ These are always very shy; and sighting me before I was within range, they made off. Next two blue buck put in an appearance on the further side of a grassy plain. Down we went on hands and knees, unmindful of snakes and such trifles, and were getting fairly close to them, when I said to my boy Duta, "Is that a rhinoceros, or is it merely a clump of bushes?" Just at that moment it moved a step or two, and I saw, for the first time in a wild state, a black rhinoceros. Back we darted into the thicket, and took a large circuit, coming out again on the edge of the plain, just in time to see a cow and calf retiring slowly into the jungle. Quietly did we creep back, and again came out about twenty yards from her. She stood with her head turned the other way, and on her back were a number of yellow "rhinoceros birds." These flew up with a screech; and thus, as is their wont, apprised her of an enemy. I had a capital shot at the calf, but had I killed it the mother's fury would have known no bounds, so I preferred an uncertain shot at the cow. As the bullet struck she uttered a fierce scream-grunt, and in a moment, about ten yards from where I stood, there rushed from the jungle a bull and another cow rhinoceros, bellowing most fiercely. Fortunately for us, they did not perceive us until they had got about thirty paces from where we stood. Then, either winding or catching sight of us, they all three wheeled round and charged impetuously. "Fire, master—fire!" excitedly cried my boy; and as he ceased speaking, I could hear his heart thumping loudly. "Be still,"

¹ *Pongo*; the native name of a variety of Antelope.

I said; "stand perfectly still;" and the lad, all honour to him, was brave enough to obey. After they had advanced about ten paces, seeing I remained motionless, they came to a halt and eyed us fiercely, pawing the ground and snorting in a most defiant manner. It was an embarrassing situation, and one in which I suspect very few have found themselves. The eye wandered restlessly round for a tree up which to climb, but there was nothing available. We were standing in dense mimosa tangle, about chest-high; flight through this was impossible. To the right was the rough plain, where I had first seen the cow and calf; if we could have reached this, there might have been a chance of safety in flight; but I did not entertain the idea. Then there was the question, should I fire? This I determined not to do; for if, by the greatest slice of luck, I brought one to the ground, there were still the other two. They themselves took the initiative. The cow that I had shot at stole away across the plain, and I decided to follow her, to endeavour to get another shot; the other two stood gazing at us until they saw that she had out-distanced us, and then they quietly turned round and strolled into the jungle.

The keen sportsman who has had plenty of experience with these savage beasts may blame me that I did not bag all three, but this I was far from wishing to do; for I was by no means a hunter, though often in pursuit of game for food. When it is remembered how notably fierce the black rhinoceros is, and what tales one has heard, even from men like Livingstone, about them, and that I was standing face to face at a few paces' distance, not from one, but three, and these protecting a calf, the more cautious of my readers will agree with me that I was right not to risk a shot, and will congratulate me on so narrow, yet good, an escape.

Fever soon began to attack us all in turns. Gordon and I were often down together, and the fever with him took such a form that he was unable to do anything. So, with temperature at times as high as 106°, I had to crawl out and see after the men, and plan the hut we were building. On Sundays we usually dined together, and, if possible, had morning and evening services; while Ashe had Kiswahili services for the boys and men. Amongst the natives little could be done, for their knowledge of Kiswahili was small, and their dialect appeared to be a compound of Kinyamwezi and Kizinja.

December 8th.—News came that Raschid, with the poor unfortunate boat, was again delayed for want of cloth at Kwa Sundi. What a blow to us: we were expecting a fresh supply of stores when he should arrive, and now he was about to draw upon our already diminished stock. Ashe and Gordon decided

to start at once and meet him, I at the time being far too ill to move.

After they had left me I determined to send two of my men to Romwa, King of Uzinja, to find out his character and view the country, and this because our cloth was getting so reduced that with much further delay a move would be utterly impossible.

19th.—Gordon and Ashe returned, both very ill. I will relate Gordon's tale, as it is typical of African travel. It ran thus :

On reaching the village before the great plain I failed with fever, and with difficulty tottered on to the next camp. I was there taken worse and was unable to proceed, so Ashe went on to Kwa Gargi alone and met Raschid. There the natives demanded from him a heavy hongo of fifty cloths, guns, and powder ; but upon his stating that he would instantly return to Mirambo this insolent demand was withdrawn. Next morning he started to return ; when about six miles on the road a message came from Sundi, whose men Raschid had hired for porters, that he wanted them for war, whereupon they threw down their loads in the open, and were on the verge of departing, when Ashe with difficulty persuaded them to carry them to the next village. He then returned twenty-six weary miles, and had an interview with Sundi, discovering that it all resulted from the scamp Raschid having cheated this powerful chief. After arranging matters satisfactorily, he again returned to where he had been compelled to leave the loads, and there a letter awaited him from me, stating how dangerously ill I was, so at once he posted on, leaving the men to follow. The day after they reached us, and we were about to proceed when Ashe failed with fever, but, nevertheless, managed to complete the march. We were no sooner in camp than Raschid came to say that the men had all refused to carry on their loads unless they received an extra four yards of cloth per man more than they had originally agreed to. After a long and tedious palaver we gave them two yards, and again we made a start, Ashe very ill, I unable to walk. When my porters reached the big village a few miles from here they put me down and ran away, and my boys had to carry me on. On reaching this village late last night, our own men, according to custom, fired their guns to announce our arrival. The natives, thinking it was an attack, answered by bullets, which whizzed over my head, and then they rushed out upon us with spears and bows and arrows, but soon perceived their mistake.

When he had ended his tale I perceived that he was very ill, and had several nasty boils about him, which greatly added to his suffering. On going across to Ashe I found he was even worse ; and not long after I had returned to my tent, scarcely able to crawl about myself, I was again hurriedly summoned to his bedside, and found him in a very dangerous state. I was next called to Wise, who had also failed ; and, added to this, there was the recently arrived caravan (with all its bustle and excitement) depending upon me to give orders and instructions as to where and how goods were to be stowed away, and it must be remembered that the every-day work was in no way diminished. One had to see to boys, men,

food, cooking, and natives, who, as ever, were coming and going, buying, selling, and begging, from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., and the more so as they found the white men at the other tents too ill to attend to them. I got through the day, for grace was sufficient.

The next morning found all slightly better; but before I could get to Ashe he had crept over to me, full of perturbation at news he had just received. Raschid and the other head-men had been to him, and stated their intention of immediately returning. What did this mean? Starvation! It would throw us on exorbitant natives, to whom we must pay ready money in the shape of cloth, instead of having the help of the coast-men, whom we could always pay with promissory notes at Zanzibar. The men had been promised over and over again that they should return when Raschid went back; but we had anticipated his waiting until our winter huts were finished and a temporary station formed. I pleaded, and put it on every ground I could, but no avail. They thought they had us in their power, and in African fashion they meant to use it. "Will you go?" "Yes." Suddenly I bounded from my seat, and said, "Then go—go at once—instantly leave my presence and go; but you go as runaways!" The afternoon brought messages that they did not exactly wish to leave on these terms, and they supposed they must stop.

An interview with the men settled this matter satisfactorily, they consenting to remain without Raschid and the discontents, so we despatched this villainous crew as soon as we possibly could. The same day my messengers from Romwa returned, with news that I at once declared to be far too satisfactory to be true. "He had thirty canoes. He was Mtesa's friend. He would send us, not to Kagei, but to Uganda. He had sent two oxen and some men for our journey. We must come soon. At Makola's, a few hours from here, were two Uganda canoes, which, for a price, would take us to his capital." However, after a long consultation, we decided that Gordon and I should proceed, and Ashe accompany us *pro temp.*, to see if Romwa's land would do for a station.

Christmas Day found us as follows: Gordon very ill in bed; Ashe and Wise tottering out of fever; I just about to totter in. We had an early Communion, and thought much of the dear ones at home thinking and praying for us and wishing us true Christmas joy. In spite of our poor plight we determined to celebrate the day; so I killed a kid, and Ashe undertook the pudding. I am sure that many a cottager had a better and a richer one, but I doubt if any enjoyed theirs much more than we did ours. It had its drawbacks, nor were they few: for the flour was both musty and full of beetles and their

larvæ; the raisins had fermented; the pudding was under-boiled, and yet boiled enough to have stuck to the bottom of the saucepan, whereby not only a big hole was burnt clean out of the cloth in which it was tied, and saved us the trouble of cutting the string, but also its lower vitals had suffered considerably; and yet a musty, fermented, underdone, burnt pudding was such a real treat to African wanderers that we enjoyed it more than I ever before remember enjoying a Christmas pudding, and very cruel did we feel denying a slice to Gordon.

December 30th.—Sent the greater part of our baggage on to the canoe early in the morning; and when I had finished packing the remainder, I started and walked to Makola's, leaving Gordon and Ashe to follow me. The journey was an uneventful one. The only excitement I had was seeing three ostriches, and meeting a party of very rough-looking natives, who, however, proved to be friends of the white men. When I reached this village it was only to find that our baggage had been carried further on, so I thought better to proceed to the next village, and was soon followed by Gordon in his hammock, and the men carrying our beds. Ashe, he said, and the tent and food, were coming. But after waiting a long time we were forced to the conclusion that they were lost. It now began to pour with rain, and we had no refuge better than a tree, no food, and no cloth. I tried in vain to purchase something to eat, but could only succeed in getting an old woman to trust us with a little milk, which we shared. I then found for Gordon, at his express desire, shelter under the veranda of a hut; while I, dreading the mosquitoes and the cold night air, bargained to sleep inside another. Gordon was wise, I was foolish.¹

As soon as daylight dawned, we despatched a runner to look for Ashe, but no news could we hear of him. We were utterly bewildered and exhausted, for we had had no food for eighteen hours. Before following any decided course of action, I said I would take my bed under a distant tree and get a little rest, for my soul fainted within me. I had scarcely composed myself when my boy Duta came from Ashe, saying that they had mistaken the road, and were some miles ahead;

¹ On entering I found a large fire burning on the floor, no chimney, and the door shut. My eyes began to smart; then I discovered that beside my boy and myself four more intended occupying it. This was too much, so I set to work to persuade them to let me have it to myself, and after much bribery I got the owners to decamp; and what a mistake I had made ever to enter! In less than an hour I was a moving mass—seven different sorts, and each species represented by hundreds, had besieged me. My boy was nearly frantic, and said, "It is impossible, master, for us to sleep here; I will take your bed outside." Alas! it was too late—I never got a wink of sleep all night.

would we come to him or should we return? I answered by giving orders at once to start. A rhinoceros, dashing across my path, rather revived me; and in about two hours we reached Ashe, who was ill, but comfortably encamped by the water's edge; and soon had our first boiling of anything like drinkable water since leaving Uyuvi, about the middle of October. I found on looking round that many things which we especially needed had been left behind; for instance, we found ourselves with only one cup, fork, spoon, and knife between three of us, so we sent off men to fetch the remainder of our baggage, and spent the rest of this solemn day—the last of the year—in peace and happiness, praising our loving Father, who had strengthened and protected us thus far.

January 1st, 1883.—We were to have started to-day, but the porters did not arrive in anything like time, and when they reached us, they had left many loads behind them, Wise having been too poorly to go down and look after them. Thus for a third time I was compelled to send back. The captain of the canoe now began to make a fuss about the amount of baggage. He refused to go at all unless I paid him extra, and protests were not of the slightest avail.

January 2nd.—Things arrived early, but one load, the most important of all, was left behind, and yet again I had to send back. The old man of the sea refused to start, saying his canoe leaked; but the fact was he had had an unusually good take of fish, and wanted to run about the country to sell it. I had an attack of dysentery, but Ashe and Gordon were both so enfeebled with illness that they were incapable of action, and everything fell on me. I selected a few packages, and had them stored in the canoe, at the same time cautioning Mzee¹ that I had ten more to come. At 2 a.m. he called me up and said we must start. Well, unearthly as the hour was, I got up, saw to everything, cooked my brethren some food, had the tent packed and taken down to the boat, when Mzee turned round and said that he had no room for the luggage, and refused to start till daylight. This meant that my poor suffering companions would have to sit about in dewy grass, bitter cold and mosquitoes for three full hours. I resolutely answered "We *must* start." Hereupon he and his crew rushed to the boat and began tearing out the baggage. A fearful scrimmage ensued, during which time I trod in a colony of biting ants and was wofully punished. Things got in such a pickle that I did not know what was taken and what left, and many packages we could ill spare were left behind—for instance, Gordon found

¹ *Kiswahili* for "old man." The captain of the canoe was always called *Mzee*. I translated this somewhat freely "the old man of the sea" as he was so excessively troublesome.

himself left with only the clothes he had on. At 4 p.m we got off, a hippo blowing a salute as we started. We had not gone far when a loud explosion startled us, and looking up I saw two legs of my only chair flying upwards. My stupid boy had put his gun loaded and full cocked into the boat and the jarring fired it off. A new rug was cut in half, the side of the canoe broken, and my poor chair spoilt. Yet how much worse this accident might have been!

Our next escapade was to rob some natives of a goat. And thus it came about. The old man of the sea spied a boat and rowed after it to shore. I thought they were simply having a chat or friendly barter, for the goat was handed over as quietly as possible, and on we went. It was not until some time after that it came out that it had been forced from its owner. At my expressing horror, I was quietly informed that Mtesa's men are accustomed to act in this manner. The scenery soon became very varied and beautiful. Cormorants, darters, belled kingfishers and a very small dark blue variety with a robin breast, constantly crossed our track. Many crocodiles and hippos floated lazily on the surface, and o'er the purple hills the sun rose in golden glory. We landed on the Uzinja side for lunch. The people had never seen a white man before, and their astonishment was beyond bounds; they pulled my hair and beard, and roared with astonishment when they found they were not stuck on, but grew. They asked if my boots were my feet; then if they grew to my feet; and as I deliberately drew one off and they saw my blue sock, they thought my feet were blue and toeless. Then when they finally saw my foot, their surprise was great, for they had imagined that only my face and hands were white. The canoe men were too wise to misbehave themselves in the face of such numbers, so the visit passed off auspiciously. At sunset we camped for the night. Gordon had to be lifted from the boat. Ashe crept out and at once went to bed. I had the tent pitched; then I discovered there was no firewood. After an hour's search I found a little, and finally bought some more and superintended the cooking, for the boys were worn out. Then Mzee came and said I must get the things out of the canoe, for it leaked; and I found most of our goods wet. It was very dark, and the air was so thick with mosquitos, they were like the plums in a rich Christmas pudding.

As I was sitting down to enjoy a well-earned meal, Duta came and called me from the tent, and told me that the men had refused to go on unless I would pay them extra cloth, and from what he overheard he believed that they intended deserting us. I went down to see what could be done, but we could arrive at no agreement. I kept silence, sparing my

brethren any extra anxiety. I slept little that night, fearing the men would desert and steal some of our loads, but daylight found them still there. Three valuable hours were spent in haggling, which resulted in my having to pay yet more cloth, and a start was not made until 11 a.m. We had not paddled far when a storm gathered and we had to put into port; and only just in time, for a fearful hurricane burst upon us. "Down rushed the rain terrific," and large waves beat upon the shore, washing up shells and weed. I should have liked to have slept here, as the day was wearing, but no! onwards was the word. Three hippos pursued us, and the hippos of the lake are very savage and dangerous; but the men managed to out-distance them. Vast numbers of crocodiles appeared on the surface of the water: I think I saw as many as a dozen in a shoal. I felt no temptation to have a swim. The sun then sank into the west and we were still at sea. I looked at the pale faces of my invalids, and I looked at the luggage, the tent, my helpless boys, and the savage ruffians in the canoe, and my heart trembled. It was not until 8 o'clock that we arrived at the place where the boatmen intended us to sleep. It was so dark that it was a long time before we could find a break in the reeds through which we could wade ashore; and when we landed we found we were in a place that was so rough and damp that there was no possibility of pitching the tent. We crept on some half a mile until we reached a native hut. Fancy the good man of the house, having retired to rest, and being disturbed by a ghost in the shape of the first white man he had ever seen. Fortunately, he was not tempted to try my ethereal qualities with a spear, but most liberally said we might occupy the goat-house. "Impossible!" I ejaculated, with something more than emphasis, as I gazed upon a thatched manure-heap ankle deep in mire. "If you will kindly allow us to sleep within your fence, for fear of leopards, we shall be content." Having agreed to this, I hastened to my companions, and with great difficulty got them over the rough ground and had their beds put up in the open. The native, beholding their sad plight, generously vacated his hut, but after my recent experience I strongly recommended that we should remain in the open until rain came on. The instant the canoe touched the shore, the men made off, leaving us to do the best we could while they seized upon all the firewood. Our boys, on an occasion of this kind, always became useless, so that everything fell upon me, and it was some time before I could manage to get a little food ready.

Two a.m. it came on to rain and the invalids took to the hut, but I preferred wrapping myself in my waterproof and facing it. When daylight dawned I found, to my utter despair, that

the canoe had sunk during the night, and that almost everything we had was drenched. It was hard to think of one's note-books, barometers, botanical specimens, etc., in this condition. But the man who goes to Central Africa must be prepared "to take joyfully the spoiling of his goods," and to bear the reproach of incompetence. Almost superhuman strength at times, I fully believe, was given me, but even that had its limit. After a sleepless night, then travelling from 5.30 a.m. till 11 o'clock at night, I was unable to unload that canoe, and so it sank. The old man of the sea and his crew refused to bale it out, so I and the boys set to work in pouring rain, and by eleven o'clock the weather broke, and I got my friends into the canoe and started. Soon dark clouds began to gather, but evidently only for soft rain. Accordingly, I insisted on the men proceeding; and they informed me afterwards that they were very glad I had done so. I now grew generous, and promised them a goat on arrival if they made no more ado. The offer was received with joyous acclamations, and we paddled into shore for lunch in glee, thinking all trouble over. Lunch finished and a start made, they coolly turned on me and said they would only go to the next village and then leave us. I made no comment, thinking I would get there first. To my great joy, when I landed, I found that the men whom I sent overland had hit upon this spot, so now I had a small army of ten to help us dry our goods, pitch tent, and get in order. I further discovered that Romwa's capital was only a short distance from us. A runner from thence brought word for us to proceed to a certain spot next morning, and there to await a canoe from Romwa. "Trouble surely is ended!" we cried, but was it? No. I wish I had space to relate fully all we passed through before we finally reached this part of our journey. After being detained two days, while Romwa made medicine and consulted oracles as to whether the white men would harm him, the Delphian reply was, "The white men are good for you and your people, but injurious to medicine-men." During this delay, I failed with severe fever, but could not give way to it, for somebody must see the matter through. I only once remembered suffering more pain, but I buckled myself together, saw the canoe loaded, and made a start. No sooner had we got fairly off than I perceived that there was a terrible leak in the canoe, and that the canoemen were drunken. We landed. I repaired the mischief, and the men plied themselves to some *pombe* (native wine) which they had brought with them. The consequence was, when we started, they were worse than ever, and yelled and screamed till my poor companions felt overcome by the fearful noise. The captain then stood up and executed a war dance on a bale

of goods, ending by falling on me. This was more than I could stand, so I gave him a needed warning, and said next time he should have a cold bath. Thereupon he grew wrathful, and ordered the canoe-men to land us on a desert shore. This they refused, fearing Romwa, and perhaps my wrath more than their captain's. Then a free fight commenced, which ended in the captain falling overboard. He climbed in, and in a dreadful rage seized a paddle, and, as I thought, aimed a tremendous blow at Ashe, which fortunately just missed, but shivered the paddle completely. Befevered as I was, I bounded from my seat, seized him, dragged him into his seat, and defied him to move. I was proceeding to arm myself for protection, if necessary, when one of the men took me and gently forced me into my seat, and then proceeded to pat me on the back and talk in this fashion: "White man, be calm, be calm; gently, gently; don't disturb yourself. We will go on, indeed we will. White man, be calm; quietly, quietly, quietly;" with each word administering a gentle pat, until at last I fairly burst out laughing, and the April shower of wrath fled before the sunshine of mirth.

January 9th saw us settled at Romwa's. Fever continued on me with its worst symptoms—a succession of fainting fits; but it was no use to give in to it, for Romwa sent down word he was coming to see us. Presently a great noise was heard, and looking out, we saw a long procession of medicine-men carrying horns full of rancid butter, probably mixed with blood; then came Romwa himself, at least a head and shoulders taller than his people, being very little short of seven feet; then came wives, councillors, and medicine-men *ad libitum*. We were asked to place his chair in the centre of the tent; and as soon as he had seated himself the horns were planted in the ground all round him to keep off the witcheries of the white men. Nor was this enough. To make matters quite safe, the monarch had anointed himself with castor-oil from head to foot. Never had we been witness to such a scene of superstition; nor, I think I may add, smelt such a perfume. Romwa was very anxious for us to remain and build in his country, but he soon entered on the universal subject of GIVE; and when we refused guns, he rose in a violent passion, and stalked off, saying he was a great chief, and would have a great present. We were betrayed; instead of the mild sage we had had represented to us we saw the royal savage in his true character. And yet, in spite of his being one of the worst men I had to deal with, there was something in him that I loved. When alone and free for a few minutes from the influence of his medicine-men, he grew kindly, would feel my pulse and pat my fevered brow.

For some time, at Romwa's, we seemed to be State prisoners, and could not tell when he would permit us to leave. However, at length he consented to my proceeding providing the others remained. I accordingly started (January 22nd), with two boys. I had had severe fever the day before, and did not feel up to much fatigue; however, I got up early and went down to the royal hut, and was kept waiting for an hour while I was inspected by the king's wives; then another hour was spent at the water's side, so that it was not until 11 a.m. that a start could be made. Then hindrances arose, and we had to put into shore. Then came a storm, and the canoe sprang a leak, so that by 5 p.m. we had only accomplished an hour's work. Once more we put to sea, and encountered another storm, which drenched all my blankets. At midnight we crept quietly ashore, uncertain whether the natives were friendly or not. I had my wet bed and blankets conveyed a little away from the swamp belt of the lake. The boys and men feared to remain with me thus far from the canoe, so I laid my weary frame to rest under my umbrella, for it was raining, and unmindful of natives or beasts of prey, I commended myself to the care of the Almighty and fell asleep. Soon a tremendous roar close to me caused me to start in a way that no nightmare has ever accomplished. What could it be—a lion? No; lions are not so noisy. It was only a hippopotamus. He had no doubt come up to feed, and stumbled nearly on top of this strange object, a white man with an umbrella over his head, fast asleep; so, bellowing out his surprise, he turned round and ran to the lake.

Before daylight dawned we were off, and soon after reached Kagei. I was welcomed by the Arab chief, Sayed bin Saif, and as I was seated, sipping some delicious coffee, a strange white man stood before me. I sprang to my feet, only to hear "Bon jour, monsieur;" and then I knew that I was in the presence of one of the French Jesuit priests. They had recently abandoned Uganda, and had much news to tell me of the brethren at Rubaga, who were anxiously expecting my arrival. I now began to arrange for the journey onwards. Resolving not to return to Romwa's, I sent boats to try and get Gordon and Ashe to leave, and if necessary by stealth; however, in a favourable mood Romwa consented to their leaving, so Ashe returned to Msalala, and Gordon joined me. We then agreed that I should go down overland to Msalala, and fetch up the remainder of our things; after which we hoped to proceed to Buganda.

I started with my two boys and six men, leaving Gordon in Kagei. Little did I think when I said farewell that it was a final farewell as far as Africa was concerned. I soon failed

with dysentery, and my liver was in such a state that I had to crawl along with my hands tied to my neck to prevent my arms moving, the motion giving me such intense pain. It was here that I concluded that to remain was but to burden my brethren and to die. Accordingly, when, after a week's travel, I reached Ashe, I spoke to him about it. His reply was, "Listen to a letter I have written to the Committee about you." It ran somewhat like this: "H—— is pressing on against all our advice: if he still lives I look upon it as your duty to recall him." On this, with a heart bowed with disappointment, I consented to leave those brave men to bear the heat and burden of the day by themselves; and though deeply thankful for a spared life, I have never ceased to regret that in a weak moment I looked back.

My journey homewards was even more fraught with adventure than had been the outward bound portion of it. I was passing for a long time through a country devastated by war, and many incidents befell me.¹

February 28th.—I had previously thought myself too ill to walk, but to-day my porters ran away, and I had to crawl fifteen miles, which brought me to the London Missionary Society station at Urambo. Shaw kindly received me into his house, and Willoughby entertained Edmonds, who had joined me a few days before. Willoughby was not in when I arrived; he has since told me that Shaw came outside the house to tell him that he would find me very altered—dying, in fact—but he must not appear to notice the change, for fear of its having a bad effect on me. He asked my black men about me. They replied, "Master must die; he is sure to die; but how is it master is always so happy?"

Penry, one of the London Missionary Society's men, who had also been ill, finding I was returning, asked to join me, to which I consented. This delayed me a few days, during

¹ One night I had gone to sleep in a village, which was in the heart of the disturbed region, and had been told that a midnight onslaught might be expected—rather, I think, with the view of finding out whether I could be relied on to help in such an emergency. Towards the small hours I was awoken by a shot, and distinctly heard the whizz of the bullet; then some twenty bullets or more whistled through the air. "Am I to fight," I said to myself, "or not? am I to see this village burnt to the ground, my men killed, myself—?" Then I heard a laugh. "It is not war," thought I; "I will answer the question another time," and so turned over and went to sleep. The next morning I heard that it was a lion had sprang over the stockade and got into the cattle-pen, hence the commotion. Lions are dangerous sometimes. At Uyuvu, there was no door to the room I slept in; and the very day after I left it I was told that a lion killed a woman in broad daylight close by.

which time I had an interview with the celebrated King Mirambo. He was formerly a most blood-thirsty tyrant, inspiring terror for miles round; but now, though not a Christian, he has been much influenced by Christianity, and is most favourable to Missionaries.

March 5th started with Penry for Uyuvi at 10 a.m.

On the 7th I had a sharp attack of fever, and ought to have stopped; but onward was the word; and so, sometimes walking, sometimes being carried, I proceeded till about three o'clock, when I became worse, fainted, and seemed to be dying. However, by the mercy of God I came round, and the next day went on my journey.

March 9th.—Off before daybreak, and was carried on until 1 p.m., when I was taken desperately ill in the desert, and had another fainting fit. At four o'clock I endeavoured to stand, but was unable to do so, and asked to be taken to my tent, which was now pitched about ten yards off. My idle head man refused to have me carried, and said they would two of them hold me by the arms; the consequence was I again fainted.

March 10th.—At 1 a.m. woke, very ill, and for an hour I appeared to be gradually sinking. Scarcely able to whisper, I sent for Penry, and took leave of him. When daylight dawned, although I could not stand, and scarcely move hand or foot, I allowed myself to be lifted into my hammock, and carried on. The air revived me; but when I reached Uyuvi, about 9 a.m., I was again apparently in a dying condition. Blackburn, who had come to meet me, seeing how I was, ran to the house, prepared a bed, and revived me with strong stimulants. I was then moved into the schoolroom where I was so ill on my way up, and we agreed that my only chance was, humanly speaking, no return of fever. Before sunset it set in severely, and I was very delirious.

March 11th, Sunday.—As soon as fever passed my temperature sank very low, and the cold sweat of death seemed to stand on my brow. I desired them to have service in my room, and little did any of us think I should see the light of another Sunday. Two p.m.—Fever returned, and my dear black boy Backit stayed by my side twenty-four hours, while I was delirious, without leaving to eat a mouthful. I remained in this most critical state for five days, Blackburn watching by my bedside. At times I could not help smiling at his intense desire to save my life—it seemed such a hopeless struggle. On the fifth day I called my two boys to me, and with their help, to the utter amazement of everybody, I went out of doors for a short walk. The next day, March 17th, I was weighed—8 stone 6 pounds. I had lost four stone since leav-

ing England. On the 20th I superintended my packing, and started for the Coast at three p.m. Blackburn insisted on accompanying me.

From this time I began slowly to mend, and only had one more attack of fever, and a slight touch of dysentery. Penry remained much about the same until we arrived at Kisokwe, April 19th. Here Mr. and Mrs. Cole gave us a hearty welcome, though the joy of meeting was marred by our hearing of the sad death of Mrs. Last,¹ of Mamboia. Penry seemed very sleepy and strange all day, but retired to rest as usual; however, about 1 a.m. he called us up, and to all appearance was dying. I treated him as I had had myself treated over and over again, and towards daylight he appeared so much better that I hoped he would revive; however, during the day he grew weaker, and after a night to us fraught with anxiety, he quietly fell asleep in Jesus about 7 a.m., April 22. We made the coffin, and with our own hands lifted him gently into it, and buried him that same night by the grave of Dr. Mullens, Secretary of the London Missionary Society at Mpwapwa.

May 3rd.—I met with Dr. Baxter, who had gone down to Zanzibar for home, but hearing of my illness returned to meet me. What a noble act! It was in one way a great satisfaction to hear him, after he had gone into my case, declare that I had done right to return, and when I offered to remain in the country he straightway ordered me home. I reached Zanzibar May 9th, and the old country June 12th.

I close my narrative with an expression of regret that my short stay in the country has necessitated its being more a tale of adventure and travel than of Missionary enterprise. I am thankful, however, for experience gained, and that I have lived to plead a cause which is, in consequence, nearer than ever to my heart, for I have seen the need of the natives, and have realised the sufferings of their spiritual teachers. I am further comforted by the assurance that no white man whose course of life is straightforward passes through this country without exercising a strong civilizing, yea, and a Missionary influence. We have heard with gratitude to Almighty God that the fact that we were enabled to bear suffering with light hearts was much commented on by the natives, with whom we came in contact, the reason being ascribed to the help of our God.

There is much to tell about the natives; 'tis easy to plead their cause, did but space permit. Though they are oftentimes "hateful and hating," yet 'tis a true paradox, there is much to admire in them, much to love. Even those who, like Romwa,

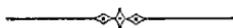
¹ Mrs. Cole also died shortly after my return.

or the old man of the sea, lied, cheated, and extorted to the utmost of their power, still touched a tender spot in our hearts. With all their depravity and darkness, I fully endorse what Livingstone said of them, that there are excellent traits in their characters, that they compare favourably with the early history of the now civilized nations, that they are capable of a high degree of culture; and is it not manifest that, in spite of all difficulties, Providence has prepared especial openings and given especial calls to England to possess this Dark Continent for Christ?

Once more I bear the warmest testimony to the bravery and zeal of those whom I left behind. What I endured is but an example of what they are now enduring for Christ's sake in order to win souls for Him in this benighted land. Before a Native Ministry can be established to carry on the work much must yet be undergone. But we are encouraged to go on by the results on the West Coast, and we are the more encouraged because the early records of our Mission will bear most favourable comparison with the annals of all other fields of labour.

Forgive the one that turned back; remember with affection and prayer those who are labouring on—the unvarying kindness and love I received at their hands is one of the brightest recollections of my journey in Africa.

JAMES HANNINGTON.



ART. III.—OUR LORD'S PRESENT WORK AS HIGH PRIEST OF HIS CHURCH.

THE argument which we have pursued in three former articles on this subject has been as follows: In the first article we showed that the work of Christ, as it is now carried on in heaven for His Church, is properly sacerdotal. It is as her High Priest that He appears for her there. Passing in the second article to the manner and circumstances of His priestly intercession, and confining our attention to the typical institution of the Jewish economy, we were led to the conclusion that the teaching of the type plainly indicated that not with altar nor with sacrifice, but only with blood, and that not continually, but once only and once for all presented for us, has He now to do. In the third article we saw that the teaching