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TANGANYIKA

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TANGANYIKA

TANGANYIKA:

ELEVEN YEARS
IN CENTRAL AFRICA

BY
EDWARD COODE HORE
MASTER MARINER



TYPHOBIA HOREI.

SECOND EDITION

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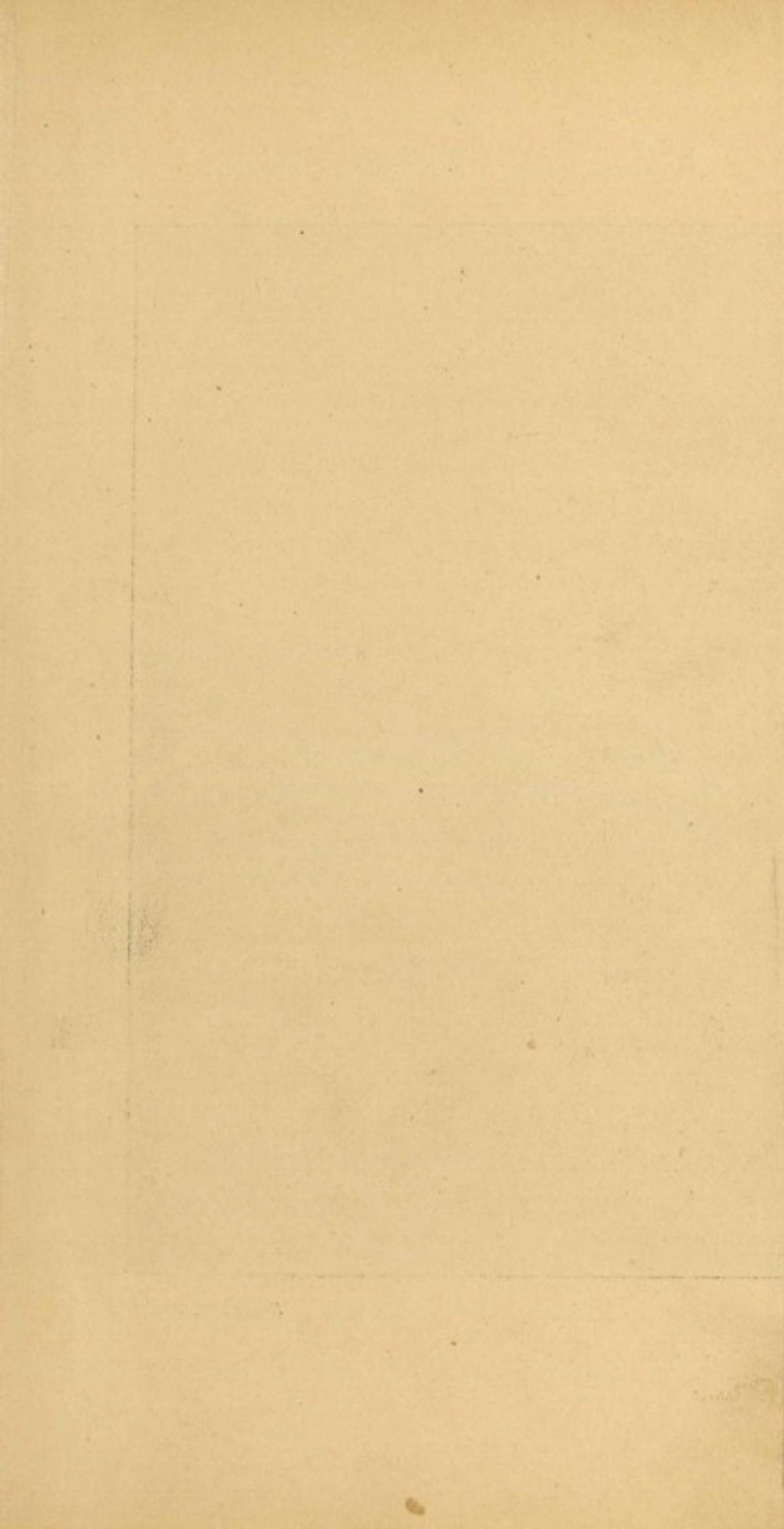
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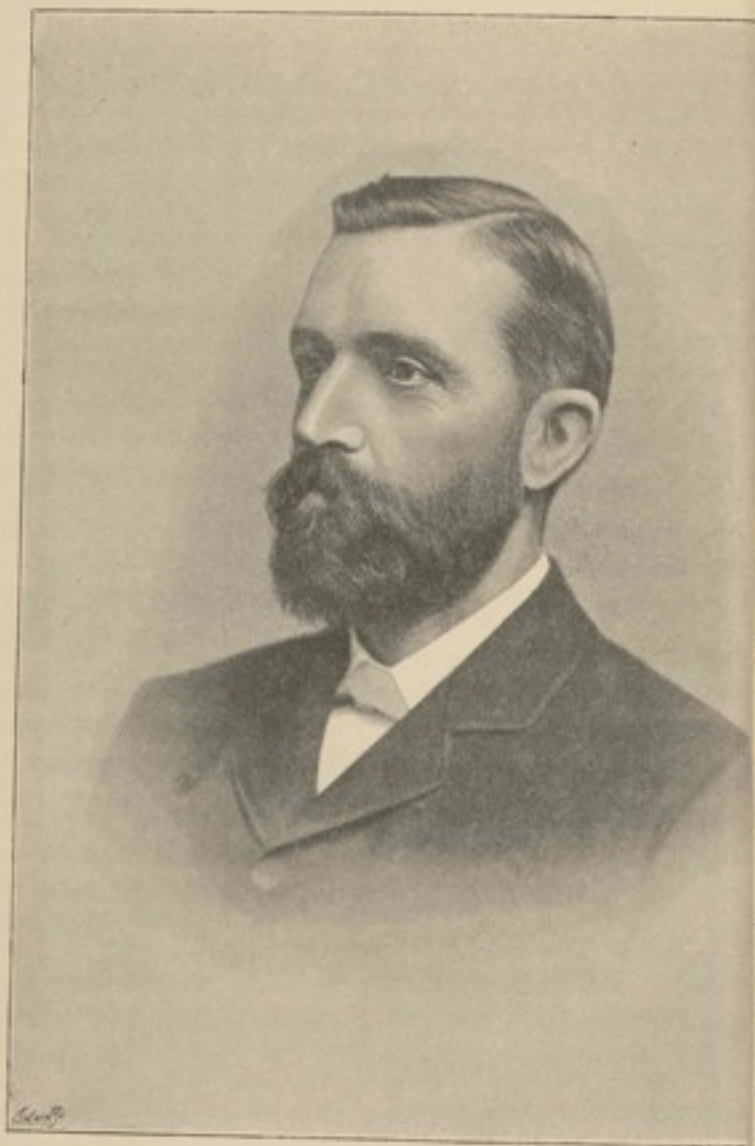


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*EDWARD COODE HORE.

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PREFACE

I HAVE before me, in my own handwriting, nineteen little books of notes and records of voyages, travels, and work in Central Africa, much of their contents being but abbreviated aids to memory—altogether about 1000 pages of MS., which, if copied without extension, would themselves fill a large volume.

I have been asked, however, to write within a limited space a history of the Central African Mission, in the prosecution of which those records have been accumulated.

It is very desirable that it should be so complete as to record, as far as possible in consecutive order, all the leading events of that Mission, but it is evident that it cannot be more than a rapid glance over those events: it can be but a sadly insufficient memoir of my eleven comrades who lie buried along the line of work described—but a brief notice of the eleven others who, until failing health and other cir-

cumstances withdrew them from the work, did their share towards its achievement. But *brief* as it must be, bare as the related facts are, it *should* be in itself a sufficient appeal for earnest and continued support to the men and women now bearing the heat and burden of the day, and for the continuance and extension of that work which is already shedding a bright ray of light over some of the darkest places of the earth.

Grateful acknowledgments are due to some others who have aided it in various ways. To the agents of the Church Missionary Society for their hospitality and ever-ready assistance and co-operation on the 600 miles of African track which we have trod in common ; to the Universities' Mission for the Kiswahili literature, the result of long years of scholarly work, without which we should still be almost groping in the dark with our Christian teaching ; to Sir John Kirk for frequent practical aid and encouragement ; to the Roman Catholic missionaries on Tanganyika for kindly intercourse and constant example of earnest devotion and self-sacrifice ; to Tippu Tib for the maintenance of peace in the neighbourhood of our stations, by using his influence for that purpose over bigoted and ignorant oriental colonists ; to Mohammed - bin - Alfani, and several

other intelligent and benevolent Arabs and Waswahili, for hospitality, for aid in imminent peril, and frequent assistance and information; to Bwana Heri, the late Sultan's officer at Saadani, where, year after year since 1877, he has been the friend and host of our agents, and who has more than once amicably settled disputes between myself and Arabs regarding slaves; and last, but not least, to the many noble and devoted servants, helpers, and officers of the "Zanzibaris," who, by their tact, devotion, and endurance, have often been the chief aid to success on our journeys and voyages, and in a number of critical positions,—I gratefully tender my thanks, and beg for them those of the promoters and supporters of our Mission. And not without the hope that, as regards those Arabs and Arabised Africans, something may yet be done to ensure such discrimination in present and forthcoming African affairs as to secure a continuance, for their and our benefit, of what good work they are capable of, and willing to do; and of some such addition to, or modification of, our missionary operations, as that the Gospel may be preached to them also.

But the issue of this book has been long delayed by my absence on an Australian voyage, and now,

at the request of many friends, it is placed before the general public, instead of being only addressed to the missionary constituency.

It is thus presented to the general reader, not as an apology for missionary work, nor as a report of it specially drawn up to attract him, but as the report of a missionary for the information of his friends and supporters laid open to public perusal. I trust it may interest the general reader, and perhaps serve to remove some doubts and clear up some misunderstandings in the minds of those not accustomed to peruse missionary reports, as to the character of that enterprise ; may serve to remind the general public that the overland routes and systems of navigation, and the wholesale reconciliation of native tribes to foreign visitors, by means of which present-day explorers and exploiters of Africa are able to explore and exploit, are due to missionary enterprise ; and to remind them that if a handful of peaceful men can make roads, build settlements and houses and boats, can live amongst and barter with and enter into every practical relationship with the native tribes of interior Africa without conflict or disturbance—that if this is so, the general public would be perfectly reasonable in demanding, as I think they should, that all others representing

us and our purposes and action in Africa should prosecute their work in like peaceful manner.

I make no pretension whatever to literary skill ; the reader will kindly remember that this is but a sailor's yarn : a sailor's yarn about work connected with the profession I have persistently followed from boyhood—followed it (in the enterprise described herein) to its farthest limit, by surveying my own sea and building my own craft, for the best possible purposes, the welfare and elevation of men.

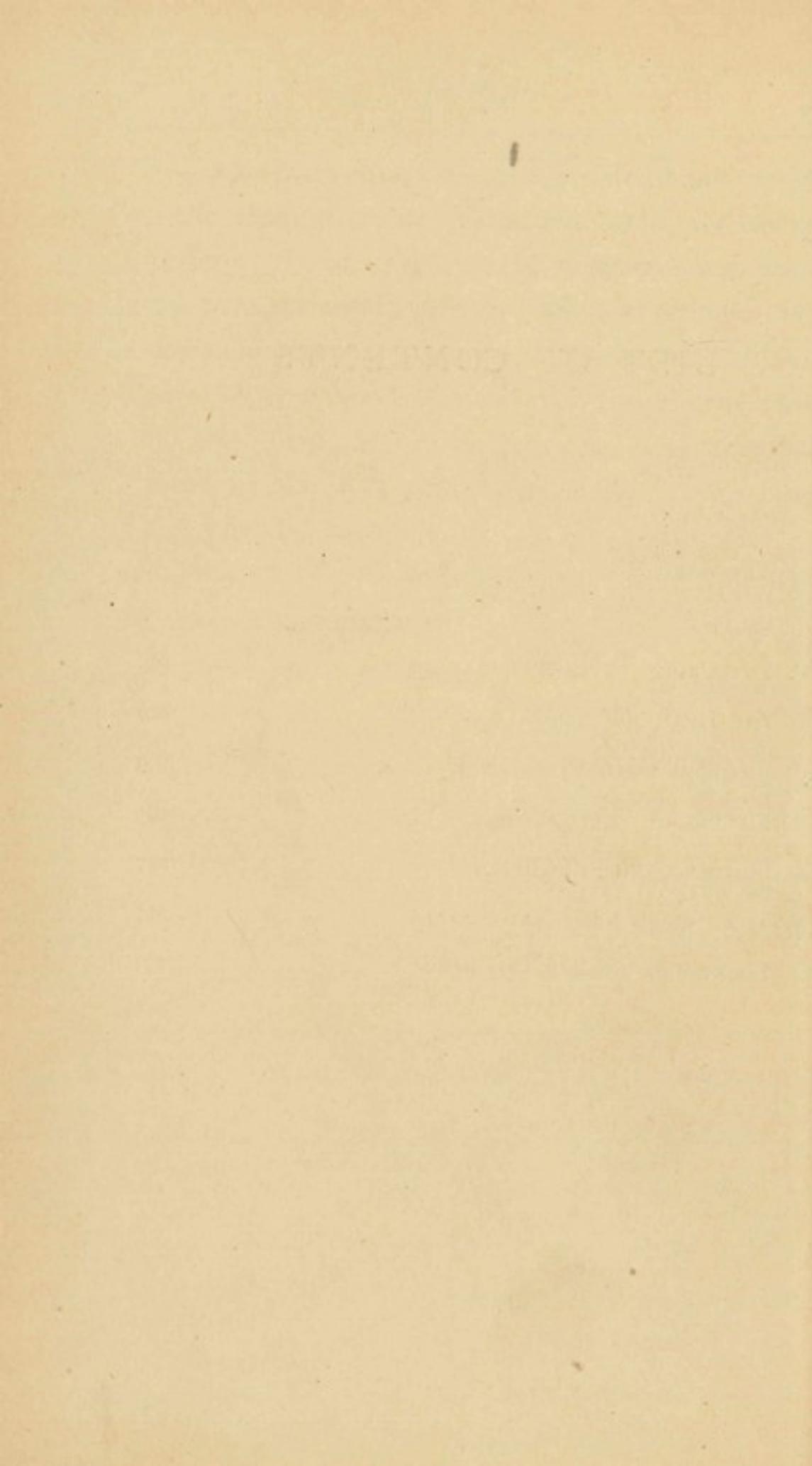
I also disclaim any connection with political party (through long isolation in Africa), or with commercial interests (because I have none whatever), or religious prejudice (because I believe in the inscription on Livingstone's tomb); excepting always my individual share in our national responsibility for the political, commercial, and religious welfare of the millions of Africans who are now our fellow - subjects or the subjects of our protection, whose valuable produce and extensive consumption of our manufactures have enriched us, whose lands are being so widely parted out amongst us, and an earnest desire that these responsibilities should be fulfilled *in accordance with the professions we make in the British Constitution, the printed principles and charters of the companies, and our Christian religion.*

I have deemed it unnecessary to add yet another to the many maps of Africa, and so I am able to say that all the maps herein presented are drawn from my own measurements and observations. The other illustrations also are entirely original, and drawn with sympathetic care by Miss Stevens from my own descriptions, photographs, and sketches; "Crossing the Rukigura" and "Ujiji" being based upon sketches by Rev. A. W. Dodgshun and Dr. Southon, and the "Camp in Ugogo" from a drawing by Bishop Hannington.

EDWARD C. HORE.

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CHAPTER I
PREPARATION

“. . . prepare you victuals.”

CHAPTER I

PREPARATION

1876-1877

THE year 1876 was a remarkable one in the history of missions to East Central Africa.

The Scotch Missions (aided by a grand special subscription list of £12,000) had already launched their little steamer, the *Ilala*, on Lake Nyassa, and were busy establishing the well-known station at Livingstonia.

Bishop Steere and his party, representing the Universities' Mission, were exploring also in the direction of Nyassa and seeking positions for stations.

The Church Missionary Society had despatched a pioneer party to commence operations on the Victoria Nyanza.

Early in the same year Mr. Arthington of Leeds, by a liberal offer of £5000 towards "the purchase of a suitable steamer and the establishment of a

mission station at some eligible place on one of the shores of Lake Tanganyika," tested the enterprise and the faith of the London Missionary Society, whose representatives for so many years had borne a noble testimony in the southern regions of the continent of Africa. Should this Society, so honoured and blessed elsewhere, take her share of responsibility in the newer enterprises? should she occupy what might perhaps prove the most important position in the whole region? that beautiful central lake, from the shores of which Dr. Livingstone had written to the Christians of England, "Come on."

Dr. Mullens was at that time the Foreign Secretary of the Society, and to his indefatigable efforts in collecting information for the guidance of the directors, and in awakening the interest of the Society's supporters for special and continued help, and to his personal attention to every detail of expense and procedure, the determination to take up this new enterprise, and much of its future success, was largely due. And in its interests he finally laid down his life.

On 15th March it was finally decided to go forward.

Mr. Roger Price, a well-tried veteran African missionary, proceeded to Zanzibar to make a short preliminary journey, specially with a view to judging

of the best means of transport for a missionary expedition to the interior, it being hoped that the bullock-waggon of South Africa might also be utilised here.

In the months of June and July, while the pioneer party of the C.M.S. were engaged in examining some of the rivers in the hope of utilising *boats*, Mr. Price was making an examination of the roads in the hope of utilising *wheeled vehicles*.

His journey to Mpwapwa and back gave the supporters of the proposed mission every encouragement, both as regards the disposition of the tribes and the possibility of the new mode of transport. Further money was subscribed, and preparations were made for a start on an efficient scale.

Amongst the most important elements in the opening up of East Central Africa was the at once prompt, courageous, and considerate action of Sir Bartle Frere, when circumstances both gave us the opportunity and demanded our interference for the suppression of the slave trade on that coast. And the same able statesman, who at the right moment was prepared to enforce justice on behalf of the oppressed, was prompt also to urge the prosecution of such Christian teaching amongst the tribes as would bring about their enlightenment and civilisa-

tion, and strike at the root of the evil among them by a complete change of thought and life.

In the appeal of Sir Bartle Frere to English Christians to extend this good work, he calls special attention to the suitability of the "General Instructions for Missionaries of the London Missionary Society." The experience that had led to the framing of that code had been to a large extent African, and the most illustrious of African missionary names were connected with it.

It would be expected then that the preparation for such an undertaking as the new mission to Central Africa would be efficient and extensive, and so it proved.

In the "Instructions" drawn up for the guidance of the pioneer party, nearly every difficulty was anticipated, nearly every detail of success suggested and provided for. The necessity for industrial and medical auxiliaries, the care of health, the methods of meeting the peculiarities of life and thought of the natives, the positions on the map desirable to be held as connecting with the operations of other societies, and helping to form a network of Christian effort, were all provided for. At the same time the work was so far new in its locality and circumstances that its agents were warned that "the pre-

sent should be reckoned a provisional period, during which many things of which we are now totally ignorant will have to be examined and learned for the first time."

Especially was the work, at the outset, to include a special effort to introduce an improved mode of transit (the bullock-waggon as used in South Africa), which it was hoped would not only secure speed and economy to the missionary operations, but be a means of efficiently opening up the country generally.

For this purpose, and for the various requirements of life and work in such an uncivilised country, there were provided two waggons and eight carts specially constructed, six other carts from India, an extensive outfit of tools of all kinds, besides implements, household and camp outfits, and provisions, as well as the rope, canvas, and gear for rigging a boat for Lake Tanganyika.

It was an outfit wonderfully complete. Only in one direction was it impossible to arrange beforehand, and that was as to its quantity; and to ensure success this was made so ample that it proved afterwards to be more than could be conveyed by the first expedition. The surplus formed a less harmful subject for criticism than a deficiency would have done.

The choice of the *personnel* of the expedition also exercised all the experience and discretion of the directors, but was finally completed, along with the preparation of the various stores, in ample time for the travelling season of 1877.

The Central African Mission was eventually to be carried on by the same organisation, of a District Committee of its members, as in other places; but for the long and arduous journey, the leadership was placed in the hands of the senior member, and certain duties apportioned to each one; the chief responsibility to descend in turn upon them, in case of death or removal, in the order of their seniority.

Here is a list of the party selected :

Rev. R. PRICE.

„ J. B. THOMSON.

„ E. S. CLARKE.

„ A. W. DODGSHUN.

Mr. E. C. HORE.

„ W. HUTLEY.

Messrs. Price and Thomson had already for many years represented the Society in the interior of South Africa; Mr. Clarke was engaged in mission work in Pondoland, and was to join the

expedition at Zanzibar ; Mr. Dodgshun was a new and well-fitted recruit from Cheshunt College ; and Mr. Hutley a joiner and builder.

Four of the six, therefore, were specially trained and experienced Christian teachers ; two (Messrs. Thomson and Dodgshun) had received special medical training ; three were well experienced in the conduct of bullock-waggon and African travel ; and the others brought their professional skill in navigation and building into the work. All of them, full of zeal for its prosecution and faith in its success, went forth with the blessings and prayers of thousands of Christians in England, who believed with them that the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, lovingly proclaimed and faithfully lived by His servants, is the true Light for the darkest places of the earth.

CHAPTER II
FORWARD!

“ Let us go up and possess the land.”



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CHAPTER II

FORWARD!

1877-1878

ON 6th March a meeting of the Board of Directors was held to bid farewell to the pioneer party. In encouraging words they bade them God-speed, and commended them in earnest prayer to His keeping at whose call they were going forth. Mr. Wright, of the Church Missionary Society, was also there, and in loving words expressed the sympathy of that Society and their desire for co-operation in the Central African field, where their several parties would often travel the same road.

On the evening of the same day a public valedictory service was held at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, where particulars of the intended enterprise were again set forth to a large assembly of the supporters of the Society and the representatives of other missionary societies, who enthusi-

astically expressed sympathy with the work, and determination to support it.

Thus, with the prayers and blessings of the churches, the brethren were sent forth upon their mission.

Messrs. Price and Dodgshun proceeded round the Cape in order to visit Port Elizabeth and Natal, to enlist necessary waggon-drivers and leaders, and purchase a few draught-oxen to help the breaking-in of the new and raw beasts to be purchased on the east coast. They hoped also to pick up Mr. Clarke at Natal on their voyage northward to Zanzibar.

Messrs. Thomson, Hutley, and myself arrived at Zanzibar, by way of the Rea Sea, on the 27th May; with us came the carts and waggons, provisions, and general stores of the expedition. A firm of English merchants, afterwards Messrs. Boustead, Ridley, and Co., acted as financial and business agents there; and through them the engagement of native servants, the purchase of barter goods, hire of dhows for conveyance to the mainland, etc., were transacted. They now forward letters, cash drafts, and otherwise form a connecting link between those up country and home supplies and support.

Two days afterwards, Messrs. Price and Dodgshun arrived by the Cape mail-boat, bringing with them twelve colonial bullock-drivers and twenty oxen.

Only two more days were taken up packing and unpacking and making various purchases, for as the camp was to exist for some weeks at least near the coast, Zanzibar would still be easy of access for further business.

On 2d June Messrs. Price, Dodgshun, and Hutley proceeded to the mainland with the first three dhows, conveying the drivers, the bullocks, and the wheels and sections of two waggons and four carts, but they did not finally sail till seven next morning.

On 5th June two more dhows were loaded up with the remainder of the carts and the stores for first use, and Mr. Thomson and I sailed in them, landing at Saadani on the morning of the 6th. The first party found an empty house made ready for their reception by Bwana Heri, whose friendship Mr. Price had secured on his previous visit. They could not have lost much time, for the first sight that met our view on landing was a team of twelve oxen yoked to one of the waggons, and gaily careering round the level plain outside the village.

That evening the whole party met together in their house in Saadani, and on African soil renewed their self-dedication to their Master's service in that land.

By Saturday night all the carts were jointed and

bolted together ; one of them had been driven to Ndumi and back, and it was decided to move on to that place and form a camp for training bullocks and otherwise preparing for the journey.

On Monday, 11th June, the two waggons were loaded up with all necessaries, and the whole party, starting at eleven o'clock, made their first move to Ndumi, where a position was chosen and a camp made for residence and work. The distance was nearly six miles, the time taken four hours. It seems poor work, yet it must be remembered that this party of six had to move everything they required for life and work apart from any outside help ; it was like a gipsy party moving food, clothes, bedding, kettles ; everything, not only for the next meal, but for the next month, must be packed somewhere. And then for the road : a wheel of the first waggon comes against a stump and the whole cavalcade has to stop, put down what they are carrying, get out implements and remove the obstruction, and pack the tools away again before starting afresh. The four hours notwithstanding, that journey was considered by all as a grand success, auguring well for the future.

Ndumi is a village on the top of a hill, which slopes away from it on every side. The centre of

the village is a small clear space at the foot of two immense baobab trees ; the houses, low rectangular structures, thatched with palm leaves, and a tall cocoa-nut tree here and there rising high above the roofs.

There was a stockade round the village at one time, but it is broken down in many places, and in others well-nigh hidden amongst heaps of ashes, maize husks, and other domestic refuse. The site itself is splendid, and, to one standing at an opening, which would be the eastern gate, if one existed, and ignoring the dirt heaps, the outlook is very fine. Down over the tree-tops, five miles away, lies the sea-beach, with its fringe of plainly discernible cocoa-nut trees, amongst which nestles the long straggling coast town Saadani. Twenty-five miles over the sea, Zanzibar looms up like a cloud on the horizon, and dotted about in the strait are a few of the Arab dhows that do the coasting trade and keep up communication between the island and the main. Far away, north and south, the same long line of beach extends—on one side of it the wide sea stretching away into the hazy distance, and landward gradually rising undulations of tree-tops as far as the eye can reach. Westward, a space of corn and pumpkin patch, and then all beyond the same

sea of tree-tops, giving the idea of limitless forest and jungle. But to a closer view there are plenty of open spaces, broad grassy glades in the valleys and isolated clumps of denser jungle or forest and bush well scattered and affording free passage between. Ndumi is 360 feet above sea level, and has a climate distinctly more healthy than that of Saadani.

A quarter of a mile to the north, and on a semi-open and level space slightly below the village, we formed our camp.

With its white canvas and straight lines of tents and waggons it made a remarkable feature in the scene.

The front of the camp was a long rough railing of poles, the large central opening in which was formed of two straight young tree-stems stuck in the ground, with a lintel across the top. From the ends of this railing the two sides commenced alike with a large bell-tent, and then one of the waggons. Beyond these, one side was continued by the quarters of the native servants and helpers and the cooking place for the missionaries, and the other side by the quarters and cooking place of the Kaffir bullock-drivers and the enclosure for the cattle; all being partly huts, partly rail and fence of grass and

branches and poles, any little gap serving as entrance in the daytime being stopped up at night with branches of thorns. The back of the camp consisted of a row of carts drawn up in regular array, each having its tarpaulin stretched over and pegged to the ground, forming a shelter. A large open space was thus enclosed; near its centre the space about a wild olive tree formed a sort of citadel or headquarters, where stood the tent of the leader of the expedition, and a large trestle table affording a general meeting-place for meals and conference. On the topmost branch of the tree itself a staff was fixed, bearing the Mission flag, with its peaceful device of the dove and olive-branch.

Here lived our party of six, the Kaffir drivers, and ten or twelve Swahili workmen and servants, while the work of preparation was going on. The camp was daily a busy scene of visiting, bartering, and work of all kinds. Chiefly at that time the camp was regarded by the natives as a cattle-market, for the white men were always crying out for "more oxen," and buying them daily. At daylight every one, white and black, would muster to the sound of the bugle. After a hasty cup of coffee, we commenced work at once in our several departments: one to get food bought and prepared for the

community, one seeing to the oxen, one to barter for those brought for sale by the natives, and every one busy. Later on we would gather under the olive tree for breakfast and prayers, and after a mid-day rest, all perhaps turn out to a general exercise of bullocks, first drawing large bushy trees and afterwards carts. The new purchases, placed one by one amongst the trained animals, were thus gradually initiated into the details of their new bondage.

The gradual arrival of the various stores from Zanzibar, the purchase of barter goods, and other arrangements, often took some of the party to Saadani or Zanzibar, between which places constant communication was kept up. On the 3d July, the party was completed by the arrival in camp of Mr. Clarke.

During six weeks of this life much had been done; much, indeed, had been "examined and learned for the first time." We had found that it would be impossible to convey to Ujiji the whole mass of stores with which we were provided; but it might well be cause of congratulation all round that our provisions and tools exceeded in liberality of supply all our needs, rather than of regret or implied failure in not carrying up country all that we had; for after all, the object of the expedition was the

entrance and establishment of the men themselves in the country.

In very careful and united conference these supplies were thinned down again and again, to adapt them to our powers of transport,—items of personal outfit being repeatedly sacrificed in favour of stores for the general welfare of the Mission.

We had all had a good taste of the “Mukunguru,” or seasoning fever, but we had gained experience as well of native character and of life and work generally. We had procured, and to a great extent trained, over ninety oxen, and prepared the harness and gear of waggons, tents, and outfit. And, perhaps most hopeful of all, we had already attached to ourselves a few native helpers, who greatly aided us. Imagine one of our number—after hours of hard labour with the bullocks under a tropical sun, the thermometer, even under canvas, at over 90°—returning dusty and knocked-up to his tent, eager “just to lie down.” In his tent door his “savage” servant meets him: “Oh, sir,” he says, “you will get fever if you lie down like that; here is the water and towel all ready, and dry clothes”; and by persuasive manner and ready means leads his master into the simple refreshment that will secure the best rest, and probably prevent illness.

Another one I have known, over and over again follow for miles with a kettle in hand, and at the right moment, when we have been perhaps resting for a time beneath a tree, produce without trouble or fuss a cup of tea or a dish of stew, which we should never have taken the trouble to arrange for. All this is very pleasing, and still more hopeful as indicating possibilities for still better things. Two of the colonial bullock-drivers, however, had already proved utterly unfit, and had been sent home.

Wednesday, 25th July.—Passing clouds, but no rain. 6 A.M. prepared for a start, packed up provisions, etc.; struck pantry tent. Natal ox with broken horn was killed to save his life, and disappeared at once into small rations. Swahili men proved active and willing. After breakfast, struck camp in reality, packed up pots and pans — packed everything possible into the waggons; remainder of bedding, with cooking gear, bags of provisions, etc., packed for carrying, and when at last all private effects were got out of tents, struck them and packed them up, and about noon six carts and a waggon were under weigh for Ujiji. Amidst all our difficulties, which are many, and indeed four of our party indisposed, it was pleasing to excitement to see the vehicles at last actually moving on our route. Mr. Price, however, had to do a good deal of bullocking himself, and evening found us in camp, only three-quarters of a mile west of Ndumi. Early in the afternoon I went on with the tents and goods which were being carried, and set up a camp in a suitable position, so that when all the party arrived they found

dinner ready and beds made. This has been a very good day's work. After dinner I went back with my man Hamees to the old camp, to stay by the stuff (one waggon and one cart), where I found the faithful Hassan duly keeping watch with some chums gathered round the fire feasting on beef.

The above is a piece of my private journal.

One little incident of that day's work will never be forgotten. As the waggon stuck in the soft ground just outside the village, all its inhabitants turned out to look at the wonderful sight, and were chiefly astonished at the hard work being done by the "white men." In the midst of a pause in our work,—dusty, hot, and perspiring,—I addressed a native woman: "Mother, bring me a drink of water." The woman turned at once into the village and brought a supply of water, which was handed round in a gourd bowl. This little incident seemed suddenly to make all *akin*—the natives were pleased, and our party cheered. The next day the remaining waggon and cart were brought on, and camp No. 1 abandoned.

Soon after, another Natal ox died, but a purchase of eighteen native beasts made our number up to 126.

On the 30th, another day's journey took us not quite half a mile farther! and at that camp,

No. 3, it was decided to take back four carts and five cartloads of goods, a measure which was promptly carried out next day, and the goods carefully bestowed in a house at Ndumi, under the care of Bwana Heri of Saadani.

Thus lightened, the party proceeded with the two waggons and three carts, and a party of sixteen native porters carrying personal outfit and camp equipage. With numberless adventures and enormous labour, the expedition reached Msoero, a tidy village of Wamakua, about 130 miles from the coast, on 4th September: a journey of forty-two days from Ndumi.

At this time Mr. Mackay, of the Church Missionary Society's Expedition which had gone in the year before, was coming coastwards. From Mpwapwa, hearing of our effort with the waggons, he was taking careful notes as to the best road for the purpose, and cutting a track for us through some of the worst places. At one of these we were delighted to find a timber bridge across a nasty gully, over which our waggon-train passed in safety, and the whole cavalcade halted and gave "three cheers for Mackay." When he met us on the road he stayed a day with us, during which he and I worked side by side with pick and shovel, showing the natives how to make a

road ; and during subsequent intercourse we initiated him into the mysteries of bullock-training, etc., and so in various ways we aided each other in these practical operations.

Mr. Price, in his preliminary inspection of the east coast countries, had found the superiority of the portion of the road commencing at Saadani over that from Bagamoyo, and our friends of the C.M.S. had adopted that as the best ; but Mr. Mackay now recommended a recurrence to the Bagamoyo road in the neighbourhood of Mchiropa, which proves to be the best (in this its latter half) at certain times of the year, for although it is less healthy, it is rich in food, and being less hilly is more easy travelling, at least for wheeled vehicles.

At Mchiropa, therefore, the party had left what had become known as "Mr. Price's," or the upper road, and went on by the lower, or "Mackay's" road, to Msoero.

Msoero, as things go in Africa, was a highly respectable village, quiet, clean people, a good chief, and plenty of food, and after much deliberation, and it having become evident that the party would not get farther than Mpwapwa in the season, it was decided to divide at this point, leaving two carts in the care of the chief,—Messrs. Thomson, Dodgshun,

and Hutley to proceed towards Mpwapwa with one waggon and one cart; Messrs. Price, Clarke, and myself to return to the coast with one waggon and three spans of oxen, to bring on the four carts and stores left at Ndumi. That something should be left at Msoero for the time was necessary, because out of the twenty Natal oxen all had died but nine and of over a hundred native beasts more than thirty had already died or been lost.

In three days all preparations had been made and the two carts and their contents stowed away in charge of the chief's wife.

On the 7th September both parties started. First helping Mr. Thomson's cart and waggon across the river on the way to Mpwapwa, our party turned coastwards. The waggon was but lightly loaded, and had the advantage of the now cleared road, so that although nearly all the drivers were sick, and some of the oxen very weak, the journey back to Ndumi was accomplished in sixteen days. During this journey the Kaffir drivers seemed all to lose their strength and energy. It was very difficult to get them to keep up with the rest of the party. At Kidudwe three of them lagged behind, and were missing at the next camp. Two good men were sent after them, only to find that one of the poor

fellows had died suddenly at the village of Mbuzini, his companions struggling on to camp in perfect listlessness, not even reporting his death, which was found out by inquiry only. They seem to have lost heart, and if left to themselves would scarce try to live. Even Mr. Price, who knew them best, began to think they were unsuitable for the country and the work. On arrival at the coast they very much wished to return to South Africa. On 3d October another poor fellow died, worn out with many fevers and dysentery. The early rains now commenced, and this change, together with the reaction after the long spell of great exertion, told upon the oxen. All the Natal oxen died, except the three left with Mr. Thomson's party, and several more of the native animals. It became evident that the plan of going back with the four carts could not be carried out, and porters were at once engaged to convey the necessary stores towards Mpwapwa. Not that there was any thought at this time of giving up the bullock-waggon method of transport; but as the season was advancing it was necessary at least to get sufficient stores to some point at or near Mpwapwa to make the expedition efficient and self-supporting so far, without delaying longer to perfect the new mode of transport. There were, in fact,

many encouraging symptoms in connection with this new mode. A certain M. Philippe Broyon, the only European trader in that region, was about starting for Unyamwezi, and had determined, seeing ours, to try carts also. When we reached the coast Broyon was at Ndumi; he had bought up the Indian carts at Zanzibar, and we found him all ready for a start with about sixty oxen and seven carts. Our South African brethren pronounced his harness and fittings heterodox, but efficient. Then at Saadani Mr. Mackay was already training oxen in the hope of taking in a few carts on the way back to Victoria Nyanza. An enterprising Hindi at Saadani had already set up a small cart and driven to Ndumi. The boys far and wide had changed the fashion from model boats to model waggons very ingeniously made.

All haste was necessary to get ready for return up country before the rains should render it impossible. I was busy at Ndumi packing into ninety "man-loads" the goods to be taken, Messrs. Price and Clarke at Zanzibar and Saadani collecting porters and concluding business. Two more of the Kaffirs were paid off and sent to their homes.

On 18th October a start was made from Ndumi: Messrs. Price and Clarke with one cart, to which the waggon cover had been fitted, and a party of fifteen

workers and porters ; and myself in charge of a party of ninety-eight loaded porters.

Meantime somewhat similar experiences had been undergone by our friends up country. Beyond Msoero the road followed more or less the Mukondokwa or south-western arm of the Wami River, an extremely rich and populous valley, winding amongst mountains and densely filled with the most luxuriant growths of corn, sugar-cane, and grasses : a road which, while not presenting the mountainous obstructions of the upper, or "Price's" road, yet proved most difficult to the passage of vehicles. The close, moist heat of the confined valley, the dense masses of grass and jungle, within which the whole caravan would sink out of sight, the road having literally *to be felt for* amongst rocks and tree-stumps, severely tried the endurance of both man and beast.

Reaching at length the neighbourhood of the last villages in the valley, between which and Mpwapwa lay an uninhabited tract of forty miles, it became necessary to halt. Many of the oxen were already dead, the others all weak and ill. If it were possible even to struggle on to Mpwapwa there would be no remaining strength, time, or means to bring the remainder of the stores from Msoero. A camp was therefore made near Kirasa's, where Messrs. Dodg-

shun and Hutley remained, while Mr. Thomson returned to Msoero with the oxen in the hope of bringing on the carts which had been left there. On 17th October Mr. Thomson wrote from Msoero that he would be unable to take on more than one of the carts from that place, for only sixteen of his oxen remained alive, and several of them unable to work. This news reached our party at Magubika. Both sections of the expedition had met with the same experience. On 27th October Mr. Thomson came to meet us as we approached, and we all camped together near the Rukigura River, where two days of consultation ensued. It was impossible for the expedition to proceed unless it was reinforced, either by more oxen or a body of porters, and as the rainy season was already upon us, it was decided to make a more permanent camp or temporary station, to secure the health and safety of the expedition and its property during the compulsory halt; Mr. Dodgshun and myself to return quickly to the coast and bring together, by means of porters, the goods yet remaining there; and as there was now time to spare, Mr. Price to return to England, and by personal report to the directors more clearly explain the state of things.

On 31st October, therefore, Mr. Price departed

for the coast. The cart was dragged across the now swollen river, and the rest of us proceeded to Msoero, where we were met by Mr. Dodgshun, who had been told by letter of the proceedings, and come so far to meet us. On the 14th the party again separated: Mr. Clarke in charge of the loaded porters, and Mr. Thomson with the three lightly-laden carts, moved away west to establish the camp at Kirasa's; and Mr. Dodgshun and I, with the bare necessaries for a quick tramp to the coast, left shortly afterwards. We were both in high spirits at the prospect of more rapid travelling, and the important independent errand entrusted to us. Sharing the same tent, we got better acquainted, and thoroughly enjoyed the new mode of life. The walk to Ndumi was accomplished in eight days, averaging $17\frac{1}{2}$ miles a day, the last day's journey being over 23 miles. The "early rains" were unusually copious: scarce a day passed on the road without a wetting, each day's march was through swamps or swollen streams, and everything was moist and steamy.

At the house provided for us at Ndumi by the ever-hospitable Bwana Heri, and in which our goods were stored, we put up in camp fashion, and set about organising a caravan of porters: one trip

at least to Zanzibar was necessary, and frequent journeys to Saadani. The goods were all overhauled and packed in proper 60-lb. loads, and porters gradually collected.

On 21st December all the goods were ready packed, and we only waited the last party of porters from Zanzibar. That afternoon, as we sat in the verandah of the house at Ndumi, we were astonished at the arrival of a small party from up country. As the porters came along we recognised the well-known "L.M.S." boxes and camp gear, and were astonished to find them followed in by Mr. Clarke. He told us he was on his way to return to his old work in South Africa. He had anticipated a more rapid progress to Ujiji; subsequently he had offered to found a station in the district of Nguru, 100 miles from the coast, where we had encountered a numerous and interesting people in a district that appeared healthy and available. Our directors, however, were not prepared to take up work there, nor (in view of the understanding with the Church Missionary Society as to the districts to be occupied by the two Societies) was it available to them, and Mr. Clarke had therefore decided to return to South Africa to a work for which he had peculiar facilities and experience.

From him we heard of the progress of Messrs. Thomson and Hutley. They had selected a site overlooking the Mukondokwa River, where, for storage and residence, they had erected three or four huts in improved native style, and were living on friendly terms with the natives there.

Christmas Day.—A strange day to commence a journey, but we had 150 hungry and fidgety men—one day's delay might almost break up the party, and no mere announcement of the start would bring them together in earnest; it was necessary actually to break camp, the news of which would effectually make all the stragglers bestir themselves. So we moved on in the afternoon just a short distance.

On this journey we got thoroughly initiated into the ways of the African porters, and the methods and difficulties of African travelling as necessitated by having them. The rains were very heavy, and most disheartening both to the porters and ourselves. The rivers were much swollen, and three times we had to wait a day for a flood to subside. Hours together we waded knee-deep—thigh-deep—in mud and water, and in several places the whole caravan consisted for a time of a row of heads and shoulders above the surface of the slimy water. At a deep place in the centre of one of these morasses one fine

tall man stood, and aided, by the support of his hands, each man to get across the gap. The marine department, fortunately, had provided ropes, and the passage of two or three rivers was effected with their aid, stretched across as a hand-rail.

At the Rukigura the flood was too great even for this mode, and the whole party (except a dozen or so who swam across) were passed over, dangling, one by one, from a block that ran backwards and forwards on a tightly-stretched overhead rope. Mr. Dodgshun swam across and superintended the work on the far side, and I placed the men and the loads in the sling and despatched them over.¹

Several times during this journey we had difficulty with the discontent of our men, who demanded more food and shorter journeys; but balancing up all the circumstances, we cannot but praise the men for their endurance and wonderful spirits, and a certain rough faithfulness and loyalty to their work and the interests of the caravan.

In an overclouded and depressing atmosphere, after a day's work of wading through mud and water, plunging through wet, muddy grass, and arriving at last, bed and clothes all wet, to a still more dismal camping-ground, with fuel difficult to

¹ See illustration, page 12.

find, it is no wonder men should feel discontented at times. The wonder is how they keep up through it at all. Even at such times some little ludicrous incident will enliven the whole party. On one occasion one of our number, at just such a camp, had a mug of water given him at dinner that was not transparent, and several tadpoles only came in sight towards the end of the meal. Grown somewhat confident in the use of the language, he remonstrated with his servant in words which, being translated, meant: "Look here, what do you mean by bringing *little hippopotami* in my water?" This was quite too much for their risibility, and the joke served for many days to raise a laugh among them. Another time, passing along the line in a very difficult part of the road, I was accosted by a diminutive but spirited little fellow, who in solemn tones said: "Master, I shall die to-morrow!" "What do you mean?" I said. Without a word he pointed to the immense double load he was carrying with another man; and the whole affair certainly did look ludicrous, for although not heavier than others, it was really bigger than the man himself. "Well," I said, "if you get that safely to camp you shall have a smaller one to-morrow." The little fellow was all life in a moment, and striking the load repeatedly

with his stick, he enlivened us all with most remarkable imitations of the Kaffir bullock-drivers' yells to the oxen.

On 27th January 1878, after a trying but successful march of thirty-four days, we wound along the Mukondokwa valley, hidden completely at times in the depths of the thick long grass, or the fields of *mtama* (corn) with stalks sixteen feet high, until at last, emerging on a clear space by the river, we saw, high up on the opposite hillside, the English flag waving over our settlement at Kirasa.

As we mounted the slope in slow procession the porters gave vent to their joy and excitement in continued shout and song, and gladly indeed laid down their loads in the midst of our little village. On a ledge on the hillside stood a semi-open shed overlooking the whole valley ; it was a sort of dining-room and reception hall for general use. Behind this were grouped four round huts as stores and residences. On one side a large clay oven, looking like an ant-hill, gave hopes of good cheer of bread and pies. On the other sides goats and fowls found shelter, and a house of square form, on which Mr Thomson had bestowed great pains, gave quite a civilised air to the whole. It was perhaps the most healthy spot within many miles, the slope of

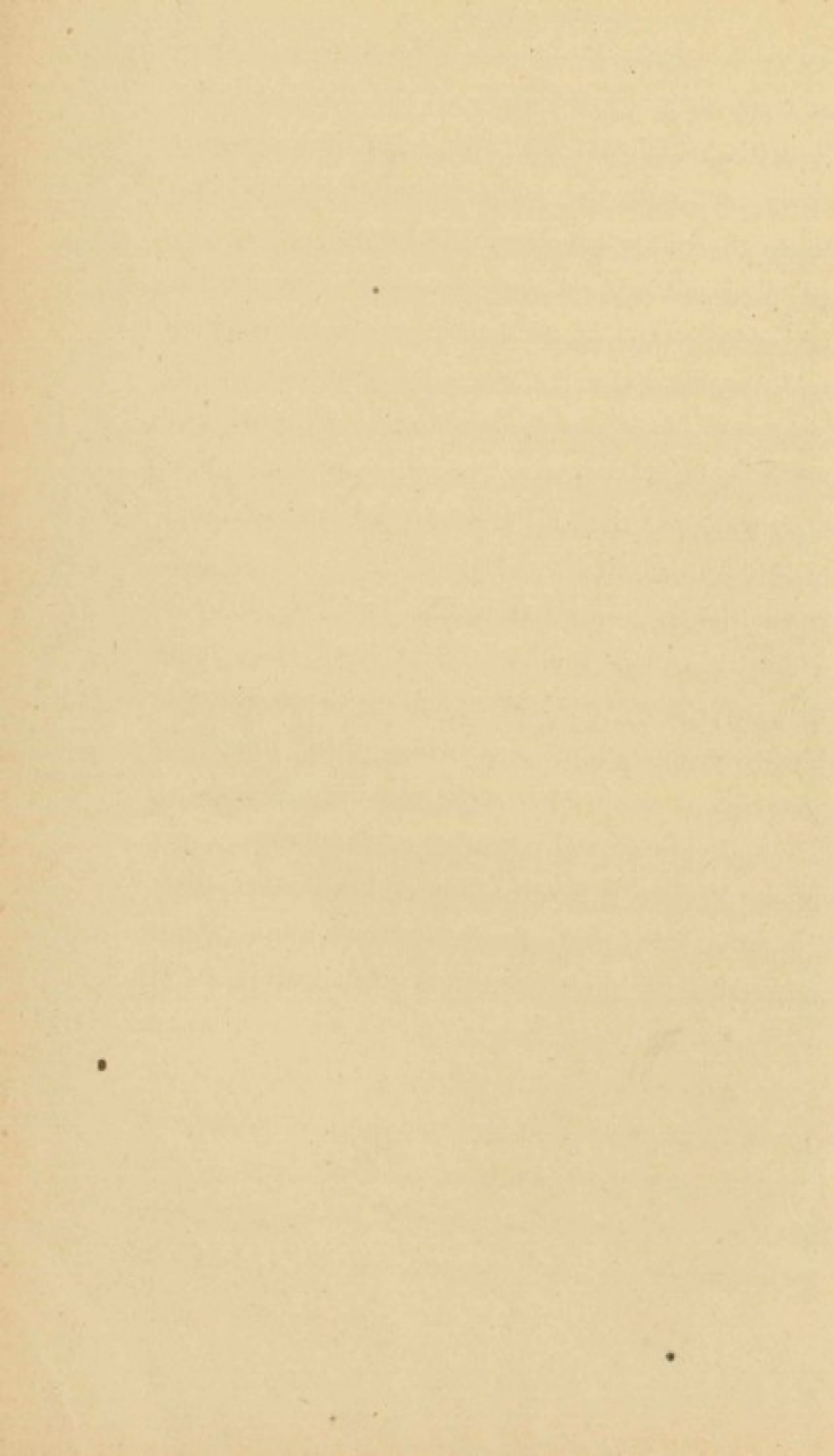
the hillside making it easy to drain away the rainfall. The river near at hand supplied good water, and the natives of the neighbourhood had already learned to respect their new visitors, with whom a friendly intercourse was daily maintained.

Here, then, we were efficiently sheltered from the rains, and compact and ready for a start as soon as plans were settled and the season permitted.

The rainy season proved to be an exceptionally heavy one, and it was well indeed for all concerned that we were not on the road during that term. It was, however, by no means a time of idleness. Daily intercourse with the natives gave us a useful insight into their manners and characters, the language was being learned, and the arranging and repacking of the whole of our property for the next stage of the journey was a continuous work throughout our stay.

Mr. Price did not return, and the departure of Mr. Clarke for South Africa had further reduced the strength of the Mission. Mr. Price had laboriously and faithfully started the work, and so initiated his younger companions into the mysteries of African life and travel as to greatly aid the successes of after years.

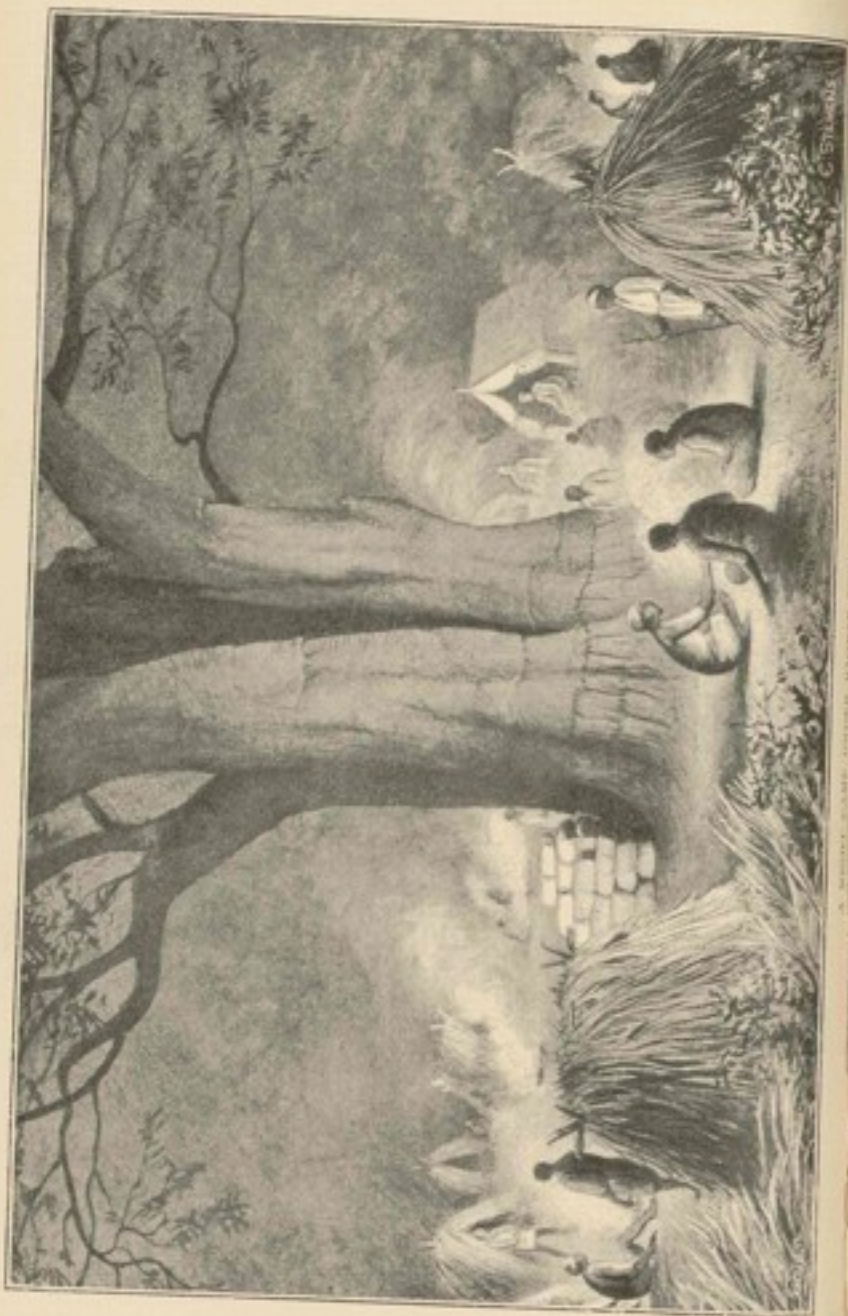
Although in the interval that elapsed before the



CHAPTER III

WESTWARD HO!

“ Unto the great sea toward the going down of the sun shall
be your coast.”



CHAPTER III

WESTWARD HO!

1878

AT our little hillside settlement we had been safe spectators of the wonders and beauties of the African rainy season.

The view was extensive—the great Mukondokwa valley lay stretched out before us. We could see along, about twenty miles west, to the hills about Lake Gombo, and eight or nine miles to the east, to a bend which closed the view in that direction. Immediately opposite, on the other side of the valley, rose two lofty hills, surmounted by isolated masses of rock, and beyond them, tier after tier of hills and peaks away towards the northern and more mountainous road. Amongst the scattered forests and clumps of trees and projections of bare rock clothing the hill-slopes on either side—amongst the dense masses of reeds and grass filling the bottom of the valley and hiding the river from view, diversified by

broad belts of green corn and sugar-cane, and the numerous collections of beehive-like huts of the natives, we had witnessed all the varying effects of tropical storm and sunshine, gloomy cloud-coverings shutting in and darkening the whole valley, the steady downpour of the rain so dense as to hide everything at a short distance, the sun bringing out into sparkling brilliancy the vegetation that increased day by day into a dense growth, seeming to choke the whole valley with its rich luxuriance.

Winding down through the bottom and centre of all, here and there between its verdant banks, the Mukondokwa River, as a rushing, flooded torrent, added its refreshing sound and motion to complete a scene wonderful and beautiful in the extreme. A land literally flowing with milk and honey, "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

The rain became less frequent, the clouds more loose and scattered. The natives appeared abroad with renewed activity, guarding their budding crops from the birds and animals eager to share them, and the time for travelling approached. The right time cannot be exactly fixed, in consequence of the variations in the amount and time of the rainy influences. The longer one waits the less obstructive the swamps and the dense vegetation, the more healthy the atmo-

sphere, but the less abundant and pure the great necessity of life, for which the traveller must depend upon the supplies of the rivers and pools he passes.

On 29th May, all accounts having been squared with our friendly native neighbours, at 5 A.M. we emerged from our little huts on the hillside, and at the call of the bugle over 200 of our Zanzibar carriers came forward; about as fair a sample collection, perhaps, as could be got together, representing nearly every tribe of Central Africa. Many of them have a little sleeping mat, a best "kanso" (a sort of long calico shirt), and a tiny bag containing smaller properties; and this, with perhaps two or three yards of calico worn as a wrap, and a small sheath-knife stuck in his girdle, completes the outfit and sole possessions of one of these hard-working, adventurous men. On the wage of \$5 per month, of which perhaps one or two months' advance has already been spent in Zanzibar, and barter cloth to buy his food (two yards of cheap calico served out every seven days), such a man is prepared in good spirits to walk to Ujiji with a box or bag weighing 60 lbs.

The loads are brought out, a motley collection indeed: boxes large and small, rough packing-cases and overland trunks, long narrow bundles of various cloth for barter, sewn in matting and lashed

with strips of hide, round bags of coffee and flour also covered with hide, long cylindrical bundles of beads, coils of brass wire, square packages of tinned provisions ; most of these latter, being 30-lb. packages, are lashed at each end of a little pole carried over the shoulder,—a favourite load, giving the greatest facilities for carrying the porter's mat and other property fastened to it,—all well covered with hide, mat, or sacking, and lashed together to stand the rough usage of the journey.

The tents and camp outfit of folding bedsteads and chairs, and baskets for provisions, and cooking and table vessels, are all suitably packed according to the same scale of weight.

After a lively scene of mingled hurry and dispute, many a disappointed scowl, and many a hearty laugh, men and loads are at last matched, and the long cavalcade moves down towards the river-crossing. Some of the men, full of spirit and eagerness, shout out their determination to go to Ujiji without stopping ; others dolefully express their belief that they shall die under their load ; others seek to encourage themselves and their comrades by such cries as " I am an ass," " I am an ox and want two loads," " I am a pagan," etc. ; nor are there wanting some who have so far gathered some religious ideas

from Arab influence as to invoke God's blessing on the journey.

For ourselves, we are full of hope and belief in the Divine care and protection for the enterprise, on which we have started in obedience to Divine command; and thus once more set out, at now accelerated pace, strong both in faith and determination of reaching our goal.

We had about forty miles to go to Mpwapwa, across a scrubby, arid country—over the Madete River, past the little Gombo Lake, and then a long stretch of waterless country needing a forced march. We encountered all the worry and difficulty of a first start in desertions and discontent of our men; so that Mr. Hutley had to stop a day at Gombo with some loads left behind to be brought on by relays, while Mr. Dodgshun pressed on to Mpwapwa to endeavour to engage some Wanyamwezi porters we heard of being there.

Mr. Thomson, not yet fully recovered from his recent illness, had become ill again, and only reached camp the next day by having frequent rests. On 1st June he was carried in a hammock, but on arriving at camp unable to take nourishment and evidently sinking, I realised that the only hope for him was quick conveyance to Mpwapwa,—far quicker than

our caravan could march,—and, if possible, without exposure to another noonday sun. Going out into the beautiful calm night under the stars, I summoned the faithful Juma, who quickly mustered half a dozen able volunteers for the service. I cut up a canvas waggon-cover and quickly improvised a hammock (for our net hammocks would be too frail and catch in the thorns), and at first break of day despatched these faithfuls carrying Mr. Thomson. Juma took our last little bottle of water, and promised to give it to him in small drops at a time. They ably fulfilled their errand, and under Dr. Baxter's kind care and the comforts of the station Mr. Thomson's life was saved. Thus we actually arrived at Mpwapwa one at a time : Mr. Dodgshun post-haste in front ; Mr. Thomson carried in a hammock ; myself next day with the main body of the caravan ; and Mr. Hutley the following day with the loads that had been left behind—all very thankful for the hospitality of the brethren of the C.M.S. at that place.

On his way up country in 1876 Lieutenant Smith of the C.M.S. had already introduced us by name to the notice of the famous native Unyamwezi chief Mirambo, who had expressed goodwill towards his intended visitors. During our stay at Kirasa we

had sent on two messengers to that chief, telling him of our coming. Now while here at Mpwapwa, our messengers returned with very friendly words from Mirambo, and along with them 120 Wanyamwezi, ready to hire themselves as porters. These we sent on to M. Broyon to help to form his detachment.

Under the care of Dr. Baxter, Mr. Thomson slowly revived, and in a week was able to walk about again, and expressed his desire to proceed. The four days' journey from Kirasa was a testing time for the porters: several had proved utterly inefficient, others had disappeared, and although a few men had been picked up at Mpwapwa, it became necessary once more to thin down the goods that were being carried.

Careful selection was made of goods to go on or to be left, and personal outfit was thinned down to make room for official property and provisions; there was some difficulty in this, however, and it became very evident, although we were loath to separate, that if one of us remained behind, lessening the mass by the amount of his outfit, the others could go on more completely equipped. In the end the question was decided for us: the quantity and value of the property now left for M. Broyon to

bring on had so increased that it was necessary one of us should remain with it and accompany him, to aid the safety and progress of that part of the expedition. Mr. Dodgshun volunteered for that service, and although sorry to part from him, we were all agreed on the necessity of the arrangement.

On 12th June the final start was made. We had 240 men all told, including the head man Juma, and four petty officers under him. The cargo consisted of ninety-two loads of cloth and other barter goods, a proportion of which was to feed the 240 men on the journey; twenty-six loads of provisions, medicines, etc., and the rest general stores, personal effects, tents, and camp gear. Forty-two loads altogether remained at Mpwapwa, to be stored there or revert to M. Broyon's caravan. Mr. Thomson was still so weak that bearers were appointed to carry him from time to time; otherwise the expedition left Mpwapwa in good order and condition, and all in good spirits and full of hope.

After leaving the first camp at the brackish waters of Chunyo, thirty miles of uninhabited and waterless scrub lay before us. It is generally called "desert," but as long as the rainy influence remains it is in fact a most verdant and beautiful tract of

country. It proved very trying to us all, but it was passed in safety. The very last of our oxen was killed, as so many had been, *in extremis*, and afforded a stimulating feast for our men in the middle of this difficult march of the Marenga Mkali or "bitter waters."

Entering Ugogo, entirely new experiences were encountered, both in the aspect and character of the natives and the circumstances of life. The constant demands for *hongo*,¹ and the effort to draw a line between a necessary and safe payment and a too easy yielding to the demand, was a daily anxiety. On the other hand, food, in consequence of the previous liberal rains, was plentiful and cheap, keeping up the strength and spirit of the porters, so that between the frequent stoppages good progress was made.

Once clear of Ugogo, the other so-called desert

¹ Payments demanded by the people from strangers passing through their countries. This vexatious *hongo*, a tax inflicted more or less on every traveller, white, black, or Arab, and often regarded as an unjust exaction, must not, however, be unjustly judged of. In the countries where it is demanded the traveller has to pay no other rates or taxes, rents, customs, or fee, and in those countries especially he is protected by the local authorities and supplied with water where it is scarce. The people of these countries, moreover, are those who, occupying an intermediate position, do not otherwise share in current commerce. It is also so far of the nature of customs dues that, although in a rough-and-ready style, the assessment is made on the nature and quantity of the goods passing through.

of "Magunda Mkali" (the terrible or fiery plains) compelled the porters, in fear of robbers and want of food and water, to longer and more rapid marches, and on 19th July Hiturah, the border village of Unyamwezi, was reached, the next day Uyui, and we were upon the edge of the great elevated country that forms the heart of Africa. An entirely new kind of people these Wanyamwezi, active and enterprising, living in fine villages of large houses in a rich and prosperous country. Food was again plentiful, and good progress made. Avoiding Unyan-yembe, the capital of that portion of Unyamwezi under Arab power and influence, we arrived on the 27th at the *kwikuru* (capital) of the native part under the rule of Mirambo.

The celebrated chief Mirambo has given rise to very mingled feelings amongst travellers into Central Africa. One of them joined with the Arabs in their efforts to *destroy* him; the next who came along made a very wide detour into an uninhabited country, where his expedition was well-nigh wrecked, in order to avoid Mirambo. The next traveller (Lieutenant Smith and his party of the C.M.S.) went a little out of his way in order to get *near* Mirambo and *communicate* with him. It remained for us to go straight into his presence and *see* and

know the man. Mirambo was the more conspicuous in that there are very few really important chiefs with large territories in this part of Africa, and both before and since our arrival much had been heard and said about him. In this part of Unyamwezi everything pointed more clearly to extensive and active industry, to certain methods and habits indicating a national or tribal feeling for the common weal, than we had seen elsewhere. At a nearer approach we heard constant reference made to the chief, in loyal exclamations, and expressions of pride in his service. At the Gombe, one of the chief affluents of the Malagarasi River, we found the ruins of a very extensive and boldly-designed public work, a bridge Mirambo had thrown across the river on one of his expeditions. It consisted originally of two rows of about 150 forked poles, about six feet apart, across which beams were laid, and those covered with other poles longitudinally to form the road,—a very extensive construction, but now almost in ruins. From here we ascended gradually for about two miles to a large stockaded village, further sheltered and defended by a dense hedge of the milk bush, forming a complete and picturesque wall to the village. An inner stockade forms, with the outer one, a complete circular passage within,

and all these defences are pierced by two gateways having doors of large slabs of solid wood made to swing on pivots.

On the points of the poles of the inner and outer stockades are seen skulls both of men and animals. Outside the village, as we should say, "in the road," is a little shed (the blacksmith's shop) which forms a gossiping-place in peaceful times. The anvil is a block of stone, the bellows carefully-adjusted goat-skin bags with clay nozzles; these are worked by a little boy squatting on the ground. Close at hand other natives are drawing wire; the draw-plate is fastened firmly in a post, and a rude but efficient windlass of rough logs and a stout bark rope affords the power. Inside the village the houses are closely and irregularly clustered, and the intervening spaces much crowded with tiny plots of tobacco, maize, gourds, etc., except a space cleared in the centre, near a semi-open shed, which is used by the men as a place of assembly for business or gossip.

As we approached this village about 150 women and girls came forward and surrounded and followed us along the path, shouting a welcome to "Mirambo's friends," and singing the praises of their great chief.

Soon after this we approached the *kwickuru* itself.¹

¹ Chief village or capital city.

There are two distinct types of villages. Both alike are collections of the round houses with conical thatched roofs so common in Africa, but here in Unyamwezi superior in their height and diameter and detail to any other on this road; in the one case surrounded by a more or less circular fence, hedge, or stockade, in the other by a square wall forming at once the outer wall of the village and that of a flat-roofed, straight-sided shed, cut up by dividing walls into separate compartments as residences, store-houses, or cattle pens. This plan is known as a *tembe*. Now the great *kwikuru* of Mirambo is a *tembe*, the largest and finest we had seen; and as the country, so long and thickly populated, had been very much denuded of tree and bush, this town, on a slight elevation, was also very conspicuous. On a closer inspection it looked still more imposing. One longer side of the square measured 500 paces, one of the shorter 300, and the interior was accessible by a central door in each side. Near the centre of the enclosure there was a sort of citadel formed of a very large gable-ended house erected by a half-caste Arab builder, and which formed the chief's state residence, and several other large and small erections, enclosed by a strong stockade. The rest of the space was filled by the ordinary type of house.

Into this place the expedition entered, and was allotted a clear space and several houses for its accommodation. Mirambo himself received us, in a straightforward and hospitable way, as distinguished visitors. Our only great trouble at the place was the constant fear that Mirambo would order the immediate execution of any person who showed us the least rudeness, which we had reason to fear did once happen. More important still than his hospitality was Mirambo's direct request for one of our number to stay and live with him, to carry out the work of the Mission, which was briefly explained to him; and we left with an understanding that a missionary should in due time take up that duty. After a week's stay with Mirambo, spent in rest, refitting our caravan, and pleasant intercourse with that chief and his people, we passed on.

Before doing so, however, we may well from this important position just glance back along the road by which we have come from the coast and review its general features. We were now on the top of the great annular mountain ridge (with vast buttresses) surrounding the central depression of Africa. Travellers of old, approaching the centre of the continent, from whichever side they have come, all report the central heights, on the upper surface

of which this depression exists, as the "Mountains of the Moon," and the part on which we now stand is "Unyamwezi" (the country of the moon).

The approaching slopes from the coast to the centre have already been described by learned geographers as made up of radial ridges, and by personal observation of travellers as consisting of a series of concentric steps and terraces. The latter was the form most observed by me, because we were bound to *cross* all the concentric features, but not necessarily to follow any one of the radial lines; as a fact, however, the slopes from coast to interior are made up of both forms. From our starting-place at Kirasa's, in $6^{\circ} 22'$ S. lat., we were still in the coast or maritime region. Leaving the Mukondokwa River to our south, we gradually rise to Mpwapwa along an enclosed plain. To the north the lofty boundary of the Usagara Hills extends to Mpwapwa; the Rubeho forms a similar boundary, but between us and them are many isolated hills, of which Gombo Hill is one overlooking the lake of that name. We camped by the shores of this beautiful little lake. Numerous hippopotami and aquatic birds aided the impression of an extensive and permanent sheet of water. But in 1882 we walked over the bed of that lake, dry and thirsty,

not a drop of water anywhere, and every appearance of a permanently dry plain : a reminder that one ought to have charitable consideration for apparently conflicting accounts of different travellers.

At Mpwapwa, at 3000 feet above sea level, we have reached the top of the verdant sloping fringe of the continent. The rocky pass of Chunyo here lets us through on to the terrace of the Marenga Mkali and Ugogo, 100 miles wide. It is a continuous plain, excepting a small break about half-way, a slightly forest-clad undulation dividing Eastern from Western Ugogo. The Marenga Mkali and Eastern Ugogo is a gently undulating plain, with thorny vegetation and small trees, clumps of baobabs and larger timber, and irregular small granite hills. Western Ugogo is a flat plain crusted with a salt deposit, the view bounded by a far horizon—sometimes dim with haze, sometimes weird with the wonderful effect of the mirage or whirling spouts of sand and dust, and broken only here and there by groups of tall palms clothing the little oases on which the villages are situated. This plain suddenly terminates, like the sea beneath a cliff, at the foot of an abrupt wall of hill, necessitating an almost precipitous ascent of 800 feet on to the forest plateau of Uyanzi, with the hills and dales and verdant undulat-

ing plains of Unyamwezi—once forest, but now clear and cultivated, and having a comparatively bracing climate. At this stage the greatest elevation was reached at 4400 feet. The *kwikuru* of Uyui is in $4^{\circ} 53'$ S. lat., and 3924 feet; and Mirambo's *kwikuru*, whence we make this survey, $4^{\circ} 37' 30''$, and 3815 feet.

It is a wonderful sight to look back upon; but the forest resounds with the morning drum, and the *kilangosi*¹ cheerily winds his horn as he steps to the front to lead the march, downward now, into the innermost mysteries and beauties of Africa; and we must forward towards our journey's end, yet 200 miles in front.

Through the remainder of Unyamwezi we were, so to speak, hospitably handed from village to village under the powerful friendly influence of Mirambo. A few extracts from my journal will serve to describe some of this portion of the march.

Tuesday, 6th August.—Got out of the village with the usual excitement. Our road is over the same elevated undulating plain. Passed by eleven villages. The Wanyamwezi make very nice bark boxes of various sizes and some ornament, and have a good notion of *preserving provisions* in these and other receptacles. I saw a bark box or bin to-day four feet in diameter.

¹ Leading, experienced porter who walks in front.

Sweet potatoes very abundant ; long grass, scattered bushes, and stunted trees, except a few palms and tamarinds ; villages stockaded. Camped at *kwikuru* of Usange ; time on march, five hours and fifteen minutes.

Friday, 9th August.—Alternate forest and open glades with scattered bushes—almost level—but rough ground over the hard baked mud ; footmarks of man and game. The elephants and rhinoceros have trampled the soft mud into honeycomb shape, afterwards baked by the sun. Passed the large stockaded *kwikuru* of Ugala, with skulls on poles. These large villages have mostly a tall hedge of the milk bush, and clumps of plantations forming a barrier outside the stockade of poles ; the intervening space being used as gardens, and often consisting of a tangled and overgrown mass of ground-nuts, sweet potatoes, yams, tomatoes, pumpkins, etc., which, together with the steam from numerous small standing waters, render the neighbourhood anything but salubrious. Lions are numerous. Six hours and twenty minutes on march. Troubled at night by swarms of mosquitoes.

Saturday, 10th August.—Passed through thin forest and many palm trees to the village of Kanyepo, after which we descended slightly and waded for two miles ankle-deep, and sometimes knee-deep in water. It is a great overflow from the Malagarasi River. The distinct and permanent water-marks upon every tree and bush form a perfectly straight line as viewed in the distance ; this line is also continued most distinctly round many little hillocks which in the rains are islets. As we wade along here, the water-mark is a clear foot above my head ; and this level extends away to the north to the Malagarasi, the line of verdure bordering which is now clearly discernible.

A few more days brought us to the River Malagarasi, one of the chief obstacles on the march. I thus described the crossing in my journal, written on the spot :

A winding and descending road through little bogs, over shoulders of small, irregular hills, past several ruined villages, and so through more hills and broken ground, down to the river, which from here looks like a vast marsh. A descending path of a quarter of a mile brings us right into the marsh, which here borders the river on either side ; from edge to edge, including the river, is three-quarters of a mile. The deep water where we crossed was divided in two by a central patch of mud-bank, over which the canoes had to be dragged ; only these two central deeps are at all clear of the long tangled rope-like grass with which the rest of the river is covered, and to a great extent masked. We had to wade thigh-deep for 500 or 600 yards through this marsh in order to reach a little hillock or island which was made the starting-point for the boats. The passage of the river by our caravan occupied five hours and half, there being about fourteen bark canoes, 18 feet long by 18 inches beam, and three dug-outs, rather shorter, broader, and decidedly more substantial. We paid each canoe-man for every passage he made, besides the *hongo* we had given the chief for permission to cross. In this paying of fares I expended 48 yards of calico, and about 6 pounds of beads. It was nearly 3 P.M. when, all the men and loads having been got off, I myself embarked ; meantime a canoe arrived back bearing for me a dish of stewed fowl and potatoes, which Mr. Thomson had considerately forwarded from the other side.

I found our camp to be in lat. $5^{\circ} 5' 27''$, two miles north of the place where Burton and Speke and Cameron crossed; but still the crossing was from "Ngaga" to "Mpete," these being the names of the districts on the east and west banks respectively.

Six more days through Uvinza and Ukaranga, countries mostly luxuriant and then fairly populated, brought us to the outskirts of Ujiji. The arrival at that place is thus described in my journal, written at the time:

Friday, 23d August 1878.—Everybody, myself included, in a great hurry to get to Ujiji; just before daybreak, crossing the pretty little brook which winds round the broken bamboo hills . . . and then along through scattered forest . . . we slightly ascend till . . . we are on top of a ridge, and begin to descend towards the winding valley through which the Ruiche flows. From here we get the first view of Tanganyika. . . . From where I stood the valley was hidden by the tree-tops beneath me, so that it looked like a great gradual descent of tree-tops right to the lake. . . . We passed over two smaller hills in descending, and then, instead of skirting across the valley straight to the ridge of hills overlooking Ujiji, . . . we made a long detour to avoid the bog, . . . eventually crossing the river at eight and a quarter miles on route, . . . another small stream, and two small but deep pools, to the Ujiji gardens: a dense plantation of plantains, palms, beans, and little open gardens of maize and potatoes. . . . As we neared Ujiji the open descent, bare of trees, showed off the whole caravan to the best advan-

tage at a glance ; and never in my life have I seen a procession which has given me such joy and pleasure. Yonder is Ujiji, towards which we have so long marched and waded, and here in due order are our goods intact and ourselves in excellent health—225 men in single file, each, save the head man, with his load on head or shoulder. In front walks the portly and consequential Songoro, bearing the Union Jack with white border, then the porters' *kilangosi* [leading and senior guide and porter], with lofty head-dress of nodding ostrich plumes, perseveringly working his legs to give due sound to the iron bells hung round his knees ; then come box, and bag, and bundle, tents, pots, and kettles, and little bundles of the porters' personal effects. In the centre of the procession Juma Mackay displays on a long bamboo the dove of peace with olive-branch. The head man Juma Nasibu and his mate Sudi close the rear with the English ensign. As we near the town the people run to look ; it is a great day for them (and, indeed, it is for us). . . . We entered the town and camped in the gardens of Bwana Musa—Praise God.

Another of the party wrote : " We arrived here on Friday 23d, all in good health and strength. Through God's blessing we have performed one of the quickest and most prosperous journeys which have been done to Ujiji. We were just seventy-three days from Mpwapwa ; we have lost none of our goods, and we have had few of those troubles which other travellers seem to have had."

And assured we were that day that God had

been with us, and that in due time He would give us the land to possess and bring into it, in His name, the enlightenment and purifying influence of His glorious Gospel. "Only be thou strong and very courageous."

CHAPTER IV

UJJI

“And the whole city was filled with confusion . . . some cried one thing and some another.”

“Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace, for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee, for I have much people in this city.

And they dwelt two whole years in their own hired house, and received all that came unto them, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding them.”

CHAPTER IV

UJJI

1878-1880

ALTHOUGH one of our number still remained behind, the Mission might now be said to have arrived at its destination.

The events of the succeeding two years may be termed the consummation of its purpose, being indeed a sort of shaking down into its place in the country, eventuating in the establishment of three stations in carefully selected localities, and the reinforcement of its *personnel* to working strength.

The progress of the Mission into the country had not been achieved without a reduction of its numbers, and long-continued labour and hardship. And in its establishment the faith and endurance both of its workers and supporters were also to be severely tried.

Ujiji, it should be remembered, is really the name of a large tribal territory, bordered west and

south by the Tanganyika Lake, north by Urundi, and east by Uhha and the River Ruiche, and occupying a gap in the mountain barrier of the lake, as well as a part of the elevated country itself.

It is divided into about thirty-five districts, or counties, each with its chief (*mteko*), answerable to a smaller council of some of their leading ones (*mutwali*), and to the Sultan or head chief (*mgassa*), who, however, during our experience, being a minor, was a mere puppet. The town commonly known as Ujiji straggles far into two of these small counties, Ugoy and Kawele, as London spreads into Middlesex and Surrey. But from a distance (although Ugoy is sometimes used, and still more rarely Kawele) the term Ujiji generally means the big town.

The traveller would naturally expect on arriving at Ujiji to look to the westward over the lake; but the lake view is due south, where on a clear day Capes Kabogo and Kungwe may both be seen, and sometimes even the mountains of Marungu. From the southern-looking beach the low part of Ujiji stretches in undulating hill and plain to the foot of the mountains, north about six miles. East, the gap is just visible across the Ruiche River, through which Ujiji is reached from that direction. South-east, the

shore of the lake, in a long vista of capes and bays, disappears in the dim distance. Westward, if clear, the sharp profile of Bangwe Island, the south-west promontory of Ujiji, brings into sight the lofty table-land of Goma, forty miles away on the western shore of the lake.

The big town occupies a central position on this southern-facing shore, and numerous smaller villages are dotted both along the coast and here and there over the low country. On the hills the real native settlements are still more numerous and rich in cattle.

Ujiji for over half a century at least had been the terminal depot for those Oriental colonists, travellers, and merchants (chiefly Arabs), who have so long exploited for us the ivory of these regions, and from whom chiefly we have information and assistance enabling us to enter them. From this point their expeditions and their influence extended farther afield, and now their terminal depot is Nyangwe and Kasongo in Manyuema, and Ujiji has become rather a station on the road to those places than a position of independent importance. For variety of people, languages, and customs, Ujiji is quite a little Egypt. Representatives of all the tribes come to it for trade and diplomatic purposes. The Arabs have settled down upon it, and, although nominally still native

territory under the rule of its local chiefs, the Arabs practically rule, and the chiefs are puppets in their hands. By Arabs, of course, I mean all those—pure Orientals, Waswahili, Beloochis, and half-castes of every shade—who have come there as civilised people from a distance. The natives recognise the fact that the Arabs are a solid protection against native foes, and secure them the benefits of trade, improvement and extension of arts and industries; and this renders bearable the frequent injustice and disturbance they suffer at the hands of the lower class and slaves of these foreigners.

Thirty or forty large flat-roofed Arab houses (*tembes*), mostly hollow squares with massive walls and broad verandahs, form the principal feature of the town, and, with erections of every kind between that and the little grass bee-hive hut,—very irregularly placed amidst straggling oil-palms, bananas, and fruit-gardens,—make up the metropolis of Ujiji. A few winding tracks between these, worn down by common consent and use in the direction of greatest general convenience, form the streets or roads, mostly converging eventually upon the market-place. The market is essentially a native institution, and as such may be seen here and there over the whole territory of Ujiji and Urundi. But here in the town it is the meet-

ing-place of all the various classes. The real native Mjiji from the hills brings his goats and produce; the poor Mswahili builds a little booth of palm leaves, and investing all his capital in a goat, displays his joints and penny lots of meat, warranted as being killed in true Mohammedan fashion. His wife may be close at hand with a jar of palm oil, which she retails in tiny gourd measures for cooking or lighting; towards the cool of the evening she lights a little fire under the jar to keep the oil liquid. Equally minute lots of salt, tobacco, fish, and vegetables enable the poor man to give variety to his fare, and afford facility for barter in every direction. Nor are the Arabs themselves above sending a slave woman to the market to retail fruits and vegetables from their gardens.

Here is a gaily-clothed Arab slave with bright-coloured cloths and a few yards of calico; he takes the place of money-changer, selling his cloth for the beads (which form the currency) accumulated by the retailer, or converting the purchaser's cloth into beads. The amount of cloth in the town, and what comes on the market in the morning, decides the exchange for the day, on which all transactions are based. The standard is the *doti of satini* (four yards of common Manchester calico), for which nine

to eleven bunches of ten strings of beads, called a *fundo*, was the exchange in 1878. In 1888 this was reduced to three or four bunches. The arrival of a caravan with cloth gives scope for endless financial scares and schemes, while the visitors who come to town influence both the price and supply of everything. A few Waswahili tradesmen have come from Zanzibar; one is quite prosperous as a carpenter, and may be seen superintending his journeymen and apprentices making doors and windows out of the beautiful and durable *mininga* (African teak), or patching up on the beach some of the venerable and grotesque-looking craft of the Arab merchants. One is a maker of sandals and belts and pouches, and is always busy. Another, as a gunsmith, is highly favoured in the personal service of an Arab. There are beggars; there are itinerant musicians and singers. Fishermen bring their loaded baskets from the lake; women bring their fowls and eggs and butter to market from the country.

Here and there amongst the natives is one who has been to the coast; he is like a countryman in one of our more obscure villages who has been to London. Here and there amongst the Arabs there is one who has lived at Zanzibar, or who has been to Muscat, and is a weighty man in council in consequence.

But to the chief part of this people the outer world has all the mystery as to its shape and character, all the unlimited possibilities that it had for us in the Middle Ages. With no revelation of God's love, their spiritual natures are yet groping for light amongst fetiches and so-called magic rites—groveling before every display of Divine power as a spiritual influence capable of evil towards them—lying in darkness. And over all that other cloud of blackness and terror, slavery and the slave-trade, perpetuates their ignorance and their barbarity, and prevents advance in any direction towards the higher and the better. That gaily-dressed man with riches of cloth for exchange is a slave; and the poor woman who has brought her basket of meal into market to sell looks up to him in awe and envy as she walks past with her companion who carries her wares and is *her* slave. This party of naked savages just landing are half of them slaves, who will shortly be sold by the others; and a chance disturbance in the market, or some crisis in political affairs, and they themselves may become slaves too. At one point you may see a gang of poor creatures (newly captive) chained together in their misery; at another, a party of poorly-clad native porters carrying loads, and led by an amply-dressed and

armed superior, who is, however, a slave, while they are free hired labourers. A most complicated system, the details of which require years to understand ; but the terrible degradation, misery, and death consequent upon the fearful traffic are plain enough.

If in any part of this earth there is such darkness of life and thought, such oppression of man by his fellow-man, such naturally promising and enterprising people so shut out from the benefits of civilisation, so beclouded in their spiritual view as to specially appeal to the efforts of Christian philanthropy, here it is, and here they are, in Ujiji town —“the true heathen.”

No wonder that our missionary brethren, coming into this motley and wondering community, should be the subjects alternately of irritation, wonder, and suspicion, which language, if they had it, could scarce allay—which could only be lived down by them, the observed of all observers, by Christian life and action. But for many a long day we could scarce expect to do better than on the day of our arrival, when, by the very influence of our presence, the *Ujiji slave-market was closed*. I do not mean that the slave-trade was stopped, but a conscience was created in the matter which rendered the trade illicit while we were there.

The Arabs, as the actual leaders of this strange

community, were the first to have dealings with us. To them as such, and as having letters of introduction to them from the Sultan of Zanzibar, and having already some knowledge of a language they understood, we also addressed ourselves. There has always been something of a fellow-feeling between Arab and European meeting in these parts of Africa as "civilised" amongst the "heathen."

Having a personal introduction to one of these, Moosa, from Said-bin-Salim, the deposed governor of Unyanyembe whom we had met at Uyui, he invited us temporarily to camp in his garden, a wide domain of banana groves, oil-palms, and fruit-trees surrounding his house. Scarcely were the tents pitched when messengers began to arrive from the principal Arab houses bearing numerous trays of dishes with all kinds of cooked food, a most appetising display to travellers from the bush. Friendly greetings came from all, and numerous offers of unoccupied houses, but Moosa told us his friend had put us "on his head," and he expected us to accept his hospitality for a time. Three days after our arrival there was a great assembly of all the civilised people. We attended, our letters were read, and we explained as far as we could our purpose in coming into the country. To this the Arabs unitedly

replied, "that the Sultan in his introductory letter had said nothing about our *staying* in the country; that we, having been placed 'upon their heads' by the Sultan, they could not think of our living for the present anywhere out of the town of Ujiji, where we should be beyond their protective influence; and, on the other hand, that, fearing what the Sultan might say to such proceedings, they could not risk offending him (not yet knowing what we might be going to do) by allowing us to acquire a possession in the country, either ashore or afloat, until they heard further from him. We must therefore write to Zanzibar, and they would do the same, to hear what the Sultan might say about us; and until that time we could purchase neither house nor boat, but were at perfect liberty to secure the temporary use of any house or boat in the place; and further, for the same reason, we must not build either, but could go to and fro on the lake and on shore whither we would."

In fact, in their ignorance they suspected that after all we were something of the nature of Government representatives inserting the thin end of the wedge for the abolition of the slave-trade and European annexation.

But few of them were from the coast, or understood much of international affairs—"far away," as

they said, from their Sultan, when he was quoted to them, they were, although professing great loyalty, not in present fear of him.

Irritating, however, as this position was to us, it did not really prove much hindrance to the progress of the Mission ; for we were able to move on to other stations when we were prepared to do so, and the two years spent at Ujiji resulted in a friendly acquaintance with the natives far and wide—as extensive, perhaps, as if no hindrance had been placed in our way. In the course of years the restrictions themselves disappeared as suspicion was allayed.

Individually, the Arabs continued as friendly and as hospitable as ever ; indeed, the rival attentions and intrigues of the different parties and individuals in the endeavour of each one to make us believe that *he* was our special friend were very embarrassing and difficult to deal with.

One of these Arabs, Nassour-bin-Cassim, was just then finishing a large *tembe*, and this we secured on hire as soon as it should be finished. It was situated in the highest part, and on the outer verge of the town, and was certainly the best in the neighbourhood.

While the house was being completed a temporary enclosure was made of a quantity of poles

(some of the builder's materials), and this, partly roofed over with grass, forming a shade for the tents, made a temporary and indeed very pleasant habitation as long as the rain held off. In like manner, in accordance with our circumstances, a solid log canoe, built upon in Arab fashion, was hired for a year from Said-bin-Habib. In a little over a week from our arrival we were already engaged in the work of settling down: one making furniture and fittings for the house, one repairing and fitting up the boat, and one studying the language and making the acquaintance of our numerous visitors.

Mr. Thomson had never fully recovered his wonted strength and energy since his serious illness at Kirasa and Mpwapwa, but he was thought to be recovering, and indeed during the latter part of the journey, and on arrival at Ujiji, had taken a leading part in all affairs of the Mission. Three weeks after the arrival at Ujiji, however, he became again very ill: a very few premonitory symptoms, and then a fit of an apoplectic nature laid him quite insensible. Consciousness returned after an interval, but after another fit he passed away on Sunday, 22d September. He had lived to prove the ability, devotedness, and self-denial which enabled him to carry out his important duties, which had carried him forward,

fearless of all perils, and made him faithful unto death.

The loss of its senior member, of one out of three of its present representatives at Ujiji, was a severe one to the Mission. What the effect of that loss would be on the distant representatives was perhaps anxiously wondered, alike by the two at Ujiji, the one yet in peril and anxiety on the road, and, on *their* part, in regard to *us*, by the directors and supporters at home. In due time we each became aware of the independent testimony and determination of the others, which, differing in words, were one in sentiment, as expressed in a resolution of the board of directors, that in it they found a renewed call to the work, and an appeal for filling up the vacancy.

Increasing anxiety had long been felt for the safety and progress of Mr. Dodgshun. One of the first things attended to at Ujiji was the establishment of a means of communication. From time to time, while working with the waggons, and on the subsequent quicker march, certain of the smartest of our men had had some training in carrying letters. The method thus started had gradually become "custom," which is everything in Africa; and as the specially long run between the coast and Ujiji was

required for the first time *towards their home*, a few volunteers were easily obtained. The letters so despatched reached London in seventy-eight days, and were the commencement of a splendid mail system, which (except for a few intervals in time of war) has been kept up ever since. By this means we heard at intervals of the progress of Mr. Dodgshun; but between times fearfully garbled rumours gave great cause for anxiety.

On 19th October the "English Mission-House" was formally taken possession of. On 25th November the hired boat, now fitted with sails, rigging, and accommodation in something more like English fashion, and named the *Calabash*, was launched into the lake, and her efficiency tried in a trial-trip round to Kigoma Bay, and another trip out into the lake as far as Cape Kabogo.

A better acquaintance with the language, and increasing intercourse both with the people of Ujiji and many others, were fast being obtained.

On 24th January 1879 the first detachment of Roman Catholic missionaries from Algiers arrived at Ujiji and took up temporary quarters there.

On 21st February another voyage along the east coast gave us further acquaintance with that shore and its navigation, as well as a knowledge of some

of its peoples, and soon afterwards several deputations from the head chief of Ujiji enabled us to deal more personally with those natives without the intervention of the Arabs.

A few extracts from a daily journal at Ujiji serve to indicate the multifarious duties and aspects of life there during this time of living out a character for the Mission :

Monday.—Unwell, bad head since yesterday ; working at boat in the morning. In the evening, put in seeds of turnip, cabbage, celery, etc.

Tuesday.—Hot and misty ; both unwell ; did a little work at the boat in the morning ; men fetching wood, and gardening. Muinyi Heri sent us a basket of onions ; very hot ; shot a hyena at night just in the act of seizing one of our goats.

Wednesday.—Very ill all day with bilious fever and racking headache ; compelled to put off departure of mail till Friday morning.

Sunday.—A day of quiet rest—the enjoyment of being in a house again is immense—the capabilities for quiet reading and prayer much extended. The rain came down in torrents to-day ; we got into the house just in time.

Monday.—Cut out the mainsail for *Calabash*, and did a little sewing . . . went to Muinyi Heri and doctored him for fever . . . dressed our poor native patient's stump (a hand amputated after gun explosion).

Friday, 1st November.—Up early and started off with Juma and two others, and an outfit in the shape of a calabash of water, cooked fowl, and bread, a tin panni-

kin, and a small saucepan ; kept up a good round pace all the way to Kigoma, where a little canoe served as ferry across to the little flat oval island Ruanza, on which are the houses of Muinyi Akida (an Waswahili or half-caste, or "coast" Arab) and the huts of his numerous slaves. It looks very miserable just now, all the ruins of old huts and the numerous rubbish-heaps being wet with rain. I was bade "draw near" to a very mean little house, but there was a good clean mat in the verandah. Presently the great man himself appeared, coming out of the grass-fenced enclosure hard by; found he was suffering from a very bad eye. After the usual salutations he told me that Dr. Livingstone had once given him some medicine that made his eye quite well; promised him to make medicine for it. He said I was quite welcome to bring my boat to his place, which certainly is the most snug shelter anywhere near Ujiji. I then asked him for a guide to Bangwe.

Akida told me that there was a head man at Bangwe, one Mtagle (mistaken then for *mteko*, the designation for local petty chief), but that he was put there by him, Akida, for did not Bangwe and its island "all belong to him"? And now a great fat sheep was unwillingly brought before me; I gave appropriate thanks, and prepared to depart. The big sheep proved refractory, and had to be secured with rope; at last we got him into the ferry canoe, and after bidding adieu to Muinyi Akida, who came down to see me off, we launched out. But when about half over, the sheep jumped overboard, causing great excitement on both shores; but we landed him safely, and sent him home under special escort, while I proceeded to Bangwe. Crossing over Bangwe peninsula, we found Mtagle in one of the huts of his village. It began to rain sharply, and we were

invited inside. The interior aspect was far from pleasing. However, the embers were blown into a little blaze, and I found quite a lot of women and children beside our host. I took the opportunity of having breakfast ; so one of my men made coffee in the little saucepan, and with bread and cold fowl I thoroughly enjoyed the repast. When the rain ceased our friend gave me a guide, who, from a hill near at hand, pointed out to me and named the leading features of the country there to be observed. Returning to the hut, Mtagle gave me a bunch of bananas, and pointed out a sheep which he said he should bring with him when he came to see me soon. We then returned by the beach to Ujiji.

This chief of Bangwe I delight to think of as my friend. A man of fine physique and a noble countenance, of gentle yet manly aspect—he was ever ready to assist us. At the launch of the *Calabash*, and again years after at the launch of the *Morning Star*, he marched into Ujiji with the men of his village to lend a helping hand. As time after time, under his own fig tree (the village talking-place), and in the mission-house, he has drunk in gladly all the words I could give him of God and his love to us, I have rejoiced with trembling that the way is open and the people are ready, and we only are behind in faith, in ability, and perseverance.

Saturday.—The little canoe given us by Said-bin-Habib is cut out of a solid log like all the canoes here

—25 feet long. To-day I had it sawn into two pieces : one, 14 feet long, is to make our dingy ; of the short piece we can either make a bath, or probably Mr. Dodgshun will like to make a little boat for himself of it.

Monday.—Friendly messengers from Akida and Mtagle, whom I visited the other day, bringing presents ; had a nice talk with them.

Friday.—A gang of Nassour's (our landlord) women in charge of their "mamma" clearing out the long unroofed room ready for the builders.

Monday.—Had a visit from Muinyi Heri and Abe (the leading half-caste colonist and the local native chief), and arranged with them for my visit to the head chief.

Friday.—Much better to-day ; got through a lot of work, but while working at the boat felt the heat so much that I had to get a man to hold an umbrella over my head while I put the last few nails in.

Monday.—Evening, a grand row between Nassour's men and our own—nothing could be proved. Two of Nassour's men received club blows, also Maktub, our postman. Farajalla slightly wounded with a bullet ; and Sulieman, the other postman, declared that part of his moustache was taken off by another shot at close quarters. Nassour came to me in the dark, with his friend Sali, and they stuck their spears defiantly in the ground close to me. I told them, however, the whole affair must be settled by the *Wali* (the chief authority) ; but having failed to scare me, and not caring for the vexation of a public inquiry, it was amicably arranged by their coming in and drinking coffee.

Monday.—Another deputation from the head chief—come "to hear our own words,"—said they were willing

to give us a place to build ; and although willing to send their children to be taught, they could not agree to give up their slaves to us !

The half-caste colonists, amongst other slander, had told them we should take their slaves away from them. And the natives everywhere would oppose this view of the abolition of "slavery," though nearly everywhere they would be willing and glad to secure that peace which would prevent the "slave-trade."

Abe's wife also called with an old lady companion, Said-bin-Habib's chief housekeeper. They were delighted to examine everything, and after looking over the medicine chest, the old lady, after some whispering with her companion, looked most pathetically at me and said : "Sir, do give me a pill !—you gave her one the other day."

Thursday.—There is a sort of by-play going on between us and the council of Arabs by means of my man Farajalla : sounding him as to our intentions, and inquiring of all our doings, etc.

It is good for us in our relations both with Arabs and natives that we have these intelligent Zanzibaris as helpers. Knowing our private lives and all our doings, spies in the camp in this way have had only to report that which has helped to disarm suspicion.

I took a walk in the afternoon to the village of Gitwalo. I found a man weaving a cotton cloth. His method and work were far superior to what I saw before,

and the lath to drive home the web was worked by two people: himself and his son. He had been working two days, and he expected to finish it in two more. I worked a few throws of the shuttle with him, at which he was pleased. As I walked through a cassava plot on my way home, six little wagtails were holding a noisy conference, fluttering and twittering. As I approached and stood still about three yards from them, they ranged themselves in a semicircle and sang to me most sweetly. When I passed away they returned to their business. The natives capture other little birds, but these wagtails are everywhere safe: I don't know why, but they are sweet little things, with their beautiful song.

Friday.—Ujiji is crowded with Wamanyuema immigrants—each party attached to some Arab. At present this plan is worse than slavery, for the injury and death of any men is not a loss to their employers, and they get fearfully ill-treated. M. Debaize (a French traveller) is now obtaining 200 of these Wamanyuema. Notwithstanding risks and hard treatment, they are anxious to come to Ujiji for employment.

Saturday.—At 9 o'clock Mohammed-bin-Alfan's servants arrived to conduct us to his house, where he had specially invited us to breakfast and to inspect the boat he is building. We found an excellent repast awaiting us, with a table and stools specially made for the occasion. Then the model was brought in and discussed, and finally an inspection of the boat itself—a great advance on anything before done here.

This Arab Mohammed-bin-Alfan was from the first most polite and hospitable to us. He is an educated and liberal-minded man, free from many of

the prejudices of the half-castes and others who have not "seen the world." He valued highly a few hints about boat-building and other industrial work in which he showed much enterprise, as well as medical help to himself and his people. At one of the most critical times of our Ujiji experiences, related farther on, he rendered us good help; and he has since, in even more substantial manner, proved his friendship by restraining the irritation and prejudice against Europeans (during the recent troubles at the coast) of the Ujiji community.

Thursday.—About 8.30 A.M. Debaize made a start, and these 200 Wamanyuema and 150 Zanzibaris trooped out of our house in single file, a motley crowd. Some carried miserable trade guns, others spears, tomahawks, clubs, or, wanting other weapons, a sharp-pointed staff or huge porridge-stick; four or five carried small tusks of ivory; and each one some small matter, as a mat, a pot, or a calabash. One man's sole outfit for the march was a huge sweet potato, which he had prudently roasted before starting, and now carried in his hand. . . .

As I sit in the window at evening writing this, the lake before me looks beautiful. At a glance I can take in the countries of Ukaranga, Ukawendi, the distant Uguha, and the tall mountain barrier of Goma; the Capes Kabogo and Kungwe, and Cape Kitanga, near the islands, their tops just lifted into view by the mirage. Close at hand, the little bay separating Kasimbo from Kawele, with large canoes drawn up on the shore, the slopes

on either side of the bay covered with maize fields, scattered oil-palm trees, and bananas, with rice in the lower parts. Bright little lizards are catching flies in the verandah outside. Our pomegranate trees are alive with those tiny birds which in cages at home you may see huddled together to keep themselves warm; here *they* are at home, trim and lively. Besides these there is quite a chorus of little songsters of many and pleasing notes; and, along the path in front, the Wajiji pass actively to and fro to the market, each man with his long spear.

Tuesday.—Sambo told us his story. He says his real father was Chungu, a chief near Bangweolo. When he was very young a white man passed his village, which was on the Lopoposi River. The white man had a donkey, and wore a large hat like what Sambo sees in our house. Bangweolo was a big water near his home; he never went there, but remembers, when he was on his mother's back, her pointing it out to him in the distance. One day he went to pick up firewood for his mother. When he had finished he went to dig some potatoes from the garden; while at this some natives from another village carried him off and sold him to some passing Wangwana (half-castes or civilised Africans) for cloth. They took him to their camp, where there were many slaves and much ivory and copper (which he described correctly). As they went on their journey the slaves were fastened with chains, but he was fastened by himself with cord. He says they took "a year" to reach Unyanyembe, passing Tanganyika on the road, and there he became the property of Sheik Nassib, who, when Mr. Dodgshun passed by, gave the boy to him.

The old story of Joseph's brethren selling him to

the Ishmaelites—the natives selling one another to passing strangers.

Sunday.—A slave of Muinyi Heri's came to us for treatment of his hand. On examination we found that an iron ring and spike had been forcibly clamped round his wrist, and that the whole hand was now mortified. Sent to Msalim (son of Muinyi Heri) to say that the man's hand must be amputated; and he said, "Do so, if the man is willing." Put the man under chloroform accordingly, and amputated about 4 inches from elbow—apparently a successful operation, and good stump. The man says the iron has been on for two months; that the spike was drawn out of the log into which it had been driven last Ramathan; that since then he has been loose, but tried in vain to get the iron off.

Wednesday.—Two distinct shocks of earthquake to-day: the first at 5.30 P.M., and the second and lesser shock about 6. The first shock lasted about four minutes, and quite shook the house; the roof beams creaking ominously, and everybody going outside, from whence the whole house could be seen to tremble. . . . The white ants send out new colonies (like bees) during the rains. They issue from a special back entrance in their nests or burrows, opened out for their exit, and have long loose wings to get away with. Other creatures seem to know when they are due, and gather round the entrance to devour them. Snakes, frogs, fowls snap them up, as, crowding out, they tumble over dazed in the bright light. Those that rise on the wing are hunted by birds. Large hawks hover overhead and snap up the dainty morsels one by one, and the fowls stalk round on tip-toe after them in ludicrous fashion. A short flight and they are done, and, sprawling on the ground, become quite unmanageable. But

there is a remedy : planting his hind feet firmly on the dragging wings and pressing them to the ground, the ant gives his body a surge forward and is free. No more to soar aloft, he goes below as soon as possible. The general excitement gives notice to others : men, women, and children run with little brooms and sweep up baskets full of the savoury morsels as they come out of the hole. After a while the stampede is over, all is quiet, and the earth for half a mile round is speckled with the discarded wings.

Tuesday.—Went to Kigoma in early morning as arranged ; passed on to Mbogo's village, quite a mart just now, with Mirámbo's trading-party and numerous Arabs' men come here to sell their ivory. . . . About thirty of the elders, with Mbogo at their head (all Wajiji chiefs), went round the corner and held a meeting, to which, after an interval, I was requested to come. On getting seated in the circle, I was told they had decided to give me the land for house and garden. . . . Adjourned to the land in question, followed by a crowd. Mbogo's brother, as spokesman, cut a little leafy branch, stood on a hillock waving his hand as he indicated the boundaries and propounded the title, calling on all present to witness the arrangement, and bade them all be friendly to the white man who was coming to live there. Led by the chiefs and followed by the crowd, we then perambulated the boundaries that they might be well impressed on our memories. While thus beating the bounds we came upon a very large snake, coiled among the branches of a low tree. I called for my gun, but it was explained that the Wajiji wish these creatures not to be destroyed ; the elders stood and gazed at it a short time and then we proceeded.

Wednesday.—Mtongoro, the young Mtongwe chief, came to-day, and half a dozen of his followers ; he has

the logs cut that I asked for, but cannot convey them ; had interesting conference with him.

Tuesday.—A nice talk with a little party of Fipa natives come on a trading expedition ; gave me information about their country and chiefs, and carried home the news of us.

Wednesday.—Went to Mohammed's to treat a little girl, but she could not be induced to come to me, for her nurse had before frightened the child by threatening to give her "to the whiteman"! Prescribed as well as I could.

Mr. Dodgshun was shortly expected, and in anticipation of his assuming more particularly the direction of the station at Ujiji, every information was collected and the property put in order for that purpose. Mr. Hutley had already made furniture and other civilised fittings and improvements to the house, and I expected on the arrival of Mr. Dodgshun to be able to start away for a thorough exploration of the lake.

On 27th March 1879 our brother arrived, weary and strained with his long-continued and anxious journeyings, the last month of which, indeed, was accomplished under most exceptionable difficulties, but with un-failing persistence and courage. It was an important and happy time for us all, as we recounted the long story of stirring events since our parting at Mpwapwa, and made plans for enlarged and extended work.

The caravan of M. Broyon had been completely wrecked. When he started from the coast he was carrying goods for Urambo: a large portion was doubtless the property of Mirambo, as exchange for ivory of his taken to the coast; other portions were perhaps his prospectively, for more ivory; all, as he expected, to be sold and distributed in trade to him and his people. Altogether, he looked upon it (native fashion) as *his* caravan.

Messengers of Mirambo, who had come down to us in reply to ours, and also to see how Broyon was getting on, took vague accounts to him of Broyon's mysterious delays, and dealings with other clients and patrons, which awakened Mirambo's suspicions. Now as caravans are coming up from the coast their destination is uncertain; but by and by, at a certain fork of the road, they must plainly announce their destination by taking this road or that. To the neighbourhood of this fork Mirambo sent a party of his men, to ascertain there if Broyon was false to him or not. If Broyon took the road towards Urambo, they would welcome and escort him to their chief; if he took the other road, they were (in African fashion, of course) to prevent the loss of their chief's goods. That road was taken which indicated a wrong direction (although doubtless Broyon intended

to send to Mirambo from Unyanyembe what belonged to him). Mirambo's men, aided by the influence and the people of Said-bin-Salim, who was living in great measure under Mirambo's protection, unable to divert the caravan intact, which became broken up in the fright and confusion of these threatening circumstances, carried off the goods to Mirambo. That is, the bulk of the goods ; for on the old principle of not muzzling the ox, Said-bin-Salim and his men, the local chiefs, and the actual carriers of the goods, all had their shares and fees and maintenance out of them ; or, as an eye-witness subsequently told me, "Said-bin-Salim had the cloth and Mirambo the boxes." Mirambo, however, on receiving what came to him, and also by report, became aware that a great part of the property was evidently not his, and sent to Unyanyembe to invite the "whitemen" to claim their own. The fears of M. Broyon, increased by the report of certain travellers who had been to Mirambo and failed to understand him, prevented, however, any adjustment at that time ; and Mr. Dodgshun, only being able to judge of Mirambo by their accounts, and being enfeebled by the long journey and its many anxieties, desired to join his brethren at Ujiji before deciding on further action.

On the subsequent arrival at Mirambo's of Messrs. Southon and Griffiths, however, Mirambo himself suggested an investigation of the matter, and gave up to them what was evidently the L.M.S. property.

Mr. Dodgshun, after resting at Unyanyembe during the confusion arising from the breaking up of this caravan, passed on alone, through much hardship, to Ujiji, where he arrived as related above. The tedious journey, however, of over seven months, with its many anxieties and hardships, the disaster in Unyamwezi, and the subsequent hurried march without proper food or outfit, had completely worn him out. The joyful stimulation of arrival amongst his brethren, and the prospect of getting to steady work, revived him for a day or two; but fatal weakness had already laid its hand upon him, and after a few hours of sudden illness he expired on the 3d April. In the midst of his deepest difficulties and greatest weakness his determination to devote his life to the work he felt called to had not abated, and faithful unto death, he obtained the crown of life.

The events of the next four months were both exciting and important. Rumours came of Mirambo's approach to attack Ujiji; the colonial Arab community strove to slander us as the cause. Failing

that, the natives were accused of having invited him ; but as they offered to vacate and leave the Arabs to themselves in proof of their denial of guilt, the Colonials fell to accusing one another of complicity with Mirambo, and each one fortified himself separately in his own *tembe*.

On 21st May the French traveller, the Abbé Debaize, arrived, and was assisted and entertained by the Mission. A voyage was made to Uguha on the west side of the lake, and friendly acquaintance made with its chief Kassanga, who invited us to occupy a station in his country.

On 2d August a small party of M. Broyon's men arrived with forty loads of general stores, the salvage of the wrecked expedition.

Soon after this several new Arabs arrived in town, and some ill-feeling was again observable. It culminated one day, when, expecting the arrival of a caravan, and according to allowed custom, I determined to hoist a flag. Having the boat's mast on shore, I thought it would make a very convenient flagstaff, so put it up, not knowing then that was just the thing to excite their anger.

The Arabs armed all their slaves, forming altogether a body of about 200 armed men, and came up to our house. According to custom, I received

them in a friendly way, and asked them to sit down inside. I had then about twenty of these Arabs, nearly filling the principal room. This was a critical moment. There were Mr. Hutley and I, quite alone, and apparently helpless in the hands of this lawless crowd, who completely filled and surrounded the house. There were three large windows in this principal room, just a yard or two from where we stood, and through the bars of the windows the slaves and followers of the Arabs pointed their guns. With their fingers on the triggers, they shouted to their leaders to give the word of command, but they did not: some wonderful power seemed to restrain them, and they could only talk excitedly amongst themselves. At length one of the new-comers stood up and spoke to the rest: "The house is full of goods; let us empty it now, and destroy these men at one stroke." The excited mob were now yelling and dancing in our verandah and hall, and begging the Arabs to give the word for the onslaught to commence. The Arabs only saw two calm faces, and only heard a quiet request to state their business and talk over it quietly. But One all-powerful to save heard two earnest prayers for help; the next moment Mohammed-bin-Halfan stood up and quietly said, "Let us get out," and a moment after

those Arabs were literally pushing one another in the doorway in their anxiety to get out quickly. It appears that Mohammed had at the same time given orders for the obnoxious flagstaff to be removed. This had drawn the mob off from the house, and so at once caused the removal of the sore point to each party; he was the first, too, to make friendly advances to us again. This event, so far from causing permanent trouble, became indeed helpful to us; the best of the Arabs were alarmed at the storm they might at any time raise, the natives were deeply impressed that we remained unharmed.

We had heard of the arrival of the African International Association's expedition at Karema, then the first news of the coming of Dr. Mullens and Messrs. Southon and Griffiths for the reinforcement of the Mission, and very soon afterwards of the death, alas, of their devoted and loved leader: a loss not only to our Mission, but deeply felt throughout the whole of the Society's work and connections.

The stirring events at Ujiji were made, in the good providence of God, all to work together for our good. The suspicion and doubts of Arabs and natives alike were smoothed down towards us as they had to deal with the new arrivals. Mirambo's own admission that he should indeed have attacked

Ujiji, but that "his friends the whitemen" were there, and the special despatches from Zanzibar confirming the will of the deceased Abbé Debaize in placing the management of his affairs in the hands of the English missionaries, told with great weight in our favour. The Wajiji openly declared a favourable opinion of us, after having viewed us so long "with their own eyes," and offered us a piece of land for the establishment of a station.¹

On 23d September Messrs. Southon and Griffiths arrived, and although the smouldering doubts and ignorance of the Arabs broke out now and again in various little difficulties, the experience gained of local affairs, and the pressing invitations of Mirambo and Kassanga, enabled us, in formal committee at Ujiji, to decide in establishing stations at Urambo by its occupation by Dr. Southon, and at Uguha by Messrs. Griffiths and Hutley proceeding thither, while I should continue to occupy Ujiji, and proceed with the examination of the lake: measures which, after ten or twelve days of consultation, arrangement of business, and division of stores, were duly proceeded with, and carried to a successful issue.

On 9th October Dr. Southon started for Urambo, where, with devoted and untiring energy, he laid the

¹ See extract from journal, page 90.

foundation, under God's help and blessing, of a grand Christian work in the very capital of the savage chief who had so long been regarded with fear and trembling alike by Arab, European, and native.

On 22d October, having sent over a hired boat two days before with various stores, we sailed in the *Calabash* to establish a settlement on the western shore of the lake. Kassanga proved true to his promise: food was brought, labourers provided, and a site being selected at Mtowa, near the southern cape of a beautiful bay of islands, temporary houses were at once erected, forming a station we named Plymouth Rock, and I returned to Ujiji.

The succeeding year was, for the two new stations, a time of settling down into the new and strange conditions, of acquiring knowledge of the language and character of the people, and of solving the problems of life for the missionaries themselves, resulting in a report, in both cases, of friendly relations with the people, and an earnest appeal for more help for the work thus rapidly opening up in their hands.

At Ujiji steady advance was made in living down the prejudices of the Arabs, and in further securing the lasting respect and friendship of the Wajiji.

Voyages were made also, during which all the

countries round the lake were visited, as related in detail in the following chapter.

At home the efforts of the year resulted in the despatch of reinforcements, and on 3d October 1880 Messrs. Wookey, Palmer, and Williams arrived at Ujiji accompanied by Dr. Southon from Urambo. Messrs. Griffiths and Hutley had come over from Uguha, completing for our District Committee meeting an assembly of seven missionaries. To this meeting were brought a year's report from three stations, an account of the survey of the lake, and further openings in various countries.

The destinations of the newly-arrived brethren being decided and business details arranged, we separated again in new strength and faith: Messrs. Southon and Williams to Urambo, Messrs. Griffiths and Palmer to Uguha, Messrs. Wookey and Hutley remaining at Ujiji, and I to return to England, as originally arranged by the directors, to report specially upon the lake and the proposed vessel for its navigation. Three stations were thus effectively manned, and the Mission was an established fact.

The world had already been informed on the highest authority that "the safety of a European at Ujiji would be but precarious," that a disturbance might arise at any moment "the result of which

would be that the European would either have to forfeit all his goods or his life, or decamp with his people immediately to save himself." The disturbances truly had from time to time arisen, but the predicted disaster had not ensued. At Ujiji during those "two whole years" the foundations of our Mission had been laid. It was there that we so lived down those prejudices of the Arabs which on our arrival had threatened to render the establishment of the Mission impossible, that in after years some of them actually upheld and preserved its members in times of peril. At Ujiji we first made ourselves acquainted with the natives, their language, their institutions, and their modes of life and thought—lived down their suspicions and won their regard. From Ujiji our good name was so made known, by various natives who visited us there, in all the regions round about, that on subsequent visits to distant places our name had gone before and we were received as friends; and there also we gathered round us the first native helpers who aided us in voyages and the settlement of stations. And the light kindled in that dark place amidst much prayer and labour and sorrow, glimmering feebly awhile, burning up gradually under steady effort, was already, under God's guidance and blessing, spreading afar into the darkness.

CHAPTER V

THE CRUISE OF THE *CALABASH*

“Launch out into the deep.” *

“Cast the net on the right side of the ship and ye shall find.”



CHAPTER V

THE CRUISE OF THE *CALABASH*

1878-1880

THE report concerning the countries and the people of the lake shore laid before the committee at Ujiji was the result of investigation during several voyages, a sketch of which, as well as of subsequent visits, is given in this chapter.

My own particular department in the pioneer expedition was the establishment of temporary boat communication on the lake for the purpose of examining its shores, visiting the various tribes around it, and reporting upon the best kind of vessel for permanent use. A supply of instruments, of canvas, rope, and various tools and appliances for nautical use, formed the outfit of the marine department.

As until the advance of civilisation affords a more speedy way we travel overland by native means and help, improved and organised by us to some extent,

so our first boat was a native log canoe, improved and built upon, and named, as significant of the use of native resources, the *Calabash*. The first *Calabash* was hired for a year; the second, purchased at the end of that time, was the sole property of the Society: the sails and rigging altered to fit, she was practically the same as the first. Rudely built of rough unpainted wood smeared with palm oil for its preservation, although the fashion of the sails and masts indicated her European character, the *Calabash*, with her dusky crew and oftentimes somewhat rough-looking commander, would have had a decidedly piratical appearance could she have suddenly been sighted in more civilised waters.

The story of the *Calabash* as well as her name well illustrates the process of gradual improvement and growth from native institutions and thought into a brighter, better life.

The best canoes of Tanganyika are obtained from gigantic trees of the vast forest jungle which fringes a great part of the shores of the lake, especially the lofty hills of Ugoma. There our canoe was originally one of those huge trunks, cut down by the little axes of the natives with infinite labour, and with axe and adze and fire carved into shape: that so-called clumsy but typical African form, resembling rather

the lines of the hippopotamus than those of the swan, which, however, results in an excellent sea-boat. Dragged down those mountain slopes to the lake shore, the canoe was at last launched upon its surface with much ceremony, the medicine-man making an offering of beads to the spirits of the lake for her protection and safety. As a *native trading canoe* she entered upon her adventurous career, conveying from port to port the grain and fruit, the salt, oil, dried fish, ivory, and other merchandise of inter-tribal exchange. Coming on one voyage to Ujiji, she was bought there for his purposes by an Mswahili slave-trader. There drawn up on the shore, deepened by having two planks built round her sides, strengthened with frames and thwarts and a half-deck, and rigged with mast and sail, the canoe was launched the second time in the lake as a *slave dhow*. For three years she plied at intervals backwards and forwards, bringing cargoes of men and women and children to the Ujiji slave-market. Here this strange craft attracted my attention as a suitable one for our purpose, and having succeeded in purchasing her, she was once more drawn up on the beach, repaired, and altered, and, rigged in English fashion with two masts and sails and our own Mission flag flying, was for the third time launched

upon Lake Tanganyika as the *first missionary boat*, with a prayer for God's blessing on her errand of goodwill to men. Consecrated to the cause of peace which her flag indicated, she became known after a while to every tribe round the lake as the harbinger of goodwill; carrying to the remotest part of that water a ray of light and love amidst the heathen darkness.

In this boat the whole of the lake was surveyed. A new sea, with the beauty and the wonder of its calm and breeze and thunder, yielded up its secrets during these voyages, and spread out before us its pathway to the unknown,—unknown lands day by day as a grand panorama unrolling to view in ever new aspect their headlands, creeks, and bays; unknown tribes of *men*, now fleeing in amazement at the approach of the stranger, now gathering courageously, spear in hand, to defend their homes from suspected attack, shouting to us in strange tongues their inquiries or their defiance.

By careful measurement and observation, month after month, the outlines and the names of those countries were marked out on the map of Africa. Year after year, through careful friendly advances, acquaintance was made with those people, and their names and characteristics added to the muster-roll

of the nations. Response was made by them to the test of fair and friendly dealing, and eventually requests, when they were made to understand our character and purpose, to settle down and live amongst them, and carry out fully the good intentions we professed. These hitherto hidden and mysterious lands proved to be bright and rich and good; and these barbarous people, dark and ignorant as they are, yet again and again showed us in their sayings and doings every ordinary human characteristic.

The *Calabash* was 32 feet long, rigged with a jib, mainsail, and mizzen, which, with rigging and gear, I made and fitted myself from the store of ship-chandlery brought from England for the purpose. A half-deck forward provided a place for the anchor and mooring gear above and the outfit of the crew underneath. Another half-deck aft covered a tiny cabin and receptacle for a lock-up chest to hold barter goods. In the body of the boat other goods were stored and covered with a tarpaulin, a space being left for a large open box of sand with three large stones, forming the fire-place for cooking. Beside the mizzen-mast a little binnacle with compass and lamp was specially fitted for convenience of taking bearings. The anchor had been brought

from London (but as it did not come up with our first lot of goods, I had to be content for the first voyage or two with a big stone), and the cable was one of the waggon chains which I had carefully retained for that purpose. Tholes and sockets were fitted on the boat's sides for eight paddles. With a due supply of stores, food, and barter, our boat was now ready for a cruise.

My crew consisted at first of eight of our Zanzibaris, selected as having done good service on the road, and who had made voyages on dhows at the coast; but very soon I was able to get natives of Ujiji who were skilled canoe and fishermen, some of whom proved most efficient aids, not only as boatmen, but as being able to introduce me (as their friend) at many places we visited.

While preparing for my first cruise two old hands (pilots) were brought to me, and a most ceremonious proceeding commenced, including reference to the whirlpools and rocks and many other dangers of the deep, the special wisdom of these guides and their necessity to my safety, the *custom* that already existed of strangers employing their services as the official showmen of the lake, a large amount of mystery, and lastly, although not least, the number of cloths, red, white, blue, and super, necessary to

secure their good offices, the same for their friends and their chiefs as consolation for their absence, etc. I have always had every respect for native rights and tribal boundaries and jurisdiction of the powers that be, but as regards the lake, bordered as it is by the territories of so many different tribes, with ample space for the maritime enterprise of all, I determined it should no longer be subject to private rights either of use or of exhibition, but become henceforward, as God had made it, international high sea ; and may no jealousy or greed ever make it other. This was in 1878, and as ever since that time the English flag has floated continually (over wholesome, practical operations) on that lake, I think it may well continue a sphere of British *influence*, not as private possession or territory, but to secure its free and open use to any who have the skill and enterprise to navigate it for lawful purposes. And thereafter I always maintained that position : namely, on shore I willingly submitted to local authority and customs as regards the land ¹ and other matters ; but *afloat*

¹ Very good customs, it seems to me, for they are mainly this : that within the tribal area individuals of the tribe just help themselves to what God has laid out before them, and to strangers who may be suitable persons land is granted for their use as long as they behave themselves seemly, "but is not *sold* to them, for the land belongs to the people or tribe" ; and anything representing rent, tax, or tithe that may be required from such landholder goes to the public exchequer.

I assumed equal and independent terms with all comers—indeed I got to be called by many leaders of the people the Chief of the Lake; and the Arabs, who protested most emphatically against a flag (for fear of some subsequent claims) being hoisted on shore in their colonies, specially consented, and even suggested my perfect freedom to do so on the lake.

Many were the warnings I received, and many were the calamities foretold as likely to be my fate, when it was generally known that I was to voyage upon the lake without a pilot. As regards engaging a local crew I was completely boycotted, but my trusty Zanzibaris (blacklegs) sufficed, and finding after a voyage or two that I could do without them if I liked, I was able to engage a native crew.

The first voyage was of course somewhat of a trial-trip. During four days I thoroughly tried both boat and crew, visited the eastern coast as far as the famous Cape Kabogo, entered the Malagarasi River, which I afterwards explored for about eight miles, when I was stopped by rapids, and gained experience of the weather and general conditions of navigation—the land-breeze close along shore at night, and the strong south-easter in the day, before which I had a smart run home from Cape Kabogo.

At the next opportunity I fitted out for a more

lengthened trip to visit Uguha on the west side of the lake, to follow up the acquaintance I had made with one of its chiefs at Ujiji. The visit was perfectly successful, and by waiting a few days at Mtowa and submitting to an inspection and inquiry by his sub-chiefs, I was at last permitted an interview with the head chief Kassanga and won his friendship, which resulted in the direct invitation from him that I laid before the committee. With this friendship secured with the Waguha, I went to examine the Lukuga River, and proved it to be the veritable outlet or waste-pipe of the lake, draining off its overflow, over rapids and falls, into the Lualaba, the head waters of the Congo.

Knowing something, from my first cruise, of the coast of Utongwe, I now endeavoured to reach its people. Another voyage had been made to the Malagarasi to render assistance to the Abbé Debaize, by ferrying him across the mouth of that river, and also to bring to Ujiji the remainder of our goods, sent on by Broyon, which, coming by a more southern route, found themselves on the wrong side of the great river, and indeed in some sense detained by Mtongoro the Utongwe chief there till payment should be made of the tribute he demanded. When I appeared there, however, *from the lake*, Mtongoro

soon became amenable to reason, and by this and subsequent acquaintance was brought into friendly relations with us, and begged that one of our number might be told off to live amongst his people. They have since become scattered as wanderers. No one, alas, has been found to enter the open door. At the southern end of Utongwe acquaintance was made with another chief, Musamwira, in a neighbourhood now known as Karema. The following extract from the log of the *Calabash* describes this first contact between missionary and native there :

Thursday, 3d July 1879.—Arrived at entrance of river—moored close to shore. . . . I have had a little grass hut built, which affords great comfort throughout the day. At night, however, I sleep in the boat, both from old nautical custom, and also because the lions roar so near. . . . Started early to Musamwira's village; it is enclosed in a round stockade of stout poles surmounted by ghastly trophies of the chase and warfare in the shape of skulls of animals and men, and surrounded by a deep trench. The people, a wild lot—very few women—more like slaves-hunters and robbers than anything else. Buffaloes very abundant; two were shot to-day, and the meat was brought in cut up, skin and all. Musamwira is a poor-looking elderly man with broken fingers and weak screwed-up eyes that never look straight; they said he was frightened of me, and desired to cut the interview short. I asked for food, but they were very shy. At last a fowl and a little maize were produced in

exchange for salt, and I think I made them understand that I was friendly. The next day I tried them again. Musamwira had gone away somewhere, but I laid hold of an old man he had introduced to me yesterday as one who would show me round, and sitting down, I spread out a little bag of salt, and beckoned to some women who were hanging about with some baskets of potatoes ; a little salt was offered them, and the market and better acquaintance was opened at once. In this way I got a store of sweet potatoes, and then proceeded to bargain for meal ; but the women demanded palm oil for this more valuable commodity. A pot of oil was brought, the women crowded round, and there was soon quite a crush, the centre being my man Uledi and the pot of oil, of about the stiffness of pomatum, and a rich orange colour. A score of eager hands thrust forward their little baskets of meal ; but Uledi, equal to the occasion, remained quite calm as he proffered about a table-spoonful of the oil for the best-looking lots of meal. The oil being done, the salt passed current again. A rub of Uledi's oily fingers was scrambled for, and I saw a group of young ladies, who, having rubbed one another with the last particles of oil left on their hands, were now regaling themselves over a pinch of salt, sharing it out in particles which they sucked up like lollipops. The morning's work resulted in a good friendly feeling between ourselves and the natives, quite breaking up the original shyness and suspicion, and as I left they stood talking in groups, describing to one another the satisfactory process of the market, and the appearance and character of the visitors. The next day I got a long, quiet interview with the chief and a number of his men.

Such has been the process of first introduction again and again.

This particular visit served to pave the way for the establishment here of the African International Association station known as "Karema," which has now passed into the hands of the Roman Catholic Mission.

One or two incidents of voyages must suffice to give a glimpse at the north end of the lake. The plan on one trip was to sail right away to the north, and then coast slowly down the western shore, surveying and visiting.

Approaching the north end for the first time, the wind towards evening unexpectedly increased to a very strong breeze, and soon there was a dangerous sea, before which the darkness found us running on to an unknown coast. In another hour I knew we must be close to the shore, so determined to turn the boat round and heave to with the paddles till the gale abated. Watching each sea for a smooth chance to turn, a bigger wave than usual suddenly foamed up all round the boat, making her tremble again, but immediately afterwards we were in much smoother water. I supposed we had crossed a bar into shelter; and turning the boat round at once, sounded and found only two fathoms. Keeping the men working at the

paddles, I ran forward, lashed together three big stones that were in the boat, and casting them over by way of anchor, we rode in safety till morning. Daylight revealed the shore only 300 yards astern!

The numerous bold and stalwart Wazige of a village close at hand gazed in great wonder, when they turned out that morning, at the stranger thus appearing amongst them, and a whole day was taken up in explanations and talk. The chief was Mvaruma, the son of Mukamba; and on becoming convinced of our friendly character he sent down to the boat a long procession of people bearing presents. A young ox, several goats and sheep, numerous baskets of meal, potatoes, and bananas, made a load more than we could eat or even carry away, and I was obliged to return two goats to the elders of the village. All seemed well, and arrangements were made for me to come and have a more lengthy conference with the chief the next day, starting from a point a few miles farther south, where I thought it prudent to move as a safer place for the boat during a few days' stay. From that place, therefore, I started for the interview. I was supplied with guides by Muinyi Heri, who was at his Uvira depot; and on the road passed through the depot of Mohammed-bin-Gharib, an Mswahili Arab who

befriended Livingstone. This good man put every possible obstacle in my way: first I must shelter in his verandah against the noonday heat, then I must stay to eat something, and finally, finding me persistent, he assured me my life was in danger and I must wait for another opportunity. He was afraid at that time to give me all the particulars, but he told me the story afterwards, which was confirmed from other quarters. Some slaves of Muinyi Heri's had been to Mvaruma's and told them all sorts of yarns about me, especially dwelling on the extraordinary fact of my giving back the two goats. A council of elders was held, and it was decided that I had bewitched the goats and was a traitor, incurring the death-penalty, which it was decided to carry out as I approached on the promised visit. An ambush was arranged, and a quantity of fuel cut for the customary execution by fire, and this coming to the ears of Mohammed, made him detain me and thus save my life. A long time afterwards, and partly by the aid of Mohammed, they were convinced of their mistake and sent friendly messages to us. The coasts of Uvira, Umsanzi, and Ubwari were successively visited and friendly intercourse exchanged with the natives at various points. One of the finest sights of

the lake was in passing by bright moonlight the rocky south-east promontory of the Ubwari peninsula—a high shore richly clothed with dense forest jungle, festooned with rattan, and fringed with beautiful creepers, was bordered below by a chaos of bare broken rocks over which the south-east swell was breaking high and grandly, a bright moon shining on all, and the otherwise silent night giving full play to the roar and splash of the broken water. The steep sides of the Ugoma hills now formed our coast as we paddled away to the south, and the Wagoma we wished to visit. An incident taken direct from the log of the *Calabash* will well illustrate our acquaintance with them.

1st September 1879.— . . . As we neared the lofty Ugoma hills the fires indicated many villages. Soon shouts were raised, gradually increasing till every ridge and hillside resounded and seemed clothed with people—they seemed like shouts of exultation one to another.

2d.—About 3 A.M. signs of south wind coming on, I pulled in straight towards a gorge between two very steep hillsides, at the foot of which I expected to find a small harbour. The shouts increased; the people were evidently gathering on both sides as we pulled into the inlet, out of which a strong wind blew. As we got close in, people from both sides came down to the little beach shouting fiercely, and then as they thought us within range a shower of stones fell just ahead of us. Uledi shouted, and I shouted, “Msungu, Msungu”

(white man), but we could not be heard amongst the hundreds shouting on all sides, so I called a retreat at once, and we pulled out to sea again. The shouts were now renewed louder than ever—notes of triumph. As we pulled along shore the people signalled from one hill-top or village to another till we could hear the news flying far ahead of us. About 5 I caught sight of some boats hovering close in shore; they were five canoes full of armed men. Uledi shouted out to them, "We are Msungu's men, the Msungu is here"; they answered, "No, you are Warua"; we said, "Come and see"; they replied, "We will come, if it is a white man and Wangwana, they are our friends, but if you are Warua we will fight," and so they cautiously approached. The first dawn of day was just showing, and as they came near I stood up on the rail and spread myself out to view as well as I could; they soon recognised me as a white man, and at once were pleased and perfectly confident. Several hundred people, amid great excitement, welcomed us in the little harbour to which these people piloted us. In the afternoon, the chief Mutanda having arrived, a great meeting was held, at which I was ceremoniously received as a friend by an ancient chief saluting me and plucking a handful of grass as a token of peace. They wanted me to come and live with them.

Another invitation — who will go? Leaving Ugoma, I coasted on to Uguha to pay another visit to keep up our acquaintance with Kassanga, and so home to Ujiji, somewhat tired indeed, for although sometimes I had been amply feasted, I had often

nothing by way of repast beyond the half-boiled maize meal which formed the chief rations of my crew. Often drenched to the skin all night through, and again the whole day through at the tiller under the burning sun—but still rejoicing in the remarkable success of the cruise and the grand opportunities for work which were thus being opened up. The map of the lake was already in good progress as regards its northern half, but it was some months before I was able to start on a lengthened southern cruise, on which a still more detailed survey was required.

On 17th March I started for this special cruise to the south end, on which I was away over two months.

A few incidents again must suffice. In Ufipa, south of Utongwe, acquaintance was first gained in Mpimbwe Bay with the local chief Marrampamba, and also at Polungu Island, where the *Calabash* and her crew were one day surprised and completely surrounded by a party of armed warriors. Fortunately our crew of Wajiji refuted on our behalf the accusation of piracy which had led to this demonstration against us, and with a personal examination of the boat and its contents and a few pinches of salt passed round, the party was satisfied,

and left us with protestations of friendship. The country has been open to us ever since, but we have no one yet to follow up these friendly relations, although there are many good sites for stations on the coast of Fipa.

Ulungu, which occupies the chief part of the south end of the lake, is a country of great importance, both to our missionary enterprise and from its geographical position. A special survey therefore was made of this neighbourhood. One of the most interesting points is the entrance to the Lofu River, afterwards to become such an active scene as the site of our ship-building depot. The entrance is not visible until one comes close upon it; then turning sharp round to the southward a beautiful gap in the coast-line opens to view a broad and deep entrance. Where there are sheltered points in the river banks, there the long water-grass and papyrus accumulate in thick masses of very bright green. Steep verdant slopes rise up on every side, broken by gullies choked with dense vegetation, and conducting smaller streams into the general outlet. One appears, however, to be only running up into an inlet with large masses of water-grass at its head and hills beyond; but as we advance the successive zigzag reaches are disclosed in vista after vista of the same pleasing

aspect, until, turning again westward, a vast gap or basin presents itself, forming a piece of very grand scenery. The river spreads out widely as a long winding lake, from which ascend, with more or less intervening lowlands, immense hills, with for the most part clear, straight sky-lines, showing the edges of the table-lands above. On the southern side, a long and gentle rise from the water's edge to the steeper hillside was covered with villages and extensive gardens, where one might walk for miles through field after field of waving corn and rice. Westward the valley narrows towards the more confined space of the incoming waters; but the outlet from which we entered was hidden at a short distance, giving the appearance of a complete surrounding mountain barrier—one of the richest and most beautiful spots in the Tanganyika countries.

In Ulungu I made the acquaintance of the chief Zombe at the extreme south end of the lake, by two days' climb up the hills to his large fortified villages on the banks of a beautiful stream. We were far from home, for even my Wajiji sailors were at fault here, and when I urged them to step to the front and explain the purpose of our coming, they hung back and said, "Sir, we are strangers here, you must lead the way." Approaching

after due notice in African fashion, we were hospitably received, and the suggestion of residence in the country highly approved. In like manner I got to know the chieftainess Mwema, in the beautiful harbour of Mpete, and Kapufi, Chumananga, and Kitimbwa at Liendwe, in the enclosed valley of the Lofu River—places and people afterwards to take an important part in the history of our Mission.

It was time to get back to Ujiji. Many a hot calm and many a fierce squall the good *Calabash* had already weathered, but never had she gone so fast or danced so gaily as one whole day and night of our return trip, when we ran before a strong southerly gale, and my sailors actually hid their heads in the bottom of the boat, unable to face the weird and stormy scene. We arrived in safety at Ujiji on the 20th May.

Such were a few of the leading points of the report of the Marine Department to the District Committee at Ujiji in October 1880, when at the same time the brethren from Uguha and Urambo brought their reports of the commencement of Christian teaching in those places.

Through perils oft by sea and land, through hunger and sickness, and many difficulties, the net had been cast and God had blessed us. The net

had been cast on the right side of the ship. Faded and worn were both boat and crew, battered and bleached with rain, and sea, and sun; deep furrows in our planks marked a scramble with hippopotami, but no mark of conflict with man was shown by her or us—no memory of conflict stains the record of the cruise of the *Calabash*. The net has been cast on the right side of the ship, and we have become fishers of men; it is so full that we are not able to draw it to land. Come over, partners, we pray you, and help us.

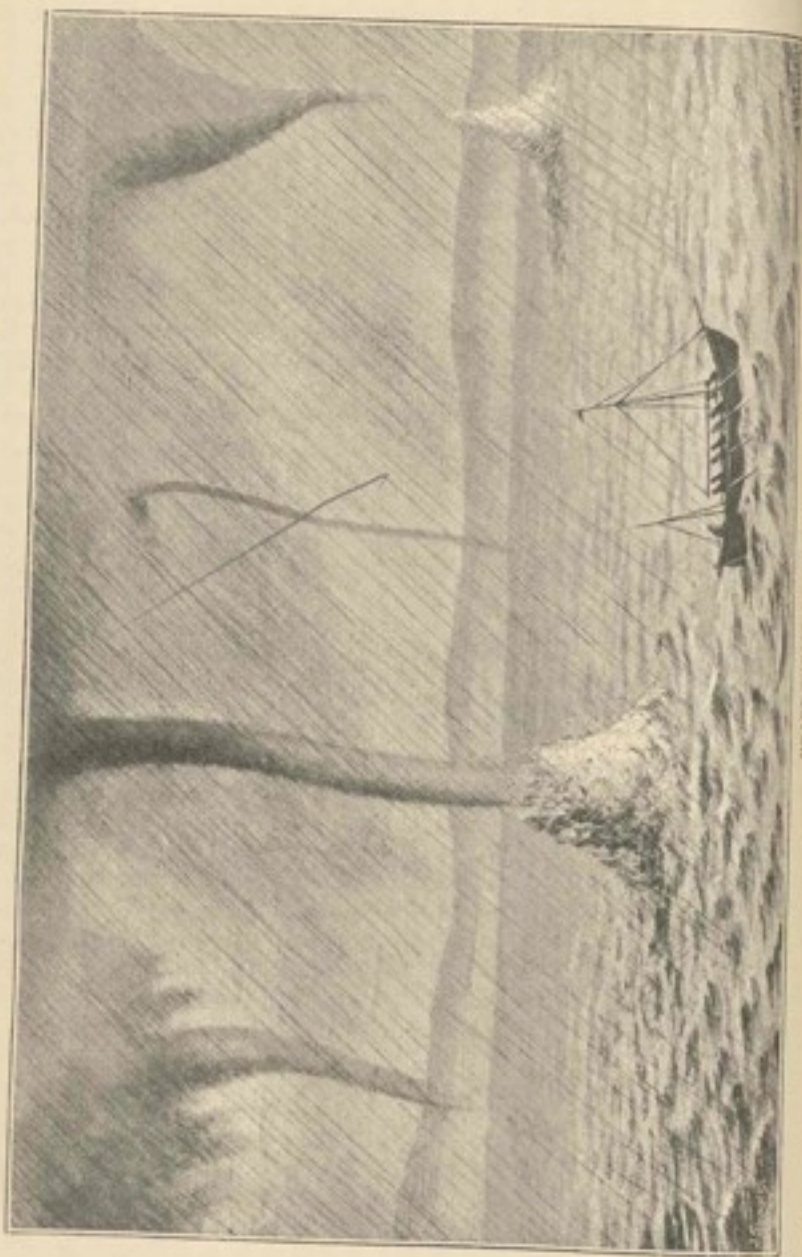
CHAPTER VI

THE HEART OF AFRICA

"O Lord, how manifold are thy works ! in wisdom hast thou made them all : the earth is full of thy riches."

"So God created man in his own image, . . . and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

"God hath showed me that I should not call any man common or unclean."



CHAPTER VI

THE HEART OF AFRICA

IN the "Instructions" of the Board of Directors to the members of the pioneer expedition there was this clause :

"As the lake region has only been visited by passing travellers, you will, as settled residents, have opportunities of gathering numerous facts in regard to the country and its people, its climate, products, geography, etc. To Mr. Hore in particular, as a practised observer, the directors commend this portion of your duties."

During "the cruise of the *Calabash*," and on subsequent voyages and journeys, I endeavoured so to observe as to follow those instructions, and in the following pages, as concisely as may be, to render some account of the same.

The outer grace and beauty of any one of God's creatures is but the outward and visible sign of

its inward and still more wonderful structure—the assurance of a perfect system of bone and muscle, of vital circulation and spiritual force,—revealed in detail by anatomy,—accepted as necessary by our reasoning powers and our faith.

While the earth remaineth, and while seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night cease not, while the bow is still in the cloud, shall we not believe in the structural and spiritual perfection of all parts of God's earth?

Geographical anatomy has revealed to the doubting, and confirmed to the faithful, the structure of inner Africa, giving us a vision of wonder and beauty in place of the gloomy dream of our ignorance and unbelief.

The vital and structural centre of Africa is a long, irregular, oval-shaped elevation of mountain masses, spreading out in many places as vast plateaux, and buttressed by far-stretching ridges, here and there rising into snow-clad peaks—the backbone from which, outwards and downwards, in intricate articulations, extends the complicated bony skeleton of the continent.

In the crevices of this central mass—in rocky basins, in fathomless chasms, in vast depressions of

the elevated plateaux—lie those great natural rain-water tanks known as the Central African lakes—central sparkling gems of the Dark Continent, from which radiate in endless ramifications the streams which flow onwards and outwards throughout its length and breadth ; for the outflow of these great reservoirs through gaps and passes, or their overflow through broad spongy expanses, and the downflow over the outer sides of these buttresses, are the head waters of the great rivers that flow into the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, and the Indian Ocean—the heart lobes and circulating channels of its vitalising fluid.

Clustering round the great central lakes and crowning their surrounding ridges, dense forests of gigantic trees are preserved in perpetual verdure—the flesh and muscle of this great creation, clothing and beautifying its rocky skeleton ; and down over the sides of the central elevation stretch these glorious forests in vast extending masses on their native heights, or where the waters spread,—in smaller groves where moisture is held in rocky basins,—and in long extending lines and network fringing the ever-winding banks of the streams, and, finally, joining with the verdant belt of the seashore to form the brilliant epidermis of the whole,—and forming background and filling to the network of these

prominent features, in broad concentric curves, and belts, and patches, the thorny stunted growth, long grass, broad savannah, and sandy plain, ever changing in colour and aspect.

Beneath these superficial features the rough outlines of the foundation mass of the continent are concentrically arranged thus: a slope upwards and inwards from the coast; a flat terrace of irregular annular form, bulging out, in correspondence with the general shape of the continent—in the north, as the Sahara, in the south, as the Kalahari; and then the central elevation of mountain heights,¹ more or less flattened at the top, already referred to.

This concentric arrangement is to some extent broken up and diversified by many independent peaks and ridges, as well as the depressions and chasms containing the lakes, and other shallower depressions, alternating (with the rain supply) as swamps and pools, or dry treeless patches. The annular terrace is at some points almost obliterated, as though material from the interior heights had slid down over it; and over and through all these other features a *radial* arrangement of great ridges and furrows, dividing up fanwise into innumerable smaller ridges and furrows, descending from the interior to

¹ "The Mountains of the Moon."

every coast of the continent ; the furrows of course being the rivers, and the ridges their dividing watersheds.

Now these radiating ridges and furrows point to some locality of common origin or source which may well be regarded as the physical centre of the continent : not necessarily the highest point, which may (and does) consist of some isolated peak, but the highest part of the general continental mass.

The determination of that physical centre or heart of Africa would be the subject of endless discussion were it not naturally demonstrated by *the flowing of the waters*. Following all these radiating streams upward to their sources, we find ourselves then, not at a point, but on a continuous crest or rim¹ (in some places of sharp edge, in others of broad flattened surface) surrounding a space of long oval form, about 600 miles by 300 miles, which is a deep crater-like cavity ; its western side for the most part very steep, its eastern of more gentle slope. Outside this rim the rainfall flows away to every side of the continent as the sources of the Nile, the Congo, and the Zambesi ; but inside, it flows down, *from* every side of the rim, into the bottom of the depression. There, adding to its crater-like

¹ An outcrop again of the *concentric* form.

character as well as form, is a long deep chasm. Its general plan is of the same jagged form characteristic of forked lightning, or the fracture of stone, pottery, or pie-crust—the appearance of a violently produced opening in the earth's crust. Not only this appearance leads one to think of volcanic action and earthquake movement: still more practical evidence is afforded in the frequent recurrence of shocks of earthquake, sometimes so severe as to open cracks in the ground, as well as the presence of several hot springs and jets of steam and petroleum; while still more frequent gloomy rumblings beneath the surface indicate that the fires below are still active.

Into this chasm for untold years has poured the rainfall of the whole space within the mountain rim, forming the beautiful inland sea—400 miles long, 15 to 50 miles wide, having a coast-line of 1000 miles and a surface of 13,000 square miles—which is known as Lake Tanganyika.

From the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope we find Africa more or less *full of people*. On the grass-bearing savannahs the pastorals roam with their herds of cattle; on the verdant river bank, in patiently-cut clearings of the rich forest land,

on terraces of the watered mountain slopes, the busy agriculturists are found at work, cultivating bread-stuffs and vegetables. Scientists suppose they have in ancient times come from the north, and in several cases native tradition confirms that idea. Onward and southward, step by step, tempted forward by unoccupied rich land and pastures on before, urged on by the pressure of other tribes behind, they have spread foot by foot over the whole habitable parts of the land.

We might expect to find then some sort of stratified arrangement of these people, as tribe after tribe they had successively taken up their present locations; it may have been so, but, whether or no, the existing arrangement of the tribes of men in Africa wonderfully corresponds with its geographical features. By a providential arrangement, a law of natural selection, or some other powerful influence, they have, whatever the method of their original arrival and deposition, become adjusted, like steel filings under the magnet, into a concentric and radial symmetry.

Concentrically, the cultivators, traders, and fighting men if need be, face the outer world on the slope, the nomad and pastoral people occupy the terrace, and the more peaceful agricultural and industrial the

central heights. Radially, the tribal, racial, or family divisions of the African people (the Semitico-African, the Negroid, the Zulu, the south equator Negro, and the north equator Negro) to be seen upon its outer coast converge in long continuous lines to the interior; while, exceptionally placed,¹ as incompatible with this general symmetry, older aboriginal tribes, such as the Bushmen, the dwarfs, and perhaps the Wanyamwezi, still survive distinct in more or less isolated patches amongst those supposed to be later arrivals.

It is this racial relationship of the various tribes, with introduction, passage, and intercourse always possible on before (on one of the radial lines), always difficult to the right or left of it, that has tended to determine the routes of travellers and explorers; in South Africa, for instance, almost invariably Zambesi-wards, and in Central Africa, east and west; only the peerless Livingstone (seeking new lands and people without regard to a brilliant passage) ever, with persistent patient courage, going against the grain of these travelling facilities.

Following these racial lines² to a central point of

¹ Like some of the exceptional geographical features.

² In the description of these people farther on two typical cases are instanced in detail.

convergence, we find ourselves again upon the shores of Lake Tanganyika.

The most noticeable political features now appearing upon the map of Africa are those great coloured patches representing European "possessions" and "protectorates."

In North Africa they surround, in small patches, the Sudan and the Sahara, which still remain as a vast impassable interior. In South Africa they are ranged on either coast, backed in the interior (with now apparently well-settled boundaries) by the "Cape Colony," the "British protectorate," and the "British sphere of influence." But in Central Africa the greatest claims of greatest influence—the Congo Free State, the German and the British portions of "Zambesia," and the "eastern equatorial territory"—would be so cornered together as to give constant cause of discussion as to political limits and means of access and passage if they did not all abut upon some natural feature of the land, securing at once an indisputable boundary and means of transit and access. Such central natural feature is Lake Tanganyika. With a portion of its southern extreme secured to British influence, and a right-of-way to its northern end from our eastern equatorial possessions ;

with its eastern shore the boundary of Germany, and its western that of the Congo Free State, it is at once the political centre of Africa and, as a link for connection between the Nile and the Zambesi, the centre of a long line of natural aids to a future system of transport and communication through inner Africa.

Lake Tanganyika then, as the geographical, ethnological, and political centre, may well be termed the *Heart of Africa*. From around its containing basin circulates to every side the vitalising fluid of the whole land; to it converge the various races of Africans; around it, on every side, have closed in those modern enterprises which have for their alleged purpose the development of the land and the liberty and civilisation of its people. From there, then, we should be able to draw a fair sample of things African; there we should be able to study the African people and form such a fair idea of their leading characteristics and condition as only can enable us successfully and justly to carry out our enterprises in the land and our relations and responsibilities with and towards them.

Lake Tanganyika, although to some of us only a little blue patch upon the map of Africa, is to the

natives of those regions "the great water," and the source of many industries, both directly from what it produces, and indirectly through the facility for transport it affords to the various tribes of people whose territories are fringed by its 1000 miles of shore.

Owing to the immense evaporation, the opposite shores, even where only 15 miles distant, are visible only in the rainy season; then, sailing down the centre of the lake, one realises its trough-like character, but coasting in-shore there is a great variety of scenery: here for 30 miles at a stretch you sail in deep water close alongside the mountains, which rise steeply to over 1000 feet, showing broad patches of rock amongst miles of beautiful trees; again, in a few places, shallow flats only permit access to the shore by poling in canoes. Steep rocky islands, with dry soil, set out in the lake so as to be always ventilated, supply sites for residence, and many fine natural harbours give facility for navigation.

Pebbly creeks with clear water and pretty shells fringe the drier and more scrubby forest regions of lower elevation, and invite the visits of the buffalo, the zebra, the elephant, and all the larger animals.

Muddy river mouths, half-choked with reeds and papyrus, and swarming with hippopotami and

crocodiles, afford a home for ducks, geese, the ibis, kingfishers, the beautiful crested crane, and many other aquatic birds.

Again, there are deep quiet inlets with lofty and almost perpendicular sides, ending often in a deep chine with a beautiful cascade ; while far above all on the lofty heights overhead the virgin forest of gigantic trees revels in perpetual moisture, sheltering tree-ferns, and festooned with lianas and rattan, affording a home for rare insects below and monkeys above : the whole array of African scenery alike in its more arid and its most luxuriant form.

Turning to the lake itself, with its long open stretches of deep blue sea, all sense of confinement is lost upon the watery horizon, rarely broken by the triangular sail of the Arab merchant's dhow or the long low log canoe of the native adventurer, both of which coast along shore as much as possible, only crossing the lake after careful observation of the weather. The former, when caught in rough weather, are sometimes left entirely to the mercy of the winds and waves, and being excellent sea-boats are not often lost. The natives, with their generally deep-laden canoes, have a unique method of riding out a storm : the more robust, and if necessary all hands, go overboard, and holding by the canoe with

one hand, at once lightly sustain themselves and serve as a break to their craft, out of which in case of still greater necessity they will throw their property in the inverse order of its value.

In fine weather there is no more delightful place for sailing than Lake Tanganyika, there being but very few reefs and shallows. Most beautiful of all perhaps is its aspect on a clear night, when, relieved of the sun's glare, the voyager is able to enjoy the scene. The busy and perpetual hum of insects on the shore gauges the distance from the beach as the boat recedes or approaches, and seems, with the flickering will-o'-wisp marking out the water's edge, to welcome the home-coming voyager—arrived, may be after long rain and storm, at the desired haven. Another aspect is given by the south-easter of the dry season, sometimes lasting as a gale for four or five days, only lulling slightly at night, and causing a bad sea running the whole length of the lake, and against which it is almost impossible for a small craft to beat. At daybreak huge masses of clouds piled up on one of the great mountain capes of the eastern shore begin literally to drop down over the lake, overshadowing all that side, as the wind begins to rise with a low moan and the water is lashed into little waves, showing their crests white under the

overshadowing clouds ; then in separating masses, and in long perspective procession, the clouds seem to rush off across the lake to the table-like heights of Goma on the opposite side, where, one after the other, retaining a separate and pillow-like form, they pile themselves in regular horizontal order. Meantime the wind has increased till it is blowing a gale, with a fierce driving sea the whole length of the lake. The sky clears, and a great dryness ensues ; the long row of cloud masses on the western shore remain discharging their moisture amongst the luxuriant forests on those heights, while the lake basin is hot and dry. This is the windy weather. There is also a watery aspect.

Leaving Kavala Island one afternoon, bound to Kigoma in Ujiji, we made an unusually long passage. In the early morning there was a light, fair wind, but it had ceased by daylight, and set in again from the north. The heavy clouds on the mountains of the west side began to move north, discharging rain very heavily ; clouds then collected along the eastern shore, also moving north, and gathering ominously. Meantime we in mid-lake were still getting north wind, coming down between the two cloud-currents, which were moving in the opposite direction. About 8 o'clock the western clouds were in great con-

fusion, and several waterspouts were formed and moved along with the squall. The mass of clouds on the east side at the same time broke up over Ujiji, discharging heavy rain and much thunder and lightning. To the north, where the lake shores approach each other, the cloud masses on either side drew gradually together down the middle upon us in mid-lake. The thunder-claps fairly shook the boat, the lightning crossed and recrossed overhead from horizon to horizon, the rain came down in torrents, and cold as ice. The last glimpse of brighter day went out overhead as the cloud masses joined together like the closing of a skylight in a vaulted roof. The group of waterspouts off Goma now seemed to rush out to sea in our direction, and one huge pillar came so dangerously near to us that I was able to closely observe its shape and movements.¹ The base consisted of a peg-top-shaped cloud of spray, with its big end just touching the surface of the lake; out of its centre arose a vast glass-like cylinder, forming the body of the waterspout, smooth and solid; all around, outside this central solid column, loose masses of broken water or close spray appeared falling down from the cloud in which the upper end was hidden, and the whole was

¹ See illustration, page 128.

gently swayed by the wind, but without losing its form or varying in diameter. Glad indeed we were when a mass of cloud lower than the rest swept down upon our dangerous neighbour and broke it up.

All this time half of the crew were engaged in keeping the boat's head to sea in the constantly varying squalls from north-west to north-east, while the other half were constantly employed in baling out the rain which threatened to fill the boat. Four or five other waterspouts were seen at the same time in every stage—from the dipping, waving cloud-point gradually approaching the rising vertex of the whirlpool below, to the long, waving, attenuated column about to disappear. With the density of the rain and clouds it was as dark as twilight, and so cold that we were all literally shivering and shaking. This continued for some three hours, nor did the sun again show itself till 5 o'clock.

A couple of hours of calm succeeded the subsidence of the rain, and then a fresh breeze from the west took us at full speed into Kigoma Bay, where we anchored late in the afternoon.

But perhaps the most dangerous, and certainly the most disagreeable, is the bad weather at the changing of the seasons, in which both wind and water unite in most alarming aspects.

Fierce squalls, suddenly shifting in direction and causing a dangerous cross-sea, are accompanied by driving rain and hail, and at night a terrible darkness makes navigation still more difficult. At these times I have seen the natural electric lights, "St. Elmo's fire," for hours together at each mast head and spar end.

It will be seen that the seasons are the wet and the dry, following the general arrangement in Tropical Africa, with the greatest meteorological disturbances at the changes.

Whilst in 1879 29.78 inches of rain fell at Ujiji (S. lat. $4^{\circ} 54' 30''$), there fell in London during the same year 30.13 inches. In 1878 nearly an inch more fell in London, and in the only two months I recorded at Ujiji in that year the rain was also in excess of the corresponding period in 1879. Of the rain of 1880 at Ujiji I obtained record only up to October, but, adding to that the average of the preceding two years for November and December, we have for 1880 27.31 inches—a difference again from the London rainfall of just half an inch. At Kavala Island (S. lat. $5^{\circ} 40'$), in 1886, 52.07 inches was measured; in 1887, 52.25 inches; and for the earlier part of 1888 an amount which promised for the whole year about 58 inches.

The hottest time of year is in November and February, and the coldest in July. At Ujiji a maximum of 83° , a minimum outside of 58° , the ordinary temperature being 76° to 79° ; all but the minimum being inside a house with thick walls and roof. At Kavala, in a much slighter-built house, a maximum of 86° and a minimum of 60° .

The climate, on the whole, is by no means unhealthy,—far healthier, indeed, than the coast regions in the same latitude,—and the unhappy experiences hitherto of travellers and missionaries have been due rather to the difficult conditions of life and work than to insalubrity of climate. Many of those who have visited the region have been already debilitated by long journeys under conditions of hardship and anxiety. I have no doubt that, as a few civilised surroundings are secured, and the country and conditions of life become better understood, there will be no complaint about the climate.

The height of the surface of the lake above the level of the sea is 2700 feet. The water is fresh, and was used by us for years for all purposes. The taste resembles distilled water rather than that of springs, and Dr. Frankland, who kindly made an analysis of some brought home for the purpose,

reports it as much the same as Thames water, but with very much less organic impurity.

In quite recent times a wonderful thing has happened in connection with the lake. In 1877 or the early part of 1878 its waters, having in the course of ages (but very slowly, owing to the enormous evaporation) risen to the lowest gap in its barriers, flowed through that gap, which now, as the Lukuga River, forms its permanent outlet. The out-flowing waters, over rapids and falls, find their way into the Lualaba, the head waters of the Congo. This gap lay between ranges of hills; it was filled up with earth and vegetation, which became saturated as the lake rose, and at length gave way before its pressure. Had the more solid barrier been a few feet higher, the lake would most likely have found vent eastwards. Near Karema it had already flooded a large space, whence probably Lake Leopold was filled.

As Tanganyika is geographically central in Africa, as its tribes of natives represent all the families of the continent, no less distinctly do the shores of the lake exhibit a full collection of samples of its flora and fauna.

The lofty heights of the west and north-west shores are clothed by the jungle forests (extending

thence from the banks and the upper valley of the Congo), filled with lofty trees of many valuable hard woods, whence are derived the splendid canoes of the lake. On the east there chiefly obtain samples of the grass-bearing plains, and the open forest of scrubby, stunted trees and acacias, characteristic of the less continuously moist eastern side of the continent. The borassus, the raphia, and many other palms, and along the north-east coast the oil-palm, abound, and the oil is industriously prepared by the Warundi and Wajiji; a few trees being found also at the south end. The tamarind, castor-oil, Indian hemp, and pepper are commonly seen about the villages. Cotton and tobacco are cultivated by the natives for their own use, as well as the maize, dhurra, rice, beans, sweet potatoes, cassava, pumpkins, and ground-nuts, which form their staple food supplies. Of fruits, many kinds of bananas and the papai are to be found in every native settlement. In the localities where Arabs have become located, they have largely introduced limes, citrons, custard-apples, pomegranates, mangoes, etc.; and at Ujiji a few cocoa-nut and date-palms are now bearing fruit.

Of all living creatures in Africa, I think the birds are most *en évidence*. The ostrich on the

plains ; the guinea-fowl, partridge, and dove, in the woods ; the pelican and spoonbill, the crested crane, and many others, in the marshes ; the spur-winged and the solan goose, duck, and teal, in the lagoons ; the ibis, the lily-trotter, and a host of others, in the river mouths and quiet creeks—all find congenial homes on the lake shore and its adjoining countries. The vulture, the hawk, and the fish-eagle overhead, innumerable small birds in the trees and bushes, the golden oriel, with its noisy colonies of many nests amongst the long reeds, enliven every feature of the scene. The seasons of the year have their special birds, seeking suitable clime and food. In the freshness of morning the pied kingfisher is seen hovering over the water, and dropping like a flash upon its finny prey ; later on, in the heat of mid-day, the darter, silent as the otter, glides below on the same errand ; in the still, quiet evening, the scissor-bill skims the smooth surface, with one slender mandible in the water and the other above ; and at night a large goatsucker, with long, right-angled, trailing wings, flits around, batlike and mysterious.

Excepting where settlements are abundant, nearly all those animals familiarly known as "African" are to be found at various points all round the lake shore, from the elephant and the lion to the porcupine

and the rat. In northern Uguha and Ugoma the soko (gorilla?) inhabits the forest jungle; on the east coast the more open park-like country abounds with vast herds of antelope, buffalo, zebra, etc. Every place is full of life and beauty, showing forth the wonder and riches of the works of God.

So indeed is this great and wide sea, the lake itself, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. From the tiny whitebait to the oily singa (silurus) of six feet in length, the fish are very abundant, and nearly all good for food. Myriads of medusæ often appear near the surface; shrimps are caught and eaten by the natives; frogs, crabs, leeches, sirens large and small, and at least two kinds of snakes, inhabit the waters. Floating on the surface, hidden amongst the rocks and pebbles, or burrowing in the sand and mud, I collected about thirty different kinds of shellfish: from the mussel five inches long to the tiny univalve like a pin's head. Many of them are quite new to science, the most unique being the *Typhobia horei*, described as "perhaps the most remarkable freshwater shell ever discovered." Free of land and lake alike, in many a quiet bay and creek, the Nile tortoise and the otter are found; and, in large numbers on every side, the crocodile and hippopotamus—

the one, with no rival, may well be called



THE LORD OF THE LAKE,

and the other, most appropriately,



THAT LEVIATHAN THAT PLAYETH THEREIN.

On those parts of the lake shore which are the haunts of man there are two distinct kinds of scene. In the more unsettled regions, where, from long and sad experience, all strangers are viewed with suspicion, native villages, with houses in close array within stockades, are seen perched upon peninsulas and other easily-defended positions ; their stores of corn and dried fish stacked upon rocky islets, and their canoes drawn up amongst the rocks close by.

In happier countries mile after mile of scattered houses, peeping out from amongst groves of bananas, indicate peace and plenty ; and wide-stretching fields of corn and cassava are spread over the country. Here and there an open space is preserved for the market, to which the natives of both sexes and all ages may be seen hurrying by land and lake, to barter their various produce—oil, mats, fish, salt, goats, honey, and all kinds of wares ; along the beach are lightly drawn up canoes of all sizes, cut out of the solid log, and the little catamaran of the fisherman—the whole array of African life alike in its saddest and its most peaceful aspect.

Around the lake shores are twelve distinct tribes of people. From the north end, proceeding southwards down the east coast, and so on north along the west coast, the following is the order of these :

TRIBES, AND THEIR COUNTRIES.

<i>Tribes.</i>	<i>Countries.</i>
Wazige	Uzige.
Warundi	Urundi.
Wajiji	Ujiji.
Watongwe	Utongwe.
Wafipa	Ufipa.
Walungu	Ulungu.
Waitawa	Uitawa.
Warungu	Umarungu
Waguha	Uguha.
Wagoma	Ugoma.
Wabwari	Ubwari.
Wamsanzi	Umsanzi.

The Wazige occupy, in the extreme north-west, a coast-line of about 30 miles. They have a powerful independent chief; they are an active and bold people, having connection and dealings rather inland with other well-organised tribes lying west of the Nyanzas than with those of the shores of Tanganyika, except the Warundi, with whom they are in close relation, and whom they much resemble.

Urundi, with a coast-line of 80 miles, extends also some considerable distance north and east, where its principal chief holds no mean position amongst those powerful rulers who will have to be dealt with in forming connection between Victoria Nyanza and Tanganyika. The Warundi, living on

the borders of the lake and having intercourse with other lake tribes, seem, however, independent under their local chiefs, and with local interests and affairs separate from those inland. They are for the most part of good height and shapely build, profusely ornamented, and their bodies so continually smeared with palm-oil, which they manufacture in large quantities, as to give them a shining red polish. They are famous fishermen, and use for this purpose, as well as the ordinary log canoe, a peculiar raft, unique upon the lake shore, consisting of a few stems of the pith tree pegged together. Enclosed on the north and south by the related tribes of Uzige and Ujiji, and backed inland by their own powerful people, the coast Warundi live in peace and prosperity. Instead of being clustered together in fortified villages, their homes are picturesquely scattered amongst their rich fields and groves, aiding to form some of the prettiest pictures on the lake shore. And the great activity, extensive cultivation, and busy markets of Urundi and Ujiji show well how the Africans, when prosperous and protected, do not become idle, but busy with many industries.

The Wajiji, with a coast-line to their country of 45 miles, closely resemble, and are closely allied to, the Warundi, where their territories adjoin. To-

wards the south they are influenced, and their condition modified, by the presence of the Arab and Waswahili colony in Ugoy and Kawele, described elsewhere as "Ujiji." The distinctive national ornament of the Wajiji and Warundi is a beautifully polished longitudinal section of hippopotamus tusk, suspended upon the upper part of the breast by a string round the neck.

A small tribal territory, Ukaranga, formerly existed between Ujiji and Utongwe, *i.e.* between the Ruiche and the Malagarasi Rivers, but its people seem to have become merged in adjoining tribes, and are now no longer to be distinguished.

Utongwe, with a coast of about 140 miles, extending from the Malagarasi to Karema, includes some of the most beautiful country and grand scenery. Many of the heights are well-nigh inaccessible from the lake, into which numerous small rivers flow from a great elevation, forming beautiful cascades and falls. Related, as they are, to the Wanyamwezi, the Watongwe are probably the most ancient people on Tanganyika. In Unyamwezi proper, compacted under the rule, on one hand, of the energetic chief Mirambo, and on the other, of the Arab colony of Unyanyembe, this race has developed industry and many activities. The Utongwe branch, however, cut

off from those advantages, have degraded considerably. Most of them are hunters, and where they are gathered in villages their fortifications indicate the unsettled state of society to which their backward condition is due. The physical appearance of these people forms a striking contrast to that of the Wajiji. Dark and rough, with large bony frames, clothed in ill-prepared skins, and with scarcely any ornament, they have by no means a pleasing aspect. But it must be remembered that they have suffered from many raids, and have long been compelled to stand on the defensive. Here and there, where they have lived in peace for a time, I have seen clearly that they are able to resume their native industries, and become better conditioned in every way. The friendly acquaintance made with the Watongwe in the neighbourhood of the Musamwira River resulted in the establishment of the Karema station of the African International Association, since handed over to the Roman Catholic Mission.

Ufipa, with a coast-line of 120 miles, is well indented with little harbours, and two fine bays, off one of which is a group of islands. It is a rich, well-wooded country, ruled over by an influential chief, Kapufi, and a fairly complete organisation of local sub-chiefs. The order and strength thus main-

tained, the natural advantages of the country, and busy energy of the people, secure a good measure of peace and prosperity to the Wafipa, who are gathered together in extensive villages surrounded by cultivation. The Wafipa are equally dark-skinned with the Watongwe, but with a more manly bearing of greater openness and self-respect, and are full-sized and muscular. They are cheerful and industrious, but inveterate slave-traders. Their canoes may frequently be seen on adjoining coasts, engaged in trade, or on hunting expeditions after hippopotami.

The country of Ulungu occupies the whole south part of the lake, stretching, with a coast-line of at least 100 miles, from the borders of Fipa to the River Lofu. It was occupied at one time by the important and intelligent chiefs Tifuna, Zombe, Kitimbwa, and Chungu: the three last I have known and visited. Dr. Livingstone describes the Walungu as continually beset by the slave-hunting Mazitu or Wawemba; but at that time Tippu Tib, whom Dr. Livingstone met there, exerted his influence to put matters right, and for many years the Walungu were freed from those attacks, under the protection of a succession of Arab residents. A cheerful, active, and musical people, they had, when I first visited them, grown under these better influences into a

prosperous condition; but it must not be forgotten that they themselves have always been great slave-dealers. The Walungu are tall and slight compared with the Wafipa, with the negroid characteristics less marked. All the native African industries flourish in their country, and the grass-like grain *uleysi* is cultivated in circular forest clearings, as near Nyassa.

Uitawa lies between the River Lofu and the southern border of Umarungu, with a coast-line of about 80 miles. The real natives are difficult to trace, for half-caste traders and hunters, and the descendants of colonists both from Unyamwezi and Katanga, or, as it has been recently called, Garen-ganza,¹ have mixed with the people. One or two of the chiefs, however, in the southern part seemed to be intelligent and respectable, and the position of the country is favourable to form connection with other missionary operations at Katanga.

Umarungu occupies 140 miles of the shore, presenting for most of that distance a very bold front to the lake. The people are darker and more negro-like than the Walungu of the south, and

¹ Garaganza is an old name for part of Unyamwezi, people of which place have journeyed to, and settled down at, Katanga, applying to it, as has been often done by colonists of other races, one of their own old national names.

always have slaves to sell to traders from all parts. The acquaintance with Europeans has resulted in the settlement of another station, at Mpala, of the African International Association, now held also by the Roman Catholic Mission.

From the boundary of Umarungu to the north side of the group of islands of which Kavala forms one, Uguha has a coast-line of about 90 miles. Its chief features are that bay of islands and the River Lukuga, the outlet of the lake. It is probably but a principality of the large country of Rua. The Waguha especially represent on Tanganyika the west coast African natives. They are profuse in personal adornments, the most noticeable being their elaborate head-dresses, and many ornaments of shells, beads, and brass and copper wire. Their houses, although at first sight of an ugly outside shape, are really very beautiful structures, built on a square plan, tapering away from the top of the wall to the point of the roof. Even in the smallest villages there is an attempt to arrange the houses in regular rows or streets. Very beautiful mats, basket-work, pottery, wooden bowls, and various small carved work are produced in Uguha.

The lofty and level horizon of the Ugoma hills is one of the sights of the lake. For about half the

year it is visible from Ujiji on a clear day, although forty miles distant; and the streams of water, descending those lofty hillsides to the lake, may be plainly seen like silver threads. The paths to the villages, which are placed on the terraces of those hills, are in some places mere flights of steps. The most famous produce of the country are the canoes, hewn out of the monster trees from the dense forests on its heights. Though frequently molested by other tribes, the Wagoma are an industrious and spirited people; rather slighter and smaller than the Waguha, and wearing but scanty clothing and ornament. Ugoma has a coast-line of about 70 miles.

The peninsula of Ubwari is one of the curiosities of the lake: a little country, complete in itself, formed of an isolated high mountainous ridge about 30 miles in length and 5 to 10 miles across, and having, in the hollows and chasms of its top, several interesting little lakelets. The Wabwari, in general appearance, feature, and manner, are quite distinct from other tribes. Considerably below the ordinary stature, they are of a lighter colour than their neighbours, and their limbs are very tapering, with especially small hands and feet. Parties of Wabwari may be seen at intervals at Ujiji bringing small quantities of ivory for sale, and probably slaves.

Opposite Ubwari, and from thence to Uzige, a distance altogether of about 70 miles, is the country I describe as Umsanzi. Two portions of it, however, Ubembe and Uvira, may be reckoned distinct districts. The Wamsanzi are rather a rough-looking, dark-skinned people, many of whom are of very short stature, especially in Ubembe and Uvira, and at several places I was told, that "just inside there," *i.e.* farther back from the lake, "there are plenty of dwarfs and cannibals." Hence a suspicion of cannibalism rests on these people, which makes them shunned and disliked by the other lake tribes. Considerable trade is carried on, especially at Uvira, which has long been a sort of mart for the periodical visits and residence of Arabs and Waswahili in search of ivory. In Uvira also the best ironwork is produced.

Tanganyika, in the Swahili language, may be translated "the mixture"—the coming together and mingling in the lake cavity of the waters which flow into it from every side down the slopes of its containing basin. In like manner the various tribes just described represent the races or families of Africa, as though each, pushing forward toward the interior, had mounted the inner heights, and, descending into the central depression, ranged them-

selves round the shores of Tanganyika. Side by side still, but in much closer contact, the same races are neighbours there as on the larger circumference of the sea-coast; but *across* the lake, each *facing* some other of widely divergent character, complexion, and language. Two instances will suffice to illustrate this—the Negro, and the Mhuma, or Abyssinian type of African. The negro race extends in unbroken line from the western sea-coast to Tanganyika, where they are represented by the Wamarungu, the Waguha, and Wagoma. The section of Africa thus occupied is one of those parts where the inner heights are so broken down over the terrace that it is obliterated, the whole forming one grand continuous slope from the centre to the coast. Its inhabitants, in like manner, exhibit a certain continuity of habits, manners, and industries throughout, only modified by the influence of foreigners and foreign things near the coast. The Wahuma, represented on the lake shores by the Warundi and Wajiji, show more clearly the changes incident to more varying habitat. Following this racial line from the barbarous civilisations and warlike aspect of its coast portions, we find them on the plains of the terrace become wandering nomads and cattle tenders; farther on, but still retaining their cattle, they are found

cultivating the ground, or settled as a shepherd class amongst other cultivators; and, finally, on the lake shore, having found a permanent home, while still retaining their cattle, have fully developed or revived all the native industries of ironwork, weaving, agriculture, etc., by which, as well as by their features, we recognise their relationship with the natives of the north-east coast.

Apart from diversity of race, manners, and language, we find also this remarkable fact, that along almost any section of Africa from coast to centre, *the farther that the traveller advances into the interior the better is the condition of the natives found to be*: less drunkenness, less immorality — more industry and independence.¹

These various interior natives, in their normal condition, I would describe as infantile. In confidence and suspicion, in easy anger and easy reconciliation, in rapid demoralisation under evil influences, in undeveloped intellect, in unenlightened

¹ As of a portion of the west coast, Mr. Wilmot Brooke also writes: "The people are like their country, dirty, degraded, and far from prepossessing; ferocious cannibals for the most part, bound by countless cruel superstitions, and last of all dragged lower still by their contact with the white man. If we ascend the river [Niger] we very soon leave the interlacing creeks and poisonous swamps of the delta behind. The squalid villages are seen no more; they are replaced by fine, clean, open towns, with thousands of inhabitants, cannibalism is left behind, and we enter a new world, physical, political, social, and religious."

spiritual instincts, run into fetichism—in unknown yet assuredly existing possibilities for good, they are essentially children. They are adult neither in wisdom nor in wickedness, *but will become so as they are trained*. They live in families; amongst them the family tie and the rights of property are regarded; conscience pronounces criminal and offensive the same irregularities of life and conduct as are so regarded amongst civilised peoples; in stature and physical condition they come up to the best standards. I argue that the life and condition which, after isolation for thousands of years from all we call civilised, presents this state of things, can scarcely be called evil or degraded. Amongst these people, both pastoral and agricultural, are to be found in progress the germs at least of all the useful arts; the procuring and working of both iron and copper, pottery-making, the spinning and weaving of cotton cloth, the very beautiful development of plaiting of all kinds of vegetable fibres into string, rope, mats, basket, and cloth. And where valuable materials and products are naturally confined to particular localities, as is the case sometimes with oil, salt, etc., it is there manufactured and distributed into other countries. Too often are people described as lacking in industry who are not

the same as ourselves ; but it seems to me ridiculous that a man should be called "lazy" because he has ample leisure between his busy times ; who has made with his own hands, from Nature's absolutely raw materials, his house, his axe, and hoe and spear, his clothing and ornament, his furniture, his corn-mill, and all the things that he has ; and who, though liable often in a lifetime to have to commence that whole process over again, has the energy and enterprise to commence afresh. Too often have the same people been called "savage" and "bloodthirsty," who, through all experience and by all their tradition, getting naturally to regard un-introduced armed strangers as enemies, have the same desperate energy to defend themselves and their own which, as displayed by our own ancestral relations, we love to term *patriotism* and *courage*.

In the fetichism of the Africans we may see the childlike outcome of an instinctive spiritual belief, rarely presenting any opposition or great difficulty to Christian teaching, which indeed, intelligently presented, comes to them as a revelation of the God they have already been ignorantly worshipping or seeking after.

No mere opinion, however, bears the weight of testimony, of simple relation of experience. Now

as marine surveyor, navigator, and missionary I have many times sailed along and visited the tribes living on the 1000 miles of shore of Tanganyika, and three several times lived for two years at different places there in the process of making first acquaintance with those natives and building stations in their countries. Over and over again I have been surrounded by levelled spears and drawn bows, whence, if I hastily passed on or returned, I should but have to report of the "savage opposition" of those tribes; but, waiting to investigate and explain, or trusting to the friendly results of their investigation, I have lived to prove that their action was but *courageously defensive*, and to report that, in all my voyages and travels in Central Africa, I have slain no man, nor received mark or wound from African weapon or missile. Indeed of many of them it is only common justice to say, "and the barbarous people showed us no little kindness, and, when we departed, they laded us with such things as were necessary."

CHAPTER VII
THROUGH MUCH TRIBULATION

“But we glory in tribulations also.”



"THE SEA OF UJUL."

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CHAPTER VII

THROUGH MUCH TRIBULATION

1880-1882

AS already narrated in Chapter IV., from the committee meeting at Ujiji in October 1880 our brethren separated again to their several stations, while I was to return to England to report and make plans for the new vessel for the lake.

Mr. Wookey, who was now to take charge of the Ujiji station, was duly introduced to all our Arab and native friends, accounts and stores handed over, and preparations were made for the return journey. Specimens of native manufactures and other curiosities were packed up for exhibition in England, and a wheel constructed, with a trocheameter attached, to measure the road.

On 3d November 1880 the start was made. Numerous friends assembled to bid me farewell, and Mr. Wookey accompanied me a short distance out of the town. In addition to the necessary carriers, I

was accompanied by a number of the men who had come up with Messrs. Wookey and Palmer, making altogether a party of over sixty, all in good trim and anxious for a quick journey. The pleasure of a return to England, the satisfaction and thankfulness in looking back at the establishment of the mission in the interior, the joy of passing down through four flourishing mission stations on the road which three years ago had been to us a track of almost unalloyed barbarism and ignorance, served to make the march a pleasant one ; although, owing to the time of year, it was not without an occasional experience of hunger and thirst and many hot, wearying marches that it was accomplished. A few days along the road I overtook Messrs. Southon and Williams and travelled on with them.

On 21st November Urambo was reached. Winding round a hillside, we came rather suddenly upon the station, situated on a gentle eminence—a large compound divided into two parts. The chief portion, entered through a wooden gateway, leads, by a straight path lined with banana trees, which also mark out all the lines of the compound, to the mission-house—a moderate-sized square building, with double front and a verandah. Neat venetian shutters and window frames gave it quite a civilised

appearance, and, whitewashed within and without, and having a high thatched roof, it was not unlike an English country cottage. The neat inside arrangements of central passage and four rooms aided the effect. Behind the house were a deep well, and the saw-pit, where timber from the neighbouring forest was cut up into workable portions. The other half of the compound held the domestic offices and a few hospital huts; the whole representing an industrious year's work by Dr. Southon, who had established this station.

Sloping down from the front of the house, the whole country-side spreads out from here in a magnificent view of undulating plain and hill dotted with villages and groves of palms and other trees. Most conspicuous was the large square *tembe* already described, and, rising above its walls, the high peaked roof of Mirambo's new house.

The next day Mirambo called to see us, and though the mission services and school were not yet resumed, it was very pleasing to see the friendly terms on which our missionary was living with the great chief himself.

Resuming the journey on the 24th, four days' march brought us to Uyui, where a station had been established by the Church Missionary Society, a neat

little group of houses where Messrs. Litchfield and Coplestone were already busily engaged amongst the Wanyamwezi of that part. Here we met also two other brethren, Messrs. O'Flaherty and Stokes, on their way to Uganda.

A short march on the 30th and a long one on 1st December brought us to Unyanyembe, where I was received most hospitably by the Arab governor, Abdulla-bin-Nassib, and his brother Sheik Nassib. The governor had a large official residence, with a tall staff in front for the flag of the Sultan of Zanzibar, whom Abdulla represented there.

A hall-like room with a few mirrors and clocks, three or four chairs, a table, and a carpet, gave it quite a civilised appearance. Here I was received in state, and with many expressions of friendship to our mission.

I also visited M. Sergere, a French trader representing a firm in Zanzibar, who was stationed here, but had soon afterwards to retire, unable to compete with the commercial combination of the Arabs all against him. A somewhat similar attempt on the part of Germans years afterwards suffered the same fate, but with more tragic results to its representatives, owing to the growing discontent amongst the Arabs at what they viewed as European aggression on

their old trading rights. Finally, I was put up most hospitably by Dr. Vandenheuvel, a gentleman who was then trying to establish an agency there for the African International Association.

Plunging once again into the more difficult passage of the Magunda Mkali and the plains of Ugogo, we experienced some hardship from drought and scarcity of food. At one camp in the first part we suffered severely from thirst, and I experienced an instance of self-denial on the part of my men which I shall never forget. On arriving at our intended camp not a drop of water was to be found, and we were compelled, thirsty and tired, to make another forced march. We arrived at last, knocked up and parched, at the expected water-hole—a deep conical pit. The men formed in line down the side of the pit to hand up the water, to receive which a little calabash basin was placed right in the bottom and the sand around it carefully scooped away; drop after drop slowly trickled in till about half a pint was obtained, but no more could be got. This, however, instead of being drunk up by the man who got it, or by others to whom it was handed, was faithfully brought along and given to me, and the pangs of thirst had to be endured till next day. About ten days afterwards I was able to repay them.

The governor of Unyanyembe had given me, as a special treat, a little bag of wheat-meal, which I carefully preserved for any emergency. Crossing the other difficult piece of country, the Marenga Mkali, before reaching Mpwapwa we came to camp half-way without any food for the men. For many days we had all been on short commons, and still a stiff march lay between us and Mpwapwa. The men were dead-beat and hungry, thirsty, and almost despairing, and sat disconsolately about without heart even to build the usual shelters. I brought out the bag of meal and superintended the cooking of a big mess of porridge for all hands that served to give them courage for the next day's march.

At Mpwapwa, on Christmas Eve, I got a hearty welcome from Messrs. Baxter, Price, and Cole, with whom I spent Christmas Day and Sunday, a truly welcome intercourse. Here I had the intense satisfaction of witnessing the direct preaching of the Gospel to some of the wild Wagogo, and the tender Christian care of the missionaries for certain poor women and children, fugitive slaves who would otherwise have perished. Near at hand, in a lonely spot at the foot of a forest-clad hillside, is the grave of Dr. Mullens, from which may be seen the pointed end of the little church where the Gospel is preached

to the natives, and from which the bell may be heard to the sound of which they gather to worship.

In eight days more I once again trod the sands of the Indian Ocean; but first at the beautiful little mountain station of Mamboia (of the C.M.S.) I saw an assembly of the Wasagara listening to the word of God in the little church at that place. Here also another party of the C.M.S. were halted on their way up country—Messrs. Taylor and Biddlecombe.

Altogether on this return journey I had met on their four stations, or journeying to the interior, thirteen Christian missionaries—a hopeful and significant fact in regard to the advance made since we first passed up country, and for future extended work.

On the 3d January 1881 we entered Saadani after a march of $33\frac{1}{2}$ miles; the ever-hospitable Bwana Heri provided a house and food and engaged a dhow to take us over to Zanzibar. The measuring-wheel had recorded $836\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Ujiji, which had been accomplished in 307 hours, on 50 days, averaging nearly 17 miles each, which, with 12 halts or rests, made a journey of 62 days.

At home in England a belief in the possibility of missionary enterprise in Central Africa, a belief that *our* mission so far was a success, inspired its

friends with hope and moved them to continued action. Men and means for its continuance were forthcoming, and it only remained to arrange the details in accordance with the experience already gained.

And this faith was to be sorely tried in the troubles of the ensuing eighteen months, a time of much tribulation.

After nearly six months' stay at Ujiji, worn down by repeated fevers, Mr. Wookey found it necessary to retire ; leaving that place on 23d March 1881, he reached Zanzibar on 8th June, and returned to England.

On 26th June Dr. Palmer, in consequence also of failing health, came away from Uguha on his way home, arriving at Zanzibar on 30th September.

On 24th September Rev. D. Williams died from the effects of sunstroke at Urambo.

Mr. Hutley, who had made the longest stay in the country of any one then connected with the mission, having a large share in its first few years of exceptional hardship, opposition, and success, and who had removed to Urambo in the hope that under the care of Dr. Southon he might regain health, and also to complete some building that was required at that place, continued so unwell that his return also

became necessary. Leaving Urambo on 7th November, he also made his way to England.

News was also received of serious damage to the *Calabash*, which, being left lying at anchor off Ujiji during rough weather, was torn away from her anchor and cable and almost broken up on the beach.

The death of Dr. Southon, although not occurring till the following year, took place really in the same era, before reinforcements had arrived, leaving Mr. Griffiths the only survivor in the field. But in December 1881 news arrived in England of Mr. Griffiths' condition being such that it was feared that he also must soon retire. Indeed, he proceeded as far as Urambo on his way home, but was induced to return to the lake for a time till the newly-arrived missionaries could take up the work.

But amid all this darkness there were gleams of light.

In connection with the failure of so many men, it should be remembered that all those who thus returned are, so far as it is known, still living, and engaged in various spheres of Christian labour in parts of the world for which their constitutions are more suitable,—that Dr. Southon died from the effects of an accident, which might have occurred in any part of the world, and that the death of Mr.

Williams at Urambo, after all, was the only one that could in any way be ascribed to the climate of Central Africa ; but it did not impair confidence in the healthiness of that place. Arising as it did from exposure, while unwell and delirious, to an exceptionally hot sun, it was rather of the nature of an accident.

And in connection with the lives, the works, and the deaths of these our comrades, and the history during this time of trouble of the three stations which had been the scenes of their labours, there is much of brightness to be remembered.

At Urambo, although his removal had left Dr. Southon once more alone to cope with the work, Mr. Williams, during the short time he lived there, had much aided the good work by gaining the confidence and respect of those among whom he hoped to labour, adding further testimony to the power of Christian life and effort amongst the darkest heathen. Friends at home testified that he possessed in a high degree qualities which go to form a true missionary, and was looking forward hopefully to a long career of useful labour. The chief Mirambo a long time afterwards, referring to him, said : " Unfortunately Bwana Williams did not live long, but we loved him. He was our friend, and if he had

lived till now all my people would have loved him as a brother."

Dr. Southon died on the 26th July 1882 from the effects of a gun accident whilst walking home with some of his men on the 3d. For three days he was without any European aid ; Mr. Copplestone of the C.M.S. then arrived, and with his help the wounded arm was amputated. On the 16th Dr. Bohn from Ugunda arrived, and another operation was performed, but fatal weakness had already set in, and Dr. Southon gradually sank, and on the 26th he passed away.

In numerous letters and other records, as well as in intercourse with Mr. Copplestone, who tended him with brotherly care during his illness and up to the hour of his death, he gave glorious testimony of his devotion to the work to which he had given himself, of his faith in Christ and resignation to the will of God.

From all sides there comes testimony of the faithful life, the busy, persevering work, and earnest Christian character of Dr. Southon. The opinion of his co-workers, both at home and abroad, was fittingly summarised in a resolution of the Board of Directors "to record the deep sorrow with which they received the sad tidings of the death of their

devoted and highly-esteemed friend and missionary Dr. Southon, in the prime of life and in the midst of active and very useful work in the difficult field of Central Africa. While they are thankful that fever, which has been so fatal amongst those who have shared in the labour and peril of commencing that mission, was not in this instance the cause of death, they deeply mourn the loss so soon of one who by energy, tact, and the uniform exhibition of the spirit of the Christian, and also by a broad and wise discharge of his duties as a medical missionary, had succeeded in laying, in the confidence and friendly feeling of the natives, and particularly of the chief Mirambo, a solid foundation for Christian work, not of this Society alone, but also of other societies who are seeking to diffuse the true light in the Dark Continent. While bowing in Christian submission to the will of Him who has removed their friend from the ranks of active workers upon earth, they would express their heartfelt thanks to the Head of the Church who led Dr. Southon to devote himself to the work of the Society in Central Africa, and animated and guided him through his short but very valuable course of service at Urambo, and who, while allowing a very serious accident thus early to terminate his life, by His grace threw

a divine glow over the setting of his earthly sun, and in him showed to the heathen the trust and peace of a Christian's death."

Of the progress of the work at Urambo during this interval, and up to the death of Dr. Southon, the following brief extracts from some of his reports will serve to give a glance :

During the last twelve months more than 1600 persons have received medicine, surgical assistance, and advice from me personally at the mission-house. On the whole, the results of treatment have been good, as only in 28 cases have the patients received no benefit, and a large proportion have been permanently cured of the diseases they were suffering from.

Generally speaking, the principles upon which medicine is given gratuitously are explained to the patients, so that none may imagine that Mirambo's influence, or any pecuniary consideration, prompts us in this matter. In this way the objects of the Mission and the direct work of the missionary are made known ; and as the patients come from long distances for treatment and advice, they in returning carry with them this knowledge, which we believe has a good effect upon all who hear it, and will greatly help to facilitate further operations which may in future be contemplated. Occasionally instances of ingratitude and non-appreciation of our services have transpired, but as a rule patients are grateful and well satisfied with the treatment they receive. During last month I was sent for to visit the wife of an influential chief at a neighbouring town. I found the poor woman in the last stages of dysentery, and immediately made active

exertions to save her life, which had been despaired of by her husband and friends. Under God's blessing the woman recovered, and is now quite well; but during her illness it was my custom to visit her almost daily, and on these occasions to talk to the people assembled on religious subjects.

Mirambo is beginning to see that we are really what we profess to be, and that our work here is quite a disinterested one. He also values our services, and strives in many ways to show his appreciation of them. His friendship is, I think, one that will not grow less, so long as we do nothing to forfeit it; but of course he is yet "only a savage," and consequently we must not expect too much from him.

And a year after :

Evangelistic efforts have during the year been made in every direction round about Urambo. Most of the large towns have been visited at least once, and a systematic course of instruction carried out. The magic lantern has proved of great service on these occasions, and by its aid the truths of the Bible and the teachings of our Lord have been illustrated. Many of the smaller villages have been itinerated, and, though in a feeble way, Christ and Him crucified has been preached to the people.

A school for boys was begun in October last, and though only opening with five, there were thirteen on the books before the end of the month, the average attendance being eight. During November and December fifteen more were added, which swelled the total to twenty-eight. Most of the boys are sons or dependants of influential chiefs, and, generally speaking, they are sharp, active lads, of from ten to fourteen years

of age. They are very docile and eager to learn; hence, though laborious, it is a pleasure to teach them. Three of the boys are nearly through Bishop Steere's *First Kiswahili Reader*, and eight of the others know the alphabet thoroughly. Four are in the first stages of addition, and eight are learning to write.

In Uguha also, although Mr. Griffiths seemed compelled to give up before very long, progress was being made. These strange heathen people proved to have many instinctive ideas of a spiritual existence, which enabled them readily to accept the revelation of a God of love, and our missionaries had been treated with friendship and hospitality.

Amongst other accounts of his work Mr. Griffiths wrote :

The people have long wondered at us; they have also feared us; but now they gradually come to consider us as their best friends. I observed with pleasure this growth of confidence on my last journeys through various districts of Uguha. The chiefs, big and small, were most attentive and hospitable.

The people were told at first that if they sent their children to us they would be taught to read and write and to do varied and useful work, and now they are responding to our call. I secured some months ago an Uguha boy as servant, and he has proved invaluable to me. Since then Kasanga has sent a boy to be taught; and Kigombo, an Mrua chief, has sent his *mwana* (son) to receive the benefits of instruction: a response from a most unexpected quarter.

Another boy, the child of the head man of Kabulwe,

will be taken to instruct on our return from Ujiji, and boys from Mtowa have been under occasional instruction.

It cheers us greatly that our calls are responded to. . . . To individuals I have been able to speak in a brief manner of some of the great articles of our faith, and what has been imparted only creates in them a thirst for more. So the seeds of truth are sown, and may the God of all truth cause every seed to spring up, and grant us speedily a great and abundant harvest, to His own glory.

Further experience in this locality had also enabled Mr. Griffiths to choose a more healthy permanent site for the station, at a place called Butonga, high up on the hills overlooking the lake, but still only one hour's walk inland; and here more substantial premises were erected. Before Mr. Griffiths left he had already begun printing, with the press kindly sent out by Miss Baxter, a few sheets of alphabets, and commenced the process of teaching the young, which it is hoped will result, in God's own time, in their being able to read the whole Book for themselves.

At Ujiji, although not one of our brethren now remained to represent us there, the mission-house remained. Some native helpers had been so far trained both in caravan work and our rules of conduct towards the people of Ujiji and those whose

countries we passed through on the way thither, that it became possible to entrust to their care the caravan of supplies which it was necessary to send up in 1881. Under the leadership of one of these, Juma-bin-Nasibu, this caravan passed successfully to Ujiji with those supplies, and Juma then remained in charge of the mission-house till the arrival of the new party of missionaries in February 1883.

These various indications of hope and brightness amidst the gloom were recognised at home amongst both the supporters and the directors of the Society, who, through all these troubles, seemed to be specially inspired with determination to go forward.

A resolution was passed expressing determination to carry on the Mission more energetically than before, which met with the hearty sympathy and approval of the Society's friends, accompanied by several special donations for the purpose; or, as one wrote, "as a token of sympathy with the resolution of the directors not to abandon nor to contract the Mission to Central Africa, but rather to strengthen it by a reinforcement of men and by more careful and thorough adaptation to the necessities imposed by climate and other circumstances."

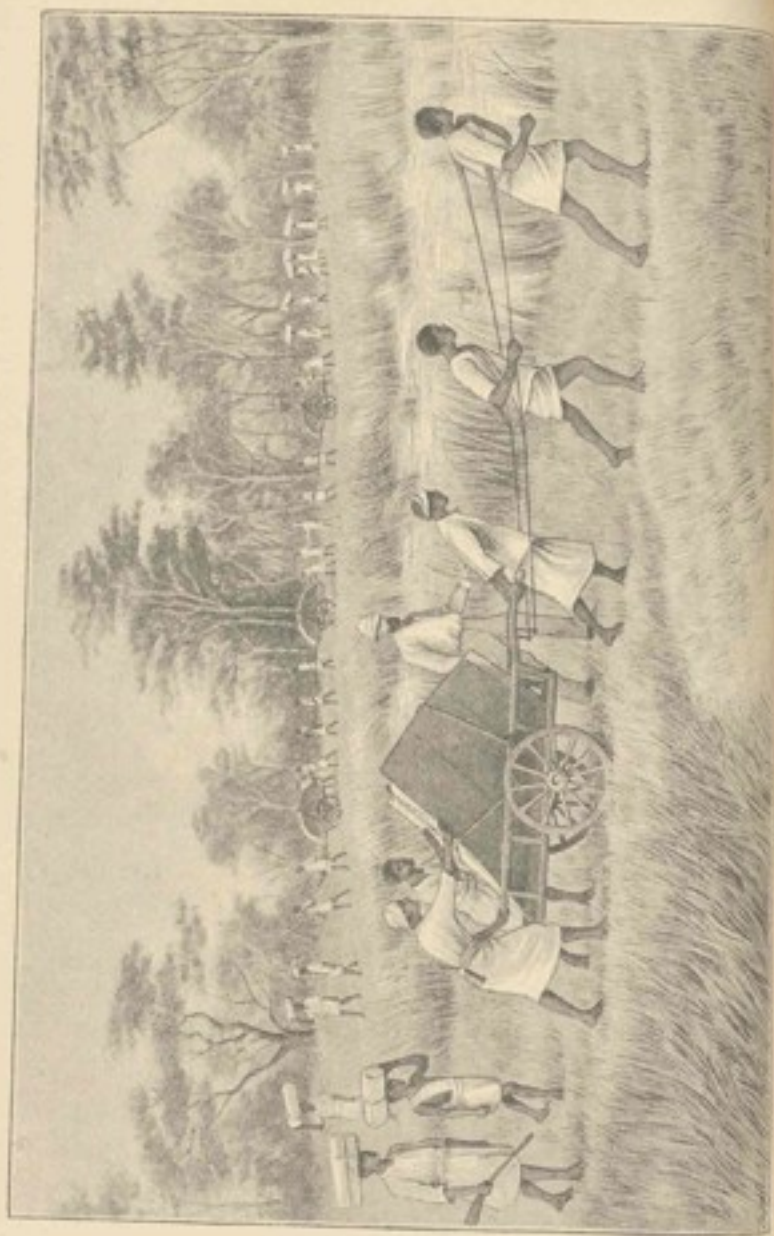
No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it

yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby. Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees; and make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way; but let it rather be healed. In this spirit it was determined not to despair, but to follow on; indeed, there seemed quite a revival of interest in the Mission, under which the two new vessels for Tanganyika were prepared. In response to special appeals, new workers offered themselves to fill the vacancies, and detailed preparations were set on foot for a large expedition of reinforcements to re-occupy the stations and still further extend the work.

CHAPTER VIII

FILLING UP THE GAPS

“Be strong and of a good courage ; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed : for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.’



CHAPTER VIII

FILLING UP THE GAPS

1882-1883

THE design for our missionary vessel was on a liberal scale. The ample funds provided, and the liberal donation by Mr. G. S. Goodwin of Liverpool of his services as marine architect in the design and building, secured to us a first-class vessel of best material and form, and specially suited to the service. The *Habari Ngema* (Good News), built of the best mild steel, with deck and all woodwork of Indian teak, is an auxiliary screw steam yacht 54 feet long by 12 feet beam, strongly built and fitted as for sea service. Two masts, with rigging and sails ketch rigged, make her a complete sailing vessel, and the internal fittings secure safety and comfort.

The whole material, fittings, machinery, and outfit, in small pieces suitable for overland transport, and marked and numbered for re-erection,—a mass of

material weighing altogether about fourteen tons,— was delivered to the care of the African Lakes Company for despatch to the south end of Tanganyika by their Quilimane and Nyassa route.

For the immediate progress of the work, however, another smaller craft would be required that could be conveyed to Ujiji with the party about to start. For this purpose I designed the *Morning Star*, a life-boat built also of mild steel and galvanised, 32 feet long and 8 feet beam. She was built in sections and pieces to be eventually bolted together. Two masts and sails (jib, lug, and mizzen) and eight oars completed a most efficient and safe boat, which afterwards proved most valuable and seaworthy through years of rough work and rough weather on Tanganyika.

In designing this boat I set out with these principles :

1. That strains due to the sectional construction should not add to the strains to which the parts would be subjected by ordinary use of the boat.

2. That in no case should the sectional joint run through the whole boat ; this was prevented by joints of keel and gunwale being made at different places from the main joints.

3. That the sections should be dipped in the galvanising bath *after* construction.

4. The fore and aft compartments were to be complete tanks, to secure buoyancy.

Messrs. Forrestt and Sons (although various small details were not carried out) produced from this design, as regards the hull, material, and workmanship, a very fine, substantial boat.

The portable boats of the Nile flotilla and others for use of various travellers have since been built somewhat on these lines, but not always needing for light river work the same strength and weight.

Many other details of camp equipage, etc., required careful consideration. Our tents, made by Benjamin Edgington, were all of the pattern perfected by Dr. Southon of Urambo, and I tried for the first time on the largest tent the green canvas that has since become so famous for this purpose.

For the protection of our cloth bales, and also for travelling-bags for clothes, bedding, and effects, I had real sailcloth bags made, fastening with a large shackle, taking a lock and affording at the same time a handle for the grasp of the African porter.

Provisions for the community on the road, and for individuals on arrival at their stations, were carefully calculated, and packed, marked, and numbered, and many other details and arrangements which long experience enabled me to perfect.

To me personally also this expedition was the commencement of a new era in the work to which I had given all my energies, and which I had always regarded as the most important work of my life.

On my first visit the survey of the lake and the report as to the needful means of securing safe and efficient navigation had been my special department, resulting in due time in the provision of these two vessels for that purpose. Thus equipped, and with their building and management committed to my care by the directors of the Society, I saw before me as the end and reward of my labours, if so be I should still be spared and be able to persist and continue, the complete achievement of the original design of making the great central lake of Africa a highway for the gospel of God's love in this dark place of the earth.

In the spring of 1882 the expedition of reinforcements was got together. Representing what had a year before been a determination to continue the work and reinforce those already in the field, it had now become, under the circumstances recorded in the last chapter, and the increased interest and zeal following thereon, a powerful effort to fill up the gaps in the Mission staff and also to *extend* the work.

The outfit, both personal and official, could now

be better calculated on the experience already gained. Very much in proportion to our efficient clothing, feeding, and housing, was our efficiency also for endurance and success in the work in hand.

For travellers about to pass through Africa, and, after a year or two of adventure, come again to the refreshment of European society, light outfit and supplies may be sufficient; but for missionaries, whose journey's end is but the beginning of years of life and work in the interior, more elaborate provision is absolutely necessary.

I was appointed leader of the expedition, accompanied by the following new workers :

The Rev. J. H. DINEEN.	Mrs. HORE and little	}
„ D. P. JONES.	JACK.	
„ J. PENRY.	Mr. A. J. SWANN.	
„ T. F. SHAW.	„ A. BROOKS.	
„ W. C. WILLOUGHBY.	„ J. DUNN.	

The accompanying outfit consisted, first, of a year's supplies for Messrs. Southon and Griffiths and their stations; provisions and outfit for travel of all the new party, and stores for residence in the interior, calculated to last at least a year for each of them; the lifeboat and her complete outfit, as well as a considerable part of the outfit of the marine department in respect of both the vessels; and subsequently,

from Zanzibar, the still more bulky mass of cloth and other barter for expedition, station, and private use.

The official instructions provided for the progress of the whole party to Ujiji, dropping the Urambo brethren and their goods by the way: Messrs. Shaw and Willoughby to reinforce Urambo, Messrs. Jones and Penry the station in Uguha, and the rest to proceed to the south end of the lake, there to receive the material of the *Good News* from the African Lakes Company and build that vessel, at the same time laying the foundation of a new station in that neighbourhood in response to the invitation of the chief Zombe.

For an undertaking of such extent a distinct organisation was necessary, as well for the division of duties amongst ourselves as for the conduct of the caravan itself. The plan of arrangements which I drew up for this purpose is here inserted as both descriptive of the internal working of this expedition and as being perhaps useful to future parties of similar nature.

DIVISION OF WORK AND DUTIES

IN

L.M.S. CARAVAN OF JULY 1882.

Messrs. Brooks and Dunn will undertake the erection of the tents at each camp and the placing therein all the bag-

gage in daily use, so that the rest of the party may on entering camp proceed at once to their various duties, or have the rest that their work on the road may have rendered necessary : this is a most important duty, on which the comfort of the party in camp much depends. (Messrs. Shaw, Penry, and Jones, however, being the permanent vanguard, must take the responsibility of the selection and arrangement of the camp site, and the tents are then to be erected by Messrs. D. and B. as may be convenient.)

They will also see that the men appointed to that duty cut, prepare, and place the wood or other dunnage for stowage of the loads on the spot selected, and assist Mr. Swann as he may direct in the work of stowage, opening and repairing of packages, etc. They will have the care of the road tools, which should be clean, sharp, and at hand when wanted ; and also keep in repair all camp furniture and utensils. Proper men will be told off for the work enumerated, who for all purposes of that work will be under the supervision of Messrs. B. and D.

On the road, the tents and baggage having been packed up and sent off, Messrs. B. and D. will be able to assist generally with the porters as may be required ; facilities will then be given them to move on to the front in time to arrive at the camping-place with the vanguard, of which party the men carrying the gear of their department will form part. As the journey proceeds the work will probably go smoother, and Messrs. D. and B. will then travel in company with Messrs. Shaw, Penry, and Jones.

Mr. Dineen will give us the benefit of his skill as *Medical Officer*, and has also consented to keep and write up an "Official Journal," or record of important events and proceedings which it will be desirable to furnish to the

directors, any member of the party being at liberty to have such entries made therein as may be deemed of sufficient importance for permanent and official record. The "Journal" should include concise information from "Muster-roll," "Store," and "Medical" departments, arrivals, etc., and to be strictly an *official* record, open to inspection at all times, and to be despatched to mission-house in London on completion of journey.

As Medical Officer, Mr. Dineen will be able constantly to represent us to the natives we travel amongst, and to our own men, in a way most valuable to our progress and to the Mission cause generally. Any case of injury or sickness amongst our men should be at once reported to Mr. D., and a convenient and regular time will be appointed in camp for attention to such cases. Amongst ourselves also we should give Mr. D. the best chance to aid us by quickly obtaining his advice in any threatened irregularity or sickness; he will doubtless be able also to give us valuable hints for preventive measures, and also as to selection of camp sites and on general hygiene.

On the road, Mr. D. will travel as permanent rear-guard as long as such is necessary.

Messrs. Jones, Penry, and Shaw have undertaken to minister to us in the work of the *Commissariat Department*. The cooking utensils, crockery, etc., will be in their charge, together with such supplies of provisions, barter goods (moneys for purchase of food), etc., as they may from time to time draw from *store*. They will purchase food, etc., as may be required, and have under their charge the men appointed to the work of the department; our own personal attendants will also be required to assist as stewards, taking their turn in order according to the number required, and being during such times, and for all purposes of the work of the depart-

ment, under the supervision of Messrs. J., P., and S. Proper men will be told off for the carriage of the gear and utensils of this department, who for all purposes of that work will also be under the control of Messrs. J., P., and S.

Messrs. J., P., and S. will be at liberty to make from time to time any such reasonable regulations as may be necessary for securing regularity of meal hours and attendance thereat, and for securing order and economy within their department.

On the road, they will form the permanent vanguard, and under all ordinary circumstances push on with all speed with the carriers appointed to their department to the camping-place, when it will devolve upon them to decide upon and plan the camp site in case such has not been previously determined.

In case either of the above gentlemen may desire to travel from time to time in the rear or other part of the caravan, it will be always sufficient that any two of them should travel as vanguard.

Mr. Swann's special duties during our journey have already been clearly indicated to us by the directors [store-keeper]. In his work especially the assistance and co-operation of the whole party will be required, while at the same time he must distinctly *have charge* of that which is under his care. It is desirable that, with the few exceptions of goods belonging to special departments and baggage in use, the whole of our stuff, whether cargo, private property, or Society's property or moneys, should form part of the *store* in Mr. Swann's charge, from which can be drawn on application at convenient times such private property, barter goods, or departmental stores as may be required by the owners or those in charge of departments, Mr. Swann duly keeping account of the same. While the whole

is in Mr. Swann's charge as *store*, the goods are also in his charge as *packages* [for transport], and he must necessarily take a prominent part in directing and supervising the work of the porters.

On the road, Mr. Swann will move about in the caravan as may be necessary for the conduct of his work.

Mr. Willoughby has undertaken to keep the muster-roll and general accounts relating to our porters, their names, pay, rations, etc., together with the serving out of the latter, supplies of which he will draw as required from *store*. He will be able at any time to furnish us with particulars of men apportioned to the several departments and duties, and will also have a charge of the arms and ammunition necessary for our men, supplies of which he will draw from *store* as may be necessary.

On the road, Mr. W. is at liberty to travel in any part of the caravan, and has kindly undertaken, as far as possible, to accompany Mrs. Hore and little Jack.

General.—Daily prayers are to be conducted in turn by each member of the party immediately after the first meal in camp, and public worship on Sundays to be conducted also in turn by each member of the party immediately after dinner on that day.

It is intended that nothing in the above-written arrangements shall prevent any member of the party *assisting* in any department. Whilst the *direction* and the *responsibility* of the several departments rest with those to whom they are severally appointed, the co-operation and assistance of all is necessary to a successful completion of the whole; and also, while it is hoped our journey may be so successful and the whole plan work so well as to permit these arrangements to stand throughout that journey, the power is reserved to

make in them any such alterations or modifications as may be from time to time advisable or necessary.

On 17th May the party sailed in the *Quetta*; in the same ship sailed with them Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Hannington and his party, three others of the C.M.S. for Mombasa, Miss Angus of the B.M.S., and Major Smith of the W.M.S.—a party of twenty-two missionaries, twenty of whom were for Eastern and Central Africa.

A good ship and fine weather conveyed us pleasantly to Eastern seas; a somewhat rougher passage in the smaller *Mecca* brought us from Aden to Zanzibar, where we arrived on the 19th June.

When we hear of an African traveller having 150 men to manage, we think of it as a large concern; if we hear of a party of 300, we reckon it a most extensive undertaking. When we landed at Zanzibar, and all the bulky African moneys¹ had been purchased and packed, we had over 600 man-loads of goods. When the boat sections and the carts should arrive, and various other additions made for the road, we should require, for transport and escort, nearly 1000 African porters and assistants.

¹ All expenditure in the interior is effected with barter goods, chiefly white calico, and also various coloured cloths and beads. A mission station may require five to twenty loads, and a missionary three to eight loads, for a year's supply.

The packing and division of goods into various classes having been mostly done in London, left little of that sort to be finished except in regard to small personal matters ; but the barter cloth for use up country had to be purchased and packed at Zanzibar. In the large store of our Agents there, the piles of cloth of different qualities are placed in readiness ; mats, wrappers, and cocoa-nut cord are at hand. With the lists made out in our notebooks, we point out to half a dozen of our intelligent porters the number of pieces to go in each parcel, and they are rapidly piled up, wrapped over, lashed together, and finally sewn in their mats, on which the numbers are painted, or inserted in canvas bags already marked, the numbers and contents clearly booked, and all is ready.

What delay occurred was in getting men together, and finally and chiefly in the failure of the boat-builders in London to come up to contract time.

It was decided that as much as possible of the inevitable interval should be passed at a more healthy place than the coast ; so arrangements were made for depositing stores of cloth at various points along the road, and for the missionary party to proceed to Mpwapwa. By this means the whole

caravan was reduced to manageable detachments, and in the end fewer men employed.

On 29th June two old tried leaders were despatched with 150 men and 121 loads for Urambo and Ujiji, being supplies for Dr. Southon and Mr. Griffiths, stores not needed along the road, and cloth to be picked up at Urambo for the use of the caravan.

On 3d July another party of 90 men was despatched to Mpwapwa with cloth and other goods for a similar purpose.

On 4th July 200 loads, carefully assorted as not being first wanted, were delivered over to an Arab leader for conveyance to Ujiji.

On the 10th July we sailed from Zanzibar across the strait in an Arab dhow, and landing in the evening at Saadani, proceeded at once to Ndumi, the first short stage of the journey, thus being at once placed 300 feet above sea-level; and on the 13th, with a detachment of 150 men, commenced the march up country.

Trudging wearily through the long wet grass, closing in overhead and matted below in the black mud, the party at times neither looked nor felt very strong or cheerful. On the drier uplands a more bracing air and varied scenery brighten the prospect

and invigorate body and mind. Camped in some pleasant forest glade, the seven bright, roomy tents, the neat pile of loads, the large surrounding circle of tiny grass shelters of our African companions formed quite a village, busy with occupations and cheerful intercourse, restful in any aspect to the weary traveller.

Arriving at Mamboia, a station of the C.M.S. 136 miles from the coast, Mrs. Hore and little Jack were kindly entertained there; the main part of the expedition went on to Mpwapwa, where they formed a camp until we could all proceed together, and Mr. Swann and I returned post-haste to the coast, where we hoped to arrive at the same time as the ship bringing our boat and her outfit.

We reached Zanzibar in eight days; the mail was overdue, and eventually was ten days late.

On 24th August the signals visible on H.M.S. *London* indicated that the mail-boat was approaching. I hurried on board the mail-boat as soon as she anchored, to be told that our boat sections had been left behind at Aden! It was a sad blow; everything was now delayed exactly four weeks, which might mean, farther along the road, all the dangers and inconveniences of the rainy season—for our large party a very serious matter. Two days before, we

had heard of the sad accident to Dr. Southon calling for haste in our movements, and now also we had heard that Mrs. Hore was suffering from sunstroke at Mamboia.

Before midnight I arranged the whole new plan of operations. The two brethren for Urambo, and Mr. Dineen as medical officer, would proceed at once to Urambo, saving them further delay, lightening the main body of the caravan, relieving that station, and, it was hoped, aiding Dr. Southon as soon as possible. For this purpose a detailed written division and arrangement of barter goods, provisions, and outfit, down to the last kettle and saucepan, was necessary, and was made and despatched (in spite of the fever which had come upon me when I heard of the delay of our boat) next morning.

On the 29th there stood all ready for departure, under the lead of our trusty head man Ulaya, a party of 150 (chiefly Wasukuma) porters, with outfit and barter goods, to form the nucleus of the intended advance party from Mpwapwa to Urambo; and after seeing them fairly started along the road, I was back again at Zanzibar on the 7th September.

The next mail arrived on the 13th, bringing the long-expected boat. Mr. Scott, one of the

European residents, kindly lent us a roomy warehouse in which to overhaul our goods, and here every piece of the boat was examined and brought into contact with the others. Various little alterations and additions had to be made, for valuable help in which we had to thank Captain Luxmore of H.M.S. *London*, and also the chief engineer of the telegraph ship *Great Northern*.

The sections and pieces were now marked, numbered, and packed up,—some in light cases, others sewn up in canvas or matting lashed and protected at the ends with raw hide,—and in three weeks from the time of their arrival the sections were all standing lashed upon their carts at Saadani.

The large pieces of the boat were as follows: the fore compartment and the stern compartment, each 300 lbs. weight; four complete sections, each 230 lbs. weight. The four last were each carried on a light but strong two-wheeled spring cart, consisting of a mere frame, upon which the section rested; the stern compartment on a somewhat similar cart, but heavier, and without springs. For the fore compartment we had no carriage, but speedily constructed one. Procuring two Indian-made cart-wheels at Zanzibar, an axle was fitted to them there. On the mainland a light framework

was built upon the axle, with poles well lashed together with wet raw hide, afterwards dried in the sun; and this cart proved to be second to none of them, going right through to the journey's end without needing repair.

The six carts and their loads made up a total of one and a half tons; the remainder of the boat, in five pieces weighing 180, 171, 150, 121, and 110 lbs., and the rest in 60-lb. pieces or packages, weighed also nearly one ton and a half, and was carried as usual by porters.

The carts were drawn by men pulling tandem-fashion in harness of coir rope.¹

The four smaller carts had two axles: with one the wheels travelled inside the frame of the cart, giving the latter then an extreme outside width of only 2 feet 4 inches; the other axle carried the wheels outside. The first, near the coast, enabled us to penetrate the thickets and jungles with a minimum of tree-cutting; the latter, on arriving at more open country, enabled full stability to be restored.

Four pioneers preceded the carts, each armed with an axe and a sword-bayonet, for cutting away brushwood and small trees; and on the carts themselves were stowed spare tools of the same kind,

¹ See illustration, page 188.

together with saws, spades, and a bag of tools, etc., for repairs. A leader or captain was also appointed to each vehicle to have control of the men and responsible care of the load. These faithfully stuck to their posts right through, displaying a zeal and interest truly praiseworthy; and they were often severely tried.

The favourable time for travelling was past, and a drought threatened us in the far interior, or even the worse floods of the rainy season, which might come upon us before we could reach Ujiji.

This state of things was recognised at home, and I received a telegram giving me permission to await the season of the following year. But already some of the party were upon the road; already the carts were careering round the village of Saadani behind their novel and spirited steeds; already several hundred men in the various detachments were marching westwards, and it would be both difficult and expensive to alter the plans. But the difficulties caused by the delay were very great; although the men might get safely through the rains, it would be very imprudent to subject Mrs. Hore to that hardship, and it was decided that she should return to the coast.

The first start of the carts was on 30th September.

After a time the system worked admirably. The fore compartment, presenting the boat's sharp stem to the front, forced its way through masses of bush and creepers. The smaller carts insinuated their narrow frames through very small gaps, and the men seemed oftentimes amply rewarded for a long and hard day's work by the admiration of a few astonished villagers at the camp.

As we emerged from some of the jungles, as the carts descended steep river banks and, nearly submerged on the passage, mounted safely the other side, or jolted whole days together over rugged, stony tracts unharmed, we made up our minds that they would go anywhere.

Arriving at Kikwaso on the 9th October, sending on one of our native leaders with eighty loaded men to Mpwapwa, and leaving Mr. Swann in charge of the carts, I pressed on to Mamboia to meet Mrs. Hore and Jack after an absence of ten weeks. On the 18th we started back from Mamboia for the coast, meeting Mr. Swann with the carts at Mchiropa (the fork of the north and south roads thence to Mpwapwa) as arranged. Here the cart-wheels were shifted to broad gauge, two of the sections and one of their carts being left here ; the other one I utilised as a carriage to convey my wife and child to the coast.

On the 24th, after seeing Mr. Swann under weigh with the four carts, we started for the coast, reaching Zanzibar on the 5th November. A kindly American gentleman and his wife entertained Mrs. Hore there until her departure for England, and once more leaving her and our dear child behind I sailed again for the mainland on 8th November.

On the 9th November I was at Saadani, about to make the final start for the interior. During nearly five months of incessant bustle and anxiety I had already tramped over 600 miles on the African path.

Along that road,—some now arrived at Ujiji, 200 just arriving at Urambo, some only just leaving Bagamoyo, some starting now with me, some nearing Mpwapwa, and the rest waiting there for me,—I had over 900 Africans in the different detachments of the expedition along 800 miles of road. All, however, was completely organised; each member of our party had accessible the right number of pounds of tea and other needful provisions; each arriving at his station would have stores to start life upon there. The caravan, arriving at the various stages along the road, found there the barter goods for supply over the next stage. And so I started in good heart once more, unwitting of the next five

years of unceasing toil, during which I was to tramp 3000 miles more, bringing about the complete fulfilment of the objects of the expedition.

Reaching Mchiropa on the 17th, I found Mr. Penry had come back so far to meet me, and thence started in his company with the two carts and boat sections awaiting me there. We went, as Mr. Swann had done with the others, by the south or Mackay's road to Mpwapwa.

On the 29th November we arrived at Mpwapwa ; we found our brethren in camp on a beautiful spot below some gigantic and wide-spreading sycamores. The camp was quite a little town of grass huts and tents. The brethren on the whole were well, and eager once more to change the monotony of waiting for the progress of the march, although the constant hospitality of the friends of the C.M.S. had rendered the stay pleasant.

Messrs. Shaw, Willoughby, and Dunn had started with their party of 200 porters on 25th September, arriving safely at Urambo on 13th October.

On the 2d December we broke up camp and turned our faces westward with 280 men. Our first camp was to be at a group of Mgogo villages (*Mkambi*) beyond the Chunyo Pass. Through this rugged and broken pass we had for some distance

to cut an entirely fresh road for the carts through a tangled scrub, a work of several hours.

To the next village on our route, the first in Ugogo proper, was a distance of fully thirty miles. The first day was an easy march to a watering-place ; the second, in which we had hoped to reach the villages, gave us tough work. A level country on the whole, it is covered at short intervals with a dense thorny scrub, through which the porters have to push, hampered and entangled by long straggling branches, continually having to stoop with their loads, and sometimes almost crawling through the tunnel-like openings. The early morning scarce broke before a vigorous onslaught was made with axe and sword upon these obstacles ; the sun looked down from the zenith, and still found us at the bottom of the cutting of dense bush, a fine clear road behind and walls of tangled vegetation in front and on either side. In the afternoon the bush became thinner, and we made some good progress, when, at four o'clock, a violent storm set in, and the path became a running stream. The swampy approach to a river, where the carts sank axle-deep in mud, exhausted the last strength of our wearied men, who bivouacked as they could, while Mr. Swann and I, crossing the river, joined a large party of the porters, who,

lagging far behind the vanguard, were also knocked up. They were huddled together in groups, wet and cold. Fire was soon made, and with it a certain amount of comfort. We lay on our boxes under the stars all night, only rousing up now and then to turn the other side to the fire, that all might be equally done.

Morning showed us better the results of the last day's work : many of our men were sick ; one actually made a little bower in the bush and lay down to die, till we carried him off forcibly. The same obstructions met us this day. Hour after hour the twang of the sword-bayonets and the thud of the axes were almost the only sounds to be heard, till the train of carts moved slowly on as the way was opened. Towards afternoon we followed a narrow pass along the side of a rocky river-bed. The bush was gone, but more substantial obstructions presented themselves : stout, inflexible trunks and branches projected into the path, and sometimes like iron arms stretched right across, barring the way. The axes rang as on an anvil, and rebounded uselessly from these bars of ebony, which yielded only to the patient saw. As the sun descended we began to flag ; but help was at hand, and a party bringing food for ourselves and men, we picked up strength and spirit, and finally reached camp about 8 P.M.

The level plains of Ugogo enabled us to make a few splendid and easy marches, which cheered up the men, till they began to think that they "might reach Ujiji after all"; but the carts as well as the men had felt the strain. One wheel gave way, but, as on two subsequent occasions, we were able to repair it; and no small part of the interest awakened by us in the Wagogo was when they gathered round where I sat, with a lump of granite before me for an anvil, doing the repairs. Wood, iron, copper, or rope, it mattered not, all were called into service, for a wheel must be made, and it was made. Some rods belonging to our camp-bedsteads happened to be exactly the calibre of our wrought-iron wheel-spokes, and were willingly resigned, one after the other, for repairing the wheels.

Ugogo passed, there lay before us the much-dreaded wilderness of the Magunda Mkali. A steep rocky barrier separates that region from the plains of Ugogo. An ascent of 800 feet had to be made abruptly off the plain. The porters preceding the carts already looked like flies upon a wall, far above; all hands had to be mustered to one cart, and then return for another, till all had reached a safe point. This process was repeated twice or thrice till, as the day advanced, and no water was

found, longer and longer rests were taken. A steep stony slope still lay between us and the top, when men arrived from the front with the doleful news that no water was to be had at the village beyond ; however, an effort was made, and the top reached, and by long foraging some little water was found.

Perhaps the hardest work done was in the Magunda Mkali ; twenty to twenty-five miles was made day after day over oftentimes very broken ground, and through scrubby forests. Water must be had ; habitations must be reached in a certain time, where only food was to be obtained ; and laggards were in danger from robbers and wild beasts. On, on went the novel train through weary miles of forest, across the scorched plain, rattling over the hard-baked footprints of the elephant and rhinoceros ; on through grassy glades, where the nimble antelope bounded, scared, out of our path, and the zebra and giraffe were startled by the rattling of these strange disturbers of the desert solitude ; on still, through miles of swamp with its croaking legions ; on through scenes of surpassing beauty, bright flowers, and gleaming birds and insects ; on past the dreary wayside relics of travellers waylaid or exhausted, till the sun creeps up high overhead, and eager glances are cast at green spots where water once had been ;

on, till the pace grows slow and the heart sick with weariness and thirst ; and still on, till it revives again as the welcome messenger appears in sight with water, or the camp-fires tell of food and rest. Thus we pressed forward, with untold labour, till the outlying settlements of Hiturah were reached, and finally Uyui, in Unyamwezi proper, where we were welcomed by the agents of the C.M.S.

The season was favouring us ; early as were the signs of rain, it still held off, although once or twice a heavy downpour told severely on us. Our great anxiety was to reach the rivers beyond Unyamwezi before they were flooded.

The wilderness, the beautiful wilderness, had given us a severe trial ; the rich and busy, well-cultivated country of Unyamwezi presented a different kind of obstruction. The industrious natives cultivate every inch of ground they can, laying it bare to the full play of the sun, and raising great ridges in their gardens, with such a narrow path between that our carts, perforce, must go bump, bumping across them for miles together, causing a weary drag to our progress.

The passage of the Magunda Mkali and several long marches through country flooded with the rains had tried all the nerve and muscle of our party.

Mr. Swann, by his courageous determination with me to get our boat safely to Ujiji, had a large share in all the hardest parts of the work which made the undertaking a success; day after day we were long behind the others in getting into camp, and many hours at night we have spent together, repairing wheels, and otherwise preventing delay for the next day's march. And we are thankful to acknowledge the faithfulness and zeal of the Africans who formed the teams of these carts, who suffered much extra labour and hardship rather than yield their special work to others.

Everybody then was glad when, on 16th January 1883, we arrived at Urambo, meeting Messrs. Shaw and Willoughby in their new homes. Mr. Griffiths, who had come so far on his way home, had returned to Uguha with Mr. Dunn.

A great deal of business had to be done. The death of Dr. Southon, and now the illness of Mr. Penry, detaining him at Urambo, and the expected departure of Mr. Griffiths, involved certain rearrangement of work and of stores; and as all the members of the Mission, except Messrs. Griffiths and Dunn, were now together, we held the annual committee meeting there.

The mornings were fully occupied for some days

in this business, as well as in the sale of Dr. Southon's effects; in the afternoons I turned to again in the camp with repairs to the carts and the various packages of goods. At this juncture Mirambo showed himself still friendly to the missionaries. He had long wished to see the carts. After examining them, he laid his hand on one of them and said: "This boat and these carts are mine"! and then, after a short pause, "and all Unyamwezi is yours." It was his way of expressing sympathy, interest, and friendship, and we left him pondering more deeply than ever over the powers of his friends the white men.

The journey was resumed on the 29th January; a few more days brought us to the outskirts of Unyamwezi.

The now ruined villages of Uvinza (the next country on our route) spoke eloquently of bloodshed and robbery, and explained to me the cause of fast-increasing parties of petty robbers with which the roads were infested. Reduced to poverty and despair by incessant raids and wars, the one-time industrious villager turns his hand against every man, and the peaceful caravan finds an abandoned country and no food.

The brilliant tropical spring was rapidly clothing the whole face of the country as we proceeded.

The swampy ground and general dampness hurried our movements, prognosticating as it did the swelling of the Malagarasi, the most difficult river we have to cross. Emerging from the elevated forests to a view of the valley of the river, it appears like a vast level expanse of harmless grass; but the swift, deep, swirling Malagarasi is hidden in its depths, and will give us some labour to cross.

The *hongo* or toll enforced by the natives being settled, we got under weigh once more, and descended to the river through the long grass. The crossing of this river is effected in tiny bark canoes, managed by the natives on the spot, who take both toll for the passage and fares for the boats. One old man, a leader amongst these ferrymen, we had special cause to notice; we called him "the old admiral." He wore a curious skull-cap, apparently made of bladder, and presented a most odd appearance; to him we paid a special fee of propitiation. As we proceeded towards the river, the first sign of it among the long grass was quiet, shallow water on the path; this grew deeper and deeper as we walked on, the water ascending to the armpits, and the grass rising, avenue-like, overhead. At the distance of about a furlong we emerged upon a sort of small island or rising-ground, and the river proper was

before us. On this little rising-ground "the old admiral" superintended operations. The porters all crossed in the usual way, two or three at a time, in the little canoes. The two large carts were floated along the watery avenue by the buoyancy of the sections they carried; the others came, loads and carts, separately. The fare for each load was one yard of calico, but when the carts appeared there was general astonishment amongst the ferrymen, who showed signs of clearing off altogether. "The old admiral" alone was unmoved; his stolid countenance showed no sign, but a deep bass growl of "*Doti, doti*" ("four yards, four yards") expressed at once his nonchalance and his determination, and four yards we had to pay for each of the carts.

We had long dreaded the passage of this river, but it was all safely done in a day; two of the bark canoes were lashed together with poles across, and one section or one cart at a time laid on top, and thus all was safely passed over.

Obstacles which farther back had been great hindrances were now made little of. Our success seemed assured to all; daily and hourly the men would rehearse their triumphant entry into Ujiji, and actually ran races sometimes through the forest, steering amongst the trees in a wonderful way, till I

feared that collision might bring about the damage which all the difficulties of the road had not effected.

One more difficult river, the Lusugi, we still had to cross. Two or three volunteers swam over with a stout rope, which was then hauled right across the stream. The porters, holding this rope in one hand, slowly but surely made their way across; then the carts and sections were attached to a block running on the rope, and so, carefully attended by two or three men, were floated over in safety.

Ujiji was now only a few marches ahead, and the weather became quite fine. The well-known view came in sight at last—a narrow strip of the great lake gleaming in the sun in the distance between the trees, and enlivening each member of the party with the assurance that to-morrow we should be in Ujiji; but we had a long and hard day's journey of it, wandering for miles among the long rank grass, in a wide detour to the north we were compelled to make to cross the Ruiche River at a suitable ford. For hours we crept through muddy paths, the haunts of the hippopotamus, until at last we emerged upon the fresh and pleasant-looking river, the last we had to cross. Camp was made at sunset only a few miles from Ujiji, whither we were

able to make an easy march next morning in due state.

It was a joyous day to all when we slowly marched into Ujiji in a compact body, with the firing of guns and beating of drums awakening the whole place to come and look ; and well they might, for they had never seen such a sight before.

Our journey was completed as the shores of the lake were reached, in 104 days from the east coast, on 22d February 1883 ; and the subsequent arrival of the 200 loads entrusted to an Arab leader completed the success of the largest of East African expeditions.

The arrival of the carts and boat sections made a great sensation in Ujiji ; the whole town turned out as they came rolling along, fully manned by their crews in gay attire : a sensation only second to that caused by the erection and launch of the boat herself.

Old friends flocked round to welcome us, and chiefs and people recognised in words and deeds alike that I had fulfilled my promise of coming back to them again with more of my "brothers."

On entering the mission-house at Ujiji, after an absence from it of two years and three months, it was very pleasing to find the Mission property intact, and

indeed everything almost as I had left it,—pictures on the walls, tables and their covers, and numerous other little matters looked as though I had left them but yesterday,—the result of the faithful care of Juma who had been in charge ; and to complete the welcome, a pitcher of milk and a dish of fruit were upon the table.

During our stay at Ujiji of a little over three months much work was done. Five days after our arrival we commenced building a shed and workshop on the beach for the erection of the *Morning Star*. The *Calabash* meantime, which Mr. Griffiths had caused to be rebuilt by an Ujiji carpenter, answered very well for the service between Ujiji and Uguha. In several trips the stores for that place were taken across. Messrs. Griffiths and Dunn came over to Ujiji: the former to confer on the business of the Mission ; the latter to join in the boat-building work, and afterwards to return to Uguha to fill up the gap caused by the absence of Mr. Penry.

On 13th March Mr. Jones, his goods having now gone over, sailed for Uguha to take up his position there, and early in April Mr. Dineen, in consequence of failing health, also went over there.

During this time also the whole of our stores and outfit were examined and divided out to the various

departments, stations, and individuals. Those for Uguha were despatched across the lake, and all affairs at Ujiji wound up, for as no one had been appointed to that place, it now ceased to be a station.

The erection of the *Morning Star* was proceeding day by day, forming a wonderful attraction to numerous visitors. Perhaps most concerned of all these were some of my old native sailors, who had been round Tanganyika with me in the *Calabash*, and had been amongst the first to greet me on my return to Ujiji and express their desire to sail with me again. Now, however, they seemed in some doubt about the new boat, and finally came and said "they were sorry to disappoint me, but really they had never bargained to go to sea in a saucepan"! Their doubts, however, were subsequently removed on the boat's efficiency and buoyancy being amply proved.

As the boat neared completion she was daily visited by people of many tribes. She was the sight of the place; people landing from boats after a voyage made first for the white man's building-shed, and Wajiji from the hills, who seldom or never visited the town, came down to see the wonderful "iron canoe." As the steel sides came together the natives tapped and felt in silent wonder;

Arabs whispered to one another, "This indeed is work"!

On 21st May the launch was made; early in the morning we started from the house with our men carrying all the necessary gear. A stout and long rope was passed round the boat, the blocks were greased, and we only waited the promised help. The men from the town, chiefly Arabs' slaves and followers, were first; then we saw a long line of natives coming along the beach; it was my old friend the *mteko* of Bangwe with fifty or sixty of his villagers; later on, another group arrived from Gungu, until we had about 300 men. The two ends of the rope were trailed along towards the lake and manned by 100 Wajiji; the boat itself was almost hidden by the willing hands surrounding it, and, with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, a crowd of Africans launched the beautiful craft into their lake, which was to carry peace and goodwill round its shores, and pronounced it to be the *Morning Star*. And standing by, we prayed that she might indeed be the harbinger of day to many benighted ones.

With this interesting event was installed the new "marine department," with its roving commission, which took the place on Tanganyika of the old station at Ujiji.

The gaps also at Urambo and Uguha had been filled up.

It had been a time of hard work and much anxiety, but as those of us who were now to leave our brethren at their posts launched out once more, thus prepared, to the new and still larger work before us, it was with a firm belief that as hitherto the Lord had helped us, He would also be with us even unto the end.

CHAPTER IX

BUILDING AND SHIP-BUILDING

“ For every house is builded by some man ; but he that built
all things is God.”

CHAPTER IX

BUILDING AND SHIP-BUILDING

1883-1885

OUR marine department on Tanganyika affords the means of getting about, and of conveyance of stores and mails, thus securing the safety and comfort and preventing the isolation of our missionaries and the stations. Through its agency also, up to this time, the sites for those stations had been discovered, and the early treaties made with chiefs and people.

During the first few years Ujiji had been the headquarters of this department, and the work of that station a part of its duties.

Now that the marine department had been strengthened by the appointment of Mr. Swann, its efficiency secured by the *Morning Star*, the task was before us of perfecting its strength and organisation by the building of the *Good News*, a sufficient work in itself; but at the same time it was necessary

that the department should continue its support to the stations dependent upon it, and this would involve many voyages at intervals while the ship-building was proceeding.

And as the Ujiji station had been founded and carried on while the department was first coming into existence, so it was hoped that the building of the *Good News* would result in the establishment of a station in the locality of its birth.

During this process the department was to have the special aid of those missionaries who afterwards were to take charge of the resulting station at the south end; so for the time being Messrs. Dineen, Brooks, and Dunn were associated with the marine department.

The term described in this chapter was of two years, during which the ordinary needs of the Mission were fully served by the boats, without hindrance from the extra work of the department, and at the end of which, in spite of many hindrances arising from the delays of the Nyassa transport service and the deaths of several of our colleagues, the plan was all carried out.

Throughout the periods described in the last chapter and in this it had become the rule not to pass to succeeding operations, especially those of

extension, until existing ones were left in efficient strength.

Following this rule, Mr. Dunn had already been detached to fill the gap at Uguha (caused by Mr. Penry staying behind at Urambo), an arrangement regarded as permanent when the sad news came to us afterwards of Mr. Penry's death.

A few weeks after our party left Urambo, Mr. Penry, evidently too ill for work, had returned coastwards with Messrs. Hannington and Blackburn of the C.M.S., also on their homeward journey. Leaving Urambo on the 5th March, they arrived on 19th April at the station of Kisokwe, near Mpwapwa, where they received the hospitable care of Mr. and Mrs. Cole. Mr. Penry became rapidly worse, and died on the morning of the 21st, after bidding his friends be informed that he died "trusting in Jesus and in Him alone."

The kind friends who had tended him with brotherly care buried him beside the grave of Dr. Mullens at Mpwapwa. Up to the time of his detention at Urambo he had become beloved by his brethren, and had taken full share in the business of the journey from the coast, during which he had suffered the succession of fevers from the effects of which he died.

During our last few days at Ujiji we heard of the illness of Mr. Willoughby, compelling his return home, and were fully prepared to detach one of our number to take his place. The continued health and prosperity, however, of Mr. Shaw rendered it unnecessary at that time, and he continued long after to hold Urambo alone.

All the work following these changes being effected, we were ready for the voyage to the south. A smaller auxiliary sailing canoe, *Chokora* ("the satellite") had been fitted out, forming, with the *Morning Star* and *Calabash*, quite a flotilla. The house at Ujiji was handed over to its landlord, and we finally sailed on the 26th June, reaching Mtowa (our port in Uguha) on the 29th.

If the narrative has been carefully followed, it will be remembered that there were now at our Uguha station, at the new house at Butonga: Mr. Griffiths, awaiting opportunity to return home; Mr. Jones, taking over charge of the station, and with him Mr. Dunn, in Mr. Penry's place; and Mr. Dineen, seeking renewed strength before going on with us to the south end. To this party we of the flotilla (Hore, Swann, and Brooks) arrived; our home for the time being the three boats lying at anchor at Mtowa. We found that Mr. Dineen was

so much worse that his friends at Butonga had already decided that he could not undertake the voyage, and his place in the boat was offered to Mr. Griffiths (who was to go home by the Nyassa route). On 4th July sails were bent, the flags flying, and the crews all ready; the brethren from Butonga, preceded by supplies of fruit and vegetables for the voyage, were all to come to Mtowa to see us off. Mr. Griffiths came along escorting a party carrying Mr. Dineen in a hammock, and both came on board the *Morning Star*, which the latter now saw for the first time; they told us Mr. Jones was so ill that he was left in a village half-way, and Mr. Dunn too ill to come at all. It was time to sail, but how could we go and leave such a state of things? in fact we declined to go unless one stayed behind with our brethren, not one of whom at that moment was fit to look after the others. Mr. Griffiths volunteered to stay, and in half an hour the *Chokora* was unloaded, her crew partly disbanded, and the rest put in the other boats, Mr. Griffiths' goods put ashore, and, bidding farewell to our brethren, we sailed away.

The south-east winds had set in; this means an almost daily strong wind and sea right along the lake. But at night this often lulls down, and

moderate and fresh breezes off shore in every direction give a good chance to southern-going voyagers. On this voyage we did most of the distance in this way at night—glorious nights of clear starlight, the dark shore-lines and mountain heights often grandly illuminated by the bush-fires. In the different harbours acquaintance was renewed with old friends amongst the natives, and the voyage, though long and slow, was pleasant; the sea-going qualities of the *Morning Star* were well proved, and our health continued good. In sixteen days we reached the south end.

In vain I looked for the many well-to-do villages of my old acquaintances, the prosperous and lively Walungu: of some of them all vestige was gone, the sites overgrown with jungle; of others nothing remained but the blackened ruins. Of the people we saw nothing, until, coming upon a solitary fisherman in his little canoe, we heard something of the sad story. The neighbourhood we thus examined was that of Niumkorlo and the surrounding district. Niumkorlo was the place we intended to settle at to build the *Good News*, and was in every way a desirable locality. But the disturbed condition of the country made it unsuitable at that time for our purpose; for, for some months at least, we must

concentrate on the building of the *Good News* at some place where food and native labour were to be had. Sailing on round the south end, we found the same signs of destruction everywhere, until we made the Lofu River, where I judged, if anywhere, the remnant of the tribe would be collected. Here we found—some of them on a little floating island just within the river mouth, some on a sandy spit which had formerly been its bar—a number of refugees, mostly women and children, several of whom were evidently dying of starvation. That night we gave a supper of hot porridge to the poor women and children, by cooking what meal we had in the boat. The news spread fast that the *wasungu* (white men) had come—news of old friends come back—news of work for food supplies—of protection from their enemies—hope of brighter things all round. Deputations of chiefs and head men arrived begging us to come up river and settle amongst them in a locality favourable for their starting life afresh. Sending for the chief Kapufi, he confirmed these accounts ; and it appeared that in this neighbourhood, between the village of Kabunda and the lake, the people were now chiefly congregated, as the only part safe from attack. All this, as giving opportunity for befriending the natives, had great weight with us ;

and although somewhat away from direct communication with Nyassa, the neighbourhood otherwise suited us, and was soon decided upon.

Moving up river to explore on 27th July, we came to at a bend of the river marked on map, "s.s. *Good News* built here," and by next day we settled on this spot as the site of our "temporary marine depot."

The natives, and Kabunda too (the latter offering us in fact his whole village and orchards, which he was shortly to vacate), advised us to go farther up river; but I knew its treacherous nature and its *tingi-tingi* (floating islands that collect and block the passage).

So eager was everybody to secure our settlement, that Kapufi, who showed us round and explained things, was threatened with bodily harm if he failed to persuade us to stay.

On the 28th the boats were moored alongside the river bank, and we began clearing the ground; native labourers were engaged, and a tariff arranged of prices for poles and other building materials.

The next fortnight was indeed a busy time. Two houses of three compartments each quickly grew into shape: at either end a dormitory—in the centre, in one case, a store in the other a general living-

room. At the river bank a jetty was run out as a landing-place, and a little village of grass huts at one side accommodated our men.

Every day interviews took place with native chiefs, and on the 8th August we had a formal visit from Kabunda and quite a crowd of his relations and dependants. We heard every view of current events. All agreed that the breaking up of Kabunda's settlement and his interest in the country was the cause of the present state of things, which they all agreed would be still worse as soon as he really departed, for then the Wawemba would be quite unrestrained.¹

Some of Kabunda's dependants and slaves, the neighbouring renegade Wanyamwezi (or, as they called themselves, by the ancient name of their country, "Wagaraganza") of Itawa, the Wawemba, and the powerful amongst the Walungu themselves,

¹ Kabunda is a native of Beloochistan, who professes special liking for the English; he told me he had spent two months on board a man-of-war with Captain Speke. Under the English he had learnt something of the art of war, which he used with effect under Seyid Majid in the disturbances many years ago at Zanzibar. In more peaceful times he was now exploiting the African ivory to share in "the commercial enterprise of the English." He was one of a succession of Arab residents at the south end of Tanganyika, and having accumulated large store of ivory, was about to start for Unyanyembe. The Wawemba are an adjacent warlike tribe, and, like the Walungu and Wafipa, great slavers. The Wagaraganza are colonists from Unyamwezi settled in Itawa, and as far as Katanga, which Mr. Arnot calls "Garenganza."

took advantage of the upset to make raids or to sell the slaves they already had. It is true that Kabunda at this time, as always, bought and had slaves, and used many of them, as porters could not be hired there, for carrying his ivory to Unyanyembe; but the raids and outrages were done by the "rabble" I have described, and most of all by the "Wawemba." (The *buying* instead of the hiring of labour in inner Africa certainly is an Arab custom, but it is still more essentially an *African* custom.)

The Walungu especially have always been great slave-dealers. During all this commotion, Chumananga, one of the local chiefs, came to me complaining that "times were bad"; he had just offered a "fine young lad" to some Wafipa, who had also hurried to the scene to buy slaves, "and they had only offered one load of corn for him."

It was a general scramble; all were guilty. Kabunda was to be blamed, as indeed he very forcibly was afterwards by Tippu Tib, for breaking up his settlement before some other influential person took his place. A small party of "rabble," mostly slaves of a deceased Arab, remained after Kabunda left; they were villainous slavers, and much fomented the disturbances.

While this is being written, Kabunda is back

again, and a measure of peace once more secured.

These troubles continued more or less during the whole of our stay in Ulungu, but our coming was a great protection and aid to the people in their distress. By the fear of us the Wawemba were kept off; by work and wages the unemployed and destitute were relieved.

Shortly after our arrival we found that the little community now gathered round us, although thus afforded immediate relief, had no substantial basis of continued prosperity. In the general disturbance the villages and gardens had been destroyed, and many people were solely dependent on the work we supplied. On talking the matter over with some of the chiefs and urging them to build and plant again, they told us they had *no seed*. The roads were closed, and traffic by land was at that time impossible for them. So great was the dearth of food, that they were selling their slaves and even relations to the people of various tribes who came in boats for that purpose, eager to take advantage of the time of famine to make good bargains. We, however, by means of our boats could command distant markets, and they were periodically sent away for food, etc. On one of these trips a good cargo of

seed—corn, rice, etc.—was brought back, and calling the chiefs together the seed was distributed to them in shares, according to the number of people they represented. This effectually won their hearts, and helped them to help themselves. This distribution of seed was regarded as a very great event in local history, and more than once since then I have heard the story related in musical recitations by native bards at drum-beatings and merry-makings. Some time afterwards, when I was starting for Nyassa and Quilimane, I met for the first time Bwana Tereka, one of the so-called Arabs of south-west Tanganyika, and it was this story of the seed distribution, as told in most beautiful poetical way to him by one of my men, that secured his respect for us.

Our mission station now in Ulungu, and the continued successful labours of our brethren there, bear testimony that this protection and attention to the first wants of the natives in their time of need has opened a door to our Christian work amongst them.

Kabunda did not finally leave till the middle of September.

As soon as the houses were built, the ship-building shed was commenced near the river bank, abreast of the spot chosen for the launch. It was a large

building, 60 feet by 20 feet, high enough to give space for work both above and below the vessel as it came into shape; the blocks were laid down the centre, and one side extended as a workshop.

On 18th August, the depot being now in existence, the *Calabash* was despatched to Uguha, with and for news, to assist the brethren there if needed, and to bring back food; and during the whole of our stay in the Lofu River the *Calabash* or the *Morning Star*—sometimes both of them—were frequently away on this mail and transport service to Ujiji and Uguha, and also transporting the *Good News* material.

The *Calabash* returned on 14th September, bringing Mr. Griffiths on his way home, and the news of the death of Mr. Penry, and lastly of Mr. Dineen at Uguha, of which Mr. Griffiths furnishes the following account:

“A cloud has passed over our Mission, and we mourn the death of an earnest worker, who, had he been spared, would undoubtedly have been very successful in winning over disciples to Christ in Central Africa. Our devoted fellow-missionary, Mr. Dineen, died on the 25th July, after an illness of over four months' duration. He came over to Uguha in the hope that he would soon recover his

strength at a place having a fair reputation for healthiness. For the next three weeks he continued to improve, and got well enough to be able to sit up and move about just a little. After that a relapse took place. Then came the second relapse, attended with much vomiting and diarrhoea. Change for the worse could be noticed every week, until on the 25th ult. he succumbed to his complaint. He bore his illness with wonderful patience and resignation to the last, and his soul aspired daily more and more for the heavenly life. We buried our brother on the evening of the following day" (26th ult.)

It was felt that the staff on our stations was now so attenuated that one of our number should move back, but the assurance by Mr. Shaw at Urambo and Mr. Jones at Uguha that they were strong and well enough to hold their positions alone, prevented this further loss to our work.

We got together a party for Mr. Griffiths' escort to Nyassa, whence he departed on the 17th.

News had also come to us (not long indeed before his arrival on the scene) of a very valuable accession to our staff in the shape of an engineer, Mr. Roxburgh, whose services were to be specially devoted to the erection of the *Good News*.

When we arrived at the south end of the lake in

July, and were looking for the Walungu, we were also looking for the African Lakes Company ; we almost expected, from what we had heard, to find a station erected—at least we expected to see, or hear of, an extensive expedition bringing us the material of the *Good News*. No sign or news of any such were to be obtained, and at once on settling on our site parties of messengers were despatched Nyassa-wards to inquire after them, but still no news.

On 29th September our settlement was all astir with the cry, "A white man is coming," and in a few minutes he appeared, in the shape of Lieutenant Pulley, R.N., who had accompanied Mr. F. Moir from Nyassa, and on reaching the lake near Niumkorlo had followed the coast round and thus found us here. Mr. Roxburgh was with them, and the loads they were conveying were coming along by relays : this was on Saturday night.

On Monday morning Mr. Swann and I started in the *Calabash*, and that evening came to their camp, shipped Mr. Roxburgh and his baggage, and arranged to send porters for the loads.

On arriving back in the Lofu River Mr. Swann went in the *Calabash* at once to buy food, which was now much in demand for all parties ; and returning on the 8th, sailed again with food for Mr. Moir's

camp, and brought back to us on the 10th the first consignment of *Good News* materials (forty-one loads).

Mr. Roxburgh soon made himself at home with us ; he had had a long and trying journey of many shifts and changes, and had already done a lot of work in looking after the goods and vastly accelerating their arrival to us.

On 21st October the first two pieces of keel were laid—the *Good News* was commenced. And for the next sixteen months, except for the intervals, alas, in which we were waiting for materials, the wild banks of the Lofu River resounded to the noise of the anvil and riveting, as the skeleton, and then the shell, of the vessel slowly rose into shape.

Three weeks sufficed for all that could be done with the materials now on hand, and Mr. Roxburgh sailed with me on a voyage to Uguha and Ujiji. And so the whole year was spent in voyages and spells of shipbuilding as materials arrived.

And all through the stay in the Lofu River we were gradually laying the foundation of eventual Christian teaching amongst the people by making their acquaintance and making known our errand, while our native sailors and workmen and two or three Uguha boys were serving a sort of apprenticeship to

civilisation and industrial work which has resulted in many able helpers on our stations and boats ever since.

On one of the voyages I had remained some time at Uguha aiding Mr. Jones in cutting and rafting some timber to his station, and had then been to Kavala Island. Returning to the mission-house at Butonga, where I arrived on the 5th March 1884, I found that Mr. Dunn was very unwell. On the 6th he was no better, suffering much pain, but sleeping again in the afternoon was thought to be getting rest, when it was found that he had quietly passed away. Mr. Dunn was a devoted and useful member of the church at Windsor, where he was greatly respected. His neat and skilful workmanship had added considerably to the efficient completion of the *Morning Star* at Ujiji, and though disappointed of a share in the *Good News* building, he had been working steadily on at the Uguha station, and gave every promise of doing most useful work.

The shell of the vessel was now rapidly coming into shape. Everybody took part in the riveting; but Mr. Roxburgh, whose whole time was devoted to it, had the hardest and most continued manual labour, resulting in the best of work upon our vessel, but, sadly to him, in the eventual failure of his health and strength.

Although as yet in a very straggling and anything but permanent manner, connection had now been effected, first by our messengers and then by the African Lakes Company's parties, with the Zambesi-Nyassa route, and longing hopes were directed that way, as possibly being quicker than the old Zanzibar-Ujiji route.

Mrs. Hore was shortly to join us on the lake, and I therefore offered to make a trial of the new route by bringing Mrs. Hore over it from Quilimane, with say thirty or forty loads of goods, and so fairly test it. Meantime Mr. Griffiths had arrived home and given such a good account of the route that the directors despatched (to travel that way) not only Mrs. Hore and little Jack, but Messrs. the Rev. J. Harris and B. Rees, and Dr. F. Laird, our new reinforcements, together with their outfit and supplies for Tanganyika.

The letter of instructions for me to proceed to Quilimane to escort this party was burnt with the rest of a mail in a fire at our Urambo station, so it was not till the 8th June that I got news (at the Lofu depot) of this plan.

On the 13th I started with a very small party for Nyassa. From various points along the road I collected 200 porters eager to be employed in carry-

ing back loads. From Maliwanda's a party of them were sent back loaded under charge of one of my men. On 9th July, in company of my kind host Mr. Bain of the F.C.S.M. there, I went down the "Stevenson road" (which, except where overgrown again, is now an accomplished fact for fifty miles, or nearly a quarter of the way from Nyassa to Tanganyika) to Karonga's. Thence by the s.s. *Ilala* to Matope in the upper Shire, and, after a stay at Blantyre and Mandala, waiting in vain for the river steamer, in a small boat down the lower Shire and Zambesi, meeting the *Lady Nyassa* close to Maruru, just starting up river to "punish the natives," who were pronounced to be in a state of rebellion.

Arriving at Quilimane at midnight of 18th August, I was on board the s.s. *Florence* bound to Mozambique at 9.30 next morning.

At Maruru I had met Mr. Harris and heard from him how the party ascending the Kwa-kwa River had been stopped by the news of war, and all but himself returned to Natal to await events. Our course was very evident. All the Company's stations, from Karonga's to Quilimane, were choked with such quantities of our *Good News* material and with necessaries for the F.C.S.M. stations as would take their boats, under most favourable circumstances, a

very long time to reduce. The missionaries on those stations were kept very short of supplies already, in consequence of our *Good News* business requiring all the Company's transport capacity. To add anything to this now would cause the inevitable failure of several enterprises.

The extra hurry and bustle of these affairs just at the time of a rekindling of the ever-latent discontent of the natives under Portugese misrule, and disappointment in realising that aid from the English the expectation of which since Livingstone's time had become traditional, had resulted in a general disturbance which, on the lower Shire and Zambesi, had now for a time stopped the whole system of transport ; and through which I barely escaped myself with the letters from the blockaded community at Blantyre and Mandala.

For the half night I spent at Quilimane I was fully occupied making out lists of our property to be returned to the port for shipment to Zanzibar, leaving a few loads and Mr. Harris's own outfit to accompany him as a test for the capabilities of the route as soon as matters had quietened.

At Mozambique I communicated by telegraph with headquarters, and received permission to proceed by Zanzibar.

At Delagoa Bay on the 7th September I met Mrs. Hore and Jack and Rev. B. Rees on board the *Dunkeld*, and with them sailed for Zanzibar, picking up at Quilimane, in passing, the goods for transport to the lake.

Dr. Laird, who had suffered much from fevers on the Kwa-kwa River, owing a great deal to his self-sacrificing efforts for the comfort of his companions, and especially Mrs. Hore and Jack, had developed such dangerous symptoms as forbade his farther progress into tropical Africa, and he returned home from Natal.

We arrived at Zanzibar on 26th September (dangerously late in the season). I had found for myself that it was impossible for the expedition to proceed by the Zambesi route. At Zanzibar I found African authorities (an officer of the A.I.A., of East Central African experience, and one of the Congo Free State who had spent years on the Congo) who pronounced the old route to Ujiji impossible, and begged us to refrain from such a mad project. I can only suppose that they also were quite ignorant of what had already been achieved in the way of travelling by our missionary caravans. And although another African authority had said that this route required "eight months" for its accomplishment, and

that "those black villains the porters, the despair of every traveller," were a sufficient reason for avoiding it, I knew that I could do it in *three months*, and had already learnt so to depend upon and love some of our much-abused followers as to be confident in undertaking an enterprise on which even the safety of my wife and child would depend, in great measure, on their kindness and faithfulness ; and so I felt justified in relying solely on my own experience, and was not disappointed.

It certainly was the most unfavourable condition under which to try the experiment of taking a lady into the country. Mrs. Hore and Jack had already been much reduced by the deadly climate and the hardships of the Kwa-kwa River, and now we should certainly be caught by the rains ere reaching Ujiji ; but womanly courage and motherly devotion were equal to the task, and came safely through what was to me the most trying passage of that road.

At Zanzibar we found sixty more loads of stores for up country, and this, with the supplies for the stations, made up an immense mass for transport. But if it was not to bring aid and supplies to those in the interior with our arrival *there was no need to go*.

We left the coast on the 10th October, a party

of 200 porters, with Juma as head man; while Ulaya brought up the rear with another party of 200.

Arriving at Mpwapwa on 7th November, we found that place suffering from unusual drought; but farther along in Ugogo it was really a state of famine, in which some of our men endured great hardship.

In the Magunda Mkali, the last stretch of uninhabited country before reaching the rich land of Unyamwezi, we were reduced to sore straits; it really seemed doubtful whether we should safely get across to the land of plenty. Many of our men were getting sick, and again and again at camp some would come to me, and, tightening their belts to show their emptiness, would pitifully ask me for food I saw no way of procuring. We had yet two big marches to make, when, as we were doggedly straggling over the dry, parched track, a joyful cry came along the line from ahead, "Corn, corn, here is food, brothers," and there came to us as veritable corn out of Egypt, a party of Wanyamwezi with loads of corn which they were carrying to sell at high price in the famine-stricken Ugogo. The corn was promptly bought up and divided out, and we truly thanked God and took courage.

On 7th December we arrived at Unyanyembe, and being visited there by Messrs. Stokes and Blackburn of the C.M.S. from Uyui, heard the news of the death of Mirambo. With his dying breath he commended the missionaries and their teaching to the care and attention of his people.

Reaching Urambo on the 18th December, and Ujiji 7th January 1885, the journey had been done in ninety days: a journey pronounced impossible at that time by African authorities (and the achievement of which before and since by other persons has been judged most remarkable), successfully done, in the ordinary course of duty, by a woman carrying her sick child, and conveying at the same time all the supplies for the stations up country.

Our little boy had suffered much; he had never recovered from the exceptional hardships of the Zambesi route. The additional burden of his illness had made it also a most trying journey to Mrs. Hore. But, even at Ujiji, hope revived, and we all felt that life on our own station would give us renewed health and strength.

The rear party under Ulaya arrived on 3d February, and Mr. Rees (who had stayed behind for a time at Urambo) shortly afterwards.

The first time I had arrived at Ujiji (in 1878) it

was as an unknown and much-doubted stranger; the second time I came there (in 1883), bringing our new boat the *Morning Star*, I came to many as an old friend known and welcomed. And now, arriving for the third time, I brought my wife and child with me. Their presence proved the means of still closer and more personal acquaintance and regard, and elicited and proved the existence of many of the finer characteristics of humanity both amongst Arabs and natives.

At Ujiji we heard no news of Mr. Swann, so on the 20th we crossed to Kavala Island, in Uguha, in a new boat I had purchased at Ujiji, and now called the *Alfajiri* (Dawn of Day), and established ourselves there.

On the 29th January the *Calabash* arrived at Kavala, first leaving Mr. Harris (who had come in her from the south end) at Mtowa the day before.

Mr. Harris, after staying at Mazaro on the Zambesi a month, and a fortnight at Blantyre, had finally joined our brethren at the Lofu River depot just in time to spend Christmas (1884) with them.

The news by the *Calabash* was on the whole most cheering. At the Lofu River our brethren had been working hard all this time, and the hull of the

Good News was so far completed as to be ready for the launch.

I hurried off to Ujiji at once in the *Calabash* to receive Mr. Rees and Ulaya as they arrived there, and loading the *Calabash* with Mr. Roxburgh's provisions and other supplies, despatched her to the Lofu depot, requesting Mr. Swann to effect the launch, and fit the hull of the vessel with jury-masts, paddles, etc., ready to sail her to Kavala.

Returning to Kavala, Messrs. Jones, Rees, Harris, and I discussed business in committee and shared out the stores and supplies for our three stations; and it was then decided that Messrs. Harris and Brooks should continue at the south end the good work amongst the Walungu, and proceed to develop it into a permanent station, the members of the marine department establishing themselves at Kavala, and Mr. Rees joining Mr. Jones at Butonga in Uguha, arrangements once again completing the plan of years.

At the shipbuilding yard in the Lofu River the combined technical skill and organising tact and determination of our brethren there had surmounted every difficulty, and made a brilliant success of the launch of the *Good News* on the 3d March. On the 13th Mr. Swann arrived in the *Morning Star* to

give us the details of that interesting and most important achievement, the floating of our vessel, the subsequent completion of which has enabled us literally to "take possession" in the Lord's name of this beautiful inland sea, Tanganyika.

On 23d March Mr. Swann once more sailed for the south end, conveying there Mr. Harris and his goods in the hope of establishing our third station on the lake shore.

At Urambo Mr. Shaw had continued in health and strength, was rebuilding the premises that had been destroyed by fire, had successfully passed through the critical period of disturbance following Mirambo's death, and by study of the language and continual intercourse with the people was building up their friendship to us and increasing their knowledge of Christian truth.

With the building of our vessel and the erection of extended premises at all our stations, which was accomplished during this period, the Mission itself, notwithstanding our losses, was also successfully growing. Our native helpers and friends were gaining greater confidence in us, our acquaintance amongst the tribes extending, and here and there a glimmer of light was appearing as they began to understand our errand among them.

CHAPTER X

THE *GOOD NEWS* AT KAVALA

“And the barbarous people shewed us no little kindness . . . and received us every one . . . who also honoured us with many honours.”



CHAPTER X

THE *GOOD NEWS* AT KAVALA

1885-1888

DURING the past two years the members of the marine department had led somewhat of a vagrant life. On leaving Ujiji the bedsteads and chairs had been left behind to give space for tools and materials that might further the work ; at the building of the depot the best and strongest poles and the most skilled help had been devoted to the shipbuilding shed rather than to the houses, and although we had never been reduced to "one spoon," we had devoted the smallest attention and time to domestic and personal affairs. Recreation and change had only been effected by recurring now and then to a different class of labour, or, as sailors say, "knocking off work to carry bricks." The site of the depot was selected as convenient for the building and launch of the vessel rather than as salubrious for residence.

Now that the hull of the vessel was afloat, en-

abling her to be completed anywhere, and the arrival of Mr. Harris to establish and take charge of a permanent station in Ulungu, it became imperative that we should take more care for ourselves.

This meant, of course, location in more substantial quarters, which (now that we could move) might just as well be in the place selected as the permanent locality of our department, where we could at once complete the *Good News*, serve the stations, and secure proper shelter and comfort for ourselves.

The place long before selected for that purpose was Kavala Island, where I had deposited my wife and child, and where, when the hull of our vessel was afloat, it was decided to remove her for completion and the establishment of a permanent station.

Messrs. Harris and Brooks, at the south end, would of course receive and store the material coming from Nyassa, which we should fetch from time to time with our boats when communicating with them.

Kavala is one of a group of islands off Uguha, and about six miles from Mtowa in that country. It is about three miles long, and from half a mile to a mile across, with a fine deep bay on the landward side forming a harbour. In form it is a long irregular

hill rising out of the lake, with deep water all round, and nearly a mile distant from the adjacent coast of Uguha. Its position in the length of the lake may be clearly seen on the map. Its form, and the nature of the soil, make it healthy, and it is well ventilated by the lake winds; being, in fact, at sea, whilst, being an island, it is free from the effects of warlike disturbances or attacks of wild beasts. Half an hour or an hour in a native canoe takes one to the mainland, where, in a richer but less healthy soil, the natives of the island have their larger plantations.

Mr. Rees and his goods being conveyed to Uguha, Mr. Harris and his goods to the south end, we now turned again to the work of establishing ourselves.

On the 18th April 1885, having rigged the *Alfajiri*, built and repaired houses for immediate use, and left my wife and child in the kind care of Ulaya and our other faithful Zanzibaris, I sailed for the Lofu River, where I had the great joy of seeing our vessel afloat. Mr. Roxburgh, although really very ill, was in wonderful spirits at the successful issue of his work. Mr. Swann had packed all our property and prepared the *Good News* for her first trip. The vessel herself being the mere shell, without deck,

fittings, or rigging, was now entirely under jury rig, consisting of two rough poles for masts secured by temporary framework: the big lateen sail of the *Calabash* forward, and another one aft. I also had sixteen long sweeps to work on tholes temporarily fixed along the vessel's sides, and stability was secured by a good load of the heavy stores and shipbuilding materials. Although temporary platforms were rigged over the vessel, she was still practically an open boat. I had confidence, however, in my knowledge of the lake, the nearly certain occurrence of strong fair winds to make a passage, and the paddles to put her into port, and was therefore, notwithstanding some anxiety, able with intense gratification to feel my beautiful vessel for the first time rise and fall upon the bosom of the lake, and "turning about whithersoever I listed."

Bidding farewell to Messrs. Harris and Brooks, we sailed out of the Lofu River on the 5th May. Mr. Roxburgh was with me in the *Good News*, and Mr. Swann sailed the *Morning Star* as tender and escort. First giving us a tow out into deep water, he sailed away to make a call for mails at Karema, and then to proceed to Kavala, and there cruise about to give assistance or tow us into harbour. A strong fair breeze, however, gave us a quick and

safe passage. At 5.30 P.M. on the 7th we were close to Kavala, and after a vigorous pull up with the paddles, anchored in our own harbour at 6.

The arrival of the great white hull of the *Good News* was a great astonishment to the Kavala people ; she was indeed "a big ship" to them, and every one crowded to the shore to gaze. Nor was the arrival without pleasing incident to us ; as I thus terminated the first voyage of our new vessel, it was at a place I already regarded as a home. I could see the little house where my wife and child were living, the cleared roads and various buildings giving it a civilised appearance, the people welcoming us by name—all pointed to improvement, light, and peace. The first communication made was by Ulaya, who paddled out quickly to meet me, shouting out as soon as within hearing, "They are all right and well," meaning my wife and child.

At 9 P.M. the *Morning Star* arrived ; the difference of time was just that taken up by her divergence to do business at Karema ; allowing for that, the similar passages of the two vessels well demonstrated the advanced state of navigation on Tanganyika.

Our men had worked hard in our absence. Chiefs and people were pleased at our settling amongst them, and all promised fair for success.

Mr. Roxburgh, however, was quite worn out with his rough life and continuous hard work ; he had in no way spared himself, and now, the excitement over, he was suffering. During the voyage he still kept up, but as soon as we reached Kavala he seemed much worse with decided dysentery. Rest, better accommodation and food, and all the assistance we could render, served only to prolong his life for a few more days, and on the 18th he died. We had at least the satisfaction of feeling that we had been able to make his last days a little more comfortable ; all of us who knew him bore testimony to his faithful work, and felt assured that he had so lived that for him to die was gain. To his patient toil and superior skill the solid workmanship of the sides and frame of our good vessel is due, besides other good work about our boats and houses, wherever his skill could be applied. Over his grave we erected a fitting memorial made of one of the steel plates similar to those of which the *Good News* is built.

On the 17th April Mr. Swann, returning from a voyage to Niumkorlo with another cargo of *Good News* material, brought us more sad tidings. Mr. Harris, who had been ill from the effects of the journey from Nyassa, but was thought to have

recovered, had suffered again from dysentery, and, while engaged with Mr. Brooks in shifting from the Lofu River to Niumkorlo, the site originally chosen, became much worse, and finally died at Niumkorlo on the 29th May. Another life laid down while seeking to bring light and life to the Africans.

The next day we went over to Mtowa to visit Messrs. Jones and Rees at Butonga. Mr. Jones, somewhat worn by his long, lonely spell of work there, during which he had buried two of his brethren; and Mr. Rees, not yet recovered strength from his arduous journey, felt the sad news terribly. Mr. Jones announced the necessity of his return home, and on the 20th Mr. Rees, having no sign of returning health, decided that he would return at the same time. For the rest of us, I think we had that kind of African "perversity" or "sentiment" that has so often been callous to appeals to retire out of Africa. Our vessel was coming into shape, our station was growing every day, with all around we were on friendly terms, and we saw not far ahead the time when, fairly settled in our new quarters, the work of direct Christian teaching would commence. But now we had more immediate work and responsibilities. Mr. Brooks must shortly be visited and brought away, and the property at Butonga and the

south end packed up and stored, and from the latter place all brought away.

On the 23d I went to Ujiji, despatched a special mail home with particulars and requests for help, and engaged porters ; and, on 2d July, again sailed to Ujiji with Messrs. Jones and Rees, who, starting thence, reached the coast on the 6th November.

At Uguha Mr. Jones had lived and worked for over two years. He had settled down to a careful study of the language, acquiring a more intimate knowledge of it than any of us. Already he was able to understand the ideas and religious beliefs of the people, and went about amongst them preaching the truths of Christianity ; besides continuing to set forth, in all his connections with them, the Christian life and character. It is to be lamented that he was unable to continue, or that there was no one to take up the work at that point ; but there can be no doubt that good seed was sown, and the general welfare of the Mission furthered by the maturing friendship toward us of the Waguha.

Hurriedly packing up the property at Butonga, placing a man in charge, and bringing over valuables to Kavala Island, I sailed on the 15th for Niumkorlo.

Mr. Brooks was all right, and another caravan of goods had arrived from Nyassa. We could not entirely abandon the place until all the goods had arrived, but it was arranged that on the next voyage Mr. Brooks should come to Kavala.

Mr. Swann made the next voyage, returning with Mr. Brooks to Kavala on the 29th. Two more voyages, having received the last lot of material from the African Lakes Company on 26th September, were made in bringing away our property; the *Calabash*, on the 17th November, being the last boat to arrive. Some of her crew had the smallpox, and we were obliged to put her in quarantine, in a little bay a mile off, until the men had recovered. The *Calabash*, no longer seaworthy, was beached; the last of her timbers coming apart as the *Good News* was ready for service.

On the 14th September, at Ujiji, I saw Mr. Brooks off for Urambo, where he continued to labour and afterwards remained in charge of that station during Mr. Shaw's visit to England.

The property at Butonga was still in some sort a burden to us, and at last, seeing no prospect of re-occupation, and the house falling into decay from want of attention, we brought everything to Kavala.

In these services, from the 7th May 1885, when

the hull of the *Good News* was brought to Kavala, until the end of that year, our boats, in twenty voyages of from 10 to 500 miles, had sailed over 4500 miles: a clear demonstration of their utility, of their absolute necessity for working the Mission, in salving its property and bringing its agents together, or maintaining them at distant places under the most adverse circumstances.

It had been a time of hard work and much anxiety, but for months there had also been a quieter undercurrent of another kind of work going on, the extent of which I had myself scarcely realised, until Mrs. Hore asked for a schoolhouse. Twenty or thirty girls had been pacified and tamed, from a state of wild shyness and utter ignorance, into a class of quiet, eager scholars, for which a proper place was needed. In this our little Jack too had had no small share; by his fearless friendship with the little ones he had attracted them to us, and his intimate knowledge of their language made him a useful medium of teaching. Natives and Arabs alike, on many occasions, revealed much of a gentler and better nature in the presence of little Jack, who was loved by, and attracted all.

On 3d September a building was commenced, to serve as a church and school. We put into it

our best material and skill. Mr. Swann gave up his time of rest between frequent voyages to aid in beautifying it, and, although only what in England would be called a mud-hut, it was very dear to us, and, for Kavala, an altogether superior building. Here the girls' school was carried on.

On 26th October the boys' school was commenced, and on 8th November, the day Mr. Swann arrived from his last voyage to the south end, a service of worship was conducted which was the first of continued services from that time. The following account of work at this time is inserted as having the peculiar value of being written on the spot at the time :

With regard to the station itself, I have enclosed with a small stone wall about four acres of ground, including sites for premises, shore for all marine purposes, with approaches to the house, and certain garden ground.

Having all the advantages of elevation close to the lake side, we have consequently to put up graciously with some steep ascents.

These I have made as easy as possible by broad beaten roads, ending in a terrace along the hillside to the house. The roads have afforded much satisfaction to the people, who now have a clear way to their gardens, between which and the chief village your establishment lies. In addition to the fruits I have already told you were planted, I have now 150 banana trees symmetrically placed, and the like number of

sugar-canes to absorb a swampy spot on the beach, and some English garden and flower seeds are already coming up. The whole place excites the admiration of all beholders, who compare it with Zanzibar or Muscat, according as they have travelled.

I am now able to report to you, without the least exaggeration, that you have here a most flourishing and respectable station (although the actual buildings are yet only of the kind we term temporary), with all your agents in good health and civilised manners (for the mud-table era is now passed), and living on friendly terms with the natives; at which is held a daily school for girls, a daily school for boys, weekly worship of God, and class for religious instruction—all instituted, not by any strained effort, but at the direct request of the chief and people.

I may say I have worked from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M. for months past, and it is certainly as master of works that I have gained Kavala's admiration; but the centre and strength of our powerful influence doubtless lay in the arrival and presence of my wife and child, and its resulting details in Mrs. Hore's school.

I had long thought that I should be best serving the interests of the Mission by applying myself almost exclusively to that line of things specially pertaining to my department, and in which I could feel I was doing efficient work, and remained the more contented in this view while stations were being held and work done by men specially fitted.

But coming now for the first time to the establishing of a station, I have from the first felt a different sort of responsibility, and have specially tried, by conversations and otherwise, to enlighten the chief on the end and purpose of our Mission; so that when at last he asked me why I did not teach the boys as well as

the girls, although I was then obliged to say that we must get settled first, etc., I was in a state of mind favourable to being persuaded by myself to undertake it. I needed a little thought and persuasion, because I could not bear to commence it and then give it up; so one day I announced the boys' school, which has been continued daily. Then the chief said, "Why don't you instruct the adults?" I said, "Wait," and he asked again. After prayer and consideration I undertook this also, although experiment shows that the class will become one of youths rather than adults; the former thoroughly believing in us, while the latter hold fast (now at least) to their old traditions. The chief himself, however, has been much influenced, and I think, to commence with, is disposed to place great credence in anything we promulgate. As I have never been specially ordained to this work, I shall give you some particulars of my method of procedure. The boys' school is designed to teach the boys Kiswahili, especially with a view to enabling them to read the Scriptures and to understand religious teaching in that language. They are very interested, but they could not stand the monotony of incessant alphabet and syllables; and so I teach them other odd words, forming keys to early Scripture teaching, and have commenced a sort of catechism on the lines of the *Peep of Day* in endeavour to keep them parallel with the religious instruction class. The girls' school is conducted much on the same lines, but has got so far as to open daily with prayer. Feeling that the forms of religion are as essential (before attainment of knowledge) to the religious teaching of these people as to our children, and that if I exhorted the people to worship God there must be worship for them to come to, I undertook to conduct the same on Sunday mornings in the Kiswa-

hili language. The service is short, and follows very much the order of that of the Church of England, the preaching of the Gospel being done in the afternoon class at present, until such time as a few intelligent hearers exist. By degrees we hope to improve and enlarge; but I think it well, although few yet understanding, to maintain the regular, and, I may say, formal service, always accompanied by the necessary "instruction class." The fact is, that while in the former my hearers require considerable education before they can understand the classical Kiswahili I read, they are deeply interested when, in the latter, I explain matters in a conversational lingo on their own level. Meantime I am myself rapidly attaining a higher standard of Kiswahili than I have been accustomed to use, assisted also by my wife, who, although often requiring my interpretation in ordinary transactions, is well able to correct me in every sentence.

I have just come out of church, and it came to my mind how, if you and others could only see us here now, you would indeed rejoice even at the small beginning which is being made. The church bell, the Sunday clothes, little Jack and Mrs. Hore with their books, and other Sunday signs, stir me with joy, and indeed astonishment. We had an attendance of about thirty-five real natives, all attentive and orderly. Will you not send them a preacher? I have already made some improvement in the service, reading the Scriptures and introducing prayers for the chief and people, and for our own chiefs and people. The next step will be a short address. I am afraid it must be in lingo. This is a great question with me. Shall I build a hasty structure in lingo, or slowly lay more solid foundations in good Kiswahili? Will you please bring

this question before our directors (in the larger aspect, of course)?

The various languages—say, for convenience, dialects—round the lake are numerous, and some spoken only by a few people. These dialects are not copious enough for religious teaching, and by the time they are acquired, enriched, and put on paper, there may be few to use some of them, and many languages in the one mission. On the other hand, there already exists a literature, including nearly the whole Bible, in Kiswahili. It is fashionable with the Tanganyika natives, as English is with the Japanese; and once common here, would soon become the language of all East Africa.

It will be seen that from September 1885 Mrs. Hore and Jack, Mr. Swann and I, were all of our Mission now remaining on the lake, and so we continued till July of 1886.

The entire lining and internal fittings, the deck, upper works, and rigging, the boiler and machinery of the *Good News* still remained to be put together and attached to the hull; the masts were yet growing somewhere on the forest slopes of the lake shore. Some fittings (lost on the Nyassa route) were only now coming to us from Zanzibar. The last stores by Nyassa had only just arrived.

Month after month Mr. Swann worked in the shed at the ironwork, while I worked on board, superintending, meantime, the erection of workshops,

boat-sheds, and houses, and the making of roads; dropping our tools at intervals for a voyage to Ujiji with and for the mails, generally taking it in turns. Then the dry dock was built; trees were cut on the opposite shore for the masts and laid down to season, and gradually the *Good News* grew in beautiful detail.

Friends at home had not been unmindful of the situation; sad as the news had been, the total result was a determination to reinforce the Mission, so that in the midst of all this work we heard the cheering news that the directors had resolved to send out an engineer to assist in the completion of the *Good News*, and an ordained and a medical missionary for Kavala. Accordingly there left England for this purpose in March 1886, Mr. Alexander Carson, B.Sc.; in June, Rev. G. H. Lea; and in September, Dr. J. K. Tomory.

Mr. Lea was to come out by the Zanzibar route, and on the 16th February 1886 we despatched our head man Ulaya to the coast as the very best escort we could offer him.

On 7th June, the dry dock being completed, the vessel was placed in it and a good job made of cleaning her bottom and repainting; thus thoroughly testing also the efficiency of the dock.

On the 28th the mainmast was put in, then the mizzen-mast, and by the end of the month the rigging was set up and the vessel practically complete as a sailing vessel. The cabin fittings and other things for comfort and appearance still left some months of work, thus short-handed and busy with many affairs.

Mr. Swann had gone to Niumkorlo in the *Morning Star* to fetch Mr. Carson, who came out by the Nyassa route.

They arrived at Kavala on 4th July, and right glad we were to see and welcome our new colleague in such good condition as he arrived.

A house was ready for him, and this was the case for each missionary who arrived at Kavala.

Five days after, the riveting of the boiler commenced, Messrs. Carson and Swann working together for nearly two months at this, the heaviest of the work : made heavier and more difficult in that the dome part, originally riveted at home, had been separated at Nyassa for easy transport.

On 22d July we had a visit from Tippu Tib and his relation and agent, our old acquaintance Mohammed-bin-Alfan. Tippu assured us of his continued friendship and protection, and promised to use his influence to prevent disturbances at the south

end of the lake. At this interview, and again at Ujiji when I met him there, he expressed his desire for more settled life and occupation under some European government or other extensive enterprise. He had much to say on many African matters, and produced to me undeniable evidence of immorality and various abuses following and clustering round European enterprises, as bad at least as the abuses said to attend upon Arab residence and progress in Africa.

On 8th September Mr. Swann sailed in the *Alfajiri* for the south end on a visit to England. For over four years he had been through all our most difficult times, had shared in the greatest hardships and hardest work, and was now returning to England, intending to come back again to the service he loved and had promoted nobly and well.

On 25th September we got news of Mr. Lea's arrival at Ujiji. Next day I sailed and welcomed him there, and on 1st October we were back at Kavala.

On 9th December I sailed again to Ujiji and received Mr. Shaw, who had come from Urambo for our committee meeting. He had a most interesting account to give of the work at Urambo: a substantial new mission-house had been built there,

Mirambo's successor was favourable to the Mission, the school instruction and preaching was proceeding, besides a system of itineration in the villages. Mr. Shaw had in fact fairly established the work, and, from the accounts he gave, our committee requested the directors to send further help for that promising field.

On the 20th I took Mr. Shaw to Ujiji, whence he journeyed back to Urambo.

In the various services of the Mission during 1886 our boats made twenty voyages, sailing a distance of over 2000 miles.

We were still waiting anxiously for certain *Good News* fittings (lost on the Nyassa route, but now their duplicates to come to us by Zanzibar and Ujiji) to arrive before the engine and boiler could be completely fitted.

We still had plenty of work, however, about the hull and rigging and internal fittings, and the daily round of life at Kavala had already assumed the regular, interesting details of a hopefully progressing mission station.

We had now arrived at a critical and important stage in the foundation and establishment of our missionary station at Kavala, when we needed not only more help (in consequence of the growing

work and our increasing weakness) but the aid of specialists in the various departments, and in due course these were all provided and sent out.

The *Good News* was afloat, decked, masted, and rigged; an ample engineer's workshop erected, with shears and other arrangements all standing ready for manipulating the boiler, the plates and rivets of which were ready, but for which the technical skill of an engineer was so desirable in order to make a superior finish, when Mr. Carson arrived to us, who so ably and well completed this part of our vessel's equipment.

The little church was built, the service was already instituted, and a congregation waiting to be further instructed, needing the scholarly aid of a skilled linguist and Christian teacher, when Rev. Geo. H. Lea arrived to supply the need.

The dispensary was erected; the natives far and wide had learned to appreciate such rough surgical and medical aid as we had been able to render them, but there were many sufferers whom we were deficient in skill to aid, and we ourselves again and again lacking the help that a medical man would be able to afford, when we had the news of the coming of Dr. Tomory to complete the equipment of our work in all its branches.

We reckoned that it was possible for Dr. Tomory (who was coming by the Nyassa route) to be at the south end of Tanganyika by a certain date, and as there was now no station there it would be necessary that one of our boats should be there to meet him. At the same time it was undesirable that I should be away a long time from Kavala. It was arranged therefore that means should be provided for meeting him in case he made a quick passage, and I should go myself later on.

On 26th February 1887, therefore, the *Alfajiri* was sent to Niumkorlo to await Dr. Tomory, or my arrival in the *Morning Star*. On the 5th March I sailed south and communicated with Nyassa by messengers. Waiting there some time, I victualled the *Alfajiri* for a stay, and returning to Kavala 1st April, found Mrs. Hore in a very critical condition and poor Jack just recovering from smallpox.

Being uncertain as to Dr. Tomory's time of arrival, but it being indispensable to meet him, there seemed nothing for it but to cruise backwards and forwards, alternately visiting Kavala and Niumkorlo.

On the 8th I sailed again south, visiting my men in the *Alfajiri*, and had again to go back without tidings. Arriving once more at Kavala, I found Mr. Lea very unwell, and on the 28th he decided to go

home. The same day I had to sail to Ujiji to receive goods brought up for us by Raschid, the agent of Mr. Stokes, who had contracted for that purpose.

Under all this pressure of business I was obliged in order to save time to charter two Arab boats at Ujiji, so as to convey all the goods without making a return trip, and this was safely accomplished by the 10th, and all arrangements made for another voyage to the south, conveying thither Mr. Lea on his way home by the Nyassa route, and hoping at last to find that Dr. Tomory had arrived.

We sailed on the 13th, but owing to long-continued strong southerly gales made one of the very longest passages, and arrived at the south end to find that Dr. Tomory had arrived, and not caring to wait longer, had sailed two days before in the *Alfajiri*, leaving the remainder of his goods in care of one or two of the men on the adjacent island. He duly arrived at Kavala on the 6th June.

Having looked up men for porters at some of the villages we called at along the coast, we were soon able to organise a sufficiently large party for Mr. Lea's escort to Nyassa, and bidding him farewell, I sailed at once to Mpete with a load of Dr. Tomory's goods, which I left there in the care of our friend the

chieftainess Mwema until I could send for them. Then loading up the remainder at Niumkorlo, I once more ran home quickly to Kavala before a strong southerly gale, arriving on 13th June. The *Alfajiri* was then despatched as soon as possible to bring the remainder of the goods from Mwema's, and came safely back with them on 29th July.

I had thus cruised about at the worst time of year (and a specially rough time it was) some 1300 miles (besides the voyages of the *Alfajiri*) to fetch Dr. Tomory from the south end.

Leaving England 25th September 1886, he arrived at the south end of Tanganyika at the end of May 1887—nearer to "eight months" than any of our other journeys.

Again we were able, when Dr. Tomory came to us, to supply the new arrival with a house and a trained servant to start with, and welcome him into our little community. Many calls were at once made upon his kind attention, both by ourselves and the natives and their chief, and he soon had his busy daily round of medical work.

These voyages and events had somewhat thrown us back, but still the work was proceeding. Mrs. Hore had patiently carried on the school work, and by other means quietly and daily represented the

Mission to the people. Mr. Carson had finished refitting the engine, and now we had the very interesting if somewhat difficult work of putting the boiler into the vessel. Shears were made with trees we had cut on the mainland, and rigged up by help of the chain cable and anchor; and by rendering the boiler buoyant with tight air space and other parts plugged with pithwood, it was floated to its place under the shears and safely hoisted on board.

On the 7th September steam was got up, and with all our party on board we made a short trial-trip out into the straits. It was a time of great and thankful rejoicing with us as after many days we found ourselves steaming out on the waters of Tanganyika at last in our beautiful vessel, now practically complete in all essentials. Every plate and plank of her has a history, and every rivet a story of months and years of labour only known to a few. The complete and beautiful vessel herself has before her, we trust, a long and eventful life of useful service to the glory of God and the extension of His kingdom.

With the completion of the work of my own special department—the building, equipment, and establishment of the *Good News* as our perfected means on the lake of support, transport, mails, and of intercommunication—I began to feel the effects in

my own person of these years of work and anxiety. There were still both arriving and promising, new and strong and devoted workers to build upon the foundations laid ; and while feeling necessarily some regret at leaving scenes and labours and people which had become endeared by many memories, both Mrs. Hore and myself, while realising that the time of our departure was at hand, could now leave with a good heart, with rejoicing and satisfaction at what God had already wrought in this place, and a hopeful view of its future continuance and extension. Some reverses, however, we had still to face. Dr. Tomory, ever since his first coming amongst us, had not enjoyed the best of health, and now, after repeated illness, we all realised that he would be unable to stay. On the 20th August, after consultation, we all agreed with him that it would be best to return to England, and indeed would have arranged for his quick departure had it been possible. Another consignment of goods had arrived at Ujiji and must be brought over ; the trial-trip and other matters caused altogether a delay of a whole month, but Dr. Tomory got the comfort of the passage to the south end in the *Good News*, instead of in one of the smaller boats.

On the 12th September we sailed in the *Good*

News on her first voyage to Kigoma (a spacious harbour on the east side of Ujiji), where we met our caravan from the coast and loaded up.

Visitors, both Arab and native, flocked to Kigoma to inspect this new wonder, and on this voyage I felt that the crowning event of ten years' work was achieved; nor would I grudge *one* of those days of hardship or difficulty that might in any way have been instrumental to this end.

Further help was soon to come to us. Mr. Jones was to return again to the lake. On 11th May Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Rev. R. Stewart Wright left England, and proceeding by the Nyassa route, reached Fwambo, two days' journey from the south end of Tanganyika, and on the heights above it, on 21st September.

Having returned from Ujiji, and leaving the Kavala station once more in Mrs. Hore's charge, we sailed in the *Good News* for Niumkorlo; conveying Dr. Tomory on his way home and goods for Messrs. Jones and Wright, whom we hoped to meet there. Those brethren were just locating themselves at Fwambo, and while they were building we brought Mrs. Jones to Kavala for a change.

Mr. Carson, amidst all his work, had been gradually preparing himself for sharing in school

duties ; and in October he took over charge of the boys' school, which he steadily continued henceforth.

Another voyage to the south, taking back Mrs. Jones and the remainder of goods, and a voyage to Ujiji, completed in this year (1887) nineteen voyages made by our boats : altogether over 4500 miles, of which 1100 were done under steam.

It had already been arranged that Mrs. Hore and I should go home in 1888. The *Good News* was running ; Kavala Island station was established and regular Christian teaching going on ; and now another station was coming into existence at the south end, enabling us to retire under cheerful auspices.

More changes, however, were to take place. On the 23d January 1888 Mrs. Hore was again left alone while we went to Niumkorlo with mails and further supplies. Mr. Wright came on board and told us of the fighting at Nyassa between the African Lakes Company and the Arabs there. I did not fear any attack by the Arabs, but there was certainly risk to our south end station from the resulting disturbance amongst both natives and Arabs, and we all thought it would be prudent that all should come together for a time to Kavala Island. We again sailed, to return shortly, prepared to bring our brethren away.

North of Nyassa there are two places where so-called Arabs congregate: Kabunda and his connections in the Lofu River, and another community in Itawa. I communicated with both of them, stating our neutrality in regard to the warfare, and found that my information was the first news they had that there *was* any war! and in both cases, and also at Ujiji, they stated their intention to have nothing to do with it, and keep up their friendly relations with us. And in this they were throughout that trouble quite consistent. The subsequent ill-feeling of certain "rabble" at Ujiji since that time arose out of their confused view of German action at the coast.

Reaching Kavala, we at once prepared accommodation there for Messrs. Jones and Wright, and despatched the *Alfajiri*, well fitted out, to lie at Niumkorlo under their orders in case of need. After various necessary work, we again sailed in the *Good News* on 25th February. At Niumkorlo, in united committee, it was decided to remove to Kavala as had been suggested. Mr. Wright accordingly came on board with his goods, but Mr. Jones decided to remain at Fwambo.

Returning to Kavala, therefore, Mr. Wright settled down there, and very soon secured the friendship of

the people, especially by his medical work, and, as soon as he was able, the work of teaching also.

We continued to keep up communication, by means of voyages of the *Alfajiri*, with Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

Early in June we met the caravan of supplies from the coast at Ujiji, and soon after Mrs. Hore and I prepared to return home. By the latest news from the south we heard that Mr. and Mrs. Jones were living in health and safety, and giving hopeful accounts of commencing work.

On Kavala Messrs. Carson and Wright had taken in hand the schools and services, and we felt that God's care and blessing was evidently upon the enterprises we had undertaken and so far completed in His name.

The station at Kavala was established with clear declaration to the natives of our purpose and intention to teach them about God, to impart His message of love in Christ and salvation through Him, without any political or commercial aims. Throughout we had had their attention and friendship; to the extent of our ability the Gospel had been preached; to a most promising extent the young of both sexes had been civilised and taught; and although but little impression seemed to be made upon the adults, numbers of the young people had

considerable knowledge of Christian truth: some were just beginning to read the Bible in their own language and to join intelligently in Christian worship; and at this stage, trusting in God's continued blessing upon it, we left the work in the hands of our brethren.

Leaving Kavala Island in the *Alfajiri* on the 9th June, we sailed to Ujiji, whence we started for the coast on the 14th. At Urambo we met Mr. Brooks and attended a service in the little church there amongst the people of the station. The splendid new mission-house and buildings, trim garden, and the friendly relations with all the people were very pleasing: all seems prepared, if we can only get the teachers to come and use these God-given opportunities.

Mr. Shaw had returned to England, but was even now on his way back.

Mr. Brooks, remaining in charge, continued to carry on the schools, and has given very pleasing accounts of frequent visits among the people and to distant villages, preaching and teaching as far as possible the glad tidings of salvation.

At Mpwapwa we were entertained once more by Mr. Price of the C.M.S., an earnest and faithful worker, who has since proved also to be one of those who decline to come away from the post of duty.

Near Kitanga we met the up-coming caravan with Mr. and Mrs. Swann, Mr. and Mrs. Hemans, and Dr. Mather, all bound to Tanganyika.

At Mkange we met Mr. and Mrs. Shaw and Mr. Draper on their way to Urambo.

At Saadani (seventy-two days from Ujiji) our loyal old friend Bwana Heri was as hospitable as ever, and procured a dhow to take us to Zanzibar.

I here leave on record the dates and times of my five marches between the East Coast and the heart of Africa.

1877. Saadani to Mpwapwa with heavy bullock-waggon; backwards and forwards, road-making and organising, nearly	}	6 months.
1878. Mpwapwa to Ujiji		

I expect it was the very unfair calculation of these two items that gave rise to the statement that it takes eight months to get from the coast to Ujiji.

1880-81. Ujiji to Saadani	62 days.
1882. Saadani to Ujiji: a heavy caravan with six carts	} 104 days.
1884-85. Saadani to Ujiji: a heavy caravan, with Mrs. Hore and child	
1888. Ujiji to Saadani with Mrs. Hore and child	} 72 days.

Landing at Zanzibar on 1st September in the

early morning, we felt, for the first time for some years, "strangers and foreigners," as in the dhow lying almost broadside on the mud we waited for daylight, and then, leaving my wife sitting on her box in the street, I wandered off to wake up the European custom-house officer to come and examine our luggage: the boxes which eleven years before H.H. Seyid Barghash had permitted to pass free as being "for the good of the country." Coming back to my wife and child, cold and sleepy, stared at by the loafers on the quay, and altogether in a condition *they* had seldom been in in all our years up country, she asked me if "this was coming back to civilisation," and expressed a wish that she was "back at Kavala!"

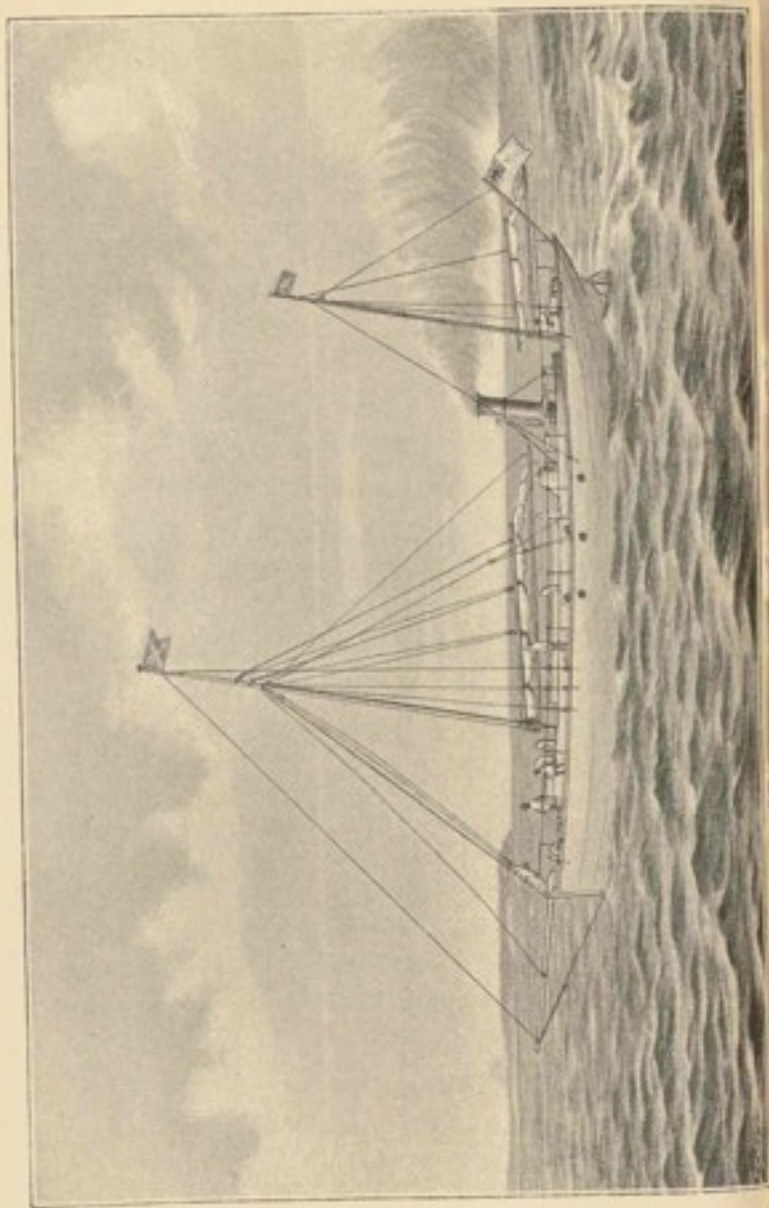
And amongst the memories of our lives, the gathering intelligence of the little ones there, the joy of telling the good news to those dark people, the indications amongst them of receptiveness for enlightening truth, and, indeed, their personal friendship, are some of the brightest, as we think of Kavala and Tanganyika, and appeal to our fellow-Christians to go up, in God's name, and possess the land in full which He has given us. The words of David Livingstone's appeal from Ujiji were true: "*You don't know what you can do until you try.*"

CHAPTER XI

LOOKING BACKWARD AND
FORWARD

“Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.”

“And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end.”



CHAPTER XI

LOOKING BACKWARD AND FORWARD

1888-1891

SINCE the events recorded in the foregoing chapters, concurrent with my own experiences, the history of the Central African Mission has been practically that of most other Christian missions: difficulties of many kinds encountered, wearing down the health and strength of some of its agents, disturbing and even breaking up some of its agencies, yet effectually dealt with and eventually overcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Shaw and Mr. Draper duly arrived at their station at Urambo, which has stood intact amidst the disturbances arising from the process of annexation of their share of tropical Africa by the Germans. Difficulties of more local character also have from time to time disturbed the work and threatened to endanger our brethren; but still the work has gone on, and most encouraging reports

come to us of its successful progress. Most noticeable of all, perhaps, is the remarkable success of Mrs. Shaw in gathering around her the Wanyamwezi girls and women, and laying the foundations in their hearts and minds of the purifying and enlightening influences of Christianity.

Ten days after the arrival of Mr. Shaw at Urambo, Mr. A. Brooks started for the coast on his way home. The coast region was in a state of turmoil following its annexation. Into this disturbed area Mr. Brooks came with his small party, and at Mkange, about sixteen miles from the coast, on 21st January 1889, he and sixteen of his African followers were killed by an armed party of coast men. Mr. Brooks had been nearly seven years connected with the Mission, and, by no means worn out, was hoping, after a rest in England, to return again to his field of labour. This is the only case in which a member of the Mission has suffered violence at the hands of Africans, and it must not be forgotten that this sad occurrence took place during a time of desperate excitement caused by the coming of Europeans, during which, although many of the disreputable took advantage of it for robbery and pillage, many others were compulsory wanderers, rendered desperate by the destruction of

their homes, and under sentence of outlawry for what to them was defensive action against unexplained attack or seizure by foreigners.

Mr. and Mrs. Swann and Mr. and Mrs. Hemans and Dr. Mather in due course arrived at Tanganyika, and were enabled at once to take up their work at Kavala and the south end. Soon afterwards, however, Messrs. Swann, Wright, and Carson removed from Kavala Island and established a station at Niumkorlo at the south end of the lake. In that neighbourhood the whole of the mission during the year or more of agitation to which native society far and wide was given up was subjected to difficulty and danger. For a long time, by reason of war and rumours of war preventing the passage either of caravans or couriers, communication was cut off, and they were reduced to a position of isolation and deprived of necessary supplies. The practical common sense of some of the better-class Arabs, especially Tippu Tib and Mohammed-bin-Alfan, enabling them to understand that our missionaries were in no way responsible for the causes of those disturbances, secured to them the continued friendship of those influential and powerful leaders, which proved of great assistance in the time of greatest need ; and renewed communication found our brethren not only

at their posts, but steadily progressing with the good work in their hands.

Of that work, in all its branches of translation of Scriptures, preaching of the Word, and teaching of the young, at the two stations in Ulungu, most pleasing periodical reports are now coming to us, the full details of which no doubt will be described by some of those engaged in it in the fuller history of this era of the Mission which lies beyond the date and scope of this volume.

Toward the end of 1890 Rev. Stewart Wright, after sharing the most difficult times above referred to, and having suffered very severely from smallpox, was compelled to return home, arriving in England on 13th December. In April 1891 Mr. Carson also arrived home after five years of steady service in the many departments of work he had so ably carried out.

For the increasing work at Urambo the services were secured of Dr. G. A. Wolfendale, and after encountering the strange new experience for us of having to recross from the mainland to Zanzibar to obtain a passport, he successfully accomplished the long overland march by Saadani and Mpwapwa, and reached Urambo station 14th October 1890, completing a substantial and able missionary staff at that place.

For Tanganyika, Miss Mawson and Rev. J. P. Southwell proceeded by the Zambesi route. Mr. Southwell has, however, been invalided home, but Miss Mawson proceeded, and was married to Dr. Mather at Domasi, near Blantyre, on 25th September 1891.

It is very noticeable that during the period thus briefly recorded, excepting the unfortunate loss of Mr. Brooks, no members of our mission staff have been removed by death, pointing to the fact I have already suggested that the high death-rate of the first few years was due rather to the hard conditions of life and work in general than to the climate. Now we have houses built and natives trained, now that we understand the conditions of things better,—the suitable diet, time of travel, way of life, etc.,—the record is altogether different.

In the renewed quietude of the present the work is thus steadily progressing in the hands of our brethren and sisters at the three stations Urambo, Niumkorlo, and Fwambo, and calling loudly in the *success* it indicates not only for *continued support*, but for *extension*.

Far into the darkness of Africa rays of Christian influence have already extended. Three hundred miles up the river Niger, 1000 miles up the Congo, again to the centre of the continent from Benguela,

from the Cape 1500 miles northward, from the east coast to and around the great lakes, the light of Christianity has been carried.

The very practical nature of these enterprises is amply shown in the systems of transport and communication both by navigation and overland routes and the many centres of civilising influence which they have established, and by means of which the progress of explorers and annexing governments and companies has been achieved, of which so much more has been heard than of the pioneer missionary work which rendered it possible.

With a distance now of but 400 miles from the north end of Tanganyika, reached and workable by our s.s. *Good News* on that lake, to the Stanley Falls, accessible to the missionary steamers upon the Congo River, we and the representatives of those other converging lines but await the continued and extended interest and support of Christians in England and America to join hands right across the continent, assured, from past experience, that its darkest places may be illumined by the all-penetrating and purifying Light.

In the work of our own Central African Mission since its establishment in 1877 eleven men have laid down their lives; from its difficult conditions

of life and work twelve others have had to retire. Still carrying on its work and representing us in the heart of the Dark Continent, seven men and five women are by their lives and their teaching holding forth the Word of Life amongst people by whom they are regarded as friends, and whose children, gathered in the mission-schools, are even now commencing to read for themselves the Word of God.

Thousands of pounds have been spent in this work, not productive, certainly, of those dividends which are being announced upon capital in those parts of Africa which are yielding gold and diamonds, nor of that weird exciting interest of successful *battle* with the tribes of inner Africa yielded by other expenditure; but for the money expended in this missionary enterprise we have the valuable results of a line of peaceful influence of nearly 1000 miles overland, and another line of 1000 miles around Lake Tanganyika opened up to Christian and civilising work—with systems of transport and communication—dotted, so far as men and means permit, with our stations. We have secured friendly relations with the tribes along those lines, amongst whom numbers of young men and women are now growing up to a great extent civilised, with considerable knowledge of Christianity, and trained in

various industrial pursuits ; and there have been revealed to us, in the course of this work, certain rays of light upon the country itself, and upon the character and condition of the people, which give grand hope for its future and the progress of our work amongst them.

It should be remembered also that for this expenditure we have no mere record of travel with funds exhausted and apparatus worn out or thrown away ; we have in possession a large mass of property, houses, stores, tools, and a flotilla of boats placing the whole of the shores of Tanganyika within our reach by the best and most economical means. We have the organisation, the plant, and the experience which would enable us to establish a score of such stations were the men and means to be had.

In 1878, reaching Ujiji through 836 miles of swamp and jungle and forest, encountering everywhere uncivilised and barbarous man with no ray of Christianity or other apparent light, mostly coming out to meet us spear in hand, we encountered there a mixed "rabble" in deadly opposition to our supposed objects. Along the 1000 miles of Tanganyika shore,—unknown sea and land to be explored mile by mile in a log canoe—the natives turning out with spears and stones to oppose our landing,—homeless,

houseless, and often less the common necessities of life, we commenced in faith the race that was set before us.

In 1888 all our missionaries were living in houses, engaged in Christian teaching ; our names as friends were known to all the tribes ; leading names amongst the Arabs are to-day the names of friendly protectors of our Mission ; our English-built mission vessels are welcomed everywhere as the harbingers of peace and goodwill ; and passing once more down the long road to the coast, at our station at Urambo, and at two others of the C.M.S., I witnessed assemblies of natives to Christian worship, and found a well-worn road free and open to the passage of any honest man.

In the Annual Report of the Society for 1891 the existing condition and prospects of the Mission are thus summed up :

“ The position of the Central African Mission will call forth, the directors are assured, thanksgiving and prayer from the constituents of the Society everywhere — persistency has been at length rewarded. The difficulties of the climate seem to a very large extent surmounted by the choice of healthy sites for stations. Difficulties of transit have, it is hoped, been finally overcome. Difficulties with the natives

and the Arabs have been entirely avoided by a prudent and conciliatory policy. Three firmly-established centres of the work are now occupied—two at the south end of Tanganyika and one at Urambo. Two gospels have already been made at the south end of Tanganyika by Mr. Jones. The people have learned to assemble for worship, and just at the close of the year *the first convert was baptized*. News has since come of some others also."

If *we* fail to see the good work thus effected and to follow it up, others will not. Consuls and officers representing more than one European government, traders, and the Roman Catholic Mission, have in some places already entered into our labours, planting stations or announcing influence and authority over and in chiefs and countries whom we had first reconciled to the visits of strangers or opened up.

If *we* doubt whether men can live and work in Central Africa, others do not; for Europeans representing many enterprises are *crowding* into it from all sides.

If *we* delay the prosecution of the good work, other far-spreading influences will not delay, which will render our task tenfold more difficult. We may yet deal with the African native in his normal con-

dition of comparative innocence and calm. Later on we shall have to contend with the excited and demoralised condition of the native under many disturbing influences, and the chief effort of Christian missions will have to be directed to the evangelisation, not of the barbarian, but of the civilised; for if certain processes now proceeding in Africa continue to proceed,—processes of the engulfing of what we call “heathenism and savagery” in the seething, exciting bustle we call “civilisation”—and there is every evidence that their progress is inevitable,—the mass of civilised immorality will soon become greater than the mass of heathenish ignorance.

Those whose sole desire is to proclaim Christ to the heathen, and not simply the extension of any one sect or society, must adapt themselves to the new conditions of life in Africa. Time was when the heathen were only to be reached by the special effort of single, isolated Christian teachers; we now touch them at many points. In political, commercial, and domestic relations we are in contact with them—relations at once raising responsibility and giving opportunity, and through which also we may and should reach them by securing at those points of contact justice, peace, and purity; praying and working for *Christianity in all our African enterprises.*

Meantime, while opportunity yet remains, let us redouble our efforts to Christianise the life and thought of the yet infant heathen,—the easier task,—that, with Christian manhood, they may be able to meet (as some, thank God, *have* done) the flood of excitement which is coming to them.

That such is possible we already know; that opportunity offers for its extended prosecution I have endeavoured to point out. Men and means for its continuance and extension are urgently needed; *faith* that He who has promised will fulfil; *hope* in God for blessing and for strength; *charity* moving us with compassion on the ignorance and suffering of the millions of Africa living in utter darkness and without God in the world.

“Journeying” (not casually, but vastly to our enrichment), “we have come where they are,”—we have seen them helpless, prostrate, wounded, by the “wayside” of the world; shall we not “have compassion on them and take care of them”? for undoubtedly they are some of the “neighbours” of our Saviour’s admonition.

The call to help, the command to go forward, the promise of success, are all from our Lord and Master.

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