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*Frontispiece*

# BY THE WATERS OF AFRICA

British East Africa, Uganda, and the  
Great Lakes

By

NORMA LORIMER

Author of "By the Waters of Egypt,"  
"By the Waters of Sicily," "The God's Carnival," etc.

WITH INTRODUCTION BY  
DOUGLAS SLADEN

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I HAVE TO THANK R. E. K. FOR HER ASSISTANCE  
IN WRITING THIS BOOK, BOTH WITH MATERIALS  
WHICH SHE PLACED AT MY DISPOSAL AND WITH  
THE VALUABLE ADVICE WHICH HER LONG STAY  
IN THE COUNTRY ENABLED HER TO GIVE ME.

N. L.

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Dedicated  
TO  
SIR FREDERICK JACKSON, K.C.M.G., C.B.,  
GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF UGANDA,  
IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF HIS HOSPITALITY  
AND ASSISTANCE.

## INTRODUCTION

**T**HIS book will be read with unusual interest just now, when our conquests in German East Africa have doubled the value of the adjoining Colony, for the scene of the volume is laid almost entirely in British East Africa. It describes life upon the great African lakes; it describes the up-to-date style of living adopted by the British settlers in that virgin country, with their golf-courses and motoring; it describes the visit of one of the very few woman-travellers to the Mountains of the Moon; it describes a journey through the Colony taken in the company of the Governor, Sir Frederick Jackson, when he was making his official progress.

In no other book can those who are interested in East Africa read such an up-to-date and unvarnished account of how people live and amuse themselves there.

Miss Lorimer's books are too well known to need any recommendation from me, and Africa has been her most popular field, as the many editions of *A Wife Out of Egypt* and *By the Waters of Egypt* testify.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.



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# BY THE WATERS OF AFRICA

## I

### IMPRESSIONS OF MOMBASA.

**T**HIS is my first letter from British East Africa, and I have so much to tell you, or, rather, I have so many vivid impressions which I want to convey to you, that I don't know where or how to begin. I ought to start at the beginning, I suppose, when we arrived at Kilindini, which is the bigger and more important of the two ports on the Island of Mombasa.

Well, I got up very early, because I had been told that we should be within sight of land by daylight, and I didn't want to miss the first glimpse of Africa. But I must admit that I was not greatly impressed, but felt rather disappointed, for in the half darkness all I could distinguish was a long, low shore of yellow sand and coral reefs. This was the Island of Mombasa. As we drew nearer, however, the low reefs steepened, and the dark globes of mango trees and the mop-heads of tall palms stood up black and romantic against the sky line. Our ship kept close to the shore for some distance, and as we crept slowly along I can't tell you how my inward excitement increased. The consciousness that the land so close at hand was



really the "Dark Continent," in whose ancient bosom are nursed mystery and danger, sunlight and darkness, the mother of the world's first great civilization and the cannibals of the present day, made it almost impossible for me to keep outwardly calm.

When the dawn broke and the shadows flew away with tropical swiftness, and the sun suddenly transformed the scene from one of dull greys and indefinite outlines to a panorama of dazzling brilliance, I said to myself: "Africa is here! And her spell is light!" There is, really, no dawn in the tropics, such as we call dawn, those precious hours of lingering between night and day, when the world is making up its mind to shake off the lethargy of sleep. Here the sun does not rise lazily from its bed, as it does at home; it jumps up in all the magnificence of a midday splendour.

Soon after its appearance, a soft heat haze gathered over the face of the waters and veiled the little island, for whose possession Arabs and Turks fought with each other for long centuries. So eagerly and desperately has this coral-reefed atom of the world which lies basking in the Indian Ocean been fought for by different nations and at different periods of its history—ever since, in fact, it was discovered more than nine hundred years ago—that the natives have given it the name of "Kisiwa mwita," "The Island of War." It has been oppressed by many conquerors, and terrible are the scenes which its ports have witnessed, for the African Coast Slave Trade existed here until a very few years ago; yet it seemed to me, as it lay in the shimmering haze, an island of tropical peace—very



still and very indolent—a drowsy island, cradled in bastions of coral and lapped by Equatorial seas.

Mombasa is considered one of the most important harbours on the East Coast. In the old days, before the Suez Canal existed, it was, of course, of even greater commercial significance, because it lay on the direct trade route to India.

As we rounded a point and were approaching the harbour, I saw, on a steep cliff, some little flags fluttering in the breeze. I was told that they were offerings to the spirits who dwell in the caves. The native women who are barren, poor souls, go to these caves to pray for children; they take with them offerings of grain and food to propitiate the gods. At the foot of the cliffs, among the rocks, there were pools full of gaily coloured fishes and big fighting crabs, each armed with one long coral-pink claw, and many other strange creatures which live and have their being in these waters of Lethe, which roll from Indian to African shores. To visit this natural aquarium of bright fishes, which sounds so fascinating, I shall have to wear thick sea-boots, because the coral reefs are as sharp as knives; they would cut any ordinary boots into pieces. They are strewn with the wreckage of ships which have been driven on to these submerged rocks by gales.

As soon as we had dropped our anchor right out in the harbour, which was full of all kinds of ships and ocean liners engaged in the commercial trade of the world (amongst which, of course, the German flag was annoyingly conspicuous), small boats put out

from shore to take us to the landing stage. How gay it all was, and how delightfully Oriental were the boatmen, in their red *fezes* and white *kanzus*, the heavy *dhows* with their lateen sails, and the native canoes with their swift movements, all swarming towards us over the bluest of blue seas.

As Mombasa was originally founded by Arabs and Persians—the former ruled it for a whole century when the Portuguese dominion came to an end in 1729—you can imagine better than I can tell you the scene of our landing. I was totally unprepared for this Arab and Indian element in the population, which, of course, adds greatly to the picturesqueness of the *mise en scène*.

My friends who had come to meet me carried me off, and very soon we were struggling into the custom house, upon whose corrugated iron roof a vertical sun was pouring down its merciless fire, regardless of the contending masses of excited humans, many of whom were reaching the stage of apoplexy in their anxiety to find their boxes and get them examined as speedily as possible. I was completely exhausted before I had found the half of my luggage, and annoyance added to my discomfort; there is nothing makes you feel hotter in a hot country than anger, and I was angry when I discovered that I had to pay a very high duty on two old saddles which I had brought with me from England.

How glad I was at last to find myself trundling along on a trolley, the recognized mode of conveyance in this part of the country, to the hotel at Mombasa.

I soon recovered both my spirits and my temper, for the road was cool and beautiful, shaded on both sides by huge mango and baobab trees, whose grey trunks looked to me just like elephants' legs; their smooth bark is exactly the same colour as an elephant's skin. They have a large pendulous fruit, like cocoanut, of a soft greeny velvet colour and texture, as delicate in tone as a green almond; their wax-like blossoms are as heavily scented as magnolias. To heighten the tropical effect of the vegetation in the avenue, there were great splashes here and there of scarlet and yellow, the flowers on a tree quite new to me. Against the dark vegetation which was lit up at intervals by this flaming flower, the white *kanzus* and black limbs and faces of the natives were thrown into splendid relief.

When we got to the end of the cool road, we arrived at the hotel, which stands at the beginning of the one long European street of the town, terminating at the commencement of the native city. Of the *Hotel Métropole*, the less I say, perhaps, the more the proprietor will thank me, and I don't want to recall my night of tortuous heat and mosquitoes. When I tell you that the trolley terminus lay just outside my bedroom window, you will realize how little sleep I got, but you couldn't possibly imagine the ceaseless chattering of the natives. The trolleys run on rails and are pulled by natives—human tram-cars, in fact. The miniature cars are covered with awnings, and they hold four people, two facing the runners, and two with their backs to them. They go at a great

pace, and swing round corners in an alarming and reckless manner. But they are very convenient, nevertheless.

After tea, when the day was cooler, my friends took me to the golf course, which is beautifully situated, lying, as it does, on the top of the high white cliffs which rise above the coral reefs. I had never dreamed of a golf course in Mombasa, but I didn't let my friends see that I was surprised, because they, like all the other residents, evidently thought that I should expect to find one in such an important English settlement. A golf course is, I take it, the one essential feature which makes for satisfactory colonization in Greater Britain overseas.

The residents take many of the wonders of the East for granted, and most of them have forgotten the vivid impressions their minds received when they first arrived in this ex-Portuguese, semi-Arab, semi-Swahili city, which has been battered about in the fortunes of war for almost as many centuries as her coral shores have been lapped by the Indian seas. So rapidly do impressions wear off that I suppose I, too, shall soon take the atmosphere of this Equatorial city for granted, and my senses will become blunted to its heavy scents and to the strange sounds of the countless tongues which make up its population, and my eyes will no longer see the fierce contrasts of its sunshine and shadows, which at the present time remind me that I am very far from England. I shall begin to find myself eager to enter into the local scandals and discuss the petty news



of the hour—the going home on leave of Mr. B. and the coming out of Mr. A. to fill the vacated post of Mr. G. In Mombasa such topics are of tremendous interest. But, for the present, I am not taking anything for granted, I am thoroughly enjoying the novelty and strangeness of it all.

The golf course is so beautiful, with its vivid green grass overlooking the wide expanse of the Indian Ocean, that I don't mind how often we go there, though it will not be for the sake of the golf, so far as I am concerned.

The Sports Club lies down in the town. We are to have tea there to-morrow on its big veranda, which also looks out to sea. It is one of the social features of Mombasa, having tea at one or other of its clubs each day.

After dinner we paid a visit to the lighthouse, on trolleys. It was very delightful to watch the moon shining on the sea, which I loved to say to myself was the Indian Ocean. The night in Africa is a marvellous thing—its passion of stars, its unshadowed light, its romance of silence and scents. But it is not the least bit of use my trying to bring the wonder of the southern heavens before you, and you must be content with plain, straightforward description of all that I see and do. It is impossible to expect words—which were only given us to hide our thoughts—to express the feelings which surge up in you when you first set foot on the Dark Continent, which is, in reality, a blaze of amazing light.

There is a beautiful road round the Island, where

you can see strange and wonderful vegetation, trees which bear fruit like German sausages, mango trees and cocoanut trees, and many others very rare and strange, whose names I do not know. Along this road you come across portions of the old walls and some Arab wells. From the towers on the walls, which once formed part of their fortifications, you can now hear the Islamic call to prayer; they serve as the minarets for mosques.

The town of Mombasa, with its narrow streets, is a strange mixture of Portuguese and Arab architecture; being now under British rule it is unusually clean and sanitary for an Eastern seaport, where the sweepings of many nations have gathered together, like the swirling dust which accumulates in out of the way corners. It has all the characteristics of a trading port which has long been familiar with the barter and exchange of Orientals and Occidentals whose common god is Mammon.

A trolley line runs from the new port of Kilindini to the old Portuguese fort, which looks very massive and venerable with its white walls rising straight up from the shore. It is a strangely picturesque building, with pepper-box turrets and heavy masonry which, indestructible as it looks, would fall like china under the bombardment of modern guns. Cut on the stone of its walls are the Austro-Spanish eagles and the Christian symbol I.H.S. It was built by the Portuguese somewhere about the end of the sixteenth century, but it has seen many bombardments and strange transformations. What different



garrisons have manned it! To-day it is used as a prison, and is one of the most striking features in the landscape. As I looked back at it, I said to myself, "What a lot one palm tree can do in the matter of scenic effect!" For on the coral reefs at the foot of its sea-girt walls a black palm tree stood out like a sentinel against the blue sky. It completed the picture and left it indelibly imprinted on my mind for ever.

When you get out of the trolley-car which brings you to the fort, you find yourself amongst the European and commercial buildings, the barracks and the Indian Stores. Some of the business houses are very picturesque, with their verandas and outside wooden staircases. As you penetrate further down the two streets which go back from the open space in front of the fort, they become more and more native and Arab in character, until at last you find yourself in narrow, whitewashed streets with green doors and mosques and bazaars.

To the right of the Portuguese fort the coastline juts out and forms a broad headland; it is on the top of this bluff that the European residents live and sniff the sea breezes. The English cathedral lies on the main road which runs from Kilindini to the native town of Mombasa. In the cathedral are married the brides who come out to East Africa to wed Government officials—and they are many.

Opposite this aristocratic headland, which has facing it, just across the blue water, a delightful stretch of tropical vegetation, lies a collection of thatched

huts, dilapidated and picturesque relics of a day that is past. They are inhabited by the poorest of the native population.

Lying in the old native harbour, which is now only used for the small craft which trade along the coast, because the channel which leads to it is so narrow and difficult to navigate, are a goodly collection of native *dhow*s and European yachts and sailing boats. The *dhow*s probably smell of frankincense and myrrh, and in their holds there may be cargoes of ostrich feathers and spices, and even rich carpets from Persia, reminding one of the galleys of Venice, when the Republic of the Seas carried on a flourishing trade with the East, in gums and spices and other fine-sounding tropical products. Indian traders, to this day, do a good business with the Arabs of Mombasa in these same wares, but no longer does "black ivory" pass through their hands, to be sold in the open markets of the East Coast. *Sub rosa*, who knows how many human beings per annum are bought and sold in these old ports? But slavery is no longer recognized by the English Government. The great slave traffic of Africa is no more, and it is only fair to add that it was due to the efforts of the missionaries that it was finally stamped out.

There is only one more thing that I have not told you about the Island, and that is the wonderful railway bridge which connects it with the mainland. I am going to see it to-morrow, for it is one of the sights to which all visitors are taken when they visit Mombasa.

## II

### IMPRESSIONS OF NAIROBI.

**A**T last I am safely installed in my cousin's house in Nairobi, and Christmas is over. Christmas in Nairobi sounds interesting, and you might think that I should have something unusual to tell you about it, but, as a matter of fact, with a temperature of about 85° in the shade, I quite forgot that it was Christmas Day, until I was reminded of the fact by the appearance of turkey and plum pudding at dinner.

By way of a festivity there was an extra meet of the hounds—there is one every Sunday morning. We started at 6 a.m., and soon put up a jackal and had a bit of a run, but as the hunting in this country consists of going up and down hills all the time, with bogs at the bottom of each and wire entanglements at the top, and coffee plantations everywhere, you seldom get a good run.

Not being an expert at riding astride, and being unaware of the quantities of pig-holes into which my pony would keep floundering, I had one bad toss and one or two which didn't much matter. However, it was delightful riding over the country in the early morning. It was very cold when we started,

but by the time we got back, at ten o'clock, the sun was pouring down on us unmercifully. Fancy hunting with the thermometer registering  $85^{\circ}$  in the shade! But this did not prevent the master and the huntsmen riding in pink. Hot as it was, we all felt much better for the exercise, and I had a glorious appetite for breakfast.

But now I must retrace my steps, and tell you about my journey to Nairobi. When I was at Mombasa I was very anxious to travel to Nairobi with the friends I had made on my journey out from England, by the train which goes right through to Lake Victoria, a distance of 504 miles, but as I was only going as far as Nairobi I was not allowed to do so. I had to follow by another train, two hours later. What is called the Uganda train only takes passengers who are going right through to the Lake. It was horrid to see the train steam out of the station, and leave me all alone! Isn't it astonishing to think that the journey to the Lake is done in two or three days? A few years ago it was a dangerous and difficult expedition of several months.

I had to take my own bedding, and sleep on the seat of a first-class carriage; there are no *wagons-lits* or restaurant cars on the Uganda railway. For the first part of the way the line is cut through dense vegetation which to-day is not very interesting from a scenic point of view, but the history of how that part of the line was laid is a thrilling romance. The country was at the time teeming with lions, so that the surveyors and engineers and the Indian navvies



—who had to be imported to lay the line because the natives would not do it—lived in terror of their lives. The lions used to come at night to the workmen's huts and carry off the natives, and even in the daytime they became so bold that they carried off the men just as a fox carries off poultry from a farm-yard.

There are hundreds of tales belonging to the construction days of the railway that make your blood run cold; they are so short and so ghastly. Just a working man or a sleeping child carried off by a stealthy, silent hunter which, once having tasted human blood, soon becomes a man-eater. An instance of the pitiless tragedy of these days springs to my mind. A native and his wife were asleep in their hut. In the middle of the night a lion slunk in and noiselessly carried off the man. The woman never heard anything, and in the morning she wondered where her husband had gone to. The horrible truth was only discovered when a native came upon the man's bones, cleared of every inch of flesh, for what the lions could not get off the ants had devoured, until they were as dry as knuckle-bones.

And all this relates to a time not fifteen years ago. To-day an occasional lion is to be seen by a lucky tourist from a railway carriage, but naturally the beasts are going farther from civilization. Lions are reckoned as vermin in Africa, and anyone who is brave enough may shoot one. You need no licence for lion-hunting.

This little narrow-gauge railway which connects

Mombasa with Lake Victoria and runs north-west from the coast almost parallel with the Anglo-German boundary, touching Port Florence on the Bay of Kavirondo, took six years to build amid incessant struggles against what seemed to be insurmountable difficulties. To-day it is a magnificent token of British pluck, enterprise and determination. When it was commenced the natives were naked savages, incapable of any kind of continuous work. It was found necessary to import from India twenty thousand labourers. Imagine what this meant! Something like the equipping of an army for foreign service. These poor Indians suffered untold horrors from epidemics. The tsetse fly made it impossible to use any kind of animals for transport work. Everything had to be carried by porters, who could only do a very short distance each day, owing to the heat and the difficulties which they encountered. Many of them were devoured by lions, and the death-rate from disease and fever was enormous.

After we had crossed the bridge which connects Mombasa with the mainland, we at once began mounting to the tableland, through groves of mangoes, bananas and cocoanut palms, and every sort of tropical vegetation, until we reached the Taru desert, which comes as a striking contrast, its undulating plains are so barren and fruitless; they only produce prickly, spiky, thorny bushes which seem to delight in the sun-baked sand of the Taru desert.

We crossed this desert at night, but though I went to bed I spent the greater part of the time peering





A STATION ON THE UGANDA RAILWAY



out of my window, trying to read the names of the various stations at which we halted; they were about twenty miles apart, some mere sheds, very pathetic in their isolation. I was anxious to know exactly where we were, because I did not wish by any possible means to miss the first glimpse of the Athi Plains, the famous game preserve of the Government. I knew that we should be nearing them at the approach of dawn. I had just finished reading Patterson's book on the subject, so I recognized the names of most of the stations—Voi, Tsavo, Simba, Sultan Hamud, and others. Every hundred miles there is a big station—Simba was one of them. At the big stations natives offered bananas, pineapples and cocoanuts for sale. I bought some strawberries, which were tasteless and horrid.

All night long we had been gently climbing and climbing, until, when the dawn broke, I saw, far away in German East Africa, the snow-white peaks of Kilimanjaro. This "giant of East Africa," as it has been called, raises its 19,000 odd feet sheer up into the blue sky, across the vast stretches of grassland which are the happy feeding grounds of the wild animals in the natural zoological gardens of East Africa. Sir Harry Johnston's description of this zoological garden which you can see from the railway carriage is enough to make you want to instantly pack up your traps and start off for a journey on the Uganda railway. I know he said something to this effect, that "the whole hour's panorama of this zoological garden was like a sportsman's

dream." But I am anticipating, for as yet we had not reached the tableland of Athi, and the country was still dreary and uninviting. It was not until daylight was streaming over the land that we reached the "sportsman's dream." When we did, the scene was so wonderful that I kept running from one side of the carriage to the other, in case I should miss a zebra on the left while I was gazing at a herd of wide-horned antelopes or gazelles on the right. You don't see one or two of these animals together, but herds and herds of them, all peacefully grazing on these rich uplands. They are not in the least disturbed by the passing in their midst of a puffing, smoking, vulgar train! Only the giraffes are startled; indeed, you have to keep a very sharp look-out if you wish to catch a glimpse of one, for giraffes are the shyest of all wild animals. The ostriches, too, stride away at their seven-league-boots-pace across the grass; they make off when they catch the first sound of the engine. How odd they looked as they vanished into the distance, their bustles bobbing up in the air, and their stilt-like legs striking out from under their petticoats of feather. It was the first time I had ever seen wild animals out of a zoological garden, and the whole thing was to me so amazing that I could scarcely believe that I was watching a real scene. It looked as if Noah had suddenly opened his ark and allowed all his animals to stray about the Athi Plain. The zebra, with its striped coat, like a freshly painted barber's pole; the wildebeest, with its ruffled mane and hairy face, as shaggy

in front as a Highland pony; the kongoni, slim-legged and heavy bodied; gazelles with long, upright horns, exquisite in their lines and spirals; and biggest of all the buffalo, giant-shouldered and ominous-browed—these are among the strange inhabitants of this pasture land which the Government has given over to their pleasure. On one side of the railway line lies the vast Government reserve, where of course no animal is allowed to be shot; on the other side the country is free to sportsmen who have taken out licences.

The next item of interest in the journey was our lunch, which we expected to eat at twelve o'clock. But, alas, I was doomed to disappointment, for although I managed to get something to stave off my hunger, I could scarcely call it lunch. The train-load of Uganda passengers who had passed over the line only two hours before had cleared up almost every edible thing like a plague of locusts!

In the afternoon Mount Kenia rose right up out of the plains, 17,000 feet, and we never lost sight of its green and sloping outline until darkness descended upon us.

It is very strange the way these African mountains rise in solitary grandeur from their base. They are not ranges of mountains, and they have no foothills; they simply jump up from the flat earth as suddenly as if they had been made as a child makes a mountain on the sea-shore with his pail and spade.

It was pitch dark when we arrived at Nairobi, because we were many hours late; the "Uganda locusts" had been blocking our way. Besides having



eaten all the food, they had drunk all the water, and as we had no lights on the journey, I expect they must have commandeered the oil. I was hungry and thirsty and weary of the darkness, and so it may be that I looked upon Nairobi with prejudiced eyes, but I was bitterly disappointed with my first impression. The yelling and chattering of natives of every shade and expression of brown, from burnt sienna to *café au lait* (the major part Kikukus and Swahili), and paler-faced Indians in turbans and semi-European dress, jostling together in the crowded station, got on my already strained nerves. It seemed to me that almost every European in the town of Nairobi had come to the station to meet some one or to see some one off. My cousin, who was waiting on the platform for me, helped me to get my luggage, and saw that it was put on a mule cart, and off we started in 'rickshaws for his house, which lies in a suburb called Parkland.

Nairobi is simply a tin village dumped down in the middle of the plains. It has one endless street, called Government Road, which, for dust and wind, has few in the world to beat it. I won't tell you much about Nairobi, because, to me, it is totally uninteresting, and I don't want to hurt its feelings. It is a flourishing little place in its way, and the English who live here enjoy an uninterrupted round of social festivities all through the year. It is needless to say that there is a golf course and polo and tennis, and the usual club where everybody, after playing some game or other, reads the papers and

talks scandal. I had imagined fine things of Nairobi, and I am so far bitterly disappointed. It is of the town of Nairobi that I am speaking, for the view from Government Hill is really very pretty. You can look right over the plains to Mount Kenia, and just at this season of the year a dear little flower is covering the whole landscape with a pale pink blush which is very becoming.

The Governor and all the Government officials live on Government Hill; the Europeans engaged in commerce and holding civil positions live in Parkland. On either side of the long street there are English shops and Government offices and banks. It reminds me of a new town out west in Canada, the only difference being that the stores here are roofed with tin instead of wood. The town stretches over an enormous piece of land, four miles, I should think, and it is increasing by leaps and bounds, commercially. It abounds in motor-cars and 'rickshaws, and horse traffic, as there is a continual stream of people coming into it from the plantations and farms in the country. At the hotel you see crowds of young fellows fresh out from home, kicking up their heels and getting rid of their money while they are waiting to take up their land. The hotel is so expensive that, unless they have plenty of capital, I should think most of them must run through the greater part of it before they ever get their land. Prices in Nairobi are ruinous, and the rents are very high. Perhaps there are still some people at home who think that Nairobi is a township at the back of beyond, where life is free



and picturesque and far removed from the petty tyrannies of social conventions; let me tell them that they are mistaken. Nairobi can now boast of a theatre and a town hall, and has an English milliner's and European shops. Balls and bridge parties, theatricals and race-meetings, and games of every sort, form the social programme of the year.

In striking contrast to these social festivities and the commercial prosperity of this East African city of the plains, is the gruesome cry of the hyenas at night while they prowl about picking up the garbage of the outlying districts. And almost as strong in its contrasts is the native life in the Somali village which lies within half a mile of where we live. The village consists of a collection of beehive huts, filled to overflowing with dirty Somali men and women and endless babies. You can see the scantily clothed figures of the fathers and mothers and the naked children huddled together round fires which fill their tents with smoke. The natives always have fires burning, even in the hottest weather. They light them right in the centre of their huts. When the men are not huddled round the fire in a pit of smoke, they are sitting in the sun doing as little as possible, and making their wives do even that.

When sportsmen to whom expense is of no consequence come out from England to shoot big game in Africa, they go to the firm of Tarleton in Nairobi and get them to make all arrangements for them. Tarleton will provide them with a white hunter (a man who has lived in the country for many years



NATIVE WOMEN, NAIROBI



and is well acquainted with its languages and sport), tents, furniture, chop-boxes, porters, cooks, servants, gun-bearers, skimmers, ponies, mules, and the complete entourage of a big-game *safari*. For all this he charges a lump sum, and it *is* a lump sum, but if you are a rich man there is no way of spending money by which you can get "a better time." But it is a costly business and no mistake. I have heard so much already about going on *safari* since I have been here, and I am so little attracted by the social life of the place, that I am all eagerness to start off on one to somewhere, I really don't much care where, so long as it takes me right out into the wilds and far away from European settlements. A shooting expedition of my own would cost too much, I'm afraid, but I mean to make an effort to join some friends in one.

Yesterday I went out shooting for the first time. We started at daylight and rode for eighteen miles before we saw any game. At ten o'clock we left our ponies with the syces and walked until two o'clock, stalking kongoni and wildebeest and a variety of different antelopes. I shot one kongoni, and as it is the first animal I ever shot, I was naturally very excited. I think it was very good of Mr. — to take me with him, as I had never had a rifle in my hand before—and rather brave, too, don't you think?

But I really have not so much desire to kill the animals as to see them and to enjoy the freedom and exhilaration of the plains, so after having got that one kongoni, we started for home, and didn't

arrive at the door until seven o'clock. For ten hours I had been in the burning sun, hiding behind ant-hills, and crawling about on my hands and knees, and dodging behind mounds. So you can imagine how tired I felt, especially as I am not in walking or riding condition after my idle life on board ship. Still I felt contented and happy that I had been on the plains and seen the zoological garden of B.E.A. at close quarters.

### III

## IMPRESSIONS OF NAKURU.

**I**MAGINE me sitting outside a tent pitched close to Nakuru railway station, which serves one of the most important agricultural districts on the Uganda railway. Truly, one does strange things in the pursuit of pleasure!

When I was in Nairobi with my cousin, an opportunity arose for making a trip to Nakuru, where an agricultural show and a race-meeting were to be held, and as I was longing to see the country and get away from the restrictions of social life in Nairobi, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity, especially as the journey included the Great Rift Valley, about which I had heard so much, and whose scenery is world-famous, and also the Kedoung Valley, which is called locally "The Valley of the Winds."

Personally I don't think the Great Rift Valley can compare for beauty and splendour with the Grand Cañon in Arizona, which, to my mind, is one of the wonders of the world, if not the greatest, in the way of natural scenery. In the Rift Valley there is none of the gorgeous colour which gives the Grand Cañon its spectacular effect. To me the Rift Valley looked bare and arid and forbidding, though



this may be due to the lack of rain, for it has been described as one of the most fertile regions in Africa.

But to go back to the beginning of my journey.

Very shortly after leaving Nairobi we got into a mountainous country, and climbed up and ever upwards over steep gradients covered with forests of strange trees, and crept along the edge of narrow valleys, until we came to the heights of the eastern cliffs of the Rift Valley and reached the escarpment, which is, as you know, a wonderful piece of engineering. It rises about a thousand feet in twenty miles. All the way the little engine, which only burns wood, had been puffing and grunting and fussing in the most distressing fashion. The valley from the height of the escarpment looked vast beyond words, but, to me, not beautiful. It was only its vastness which appealed to me; its total lack of colour was disappointing. Perhaps, if I had seen it just after the rains, I might have thought it more beautiful.

In the Kedoung Valley there is a small patch of land covered with brilliantly green grass. Any beast or bird or butterfly which lingers over this emerald patch falls dead. In the olden days it was regarded with superstitious fear by the natives, but modern science has proved that there are vent holes for poisonous gases on the beautiful sward, and that it is their fumes which kill every living thing which passes over it. The country is very volcanic. This Garden of Death is strewn with the dry bones and skulls of buffalo, leopards, and lions, and even birds.

At four o'clock we reached the station at Lake

Naivasha, which is about twelve miles long. Its shores are intensely interesting to the naturalist, for they abound in rare waterfowl. The rarest of all species of African ducks love the waters of Lake Naivasha, in which no fish are to be found. I saw my first flight of pelicans flying over its surface—a really beautiful sight—but, alas! I did not see any hippos blowing, although they abound in the more desolate portions of the lake. The hilly country which surrounds the lake used to abound in game; to-day it is all converted into sisal farms. Sisal used to grow wild; now it is cultivated in large quantities all over East Africa for rope making.

After we had looked at the blue lake, and I had hoped in vain that I should see a hippo, we had the luxury of enjoying fresh eggs and honey with our tea at the station. Naivasha is one of the few places on the line where travellers can get a good tea.

When we got back into the train we very soon came in sight of the Aberdare Mountains, lit up by the setting sun. I want to make an excursion to them, because I hear that the wild flowers which grow on their slopes are wonderful. There is a glade there, surrounded by tall bamboos, where big white balsams splashed with purple and white and pink and delicate everlastings cover the ground. In the swamps red-hot pokers send up their burning flowers, like the torches of Ceres.

It was quite dark long before we reached Nakuru at eight o'clock. Darkness falls like a curtain in Africa: it is daylight and darkness; this quick transition

of nature is typical of everything in a country where extremes meet.

It was very disappointing to find at the end of a long day's journey that the man who had been told to see to the putting up of my tent had forgotten to do so. They had to set about doing it in the darkness—no easy matter, I can assure you.

In the meantime I went to the hotel, and had a very bad dinner, because the place was full of people from the country who had come into the town to see the show, and the limited resources of the hotel were not able to cope with the unusual demand for food. All the boys had had too much to drink, and the whole place was in a state of confusion.

After I had eaten a hurried meal, I sat on the veranda and watched the extraordinary mixture of settlers who had come from all parts of the country to enjoy the yearly "spree" which this agricultural show affords. The bar was crowded with men, and most of them were full of wine, for they had been standing drinks to each other for hours together in a truly African manner. The arrival of an old friend, who had not been seen for a year, was the occasion for drinks all round, and as the new-comers kept on coming, the majority had arrived at the stage of smashing the glasses and throwing things about long before I was told that my tent was up and that I could go to bed.

I was surprised to find that it was pitched only a few yards from the railway line, and close to the station, an extraordinary place for a sleeping tent,

I thought. But there was good reason in this madness, for I had friends who were living in their private car on the line, and it was pleasant and wise to be within hail of them.

In the tent was a stretcher and some blankets, but nothing else—no light, no water; so I took off a few clothes and rolled myself up in a blanket, and tried to go to sleep. But knowing, as you do, my failing in this respect, it is not necessary for me to state that I did not sleep a wink. In the morning hot water and a tin bath arrived from somewhere—Corango, my boy, had commandeered it from the hotel, I suppose; so I got up and dressed, and very glad I was to refresh myself, because the red dust of B.E.A. powders you all over, and gets into everything. You can take it for granted that I am always covered with a fine red-brown dust, unless I mention the fact that I am not, and that could only be in the rainy season.

Of the show itself I won't tell you very much, because it was very similar to country-town agricultural shows in England—only more primitive in its arrangements. The exhibits of animals were limited, because all cattle were quarantined on account of rinderpest, but there was a good display of butter, cream, eggs, honey, flowers, cheese, bacon, ostrich feathers, horns and skins; but of course the horse jumping was the special feature of the affair, just as it is at home. It was quite a picturesque sight, for although the audience was entirely European, there was an effective sprinkling of native servants looking after the horses and other animals.



At one o'clock there was an enormous luncheon at the hotel, to which nearly three hundred people sat down: and bad as everything was, I think it is wonderful that they managed to get food for them at all, so far away from everything. The men of the party did the only thing there was to do; they went into the kitchen and helped themselves to whatever they could find.

Lord Delamere, one of the local settlers who owns an enormous amount of land, made a very long speech. It was extremely interesting, because he made a statement which embraced all the subjects of discontent amongst the settlers, and the developments they hoped for in connexion with the burning question of land. The Governor also made a speech, which was listened to eagerly by the settlers. It was quite three o'clock before we got back to the show, where we spent our time looking at the horses, traps and motors, and enjoying the fun of watching mules jumping.

In the evening we played bridge—you are always playing some sort of game in B.E.A.—and looked on at a ball which was held in the hotel. We had been told that it would be very rowdy and that we had much better not go to it, so we didn't, but it was most respectable, for the committee had made the tickets so dear that very few people went to it—only ten ladies and forty men.

The accommodation at the hotel is so limited that the people from the country brought their own tents with them and had them pitched on the camping ground. Every little settlement has its camping ground for travellers passing through.





A KIKUYU WARRIOR



My second night on the railway siding was as bad as my first, for a heavy rain beat on the canvas of my tent, the band of the King's African Rifles played "The Merry Widow" waltz until 4.30 a.m., and trains shunted for the sheer delight, it seemed to me, of adding their quota to the terrible noise!

Yesterday afternoon the races began at midday and went on until six o'clock, without the slightest regard for time or punctuality. It was really a very pretty sight, for the jockeys wore their colours, and the course lies right down by the side of Lake Nakuru. The grand-stand is a picturesque little building with a thatched roof. Behind it there is a neat row of loose-boxes for the ponies. There were about fifty or sixty ponies, some of them very nice animals. It was most amusing to watch the people, for some of the women were dressed in the latest fashions, straight from London, while others were in full skirts and long trains, which showed that their wearers had not been home for several years.

Mixed up with this strange medley of Europeans, imagine, if you can, natives of many tribes, dressed principally in beads! The natives here cover their skins with red mud and polish them with oil, until they shine like red copper. They beat the same red mud into their hair, which they then divide up into thin cords and make it stand out all round their heads like haloes. Many of them carry long spears and look very warlike.

But the most striking feature of their dress and general appearance is their ear ornaments, which are

hung in the lobes of their ears. When they are babies the lobe is cut, and as they grow up it is stretched and stretched until the loop which is formed is large enough to hold a block of wood which weighs half a pound. A block of hard wood is a very favourite earring. But I have often seen Maclaren's cheese pots and Crosse & Blackwell jam pots worn as ear ornaments.

This evening I had my last dinner with my friends in their car; they have gone back to Nairobi. I watched their train go off at nine o'clock, and after it had gone felt very much alone in my tent at the side of the line. However, in Africa there is always a friend in need, and at this moment he made his appearance in the form of the Governor's aide-de-camp. He asked me where I was living, and when I told him he immediately offered to send his orderly and a very black soldier with a gun to stay with me and my boy for the night. I owned that I did not feel quite happy, cast away on the line, and more especially since I did not know how I was to manage to get my things packed and sent off to Nairobi in the morning! He most kindly said he would send two men to take down the tent, and that he himself would help me to get away. You have no idea how thankful I was. I am waiting for him at this moment.

Can you picture to yourself your comfort-loving friend dumped down on a dusty railway siding, surrounded by chattering natives and deafened by the perpetual shunting of trains and the letting off of steam and the blowing of whistles?

#### IV

### NAIROBI TO UASIN GISHU.

WHEN I got back to Nairobi after my visit to Nakuru, I felt ill and restless, and filled with a longing to get away from town restrictions and realize my dreams of untrodden Africa and an open-air life. I asked my cousin to arrange a *safari* for me, if he could, and it so happened that Mr Brown, a friend of his, was on the eve of going to see some land which he had bought up in the Uasin Gishu, so he very kindly asked him if he would let me go with him, and also if he would arrange a *safari* for me.

The matter was settled with great speed. I took out a traveller's licence, borrowed a rifle, ordered chop-boxes to be filled with tinned food, and all necessary food for the journey. In three days I was ready to start, with fifteen porters and my boy Stephen, who, I was told, had a fairly good knowledge of English. My tents and furniture were lent to me by a friend. And here let me mention that the hospitality and kindness which you meet with in B.E.A.

is not strain'd;

It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,

Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd:

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.



The Uasin Gishu, which I know you are familiar with only by name and really know nothing whatever about, is an enormous plateau of land, "The Promised Land" of B.E.A., to which great numbers of Boer farmers trekked after the Boer War. It is a very rich and productive country, and the climate is excellent. After the Boers had bought up all the best land, adventurous Englishmen who went to the plateau in pursuit of big game were so tempted by the beauty and fertility of the country that they settled there. In those days it cost almost nothing; to-day that same land in the Uasin Gishu is worth twelve rupees an acre.

But to go back to the beginning. We left Nairobi at two o'clock one afternoon by train, and arrived at Londiani the next morning, where I put up at a little hotel. We spent that day in completing our arrangements, and in trying to get some more porters, for our loads were too many for the number of porters we had brought from Nairobi. They had all very rightly struck. But to get others proved to be a more difficult business than you could imagine; porters were simply not to be had for love or money.

When we came to the sorting out of the things, I discovered that my bed had been forgotten, and that several important kitchen utensils had been smashed on the journey. Also, to my great annoyance, the mule which I was to take with me for Mr. Brown to ride had gone astray, and another animal of some sort had to be found. We did manage to buy new pots and pans, and I hired another mule

for Mr. Brown, and as we could not get any more porters, we contrived, after much bargaining and many discussions, to hire a wagon. It took sixteen oxen to draw it, and a Boer driver to drive the team. A team of sixteen oxen is a wonderfully picturesque sight. To know that it belonged to my own expedition made me feel very important. It took us two whole days' very hard work to complete our arrangements.

Londiani is about seven thousand feet above the sea level and right on the Equator. It is surrounded by hills which are covered with forests and scrub. Although it was equatorial heat in the daytime, the nights were quite cold. As the entire settlement consists of the railway station, the hotel and a few Indian stores, there was very little to do or see in the place, and I felt horribly impatient to be off, for already I have grown quite accustomed to the sight of natives in their undress, with jam-pot earrings and halo heads of hair—so much so, indeed, that their scanty apparel seems to me much more suitable to, and far more in keeping with, the real atmosphere of the country than the fashionable gowns of the women just out from home. In Londiani there was one Englishwoman in the primitive hotel, if you can call it such, who was really a much more grotesque figure than any savage whose spear and bead ornaments are his only wardrobe. She was travelling with her maid, and as I looked at her on the day of her departure, seated in a primitive cart drawn by oxen, with her dyed yellow hair and ultra-smart London clothes, I wondered to myself what sort of a figure she would

present at the end of her eighty-mile journey. The oxen would do about fourteen miles a day. She was going on a visit to her son, who is a settler up country.

Contrast this creature of yellow hair and fussy fashions with the slim, polished limbed natives, many of whom look like bronze statues as they glide along in the open sunlight with their almost animal suppleness and grace of movement. These half naked people are far from regardless of their personal appearance, for they take a delight in polishing their limbs, of which they have every right to be proud, with palm oil, and spend much time over their whipcord hair.

To help to pass the time I bought some of their bead bracelets and necklaces, which are made by stitching, with no mean eye for colour and design, small bright beads on to stiff straps of leather, which are tied on to the neck or arms with leather thongs.

At last, on the third day, the wagon was packed with tents and baggage and chop-boxes and my bath and furniture; the waiting porters picked up their burdens and balanced them on their heads; I mounted my pony and Mr. Brown his mule, and we were off! Off on my first *safari*! I own to having felt rather proud, at the moment, of the important procession we made, for although we had not a great number of porters or servants, the wagon with sixteen oxen helped to lend a fine touch of dignity to the Indian file which marched out of that equatorial settlement.

We left Londiani in the afternoon at four o'clock, and camped only three miles out, because a first day's march has always to be a very short one, for two reasons: the porters are not accustomed to their loads, which often have to be readjusted; and if you camp for one night near the base, you can easily send back for anything that has been forgotten. The first night is a sort of full dress rehearsal of the *safari* that is to be; its omissions and failings can be rectified before it is too late.

The next morning we began in earnest, for we were up at six o'clock, struck camp at seven, and were off.

The Government is making a new road all the way to Uasin Gishu, so it was really very good, although it was up hill and down hill all the time, through woods and shady ways; they have completed about twenty miles of it. The wagon went so slowly, only doing two miles an hour, that, either riding or walking, as the case might be, we always reached camp an hour or more before it turned up.

On *safari* the camps are at certain intervals; you can't just stop wherever you feel inclined and order your tents to be pitched. Water rules the road and the distances. There is no use in pitching your tents where there is no water, and Mother Nature, who is very cruel in the land of deserts and deluges, keeps her precious water locked up in her bosom while every living and growing thing is crying out for moisture. All travellers have to stop at the same camps.

We marched from twelve to sixteen miles each day,



halting for two hours at noon, for the oxen to feed and rest. We scarcely ever reached camp until six o'clock in the evening, which is much too late; the sun goes down at half-past six, so that it meant that the tents had to be put up and we had to eat our dinner in darkness.

After dinner on the second night, when I was lingering over my coffee and cigarette, a horseman suddenly appeared out of the darkness. He rode right up to the dinner-table, which was placed in front of my tent, and asked me if I could tell him where he was. I felt very much inclined to answer his question with another, and ask him where he had come from and if he was a phantom or a real human. When I told him that he was quite close to the road although we appeared to be in an absolutely uninhabited and untrodden country, he was very much relieved. He then told me that he had been wandering ever since daybreak, hopelessly lost. When he had said good-bye to his companions, they told him to make his way back to Londiani by a short cut, which he had failed to find. He had had nothing to eat or drink all day, so I invited him to satisfy his healthy hunger as best he could off whatever dinner there was left, and offered him drinks and cigarettes. After having done splendid justice to my hospitality, he thanked me and went on his way rejoicing, and I sat blinking my eyes and asking myself if I had been fast asleep and had dreamt the visit of this errant knight, or if he had really appeared out of the bush. Now, do admit that if I had been young and beautiful



this would make the beginning of a very fine African idyll!

The next night, or the night after, I forget which, we slept at a place called The Burnt Forest, in a half-way house which is used by travellers passing through to and from Londiani. It wasn't much of a place, but it afforded us the great luxury of fresh butter, eggs, cream, and, best of all, vegetables. Settlers put up for the night at this little inn when they ride from the plateau to Londiani, a distance which they accomplish in two days. Their servants go on before them with their baggage, and take back their horses from Londiani to their farms on the plateau.

In the evening of the next day we arrived at our camp so late that I was far too hungry and thirsty to wait until our tents were ready and the cook had lit the kitchen fire and cooked our dinner, so I invaded the funniest sort of Indian store, which was packed to the brim with all sorts of things—except, of course, the things you want! A Goanese Store, as an Indian store is called, never has what you want, by any chance whatsoever. However, I sat on the counter, in lieu of a chair, and munched biscuits and drank tea and smoked cigarettes. You must bear in mind that the Indians do all the trade of the country in out of the way parts; they are to B.E.A. what the Jews and Levantines are to the Near East. It is really extraordinary the way in which they have contrived to dump down their stores of tinned foods and drinks in these back-of-nowhere places. One cannot but admire their enterprise and business

capacity, however much one dislikes them collectively. They all belong to a very low class, and are little beloved by the settlers.

About the scenery and the country I have really nothing striking to tell you, because there was so little variety in it. I got very tired of the monotonous sameness, and felt somewhat aggrieved that I was not realizing my preconceived ideas of tropical Africa. The monotony went on, without the least interruption, until we reached the top of the ridge, which is about eight thousand feet up; there we suddenly saw the plateau lying stretched out before us in the widest expanse of open sunlight you can imagine, absolutely flat, and as endless as Eternity. It was a wonderful sight, and one which I wish I could have seen when the fresh green grass has sprung up after the rains. Every year the farmers burn down all the old grass and scrub, which had just happened when I passed over it, so that it was covered with dried and shrivelled grass. Walking through burnt grass is no joke, for the black dust completely covers your face and hair and clothes. In a very short time I was as smut-begrimed as an engine-driver, and absolutely filthy.

Sometimes on the plateau we had to do very long distances, because of water, since on the plains you dare not miss it. On these long marches the heat and glare and the flatness became painfully depressing. On the morning of the third day, however, we saw distant hills, and, to my joy, later, a real mountain, for oh! how my soul hates and loathes

the plains! But they were only in the distance, and we still had to journey on and ever on, over the dullness and burntness and blackness, until suddenly a hill called Sergoit jumped up abruptly out of the plateau right before our very faces. Sergoit isn't a high hill, and in an ordinary country it would be quite unworthy of mention, but here it is one of the landmarks of the district. It has the distinction of being the first height you come to after a world of flatness.

There is a store at Sergoit, not kept by an Indian, strange to relate, but by an Englishman, and a post-office, the only one in the district for many miles. Sergoit was our last camp before we reached Moori Ben Farm, where I am now staying, and breaking my journey for a few days. I had an introduction to the owner of the farm, and strangely enough he turns out to be a cousin of your brother-in-law, with whom I spent the winter in San Francisco, a year ago. Nothing can exceed his hospitality and kindness, but I am beginning to learn that a new word is required to express African hospitality, the largeness and whole-heartedness of which is well in keeping with the size of the country. England knows no such disinterested, far-reaching human fellowship.

You can imagine how glad I was to arrive at this delightful spot, which overlooks the whole length, depth, width and height of the Promised Land of B.E.A., after having travelled for five days in a jolting wagon, when I didn't walk or ride. In the future, when I shut my eyes, how vividly I shall see those

sixteen bullocks and the great, heavy wagon lumbering along over that sun-scorched plain, followed by an Indian file of black-limbed natives with your sun-helmeted, smoke-begrimed friend on her pony bringing up the rear! It was all full of character, vividly typical of a *safari* on the plains.



FLAT-TOPPED ACACIA TREES AND CAMP





## A SAFARI ON THE PLATEAU.

FROM the very wide veranda of Moori Ben Farm you can see Mount Elgon rising up on the plateau, which stretches for about one hundred miles to the north, south, east and west. In the rare atmosphere it looks astonishingly near, but as it lies on the line of the horizon, it must, of course, be a very long way off. It is a smooth-surfaced, undulating mountain of about 14,000 feet, and is an extinct volcano with a crater of eight miles across. To the left of it are the Nandi Hills—a long, low line on the horizon, and only three miles from the farm as you look over the plains to the right, lies the valley of the Nzoia River. The country between the river and the farm looks like a very green and undulating English park; the flat-topped acacia trees which are dotted about it strongly resemble wind-blown may-thorns on an English common. These flat-topped trees look very beautiful when the trailing white jasmine which spreads itself over them is in bloom. This African jasmine, which is a terrible parasite, has the sweetest scent in the world.

So far I have not seen many wild flowers in Africa, but on this particular piece of land which lies between

the valley and the farm, I have gathered big armfuls of pink and white waxlike lilies. It is rather curious that these bulbous-rooted lilies should grow wild here, when no one can make any bulbs, such as ordinary daffodils, hyacinths, tulips or narcissi grow in their gardens. Up on the plateau there is always a blazing sun and a cold wind, down in the valley you get the blazing sun, but no wind, so it is indescribably hot. Beyond the valley, on the right, lies a glorious range of mountains, called the Elgeyo, and still further beyond, where the sun sets, there is a vast, untrodden country, wrapped in mystery. The Stifling Valley, which looks so peaceful from the distance, is a haunt of lions and leopards and a hotbed of fever, a veritable death-trap. No one lives in it.

Behind the farm, in the far distance, you can see the dark trees of impenetrable forests. Not tropical jungle forests, as you might expect, but Scotch-looking forests of fir trees, which look quite black against the sunlight. They are the haunt of buffalo.

The farmhouse itself, which is built of huge, grey stones and red cement, made out of the local clay, will be very delightful when it is finished, for it is going to be panelled throughout with cedar and have cedar ceilings. At present the ceilings are all made of corrugated iron, which spoils the effect of any house. The very large rooms have each got big fireplaces in them, and every night enormous wood fires are lighted. Moori Ben is somewhere about 9,000 feet above sea level, and the nights are very cold.

On the day of our arrival, after eating a very excellent lunch, I rode with my host over a portion of his farm, and down into the valley. His farm is stocked with cattle, and about three thousand acres of it are under cultivation. It grows mealies, potatoes and linseed, which latter alone grows in the valley. In his large garden he has all sorts of vegetables, and apples and pears and plums, and, best of all, he enjoys the luxury of an open-air swimming bath. He is making a polo ground, and is a most successful breeder of ponies. He is a very optimistic person, and has unbounded faith in the country. If all he predicts about it ever comes true, he ought to make a lot of money. He believes in it because there will soon be a railway in Eldoret, which is only fifteen miles away, and everything depends upon water and transport facilities.

At present he has about three hundred natives working on the farm; they are treated with great severity. This struck me as rather brutal at first, but you soon learn that it is the only way to make them do any work at all; and when you consider that for countless generations their own chiefs and kings have not only beaten them, but cut off their hands and feet, and even their heads, for quite minor misdemeanours, you realize that a whip made out of a strip of hippopotamus hide is the mildest form of chastisement they understand.

During the ride with my host I discovered that what I had surmised before I had been a couple of hours on the farm was a fact—that my host and Mr.

Brown (my white hunter) were not on speaking terms. This state of things made it so uncomfortable for me that when my host, Captain Chapman, told me that he and some of his friends were going off on a shooting expedition the following day across the plateau, and suggested that I should go with them, I gladly assented. As I had to carry out my contract with Mr. Brown and go with him to his farm, the three days' *safari* with Captain Chapman and his friends would take us well on the way. I am to return to the farm in a fortnight—that is to say, when I have finished my contract with Mr. Brown. The wagon and the porters, etc., are of course, to go back to Londiani with him.

*January 23, 1913.*

#### IN CAMP ON THE PLATEAU.

We left the farm with our three *safaris*—Captain Chapman's, Mr. Lytton and Mr. Gordon Hewett's, and my own, together consisting of about two hundred porters and my sixteen oxen and wagon, not to mention the Boer driver and my boy. We did about fifteen miles the first day, and, scampering over the plain, I saw lots of kongoni, reed-buck, water-buck, antelope, colobus monkeys, gazelle, zebra, impalla, partridges and guinea fowl. We shot what we required for the pot. In Africa quite a number of animals and birds are, like the mountains and lakes, called after the travellers who first discovered them. A species of gazelle is familiarly spoken of as "Tommy," after Joseph Thompson; there is a Jackson haartbeest, and the Jackson dancing bird,



called after Sir Frederick Jackson, and a gazelle known to naturalists as Grant's Gazelle.

The habits of the kongoni interested me very much. He acts as a scout to all the other animals. With ears and senses alert, he keeps guard while the other animals who happen to be near enjoy a good nibble. At the first suggestion of danger, he blows his policeman's whistle, and bounds off over the feeding ground, his tail in the air, giving warning to this and that batch of unsuspecting animals, that the dreaded huntsman is drawing near.

I have christened him the Sentinel of the Plains ; he uses a high ant-heap for his observation tower. It is a delightful sight to see him perched on the top of a cone-shaped hill, his fore-feet gathered together, his horned-head very erect in the air. He is an ungainly, inelegant beast on the plain, but balanced on the top of a high ant-hill which resembles a pointed haycock, he looks like a medieval carving on a Gothic cathedral. He has a very narrow, long face, not unlike that of a horse in primitive sculpture, and his curious horns stand out like carvings against the clear blue sky. From these giant ant-hills, which are so characteristic of African scenery, he can survey the feeding-grounds on the plateau and the country generally, and I'm sure that no sentry on the watch tower of a fortress, awaiting the attack of an enemy, ever kept a sharper look-out than this animal, which was given the name of haartbeest by the early Dutch settlers on account of its hardness and ability to endure the severest treatment of cruel nature.

Our camps were very comfortable, because Captain Chapman had brought every sort of luxury with him, and of course we had all our meals together. The porters cut down branches and hacked up huge roots of trees to make the biggest fires you ever saw. These fires were to keep away the lions and leopards which haunt the plains, but after dinner we sat round them while a glorious African moon shone above us and lighted up the whole plateau. Captain Chapman was a capital host; his adventures would fill a book, for he had seen a great deal of fighting in West Africa, and had travelled all over the world. Round the fire he entertained us with thrilling tales and amusing stories.

There was a little spring of fresh water quite close to the tents, which caught the moonlight in the most fascinating way. While I listened to his stories and watched it shimmering and shining under the clear, pale light I heard lions roaring, the only noise that broke the stillness. I felt very far away from England, and very pleased with the nearness of Nature and Africa.

The next morning at 5.30 we moved on to another farm. The *raison d'être* of Captain Chapman's *safari* being that he wanted to show his friends the various lands he had for sale on the plateau, we journeyed to these farms with this definite object in view. On the plateau a farm consists of vast tracts of land, so that you can pass from one to another and be scarcely aware of it. Often there are no buildings on it at all.

Half-past five was quite the right hour to break up camp, for dawn on the Plateau is a wonderful sight, and most impressive. I wouldn't have missed seeing it for worlds.

In the afternoon of that day we all went out shooting, but I had no luck, for I only got one kongoni. In the evening we again sat round the camp fire, but this time our view was much more extended than the night before, for we could see the distant hills across the valley lit up by a free, high-sailing moon. I think I shall never take the splendour of an African moon for granted, whatsoever else may become an object of common or garden familiarity with me as time goes on! A tropical moon looks as big, in comparison with our Northern moon, as the continent of Australia looks as compared to the Island of Elba on the map of the world. But even when there is no moon, the night skies are amazing with their countless millions of big, scintillating stars, for, like the moon, they are enormous as compared with English stars.

And then the unbroken stillness! Who has ever yet expressed in words that hushed, breathless, waiting stillness of an African night? On the great plateau you can feel the wings of stillness passing over the world of open space under a star-burdened sky. On the earth there is a silence so profound that, in comparison, the heavens, with their great moving company of stars and the effulgent moon, seem less abandoned, more mortal, and less governed by mystery.

Alas! the next morning we had to separate, our *safaris* going in different directions. We said good-bye to our friends, but not to Captain Chapman until he had taken us across the Nzoia River and put us on our right way. He then returned to Moori Ben Farm, and his companions went down to Nairobi.

When Captain Chapman left us at the river, I felt rather forlorn and cast away upon an absolutely unknown country, because I had discovered that neither my Boer driver nor Mr. Brown knew anything at all about it. We tried to get a map of the country before we left Nairobi, but there was not one to be had, and as Captain Chapman hasn't got one, I doubt if there is such a thing in print. The Nzoia River makes such enormous swoops and loops and bends that it was impossible to follow its meanderings all the way, so we had to trust pretty well to luck, although Mr. Brown did not acknowledge that he was ignorant of the geography of the plateau.

I should think that we must have crossed the river about four or five times on the first day's march; what a picturesque scene I first thought it, but how wearied of it I soon became! Sometimes the drifts which formed the bank of the river—if river you could call it, since very often the bed was composed of little else than stones and mud and oozing water which looked very shallow but proved in places to be almost bottomless—were so steep that I could see the wagon perched at the top of the drift while the first of the sixteen oxen were struggling and floundering in the river below, and when they gained



the top of the opposite bank I could see the wagon just beginning to swing and roll and flounder its way across the footless mass of stones and mud which called itself the Nzoia River.

The scrub and vegetation on the bank was so thick and the grass was so tall, that when once the animals had crested the ridge and were on their way, they were almost completely lost to sight, only the packages on the top of the wagon and the horns of the beasts themselves appearing over the scrub.

In other places the river presented a very different scene ; it was broad and rapid and clear, a self-respecting Mid-African river, with lovely banks covered with palms and tropical trees. From the points of the palm-leaves myriads of weaver-birds' nests hung, like beautiful pendulous fruit. I wish you could have seen them ; I think there is nothing so picturesque or fascinating in nature as bird life. There were hundreds of them. Brown and round, with tiny openings for front doors, they hung suspended in the lightest fashion from every conceivable tip and point of the jagged leaves of a swaying palm tree, whose leaves did not only grow in the mop-broom fashion at the top of the tree, but spread out from it all the way down. Moving lightly in the breeze, they looked like unlit Chinese lanterns on a tree decorated for one of the fêtes which Arabs love. The birds themselves, in the sunlight, looked as bright as yellow canaries, and they darted in and out of their nests like bees seeking honey. Surely it must puzzle them to know which amongst all the thousands



is their own nest? As I watched them, the old proverb, "To every bird his nest is home," rang in my ears, for these fascinating creatures, as they flashed through the air and darted straight to one of the pendulous nests without any selection, never made any mistakes. Perhaps they would think it just as clever of us to know which house was ours, if they saw us opening a front door in Queen's Gate!

Fixed on to the branches of the trees in the Plateau you often see honey-barrels, which are put there by the natives to induce the bees to build their combs in them, and so preserve their honey from the birds. These fascinating little barrels, made of solid pieces of wood hollowed out, with openings at either end, are often elaborately decorated with poker work. All natives are fond of honey, so honey-barrels, like the weaver-birds' nests, are quite a feature in the landscape.

There is a brilliantly-colored bird called the bee-eater, which has amusing habits. I saw hundreds of them in the Rift Valley when I was on the railway. They sit on the branches of trees, and pounce down upon wasps, bees, flies, and all sorts of insects, when they are flying through the air. It is a pretty sight to watch them. Their tails are very long and pointed, because the three central feathers stick out far beyond the others. One of their favourite occupations is riding on the back of a bustard, and very funny they look in their brilliant plumage seated on the backs of their dignified steeds which never shake them off or bother themselves about them. From the back of

the bustard they keep a sharp look-out for insects and flies, and when they spy one they dart after it, and having devoured it, fly back again to the bustard's back. I have often seen them riding on the backs of goats and antelopes as well as of bustards. But of the bird life on the plains, and, indeed, all over East Africa, a world of books might be written, for their beauty is past believing until you have seen them, and their characteristics are extraordinarily interesting. One of the few charming things about Nairobi (which I forgot to mention to you when I was there) was the beauty of the sun-birds. I used to see hundreds of these brilliant creatures darting about in the dazzling light, or hanging on to the bright yellow trumpet flowers which grow in clusters on a shrub in most of the gardens in Parkland. They are very like humming birds, and amazingly metallic in colouring. They never stay still, because, unlike the humming birds, they can't poise themselves in the air. I used to watch them pecking with their long, black, pointed bills at the ends of the flowers, quite close to the stems, to tap their honey, as the trumpets were too long for them to get their beaks down to the treasure trove. How like jewels their slim bodies looked, flitting about in the sunshine!

In Nairobi, too, I saw specimens of the weaver-birds known as the Jackson, Whydah bird or the dancing bird. In ordinary times these birds look quite uninteresting, and very much like our common or garden sparrows, but in the courting season a great change takes place, for the cock bird suddenly deve-

lops the most enormous tail, and all his feathers, except the strongest of his wing feathers, turn jet black. You can't imagine how absurd a court train of black moiré looks on a little bird shaped like a sparrow and about the same size. Perched upon a stump of maize or a stem of millet, it makes a fine and fanciful picture, and one in which a Japanese artist would delight. I wonder if it has adopted this peculiar form of plumage to attract the female, because most of the birds in Africa have splendid tail feathers ! It is one of their most noticeable features. This wise bird may have thought its courting would be more favourably received by the object of its adoration if it could, for the time being, turn itself into one of the superbly tailed male birds. But why its greyish-brown colouring should change to black, I have no idea ; its funereal appearance does not suggest courtship.

It has been called the dancing bird because in the courting seasons, which happen twice a year, it dances in the early mornings and evenings to attract and please the female. This little form of flirtation is very pretty. First of all, the male bird cuts down the long thick grass as closely as if it had been mown, in a beautiful circle, leaving a round patch in the middle of it. This little patch resembles the crossed swords of a Highlander, over which he dances. With infinite lightness and joy, the male bird, with his head thrown back and his big tail upraised until head and tail nearly touch, and with feet hanging down, bobs up and down and crosses over and round

the little tuft of grass in a way which obviously pleases both the wooer and the wooed. I have seen more than a dozen of these Whydah birds, each with its own dancing ground, all performing their dance of love at one time.

But I am being led off to speak of other things than the matter in hand, which should relate strictly to my *safari* on the plains—and these fascinating birds I did not see on the plains, but at Nairobi. Here I have no one to tell me the names of the many birds I see, and I have no books with me, so everything that I tell you is limited to what I myself know, or what I can gather from Stephen and Mr. Brown, who is no naturalist. Now I must return to the Plateau!

After we had crossed the river the first time, the country became much more undulating and wild, and I saw my first herd of giraffes at close quarters, or, rather, within reasonable distance. There were about twenty-five of them. When I first caught sight of them, their heads were swaying over the tops of the shrubs and flat-topped acacia trees. I couldn't get very near them because they are so nervous and timid, and although they never seem to be going at a great pace, their long legs carry them over the ground very swiftly.

Later on I saw my first company of colobus monkeys. They were up in the trees, but long before we could get within anything like shooting distance of them, they had jumped down and run across the grass. This piebald monkey has a long body and a big black



and white tail, almost like a pony's in its shape and curve. There is a hairless, dark-skinned portion of it, near the root, which gives it a curved and graceful sweep. They have black legs, and some black fur on the top of their heads. As they are rather rare, I was delighted to see them. They are very difficult to shoot, because they run at a great pace, and when they are in the tree-tops they never stay still for one moment; they jump about from branch to branch incessantly. The natives are very fond of decorating their black limbs with the black and white fur of these colobus monkeys. They put ruffles of it round their knees and ankles, and wind it round their woolly heads. It looks most effective, something like the trimmings of a French poodle, when it has been fancifully clipped. They are careful to adapt the white neck collar of the animal in such a manner that when it is on their black skins it looks like a white ruffle. The more you see of what we term savages, the more you realize what very fine eyes they have for effect and colour. They obviously love clothes, by which I mean the baubles and furs and beads with which they adorn the primitive man.

That same day I saw a big herd of eland, the largest of all the antelope tribe. It was unusual to see so many. They looked like a herd of cows with upright horns.

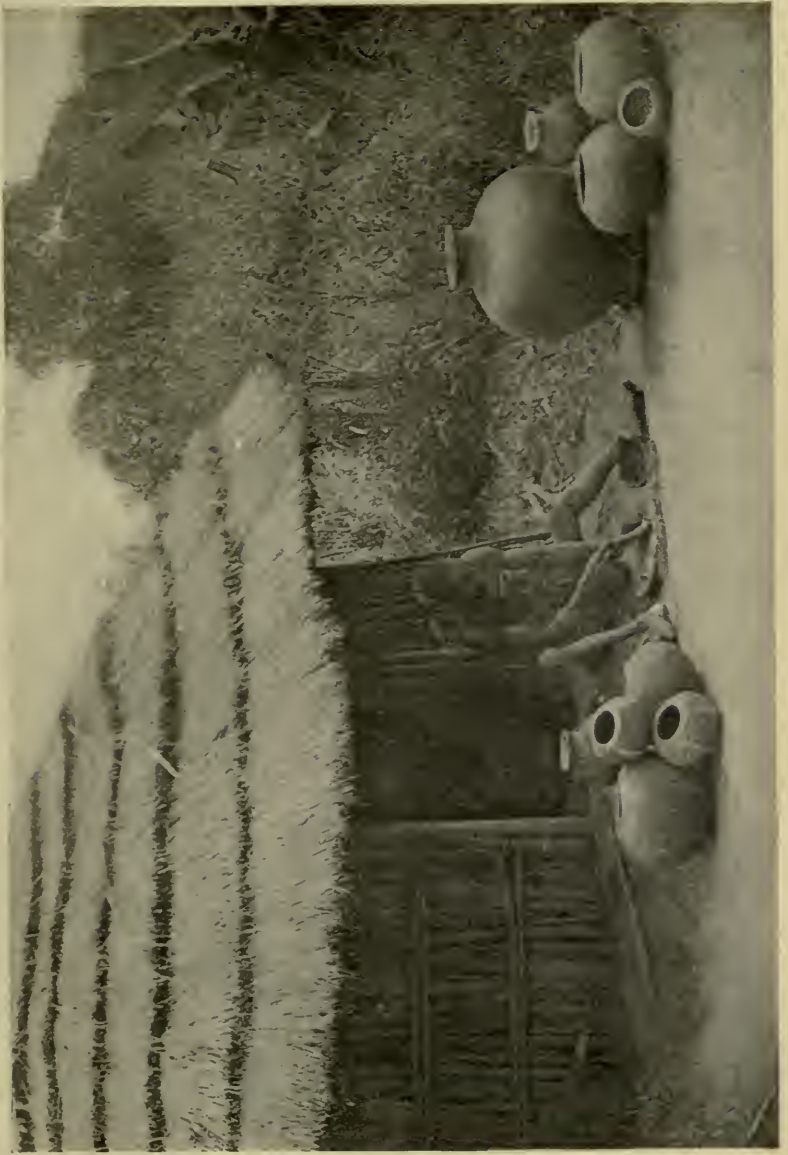
That same evening, after dinner, Mr. Brown told me we should have to get up at five o'clock the next morning and strike camp at six. Well, I was up and dressed by five o'clock, but we did not get away



until seven. However, being up so very early, gave me a splendid opportunity of seeing what in the tropics is called the "false dawn." I have often seen the real dawn, of course, but not this famous "false dawn" about which I have heard so much. Before the real dawn comes, a soft, white light appears in the sky, on the line of the horizon, and in the very place where the sun will appear. As near the Equator as we are here, this light is very luminous and clear. It was so bright and clear, indeed, that I thought it was the real dawn, until it began to shrink and fade and grow less and less. Eventually it disappeared altogether, and the world was left once more in darkness for quite a little time before the true dawn appeared. This zodiacal light is really very wonderful, but as I am not in the least learned upon the subject of the heavens, I advise you to read about it in some book which will explain the phenomenon in a really intelligent manner. I can only tell you that this ante-dawn is a most impressive sight, and a very mysterious one. On the plains it was almost ghostly.

All night long I had heard lions roaring, which made me feel far too excited to sleep. So I was rather tired as the day wore on, and during the morning we had to wait for the wagon to be unloaded whilst crossing the Nzoia River. It stuck in the mud up to the axles. When at last we moved on and had travelled for some hours over the plateau, which was now covered with scrub and flat-topped trees, without a sight of any game to brighten the

monotonous march, Mr. Brown suddenly came to me and said that he thought we had better retrace our steps and go back to where we had started after Captain Chapman left us, as he was confident that if we followed the river it would take us too many days to do the journey to his farm, and that I should never get back to Moori Ben Farm by the 3rd of February, which was the date I had arranged with Captain Chapman. He let me see pretty clearly that he thought Captain Chapman had put us on the wrong track. In his opinion everything that Captain Chapman does is quite wrong, so as I had no desire to prolong my *safari* with him alone, I agreed to turn back. We ought to have camped that day by the river, which we crossed once more about twelve o'clock, at a wide point where there were elephant tracks right down its banks and across its muddy bed, but we didn't, because Mr. Brown thought that we should come upon more water within a reasonable distance. We picked up the track of the elephants again, hoping that if we followed in their wake we should arrive at the water for which they had obviously been making, and so we journeyed on and on, under a blazing, broiling sun and over scrub and through long grass, on the track which the elephants had made; it was about half a mile in width. As they went they had knocked down trees and broken and twisted them about just as if they had been matchwood, and trampled the ground into ruts and flattened the grass and scrub.





It was a dull and weary way, and we only reached water at six o'clock, if water you could call the dirty mud puddle, for again the elephants had crossed it and gone on. The mess the beasts make is terrible, and the way in which they destroy vegetation is amazing. I felt angry and put out by the whole arrangement of things, which had been far from good. The porters, poor creatures, had eaten nothing all day long; no more had I, for that matter, but I had not been walking all the time and they had. In the tropics, on the equatorial line, twelve hours is far too long to march at one stretch.

#### IN CAMP ON THE PLATEAU.

The next night our camp was pitched on a piece of uncomfortable burnt-up ground near the river, which again had been trampled into a muddy mess by the passing of elephants. A little lower down, however, there was a dense growth of gigantic ferns and palms and other tropical trees on the banks of the river, and there I saw many orchids. This rich vegetation afforded a cooling shade, but the mosquitoes in it were so terrible that I was compelled to go out again into the blazing sunlight. We then made our way to the top of a ridge, where there was a surveyor's beacon, and there we had a most glorious view of Mount Elgon, and, to the right of it, the Chitcheso Mountains. In the foreground there was a vast stretch of plains and forests.

Then at last we got our bearings, and discovered that we had been hopelessly lost for the last two



days; in fact, ever since we had said good-bye to Captain Chapman.

Near the beacon we met a surveyor, who drew a map for us, so now I hope that we shan't make any more mistakes! We are now only about twenty miles from Mr. Brown's farm. The surveyor told me that near the river, not far from where our camp was pitched last night, there are lots of lions. It seems such a pity to have missed them when they were so near. All the same, I don't feel very anxious to meet with such dangerous game at close quarters, as I have not very great faith in Mr. Brown's powers as a sportsman. This morning we followed a herd of about two hundred cobus cob, they were nearly all does. Mr. Brown tried to shoot one of the few bucks there were amongst them, but he only managed to wound the poor animal, and, to my disgust, he never followed it up. I only shot a kongoni for the pot; the cobus cob were too far off for me. It was a doe, and I hated killing the poor thing, but we must have some meat.

From about eleven until four the heat is terrific. We doze, if possible, during the greater part of that time, under a shady tree, but hot as it is, it is not such a trying heat as it was in the Straits, because it is very dry; and up on the Plateau there is nearly always a nice breeze, and the wonderful views would enchant you—the vast plain, with the Nandi Hills on one side and the Nzoia River and the low range of the Chitcheso Mountains on the other. Mount Elgon is quite close to us. The sunsets and sunrises on the hills

alone are worth coming all the way to see—and some of the way has been pretty tough, I can assure you! I walk until it gets too hot, and then I get into the wagon, when I am jolted about over stones and stumps of trees and ant-heaps until I ache all over. I can't ride my pony, because he has got cracked heels, and is very often lame.

On the Plateau we are not always on the uplands, as it is very undulating. In the valleys it is absolutely stifling. You can easily see where I am at present if you look for Mount Elgon on the map. We are only about twenty miles from it.

*Some days later.*

#### IN CAMP ON OUR RETURN TO MOORI BEN FARM.

We reached Mr. Brown's farm two days ago. It is scarcely a farm from an English point of view, because, out of the three or four thousand acres, only a very few are cleared, and there are no farm buildings on the land—just a grass hut or two and a mud shed. I saw some crops of mealies on the few acres he has under cultivation. However, Mr. Brown is highly delighted with his bargain, because there is plenty of water on the farm, and that means future prosperity, if he can stand the expense of clearing the land, which is the most costly part of farming in Africa. At present, to me, it looks a mere wilderness of scrub and long grass.

After Mr. Brown had finished his business, which took about two days, we started off, at about six o'clock in the morning of the third day, on our return

journey to Moori Ben Farm. I will not bore you by relating how we again lost our way and again had to retrace our steps to the first camp we had pitched on his farm—to pick up the track of the wagon.

I will rather spend the short time I have to give you in telling you about one exciting little adventure we had, the very first morning after we left the farm. We were shooting by the bank of the river, which, at this particular part, happened to be very rapid and beautifully shaded with tall ferns and palms, when suddenly I heard a flop and a heavy splash, and, would you believe it, a huge crocodile disappeared into the river just in front of me! I had scarcely got over my astonishment when my boy asked me to come and look at something he had discovered in the sand—it was fifty-six crocodile's eggs. Of course I was thrilled at the sight, but Stephen lost no time in hurling them into the water.

That same morning Mr. Brown shot an Egyptian goose. It is a very handsome bird with fine plumage. He also got two marabouts and two water-buck. A marabout is a very large, tall bird, with a big hideous beak. When it circles high up in the air, watching some dead animal which it is going to pounce upon—for it is very carnivorous—it looks like a little black dot against the light. When it is sure that no one is looking, it swoops down, and in an incredibly short space of time there is nothing left of the dead animal or bird but some dry bones. The beautiful marabout feathers we all know so well come from underneath its tail.



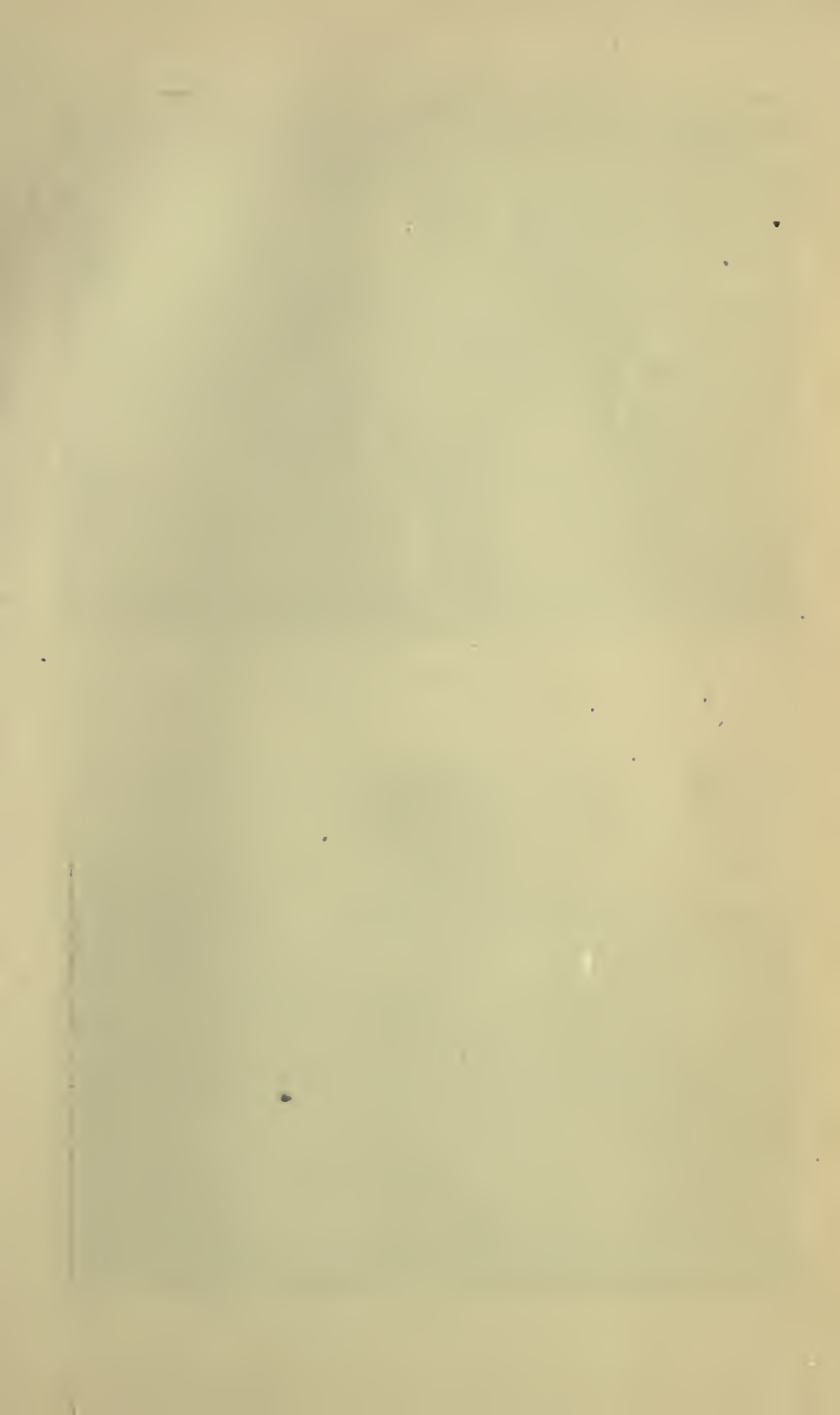
FINDING CROCCODILES EGGS ON THE NOZRIA RIVER



MY FIRST WATERBUCK. MOORI BEN FARM









EGYPTIAN GEESSE FOR THE LARDER



A TROPHY OF THE UASIN GISHU

There are many vultures, too, on the plains, which hover over the carcasses of the dying, waiting for their little hour.

The next day we shot from six until ten o'clock. I got one water buck and one beautiful oriby. Later on in the day a nice English youth turned up from a farm about five miles away from our camp, and I rode back with him to his farm to see his grass mansion. We had tea, and I stayed rather too long, for it was dark before we reached our camp. Even by the light of the lantern, which fortunately the youth had brought with him, we sank into bogs, and plunged twice unexpectedly into the river. The Nzoia River seems to me to turn up here, there and everywhere all over the Plateau, and you never know whether it is going to be big or little, swift or sluggish. It has so many moods and characteristics.

To-night we are in our last camp before reaching Captain Chapman's farm, which I shall not be sorry to see. When I arrive there I shall let Mr. Brown take back the wagon to Londiani and leave me just six porters and my boy.

I have enjoyed this outing tremendously, for I adore the air, and sense of space, and free life of the Plateau, but naturally your complete enjoyment of a *safari* greatly depends on the company you are thrown with, especially when you are a *parti à deux*. On this *safari* there has really been a good deal to try my temper and nerves. It was exasperating, after having walked for seven miles in the blazing sun, to discover, and not for the first time, that you

had been travelling in a totally wrong direction, and that you must turn round and walk over the same ground again, under the same vertical sun. However, I got some reward out of our last misadventure, for if we had gone the right way in the first instance, after leaving the farm, I should not have seen the fifty-six crocodile's eggs buried in the sand.

So all's well that ends well, and to-morrow we ought to reach Moori Ben Farm about two o'clock.

A surveyor turned up at our camp to-night for dinner. That is the sort of thing that happens on the Plateau. African hospitality always ensures a meal to any passing traveller. He says that there is a runner going to Eldoret to-morrow with the post, so I shall send this off, as I may not have another chance for a week. So good-bye for the present. I will write when I get to the farm.

## VI

### LIFE ON MOORI BEN FARM.

ON my return to Moori Ben Farm I found three letters from you awaiting me; the receiving of letters from home in Africa is very characteristic of the country—it is usually a case of much or nothing. You get batches of papers, all by one post, and two or three letters from one person, and then none at all for ages!

I hope you will get the letter I sent off by the surveyor I met on the Plateau. He promised to send it by a runner, but as he drank half a bottle of whisky and had to walk across a native bridge made out of slippery trees, over the Nzoia River, he may never have reached the other side. I know that bridge and its peculiarities!

Well, I feel quite settled down to life on an African farm, and I love it. Captain Chapman is the most energetic, hard-working man I ever met. He gets up every morning at six o'clock and sees to his horses, and looks over all the stock. He has three thousand sheep, lots of cows, oxen, calves, pigs, turkeys, ducks, chickens, dogs, and three hundred natives!

After inspecting all these belongings he has his



breakfast, and by 9.30 is off to his brick-fields, which are three miles away. He is making bricks with a new machine which has just arrived from Nairobi; it turns out bricks at the rate of six a minute. He was actually making them himself all day yesterday, in the blazing sun. I went down at 11.30 to the brick-fields on my pony, and had lunch with him there. After lunch, while he was working in the sun, I lay in the shade by the side of the river, which was very beautiful at that particular point. When he had finished his labours for the day, we rode to Captain Cole's farm, where we found him superintending the carting of mealies. We all rode home together when the sun was setting behind the Chitcheso Mountains. After drinking a cup of tea, we inspected the horses, to see that they were properly fed and groomed and stabled for the night. You can see for yourself that a bath at seven o'clock, and a good dinner and a long chat round a huge fire completed a pretty strenuous day for my host, and one that was typical of all other days on the farm. If farming is to pay on the Plateau, which Captain Chapman means it to do, you must put plenty of energy and backbone into it. Slackers are no good in Africa, where success means a survival of the fittest.

To-day the skies have been grey, and there was no sun for the first time since I have been on the Plateau, with the result that I felt chilly and somewhat peevish. Captain Cole threatened to retire to bed, so little did he like the change from brilliant sunshine and blue skies to this English dullness; but Captain Chapman

went off as usual to his brick-making. Before breakfast I rode round the home farm with him.

Life is very peaceful here, but I am inwardly greatly excited because there is a prospect of a buffalo shoot coming off. The Ndorobos, however, who live in the forests, have not come in to report that they have seen any buffalo in the Suk district, and until they do so Captain Chapman won't start off. He naturally does not wish to leave his work until he is certain that they are to be found.

The settlers are very excited because the Governor and his party are coming up to the Plateau on the 14th. H. E. is making a tour of inspection all over this district, and is going to look into the question of the building of a railway which would make all the difference to this country, and enhance the value of land enormously.

When I read, in the papers you sent me, about all the rains and floods and the general gloom at home, I wish with all my heart that you were out here, for although the sun, as I have already said, is very hot during the middle hours of each day, the evenings and the early mornings are beautifully cool. We can walk and ride for many hours together without feeling the least tired. It is certainly a glorious climate, and there is a strange fascination about East Africa. I feel its spell so strongly that I often wonder why we all remain in England and endure its perpetual grey skies and dampness, when here we could be as free as a bird in the sunshine all the year round, and still have the beloved Flag overhead! Of course,

I own, there are disadvantages in connexion with being eighty miles from a station, but that distance can be covered by a motor in one day. Captain Cole has a motor, which unfortunately is broken at the present moment, and Captain Chapman is expecting his new one to arrive on the farm at about the end of the month. So, you see, Moori Ben Farm will soon be in close touch with civilization.

On the Plateau I have seen many new wild animals and strange birds and insects, but as yet I have seen no white woman, and of native women I have only seen one or two. The natives who work on the farm belong to a very low class; their settlement of huts is somewhere, I suppose, but, wisely, not too close to the house. The indoor servants all sleep in the compound; native servants never sleep in the house. They are terrible thieves and rob each other like anything. My boy, before starting from Londiani to come up here, purchased himself a new set of shorts—on *safari* they always wear khaki, in the house they wear white *kanzus*; the khaki coats are a ridiculous imitation of a white man's round coat. Being very pleased with his new outfit, he slept with it carefully folded up under his pillow, but, unfortunately, he also slept in the same tent with his pal. In the morning, when Stephen woke up, he found that his pal had departed, and so had his fine new "shorts" and khaki coat!

The natives who work on the farm are all brought from a distance. They contract to work for three months at a time, or more, perhaps. A gang of them



KAVIRONDO LABOURERS ON THE U'ASIN GISHU





are sent to the farm by the contractor from some distant native village. Lately one gang which got tired of working (a thing they very soon do) deserted and made off. The magistrate of the district was appealed to, and he sent them all back.

They are incapable of doing any intelligent work, so all the ploughing is done by Boers, who are experts at the business. It is a wonderfully picturesque scene, a plough on the Plateau, with sixteen oxen turning up the virgin soil under a brilliant sky and in an atmosphere as clear as crystal. I love watching the operation, with the consciousness at the back of my brain that never before in the world's history has this sun-scorched plain been disturbed by ploughshare or by spade, never before has it been asked to contribute its quota to the sustenance of man. It has lain in tropical idleness under the blue sky, unfruitful and barren. But when once the plough has shared it, henceforth and for ever it will have to play its part in the battle of the civilized and struggling world.

The Boer ploughman calls to his oxen, and speaks to them all the time he is ploughing. With his long whip he reaches out to the leaders, and flips them into action when their rolling gait grows somnolent. They all obey his voice like dogs, and do exactly what he tells them. A native ploughman can do nothing with them. I have seen Captain Chapman trying his hand at ploughing, and if it is better than the native's, it falls far short of a Boer's. The oxen stray and straggle about, and leave the lines, and they do not obey their master's voice in the same beautifully

docile manner. When the ploughing season comes, Captain Chapman hires a Boer farmer from a neighbouring farm, and he brings his team of oxen with him and remains on the farm until the ploughing is finished.

The native workmen wear very few clothes. A rag of cotton, fastened up on the top of the shoulder and allowed to fall straight down over the figure to the knees, is the fashion of the most elaborately garmented among them. The cottons are stamped with strange and outlandish designs—often very ridiculous in effect, if they happen to be an advertisement of some English manufacturer's trade-mark.

The extreme nudity of the Kavirondo women is due to one of their tribal superstitions, that the woman who wears a loincloth will have no children.

Among the tribes who work on the Plateau are the Kikuyu, the Nandi and the Kavirondos, and some of their many superstitions are extraordinary and very interesting. But about the natives I must not say much, for as yet I am very ignorant of the different tribes, and I may be attributing to quite the wrong one some such custom as the decorating of the body of a man and his wife with a design, which is so elaborate and complicated that, when it was begun on the man by the tattooer, and he discovered that there was not room enough to finish on the man's body, it was completed on that of the woman. They all like and wear both charms and tattoo marks to guard them from evil, and I am bringing you back one of the tails which are worn by the married women





A WEALTHY MASAI WOMAN

of the Kavirondo tribe. It is a special distinction of the married woman, but it is not exactly her wedding ring, because she is not permitted to wear it until she has been a wife for a few months. This huge tassel or tail she wears suspended behind from a bead band or rope, which goes round the waist like a loose belt. A young girl is allowed to wear this distinguishing mark of wifehood when she is going on a journey by herself. When she reaches her destination or a friend's house, she must at once take it off. There are very funny stories about this Kavirondo tassel, which I will tell you when I get home.

*Two days later.*

#### ON THE FARM.

Yesterday morning, the Governor, his daughters, his A.D.C., his Secretary, two District Commissioners, the doctor and a white hunter, arrived at the farm. They brought with them about two hundred porters, six wagons, with sixteen oxen each, and their boys. I never saw such a cavalcade. Their camp is so large that, lying stretched out on the plain, it looks like a town of tents. We could see the long procession it made on the Plateau as far off as Sergoit. Everything goes in Indian file on *safari*, so you can picture to yourself how enormous it looked—something like the children of Israel, with the Ark of the Covenant at their head, on their journey to the Promised Land.

We made great preparations for their arrival, changing rooms, and moving about furniture, etc. The Governor and his daughters are living in the



house; all the others have to sleep in their tents, which they brought with them.

The whole party were taken over the farm in the morning, and in the afternoon there was a polo match, the Plateau against Nairobi, which, being translated, means that the men from Nairobi who had come in the Governor's suite played the men of the Plateau. The Plateau won by eight goals. It was the funniest sight I ever saw. Captain Chapman and Captain Cole are both very good players, and their ponies are excellent and well trained, so of course Nairobi had little chance.

In the evening we sat down fourteen to dinner, which was really an excellent repast, considering that we are eighty miles from the railway—not forgetting a noted brand of champagne. In the morning I had walked to Mr. Hoey's farm, which is three miles from here, and got lots of carnations for the table; they looked lovely, in spite of the fact that I had only tin mugs to put them in.

On my way back I gathered an armful of sweet-scented jasmine and amaryllis lilies. I arranged the lilies in a large tub which greatly added to our floral decorations.

*A day later.*

This morning it actually poured with rain, and there was a terrible thunderstorm; it was so bad that the Governor and Mr. Hoey could not start off on the lion hunt which had been arranged for H.E. Mr. Hoey is one of the most famous of all the white hunters

of B.E.A. He remembers this farm about ten years ago, when it was the home of big game. He told me thrilling stories last night after dinner, relating to his pioneer days. He began his career by bringing up tinned food and other edibles to sell to the early settlers and hunters on the Plateau. Later on he built himself a hut, and made himself extremely useful to the settlers in many ways, and gradually he began to take travellers out on shooting expeditions. Eventually he became famous as a white hunter. To-day he owns sixty thousand acres. Things succeed in B.E.A. by personal effort and downright hard work.

Last week I was very busy in the garden. I was given two boxes of Sutton's seeds, but, alas, not a tool of any sort! I made a native break up the soil and beat down the lumps with one of their absurd implements, and with a stick as my only tool I planted three long broad beds with seeds. I wonder who will see them bloom? As the rains have begun they will leap up in a day or two. I stole a lot of carnation cuttings and ivy-leaved geraniums and fuchsias from Mr. Hoey's farm. I hope they will live and be a bright memento of my pioneer effort at gardening on the Plateau! I enjoyed doing this work immensely, as I am rather tired of riding and walking every day, which is about the only thing a woman can do up here.

I have also been trying my hand at glass cutting for window panes. The window-frames come out from England ready made—no doubt they were rattled together in Norway before they saw England,

but anyhow, they come out here as English goods. I must admit that I broke a good number of sheets of glass before I got accustomed to using the diamond, but as things are done in a large way out here, my host was very good-natured about it, and eventually I got into the way of cutting them quite neatly and economically.

My walks I had to stop for two reasons, the first being that a leopard has been prowling about the bushes and long grass for some days, and the second that the presence of a murderer in the near vicinity of the farm has not added to my desire to play alone ! The leopard visited the farm every night for a whole week, and each night it went to the *boma* and stole a sheep. Captain Chapman at last got so angry with the wretch that he arranged with Captain Cole that they should take their bedding and their rifles down to the *boma* and wait for it there ; they had tried unsuccessfully to find it during each day. They built a little shelter on the top of a shed, and took turns in watching for the leopard, but some spy must have warned the wary beast, for it never turned up.

In the morning, when I was busily planting my seeds, Captain Cole rushed into the garden ; he was in a great state of excitement ; he had seen the leopard sneaking out from behind some trees while he was riding to his new house, which is being built on his farm. He galloped back as fast as he could to tell us and to get his rifle.

As quickly as we could, we sallied forth in pursuit of it, but we returned about three hours later minus

the leopard and also, alas! minus one of Captain Chapman's favourite dogs. We had never caught a glimpse of the leopard, but it had seen us, and had sneaked the dog, which showed that it must have been quite close to us all the time, for the dog never went far away. The crafty beast just seized his opportunity to pounce upon it from the long grass when no one was looking.

And now for the episode of the murderer, who has been hiding in the neighbourhood. He was a native soldier, who contrived to steal a revolver and some ammunition from Captain Hall, of the King's African Rifles, who is stationed at Maragwet about thirty miles from here. He killed four men and wounded two others before he was captured. He was eventually shot by a Boer settler, whose wife the wretch intimidated. He went to the Dutchman's house and demanded some food. When the woman refused to supply him with what he wanted, he shot at her three times, but the revolver missed fire, and so she escaped. Her husband came along just in time to save her. He fetched his rifle, and shot the soldier dead.

This incident has caused much local excitement, as you can imagine, and it put a stop to my lonely walks abroad, so I was glad to fall back upon gardening.

Although life is never without its interest up here, there is very little that a woman can do. Men, of course, have their days full to the brim, what with their work on the farm, and the sport, which is excellent. Strangers are constantly turning up from far



away, on their way to and from land which they have been inspecting with a view to purchase, or on shooting expeditions. They stop here one night, hunters, settlers, soldiers, and every sort and condition of traveller belonging to the male order of humanity. They are all a nice type and class of men, and it is extremely interesting to listen to their adventures, and hear their discussions on the future development of the Uasin Gishu.

I hear that one of our late visitors has bought the farm he came up to see. I am very glad, because he was a nice young fellow, and he had joined the loafing, drinking brigade in Nairobi, which is one of the pitfalls into which too many men out from home fall. It will do him all the good in the world to get up on the Plateau and live the splendid, open-air, strenuous life which the men lead here. In this climate no one ought to drink spirits, or, indeed, any sort of stimulant until the sun goes down, and then they ought to drink guardedly. Yet it seems to me that the men in B.E.A. drink more incautiously than in any other place in which I have lived.

I don't know when I shall leave here, but it must be quite soon now, as I have accepted an invitation to go to Uganda, and stay with some friends whom I made on board ship on my journey out from England. My date of departure depends upon when I can get away. I may go back with the Governor's party to Londiani, or I may wait until Captain Chapman gets his car, and he will drive me in it to the station. As the boat only crosses Lake Victoria once a week,





CROSSING THE RIVER ON A PORTER'S BACK



THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY



my journey will take some planning, because I must go straight from the railway on to the ship; there is no hotel at which I can stay for a week if I miss a sailing of the boat, and I suppose you know that the lake has to be crossed to reach Uganda? My intention is to stay for about a week at Entebbe, and then go on to Kampala, where Mr. Russell, whom, if you remember, I also met on the way out, has offered to lend me his house. I am looking forward to seeing Uganda, although I expect I shall find it very clothed and highly civilized after East Africa.

*Three days later.*

I am leaving the farm on Monday with Mr. Adams, the D.C. from Maragwet. Don't raise your eyebrows; it is no unusual proceeding in this country, where you have to seize your opportunity of getting about as best you can. On the Plateau even human transportation is a matter of considerable difficulty. The departure of Mr. Chapman's wagon is too uncertain, or I might go by it, but it may not leave for another week, or a fortnight, and its fixed day of departure may be postponed from day to day. Mr. Adams has kindly offered to look after me, and it will be much nicer going with him than by myself in a wagon with the foreman of the farm, who is a Frenchman, and a lot of natives. The Frenchman comes from Madagascar.

I shall have to ride my mule or walk all the way to the station; the porters will carry the tents and the other necessary things for a five days' *safari*. Just

think of what a new face motors have put upon things ! They can do the distance easily in one day, whereas I have had to keep eight porters on the farm all this time, doing nothing, and although their pay is only six rupees a month, their food costs another six. It all mounts up. I had to send to Eldoret, which is fifteen miles away, for their mealies. I feel rather nervous when I think of the sum I shall have to pay for my *safari* up to the Plateau, and all the expenses it has entailed, but even if it is far more than I can afford, I am glad I did it. I have enjoyed my life on Moori Ben Farm enormously.

I will write to you from Entebbe. At Londiani I shall have to pay off all my porters and send them back to Nairobi, as well as my mule, which goes by the name of Eva, an odd name for an East African mule !

I hope we shall have fine weather for our journey, but I very much doubt it, as the rains have begun, and already the difference they have made to the country is astonishing. The greenness of the grass is amazing, under the blue sky. The landscape looks scarcely real, with its crude, sharp colours and tones. It is just like a picture in a child's drawing book.

## VII

### THE ISLANDS ON LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA

**W**E arrived at Londiani about midday. I went straight to the hotel and had lunch, after which I had a dispute with the manager about my saddle, which had been sent back by mistake from Moori Ben Farm with the mule that I had hired here on my way up to the Plateau. The whole affair of my saddle having been returned with the mule was a stupid muddle which I need not bother you with. I will only say that I was absolutely certain that my saddle was in the manager's possession, and that it had been sent to him along with the mule.

When I asked him for it, he looked very surprised, and said that he had no idea where it was; he had never seen it.

I knew that he was lying, so I said that he must find it, and that if he didn't he would have to pay the value I put upon the saddle, which was six guineas.

He still asserted that he had never seen it, and that it had not been returned with the mule, and I still persisted that it had been and that it must be found. He then said that probably some men who



had gone on a *safari* from here had taken it with them. I was very angry, and told him that I held him responsible for their having done so, and that he must pay me the six guineas. After a long, and really very amusing discussion, he went off to look for it. When he returned, he expressed much surprise and great pleasure at having found it.

Very relieved at having got it back, I proceeded to the railway station, and interviewed the *baboo* clerk on the subject of my sleeping-berth. I expected to spend the night in the train.

“I suppose you have got my sleeping-berth on the train for to-night?” I inquired. “I wired for it a week ago.”

“Oh, no!” he said. “I didn’t think you would come.”

“But I told you I was coming to-day, and that I wanted a sleeping-berth on the half-past one train. What do you propose to do about it?”

With a beaming smile, he said: “Oh, the train is quite full.”

Not taking his word for it, I made him wire to Nakuru, and the answer came back: “Train full. No room.”

My next question was: “Have you got the horse-box I wired for?”

(I wanted one for Eva, whom I was sending back to Nairobi.)

He beamed again. “Oh, no, I didn’t think you would want that either.”

As there was nothing to be done with such a fool,

I left him, and reconciled myself to spending the afternoon in unpacking and sorting the *safari* stuff which had to go back to Nairobi, in the dreadfully dirty little waiting-room. I had also to pay off the porters, and see to lots of odds and ends. I had sent all my trophies by Mr. Brown to Nairobi—the heads and skins to be cured and kept until I returned to England: zebra skins, water-buck skins, and colobus monkey skins, which I am looking forward to arranging myself in London—they will look very nice, I can assure you. Some marabout feathers which I brought from the Plateau, alas, the cook stole on the journey!

Later on I had tea and dinner with Mr. Adams in his tent, and about ten o'clock he took me back to the station, where I had to make up my mind to spend some hours on the platform in the hope of squeezing myself into the train when it arrived.

I had the choice of a dirty waiting-room, furnished with a bedstead and no mattress and one broken chair, and the platform. In every station there is supposed to be a furnished waiting-room for Europeans, in which they can sleep after a journey up country, or use while they are waiting for a train. I looked at the waiting-room—and preferred the platform!

For lack of something better to do, I thought I would amuse myself with the *baboo* clerk, who had made himself officious by demanding payment for all my luggage, besides having neglected to fulfil my orders. You always take as much luggage as you can with you in the carriage, because you are charged very

exorbitantly for what goes in the van. This *baboo* wanted to make me pay for my hand-baggage. He threatened me with all the terrors of the law, the general manager, and every one else. However, as the general manager is a friend of mine, I was able to laugh up my sleeve. Each time he wrote down the items of my luggage, including my dressing-case and small hand packages, on a slip of yellow paper, I picked it up and tore it in pieces.

“Now write down what I tell you,” I said. “Hat-box and trunk . . .”

He pretended he didn't understand me, and again wrote down the entire list of my belongings, with the charges.

When he had finished the list and handed it to me, I promptly tore it up, and again said: “Write down what I tell you. Hat-box and trunk . . .”

This entertainment went on, without the slightest variation, until I heard the train whistle, when I paid him what I meant to pay, and not a penny more.

The next thing to do was to see if I could find a seat in the train, but alas, I had no luck—it was absolutely packed; so, nearly weeping with weariness and despair, I watched it depart. When I asked at what time the next train was likely to come along, the *baboo* said that there was a “mixed train” (goods and passenger) due at half-past four in the morning. So I had to continue my weary walk up and down the platform under millions of stars. I could scarcely see the deep purple of the sky—they were so

close together, and so brilliant. Everywhere there was absolute stillness, except for the croaking of frogs; they must have been as manifold as the stars. Tired out with my ceaseless sentry-go, I sat down on a bench, and as I drowsed and nodded I wondered what I was there for, and why I had left my home!

No train came at half-past four, or at half-past five; it was half-past six before I heard a distant whistle, and I watched the sunrise from that bench before the train actually came in sight. The *baboo*, who had all the while been nodding on a high chair in the ticket-office, hadn't murdered me!

When the train came, I roused my boy who was fast asleep, and we bundled into it, and as good luck would have it, I found myself in a carriage with some people I knew, who were coming from Nairobi. There was a Russian Grand Duke in the carriage, with his white hunter. He was going after Lesser Bongo—a rather rare antelope.

We all had breakfast at a wayside station—how thankful I was for it! I was cold, and tired, and hungry and thirsty, and miserable. We reached Kisumu at half-past ten, and went straight on board the boat, the *Clement Hill*.

Kisumu (Port Florence) is the port on Lake Victoria Nyanza where passengers embark for Entebbe, Kampala, and Jinja. It is 175 miles from Entebbe. Kisumu lies in an inlet called the Gulf of Kavirondo on the north-east side of the lake.

I was lucky enough to get half a cabin, which really was surprising, as there are generally about



forty passengers to ten cabins. The first thing I did when I got on board was to have a hot bath. After my long *safari* and my trying night on the railway platform, and my train journey, you can imagine how much I enjoyed the luxury. In the afternoon I lay on a deck chair and lazily watched the scenery. The channel, which took us out into the open lake from the almost land-locked Kisumu, was so blocked with little islands that it was impossible to tell where islands left off and where the lake-shore commenced.

We "lay to" all night, because there are no lighthouses on the lake, so the steamers can only travel by day. This is a very nice plan for people like myself, who are anxious not to miss any of the scenery, but it has its drawbacks, for the harbours are so shallow that the boats have to be flat-bottomed—they only draw two feet of water; consequently, when it is rough, as it was last night, every one on board is sick. It rolled so terribly that once or twice I thought it would roll right over.

In the morning more important islands began to appear, and the journey, from that time onwards, became more interesting. Victoria Nyanza is full of islands, some quite big, and others quite tiny, mere rocks sticking out of the water. A few years ago they were cultivated, and thickly populated, for a great number of them are very fertile. To-day they are abandoned and desolate. In the year 1901 sleeping-sickness made its dread appearance, and caused such devastation among the inhabitants that it was necessary for the Government to take drastic



measures to stamp it out. The Island of Kome, which belongs to the most southerly group and is about eleven miles long and eight broad, had a population of ten thousand before the sleeping-sickness appeared; by the time it was evacuated—about four years ago—the inhabitants did not number five hundred.

It was most interesting passing these islands, which are so closely bound up with the political and religious history of Uganda, and hearing all that the captain had to tell me about them. It is very sad to think that they are now all empty and depopulated, because both the agricultural and fishing population belonged to an extremely interesting type of native. When the order came for the evacuation, the natives were so distressed at having to leave their homes that many of them tried to escape. They ran away, and the only manner in which they could be captured was by driving them into the lake. They can't understand why they should not be allowed to live there and die of sleeping-sickness if they wish to do so. The awful suffering, and the devastation of the population, which they had seen with their own eyes, in an incredibly short space of time, does not prevent their sneaking back to their old homes or wishing to live there. It is very pathetic.

The largest of the Buvuma group, which lie at the north-east corner of the lake, has an area of 170 square miles and is quite hilly in the centre—one of its hills is about six hundred feet above the level of the lake. It is covered with forests and has good grazing ground

for cattle. The natives were splendid agriculturists, and very industrious people. To-day there is no sign of human life or any kind of agricultural industry.

In England I don't think we realize the awfulness of this terrible disease, which not so many years ago was spoken of as a mysterious and almost unknown malady. I remember when Seton Merriman introduced it into one of his romances, the majority of his readers wondered if it was fiction or fact.

The *Clement Hill* passed quite close to the Sesse group, which forms a province, if that is the right term to use, of Uganda. When the Sesse were inhabited they had their member in the native Parliament of Uganda. On the Island of Bubembe, which is one of this group, there are the remains of the temple of the famous god Mukasa. He was the most powerful of all the gods of Lake Victoria Nyanza, because he was the weather god. He could raise up storms and water spouts, and when he was propitiated sufficiently would pour oil on the troubled waters. He could do everything, in fact—even cause and cure human illnesses, and strike terror into the heart of too despotic kings.

The captain told me a legend about this Neptune of the Lake, as he called him, which relates that about the year 1879 Mukasa made it impossible for any fisherman to fish in the lake, and for any sort of craft to ply on it. His reign of terror was so absolute and cruel that in the end the famous King Mutesa—whose name I have already heard so often that I must try and learn something more definite about his his-



LUZIRA (PORT BELL), LAKE VICTORIA



tory, because I feel that he was a very great power (for evil, I believe) in Uganda—propitiated the lake god by sending him immense offerings of bullocks and cows and human beings and money. Mukasa was so pleased with the offerings that he removed his spell from the waters. They were truly “waters of affliction.”

Such was the power of the priests in these islands, where formerly superstition and religious fanaticism were fostered, and spread with the same ease and rapidity of growth as the germ of the tsetse fly spreads to-day. Although the temple of Mukasa stood until a few years ago, it is almost a ruin now, because it was only built in native fashion of mud and reeds, and it has been neglected. The natives of the Sesse were called Basesse. To me the Sesse Archipelago looked like one big island with lots of little ones gathered all round it.

I wish I had done the journey before the hateful tsetse fly began its foul work. How different the scene would have been, for the Basesse were splendid boatmen and boat builders! Their fleet was of the greatest value in the famous wars between the Christians and the Mohammedans.

King Mwanga, who followed after the cruel king Mutesa—who died in 1884—took up his residence in the Sesse group after the troubles of 1888. It was Mwanga who ordered the murder of Bishop Hannington, because he was travelling along a native road which, for some reason or other, the natives had strictly forbidden Christians to use. It was also



this atrocious monarch who ordered a general massacre of all the Christian and Mohammedan subjects in his realm. He was, I suppose, sick of missionaries and their quarrels, which at that time were very bad. He resolved to revive the primitive paganism of his country. The Mohammedans and Christians, being warned of their danger, joined forces and defeated the king. They made his brother king in his stead. But, of course, the inevitable happened. The Christians and Mohammedans quarrelled when the matter of dividing the spoils came to be settled.

Smith and O'Neill, two early missionaries, were also murdered on one of the islands—I am not certain which. But I must not even dip into the political and religious history of Uganda, which is really very interesting, especially as it was told to me while we sailed across the lake, and passed the islands now populated chiefly by crocodiles and thousands of white birds and great armies of gnats or lake flies, which gather themselves together on the surface of the water and mount and mount until they rise in the air like a big grey column. They are really a wonderful sight. I had to visualize the big war canoes of the Basesse, rowed by a hundred men, and the picturesque rafts made of papyrus, with high prows like Turkish *caiques* and propelled by naked Kavirondos, just in the way a Venetian propels his gondola.

To-day our steamer was the one and only vessel on the water. The slender remnant of the islanders, with their various craft and strange superstitions,

have all been dispersed. So desolate is the scene that one asks oneself, Has Mukasa the all-powerful really been superseded? His temples are neglected, his altars desolated; his drums no longer call the faithful to prayer, with a roll re-echoing from island to island, and his priests have been deprived of their power. But who shall say that it is not the omnipotent Mukasa who has brought the scourge of sleeping-sickness to the islands? And who shall say that his revenge is not complete? If Christianity has cast out his religion, has he not depopulated the islands?

## VIII

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ENTEBBE.

**I**N my last letter, when I left off writing to you, we were just approaching Entebbe, which, I suppose you know without my telling you, is the capital of Uganda and its principal port. To travel, as I did, through our East African Protectorate and across the lake in a British steamer, and arrive in the British Protectorate of Uganda in perfect safety and comfort, made me feel very proud, and amazed at what the English have done since 1894, when a British Protectorate was first declared in Uganda. At that time Uganda consisted only of the country owned by King Mwanga, and to-day about five other territories have been added to it: Usoga, Unyoro, Ankoli, Buddu and Koko. Some one has described Uganda as "the most northerly as well as the most powerful kingdom on Lake Victoria Nyanza, and the Buganda as the foremost race in Africa."

We arrived at Entebbe about midday, and I thought it the most beautiful place in the world! I can't express to you how lovely it is, because the glory of Entebbe is its colour and freshness and greenness, and its situation, which is perfect, lying, as it does, on



LAKE FERRY, ENTEBBE



LAKE VICTORIA FROM THE GARDEN AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ENTEBBE





the side of a hill close to the Lake Victoria, with a view of the Sesse Islands in the distance.

Government House stands on the top of the hill, and all the nicest bungalows of the officials face the lake and lie above the golf course which runs along its shore.

The whole place is somehow just what I imagined it would be, for at Moori Ben Farm I often heard of the beauty and the peace of Entebbe; its gardens by the lake, full of gorgeous flowering trees and ferns, its red roads with no dust, and its enchanting views of the islands, and last, but not least, the white birds on the lake.

It all struck me as very tidy and clean and civilized. The Buganda, who are of a much higher caste than any natives I have seen so far in Africa, all wear clothes. They are a striking contrast to the naked Kavironda, whose tails and beads form as scanty a clothing as the Biblical fig-leaf. It is curious the way in which the natives all seem to fit into the landscape: the Buganda, moving about in their white *kanzus* on the red roads, silhouetted against a background of deep blue sky and tropical vegetation, give just the right touch of local colour to the scene. The naked Kavironda would look too savage for the peace and repose of Entebbe.

When I arrived at the port Mr. Russell met me and took me to the hotel, where we lunched and enjoyed a good talk. I had so much to tell him about my experiences in East Africa that we spent the greater part of the afternoon at lunch.

The hotel, which was formerly the Governor's residence, is one of the old-fashioned Colonial houses, with a very wide veranda, and large, high-ceilinged rooms. The new Government House was built on the top of the hill, because the old one was not considered healthy, being so low down and too close to the water. For an hotel it is charmingly situated, because it is quite near the Botanical Gardens, and from the veranda you get a most tempting view of the lake. In the fine grounds there are beautiful flowering trees; the wonderful flame-coloured flower, which I have often mentioned, and the scarlet hibiscus made glorious splashes of colour. The house itself has a most imposing flight of steps—a feature of its greater days—leading up to the veranda. Altogether it does not look a bit like an hotel.

In Entebbe all the Europeans go about in 'rickshaws; they are the usual mode of conveyance in the stations, although motors are used for going into the country. The native 'rickshaw-men don't run as well as the *Kurama* of Japan; they haven't the same huge muscular development in their legs; and where one man was sufficient in Japan, it takes four in Uganda. They always sing in the oddest manner when they are running. The boy in the shafts begins in a sort of minor key, chanting about you; where you are going; what you are going to do; what he thinks of you; and, in fact, all there is to say, hitting off your individuality by one concise characteristic. The three boys behind, who are pushing you, join in, all on one note, which is always in the minor key.

At first the Greek chorus of comments and questions is rather amusing, but already, after being here a short time, I am getting tired of it. They never stop talking for one moment; they are only silent when you can't bear it any longer and tell them to stop, in a very cross voice.

They have nicknames, of course, for every European in the station. I have had mine long ago, but so far I have not found it out. I wish with all my heart that I could speak Buganda, because their language is very charming and rich in imagery, and they say quaint and curiously apt things. At present all I can manage is "*Poli, poli!*" which means "gently, gently," an expression I very often use when they go too fast along some part of the road where I want to look at the butterflies or birds, or the vegetation or scenery. *Poli, poli* is a great expression; it is used in Uganda just as *Piano, piano* is used in Italy.

At Entebbe all sorts of games are played in the afternoon, and jolly good games they are too, for sport is at a very high level out here. It is, of course, the love of sport which keeps the men so fit; games are the only form of exercise they can get. There is tennis and golf every day, and on Saturdays cricket and hockey and football. The only game they don't play is polo, because ponies can't live in the country. You can't imagine what a blessing motors are to the European residents.

After the games, which don't begin till half-past four, and go on till half-past six, when it is nearly dark, every one adjourns to the Club for drinks and

bridge and gossip and the picture papers, which are always a month old. No one seems to have any regard for time; they go on playing bridge until nine o'clock. At first I wondered what the cook felt like, and at what hour we should get our dinner, if it was only to be cooked upon our return; but I learned that whether dinner is wanted at seven or eight or nine, it is always ready if you shout *Chcoola* when you come in. *Chcoola* means "food."

Entebbe is a very gay little place; it does not forget that it is a capital. There is a dance at the Club every Saturday night, and all the Scotch and English and Irish patron saints' days are celebrated by balls.

The Governor's wife, Lady Jackson, is the patroness of the Uganda Hibernian Society. Fancy a Hibernian Society in Uganda! Its hospitality is unbounded. The dancers often number about a hundred, with a very fair proportion of women. To the feminine mind the excitement of these balls lies in the latest fashions as worn by the women who have just come back from leave. Every one gives dinner parties. I could dine out each night of the week, if I wanted to. And the dinners are wonderful, considering that all the food has to come from the coast, nearly a thousand miles away.

I am now staying at Kampala, in the bungalow which Mr. Russell has so hospitably put at my disposal. Kampala is about twenty-five miles from Entebbe, and I am not going to tell you that, like Rome, it is built on seven hills, as almost every writer





BUGANDA CHILDREN





on Uganda has done, because the hills aren't the least bit like any of the hills of Rome, the Janiculum or the Pincian, or any of the seven, nor does the fact that Kampala has seven hills upon which the various communities live bring Rome to my mind in the very least, because, personally, I could never see, try as often as I did, the Seven Hills of Rome. I might have discovered them more successfully, perhaps, if I had had to ride a bicycle while I was there.

Here at Kampala the hills are clear and distinct, with no dense mass of houses covering their slopes and the flat portions lying in between them. The seven hills, with the habitations of the different communities, are as distinct and obvious to the naked eye as the hills of Rome may have been on the day when Romulus marked out its boundaries with a plough, and killed Remus for not taking it seriously.

The drive from Entebbe to Kampala was very delightful. Mr. Russell brought me in his motor along a very fine road, which in some parts has been cut right through the virgin forest, so of course the vegetation was glorious. A former Governor planted a great variety of rubber trees on either side of it, to try and discover which sort would do best in this country. I don't know how successful his effort has proved—what I noticed chiefly were the ant-hills, bananas, pines, castor-oil plants and sweet potatoes. The great leaves of the banana trees formed natural *punkahs*, as they swayed about in the breeze overhead. I love the swishing sound they make.

Behind these cultivated strips lay a dense jungle,

and beyond the jungle big hills and very large trees. In the jungle I caught sight of lots of monkeys—not colubus monkeys, but little ones, more like the creatures we see in England on the tops of barrel-organs.

During the first part of the ride we had beautiful views of Lake Victoria, which we lost sight of when we went inland, where the growth was denser and the vegetation more natural and luxuriant. Here, too, the birds were charming, and all the way the butterflies delighted me. Think of butterflies as gay as you like, and they won't be gay enough for the butterflies of Uganda; and imagine a fairyland of birds, and it won't give you the jewel-tints of the bee-birds and the humming-birds and the honey-birds, as they dart about in the sunlight. Africa is certainly the happy hunting ground of naturalists.

The road was much better than any road in East Africa, but of course this is the dry season, so I may have a very different story to tell when the rains begin, for in Africa these roads, which look so fine in the dry weather, become regular wash-outs in a tropical rain.

All the way we met natives, carrying every kind of thing on their heads. One fine, strapping, jet-black woman, with a certain claim to beauty, had a tiny bottle of medicine balanced gingerly on her woolly head, while another had a European umbrella, of which she was inordinately proud, laid nicely across hers. A very tall man came gliding along with the ease and grace of an antelope, with a European washing stand resting like a diadem on his brow.



BUGANDA WATER-CARRIERS





I couldn't help noticing what a very superior caste they all looked ; some of them had, for negroes, quite refined features, and although they were jet-black, many of the women were certainly comely. Most of them had beautiful figures, shown off to advantage in the unspoilt native dress, which leaves the arms and the neck and shoulders bare. I never quite understand how or why this one garment remains in its proper place, just above the breast and under the armpits. With us it would slip down. It is most becoming to the native women.

Mr. Russell told me that why the Buganda all wear clothing of some kind or other—none of them are naked—may be owing to the strict rule of the wicked King Mutesa, who was such a power in the land, and who, in spite of remaining a pagan to the very end of his life (his conversion was coveted alike by Mohammedan and Christian), insisted upon all his subjects wearing some form of clothing. Curiously enough, he was more strict in this matter with the male than with the female population, but his total disregard for morality has left its effect upon the race.

As we neared Kampala, I could see the Catholic mission on the top of Rubago Hill, and Dr. Cook's famous mission hospital and the C.M.S. mission on the top of Nemerembe, or "the Hill of Peace," as it is familiarly called. Just before we reached Kampala, Mr. Russell pointed out the hill, I forget its name for the moment, where the Kings of Uganda used to hold their executions. It was the scene of the most

brutal and inhuman deeds of cruelty the world has, perhaps, ever known, for both King Mutesa and his son who succeeded him, Mwanga, from all I can gather, could have given both Caligula and Nero points in the fine art of human torture.

The approach to Kampala is very charming, for you come again to a portion of the road which is bordered with waving palms and bananas, whose leafy foliage creates a cool and gracious effect for the outskirts of a busy, prosperous city.

## IX

### KAMPALA.

I HAVEN'T written to you for the last few days, because I had no news to give you, and I haven't received any letters ; the mails have been so erratic. Sometimes three weeks pass without any letters and papers, and one feels isolated and forgotten by the world. Then, as I told you, they all come in batches. Some of the papers are nearly two months old by the time they get here. They are highly prized, nevertheless.

Again I cannot help telling you that I find it very hard to get accustomed to the inactivity of home life in Uganda. I feel it very keenly after my outdoor life on the Plateau. Of course I can only be out of doors in the very early morning and in the late afternoons, because of the sun. So, as there is nothing to get up for, I stay in bed and read till about nine o'clock. The men are all at their offices by half-past eight. Mr. Russell comes back for lunch at half-past twelve. I have a cup of tea and some toast and a banana for my breakfast. Then I write letters and mend my clothes and sew till lunch time. Some of my women friends come in

now and then and have a chat, and we drink tea. After lunch I go to bed again until four o'clock. It's very funny, the regularity with which you do this. Not a word is said; books or work are just laid silently down, and away you go. At four o'clock you rise and dress yourself and have tea and go off to play games. This is the life you lead in every station.

As I said before, dinner is so late that when it is finished there is very little time left before going to bed. I generally spend my after-dinner hour sitting on the veranda watching the stars. You can read by moonlight here; it is almost as light as a sunless day at home. In fact, you have never seen real moonlight until you have stood under an African night sky.

I have been for some rides on a mule, but it is too hot to be really enjoyable. To-day Mr. Russell tried to find a short cut down to the lake, but it was closed because of sleeping-sickness. Coming back we rode into an awful thunderstorm, but we managed to find shelter in a little reed hut. When the storm was over the darkness came on so suddenly that I couldn't see Mr. Russell on his mule, although he was just ahead of me.

To-morrow we are going to motor to Bombo, which is the depôt of the King's African Rifles. We are also, I hope, soon going to Jinja and the Ripon Falls, where the waters of Lake Victoria fall into the Nile. I am very lucky in having things made so easy for me. I can't tell you how kind and jolly every one

is, and how anxious they are to help me in all that I want to do and see.

*March 12, 1913.*

On Sunday we went to Bombo, twenty-five miles away, over a very bad road, cut through the jungle, with the usual bananas growing everywhere, and lunched with the K.A.R. officers. The K.A.R. station was charming with lovely gardens, good roads, and nice bungalows, all beautifully kept.

The officers mess in a fine large room, and do themselves remarkably well. I could scarcely believe that everything we ate at the perfectly appointed lunch had been transported one thousand miles from the coast. The walls of their billiard room are decorated with magnificent trophies, shot by officers. There were about sixteen officers at lunch, and I felt very shy, being the only woman present; but fortunately I had travelled out from England with some of them, so they weren't all strangers to me.

They are, as you might expect, very great at games, just as every one is at Entebbe, but they can go one better at Bombo, for they have a few ponies which they manage to keep alive for a short time. They are quite close to big game; buffalo within one day's march, and elephant within four; most of the officers have shot one or two elephants in the year. There is one particularly large elephant, called Walter, which all of them have had a shot at, but which no one as yet has managed to kill. As the officers'



pay is very good and they get excellent sport, you can imagine that they do not consider it any hardship to come out here.

The K.A.R. is a native regiment, and in Bombo the force is mostly composed of Nubians, I think.

After lunch Colonel Ward took me to his own house, where I had a snooze over a book, and after tea we returned to Kampala.

This afternoon I met Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lyttleton at the Provincial Commissioner's. The Kabaka and his two Regents and some chiefs were asked to meet them, so they appeared all in their best clothes. Their official robe is a curious straight garment, called a *jaho*; it has a heavily embroidered gold yoke at the back, which gives it a very regal appearance. Scarlet and purple and blue were the favourite colours; only the King wore black. With these very fine robes they wore the usual white embroidered native caps, which fit the head as closely as a skull cap; some of them were beautifully worked, and must have been very costly.

One of the grandees, whose name was Apolo, is a K.C.M.G. A mistake was made, because he was only meant to be a C.M.G. I had not the pleasure of seeing Lady Apolo, but on the occasion of her son's marriage she invited all the Government officials to the wedding. It must have been a delightful sight. They were all the ordinary thick-lipped, black-skinned African natives.

The Kabaka's approach was announced by the music of the royal drums. With the natives in



HIS HIGHNESS THE KABAKA DAUDI CHWA, KING OF UGANDA



Uganda drums are an expression of Royalty ; it is drums, not guns, which sound a Royal salute. It might well be called the Land of Drums.

*Two days later.*

Since I made the last entry in my journal, which I am trying my best to write regularly so that you can see the sort of life I am leading, I have been to Mengo and paid a visit to the Kabaka. He lives in a large, cool house, which is really very attractive, because the veranda and all the enclosing fences of the compound and some of the divisions of the garden are made of a beautiful reed work ; the reeds are, I believe, really elephant grass. The designs and workmanship in some of the most important screens were beautiful. I wish we could get it for our garden tea-houses at home.

The King, who is about eighteen, a nice, gentle, pitch-black boy, speaks English a little, and understands and reads it perfectly. Mr. Sturrock, his Scotch tutor, who has educated him since he was a child, is going to take him to England this summer. So far he has never even crossed the lake or seen a train, although he has a motor, which he drives himself very well. This is like beginning civilization at the wrong end of the stick ! He is also an enthusiastic golfer, and plays a very good game. I invited him to come and have tea with us when he is in England, as he is going to motor all over the country, so there will be much excitement in our village, if we have a visit from a black king !

The officials here call him by his Christian name, *Daudi* (David). His mother was a Christian, and one of the wives of Mwanga the pagan. I shook hands with him when I was introduced, just as I would have done with any other man. He has adopted all our Western customs; he eats his meals at a table, and has them served in European fashion. The natives yield him great obeisance; they all prostrate themselves in his presence, and kneel when he passes them on the road, and clap their hands, which is a token of deep respect. He always has his motor-car crammed with boy natives of all ages. He is not married yet, but, of course, will be shortly.

After lunch I was taken all over the compound and heard the royal drummers. From Mr. Russell's house I can hear them playing every night. When they begin playing the chief drummer gives the keynote by screaming like a snarling dog; he makes terrible grimaces—and black grimaces can be pretty awful.

All over Africa drums are a most important feature, both in music and in warfare. Native bands are often composed of nothing but drums of all sorts and sizes. The chiefs use them as a means of communication from hill to hill. They send their news and instructions by means of them from tribe to tribe. In the deep silence of an African night these messages from the drums sound mystical and mysterious. I love listening to them while I am sitting on the veranda after dinner. They are many miles away, yet I can hear them quite distinctly, their sound travelling





AN ARTIST IN BLACK POTTERY



down from hill to hill in deep, vibrating notes. I wonder if this is one of the many unexplained ways by which the ancients sent their messages, with a rapidity which has always puzzled the civilized world? Drums on the hilltops may have been their Marconi stations for wireless telegraphy.

One of the Regents showed me over the House of Parliament; it was a low bungalow, also made of beautiful reed work; inside there was a raised platform and a wooden throne for the Kabaka. Here they manage all their local affairs, and are very little interfered with by the British Government.

The King's chapel is a small brick erection, with a harmonium and a reading desk; he is a very Low Churchman, a product of the C.M.S.

Africa being a country of contrasts, after seeing over his chapel we paid a visit to his lions. At present they are only cubs; they live in a little mud *banda*, with only a fragile fence of sticks round their run to enclose them. This is all very well while they are babies, but when they have grown to their full estate they will only have to give one little push, and the walls will fall down. Already there have been one or two panics in the compound.

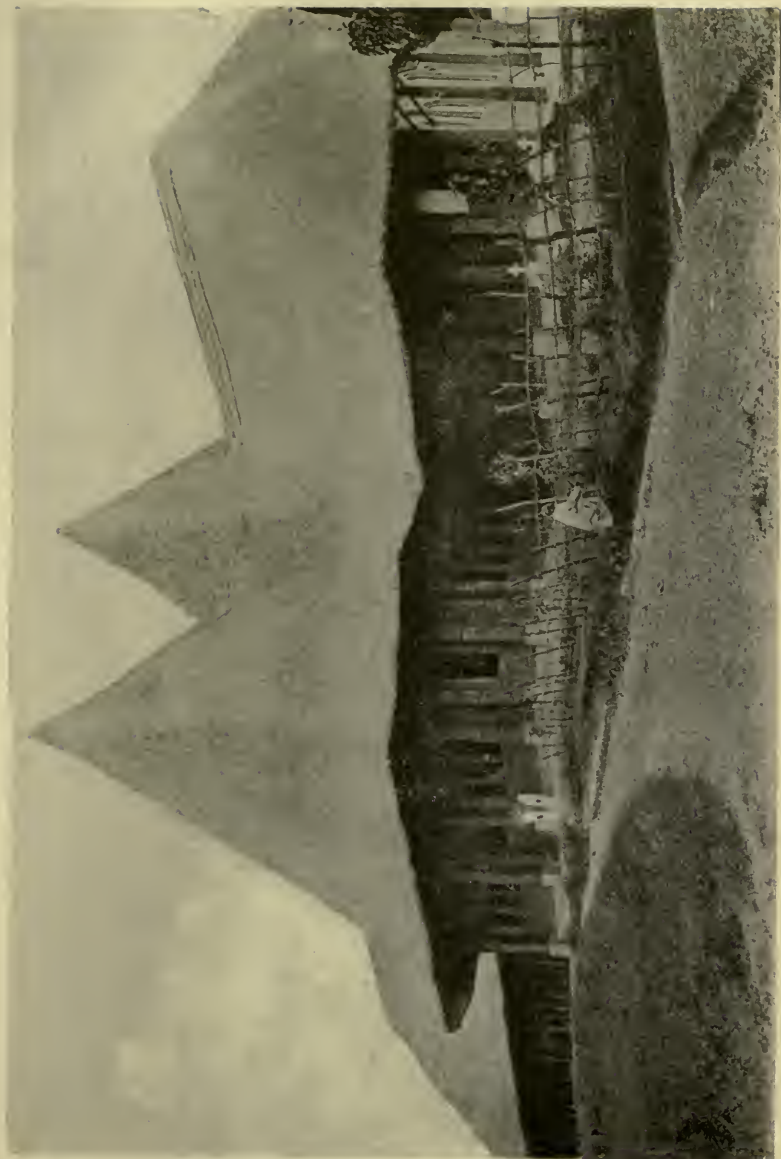
When the time came to say good-bye, the Regent presented me with a war-shield, a pipe and a knife, and the King gave me a beautiful black earthenware bowl, which I have since broken,—and it has broken my heart! The shapes of some of the native sun-baked pottery are delightful; they are made at Budu, the hill on which the university stands. But alas,

they are so brittle that it will be quite impossible to bring any of them home.

*March 18.*

Last night we had some people in to dinner ; amongst them was Miss Robertson. She is a scientist, and has been sent out from home by the Lister Institute and the Government to do research work about sleeping-sickness. She is only about thirty and amazingly clever. I hear that her papers are most brilliant—equal, if not superior, to any contributed by the Society. She is extraordinarily plucky, and lives all alone in a little grass hut which has twice been broken into by burglars, but what do burglars count when you are absorbed in tsetse flies ? She goes off on long *safaris*, alone with natives, sometimes for three months, and visits the most remote parts of the country, where the flies are deadliest. In going there she carries her life in her hands. She speaks Buganda, as the language of Uganda is called. But with all that she is quite feminine and charming. I sometimes go down to her laboratory and look at the tsetses through her magnifying glasses, and watch her inoculating guinea pigs, rats and monkeys.

This afternoon a friend took me up in a 'rickshaw to Dr. Cook's C.M.S. mission hospital. He is a very celebrated missionary doctor, and has two large hospitals, one native and one European, attached to the mission. They are splendidly equipped, with the most modern surgical and electric appliances, operating theatre, and library. You can see crowds



THE REED CATHEDRAL, NEMEREMBE, DESTROYED BY FIRE





of natives go up the hill to the dispensary every morning, to be treated by him. He is a most interesting man and an able doctor, as well as a wonderful power for good in the country. His hospital is a great blessing, not only to the natives, but to the Europeans, who come from all over Africa to consult him. Most of the European babies in Uganda are born on Nemerembe Hill. Native nurses, thoroughly trained and efficient, are largely used in the hospital, which seemed to me very wonderful.

We had tea in his charming house, in a room which was literally lined with books ; it looked very friendly and homely. After tea we went still farther up the hill, to visit the site of the once famous thatched cathedral, which was burnt to the ground only a few years ago. Its loss has been deplored ever since. It was at one time the most interesting building in Kampala, and a great landmark in the country. In one of Kampala's dreadful thunderstorms it was struck by lightning at one o'clock in the day, and as it was all made of elephant grass and wood, it soon became a heap of ashes.

Now they are building a new cathedral, which is going to cost forty thousand pounds, or more, because the contractors forgot that the materials have all to be carried up the hill by porters, and they did not count the cost of the labour. It is to be built of brick, and of course it will not be nearly so beautiful or unique as the old one, which held five thousand people. I wish I had seen it. It had a drummery instead of a belfry, a little round detached building,

with reed-work walls and a thatched roof. Its three big drums did the service of bells and called the people to prayer.

Two mission school mistresses showed us the schools ; the elder of them came to Kampala eighteen years ago, long before the days of railways and steamers. She had to walk all the way from Mombasa to Kampala, and crossed Lake Victoria in a canoe, the journey taking nearly three months. She almost died of fever and hardship on the way. Those were the days when it really took pluck to be a missionary in Uganda. She showed us the graves of Bishop Pilkington and Bishop Hannington, who travelled along the forbidden road. It was most interesting talking to her, and she told me many thrilling stories about pioneer mission work in Uganda. If all missionaries were like the best that you meet out here, how differently they would be spoken of by the officials, who are too apt to judge them all by the few who really cause them great trouble ! All the other graves in the cemetery seemed to record the deaths of victims of fever or big-game hunting.

Next week I am going to see the White Fathers at the French Catholic mission, which stands on the top of Rubago Hill.

Last night we motored down to the lake to fish and to see the sunset. I could hardly believe that I was sitting calmly fishing in the Victoria Nyanza Lake, off the end of the wharf. Coming back I gathered some moon flowers. They are so called because they only come out at night ; their scent is

delicious. They are pure white, and very like ordinary convolvuluses, only much bigger.

Next Saturday is St. Patrick's Day, so there is to be a cricket match and a dance at Entebbe. I have made two feeble attempts to play golf, but I'm afraid I am too old to learn. I am sorry I never took it up before, because out here people play the game very seriously. I believe the Kampala course is a very sporting one; anyhow, it is a great meeting place in the afternoon, on the top of Gun Hill. The course runs along the hill, and it is called Gun Hill because there is an old gun, belonging to the mutiny days, I suppose, mounted on the top of it. There is always a cool breeze there, and plenty of nice people to chat to, so although I shall never be any good at the game, I enjoy the pleasures it brings in its wake.

## MY FIRST SAFARI IN UGANDA.

I HAVE been for my first *safari* in Uganda.

It came about in this way. Mr. Russell suggested that as he would have a holiday on Good Friday, we might go, if I cared to, as far as ever we could along the Congo Road, as he could combine business with pleasure by so doing. It is needless to say that I welcomed the proposal with delight, so we at once began making plans.

It took us a couple of days to get ready and pack all our chop-boxes. On Good Friday morning the van was loaded up with tents and camp furniture, chop-boxes, pots and pans, boys and personal luggage, not to mention my large tin bath, which was to cause me much anguish on the road, for I always saw it packed full of kitchen pots and pans, and sometimes the leg of a buck which we had shot projecting from it in the most indecent manner.

So much was done for my comfort on this *safari* that I often wondered what the natives must think of the way our men treat us and do all they can to make things easy for us ; and strangest of all to them





PUBLIC SPRING, KAMPALA



it must be to hear our wishes consulted and carried out. Their women simply don't count, except as beasts of burden.

The first night we slept at a Government camp called Mitiana. At a Government camp there is always a rest-house, which officials can use if they want to. It consists of two rooms, furnished with the barest necessities; but bare as they are, they are a great blessing to people who are travelling without any tent equipment. I certainly prefer my own tent; in wet weather, however, I might have been thankful for the rest-house.

It is amazing how quickly the boys get the tents put up and the camp in perfect order! And we were not without our comforts, I can assure you, even to mosquito curtains, because in some of the camps both the midges and mosquitoes were awful.

The feature of the first day's journey which stands out most vividly in my memory, in the way of natural beauty and interest, lies in the butterflies—they were wonderful! On some parts of the road I saw thousands of them, filling the air with the most brilliant flashes of colour you can imagine. The big bright yellow ones with orange-tipped wings were particularly lovely, and so were those of metallic blue and of pale soft lemon. In other districts we came across a whole company of pure white butterflies, drifting about in myriads. In the clear light, with the deep blue sky above, and the wealth of dark vegetation encircling them, they made a vision of beauty impossible to describe. I shall never forget the butterflies

of Uganda; tulip beds in all their glory could not rival them in brightness.

After lunch and a rest on the first day, we started off shooting, and managed to get a reed-buck for the pot, and a few birds and partridges, etc. We walked through scrub and brush, up and down hill, until about half-past six, when we went back to camp, had a bath—a very muddy one, I must admit—and changed for dinner.

The cook, I think, feels inspired on *safari*, and he is a marvel in a thunderstorm. It may have been that I always felt very hungry, but it seemed to me that he cooked much better than he does at home, and that he managed to get more chickens and eggs and milk. We dined under mosquito curtains, not only on account of the mosquitoes, but to keep off the beetles and moths, which the natives call *do-dos*. The moths of Uganda are quite as beautiful as the butterflies, if not more so, for their colours are softer, and they are larger.

The second day we went on to Kykasengula, and from there, after a night's rest, we went on to Mubendi, which is a Government station. It lies on the top of a high hill. The view from that hill is wonderful. I got my first glimpse of the Mountains of the Moon from it, showing far beyond dense regions of tropical forests. In the depths of these primeval forests there are herds of elephants, which are very difficult to shoot because the forests are almost impenetrable. Their vegetation is prodigious.

At the settlement I saw a funny sight. The native



ASKARIS NATIVE POLICE, MUBENDI





schoolboys were playing football—"footer," if you please, with naked feet. When you think of what our football boots are like, you can imagine how pleasant it must be for their toes! I can only presume that their feet are as hard as their skulls, for they didn't seem to mind it one scrap.

I don't think I have ever described a small settlement to you, so I will try to tell you what Mubendi is like; it is typical of all others, more or less. The District Commissioner's house is, of course, the most important feature, together with the *Bazara* where he conducts all his business. At Mubendi the D.C.'s house is rather a "swagger" one, because it was originally meant for the Governor's country residence; it has a very good garden, which was full of fine vegetables. There is a police station and the schools, and some other European buildings, all round a square. I saw the *askari* (native police) drilling in the square. And it goes without saying that there is a golf course, which runs along the side of the hill.

On the golf course there was a most remarkable grove of very ancient trees with huge grey trunks, looking exactly like stone buttresses. The D.C. told me that they are sacred trees, dedicated to the god of small-pox. As the natives suffered very much from epidemics of small-pox at one time, I suppose the god was propitiated by human sacrifices under these trees. The natives still bring offerings, but they are no longer allowed to sacrifice human beings; there is, however, still a priest in office. In this

progressive country, where the King and chiefs have almost all become Protestant Christians,—who shall say from what motive?—and the humbler natives have followed their example, these existing relics of pagan days are becoming fewer and fewer each year. You can still see many signs of their incurable belief in supernatural powers for good and evil,—mostly evil—but these fears go hand in hand with their new faith, just as the Mohammedans, who believe in one God Who has absolute power, adorn themselves all over with charms to avert the evil eye and to protect them from disasters. The native Christians still in their hearts believe in all the black magic of Mukasa's day.

In the evening I heard many stories relating to elephant shooting in the forests which lie between the settlement and the Mountains of the Moon. Some of them were grim little tragedies.

You soon learn that all elephant shooting is not for pleasure, and that most of the older men out here would be only too glad to leave it alone, if it were not for the value of the ivory. They sell the tusks to raise money to send their wives and children home. If women are to keep their health out here, they must go home to England every twenty months; if they don't, their nerves break down, and their whole system goes wrong. Children can live in Uganda until they are seven or eight; after that they have to be sent home. This alone makes great inroads on the salaries of the officials, which are by no means sufficient for what is required of them;

even allowing that servants are cheap, there are so many demands that have to be met to make life possible, that, taken altogether, living is not cheap, either in Uganda or East Africa. A couple of good tusks often mean a hundred pounds and more, so a man goes off to shoot an elephant in very grim earnest, after he has paid his twenty pounds for a licence. It is the young fellows straight out from home who enter into the job light-heartedly.

African elephants are much more savage than Indian elephants. No one, for instance, has ever heard of African elephants being tamed and trained to do work. The hardships endured in elephant hunting, and the risks run, are tremendous. Sometimes a hunter will follow a wounded animal for hours and hours, and it is awfully interesting, I think, the way in which two cows will walk one on either side of a wounded bull, to prop him up and keep him on his legs; they won't let him fall.

I remember two stories in particular, whose endings are very different. A doctor friend of the D.C. came across another man on *safari* who was after elephants. He asked him to join him, but the doctor refused, because he had no licence; he said, however, that he would like to go with him for a few days, just for the experience. By and by, they came upon an elephant which charged them unexpectedly in the long grass. It picked up the doctor with its trunk, and threw him far away, as if he had been a stick, and then went after him and knelt on him. In an agony of fear that his friend would be trampled to death,

the hunter managed to shoot the elephant. To his amazement, the doctor picked himself up, and all the damage done was a few broken ribs.

The other story was about a man and his wife, who went out on the same quest. The man left his wife in camp, and went off with his men. After a time they brought him back to her, mangled and broken and bleeding, and in such agony that he implored her to shoot him. He was broken far past mending. She sent off a runner for the nearest doctor, who, living miles away, did not reach her for three days. During all that time she was alone with her husband, who was lying in a tent in the sweltering heat. She used what remedies she had at hand, but gangrene set in, and the poor creature, who had begged her unceasingly to put him out of his agony, died. She had to bury him and leave him in the lonely forest, while she returned, demented, to civilization.

Dangerous as African elephant hunting is, sportsmen consider that buffalo hunting is still more dangerous, for buffalo have a nasty habit of turning and hunting the hunter, and a buffalo hide isn't to be compared in value to an elephant tusk, so the game is less worth the candle. Big ivory is getting harder and harder to find, as the elephants are going farther and farther into the jungles and forests.

African elephants grow to a much larger size than Indian elephants, and their ivory fetches a better price in the markets. The best ivory is worth between £60 and £70 per cwt., and the tusks of fine



animals weigh from sixty to over a hundred pounds. A full-grown bull elephant of Equatorial Africa stands about ten and a half feet. I think everything one hears and reads about elephants is extraordinarily interesting. I believe the life of Tippo Tib, the great Arab slave trader, is full of thrilling accounts of both his white and "black ivory" hunting days. It always strikes me as an odd thing that such huge animals should be content with simple green food, the small fresh leaves of trees, for instance, whereas the crafty crocodile will snap at and devour antelopes, children, women, or any living thing which has unfortunately mistaken it for a rock or a bit of grey wood. I think the days are over now in Africa, even in the remotest parts, when a pair of large tusks could be bought from the natives for a roll of printed calico or some flashy baubles made in Birmingham, as they could be twenty years ago. Elephant poachers to-day must have plenty of pluck, for the sport in itself is sufficiently dangerous, without the added peril which breaking the very strict law entails.

The next day we motored to Kabali, the end of the transport road, which is seven thousand, seven hundred and seventy-seven miles from London. The transport clerk, who has a house there, is a *baboo*, and there is a native village and a Government store for loads waiting to go up to the Congo. Travellers going to Fort Portal and the Congo from here must *safari*, but there is no reason why they should not take their bicycles with them, for the roads are quite good enough.

All the way along the road we met porters coming and going with sixty-pound loads on their heads, for, as I have told you, we were on the high road to the Belgian Congo. Many of them were carrying salt, and some huge tusks of ivory—in some cases it took two porters to carry one tusk. Loads which are too heavy for the men are taken in bullock wagons, and the drivers of these have a good deal of trouble with lions, which often attack and carry off the bullocks. Mr. Russell showed me an amusing letter he received before we started, upon this very subject, from a *baboo* clerk. It ran thus :—

“ To the D.U.T. (Director of the Uganda Transport),  
Kampala.

“ SIR,—

“ I am sending you herewith two bullock skins which had been killed by lions on their way back from Fort Portal. These poor animals were very sick and could not walk fast as the others could do, so they left little behind with one man to look after them, and when the lions saw them they tried to fight with the man and after they killed the bullocks. When the man who was looking after saw this he cried to the other cart for help who came and fight with them to get the rest of the skins.

“ Your obedient servant,

“ LEO MUKASA.”

His allusion to the bullocks being sick refers to the great scourge of the country, rinderpest. Mules are

the only beasts that seem able to resist the rinderpest and they suffer less from tsetse fly than any other animal.

On the journey to Kabali the scenery became grander and grander all the way, the mountains rising and rising in height until they lost themselves in the soft mists of the Mountains of the Moon. The more I looked at them, the more I determined to reach them somehow, and if you only put your mind to it, it is extraordinary how things come to pass. The Eastern saying that "Perseverance is more than Miracles" is perfectly true. I can't at the present moment see the slightest likelihood of my ever getting to the Mountains of the Moon, but then, as you know, I little expected, when I left home, to do more than pay a visit to my cousin in Nairobi and return to England long before this. So I am not without hope!

Apart from their name, which is so alluring, I feel the strongest desire to reach the snows of these mountains of Equatorial Africa. To set foot on the glaciers which are the "Mothers of the Nile!" The Mountains of the Moon is such a fascinating name for any real range of mountains to possess. It sounds as if they belonged to fairyland, which they really did for a long time, for though the ancients believed in them—Ptolemy the historian often spoke of them from hearsay and a medieval Arab traveller wrote about them—the modern world discredited everything that had been said about them. They were indeed "the Mountains of the Moon," and their existence the merest moonshine. Their white peaks

were just patches of snowy clouds, showing above the lower mists and heavy clouds which always screen their lower heights.

About Kabali I have nothing to tell you. It was all very typical of the trade of the country, for bullocks were lying about close to the Government store, and the native settlement was the abode of porters, who spend their lives carrying burdens on their heads, either to Toro or on to the Congo.

When Mr. Russell had finished the business which he had to transact at Kabali, we turned our backs on the Mountains of the Moon and began our homeward journey, which, alas, did not prove either so easy or so comfortable as the outward one had been.

We spent the first night at Mubendi, and it was after leaving Mubendi that our troubles began, for the monsoon had broken. This was my first experience of what that really means, and no one who has not experienced it can possibly imagine what it is like. The rain comes down in sheets and torrents. Really if a sheet had been held over us, to protect us from the deluge, and then suddenly drawn away, so that all its contents soused over us, it could scarcely have made us wetter, and the road, which had looked so splendid, became, with astonishing rapidity, a horrible quagmire; it absolutely went to pieces. The van, which weighed about three tons, loaded with every imaginable thing, ourselves included, struggled valiantly along, but we scarcely made any progress, so we determined to stop, which meant that, as there was no camping ground, there was no water, except



what was falling in torrents all round us, and no dry wood for our fires. It was horribly cold and damp at night, and I hugged my hot-water bottle, which the cook, God bless him, had managed to fill for me. It is on occasions like this that he becomes a hero. We had to wait for some time for our dinner, but in the end we got a good hot one. It sounds odd to need a hot-water bottle in tropical Africa, but you never need one more than on these damp nights.

Next morning, getting down wet tents and packing up in the sousing rain tried our tempers sorely, and the same thing happened the next day. We only made a few miles, the van floundering along, and sliding and slithering into the ditches on either side of the road—if road you could call it, for by this time it was a regular “wash-out.” We had to commandeer what natives we could to help the porters and our boys to push it up the hills and drag it out of the ditches.

The cook at this point left off being a hero, and was skulking and not taking his part with the others, so he received a severe chastisement from Mr. Russell, who boxed his ears and helped him on with a stick; and when it was time for us all to get into the van again, he left him behind, and made him run after it for a good bit. After that he worked like a nigger, and he has been a better cook ever since. Spare the rod and spoil the cook is the form the motto takes in Uganda.

A proof of that is that every day it is getting more difficult for a European to manage his servant, because



if he beats him—which he justly deserves and which is the only form of correction he understands—the servant at once reports his master to the Government, which, as you know, always favours the native. Whereas, if the chief of his tribe tortured and half killed the man, he would take it for granted, as custom has taught him to do for endless centuries. The Englishman's only alternative is to dock his pay.

But the natives are not nearly so troublesome in this respect as the Indians, who are the cause of so much sedition in South Africa. A man I know had an insubordinate, insolent Indian clerk of very low caste. One day, when he gave him an order which he insultingly refused to obey, my friend helped him out of his office with his boot. He did not hurt him in the least. But the Indian went straight off to his "pals" in the bazaar, and told them his tale; whereupon they volunteered to raise any amount of money to get the matter taken up as a test case against a Government official. However, the English barrister they went to wasn't open to a bribe, and after many efforts they failed to find a European barrister who would take up the case. Nevertheless, the incident was reported to the Chief Secretary, and he sent for my friend, and warned him of the danger of such things being reported to the Colonial Office, exaggerated, misrepresented, and tortured out of all truth.

It is the Indian's ambition to get a Government official into trouble. Although there are many rich men amongst the Indians, they are all drawn from

a very low caste. They are the sweepings of India, and are so dirty in their habits that it has been officially reported that no Indian bazaar ought to be within two miles of a European settlement. They live in the bazaars, where all the trade and commerce of the country is done. All the Europeans buy their stores from Indians, and in the most remote parts of the country, as I have said before, you always find the ubiquitous Indian store. They were, I believe, originally imported into the country to build the Uganda Railway—just as the Chinaman, who became such a vexed question in Canada, was brought into the country to build the Canadian Pacific Railway, when it was impossible to procure sufficient white labour.

But to return to the Battle of the Mud! The third day was almost worse than the second. All day long we were pushing and shoving, and crawling, and sliding into the ditch, and sticking fast in the mud. And again we couldn't reach the proper camping ground. I was greatly troubled, because I was due at Government House, and I had no means of communication with Lady Jackson. But still for another day we suffered in the same way, our tempers tried to breaking point. The roads got worse and worse every mile. However, we made up our minds that Kampala must be reached the next day. And so we got up at five, and were off by daylight, but when I tell you that we only made fourteen miles in ten hours, it will give you some idea of the state of things. At last the heroic van, tired of its struggle,

settled itself in the ditch for good, and no amount of hauling and pushing would budge it. So there we left it, and walked the remaining six miles to Kampala.

You never saw such awful-looking tramps as we were when we arrived, all splashed and covered with mud! As none of the luggage could come for some hours, and the cook hadn't arrived and there was no food in the house, the only thing to do was to go to bed.





V I E W O F E N T E B B E F R O M G O V E R N M E N T H O U S E



## XI

### ENTEBBE : LIFE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

**M**Y last letter was posted to you on the day I got back to Kampala after my expedition to Kabali. I came here to stay with Lady Jackson the next day, and this charming house seems so comfortable and homely after that awful experience on the road! I feel as if I should be content to sit for ever and gaze at the lake from this garden of roses and honey-birds. Sir Frederick, who is a well-known naturalist and ornithologist, has put little boxes in the trees for the birds to nest in, all over the garden, so that he can study their habits. There is one bird we watch every morning at breakfast, which we always have out in the *banda*, a summer-house made of reeds. It is a dove with a hole in its chest, and as it drinks from the bird's fountain the water runs out at the hole, so it has to drink great quantities to get enough.

There is nothing very striking to tell you about my life here; each day is very much like the one before. Things in Africa repeat themselves over and over again. It is a wonderfully peaceful home-life, as peaceful as ours at The Mill House, but what

a difference there is between the beauty of our beloved garden and the glaring, brilliant, tropical beauty of this place! I am sitting at my window, looking at the lake, which is amazingly blue, a deep, transparent blue, and above it the sky, which is still bluer, is dotted about with snow-white clouds. The sun is hot and dazzling. In the garden there are masses of lovely trees of all shades of green, and great splodges of bougainvillea, hard, brilliant and gorgeous. The red roads and the white robes of the natives complete the vision of Africa.

I lie awake watching the sunrise from my bed. I can see it appearing from the under-world, as if it were being pulled up by invisible strings, until it is completely above the horizon. Then the great crimson globe seems to rest on the edge of the world for one moment, before it bursts like a fire-rocket and sends out dazzling rays. The next second it is impossible to look at it, and its heat is terrific.

We generally breakfast at half-past nine, and all the morning we are busy doing domestic things. Giving out stores is one of the chief jobs of each day, as no careful housekeeper will give out more than one day's supply at a time. In small households you have even to count the knobs of sugar required, because everything that is put out disappears. The boys have an insatiable appetite for sugar, soap, tea and matches. Luncheon comes at one, and after lunch the usual siesta. After tea we go for a walk, perhaps down to the lake and on to the pier to see the boat come in, and to watch hundreds and thou-

sands of white birds going to their homes on an island. The Governor calls this evening flight of birds "the husbands' train." When it is time to go home, the birds collect together on a rock, and then, at some given word of command, off they all go in a long straight line, like a train. They are egrets, but not the feathery kind. Another habit they have, which I have often watched, is to sit on the backs of the cattle while they feed, because the cattle disturb the small insects in the grass and thus save them a lot of trouble.

Sometimes we watch otters playing about in the lake and crocodiles sunning themselves on the rocks. Occasionally a hippo has been known to come quite close in shore.

By the time we get back to Government House it is time for drinks and chat and bridge. This is the nicest hour in the day, for it is then that H. E. gets drawn into telling some of his experiences in East Africa, of which country no man has a better knowledge. He has lived in the country for nearly thirty years, and has seen its wonderful development and known most of the great explorers. He fought in the Uganda Mutiny, in which he was wounded. His fund of stories is inexhaustible. He is adored alike by Europeans and natives. His keen love of sport puts him in sympathy with sportsmen; his knowledge of nature is his link with naturalists; and his broad, tolerant views make him a favourite socially.

At a Colonial Government House there is a con-

stant stream of visitors, some bringing introductions and some all-important officials. It is a great tax always to have to entertain people whether you want to or not.

After dinner we don't play bridge, thank goodness, for H. E. prefers less intellectual card games. We always go to bed very early, excepting when there are official dinner parties, which my soul abhors. The only thing I like about them is that, after the dessert and wines have been placed on the table, the Governor rises, and we all stand up, and he raises his glass and says: "Gentlemen, the King!"

This is the end of a day which is typical of many others.

Often my nights are disturbed by violent thunderstorms. They begin by a perfect hurricane of wind, driving all the windows and shutters open with one fell gust. The wind shrieks and yells and roars for a few minutes, and then the rain bursts from the heavens like a waterspout. Then comes the thunder crashing, and the lightning flashing at the same time. I have counted twenty-one flashes in a minute. The storms sometimes last for an hour, then they gradually subside. But they always come back, though not so violently, a second and third time, before they, grumblingly, die away. I have seen hail-storms with their stones as big as marbles; they clatter on a tin roof like bullets from a Maxim gun. After a storm the garden is devastated; the hail-stones cut the leaves of the trees like knives, they hang in tatters. It is never wet here for a whole day, even in the





TAKING FIREWOOD TO MARKET





rainy season, and when it clears up it is radiant. And it is never very hot at night; indeed, by the early morning I have to pull the blankets on.

*April 17.*

To-day we went out a 'rickshaw drive to the Mission of the White Fathers, to see a church which they have built with their own hands. They made the bricks, baked them, and built them into a magnificent church.

They have a large coffee plantation, and a fine kitchen garden, and are altogether very prosperous. They also have a big native school. It is astounding what these Catholic missions achieve in the way of getting the best out of the natives. They understand them, and manage them in really the right way. They are very just, but do not spoil them; in fact, they manage to be severe masters without being cruel. The natives have a great respect for them.

Coming back, we ran into a dense mass of lake-flies. At times they come off the lake like a wall, and when you have to drive through them, they get into your mouth and up your nose, and into your hair. You realize the horror of the Plague of Flies which the Egyptians endured.

We had a charming afternoon yesterday. We walked down to the lake, and were taken out in a dug-out, with twenty natives to paddle us. We kept close to the shore, so as to watch the birds, cranes, herons, egrets, duck, and lily-trotters—they are called lily-trotters because they hop about on the

lily-leaves. Crowds of kingfishers, both blue and grey, and large and small, darted in and out of the water, catching fish. We saw several crocodiles come up to the surface, and then suddenly disappear like submarines; two of them were shot, to rise no more. Suddenly one of the natives, wild with excitement, shouted "*Coboko, Coboko!*"—which is the native name for hippopotamus, and sure enough, we saw one in front of us with its mouth wide open, like a cavern. We didn't see it until we were too close to it to stop. However, it dived down, and our canoe must have passed over it, for it appeared again at some distance behind us, right on our track. What good luck it didn't torpedo us, for it would have been quite capable of upsetting the whole caboodle with one poke of its nose.

When we got back to the house we strolled into the kitchen garden, which Lady Jackson has made. She has had great success with most of the vegetables she has tried. She has even achieved strawberries. When you think that most of the soil has had to be carted up the hill in baskets, and remember the awful lack of water and tools, and the total ignorance of the natives, whose only knowledge of a garden is a mealie patch, you are filled with admiration for what she has achieved. The natives have no tools; the only thing they know is the jimbie, which they use for everything; you cannot get them to adopt our garden implements.

One of the gay features about a Uganda garden is the insect life. The brilliant beetles with their

shining armour of black and dark brown and maroon and emerald; the huge moths of soft mauve and fawn and salmon, with big pink eyes; the gaudy butterflies, which, I am now convinced, I don't love nearly so much as their softer sisters, the moths.

I haven't told you much about the house, which has a charming air of repose and spaciousness. Its deep veranda, closed in with mosquito netting and gay with roses and creepers and parakeets, makes it look deliciously cool. When we have our lunch on the veranda, the brilliant plumaged plantain eater comes out of his cage and sits on the Governor's shoulder, and takes pieces of bread out of his hand. It is a gorgeously beautiful bird, and quite common in this country. It is long and sleek, and has smooth feathers of the most dazzling blue; there is not a mark on it of any other colour. When it stands quite still on its perch it looks as if it were made of blue enamel.

Lady Jackson is a delightful artist. In the drawing-room there are a number of her sketches, which give the room a homely and happy atmosphere; her fine eye for colour and arrangement has made it one of the most pleasing rooms I ever sat in. The most striking feature of it is its air of peace and repose.

The indoor servants lend a note of colour to the establishment, for they wear scarlet zouaves, embroidered with gold, over their white *kanzus*, and white skull caps on their dark heads. It is quite a pretty sight to see them moving about the room,

which is such a delightful picture of soft purples and mauves, and chequered light and shade.

Of course, every one here has to have lots of servants. Even bachelors keep five. In Government House there are ten water-boys alone, who do nothing but draw water from morning till night.

*One day later.*

I have just returned from a visit to the tomb of the famous Mutesa, which stands on one of the hills of Kampala. The things I have read and heard about that atrocious monarch, who chopped off a man's head if he showed a bit of bare leg while he squatted on the ground in his royal presence, and who killed his wives for the smallest breach of etiquette, such as the officious offering to their lord and master of some food or drink, made me very anxious to see his tomb, which is one of the most notable buildings in Kampala.

I have just finished reading what Dr. Gregory has to say about Mutesa, and it really is incredible that any such monster of human cruelty and lust should have been permitted to live so long and carry on his unthinkable customs. Why the natives did not murder him I cannot imagine, unless it was some superstitious fear which prevented them.

To touch his clothes was a capital offence, or to make a noise in his presence. His reign of passion and terror came to an end when Muley bin Salim, a Moslem missionary, converted him to Mohammedanism. Dr. Gregory says that Stanley found that





KING MUTESA'S TOMB, KAMPALA



after his conversion "Mutesa was a different man from the monster described by Speke."

In speaking of his personal appearance, Stanley says: "A tall, clean-faced, large-eyed, nervous-looking, thin man, clad in a *tarbush*, a black robe, with a white shirt belted with gold. He has very intelligent and agreeable features, reminding me of some of the faces of the great stone images at Thebes."

He had an army of a hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, and the war-canoes in his fine navy held fifty men apiece.

The fact that Mutesa was converted to the Moslem faith did not prevent him having violent quarrels with Mohammedan subjects. Some very strict Moslems refused one day to eat the meat which was served at the King's table, because it had not been killed in the proper Mohammedan fashion (no Mohammedan porter or boy on *safari* will touch the meat of any animal that had been shot for the larder unless its throat had been cut after it was shot).

This infuriated the despotic Mutesa, and for a time Moslem missionaries were in bad odour, so the Christian missionaries got their feet more firmly planted in the soil. They, too, had been in disgrace until this time. The King had been very disgusted with the constant quarrels and disputes which arose between the Catholics and the Protestants. "As every white man has a different religion," he once said, "how am I to know which is the right one?"

When he died in 1884 missionaries of all sorts had a terrible set-back, because his successor Mwanga,

as I told you, was a bigoted pagan, who persecuted the Christians and Mohammedans alike in the good old early Christian manner. Stanley, I think, had rather a weakness for Mutesa.

When I was passing the islands on the lake, I told you about Bishop Hannington having been murdered for walking along a forbidden road. Well, I have heard the proper account of his murder since.

It appears that Bishop Hannington, contrary to the advice of the missionaries in Uganda, and in open defiance of native rule and custom, approached Uganda, on his arrival in the country, by the road along which the future ruler of Uganda should come. All warnings were disregarded. The Bishop could have come quite well by canoe across the lake, and by so doing have avoided all native hostility, and hurt no man's feelings. He persisted, however, and so met his death.

It was not only a foolish indiscretion, but an act of bad taste. He got as far as the village of Lubwas, on the eastern bank of the Nile, where he was held up, with forty of his men, who were all killed with him when the orders at last came from the King.

This act led to terrible times for all the missionaries in Uganda, and closed the direct eastern route to the country for many years.

Stanley, you must know, converted Mutesa to Christianity, which he professed for a time; he actually ordered the Christian Sabbath to be kept throughout the land, and not only promised Stanley that he would build churches throughout his kingdom,

but he asked him to go back to England and send missionaries out to Uganda. The missionaries were sent, and they were welcomed by Mutesa. But, as I have already said, their quarrels and disputes disgusted him so much that "he asked both parties to return to Europe and decide which was the true religion, and said that when they had settled the problem amongst themselves, they could come back and tell him."

I have been telling you all this and letting my pen run on because my mind at the present moment is very full of Mutesa. If Dr. Gregory is wrong, then I am wrong, too, because his book is my authority.

And now I must tell you about the tomb itself. From the outside it looks like a big Scotch haycock covered with thatch. It has one very wide door in front, and no windows. Inside it is very dark and solemn. There is a wide passage up the centre, facing the actual spot where his body lies, lined on either side by an even row of poles. The floor of this passage is always strewn with grass, and a row of spears fences off the grave. These spears used to be very old and historical, but as the public couldn't refrain from stealing them, they had to be replaced by copies made in Birmingham.

It is a weird and interesting place, the more so because the tombs of the mighty are very rare things with the natives. When a man dies, however great he may have been in his lifetime, he is absolutely dead, and the place thereof knows him no more.



With the natives it is indeed a case of "The King is dead! Long live the King!"

Yet that wicked Mutesa has a tomb all to himself, and his memory is very much alive in the land. I have heard that there are hidden watchers in the tomb, who never leave it, night or day.

It reminds me of a tablet I once came across in Genoa, which recorded the fact that "the wickedest man in the city had lived on the spot." It also implored "all who pass by to curse his memory."

I suppose cruelty and ill-treatment at the hands of those in power was such a usual thing in the days of pre-British rule in Uganda that even the direct descendants of the men and women who were killed off like vermin by the tyrant ruler only speak to-day of his greatness. An odd thing is that when he died, the whole country sincerely mourned for him; he might have been a dearly beloved father of his people.

*Later on.*

I have just been talking to Mr. Russell on the telephone, which seems a little incongruous, with my mind running on King Mutesa and his reign of terror—which, remember, only ended in 1884. Mr. Russell rang me up to tell me that he is going to Jinja next week on business, and if I care to go he can take me with him. Of course I said that I did want to go, and that I would return to Kampala to-morrow, or the day after, to put my kit in order for the outing.

## XII

### IN CAMP AT JINJA.

**I**N my last letter to you I had just arranged to go with Mr. Russell to Jinja, and here I am, writing in camp. We went down to Port Bell, called after the late Governor, Sir Heskett Bell, in Mr. Russell's little car, along a road swarming with natives taking things up from the port. Natives never learn the rule of the road; they are invariably on the wrong side; and when you shout, they suddenly remember and dash across it, right in front of the car. All the way my heart was in my mouth.

The cotton of the country is all shipped from Port Bell. The quay was piled high with bales of it. Practically everything which is imported from England arrives there, and as they have no proper appliances for unloading, the natives just hurl the cases from the boat to the quay. You can imagine the damage that is done to the household goods of settlers, and the wanton damage to machinery. One poor lady I know took all her silver home last year to have the dents taken out, an operation which cost quite a lot of money. But by the time that it arrived at her house in Kampala, it was worse than when it went home.

Our boat sailed in the afternoon for Jinja, which

is a port farther north, on Lake Victoria. We had dinner on board, quite a good one, and I expected to spend an uneventful night on deck, where I had to sleep because there was no cabin free, but my night under the stars ended in a most unromantic episode. My boy put up my bed and mosquito curtains under an awning, and I turned in about eleven o'clock. This was before we left Port Bell. Just before starting, some men came on board, who had been dining, not wisely, but too well. They were all in rollicking spirits, and I suppose it amused them very much to see people sleeping in their beds under mosquito curtains on deck. As they passed they struck matches and peered at the occupants in each bed; they were looking for a friend who was going on leave, whom they had come to see off. They may have thought it funny, but I didn't.

Later on a storm sprang up, and heavy rain came lashing under the awning on to my bed. I didn't know what to do, as there was no cabin I could take shelter in, and I couldn't go into the saloon. Suddenly an idea came to me. There was a really excellent bath-room on board, with plenty of hot water. I could go there and stay in the bath until it was daylight and time to get up and dress. This proved an excellent plan, and I should think it was about the longest bath I am ever likely to take.

When we arrived at Jinja we went straight to the camping ground, and while the tents were being put up I wandered into a brand-new house which was being built on the edge of the camping ground. It

appeared to be empty. I went in, and upon opening a door of the first room I came to, I saw a table and a chair and "drinks" (whiskies and sodas), and besides the table, on a chair, one forlorn-looking wreath of white flowers. I left that room and opened the door of another, and in that I saw all sorts of things lying about, broken bottles and tin cans, and rubbish of every kind. The atmosphere of desolation made me hurry from it, yet from sheer idle curiosity I went into another room, and there was the same disorder, and I felt the same atmosphere of depression.

There was one door I did not open. Feeling curiously depressed, and hating the atmosphere of the place, I was leaving the house, when I met a man on the doorstep, who asked me if we would mind going down to our tent and staying in it, as there was going to be a funeral in a few minutes. He told me that Mr. — had died that morning of blackwater fever, and was going to be buried. It gave me a horrid shock to think of what I should have seen, if I had opened that other door. In my idle curiosity I had lit upon this tragic little scene.

Presently I watched the silent procession, the coffin on a cart, with no covering, and the one white wreath lying on it. The cart was pulled by four natives. Half a dozen mourners followed it. I hadn't realized before this awful aspect of Africa. Alive in the morning, buried at night. It is a cruel country. If you die, you are forgotten; if you are on leave, you are never missed. The greatest tragedy is not even a nine days' wonder. It is only Mrs. Grundy



who lives for ever. This forgetfulness is probably a provision of Nature in a country where death comes as suddenly as its storms, and where life is of little account.

When our camp was settled, we went to see the Ripon Falls, where the waters of the Victoria Nyanza tumble into the Nile. To reach the falls, we walked by the edge of the lake until we came to a sort of promontory of rock, where we sat down and watched the body of water pitching itself over a height of about twenty feet, to create the great Mother Nile. As we watched it pouring and pouring, and heard its ceaseless thundering noise, I became fascinated with the idea that I was actually at the very birthplace of the great "foodgiver" of Egypt. Up till now the Nile had been so much more associated in my mind with the deserts and Temples of Egypt than with the tropical scenery of mid-Africa. A year ago to me the Nile meant Egypt. Now, after seeing the Ripon Falls, it will also mean Lake Victoria Nyanza. When I turned my eyes from the falls and looked up the blue lake, I could see crocodiles sunning themselves on a smooth island rock which served them as a sort of divan.

The falls don't pour down in one great body of water as you might think; they are broken up by clumps of trees which are covered with the nests of weaver-birds. The nests hang down, as I told you before, as if they were attached to long strings. They sway about like flowers. I never see them without wishing that you were here; they are so fascinating. They looked even more beautiful and graceful hanging





WEAVER BIRDS' NESTS



over the falls than they did by the banks of the Nzoia River on the Plateau. On a branch of a tall tree on one bank of the Nile a big fish eagle sat like a sentinel, waiting to pounce upon its prey. It caught more fish while I sat there than any fisherman we ever watched for hours on the banks of the Thames. When it pounced down and stretched out its wings, it measured about six feet across. Down in the swirling water there were hundreds of fish playing about and jumping high into the air, like salmon, and glistening in the sun.

At its beginning the Nile swirls over shallows, and forms eddies, and flows round green islands, until you lose sight of it in the tropical jungle. I couldn't see what it did after that. You can only walk down one side of its bank for about a mile, to what is called the Hippo Pool. Sometimes the hippos leave their pool and take a stroll over the golf course, and invade the gardens of the inhabitants.

Doesn't it seem odd that, up above, where we sat, the great body of blue water is Lake Victoria Nyanza, and down below the falls, it is the Nile!

It was so deliciously cool, after the heat of Jinja, that I sat on and on, until I began to feel quite cold. I wanted to see the sunset over the falls, because I was sure it would be glorious. It is always the same thing with an African sunset. You think there isn't going to be any glow, because, for a few minutes after the sun has dropped behind the horizon, there is nothing at all, no colour, no wonders in the heavens; everything is tame and dull. Then, all of a sudden,

out of the cold greys, the most amazing splendour appears, and the heavens are a wild flaming firmament.

All along the right bank of the river, which forms a bay, there is excellent fishing, so the Englishmen who live in Jinja have a fishing club. They get up at daylight to fish, and although the fish aren't as good as our fish at home, housekeepers are extremely thankful for them, as Jinja is a very bad place for food.

Speaking of food reminds me that they have a "Mutton Club" here. The club buys a sheep at the market, and it is divided amongst the members in turn. If Mrs. Brown has a leg of mutton one week, she can't have it the next. You generally know which of your neighbours is going to enjoy a "feast of mutton," which sounds very Jewish!

For the last two or three days I have done the round of social things in Jinja—played golf and tennis, and gone out to dinner. In the grounds of the tennis-club is a tree which marks the site where King Mutesa pitched his camp when he invaded Messuma.

The people live in bungalows, and really "do themselves" remarkably well, considering the distance which everything has to be brought, and that food is scarce. As often as I can I go off to the falls, and watch the birds and the fish playing about, and the fishermen fishing. And it is delightful to sit and listen to the men throwing a fly with long, swishing sweeps into the Nile. I've watched them playing a twenty-pounder for twenty minutes, before it was safely landed. One afternoon a hippo calmly walked on to the platform where the fishermen stand, and smashed



THE GOVERNOR FISHING AT RIPON FALLS



FISH CAUGHT IN LAKE ALBERT, WEIGHING OVER 100 LBS.





all the planks, which are placed across the rocks to connect them. It was really quite a funny sight.

We generally have a present of some sort of fish for breakfast. Some one has caught them and sent them down to the tent.

Although Jinja is not so beautiful as Entebbe, it is very lovely, with its glorious views of the lake. From my tent I can see the hill where the Uganda Mutiny broke out. H.E. was wounded there. A piece of his flannel shirt went into his wound, and it couldn't be got out for a number of years. It caused great trouble to the healing. It was H.E. who quelled the Mutiny. Mr. Martin, whom I'll tell you about later on, also fought in the Mutiny. On the tennis ground there is the usual large tree where the executions used to take place.

The golf course, which is very sporting, lies along the bank of the river. The members of the club took enormous trouble to lay it out, because it was once covered with elephant grass and forest. It is rather a remarkable proof of their love of the game, as the European inhabitants of Jinja number in all less than thirty; there are only about ten white women. There is a native town, with the usual Indian traders; if it wasn't for sport, it would be a dull little hole for Europeans.

There is nothing very interesting to see in the native life—no dancing, and no music. The bazaars are made of corrugated iron; there is nothing in the least pretty or interesting about them. The bazaars of course, are the Indian settlement. The natives live in huts, round beehive affairs. The porters on *safari*

make themselves little grass huts in a few minutes. They leave them standing when we move on; in the dry season they do for the next comers, but the rains destroy them very quickly. By the sides of the roads you see little encampments of them like deserted villages.

The natives here wear the usual one poor garment made of cinnamon-coloured bark cloth, twisted round their black loins and tied over one shoulder, and nothing on their shaved and polished heads, which seem to be impervious to sun-strokes. Bark cloth is made by beating with a mallet the bark torn from bark trees, until it is in a pulp. It is then beaten again on a flat stone, until it becomes a sort of cloth about as thick as a fine leather, which it resembles in appearance but not in durability. The fine ridges, which look as if they were a part of the weaving of the stuff, are only impressed on it by the grooves on the mallet. It is the most deceptive material, and of very little good to Europeans; it looks strong, and it isn't, and it looks as though it were hand-woven, and it is only a beaten compound, which won't stand any strain or washing. Of course all the natives don't wear it. I wish they did! The poorest wear any old rag that serves to cover their limbs, and a great number of them aspire to European dress, and when they do, they never forget to wear their cotton shirts outside their trousers. Some people don't mind the smell of the natives; to me it is awful. On *safari*, when about a hundred of them are walking in Indian file, the air is full of it.



THE BARKCLOTH INDUSTRY





### XIII

## JINJA TO MABARA.

SINCE I last wrote to you we have been for a week-end to Kikindu. Mr. Hyatt, who is the manager of the only railway in Uganda, invited us to go up in his private car. So we left Jinja at nine o'clock in the morning, in torrents of rain. I had to walk to the station, because the ground was so wet that a 'rickshaw could not have gone over the grass. I took an extra pair of shoes and stockings with me, and changed them in the train.

It is only fifty miles to Kikindu, but it takes four hours, as the engine only burns wood, and the pace is very slow. The rain cleared off, and we sat on the front of the engine all the way. The butterflies were so thick that you couldn't see through them. The railway line is cut through the virgin forest, and the scenery is very monotonous.

When we arrived at Kikindu, our tents were put up in the camping ground, which was on the side of the railway. We had a beautiful view of the Nile from the camp.

After tea we went down to the river to fish off the

wharf. We didn't catch anything, although there were plenty of fish jumping about.

Kikindu in itself isn't much of a place. Only the European men who are connected with the steamers and the port live there. There are also a few huts for the natives who work on the line. The railway goes through a great cotton-growing district. I saw patches of cotton, which looked just like white rose-gardens. A cotton plant grows very like a rose-bush.

Early next morning we started in a dug-out to the opposite side of the river, where there is a native village. There we changed into a bigger craft, with more paddlers. When we entered the little village of grass huts the natives didn't seem the least interested in us, or surprised at our arrival. Natives never evince surprise at anything. When motors were first introduced they took them for granted, and never showed any astonishment. If we had arrived in a flying machine, I doubt if they would have taken the trouble to walk a hundred yards to look at it. They would only have thought it another eccentricity of the mad English. Nothing we do ever astonishes them, because we, in ourselves, are the limit of astonishingness.

When we had filled up our dug-out with rifles and ammunition, we glided silently down the river, keeping rather close to the bank in order to see crocodiles. But we were driven out into mid-stream by the swarms of tsetse flies. We came in sight of a rock with crowds of crocodiles on it; one was about eighteen feet long; I have never seen such a beast. Crocodiles are very

difficult to shoot, because they are the same colour as the rocks on which they sun themselves, and whenever they hear the slightest sound they slither off the rock and flop into the water. You wait until they put their noses up again out of the water: that is the time to shoot. We got three or four. When a crocodile is swimming, it goes right under water; only a small part of the top of its head remains above. When it becomes alarmed, it disappears completely, and remains under water for a long time.

The birds were beautiful—herons and cranes, duck and divers and kingfishers, and ibex. The stillness was wonderful. I felt more cut off from the world, and farther away from anything but the sense of Africa, than I have done in any other place: I adored it. Even the ceaseless chatter of the natives didn't seem to break the stillness or disturb the peace of the river. Perhaps it was because they are so much a bit of nature in themselves that one scarcely detaches them from the scenery.

We landed for a short time, to have lunch, and to see if we could find anything to shoot for our dinner. When we got into the boat again, we went about fourteen miles farther down the Nile, and landed at another port. These little ports are tiny settlements for the coming and going of the lake steamers. It must be a deadly existence for the few Europeans who have to live in them.

We returned to our camp on a trolley on the railway line. I stopped several times to pick purple and mauve orchids. You feel rather thrilled when you

pick your first bunch of beautiful big orchids. The plants grow to about two feet in height, and are just as lovely as those in our orchid houses at home.

We shot a springbuck, which was very acceptable for our camp larder. We ate the choice joints, and the natives devoured the rest. It is awful to see them gorge themselves on meat. I have seen natives eat kongoni until they couldn't move. They go to sleep after it, like snakes. They dry the flesh in the sun in shreds, until it looks like cat's meat. I have seen it laid out on the top of the huts, drying in the sun; it dries too quickly ever to smell or decompose.

When I had gathered enough orchids, and we had got sufficient guinea-fowl for the pot, we went back to camp, and had our dinner, and here endeth one of the most delightful days I have ever spent. It may not sound to you so much more delightful than many of the other days which I have told you about, but that is because I have described it so badly. To me it will bring back, when I think of it, a sense of stillness and beauty which I could never make you feel, however much I tried to. Sunlight and birds, and crocodiles and orchids, you can call up in a moment in your mind's eye, because you have seen them, but you can never feel the stillness of Africa, or the remoteness of the upper reaches of the Nile, until you have been there.

The next day we came back to Jinja, through the butterflies and the forest again, on the front of the engine. We are to stay here for a few days longer, and then go on to Mabara. I expect I shall spend



the greater part of these last days here at my usual haunt on the rocks above the falls.

MABARA,

*Some days later.*

On leaving Jinja we took the little car across the river on a ferry boat, and motored from there to Mabara, about thirty miles, I think. It was a most beautiful road. The greater part of it has been cut out of the forest. Very lonely, and very still, except for the mournful noise of the doves. All the noises in Africa seem to be in a minor key, both the native music and the cooing of the doves and pigeons, which never ceases.

Mabara is a huge coffee estate. It is owned by an English company, and managed by the celebrated Jimmy Martin, who is known all over East Africa and Uganda. We stayed with the Martins for three days. They are the most hospitable people imaginable; they entertain every one who comes up here. It was a very lucky chance for me to be able to stay on a big coffee and cocoa estate and be so near the dense forest, which holds everything African and mysterious in its wonderful greenness.

Jimmy Martin seems to me to have stepped out of one of Hugh Conrad's novels. You have only to mention his name to any one who has set foot in East Africa, and it is the open-sesame to a perfect flood of reminiscences. I have heard people talk of "Jimmy Martin" in the same way that admirers



of Conrad will discuss one of the heroes in his books.

The Company have tried various kinds of rubber on this estate, but none have been successful except the Para rubber, which they grow in conjunction with cocoa and coffee. Cocoa is very pretty when it is growing. The pods hang down from rather low bushes with pretty leaves, much larger and rougher than the smooth shining coffee leaves. The white flowers of the coffee trees have a delightful smell, and the round red berries grow in little bunches close to the stalk, where the leaves sprout out. There are acres and acres of coffee and cocoa shrubs, planted in even rows, and in between the rows the natives are always clearing out the weeds, which spring up like mushrooms after the rains. In a freshly cleared piece of land there are the tiny little bushes, which have just been planted; they had all been raised from berries. I saw all the stages of the plants, from the baby ones up to those which had been longest in the ground and were quite big shrubs. The great expense of these estates is, of course, as I told you before, the clearing of the land.

Every year it is becoming more and more difficult to get labour. I suppose it is because there are so many more settlers and there are just the same amount of natives, who never will work so long as they have some mealies and bananas to eat. On *safari* sometimes it is almost impossible to get porters to carry your baggage, and many of them are such poor, wretched creatures that they almost drop under their loads.

Of course, the great financial risk in these coffee and cocoa estates is the coffee disease, which comes from no one knows where. I have seen enormous quantities of plants all dried up, with their leaves falling off. Once it begins, it spreads over an estate and causes absolute ruin. It is heart-rending work. A man buys a beautiful estate, gets it cleared, and watches his plants flourishing and promising a splendid return for his enormous labours. Then, suddenly, for no explainable reason, he sees his shrubs blighted by this hateful disease. They are always trying new remedies for it, and have achieved a partial success. No doubt, before long, the really successful one will be discovered which will stamp it out. When you see what has been done by the stamping out of malaria, you feel sure that Science will not be beaten by the microbes which love the coffee.

One of the nicest things about living on a coffee estate is the fact that you can see your coffee growing on the bushes, and have it gathered and roasted before your very eyes. There is no excuse for stale coffee. I saw the huge vats where the pulp is cleaned away from the beans, which are afterwards dried in the sun.

On the estate there is a lovely kitchen-garden, down in the valley in a swampy piece of ground, where there is a plentiful supply of water. There was actually watercress in running water. The vegetables in that garden were far and away the best that I have seen in Africa, and indeed, many English gardeners would be proud of them. You must remem-

ber that one takes orchids for granted in Africa, but turnips and carrots are a luxury.

The house stands on a hill, and overlooks a great forest, which is absolutely impenetrable, except where roads are cut through it. There are plenty of buffaloes in it, and rare birds. Parrots and monkeys, and a little brown beastie about the size of a rabbit, but with a skin like a deer, all have their homes in the dense African green. Unfortunately it rained all the time I was there, as it is the rainy season just now, or I could have motored all through the forest on the cleared roads. As it was, I had to content myself with walking. But it was delightful to wander about, with orchids and stag-horn ferns hanging from the trees, and palms and rare tree ferns growing everywhere. When the rain stops and the sun shines, the forest is a fairyland, for then the butterflies and moths come out and play in the sunlight.

The famous Mabara beetles, which are bigger than robins, long-legged, and of a rich plum colour, bordered with white, are one of the specialities of the forest. There are many beetles more brilliantly coloured, but none so large—they are the largest known insect in the world. Their proper name, I think, is *Duckis*. They differ considerably in size and in shape. I managed to get a photograph of one to show you.

There is only sunlight, of course, in the cleared places; in the forest itself there is cool, dense, mysterious darkness. It is cool because the sun can't penetrate through the tangle of close-growing vegeta-



JINJA MARKET





tion. It is when you are walking through elephant grass that you know what stifling, airless African heat really means.

In the garden round the Martins' house there are masses of pink roses. They haven't half so sweet a smell as our English roses ; they are mostly, I think, Caroline Testas. These masses of pink rose-bushes climb the hill which leads up to the house, which is, of course, a bungalow with a deep veranda and a red roof. All the roofs are painted red. The veranda is closed in with mosquito nets, and a gramophone plays there eternally.

On the estate there is a native market, where they sell rice, tobacco, sugar and salt, all done up in little packets rolled up in banana fibre. This funny assortment of goods is displayed on the ground in a clearing in the forest, and the women who keep the stores squat about, showing their polished shoulders and bare arms, and their black faces, always beaming with smiles. There were quantities of babies and children tumbling about. When they are small, these *Totos*, as they are called, never have a stitch of clothing on their black little bodies, except one bright string of beads round their waists. They are rather dear wee mites, and must be very happy. I never heard one cry, or saw a native illtreat a child. I don't think the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children would find much to do amongst the native parents in primitive Africa.

One day I went all over the workshops where they make everything that is used on the estate, in

the way of carts and barrows and spades, etc. They also make quite good furniture. Some of the natives are expert cabinet-makers. It is a recognized fact that Jimmy Martin understands the natives, and gets more out of them and develops their capabilities better than any European in Africa. I have seen a beautiful table made of several sorts of woods finely inlaid, and of quite artistic design, which he gave to Lady Jackson. It was made by native workmen on his estate.

In these workshops you see a wonderful variety of woods, taken from the Mabara forest. The little polished pieces which they keep for samples are very beautiful. It was funny to watch the natives doing work like cabinet-making and wheel-turning. They seem so much more suited to the mealie patch or to squatting in the sun, doing nothing. There are plenty of British overseers on the estate, mostly Scotch, who, by constant watchful supervision, manage to get work out of the natives who, left to themselves, would never do a hand's turn.

Mrs. Martin is partly Portuguese, and her husband is, I think, Maltese, but he is really such an interesting character, and his knowledge of the country is so extensive, that there ought to be a book written about him by some one who could do him justice. It is a shame to even mention him, if I can't give you a better understanding of the complexity and unusualness of his character. Some day, I feel confident, a book will appear in the world called "Jimmy Martin," and then every one who lives in Uganda,

or has ever been there, will read it, and probably feel dissatisfied with the author for not giving a truer picture of his strange personality.

On the next estate to the Martins, the Government dentist lives. He is a good sportsman, and a very lucky one. He gets a very good salary from the Government, and he has a fine private practice. He came fifty miles in his motor when I had toothache, to attend to me. Every one gets toothache in Uganda. The climate has a disastrous effect upon one's teeth, complexion and hair, but I haven't heard of a Government barber yet. Hair-cutting is in the hands of the Indians. The Indian barber always comes up to the *borna's* (the master's) veranda on Sunday mornings. Even H.E. used to have his hair cut there. Unfortunately, there is no one to attend to ladies' hair. You have to wash it, and do everything to it yourself, and when you have had a journey in the dry season on the Uganda railway, it is no easy matter getting the red dust out of it. The dust is so awful that you always have to wear a cinnamon-brown linen coat and skirt, so that it doesn't show.

On Monday we are going back to Kampala by motor. I must close this now; a runner will be here in a minute to take this to Kampala.

#### XIV

### AT KAMPALA : THE GOVERNOR ENTERTAINS.

**H**ERE I am back in Kampala, and quite busy over social things. We are getting our dresses ready for a fancy-dress ball that is to be given at Government House. It is rather like getting up a fancy-dress ball on board a ship, because there is really nothing to buy in the place. I have undertaken to turn Mr. Russell out as an Albanian, and Mr. — as a Roman Senator. I bought twenty-four yards of white calico in the Indian bazaar to make the fustinella for the Albanian, and a piece of Indian embroidery for his zouave. He has got a fez from one of the native policemen, and a huge knife, to thrust in his wide waist-sash, from a Zanzibar trader. I have covered his old tennis-shoes with red cotton, and made them look quite Turkish, with pointed toes and fine black pom-poms.

I am to be the wife of one of the Edwardian English kings, and am to wear a very fine head-dress with a high peak and a long, flowing veil behind. The Roman Senator's dress has been sent to the prison to have its Greek key-pattern stitched on to its voluminous border. I cut it out of red Turkey twill, and tacked it on. He is to wear a wreath of fresh



orange leaves, which I shall have to make at the last moment. There are to be theatricals one night, and a ball the next, so we shall be quite gay. I am going to stay with some friends in Entebbe for the festivities.

The Kabaka has started for England with his tutor and his relations and Regents and Prime Minister. I went down to the port to see him off. Mr. Sturrock told me that he had had a busy time teaching the King's relations and suite their table manners for polite European society. He was pretty successful, except with one of the Regents, an oldish man, who simply couldn't learn to eat with a knife and fork. They were not wearing their state clothes, but just the native *kanzus*, with blue serge European coats on the top of them. The Royal drummers were playing, of course, and there were lots of natives on the wharf to see them off.

He has gone home so much sooner than I expected, and I have stayed out here so much longer, that I am afraid we shan't be able to have his coloured Majesty to tea. It was a most picturesque incident, seeing off this black boy-king, who is going across the ocean to see the great white King, who up till now has only been a name to him. It is a pretty big thing to cross the ocean and travel to London when you have never been on a boat before, or seen a train. I wonder how he will like the traffic and the noise of London, after the quietness of Uganda? You may be sure that he won't show any surprise, whatever he may feel.

It is odd how quickly I have settled down again



into the everyday life of Kampala. I might have lived here all my days. I pay calls, and golf, and find myself quite busy over small social nothings.

The rains are very bad, and I watch flights of Kavirondo cranes flying overhead, and wish to goodness that they were not "forbidden," because I badly want a "top-knot" for my hat. But that can't be, because they don't come inside any licence. I want to wear on my hat what they wear on their heads: a little round patch of brown, just like a piece of sealskin, and rising straight up from it a beautiful yellow crest a few inches high. They were being shot so recklessly that now they are not being shot at all. H.E. has done a great deal to protect the wild birds. The parrots, for instance, are not allowed to be shot, which is a mercy, for I love watching them eating the fruit off the trees. Here they are grey, with a beautiful soft red colour under their wings.

*A week later.*

I hadn't time to get the letter I began to you last week finished or posted, because I was so busy preparing for the Government House gaieties. Well, they are over, and they were a great success. But I thought we should never get to Entebbe to take part in them. The rains had been so heavy that the roads in some parts were actually washed away. Some people started by a motor van, which broke down early in the day, and some by 'rickshaw. Others were to go by motor. Some of them never got their luggage at all, as it had to be brought to Entebbe

by porters after the van broke down. It took us about four hours to do the twenty-five miles between Kampala and Entebbe. My luggage had gone on the day before, so I was all right. One woman was resourceful enough, when she passed the broken-down van on the way, with all the luggage in it, to get out of her 'rickshaw and find her box and unpack it by the road-side, and take out everything she would want for the night, including her evening dress.

The theatricals, which were given in the drawing-room of Government House, were a great success. Lady Jackson is a very clever actress. The play was "The Importance of being Earnest." There were about a hundred people present altogether. We had an excellent supper after the performance, and I think the thing I enjoyed best about the evening was the tinned-apple tart and cream. The entertainment carried me back to England, and the apple tart was the culminating point. There was nothing African about the affair, except the native servants. I had to be told that the apples were tinned, or I shouldn't have known it. Nearly everything out here is tinned, even to the fish, although there is a lake, but public fishing on it has been stopped, on account of the sleeping-sickness. Some people have their own fishermen, but they are so lazy and unreliable that they generally go to sleep in the sun and forget all about the fish.

The dance on the second night was really a lovely sight, for the grounds were illuminated with fairy

lights and lanterns, and it was a beautiful moonlight night. From the seat by the flag-staff you could see Lake Victoria glittering in the moonlight, and the fantastic figures of the dancers, in their ball costumes, walking about the garden in and out of the trees and shrubs and flower-beds. My Albanian, who looked like a ballet-dancer, and my Roman, in his wreath and toga, were the *beaux* of the ball. I had to make the wreath for the Roman Senator in between the courses at a dinner party which the friends with whom I was staying gave on the night of the ball.

The chief difficulty about an Uganda ball is the music. There is no band, so they have to do the best they can with a pianola and anyone who can play dance music. Of course, most of the women were married; there are only two girls in Entebbe, and they have a very good time, as you can imagine. I suppose they will both be married soon, for they are never out very long before that happens.

Life here has resumed its every-day course. The excitement of the festivities gives us plenty to talk about—things which would not interest you, if I told you, but which afforded us plenty of amusement. I generally see Mr. Russell at meal times. He pops up on his mule, and has his lunch, and a siesta after it, and is off again. I am beginning to feel like one of the old residents of the place, and every day the house becomes more and more like my own, and less and less like the bachelor's bungalow I invaded three months ago.

## ON THE ROAD TO HOIMA.

I DIDN'T write to you for a week or two because there was nothing new to write about. After I got back from the festivities at Entebbe, I did the ordinary social round of Kampala, sports and dinners and afternoon teas, which I have told you about so often before. This was only the one side of my life, of course—the active one. But don't forget that it has always its African background, which makes it quite enthralling. If I had the pen of a Harry Johnston, I would call up for you, as he does, a vista of the gleaming water of lake, inlet and swamp, the red roads, and intensely green grass, the brilliantly-coloured flowers and fantastic vegetation, and, in the midst of all the riot of colour, the forms of thousands of moving figures in white. It was he, I think, who said that the Buganda move in the landscape like saints, in their long, trailing garments. When these same saints have to do agricultural work, they create a different picture, for the trailing garment is tucked into a roll, which covers them from their arm-pits to their knees.

With my usual luck, however, the opportunity came



of going on another *safari*, a much more extensive, and therefore a more interesting, one than any I had done before. A Doctor Keane (who is a specialist in native diseases and is doing research-work out here; he has built a hospital on the top of a hill not far from Kampala where he and some fellow doctors live and devote their life to the cause) and his sister were going on a long *safari* to Toro in connexion with his work, and they invited me to go with them. They were to start in a couple of days, so it took me all my time to get ready.

We went on board the boat at night, because the steamer left Port Bell very early in the morning, and we had a perilous drive in the motor down to the port, for the lamps went out after we had gone a little way. We found they hadn't been filled, and we had to drive the other seven miles in darkness, and all I can tell you is that *you* have never seen darkness, because you have never been in tropical Africa. When you do make its acquaintance, you will instantly be confronted with the true manner of the Biblical Plague of Darkness. Mr. Russell, who was driving me down, gave me a box of matches, and I had to get out every little while and light one, to see where the deep ditches were.

However, after crawling along at really a snail's pace, we fetched up at the port all right, and there I said good-bye to Mr. Russell, who had been most kind in helping me to get all the things I needed.

We were off by daylight to Jinja, where, with the usual African hospitality to strangers, another friend



put me up for the night. I had a lovely bed, with real linen sheets, and excellent food. These things are worth mentioning out here, because they are so rare.

We left Jinja by train the next morning, at ten o'clock, for Kikindu, and arrived there at two o'clock. We went straight on board the new ship *Stanley*, which is a great improvement on the old steamers. It is built on the same principle as the Nile boats, but, of course, it is not so luxurious. It has one curious habit—instead of its towing cargo barges, it pushes them; two barges are fastened on to its bows. This is done on account of the papyrus, which floats about like islands. The current is so strong that sometimes the steamer gets into a swirl, and is driven right against one of these islands, then it rebounds, and cannons on to another on the other side of the river. You are constantly going aground.

We drifted down the Nile into Lake Choga. You scarcely realize when you enter the lake, because it is so broken up by land and floating islands. We were all the next day on the lake, calling in at little ports to take on cotton. At Bululu we went ashore and saw two cotton ginneries—a ginnery is the building in which they separate the cotton from the refuse and put it up in bales for exportation. One of these ginneries is owned by a German company. They weren't in the least picturesque—hideous iron buildings, with lots of machinery, and full of busy natives, who wore scarcely any clothing. They looked totally out of keeping with their mercantile

surroundings. The native is only picturesque in his primitive *habitat*.

Some of the smaller ports were just settlements of native huts with one or two bungalows for Europeans. Very feverish places they are, too.

We arrived at Masindi at 2 a.m., and went ashore after breakfast. It was so frightfully hot that we had to have a tent put up to shelter us from the sun, while we waited for our baggage to be taken from the boat. It is always rather amusing to watch a boat being unloaded by natives, with their endless chatter and arguing.

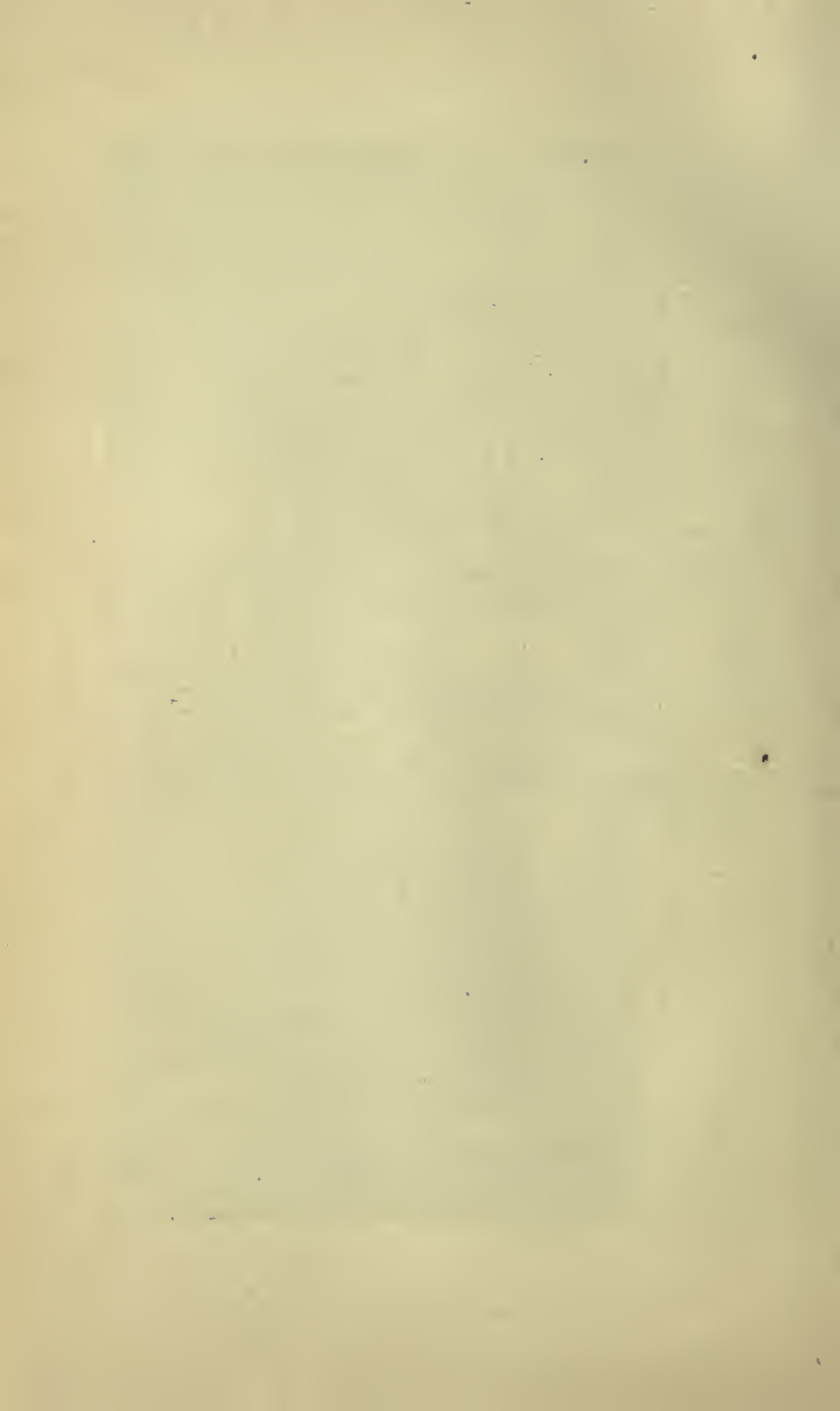
The motor van arrived at twelve o'clock to take us to Masindi town. We took all the mail-bags and our personal luggage, but we had to leave the chop-boxes and tents for the next van, as one wouldn't hold them all.

I spent the time in buying some queer native paddles out of a dug-out, as I think they may amuse us on the Thames. Although they use dug-outs just like the Pacific Coast Indians, they don't paddle the least bit like the natives we used to see on Lake Superior. The blades of their paddles are quite round, like gigantic, flat, wooden spoons.

We arrived at Masindi at seven o'clock. On the journey we had to pass through a belt of tsetse. There is no use being frightened about them, but you take good care not to let them settle on you. You know that you can be bitten many times without being bitten by an infected fly, just as you may be bitten many times by a mosquito without getting malaria.



TRANSPORT VAN AT MASINDI PORT



Mr. Eden, the Provincial Commissioner, put our party up. I had met him before, in Entebbe. He has a very nice house, with large rooms, which look a bit empty, because his furniture hasn't arrived yet. He has just come out from home. When you come out to settle, your furniture takes about two or three months longer than you do on the journey. It takes so long, in fact, to get things out from home that by the time they arrive you have almost forgotten what you ordered or what you wanted.

Masindi is a very pretty place, and beautifully looked after, with smooth green grass (French grass) growing all round the *boma*, which is the building where the officials do their work. Round the square they have placed elephants' skulls, as a sort of decoration.

There is, I need hardly say, the usual golf course, for about half a dozen Europeans to play on. In Africa, wherever two or three Englishmen are gathered together, there do you find a golf course and a tennis-court. If a fresh man comes out who can't play either game, he is simply made to learn them. Golf is almost compulsory.

From Mr. Eden's house there is a beautiful view of the hills in the distance, and forests. It is a great district for elephants, so, with luck, I may at last see one.

The next day, which was Sunday, there was such a bad thunderstorm that we couldn't go out, but the King of Unyoro came, with a lot of chiefs, which lent some local colour to the day. The King is tall and



thin ; he walked in front, and carried an ivory stick ; the chiefs and natives walked behind him. One of them had to hold an umbrella over His Majesty. He wore a white *kanzu* and a blue serge coat over it, just as the Kabaka did. They had even the same beautifully embroidered skull-caps. They sat on the veranda and talked to Dr. Keane about hospitals and native diseases, while tea was served. They are very fond of tea. Of course Dr. Keane spoke to them freely in their own language. It drives me almost frantic not to be able to understand a word of what they say.

In the evening we had supper with the Henrys. Mr. Henry is the District Commissioner. They have one of the old houses here, made of sun-dried bricks with a thatched roof. The supper was delicious, and Mrs. Henry sang charmingly. She is graceful and well dressed, and is an excellent cook. I am sure she made the bottled goose-berry fool which we had at dinner herself, it was so very good.

I couldn't help being surprised to find such complete refinement in a home so far from the civilized world. It must be very difficult not to grow slack when there are only two or three other European women in the place to criticize your dress and housekeeping, and when it is so hot. Mrs. Henry has certainly not become slack in any single household or personal detail ; her little baby is always dressed most beautifully. I mention these things to you because the climate generally takes all the energy out of Euro-

pean women, and makes them terribly dependent upon other people.

*Monday, June 29.*

We have had to wait for the last of our kit to arrive, and we heard that our box containing the cups and saucers, and knives, forks and spoons, was lost, so we had to replace them at the Indian Stores. It was rather amusing, that when Mr. Eden was buying them for us, he should be offered one of his own forks ! You can imagine how it got there !

No tents have arrived yet, so we may not get off to-morrow. We can't start without them, as it is a three days' journey to Hoima. This place seems nice and far away from civilization, and the farther I go into the heart of the country, the more I like it. Here one gets away from tin roofs. Most of the houses are made of sun-dried bricks, and have thatched roofs, but as the population of a place increases, new houses with ugly tin roofs will spring up.

I am more than ever anxious to make the trip down the whole length of the Nile, but it is too hot now, and can't be done until late autumn. There is no great difficulty about doing it, except for the hundred and ten miles which have to be done on foot from Nimule to Gondokoro. All the rest of the way to Khartoum you can go by boat, and after that, of course, you are, if you like, in the hands of Cook. The chief difficulty about the part you have to walk is the expense, because you have to carry all the porters' food, and water is very scarce. Having been to the

source of the Nile, however, makes me want to get to the mouth of it!

### SECOND CAMP, ON THE ROAD TO TORO.

*July.*

All our baggage eventually turned up, and as we had to do about a hundred and ten miles on foot we had to engage porters to carry our loads—every Government official has an allowance of porters. We have about a hundred with us altogether. The doctor and his sister have bicycles, but as I haven't one, I am taking a mule. All I have to be responsible for are my personal boys, Stephen and Flight, and a syce to look after my mule.

A fine cavalcade we looked as we started off, the porters all singing and making weird noises on horns. They always sing when they leave a camp, and when they arrive at a fresh one—not at all the same chant as the boys sing when they are dragging you about in 'rickshaws.

The Government limit for a porter to carry is sixty pounds weight. They carry everything on their heads, and it is most amusing to watch them at the beginning of a *safari*, making for the smallest packages, hoping with their crude minds that it will prove the lightest one, though often it is a box of ammunition, but experience never seems to teach these dark children of Nature.

A great deal of your comfort on *safari* depends on your head porter. If he is a bad one, there is endless quarrelling and rows amongst the other



PORTERS GOING THROUGH A SWAMP





porters, which can become a great nuisance. Once a porter has chosen his burden he has to stick to it for the rest of the journey, so you can imagine how eager he is to hit upon a light one at the start.

We had to go twelve miles to Miss Robertson's camp, where we spent the first night. On our way we met a company of baboons, crossing the road. They looked like nasty, hairy old men, disappearing into the bush. They didn't seem in the least perturbed at our presence, for they didn't even hurry, but walked calmly across our path, just as if they were the original inhabitants of the place.

I told you how I used to go and see Miss Robertson in her laboratory at Kampala; now she has got all her calves, monkeys, guinea-pigs, rats and dogs with her in camp, watching their symptoms resulting from inoculation.

We arrived in time for dinner, and a very good one she gave us. She was absolutely alone with forty natives. Some of them help her in her laboratory; she has taught and trained them herself. The porters have to carry the monkeys and rats and guinea-pigs in boxes on their heads. After dinner we sat round the camp fire as usual. I bought from a native a pipe of black clay, delicately traced in white and red; it is made out of the same beautiful black clay as the bowl which the King of Uganda presented to me. It is really very like the black Etruscan pottery you see in museums. I wish it wasn't so brittle, for it is most difficult to pack.

Miss Robertson told me a great many interesting

things about the natives, with whom she gets on extremely well, and who like her very much. She learnt to speak Buganda in a wonderfully short time, and thoroughly enjoys talking to the women and hearing their views of life and things generally. She speaks it so well that she can catch every word they are saying when they are discussing matters amongst themselves, which is of great importance.

She admires the charming way they have of expressing themselves: they often say quite beautiful things. "Grace" is a word which comes into their speech a great deal; they use it in the old Biblical fashion. If they admire a man or a woman they say he or she has "grace." It is generally applied to a person who is capable and dignified and just, and has sympathetic manners.

One day Miss Robertson saw a party of women of a very primitive tribe approach her bungalow, and enter into conversation with one of her servants. "Is she to be seen?" was one of their questions, to which they evidently did not expect an affirmative. English officials, as a rule, have not too much human sympathy with the natives.

"Oh, yes, she is to be seen. She has grace; she will allow you to enter."

When the women were brought into Miss Robertson's presence, they saluted her with the regulation courtesy, and presently the spokeswoman of the party said, "We have come to look upon your beauty, O mother."

To this rather embarrassing remark Miss Robert-

son gave the suitable rejoinder. She seems to have absorbed instinctively the graceful imagery of the language. After that pretty greeting there was silence for a little, while the women looked all round them. They seemed greatly impressed by what they saw. At last the spokeswoman said :

“Where is your husband, my mother ?”

“I have no husband,” she said.

The women looked at each other in amazement, their black faces almost turning pale in wonder.

“No husband, mother ?”

“No, I am not married.”

“No husband and you have all this !” There was silence again for a few moments, a silence of wonder and amazement. Then the same woman said, “We knew that you were one to be feared, my mother.” (“One to be feared” or “obeyed” is a person equipped by Government or in Government employ.) “But look at all these things”—she pointed to Miss Robertson’s private belongings, as apart from her Government tents and *safari* equipment—“Are they all yours, your very own ?”

“Yes, they are all mine, my very own.”

“And you are not married ?”

“No, I am not married.”

After another lull in the conversation the leader of the party turned to her friends and said, “If she has all these things, and she is not married, why should she ever marry at all ?”

This entirely modern point of view upon the question of marriage, to which they all agreed, was

expressed by women who were mere beasts of burden to their mankind, and whose dress differed very little from the costume of Eve!

When Miss Robertson told me the little incident, she used the exact native phraseology, which made it much more vivid and interesting. It sounded very like the Bible. I think our language must sound terribly direct and unpoetical to the educated natives who can speak it.

The words "mother" and "father" are used to express reverence for authority. It means "the one who must be obeyed," as parents must be obeyed.

It was rather refreshing to find that Miss Robertson, who may be taken as a type of the best sort of modern woman (her scientific work has by no means robbed her of her feminine charm) is one of the few Europeans I have met out here who is entirely in sympathy with mission work in Uganda. As she has lived amongst the natives and worked with them, I think her opinion is of some value.

When we were discussing the subject I said, "But you must admit that no European, except a missionary, will ever engage a Christian servant in Uganda."

"I know that," she said, "but the Christian servants are not bad because they are Christian. It is because many servants are bad, whether they are Christians or pagans, and when they are Christians they are worse than the pagans, because they are sharper, having been taught to use their brains at school; in the matter of lying and deceiving they can go one better than their more primitive brothers.





PORTERS BATHING IN RIVER





But I can honestly say that I have had all sorts of native servants in my employ, and I have found that the Christians are not one bit worse than the pagans; they are often far better. It is absurd to think that their old fetish worship can go hand in hand with modern civilization—it can't. The old gods are bound to die a natural death, and we must give them something to take their place. They must have a religion, and surely, if only from political reasons, it is better to make them Christians than to allow the Mohammedans to convert them to the Moslem faith. When one knows how easily religious wars can be raised in a Mohammedan country, it is adverse to our national interests to allow the Bugandas to be converted to the teachings of the Prophet, rather than to the doctrines of Christ. You hear far too much from officials about the foolish and ill-advised acts of some of the least desirable of the missionaries in Africa, and too little about the splendid work which, speaking generally, they have done, both in Uganda and British East Africa."

I have been telling you this because Miss Robertson looks at things from a broad-minded, impartial standpoint; and, taking such a human and intelligent interest as she does in native manners and customs, I had expected to find her joining in the chorus of the many who disapprove of and deplore the presence of missionaries in Uganda.

The next day we said good-bye to Miss Robertson, and went on our way, and the nicest thing that happened on our journey was our meeting with the King's

jester. He had the most extraordinary collection of skins of wild beasts I ever saw, hanging all over him. His black neck was covered with coloured beads. A colobus monkey skin was on his head, and brass wire was twisted round and round his bare arms and legs by way of ornament. He was dancing to himself, and playing the native bagpipes when we came upon him. When he saw us, he stopped to look at us, and we looked at him, and I took a photograph of him. Of the quality of his humour I was unable to judge, because he never spoke. How Dr. Keane discovered that he was a jester, I don't quite know. Perhaps it was by his skins, which are, I believe, a jester's special costume. I should have thought that he was the Court dancer rather than a jester, because he was having this little dance all to himself, and seemed to be enthralled by it. His posturing and movements were wonderful. He made a most picturesque figure in the clear sunlight, an African Pan, with his pipes and classic dress of skins.

Our road lay pretty well through open country all the way, with low scrub of prickly bushes and flowering shrubs on either side of us. I must not forget the "Wait-a-bit" thorn, which is so called because it catches hold of your clothes and holds you back when you are walking through the scrub, and you have to "wait a bit" to clear yourself. The bright scarlet of the bottle-brushes, which very seldom have any leaves, and which are such a distinctive feature in an African landscape, lent gay patches of colour to the monotony of the scrub.



THE KING'S JESTER, MASINDI





But a day in the African sunlight can never be really without interest, whatever the scenery is like, even if it does repeat itself over and over again, as it does, for the air is always gay with gorgeous butterflies, and you have the novelty and interest of unusual wild flowers, such as blush-pink balsams and orchids, growing by the wayside. There was one bright yellow flower which grows on a bush about five or six feet in height, and looks like a small sunflower—indeed, it is the Uganda sunflower. It looked beautiful rising out of a carpet of pale mauve. There was another mauve flower of a different shade, the *Emilla*, which grows everywhere and is a little taller than the sunflower. It has long delicate red stems. When you get these two flowers, the bright yellow sunflower and the beautiful mauve *Emilla*, standing up in masses against the sunlight, and under a sky of cobalt blue, the effect is glorious.

You would adore the wild flowers, and the magic beauty of the colouring. Here are some of the many I saw:—the bright yellow and pink gladioli; the wild white bush-geraniums, with pale velvety green leaves; the begonias; the little very yellow flower, like a daisy, whose name I have forgotten, which goes with you all the way on the African scrub; and, grandest of all, the tall flower of the sisal, which stands up in the air just as the flower of the century plant used to stand up against the blue of the sky from the rocks round Taormina. Like the cactus, or century, plant, the mother plant of the sisal dies down when once it has flowered, and baby ones grow up all round

the old root, from the seeds which have been shed from the dead plant.

Now and then we passed native villages, composed of low, round grass huts, each with a *Lubari*, or fetish hut, quite close to it, and idle men, whose women were all working on their mealie patches or planting sweet potatoes. In outlying villages the men only wear a piece of bark cloth round their loins, and the women one straight garment hanging from their breasts. Bananas, mealies, sweet potatoes, a few cocks and hens, and a crowd of naked babies, make up a Uganda village.

I have always forgotten to tell you about those *Lubari*, or spirit-shelters, in native villages—I don't know why, because they have interested me very much. They are like miniature dwelling-huts, made of thatch, and look like bee-skips, resting on the ground. They are often placed under the thatched eaves of the native hut to which they belong, though sometimes they are not quite so close.

It has become a familiar sight to me now, to see the women in the villages carrying out food and offerings to place in the spirit-shelter, which they do in the mornings and the evenings. You have to get very far away from settlements and mission-schools and civilization before you see them. It reminds me of the god-shelf of the ancestors in a Shinto household in Japan.

There are no shops of any kind in the villages, and when they have their little weekly markets, their small commodities are laid on the ground for sale,



BREAKFAST ON SAFARI



rolled up in banana leaves and tied up with banana fibre, just as I described to you before. Do you wonder that they don't want to work, when they are so contented in their native state? There is no real poverty among them, until the wants of civilization are forced upon them. They have the sunlight, their mealie patch, and their women, and, when you come to think of it, what more does work and progress give them? Some of the better-off villagers even own a cow or two, but as they only give about a teaspoonful of milk from their absurd little udders, it takes a good number of cows to give anything like a saleable supply of milk. The chiefs own the largest herds. They are very small animals, with humps on their backs. These humps are the best meat you can eat in Uganda—really they are almost as good as a round of English beef. These rather pretty little beasts add a distinct feature to the landscape, but they are very precarious property, as the rinderpest often kills off a whole herd at one time, so only the chiefs can afford to keep very many.

We travelled on through this bright monotony of landscape and villages for seventeen miles. I was told when we started out that it was only twelve miles to our camp, and, indeed, all the way Dr. Keane insisted that it was only that; in the end, however, he had to confess that we had done a good seventeen miles. Going on *safari* is much more trying in Uganda than in B.E.Á., because of the climate. It is far hotter here—a damp heat, but nothing like the vapour bath we used to hate in the Straits, and always the



nights are cool. On the Uasin Gishu I was never tired, but then there is all the difference between eight thousand feet above the sea level and three thousand. We really ought to get away earlier in the mornings; it is so cruelly hot in the midday hours, and so gloriously cool before the sun has risen.

There is nothing I love better than riding out of camp when the dawn is breaking, and watching the golden glow spreading gradually over the hills and forests, and the sun mounting and mounting into the heavens, and suddenly flooding the world with its splendour. It doesn't last cool long after that, for by eight o'clock, when we reach the place the boys have selected for our breakfasting ground—generally under a spreading acacia tree or in a little clearing they have made in the jungle—it is very hot. How glad we are to sink into a chair, and how ravenously we devour our porridge—a thing, you know, I never touch in England—how delicious the coffee is, and how tempting the bacon! You see, we “do ourselves” quite well on *safari*. The cook and the porters who carry the luggage, have started an hour or more before us, with a table and chairs, and, in the chop-boxes, all that is necessary for a jolly good breakfast—bacon and fried eggs, sausages, marmalade and porridge, and first-rate toast made at the camp fire. We can always see the smoke of the fire by the roadside for some distance; it is a welcome sign that you are drawing near to the longed-for meal. You see the fire before you see the white table—spread as daintily as it would be at home,



THE ARRIVAL OF THE MILKMAN



often decorated with flowers—because the table is generally placed a little off the beaten track on which you are walking.

On these expeditions the cook buys the eggs at the villages through which he passes, and often chickens and a whole sheep. The chiefs generally supply us with milk and vegetables. Very often the milk smells horribly of smoke, for the natives, instead of washing out their dirty bowls, smoke them. They bring the milk in beautiful black earthenware bowls; they must be made by the villagers, as they are too brittle to stand transportation. They look charming in their network of fine cords, which form a sort of sling for the bowl. The cords all come together at the top, and make a safe handle to carry it by.

When we camp near a Roman Catholic mission our fare becomes quite luxurious, for the White Fathers bring presents of vegetables grown on the mission, and bananas and pineapples and lemons and limes.

I began the journey on mule-back, but I got so sore that I had to get off and walk. And then my poor feet got so tired, for it was terrifically hot, that I had to ride again. And so I went on for the seventeen miles, which may not sound a great distance, to you, but, remember, it is no joke in a temperature about 92°. For the last few remaining miles you are so peevish and irritable, and dripping with heat, that you sit down in despair by the side of the road, and mop yourself with a handkerchief which has long since become a wet rag. To anyone who has been on

*safari* in Uganda, the mopping, perspiring, dripping traveller, halting by the wayside and wondering why he has ever started out on such an abominable idea of a pleasure trip, is a familiar sight.

But our discomfort was soon forgotten when we saw the friendly signs which told us that we were approaching our camp. The first was when we saw the chief, who is the A.D.C. to the King of Unyoro, who had travelled all the way with us on his bicycle, and who had gone on ahead for the last two or three miles, come hurrying back to escort us up to the camp. He had told the natives of our approach, and the chief had had the roads swept for three miles in our honour. The path up to the *Banda* was carpeted with elephant grass, and a sort of avenue was formed of palm leaves and banana leaves, which had bunches of flowers fastened on to them. My spirits rose and rose, and my weariness and depression took wings.

The second sign was hearing the natives calling out their picturesque words of greeting. I couldn't understand what they said, but when Dr. Keane interpreted their meaning to me they sounded exactly like beautiful verses from the Bible. They one and all have lovely manners, and a fine imagery of words.

As I said before, on *safari* we always arrange to reach our camp by about eleven o'clock, for, hot as it is in the morning, the afternoon hours are still hotter. The *Banda* was carpeted with papyrus and decorated with {palms and flowers; it looked deliciously cool and inviting. The *Banda* of a camp is a



little hut-like summer-house, made of grass, with an overhanging thatched roof and open sides, a most picturesque building. The *Banda* is either raised by the chief, who knows that a Government official is coming and has it in readiness for him, or it is a permanent building for the use of Government officials. Some of them are beautifully made, with strong, straight bamboo poles supporting the overhanging roof, and walls of fine grasswork which allow the air to pass through. They have window-frames, made of bamboo, with no windows, and door portals, with no doors.

While some of the boys were putting up our tents, and others were going for wood and water, Miss Keane and I had a rest, and many cups of tea. On this expedition our camp consists of a tent for Miss Keane, one for myself and one for Dr. Keane, and the *Banda*. The cook also has a *Banda* for a kitchen. All the porters sleep in grass huts. The boys all crowd into one tent. The social gulf fixed between the mere porters and the boys is just as great as (if not greater than) the social gulf which exists between our servants at home. They never mix. My boy, Flight, is a wonder at putting up tents. Indeed, he is a good man all round, but it is very hard to keep your servants under strict control when you can't speak their language.

After lunch, we had the usual siesta, and a bath, which was, oh! so refreshing, as the tents had become unbearably hot. I told you that the native seldom thinks of the shade when he is choosing a camping

ground, which is generally on the top of an exposed hill—for air, I suppose, though doing without the shade of trees may be on account of the mosquitoes and storms.

The chiefs arrived, bringing presents of chickens, eggs, vegetables and fruit. We entertained them with tea, in front of the *Banda*, while they talked to Dr. Keane. They brought with them their wives and children, who all squatted on the ground, the babies naked, as usual, the wives quite undistinguishable from all the humbler women. We gave the babies cakes, which they liked, but they were too shy to do more than suck their fingers and stare at us with their beady black eyes. The chiefs were again, of course, talking native diseases with the doctor. Just think of the contrast between the minds of these men: the chiefs, who put their trust in “medicine men” and “black magic,” discussing the problems connected with tropical diseases with a highly scientific expert on the subject. On the one side, all that modern research and science can bring to bear on the question, and, on the other, the merely practical knowledge of the suffering and misery caused by the various diseases.

After the chiefs had departed, with many salaams and much official etiquette, we went for a little stroll, and then we had our dinner. After dinner we sat round the fire, and after the porters had been fed the camp gradually settled down into quietness. The chief of the district has to supply their food. They all get a little packet of bananas made into a mess

like paste; it is cooked by steaming, for the native never boils anything, and is done up in banana leaves. Fancy walking with a sixty-pound load on your head, for seventeen miles under a tropical sun, and being regaled with some banana paste and a drink of water at the end of it! They are delighted when you give them a piece of cake or biscuit. Their food is brought to the camp by women, who sit, native fashion, on their haunches by the roadside, with their bunches of bananas and banana-paste in front of them. The headman deals out the food to the porters. Every porter carries a gourd slung about his person for holding water; he has also a tiny one, with which he fills the bigger from the streams and swamps. They are often very graceful in shape, and with age they take on a fine polish. You can imagine how these poor creatures enjoy a bit of meat when they get it, which is only when we shoot a kongoni—Europeans don't eat kongoni and they do—or when they are given the portions that we don't fancy of an animal.

By about nine o'clock we were all quite ready for bed—weary but happy.

I have been writing you this in snatches, and will send it you when the chance offers. When we get to Toro I hope I shall find a fine batch of English papers, and a letter from you. They will be sent by a runner from Kampala. We ought to reach Toro in about a fortnight.

## FROM HOIMA TO TORO.

HERE we are at Hoima, back again to semi civilization. But before I begin to tell you about the place, I must give you a hurried account of the last day on the road, our third day of *safari*.

We left camp at half-past seven, feeling very fit and well after our hard work of the day before. In fact, personally, I never felt better in my life—I was quite eager for another long tramp. The scenery and the vegetation were the same as the day before.

The most interesting thing that happened was our coming across a little native forge by the wayside, where they were making spearheads. Two natives were squatting on the ground round a wood fire, beating the spearheads into shape. They had first made them red-hot in the fire, which was kept glowing by blowing bellows made of wild beasts' skins. The whole thing was so simple and primitive that it looked as if Adam and Eve might have made their garden tools at just such a forge.

From seven o'clock until ten, when we arrived in Hoima, everything was almost exactly the same as it was the day before, at the same time. It was just



as hot, but as we got into camp earlier, it didn't so much matter. I don't mean to imply that it was tiresome, because it was very much the same, but only that there was no incident of any importance to tell you about. I am never bored in the real country in Africa, except when we are trudging through elephant grass, for nature and the vegetation is so extremely interesting.

As we came into the settlement of Hoima, the first thing that gladdened our eyes was the sight of our familiar British flag, bravely flying in the breeze. It seemed so strange to see it floating in the air in the wilds of Africa; it brought a foolish little lump to my throat, and gave me a proud thrill.

We were given an empty bungalow to live in, and in a trice all our camp equipment was moved into it, our beds put up, and our mosquito nets. By the time our camp-chairs and camp-tables and washing-stands and tin trunks were in our bedrooms, and our dining tables and folding canvas chairs and chop-boxes—which you never let out of your sight—were deposited in their proper places in the sitting-room, we looked quite settled, and more completely so when the cook was established in his kitchen. He is really almost an unnecessary adjunct here, for our friends the Places (Mr. Place is the District Commissioner) never allow us to have a meal in our own house. They are the only European people living here, except the police officer, who came back to the station from shooting, the day after our arrival, and gave us some guinea-fowl.



Hoima is a very pretty place; it used to be the capital of the province, but now that they have made Masindi the capital, because it is nearer the port, Hoima looks sadly deserted. There used to be a golf course, but now, as there are only two men to play the ancient game, they can't afford to keep it up. There are lots of empty bungalows, which these two European households must yearn to see filled with friendly neighbours.

The Places seem delighted to see us, and can't do enough for our comfort and pleasure. I really do believe they enjoy having us, because the only people they ever see to talk to from the outer world are the travellers passing through on *safari*.

The views from Hoima are beautiful, rolling hills everywhere, and in the distance the Congo hills, and sometimes, in the rainy season, when it is clear, you get glimpses of the Mountains of the Moon. There is no water near it, and it really lies in the middle of nowhere. Before it became a settlement it was a bit of the bush, which to-day is up to the very clearing on which it stands.

I can't imagine what Mrs. Place does with herself all day long. Of course she has her two little children, and is very musical, which is a mercy. Here is a letter she showed me to-day about some milk she had ordered for the baby. It came from a native farmer to her husband this morning.

“ DEAR SIR,—

“ Well, I had consented two small jugs of milk for

thirty cents each day. But I don't consent that big one because its price is forty-three cents. If you will agree, please do as I have told you.

“ Affectionately yours,

“ KARRAGIO.”

All this part of the country is full of wild beasts, and although they are not actually walking about in the settlement, yet a leopard occasionally crouches on the veranda of the bungalow and carries off a dog. Lions and elephants are quite close, and Mr. Place has the satisfaction of knowing that he has got the record tusks.

*A day later.*

This is our third and last day here, and we have done pretty much the same thing every day, only varied now and then by bigger or lesser thunderstorms. I have enjoyed wearing nice cool skirts and blouses again, after the horrid hot khaki breeches and gaiters which I had to wear because of riding the mule astride.

As we have to be up very early to-morrow morning, I am not going to write any more to-night, but when we are on the road I will just jot down a brief entry of our movements each day. When we arrive in Toro I will tell you in detail any interesting things that happened on the way. It is difficult writing in camp, because in the afternoon it is so hot that I want to lie down, and after dinner, round the fire, I am too sleepy to do anything but wait for bedtime to come. On *safari* our days begin so early that I have to dress

by candle-light. My tea comes a quarter of an hour before I need get up, and when I am up I dress as quickly as possible, without much washing. I always have my bath each day when I dress for dinner. Before I have quite finished dressing I pack my things into my tin trunk, and if I am not sharp about it, Stephen comes in and folds up the blankets and takes away my bed and carries the furniture out of my tent, and the porters begin pulling down the walls of my house about my head. It is always an amazement to me how quickly a camp is cleared and erected.

It will be another eight days before we reach Toro, and it will be *safari* in real earnest, because there is no European settlement between Hoima and Toro. Fancy me walking for eight days on end, and rising at five o'clock each morning! At home, as you know, I think it quite a hardship to walk up to the village and back.

#### FIRST CAMP AFTER HOIMA.

We reached the camp ground at ten-thirty, having done eleven and a half miles. We had to wait some time for the porters, who did not arrive until two o'clock. It was an awful nuisance having to wait, for we couldn't get our tea or go into our tents, or do anything. The porters generally pass us while we are eating our breakfast on the road, so that they get a good start of us. I don't know why they were so late to-day; perhaps it was because the road was very bad, and the hills were so steep. It really was awful walking, even without sixty pounds on your head.



PORTER IN HIS GRASS HUT, ON SAFARI





## SECOND CAMP.

Up at five-thirty. We walked until eight, when we had breakfast. We arrived at camp at twelve o'clock. I came in a good deal later than Dr. Keane and Miss Keane, because when they can get a spin on their bicycles they get far ahead of me on my mule.

We had another chief accompanying us on his bicycle to-day, and an escort of four *askari* (policemen), one of whom thought it necessary to walk close in front of me all the way. The official duty of the chief is to go ahead and tell the other chiefs that we are coming. He is sent by the king from Masindi, and is the king's messenger. The duty of the *askari* is to keep the porters in order, and to whip up the stragglers and see that they don't abandon their loads and run away.

It really becomes rather oppressive to be guarded so closely. I not only had the policeman, but my syce, and Flight and Stephen, watching my every movement. I got so tired of the khaki back of the policeman that I could have screamed. Your nerves get to a very high pitch in the heat, and you very often want to scream.

We did fifteen miles, and arrived hungry and dirty and very tired, and in the usual dripping condition. Your personal vanity takes wings on *safari*. Your face is probably purple, your hair is out of curl, you have no powder. And nothing is so unbecoming to me as khaki clothes and a huge helmet!

Since we left Hoima Captain Place has accompanied us, and up till to-day our flag has waved bravely

in the breeze at every camp, because he is a Government representative. We shall miss it when he leaves us to-morrow. He and the doctor have great palavers with the natives, talking to them in their own language, which is rather wonderful, as each tribe has a different one.

#### THIRD CAMP.

We breakfasted on the road at eight, and reached camp at two o'clock—seventeen or eighteen miles. Nothing unusual happened, except the fact that a leopard crossed our path, and we saw the tracks of a lion by a stream. He had been drinking. We also saw lots of elephant-tracks. Indeed, the country was so full of big game that Miss Keane was too frightened, by the stories of the things that we were told that we might meet on the road, to ride her bicycle. She walked all the way on foot, close to the *safari*.

When the natives see elephant manure on the road they glance at it and say: "Oh, it passed yesterday"—or "the day before"—or "one hour ago"—or even less. They can judge the time with extraordinary accuracy. If the weather is dry you can only tell that elephants have been there by seeing their manure, but if the ground is wet after the rains, or a thunderstorm, their feet leave holes in the ground as big as a baby's bath.

#### FOURTH CAMP.

We left camp at 5.45 a.m., a very hilly and stony road. It gets worse and worse. I don't believe we had a mile of flat all the way. I have been very thankful that I had the mule; it saved





NATIVE DOMESTIC UTENSILS



MUSICAL INSTRUMENT AND NATIVE STOOLS

me much weariness. I walk down the hills and ride up them. We got to camp at ten-thirty, after having done thirteen miles. The day was cool and grey, which was a great relief.

I bought a delightful native stool. It is made out of one piece of wood, and looks like a black mushroom. It is going to serve me as my bedside table on *safari*. It is exceedingly strong, and very picturesque. The chiefs sit on these stools, but they are quickly dying out of use, and now you see them squatting on ugly cane chairs. It is very difficult to get hold of any of the old domestic things, because the natives don't like selling them. The stool I bought is new, of course; the natives brought some into camp for sale. I should have liked to have picked up one of the old ones, threaded with brass and copper wire, but it wasn't possible.

#### FIFTH CAMP.

We left camp at five-forty-five, and breakfasted at half-past eight. We crossed a very swift river, the water up to the porters' necks. We crossed on a raft, made of grass. My mule was blindfolded, and had to swim. When we got to the other side, we went a little way up the river after duck for our larder. Then we had to climb a hill, and when we reached the top we discovered that the porters had taken it upon themselves to pitch the tents, which did not suit our plans at all, as we had meant to go on to the next camp, which had been made ready for us. So after lunch we made them take them all down again, and we walked on for another three hours. By this delay



we did not reach our camp until five o'clock. You can't imagine how hot it was.

#### SIXTH CAMP.

We left camp at the usual hour, in a fog. It was quite like old times to see a fog again! I suppose it was caused by the sun drawing out the moisture after the frightful rain of last night, which deluged everything. We had the biggest thunderstorm I ever saw; it was really terrific. I have never been frightened before in a storm, but I covered in my tent! The lightning never stopped, zigzagging straight into the earth, and the thunder crashed and cannonaded until my nerves were at breaking point.

The road was very stony and rough all the way, just as it was yesterday. We reached the camp at twelve o'clock, but found it so dirty that we had to walk on and make a new one, close to water. When you make a new camp all the grass has to be cut down, and a clearing made, so that it takes some time, but it is quite interesting.

#### SEVENTH CAMP.

We got off at the usual time this morning. I am beginning to find this journey a little dull, because there is no sport, no birds and no flowers, and very few butterflies; nothing but hills, and hills and hills, and interminable elephant grass. At the bottom of the hills there are rivers, but they only look like swamps, because they are covered with papyrus growing thickly, and there is no water to be seen.

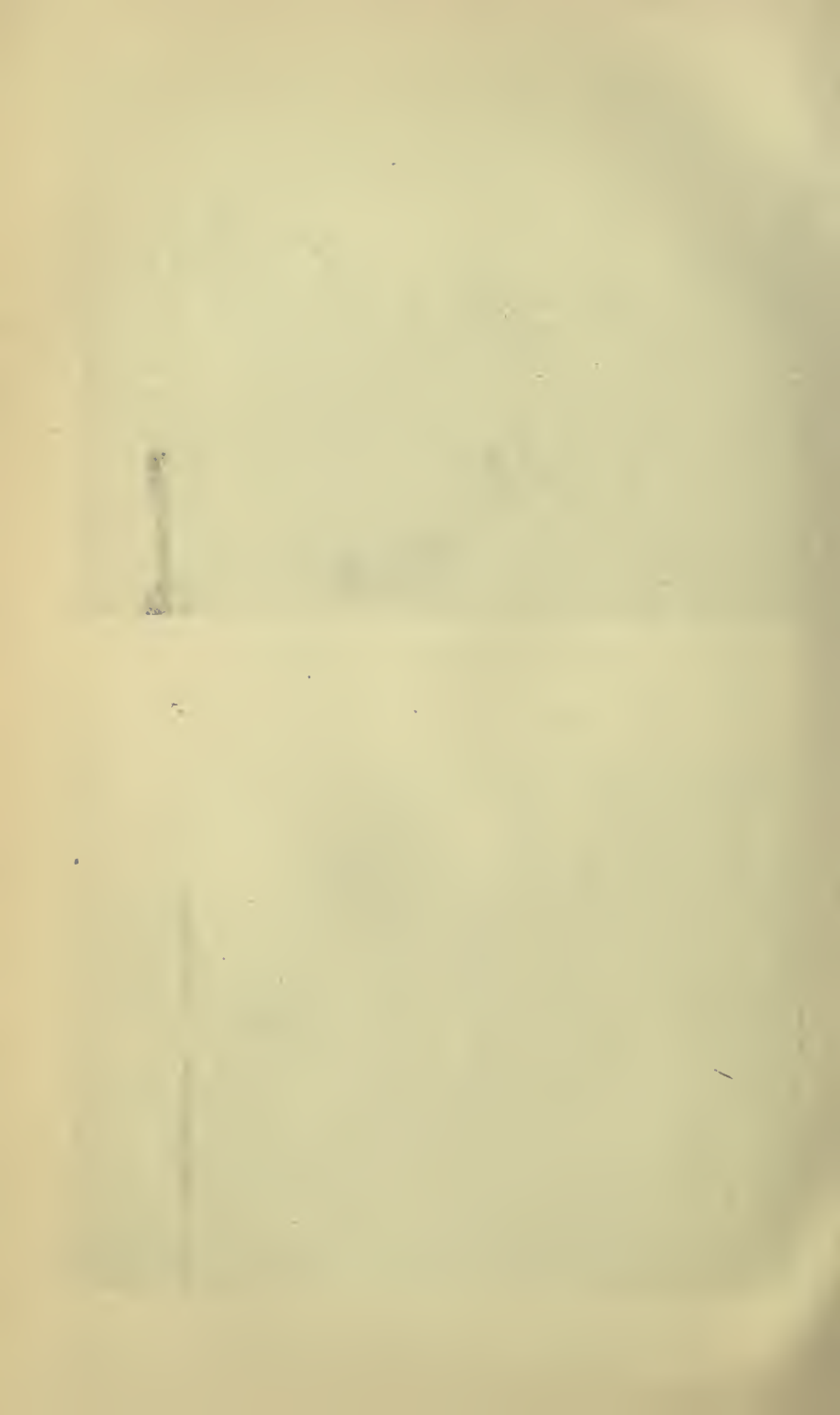
We suffer from flies by day and mosquitoes by night; they are buzzing round me now in swarms,



PORTERS CLEARING GROUND FOR CAMP



NATIVES CATCHING ANTS AND EATING THEM ALIVE



because I am writing by the light of a lantern. But they are not the ones that give you fever; the fever ones are small and striped, and silent, and these are very large and noisy.

*Eighth Day.*

AT TORO.

This morning we reached Toro at ten o'clock. I am staying with Mr. Haldane, and the Keanes are staying with friends of their own. Being back to civilization, of course, means being back to the world of golf again. There are about four men and one golf course, and so it goes without saying that we had a game. Some people came in to dinner, and it was actually so cold that we had to have a fire afterwards. As a rule you sleep under a sheet, and pull one light blanket over you if you feel chilly. Here we shall be glad of two or three blankets at night. This house has a fireplace, the first I have seen in Uganda.

TORO.

I am going to write you a letter to-day, as there is a runner going to Kampala, and he will take it along with the diary which I scribbled to you en route.

Before I forget, I must tell you some things that happened on our journey here, which was very interesting, although monotonous. It gets maddeningly monotonous when you can't see a yard on either side of you for elephant grass. You walk along a narrow native road, and you are completely shut in by the impenetrable stuff, which is as thick

as a wall. The heat gets stifling, for the grass keeps out every scrap of air, and you can't see a thing. You get perfectly frantic. It just goes on and on and on, for ever. I have journeyed over a hundred miles through it.

It was tiresome travelling, for we no sooner got to the top of a hill than we plunged right down into a valley of swampy ground, with papyrus grass about fifteen feet high growing on each side of it, or else we got into a stony drift, and then found that we had another hill to climb, just as steep, and just as thick with elephant grass as the one we had descended. It was up hill and down hill the whole way, just like a switch-back railway. It never changed.

Sometimes, at the top of a hill higher than the rest, we got, at the summit, a clear view of the country, and saw a whole world of tropical forests stretching away and away into eternity. They looked soft and mysterious, like a great, still sea, or a desert mirage. An African forest produces an appalling sense of solitude and silence. As I stood under the blazing sunlight and looked at it, it thrilled me to think that no human foot had ever penetrated its vastness. In the far haze of the horizon it looked so tender and lovely that it seemed incredible that in its heart there was such cruelty and danger. A traveller would lose his way if he ventured for one moment to leave the narrow native track on which he was walking. But then, he wouldn't, because the growth of a tropical forest is both up and down; it forms as impenetrable a barrier as barbed wire.



I mentioned in my diary one day that we had to cross a river. It was a queer experience. When we got down to it from the hill above, we were afraid that we were going to be stopped, as it was running in flood. The porters began to cross it where there should have been a ford, and were nearly carried off their feet. They were up to their necks in water; we could only see their heads, bearing our precious loads. How they kept their feet I can't imagine. Every minute we expected to see them being carried away, and all our goods and chattels with them! But they all got over safely, with their loads on their heads.

As this was practically the public ferry for the river, there were natives there, ready to build a raft for us to cross it on, made out of elephant grass bound together with the ubiquitous banana fibre. What Uganda would do without bananas I'm sure I don't know. When they had finished the raft, Miss Keane and I stood on it, and we were drawn across the river by a rope, also made of reeds and grass. And then it returned for Dr. Keane. As a rule, when you come to a river, the natives carry you across, either on their backs or on their shoulders. They look like the pictures of St. Christopher. The mule, as I told you, was blindfolded, and the syce, who went on the raft, held on to him by a rope while he plunged through the water. He had only gone a little distance when the current carried him off his feet. He struggled wildly, and rolled right over. He had to swim for the rest of the way. The whole thing was very amusing, and

characteristic of one of the episodes which go to break the monotony on the road. It took about an hour to get the whole procession safely over.

It is astonishing how soon one grows accustomed to things and takes the local colour of a country for granted. I now scarcely notice the natives when they stand like pelicans on one leg, on high ant-hills, to rest. This is their favourite attitude, and at first it used to amuse me very much. You see them silhouetted against the sky line, with one slim leg doubled up at right angles, and the foot pressed against the inside of the knee of the other leg. Just try and do it, and you will see how difficult it is to stand still for a minute, and yet they rest like that for ever so long at a time. These human pelicans are unmistakably a part of an African landscape.

On my first *safari* I used to love to watch the natives drinking from a river; they do it exactly like an animal. They bend down their head until their mouth reaches the water, and then they draw it up. I can't describe to you how primitive and picturesque it looks. We should fall into the river if we tried to do it—they don't.

Another thing I used to wonder at, and now take for granted, is the magical way in which a native lights a fire with damp wood. Often when the whole world is dripping wet, after a deluge of rain, the cook lights his fire and gives us our dinner, just as if he had used dry sticks, taken from an oven.

On this *safari* there has been one new feature in our camp life; the heaps of natives who have come every

afternoon to be treated for their sicknesses by Dr. Keane. Of course they knew that he was coming, so anyone who was ill journeyed to see the "White Medicine Man." They have every imaginable disease, from the plague to small-pox, but I fancy that most of those who came to see Dr. Keane at our camp had only fever. The doctor sits outside his tent, with his large box beside him, and doles out the medicines to them. They always seem to think that a white man can cure all diseases; this comes from the early days when every Government servant had to carry with him, on however short a journey, a good supply of medicines, which he gave to the people if they were sick. Even now, on *safari*, I have to take all sorts of simple remedies. Scarcely a day passes that Flight doesn't come and ask me for quinine or medicine of some sort. The native adores any form of physic, and will blindly swallow anything you give him. When the boys' feet get cut and sore and have to be attended to, you give them a bandage and some boracic acid; this is a very simple remedy, as you know, but it gives them the impression that any white woman or man is more or less of a doctor. The women come with toothache, and ask you to take out their teeth; in fact, all the halt and the maimed and the blind generally appear and expect to be sent away whole. Our camp for the time being is a Temple of Æsculapius.

When the sick native dies, he is disposed of in a very simple fashion. Nature has provided the hyena as a scavenger, and he makes short work of the corpse

when, immediately after death, it is put outside the hut. This is really a much better and more hygienic method of disposing of the dead than shovelling them into shallow graves dug by the ubiquitous "jimbie." I saw plenty of forlorn little cemeteries of forgotten mounds near the native villages, the result of Christianity and progress.

Speaking of hyenas, I often heard them when I was in my tent at night, making their melancholy noise. Of all noises, in the stillness of the night, the hyena's roar is the most dismal and lonely. I used to wonder what poor victim they were going to pounce upon. One night I heard the laughing hyena. It is one of those freaks of nature in the animal world; it laughs like an hysterical woman. The hyena is very seldom seen in the daytime; he is a night hunter, pure and simple. The natives loathe him.

I find I must close this scribble without telling you a word about Toro, because I hear that the runner is going to start for Kampala in a few minutes. I will give you an account of my life in Toro in my next letter. I know I am going to like it very much; the air is so exhilarating that I feel quite revived already, although I have only been here a day or two. I can wear with comfort my flannel skirt and a silk blouse in the morning, and my woolly at six o'clock.



## XVII

### TORO : FORT PORTAL.

I WROTE to you just after our arrival here, which seems quite a long time ago, because you exhaust the novelty of a little settlement like this very soon, and at the end of the third day you feel as if you had lived in the place for years.

Toro is quite an historical place ; it has seen lots of fighting. There is a moat round the Boma, where the Europeans defended themselves. The settlement stands on a hill, surrounded by other hills ; and in the distance rise the Mountains of the Moon.

The Portal Peaks, the northern end of the range, come quite close to Toro. The range rises from seven thousand to twenty thousand feet. The highest peaks are covered with snow, but I haven't seen them yet, and there are threats of my not being able to do so at all, because this is the dry season. Sometimes a heat haze hides them for weeks at a time. I shall be heartbroken if I don't see them before I leave. They are only thirty miles away, so I mean to go to the snow line, if it is at all possible, and if any of these Toro men can spare the time to take me. It is most unfortunate that Mr. Grant, the P.C., is



away in the mountains at present, for the Governor gave me a letter to him, and I might have gone with him, if only I had got here earlier.

Yesterday, with the usual hospitality one meets everywhere here, we were invited out to lunch and tea, and we played golf afterwards. It was very enjoyable in its way, but here my eyes and heart go out to the mountains. I long to start off and feel that I am actually in them. All the same, I know that by entering into the life of the settlements when I am on *safari* I am going to know a great deal more about the country than I should do if I allowed my instincts to rule my days! There is scarcely anything about the place I shan't know when I leave it, because there is so little to talk about that interests are very local. At Toro, as at Hoima, there is only one white woman in the settlement, but Toro boasts of four Europeans, and they are all Britishers.

As I told you in my last letter, I am staying with Mr. Haldane. He only came back from leave a week ago, and his house is almost empty, all his stuff being held up, as usual, at Mombasa. In an official's house there is always the Government allowance of six chairs, two tables, two beds; that is a furnished house. My camp furniture was moved into my room, and I soon made it look quite homely and comfortable. Out here there is no question about not inviting people to stay with you because of the mere detail that your house is not furnished. You are invited, and you go, and they give you everything they have, which is a truer hospitality and a kinder

welcome than the most princely luxury one receives at home.

Here every one knows what every one else is doing. They know when you are on the road, and are always ready to welcome you on your arrival. News is blown like thistle-down from one station to another.

I am writing this on the veranda, and just opposite me is the Toro Bank. It is a tiny brick hut, with a large iron safe-door. The D.C. keeps the key, and I often watch him going to take out some money, or put some away. Inside it is just like a safe. It doesn't need clerks, and it has no official hours. I often wonder if it has a Bank Holiday !

Toro consists of about six bungalows, the Bank, the Boma, the huts for a few K.A.R.'s, the Indian bazaar, and the native settlement. There is a splendid native market, and I often go to it. I bought some bark cloth, and some baskets and mats, there to-day. It is right down at the bottom of the hill, and most of the goods are displayed in the customary way. There are a few bamboo sheds for the meat, to keep it from the sun. The meat was a disgusting sight ; it was so hacked to pieces that the beast looked as if it had been murdered instead of slaughtered. When I was telling you about the delicacy of the bullock's hump the other day, I quite forgot to mention the sheeps' fat tails, which are also one of the specialities. Nasty beasts—their huge, lumpy, heavy tails quite disgusted me. I'm sure they would taste like tallow candles. But fat-tailed sheep are one of the features in the landscape.

In the market they have the usual little parcels of seeds and tobacco and rice and mealies and matches, all done up in banana fibre and laid on the ground, and also skins and native knives and baskets. The designs on the baskets, and their shapes, are most beautiful. They have come straight down from the ancient Egyptians. The really fine modern ones are exceedingly hard to get, because they are made by the King's mother. They are exquisitely made, and she has an artist's eye for form and colour.

The King's house stands on a hill ; it is a bungalow made of sun-dried bricks, with a corrugated-iron roof. It is really a very good house, and looks nice and cool, surrounded by banana trees.

King Kasagama is a huge man, and has got the largest feet I have ever seen. Mr. Haldane brought him and his Prime Minister in to see me the other day. I was sitting on the veranda writing when they came. He was dressed in the ordinary white *kanzu* and a European coat. He has good manners, and when I had shaken hands with him, all I could do was to smile repeatedly, while Mr. Haldane talked to him. I was told afterwards by the P.C. that His Majesty is in disgrace. He has been very bumptious and cheeky, and has ignored orders. To punish him, he is to walk all the way to Entebbe to see the Governor.

When I said that the European population of Toro consisted of four men and one woman, I did not include the people at the mission. There are about six ladies connected with the mission, and, I think, two or three men. They have a very fine hospital, with



TORO MARKET. MAN IN FOREGROUND SELLING CRASSHOPPERS.





a staff of native nurses, both male and female, who work under the two English nurses. The hospital is made of brick, but is only one-storied. The mission doctor and his wife live there.

In the mission school they are trying to encourage the native weaving-industry. They were very successful, and a little time ago had quite a number of looms in the school, and a very good sale for the coloured linens they made. When the idea was first started, Miss Allen went to some other settlement, where they had a native weaving-industry, and learned the trade. She brought the knowledge back to the Toro mission, and soon quite a number of children and women were adepts at the loom. All was going splendidly, and they had built up a good connexion. Their wide striped linens of bright native dyes were specially attractive. It takes a great deal of energy and patience to create even a small industry amongst the natives, so that the mission linen-factory was a thing to be proud of.

When I arrived in Toro and wanted to see the workshops, and buy some linen, I was told that there was none to be had, for a jealous husband had burnt the workshop and the looms. He was jealous of his wife working for the missionaries, and he was also, probably, averse to her becoming a Christian. Anyhow, in a fit of temper he burnt down all that had been created with so much unselfish labour. They are starting it again, and collecting money to get fresh looms and raw material. I saw a lot of children spinning. There were scarcely half a dozen small

pieces of linen rescued from the fire. I secured one of them; it is a delicious mixture of purples and oranges and greys and black. It is really a native woman's dress, woven in wide stripes, a charming piece of colour. The vegetable dyes are so pure.

The children were also making bead necklaces; the beads were threaded on the hairs of elephants' tails. They also thread them on giraffes' hairs. When a man shoots an elephant he always saves the hairs of its tail, and gets a native to make them into bracelets for his friends. I have a whole tail, besides many bracelets.

Unfortunately, they don't make the native women's dresses at the mission any more, because they are not considered suitable garments for modest Christians to wear. The only thing I had to find fault with in the delightful institution was the absurd fact that they think it necessary to make the converted women adopt a hideous costume. It is like a charity pinafore. It is hung from a yoke, and gives a foolish, overgrown look to all the women who wear it. Their native costume suits them so well, and shows off to advantage their beautiful busts and arms. When I remonstrated with the mission ladies on the subject, they said that they had introduced these pinafores for two reasons: the first and primary one being that the native dress affords too much scope for displaying their figures, and the second, that they wished to prevent the women going into the Indian bazaars and buying up all sorts of European rubbish to deck themselves out in.

The children in the mission seem very happy. I saw a number of them playing English games in the school grounds.

Miss Allen and Miss Pyke are quite landmarks in Uganda ; they were amongst the earliest missionaries to come out, and they know the country inside out. They have a very good garden, with lovely flowers and fruits and vegetables. There is a big brick church with an iron roof attached to the mission. It has window frames, but no windows. The service is held in Buganda.

The White Fathers have their mission farther back in the country. They also have a glorious garden, and a coffee plantation. Two of the White Fathers are Canadians. They have been to see Mr. Haldane once or twice since I have been here ; they seemed to thoroughly enjoy talking to me about Canada. When they come to a meal, Mr. Haldane gets out all sorts of delicacies from his stores, and they do splendid justice to his fruit salads, into which he pours any amount of liqueurs and brandy. A great number of Canadian nuns and monks come out here to join the order of the White Fathers. They look so odd riding across the scrub on bicycles in their flowing white robes and helmets. They are French Canadians, of course. Their order does any amount of good work in Africa, and they are very highly thought of in the country. As the natives are devoted to charms and beads of all sorts, they take very kindly to Roman Catholic crucifixes and rosaries, which they wear round their black necks, just as

they did their native charms. I think it is easier for them to adopt Roman Catholicism than Protestantism for the very reason that when they become Catholics they still have some charms to wear, and something to look at, when they renounce their native beads; whereas, when they become Protestants, poor dears, they have nothing but a pinafore hung on a yoke, which entirely hides their own physical charms, as well as their foolish baubles.

I believe we are going an excursion to one of the Crater Lakes the day after to-morrow. The whole of this country is volcanic, and the Crater Lakes have been formed at various periods by earthquakes. They are of all shapes and sizes; some of them are very tiny and very beautiful. I will add something to this after I have seen them. As there is no post leaving Toro for a few days, I will make a short diary, or, at any rate, add to this anything which I think will interest you.

*Monday.*

On Sunday, after lunch, we started off to one of the Crater Lakes. Although it was only to be an afternoon's excursion, boys were sent on to prepare our tea, and porters to carry our chop-boxes, chairs and tables. You picnic in rather a lordly way in Uganda!

The Keanes rode on their bicycles, and I rode on my mule, and Mr. Haldane ran—at least, he started running. At first we went along a narrow native path through banana plantations, with funny little native beehive huts, belonging to the owners of the



plantation, in the middle of them. It is so odd, the way the banana trees grow quite close to the huts, their tattered leaves almost concealing them, like birds'-nests ; they are very close to nature. You can only see the front of the huts and their furniture consists of a native bed, made of skins stretched across a wooden frame. The fires are lit inside, and they simply live in the midst of smoke, for, like the crofters' huts, they have no chimneys.

Every male native pays a hut-tax of a few shillings a year. If only they were made to pay a little more, there would be no need for our Government to supplement the cost of administration. Of course the native says to himself : " We don't want to be administered "—but then, look at what we have done for them ! We have put down the slave trade, raids on women and on cattle, unmentionable atrocities, human sacrifices, mutilation of young men and women, suicide of wives on their husbands' graves, and wars in which whole tribes were wiped out of existence, robber-chiefs shedding blood simply for the enjoyment of seeing it flow—and, better still, we have taught and compelled the men to work. Our porters, for instance, are made to do one month's work in the year ; if they run away ; they are liable to punishment. They haven't brains for a very high class of work, but they can earn good money, as the servants say, as motor drivers, teamsters, policemen, soldiers, and, of course, as domestic servants.

We passed out of the banana plantations into thick scrub, which grew over an undulating country of



lesser and bigger hillocks, which afforded us a view of the northern slopes of the mountains. Unfortunately a heat-haze prevented our seeing them quite clearly. There were always the shadows of them, and high peaks appearing and disappearing.

After the thick scrub we had to go over some very volcanic ground, consisting of little hills. We were riding round them, and riding over them, and in and out of them, for a long way. It was all Africa, every inch of it; the light, and the hills, and the vegetation, and the porters with their boxes on their heads, going along in Indian file in front of you up the path you know you have to travel.

A porter, when he drops his stick, which he is never without, picks it up with his toes, so as not to bother taking his burden off his head. His toes are as useful as our fingers.

When we came to the end of our journey, or, rather, to the first lake, our tea was all set out and ready for us in a *Banda* overlooking the water. We had had no view of the lake until we got into the *Banda*. It looked very lonely, and very dark and eerie, not at all beautiful. At least, I thought so; not nearly so pleasing as the tiny one we saw after tea—shaped like a pudding basin. It was very blue, and very dark and very deep, about a hundred feet, I think, and encircled by the most superb vegetation you can imagine. It went down into the earth like a sunken pudding basin. There were trees, and tree-ferns and palms, dracænas and giant euphorbias, growing from the top of its steep banks right down to the

water's edge. They looked very beautiful, mirrored in the blue water. Kingfishers and herons and cranes were darting over it. I shouldn't have been the least surprised if I had seen fairies and goblins and sprites appearing from the woods.

In spite of its romantic beauty, however, this miniature lake has a very evil reputation for snakes. Puff adders and python abound in its neighbourhood. I saw a puff adder wriggling along the road as we came to it, and I was very anxious to secure a skin, to make a pair of snake-skin slippers, but nothing would induce any of the porters to come within striking distance of a "Silent Death," as they call the puff adder. And I don't blame them! He is a particularly deadly snake.

The Governor told me that once, when he was on *safari*, he came across a huge python. He struck it on the head, but didn't kill it, so he struck it a second time, and thought he had killed it. The porters dragged it back to the camp, wrapped up in a mackintosh. He naturally wished to preserve its skin. Later on, when they were all sitting round the table enjoying whiskies and sodas, he looked up, and caught sight of the python with its head raised. It had revived and crawled out of the mackintosh. The rest of the company fled from the table, while the Governor, for the third time, struck it, and killed it.

Of course we couldn't go down to the edge of the little lake, for its banks were much too steep and thickly covered with vegetation. We had to content ourselves with sitting on the brim of the basin and

looking down into its depths. One speaks of a sunken forest ; this little vision of beauty in the dreary African scrub was a veritable sunken lake.

The third lake was long and narrow in shape, and had some high rock cliffs along its shores. We walked over the top of the cliffs for a long way, and looked down at the dazzling blue of its water, which was interspersed with the deep shadows of its cliffs. The vegetation was not so dense, and not nearly so tropical or interesting ; there were no ferns or palms encircling it, as the tree-ferns and palms encircled the Bath of Venus—for that is the name the Italians would have given the tiny lake, I feel sure ! In fact, from a little distance it resembled a small Scotch loch.

These Crater Lakes are in a very desolate district. There are no native villages near them, or, indeed, any signs of human life. This sense of desolation is due to the fact that the lakes are supposed to be haunted by wizards and evil spirits, and the natives are afraid to live near them.

I must end this long letter rather abruptly, because my boy has just come to tell me that Mr. Grant has arrived and wants to see me. He must have returned from the Mountains of the Moon.

*Some hours later.*

I must add a line to this, to tell you that Mr. Grant is going to take me to the Mountains of the Moon ! ! !

Really, isn't it wonderful ? It does prove that if you go on wishing for a thing hard enough and long enough, you get it in the end.



CRATER LAKE NEAR TORO





He came back yesterday, and found the letter I had sent to him from the Governor waiting for him. He heard that I had gone for the day to the Crater Lakes, but he came to see me directly I got back. He said that anything in the world that he could do for the Governor, he would do ; and as the Governor had said in his letter to him that I wanted to see Ruwenzori, of course he must take me !

It is a very big trip ; it will take a fortnight, there and back. I can ride my mule for two days ; after that it is nothing but swamps and bamboo forests, and precipices. We are to go in light marching order, but I am to take all the warm clothes I can find, as we shall have to climb over fourteen thousand feet to reach the snow and glaciers.

I believe I shall be about the fourth woman to do it. You know, of course, that it was the Duke of Abruzzi who made them really known to the world, four or five years ago.

The worst of it is that I have very few warm clothes with me, as I left all my heavy garments in Nairobi, never dreaming that I should do such tremendous journeys. I shall have to go to the Indian bazaar and buy some blankets and a hot-water bottle. The one I had has suffered so severely from the climate that it passed away on our journey here.

The runner is waiting for this, so good-bye. I will give you a full account of my exciting journey.

## XVIII

### THE ROAD TO THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON.

**W**E are now three days on the road, and have just reached the foot of the mountains, but we haven't seen them clearly yet, because there is a heat-haze which has never lifted. It obscured them almost the whole time I was in Toro, but as we are having a thunderstorm now, and it is raining hard, we shall probably get a view when the storm is over.

This heat-haze hides the mountains so completely that even the greatest explorers were convinced that they didn't exist, and that the snow-white peaks which now and then appeared for a moment or two above the clouds were only optical illusions. The natives, however—those of the East Coast especially—were always confident that there was this great range of mountains at the source of the Nile. They may have heard the caravan-traders speak of them. The great Stanley himself never saw them, even when he camped on their slopes in 1875. He merely related the tales told him by the natives, of the towering snow-peaks and their intense cold. It was not until





PORTERS CROSSING MUBUKU RIVER

thirteen years later, in 1888, when he made his longest journey through Africa, that he actually discovered them. He was crossing the strip of coast which forms the south-west bank of Lake Albert, when his boy told him one day to look at a mountain which, he said, was covered with salt. Stanley looked, and, as he looked, he realized for the first time that what he saw was not an optical illusion, but a vast mountain, with its summit covered with snow.

This is a most lovely camp, surrounded by hills and mountains, with the rushing Mobuku River quite close to it. Our tents are pitched on its bank. We crossed it this morning at ten o'clock, and it really was an amusing sight—the mules floundering in the water, the cavalcade of porters, with their loads on their heads, and their long staffs. Every moment we expected to see them washed away, as the bottom was all stones and boulders. The poor things slipped and slithered about, up to their armpits. The current was terrific. Miss Keane was carried over first, on a porter's neck, with a porter holding on to her on each side. I watched anxiously to see if she would be hurled into the river, but she arrived safely at the other side, amid a din of shouting natives, who had all been eager to offer their advice. When my turn came, I was very nervous, for when I was mounted on Flight, with my legs round his neck, I felt so badly balanced that, with the slightest stumble on his part, I should have been pitched head first over his head into the river. But I held on to his woolly poll, and I was



grasped firmly on either side by a native. I have crossed many rivers on porters' backs before this, but, with my legs round Flight's neck, it was quite another thing. Mr. Grant forded it on foot, he is over six feet in height, and it went up to his waist. You can't imagine the noise the porters made, all shouting and yelling at the same time. However, after about half an hour, mules, porters, boys, and we ourselves were landed safely on the opposite bank, which was thickly covered with scrub.

We have done about twelve to thirteen miles a day, all of it up and down very steep hills. To-day I had to walk nearly all the way. When I try to walk up the hills I get very winded, and Mr. Grant, Miss Keane, the *askaris* and boys walk so fast that I find it very hard work to keep up with them. But I won't be left behind, so I struggle on, and don't complain, because I said I could do it, when Mr. Grant warned me before we started how hard the trip would be, and what hot work I should find it. Miss Keane is a marvel. She hasn't been able to ride her bicycle for two days, because the paths are so narrow and steep, and too overgrown with long grass; it was often over our heads.

The scenery varies very little, just long grass and scrub, and heat-haze. It has been terribly hot and airless.

The programme of our day is just the same as on all *safaris*: by lunch time it is too hot to do anything but laze and sleep, until tea. I always look forward to my bath, because I am generally purple in the face

and a dripping mass by the time I arrive in camp. No sooner have I changed than Stephen comes into my tent and collects all my clothes that want washing; he unpacks my box and gets out anything soiled that there is in it. They are washed instantly, and dried in the sun. This saves taking many changes with one.

The natives have to keep the camp fire burning all night, to guard us from wild beasts. Some of them sit by the fire, hunched up, native fashion, smoking their long pipes, which, on march, they carry over their shoulders, while others lie down, rolled up in their blankets. I sometimes give them cigarettes, which they adore. Their black limbs look strangely picturesque in the firelight. It is astonishing how little they seem to feel the cold at night, for although some of them have a blanket, as I said, wrapped round them, just as many of them sit in their thin rags. They bring their food and eat it round the fire, and if they have any meat, they cut it in shreds and put it on a stick and toast it. They cook their bananas and sweet potatoes in the fire. I expect they enjoy resting round a fire as much as we do—it often distresses me to see the poor creatures carrying loads of fifty or sixty pounds for several hours up and down such terrific hills. They sometimes collapse by the way, and stagger in very late. After they get in they have the tents to put up, and to fetch wood and water.

To-day we paid off all the Toro porters, who must wait here until our return. We take on mountain men to-morrow, and their loads are to be cut down

to the least possible weight, but even then we shall have to take about twenty-five porters and two guides. I have to supply the mountain porters with blankets and food, and pay their wages. The porters get six rupees, and the guides get ten for the trip. As a rule, on *safari*, as I told you, the porters get their food from the chiefs, but on the mountains that will be impossible. They only wear their blankets at night; they are saving them for their wives. We must content ourselves with tinned food, and as little of that as we can live upon. It will take ten days to get there and back.

Mr. Grant, who is a brother of Grant the explorer, is most kind and thoughtful. He has spent about thirteen years out here, in expeditions and hunting. He is most interesting over the camp fire at night, when he tells us some of his experiences. On his last trip up here, only two weeks ago, he shot two elephants; there are plenty of them all over this part of the country, but I haven't seen one yet, which is very disappointing.

#### BIHUNGA CAMP.

To-day we left camp at seven; having to re-arrange all the loads for the new porters, it took some time to get off. We have now thirty instead of fifty, and they are much stronger and stouter men, but even so, I don't know how they manage to carry their loads. I have left Stephen behind, and have taken on Flight, who is much the stronger boy of the two, and more used to hardships. The mountain porters are Bakongo; the men of the plains are Buganda, who





MR. GRANT ON SAFARI. MOUNTAIN VEGETATION





are not capable of the fatigue of mountain climbing. The Bakonga wear very little clothing, except wild-beast skins.

All the way we had the Portal peaks in front of us, and our altitude was about eight thousand feet above the sea. For the first few hours after leaving camp we went along a path with the elephant grass so thick and high that we could only just squeeze through it. I rode the mule for as long as I could, but when it came to his sliding down a hill where I was unable to see an inch in front of him, I got off, and sent him back to the camp. This sort of thing continued until we had breakfast at eight, after which our real troubles began. Scrambling up a hill almost as straight as the side of a house, which was so slippery with last night's rain that for every step we took we seemed to slide back two, with boulders and stones, streams, bogs, mud, decayed grass, bamboo, ferns and wild balsams, and everything you can imagine, to make our way difficult. Things that caught you round the neck, things that caught you round the arms and legs, feet and head. The long growths which hang down from tropical trees like the ropes of ships, and take root in the ground, play the very dickens with your hat. I think Absalom must have met his death by one of them. Sometimes we were up to our knees in slush and water and mud, and had to jump across the track from stone to stone, often landing on one which would turn over and plunge us into the water. In regaining your balance you would trip again on one of the creeping plants,

and it was then that your language became more expressive than polite. The next moment, when you had started going again, you would plant your foot on a sunken piece of wood covered with slime or hummocks of grass, which would send you over head foremost.

After a bit I began to feel my way with the caution of a wild animal, and got into the habit of using my tall staff for the purpose for which it was intended, namely, testing the stability of the stones and pieces of grass and mud which promised a footing. The guides and porters perform miracles in this way. What we were doing with nothing to hinder us, they are achieving with big boxes on their heads, full of glasses and pots and pans and every sort of necessary household utensil.

We climbed up and up and up, then down and down and down, through dense jungle, with big forest trees soaring out of it. It was far too thick to see more than the path in front of us, and there was no sign of animal or bird life anywhere. The porters walking in Indian file in front of us, with their boxes on their heads, and their wild-beast skins on their black limbs, and their long staffs in their hands, completed the vision of Africa. I felt, as I looked at them, toiling along the narrow paths, often having to crouch low down, so that the boxes on their heads should not be torn off by the branches and ropes of the jungle, that I was now veritably on my way to the Mountains of the Moon.

It really was such dreadful travelling that if it

hadn't been for Flight, who pulled me up, and a porter who pushed me over the worst parts, and my long bamboo staff, I don't think I ever could have done it. But they tell me that this is nothing to what is coming.

At last, however, we reached this camp, which is the only flat little spot on the mountain side, the only possible place to pitch two small tents, without fly or veranda or bath-room.

If you are wondering what a "fly" is, let me tell you that it is one of the most necessary parts of the camp equipment. In the hot hours and in the storms you couldn't do without it, because it is the outer canvas which forms the double roofs of the tents and protects you from the sun and the rain. You couldn't live in a tent without a double roof. This fly is raised up a few inches above the inner roof, to allow the air to pass through, and to keep off the rain. There is always, of course, a trench dug round the tents, to drain them.

The moment we arrived the porters beat down the grass, cut down small trees, and cleared it enough for our small encampment. Although Mr. Grant camped on this ground only two weeks ago, the vegetation springs up so quickly that the clearing made for him had almost disappeared.

Through grey clouds and heavy mists we were able to see the jagged peaks of rugged mountains with a covering of snow on them. After five it began raining again, which made everything damp and dreary. It is deadly cold. I am writing to you in my tent, thankful for my woolly and a big coat. Only a few

days ago we were sweltering in 90 degrees of heat! Of course it always rains some part of each day; so far we have been lucky in that it has begun after we have arrived in camp. The whole country lives in the clouds, and is wrapped in dense mists. You realize how it happened that its mountains and valleys were not explored until quite lately. The eternal mists and fogs hid them jealously from the world.

I left off writing to you for a few minutes, because I heard elephants trumpeting in the valley below. I rushed out, and looked over the precipice, but I couldn't see them. I can still hear them, vanishing into the distance.

On our journey up the mountain, through the jungle, I forgot to tell you that the ferns were lovely—great huge tree-ferns, like the ones you see in the glass-houses at Kew, and lots of smaller varieties of rare ferns and lychopodium growing over all the rocks and stumps of trees. There were scarlet cannas, and pink and white balsams.

It is a month to-day since we left Kampala; we have travelled about three hundred and fifty miles.

KINGANATABE CAMP (8,950 feet),

*July 26.*

This morning we left Camp Bihunga at seven, and slid down a hill. I got on much better because I had on a pair of boots with big nails in them, and so I didn't fall down quite so often. It is generally clear in the mornings, so we saw the mountains for a short time, but soon we had to plunge into the forest again,



when we lost them, and everything else belonging to the outer world. The vegetation was beautiful; the same gigantic tree-ferns, the same flaming cannas, and a wealth of smaller tropical ferns and plants.

We again had some rivers to ford; we managed to cross two or three on foot by jumping from rock to rock, but one we had to be carried over. It wasn't nearly such a deep one as that of the day before, but it was a rapid mountain torrent of clear green glacier water.

We had our breakfast—tinned sausages, fresh baked bread and tinned butter, tinned marmalade and coffee—below a huge forest tree, half of which had been burnt away. I had seen wild bees swarming on the trees, so I said I would like to taste some honey. Mr. Grant told Flight to go and get me some, and presently he arrived with a lump of honeycomb. Just when I was going to eat it, I discovered that it was full of grubs—unhatched bees. I sent it away in disgust, but it wasn't wasted, for Flight, without a moment's hesitation, squatted down and devoured it, grubs and all.

We had got into a world of bracken; as we toiled up a steep mountain after breakfast, it towered over our heads. Half-way up, when we stopped to rest, Flight spotted a herd of elephants on a hill opposite, across the valley. There were about eight of them, and through the glasses I could see them grazing peacefully, like a flock of sheep. We watched them for almost an hour. I was delighted at seeing them at last in their native habitat, but I longed to be near enough to see their tusks.



In the valley below it was a dense jungle, but when you looked beyond there was a world of hills and valleys, and valleys and hills.

The last bit of the march was along a ridge of the mountain, the merest native track, where the vegetation was so thick that we couldn't see either to the right or left of us; we could only hear the Mobuku River roaring in the valley below.

We went on until twelve o'clock, when we reached this camp, where the view suddenly became glorious. There are rocky mountains towering in front of us with their heads in the clouds. This evening the big clouds cleared away, leaving behind them little misty ones, floating about on the top of the mountains, while a blue haze was rising from the valley, with the setting sun behind it. In the golden light it was wonderful. And to think that these are really the Mountains of the Moon!

This camp is quite as small as the last one; there is only just room to pitch two tents; there are two enormous rocks overhanging us; the cook is doing his best under one, and all the porters are huddled under the other. At this moment they are having their food doled out to them—a pound and a half of flour, which they mix with water and stir with a stick; that is all they have to eat in the twenty-four hours.

We have a splendid fire to sit round, as there is a plentiful supply of wood, but it only keeps you warm on one side, so I turn round and round, as if I were a bit of meat on a spit. It was so cold when I



VIEW FROM BIHUNGA CAMP



went to bed after lunch that I had to have a hot-water bottle. The porters have to go down into the valley and toil up the mountain with every drop of water we use.

Our food is lasting us very well, because we shot four guinea-fowls three days ago, and the poor fat-tailed sheep, which came with us all the way from Toro, was killed yesterday.

I wish you could take a peep at the camp this moment. Our boots are drying in front of the fire on sticks, our khaki skirts, stockings, undergarments and towels are all hanging up, because we are drenched every day by the time we arrive in camp, and they all have to be dried. The porters are huddled up in their blankets under the friendly shelter of the overhanging rock, and our two tents are perched like mushrooms on the ledge of the precipice.

Everything is in stillness now, so I must go to bed.

#### KICHUCHU CAMP (9,300 feet).

We have had a really terrific day, leaving camp at seven. It was too cold to start any earlier; even at seven the ground was white with frost. The mountains were beautifully clear, but, alas! we saw very little of them, for we were in a dense bamboo forest for the greater part of the day, with the narrowest path cut through it, the one Mr. Grant cut two weeks ago. The stumps of the bamboos were no longer close to the ground, but at all heights, and they grew at all angles, so they caught our toes and tripped us at every step. In some places it was too dark to see the

path at all, and now and then it had to be re-cut for us as we went along.

After leaving the bamboo jungle, we had to cross a horrible swamp. We began by trying to jump from the stones to pieces of solid grass, but we soon found that impossible, so we made up our minds to struggle through the mud and dirt up to our knees. After that we had to cross the Móbuku River twice, and two smaller streams, and as I had long since given up trying to keep dry, I just splashed through them.

Next we came to a big forest of heath trees, which were all festooned with grey moss, hanging like waving beards from their branches. The effect was wonderful, and often absurdly grotesque. The trees, which were tall as Scotch firs, seemed to be holding out their arms to make waterfalls of this curious growth, which hangs like a soft veil from every plant and bush. It spreads over the trees and shrubs, and completely hides their shapes. It imprisons their foliage, except at the tops of the tallest trees, where the leaves manage to free themselves when they reach the light. This fantastic parasite delights in contorting and deforming everything in Nature.

The vegetation to-day was more tropically weird than anything I have yet seen. It was so desolate and grim that I could scarcely believe sometimes that it was real. Mid-African scenery bears no relation to any other sort of scenery, so it brooks no comparison. The stillness was awful, and the sense of the absence of any living thing oppressive. I



tried to imagine what it would feel like to be quite alone in that primeval vastness of nature. The moss-covered trees would become ghostly in their shapes, and the unearthly stillness would thunder at your senses. The beautiful mauve and yellow orchids which I saw hanging from the trees in the forest, and the little pink ground ones, only added to the wonderful fantasy of the scene.

For the last mile or two we again sank into swamps up to our knees; it was very exhausting, and more than bore out all that Mr. Grant had told me about the strenuousness of the journey. When even the Duke of Abruzzi speaks of the difficulties of this part of his expedition, and of how his porters struggled and fell by the way, you will realize that it was not only bad going from my point of view, but from that of a great traveller and explorer.

Our camp here is actually on a quaking swamp. It is pitched under the shadow of a mighty rock, where there is just room enough for our two tents. The tents are supposed to be on firm ground, but the whole place moves up and down, like an Irish bog, when anyone passes the tents. Even inside them we have boards to stand on, in the vain endeavour to keep our feet dry. We have three big fires, and our dining table is squeezed up under a rock, with one of them almost under it. This is scarcely one's preconceived idea of tropical Africa!

Our limited camping ground is on one of the three terraces which form the upper Mobuku valley. These three terraces are separated from each other by high

cliffs which run from six hundred to a thousand feet in height. Above Kichuchu the high peaks belong to the most southerly of the Portal group.

All our clothes, which were saturated with the moisture which dripped on us from the festooned trees, are hanging to dry in front of the cook's fire. My khaki skirt is a solid mass of mud up to the waist. I have taken to my skirt since I abandoned my mule, but such a skirt! A kilt would be a better name for it. It has a split up the front and the back, so that I can ride in it, if I get the chance.

The cook has a little dry rock to cook on, and these boys must sleep on it, as there is no room to pitch their tent. The porters are huddled together under the shelter of another rock, a little way off. They are quite cheerful, and the boys are wonderful. They do everything without a word of complaint, although they must suffer frightfully from the cold at night.

We are about nine thousand, eight hundred and thirty-three feet up now, although really our camp is in a little hole. We can't see any mountains, for right in front of us, in the swamp, is the moss-festooned heath forest: it breaks our view; and behind us, not a yard off, is a high rock of about eight hundred feet, which stands up and bulges over our heads.

We have a hard day before us to-morrow, our journey beginning with the ascent of a rock which looks as if a fly couldn't climb up it; it is a spur of the rock which towers up behind us. High up it I can see a native ladder, made of bamboo and rope, which I am afraid we shall have to swarm up.



MOUNT EDWARD. TAKEN FROM A HEIGHT OF 14,500 FT.



It has been a lovely day, the sky brilliantly blue when we could see it, which wasn't very often. Remember that a clear blue sky and sunshine in these mist-veiled regions are very rare things. We are considered lucky in the matter of weather.

After we left the dense forests to-day I actually picked some violets and forget-me-nots. You can't imagine how friendly and tender they seemed, after the mad dream of nature through which we had struggled. I also saw lots of delicately-coloured everlastings. I gathered a bunch to bring home to you; they look so fanciful, growing wild in the bright sunshine. There was white arabis, too, and lots of tropical flowers of which I don't know the names. I hope the everlastings won't be crushed before you see them, they are so delicately beautiful.

YAMBAMBA CAMP,

*July 28.*

We are at the waterfall called Yambamba. The water comes from the glacier, and falls about two hundred feet. It makes a noise as if rain was pouring on our tents. We are right at the side of the fall, and when the wind comes our way the spray wets us. It is a glorious sight. The clear glacier water seems to leap right out from a dense mass of tropical vegetation, which is exquisitely festooned with the same grey moss that I told you about yesterday. At the bottom, where the waters fall, there are dracenas and veronicas, and all sorts of exquisite plants.

To-day we had the river on our right as we climbed,



and, my word, what a climb it was! Part of the way we had to resort to our hands and knees. When we reached the native ladder on the high rock, Flight pulled me from above, and a porter pushed me up from below to prevent me slipping back. How the porters got up it with their loads will remain a mystery to me.

After we scaled the cliff, we had a mountain to climb, covered with dense vegetation. When we got to open places, we had amazing views. Once we saw miles and miles of mountains quite free from clouds, and, at the top of one, a lovely lake, to which no explorer has ever yet found the way. It glistened like a jewel in the sun.

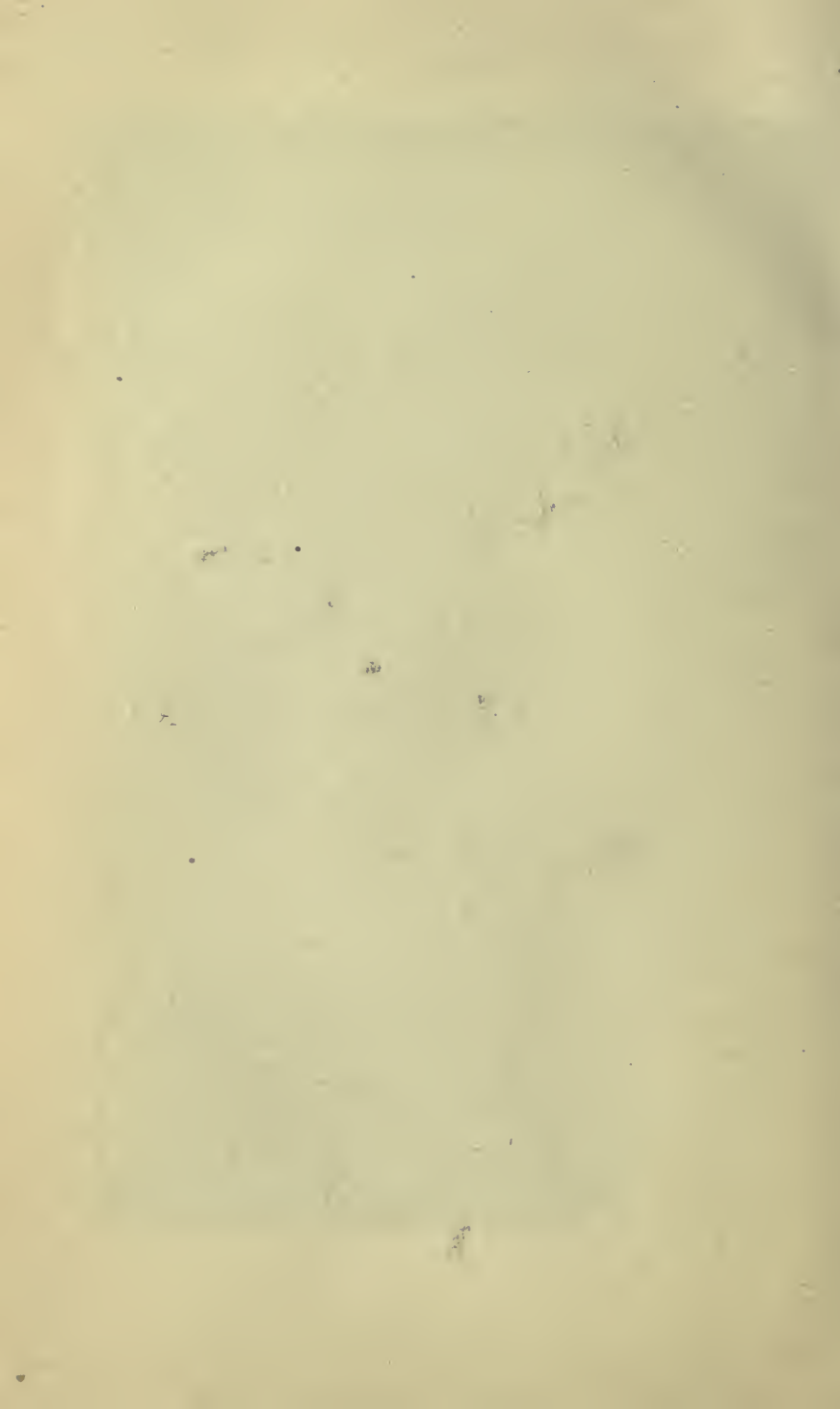
But we haven't reached the snows yet, so everything is still green and luxuriant and tropical and luscious, and very beautiful.

To-day's journey was the worst we have done, and now that I am here, I really can't believe that it was I who actually did it. And yet I suppose there will be just as bad things to contend with to-morrow, if not worse.

When we got down the other side of the mountain which we had to climb up on our hands and knees, we found ourselves in a valley where I think we encountered the worst part of our journey. We had to scramble and crawl over fallen forest trees, made slippery with the slime of decayed moss. It was impossible to walk, because you couldn't get a foothold, and there was the danger of falling, at any moment, from the height of six or seven feet into a



THE GIANT'S GARDEN, RUWENZORI. TAKEN AT THE HEIGHT OF 11,500 FT.



bog. Many of the fallen trees and branches had turned quite black, but although they must have lain there undisturbed for years and years, they were not rotten.

The guides know their way by following the faintest tracks on the moss and on the fallen trees. It takes their experienced eyes to detect the route.

At last we got out of the valley and entered what is called "the Giants' Garden," so called because of its vegetation. Giant lobelias and giant groundsel grow in it. It was the first time I had seen the giant lobelias; they grow from ten to twenty feet. Their little blue flowers inside their long green sheaths are exactly like our lobelias. The blue flowers grow all over a thick stalk, as straight as a post. From a distance I could only see the green of the sheaths. The Giants' Garden is really a swamp, and to me it didn't seem very much like a garden. The lobelia posts and senecio plants were the most noticeable features in it. I suppose it is called a garden because it is an open space with trees all round it, lying in the middle of this wild scenery of mountains and dense forests. Of course the giant lobelia was quite a feature in our day's journey, because I believe that this is one of the few places in the world where it grows.

Again, after leaving the Giants' Garden, we had a terrific climb before we reached this little hole in the rock beside the waterfall. We are in quite as close quarters as we were at Kichuchu, and I do hope that the hyrax won't keep me awake to-night with their barking. Their strident, rasping voices hurt every nerve in my tired body. They are beasts a little

bigger than a rabbit, and the natives think them a great delicacy. I don't know if they managed to trap any last night, but I should think they tried, for Mr. Grant told me that the capturing of these hyrax is one of the inducements which will sometimes make the Toro porters consent to come as far as this. They hate the snow, and look upon the "white stuff" as death. They eat the flesh of the hyrax and clothe themselves in their skins.

#### BUJONGOLA CAMP (14,000 feet).

We got to this eagle's nest at one o'clock yesterday. When we first left Yambamba, it was beautifully clear, and we could see great, wicked, jagged peaks with blotches of snow on them, but it soon got foggy, and as the day got older the fog became thicker and thicker, until we couldn't see a single thing, either in front of us or to the right or left of us. But it cleared again, and from this camp we could see, at six o'clock, seven peaks of the Ruwenzori. It was deadly cold and damp.

This camp is pitched, like all the others, under a huge, overhanging cliff. Miss Keane and I have one tent in a little hole between the rocks, and Mr. Grant's is on the only level spot, which is on the edge of a precipice. His tent only measures six feet in length—a policeman's tent—but it fills the little ledge. It looks terribly perilous. If a bit of the rock were to give way, he and his tent would go with it. However, the position is more sheltered than it was at Yambamba. There is no earth to





A JAGGED EDGE, MT. BAKER, TAKEN AT A HEIGHT OF 14,500 FT



hammer the pegs into for the guy-ropes of our tents, so they had to be fastened round some of the smaller rocks. Mr. Grant's are fastened to the stumps of heath trees.

You must visualize our camp as the one rocky space on a precipitous mountain covered with dense tropical vegetation. The Mobuku valley lies six hundred feet below, and across the valley the line of the mountains sinks gradually down to the Buamba plain. At Yambamba I was too cold to sleep; in fact, I have not been able to sleep at all, which is hard luck, so I am naturally quite tired out at the end of each day. Perhaps the high air and the excitement of the day's march makes my brain too active. If I do fall asleep for half an hour, I have terrible dreams of falling down precipices and drowning in bogs or being strangled by forest vegetation. The cook's tent is so close to mine that I have almost to step across the fire and jump over the pots and pans when I want to get out.

On the face of the highest rock, written in red paint, is the notice of The Expedition of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Abruzzi, 1906. Some of our porters went with the Duke. Mr. Grant was asking them about their experiences, for my benefit. This was their last camp, but the expedition went on for eleven days, leaving behind them their porters, and only taking on their Alpine guides, who cut the way. The Duke named the two highest peaks which he discovered after Queen Alexandra and Queen Margherita. The other peaks had already been named after different explorers. The Duke's party went on

from here, carrying all that they needed on their backs.

This camp is just under Mount Baker. The Duke wanted to make this camp his base, from which expeditionary parties could make journeys into the higher mountains and return to it for rest and comfort. But it did not prove possible; there was neither room enough, nor conveniences for the purpose. There are some heath trees close to the tents; in the small spaces between the trees the Duke's instruments for the meteorological observations of the party were set up.

Our camp is so limited that I can't get away from the smoke of the fire. With every varying gust of wind it blows right across my face, so have been driven to sitting in my tent.

A runner who has come all the way from Toro suddenly arrived while we were having lunch with Mr. Grant's mail. There were two letters from you for me in the budget; they had come by runner from Kampala to Toro, and on from Toro to this eagle's nest.

To-morrow we shall reach the snows. Already I am beginning to feel the altitude pretty severely; it is a great strain on one's head and heart. If I could only sleep as Miss Keane, perhaps I should feel the fatigue as little. The porters, too, are beginning to hate the perpetual damp and cold.

#### BUJONGOLA CAMP,

*One day later.*

Fate has played me a sorry trick. After all it is my heart, and not my legs, that has given in. Fancy



SNOW AND ICE ON MT. BAKER





coming all this way only to discover that that uncompromising organ says, "This far and no farther"; but so it is!

This morning we started off full of enthusiasm and impatience, at eight o'clock, for the glaciers. You know how I was longing to stand on the snows of Equatorial Africa. After leaving Bujongola, we skirted the right of the valley, which was very marshy. It was hard going, mostly over moss hags which looked like a lovely green carpet, but proved awful stuff to walk on, for it was strewn with fallen tree trunks, which knocked you over at every step. Sometimes we sank into the bog up to our knees. Isn't it curious that there should be such terrible swamps and marshes up in the mountains, which are veritably in the clouds? You might imagine that it would be all dry, bare rocks. But nothing in Africa is normal, or what you expect. There were carpets of everlastings blooming in the valley, and giant lobelias, but I was beginning to feel so ill from my wretched heart that I could scarcely think or see. My only idea was to stumble on somehow and cover ground until I reached the glacier, but struggle as I might I had to rest every few minutes to get breath. When I did so I saw lovely views of peak after peak, and long glaciers glistening in the sun. Heavy white clouds were floating over the peaks with a deep blue sky above. I felt as if I was sitting in the middle of one of the wonderful pictures I had so often looked at in the Duke of Abruzzi's book.

But alas, as our way became higher, my heart became

more troublesome, so much so that Mr. Grant pulled me up the last little bit—the last little bit that I could manage, for there I had to stop, and let the others go on. Miss Keane and Mr. Grant were so terribly alarmed at my condition that, most unwillingly, I had to give up all idea of going any farther. It was humiliating, and very trying to have to sit down and watch them go up another few hundred feet. They got to the glacier, and of course saw more and more mountains, but I am not going to tell you about what they saw, because it distresses me to think that I couldn't go with them.

I sat and rested for about an hour, all alone, and as I rested I wondered if it was really myself who was sitting looking at Mount Baker and listening to the silence of the world in the Mountains of the Moon. I was alone, because Flight had gone farther up the mountain to get some snow to put in a little bottle. Of course he has never touched snow before, and he thinks that he will be able to take it back to Kampala to show his friends. But even here he never shows any surprise; all the same I can imagine how he will "swagger" when he gets home. The guide was squatting on a rock at some distance away, looking like a piece of the scenery in his rags and skins, awaiting my pleasure to return to the camp.

It was great luck that we had such a clear and beautiful day, probably one out of many weeks, and although I couldn't go up to the glacier, I thoroughly enjoyed my solitary rest. To attempt to describe such grand and mysterious scenery would be absurd.



LOOKING OVER MUBUKA GLACIER FROM A SWAMPY PLATEAU.  
GIANT LOBELIA IN FOREGROUND. HEIGHT 12,000 FT.



MY GUIDE AND I WAITED ON THE ETERNAL SNOWS.  
MT. BAKER P. 232





It isn't the least like the scenery of the Alps, or the Rocky Mountains, or the Sierra Nevada, or any other great mountain scenery I know in other parts of the world. It is Africa, Africa, with all its mystery and silent splendour.

The others got back to camp about two hours after I did, and they only just arrived in time to miss a storm. A dense fog came up quickly, and then rain, and sleet, and hailstones. You can't imagine the desolation of the camp while it lasted, with the wind howling round the rocks, and the rain and hailstones beating against the canvas of our tents. Of course all the fires went out, and the porters shivered like fox-terriers. I did feel sorry for them.

Mr. Grant is very anxious to stay up here for another week, because he is expecting a runner to bring him a new camera, and naturally he wishes to take some photographs, but I really couldn't stand these confined quarters for so long, especially now that I know that I can't climb any higher, and I have seen all that there is to be seen here. I can't take any proper exercise, because I can't breathe, and my head aches continually. Our camp is so confined that it is impossible to move more than a yard. Walking back and forward from my tent to the fire, and from the fire to the table, is my only means of exercise. The table stands on the top of the rock behind the tent, where there is just room enough for three chairs. Besides, the boys couldn't stand the cold and the constant fog and mists any longer.

## XIX

### OUR RETURN TO TORO.

WE left Bujongola camp this morning at eight o'clock. There has been a great deal of discussion as to whether we should stay there another day, to let me make another attempt at getting up the glacier, but eventually the matter was decided by the old guide coming to us when we were at breakfast and saying that it was too cold, and that the men would not go. The old villain wanted more money, but Mr. Grant was firm, and told him that he was getting enough—eight rupees and two blankets, a lordly sum for fourteen days' *safari*! So there was nothing for it but to start packing up, and begin our return journey again, through the Giants' Garden, with its huge lobelias—we measured some this time, and they were ten feet high, so I was pretty correct in my guessing—and then over the fallen trees, which were more slippery than ever, owing to last night's rain.

We passed the waterfall where we camped two nights ago. I never realized when we were climbing up to it how steep the mountain was. Coming down we had to crawl and slide with the greatest care; it was



THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON TAKEN FROM A HEIGHT OF 14,500 FT.



terribly slippery, and seemed as straight as a steeple. And I discovered that climbing up the native ladder which lay against the face of the rock was a joke compared with coming down it!

To my surprise, later on, we suddenly came across some common brambles; they weren't very sweet, or very ripe, but they were refreshing, and most enjoyable. It seemed odd to find them in such tropical surroundings.

The view of the valley, with its strange vegetation, and of the soaring mountains was glorious, for the day was perfect. We saw some splendid birds, with splashes of green and red and yellow on their wings.

I am now suffering greatly with my feet; the skin is nearly all off my toes, and they are blistered and bleeding, but poor Miss Keane's are worse. Fortunately I have with me that most invaluable possession, a bottle of "newskin."

Last night I couldn't sleep; the cold was so intense, and all night long the wretched hyrax made the same shrill noise. I'd rather hear lions roaring—so long as I knew that I was quite safe! The cold did not strike me from above; it struck me from beneath, and so, instead of piling every warm thing I possessed on the top of my bed, I put them all underneath, and lay on the top of them. I found it an excellent plan.

I am too tired to do anything more intelligent than write things down in the baldest and briefest manner.



We left the swampy Kichuchu camp at seven o'clock, after a miserably cold and wakeful night. The ground was white with frost when we started. We splashed through swamps up to our knees until we came to the Bugora River, which I walked across in order to get some of the black bog off my boots and skirt. The water was very cold, having come off the glaciers.

When we got quite near to the camp we met a runner with the mail; he had brought Mr. Grant's camera, and my films. We have had bad luck with cameras; I had no films, because I couldn't get any in Kampala or Nairobi; Miss Keane had a borrowed camera, which she couldn't open; and Mr. Grant's new one hadn't arrived from England. When it arrived, we didn't waste any time, but sat right down in the mud in a bamboo patch and took photographs of everything we saw. It is really the worst of luck that Mr. Grant didn't get it when we were right up in the mountains.

We reached the camp at twelve o'clock. We are now doing two camps in one day, as, of course, we can return far more quickly than we went. The present camp is so much bigger than the last two that we feel as if we were in a park. We can actually walk along the ridge for about a hundred yards, and each one will get larger and more comfortable the nearer we get to the river.

I am not telling you anything of the details of our return journey, as, naturally, we are going over exactly the same ground. There is only one path we



CAMP, IBANDA, MUBUKU RIVER



can take in all this expanse of country. We came through the same heath forest, and the same bamboo jungle, and the same bracken, and saw again the same beautiful little mountain-lake, glistening in the sun. The Bugora River, which was only a little stream when we crossed it yesterday, has grown into a big river to-day, and makes a lovely rushing noise at the bottom of the valley. As I write, the sun is going down behind some huge grey peaks, and a blue mist is rising up from the valley. We have left the snow behind, and to-morrow we shall be in the valley and reach Ibanda camp, where we shall each have a tent, and be able to spread out and get clean. At Ibanda we shall pick up our Toro porters, who are waiting for us there.

#### IBANDA CAMP,

*August 2.*

We left Kinganatabe at seven o'clock. It was a glorious morning. We took a lot of photographs, hoping that we may be able to carry away some distant views of the mountains. As we got farther into the valley, it became dreadfully hot, and the going was very bad. And to make matters worse, the big nails in my boots began coming through. So I had to go very slowly, just like a crab.

We had lunch on the way, at one of the camps, and a good rest after it. When I got up, I found that my mule had been brought to meet me, for which I was truly thankful. We reached Ibanda at about one o'clock, footsore and weary, and sodden with

wet and mud. When the boys came along the path to meet us there was a great deal of "*Otya*" and "*Otyano*," which means, "How dost thou?" It is the Buganda form of greeting. They have charming manners, and always, from their sense of politeness, contrive to look genuinely glad to see their master or friends, whether they are so or not. When they call out "*Otya! Otyano!*" the answer comes back "*Kulungi!*" which means "Well." After endless repetitions of this greeting, they exchange it for "Aa, aa, um, um!" which they keep on saying until they are well out of sight. It is a great breach of etiquette to stop grunting until the friends they are welcoming cannot possibly hear what they are saying. Their gruntings and elaborate exchange of polite inquiries after your happiness and welfare often reminds me of the Japanese, whose honorifics used to amuse us so much. Do you remember how they used to grunt, to show their appreciation and pleasure? Well, the Buganda do the very same thing. And they thank you for everything. They would thank you if you slapped them, I feel sure! They have the same idea that the greater the number of their grunts, the greater is the proof of their pleasure and gratitude. When the humblest natives—I can't call them beggars, because there are no beggars in this wonderful land, where a hay-cock hut and a few bananas and a leopard skin will give a man all he wants—meet each other on the road, they extend to each other the same exquisite politeness, and the same elegantly pleasant greetings are expressed, and just the same number of times





OUR POLICE TENT



is "Aa, aa!" "Um, um!" grunted out as they separate and disappear into the scrub.

I know that I was genuinely glad to see their black faces again, for it meant being back to comparative comfort and civilization.

It was really very amusing to watch Flight putting on "swank." He shook hands with the boys all round, about a dozen times—natives love shaking hands—and then he produced the little bottle of muddy water which had once been snow, and showed it to them. It had been worn round his hot neck like a locket for three days, and I don't know what on earth he told them about it, but it will go down in Buganda history, no doubt; and if they didn't all treat him as the hero he felt himself to be, it wasn't his fault.

When our tents were ready, it was a joyful moment when I was able to throw all my dirty clothes outside mine, and have a hot bath and wash my head. It seemed to me at the moment that no pleasure in the world could come up to it. My poor bleeding toes, how comforted they were, and how soothed my bruised limbs.

Our food has lasted very well, but there is hardly a scrap left, and we are all very tired of tinned things, and shall be glad to get at our stores again, and have an occasional chicken and some eggs!

The heat down here is very trying, after being up in the skies. This is the end of our mountain trip.

TORO,

*August.*

Here we are, back again in Toro, which really seems quite a centre of civilization, in spite of the fact that Mrs. M—— represents the entire female European population. The bungalows and the little bank seem very friendly and nicely domesticated, after our eyries on precipice ledges.

We left our last camp at six o'clock yesterday morning, and again had to cross the Mobuku River, which was just as rapid as ever, and very deep. We crossed it in the same manner as before. We had our breakfast under a tree, and while we ate it all the porters waited, standing on a high rock, to be paid. Mr. Grant performed the ceremony out of a big bag full of rupees. It was quite a picturesque sight. I managed to get a photograph of it.

I couldn't write any of this journal from Bugora, so I must put two days into one. Nothing novel or of any importance happened to us on our journey from Ibanda to Bugora. It was frightfully hot, and we all arrived in camp in a dripping condition at eleven 'clock. Miss Keane's feet were so cut and sore that she had to ride on Mr. Grant's mule. We have both had to put "newskin" on all over our toes and heels. The narrow path through the elephant grass seemed more airless and hotter than ever, and after our days spent in the piercing cold of the mountains, shut in as we were by the hills, our tents felt abominably stuffy.

Now that we are back in Toro I can scarcely believe

that I ever managed to do all that we have done, but my poor feet are practical proofs of the fact and of the difficulties that we had to encounter. I know that, from the traveller's and explorer's point of view, we really left off where their hardships would begin; all the same, I achieved what I so ardently desired, to live and have my being in the Mountains of the Moon; and, after all, I do believe that there are still a good number of fairly intelligent people living in England who are not aware that there is a snow-capped range of mountains, over sixty miles in length, rising out of tropical Africa. Mont Blanc is under sixteen thousand feet; I think the highest of the African Alps is eighteen thousand, and only two women have climbed five hundred feet higher than I have done, and I make no pretence to being a mountaineer.

We left Bugora—our last camp—at six o'clock in the morning. I had no idea when we started that Mr. Grant had any intention of reaching Toro that same night. When we arrived at the camp at twelve o'clock, after a march of fourteen miles under a blazing sun, I felt utterly exhausted, but my suspicions were aroused that something unusual was required of us, and that we were not to remain there for the night, for I noticed that no tents were put up, and that all the chop-boxes were still lying on the ground!

When we had finished our lunch, and I felt a little resuscitated, Mr. Grant gently, but firmly, suggested our reaching Toro that evening. He asked me if I could possibly do another three and a half hours. Sadly I acquiesced, stipulating that if I fell by the



way he would have me carried in on a stretcher. So off went the porters with their loads, and after an hour's rest we followed them.

The road was good enough to allow Miss Kean to ride her bicycle, so away she went, with her boy running behind her. He accompanies her on foot, and is always ready to push her bicycle up the hills when she dismounts. How pleased she must have been to get off her feet, for they were far worse than mine—pitiably objects.

Mr. Grant and I followed on our mules. Soon it became much cooler, and a nice breeze sprang up, which revived me wonderfully. Just before getting into Toro we caught up with the porters, who were all singing and blowing horns, and making the weird noises they indulge in at the end of a journey. And so we all came back together, your humble servant trotting at the head of the procession, and not carried in on a shutter, as she had anticipated. Indeed I wasn't nearly so tired as I had been at lunch. We had done thirty miles—not a bad record.

Of course all Toro turned out to meet us when they heard that we had arrived.

In our absence Mr. Haldane, with whom you remember I am staying, had moved into a new house, or rather, I should say, into one of the old houses I am so fond of, built of sun-dried bricks, with a thatched roof. All my belongings had been moved into my new bedroom, which has the bed in the middle of the floor, the best position for air. My little camp wash-stand has a small cracked piece of looking-glass

hanging over it, and my native stool forms my table. With one camp chair, these necessary pieces of furniture complete my white-washed room. But how good it seems, and how comfortable, after the rain and winds and fogs and damp of Ruwenzori. Mr. Haldane's furniture has not yet arrived, but his stores have come, so I have promised to put them all nicely away for him to-morrow.

There is one fact I forgot to mention about a Uganda house, and that is, the concrete floors. They are made of concrete to keep out the white ants. When the first settlers came out, they used to have mud floors covered with cows' dung.

This house is much nicer in every way than the other. For one thing it has a wide veranda all round it. The old houses are much cooler and more restful than the new ones, with their ugly tin roofs. But I hear that there is some method in their hideousness, for these old thatched roofs are very liable to catch fire from lightning—so much so that they are no longer allowed by the authorities.

By way of a welcome, all the people living in the station came to dinner, so we had a house-warming, and as it was a Bank Holiday and also my birthday—I beg of you not to forget the size of the Bank!—Mr. Haldane opened two bottles of champagne, which put the crowning touch to our civilization.

## FROM TORO TO KAMPALA.

I HAVE been in Toro for about a week, and really I have done little else but try to get the tiredness out of my bones, by sleeping and resting as much as ever I can. I had no idea how exhausted I was until I got back my sleep, which always, as you know, deserts me on *safari*, and just when I need it most.

In the short intervals between my rests I have been quite domesticated, for I have put away all Mr. Haldane's stores and unpacked his books and arranged them in his study, and, more important than all else, I have cut his hair!

I have paid one or two visits to the crater lakes, and there has been, for those who wish it, the usual golf and tennis.

During the week we have had a very unusual visitor, in the person of an old gentleman of eighty-three, who is most anxious to go to the Mountains of the Moon, the same *safari* we have just made, and which has pretty well exhausted Mr. Grant and Miss Keane, who is one of the strongest women I ever met. He is very deaf, and has no teeth, and has been very ill with fever; Mr. Haldane has been sending him milk



NATIVES CARRYING IVORY





every day since he arrived. But his energy and ardour are undaunted, and he doesn't see any reason why he shouldn't climb the mountains.

He wanders about the country prospecting, trying to find minerals. This country is supposed to be abundantly rich in gold and other minerals. Although the discovery of great mineral wealth would be good for the country financially, the residents dread the actual *fait accompli*, as it would bring a very undesirable class of people into the country, and would lead to all sorts of difficulties and complications which, at present, do not exist. Not so long ago settlers used to buy land round Kampala for coffee estates, etc., but as land there became more and more expensive, twenty rupees an acre and more, they had to go farther into the interior, until to-day, all along the road from Kampala to Toro, many thousands of acres are taken up. They take up land as near the road as possible, because of the transport facilities. As I told you, Kabali is at present the end of the motor road to the Congo, but it won't long remain so, because civilization is rapidly pushing farther and farther into the interior.

One of the picturesque things I saw the other day along this same road was a whole procession of natives, who had walked from the Congo to Toro, with elephant tusks like crescent moons balanced on their heads. It really was a wonderful sight. Their dark limbs had somewhere wrapped round them a wild-beast skin, or a dirty rag. In Uganda, when a chief shoots an elephant, he has to give half its ivory to the Govern-

ment. They pay no licence, so they make a good thing out of elephants' ivory. In Kampala I used to see, spread out on the ground in front of the treasury, hundreds and hundreds of tusks. They are sold by auction, and Indian traders come there and buy them. The ivory carvers in their turn buy the tusks from these Indian middlemen. Ivory is sold by the pound. At present it is worth ten rupees per pound. Of course, at these sales you see all sorts and conditions of ivory. The tusks vary from about half a yard in length to monstrous things of a hundred pounds and more in weight. Some of the Indian middlemen who buy them are extremely wealthy. I have been given an ivory anklet; it is not considered big, but it weighs exactly half a pound. It is nothing more or less than a round slice cut off a tusk, and hollowed out with its edges smoothed. It is valuable because it is ancient, and because it is very difficult to get primitive ornaments of any kind.

The other picturesque incident which gave a note of African colour to one of my days was a visit I received from the Queen Mother, the royal lady who makes the beautiful baskets. As is customary, I was sitting on the veranda when she was brought to me. Mr. Haldane had invited her, as he knew it would interest me to see her. She is a fine, big woman, not unlike her royal son, and her simple garments differed in no way from the ordinary cotton garments worn by the native women of the better classes, except for their voluminosity. There was plenty



IVORY MARKET WITH ASKARI GUARD



THE ROYAL BASKET-MAKER



of them. Her head and shoulders were covered with a bright piece of printed cotton. But it was her sandals that I coveted. They consisted of a sole made of dyed hide with straps of fur over the feet. She was a very respectable-looking, middle-aged woman, with fine Buganda manners. She had an escort of about a dozen natives, and the usual umbrella bearer. She didn't put on any queenly airs, but was perfectly simple. I gave her some tea, and Mr. Haldane acted as my interpreter. But we didn't get very far on any subject, for I find it extremely difficult to carry on an intelligent conversation with a native through means of an interpreter, and my royal basket-maker didn't help matters very much; for, without being in the least greedy, she gave her undivided attention to her tea. When she had finished it, and rose to depart, I wanted to say to her: "O Queen Mother, would your Royal Blackness like to present the white lady, who has introduced into your system such succulent food, with the sandals which your dark but comely feet have honoured?" But I didn't. I merely beamed, as I had beamed on her tall son, until she disappeared, and then felt greatly relieved to find myself alone again!

And now I must tell you about my movements.

Two days ago Captain Riddick arrived here on a tour of inspection. He is the Chief Police Officer of Uganda. We were making wonderful plans to go with him on an extended tour. First we were to go to Mburara, which is, roughly speaking, about a hundred miles south of Toro, and after Mburara we



were to take a boat to Bukakata, about fifty miles south of Entebbe. It would have been a beautiful trip, and extremely interesting, because it is fine mountain and river scenery all the way, and I am told that the birds in that district are wonderful and that big game of all sorts is abundant. Also we were planning to go for a week-end trip to Lake Albert, which is only thirty miles from here.

However, I suppose that just because we were planning it, the Fates decided that it was not to be. I am beginning to think that in Africa it is only the things you make no plans about which ever come to pass, because, so far, everything that I have planned to do has fallen through, and everything that I have left in the hands of chance has come off triumphantly. So be it. Our trip was knocked on the head by my being called to the telephone! To my surprise I heard Mr. Russell's voice. He had come to Mahange camp to meet me and escort me back to Kampala. And of all the strange things that happen in this strange land, the strangest was hearing him speaking quite clearly through the telephone while he was on *safari*. He had actually struck a camp where there was a telephone. Probably it was used by the Public Works Department. You can't imagine how out of keeping such a modern means of communication seems in a far-away station, and still more so with life in camp! But one never comes to an end of the unexpected in this land where extremes meet.

It was very nice to hear his friendly voice again,

but it meant death to all my plans—the seeing of Lake Albert, and the going on the extended *safari*. But, of course, as he had taken the trouble to come with his motor from Kampala to the last camp before Toro, I naturally had to abandon the idea of going. So now I am making my preparations for leaving Toro as soon as possible. Just how soon that will be, I don't quite know yet, because Mr. Haldane can't get away and Miss Keane, who is visiting Mrs. —, naturally does not wish to leave her until she has recovered from an attack of fever with which she is down at present.

KAMPALA,

*August.*

Here I am actually back in Kampala, in Mr. Russell's new house. As he is going to be married quite soon, he has moved in my absence into one of the oldest and nicest houses in the place.

I couldn't get the last short note I wrote to you in Toro posted before we left, as there was no runner going, so I brought it along with me, and I am now going to add something to it, to tell you about our motor journey from Mahange camp to Kampala. As it was the first time that anyone had brought a motor-car so near Toro, the journey was rather historic in a way. I wondered what the road would be like, especially as Mr. Russell told me that he had smashed one of the brakes on the way out.

Well, in some parts it was really quite good, while in others it was very bad. It was obvious that heavy

storms had caused an overflow of the deep gullies, which in some places had washed the road right out. Coming down a steep hill, the second brake gave way, and we had a very near squeak with our lives. As we came round a corner, we saw right in front of us a cart full of stones. A lot of natives were pulling it. Mr. Russell shouted to them to get out of the way, because we were coming down the hill at a terrible pace, and on one side of us there was a deep ditch and on the other a bank, which sloped sharply off into the valley below, a by no means pleasant drop for a motor-car! With their usual stupidity about the rules of the road, and their inability to act promptly, the natives never moved the cart until we were almost on the top of them, when they suddenly swung it round half across the road. It was a horrible moment. We escaped the ditch by nothing at all, and caught our wheel on the cart, which twisted us round, and sent us right down the sloping bank. Of course I thought we were killed, but we weren't, because I am now writing to you, but why we weren't has been a wonder to me ever since. I don't mind owning that I was never so frightened in my life. Our steering gear was put out of order, and the back axle was twisted, yet we managed to do the rest of the journey to Kampala somehow.

Altogether it was a very exciting day, because that same evening, after tea, we went out shooting, and Mr. Russell made a very long shot at a wart-hog, whose head was just sticking out from behind a tree. He only wounded it, but when we reached



THANKFULLY I MOUNT MY MULE AGAIN



THE MOTOR THAT MET ME AT MAHANGE





the tree where it had been standing, we found some of its teeth lying on the ground. This was encouraging, so we tracked it for another forty minutes, crawling through thick, thorny bushes on our hands and knees, until at last we came upon the beast, almost dead through loss of blood. It was at its last gasp. A wart-hog is a hideous brute, between grey and black, with big, ugly, curling tusks and nasty piggy eyes. It isn't as big as a Morocco pig. It interested me to see the marvellous way in which the natives tracked the beast; they could see the most infinitesimal specks of blood on the grass, and what a sportsman can only just see through glasses, they can see with their naked eyes.

On that motor tour we shot bustards, guinea-fowl, a wart-hog and a steinbok, besides all we wanted for the pot. Each night at dinner, and every evening round the fires, and all night long, we used to hear lions grunting and roaring. It is really rather odd, when you come to think of it, that by day we were travelling by motor-car, and at night we were surrounded by lions!

One day we saw two glorious plantain-eaters. They flew across the road in front of us, with their wings outstretched in the full sunlight. They were the bluest and most radiant visions imaginable, far more like the illustrations of birds you see in fairy stories than the real thing.

Besides the plantain-eaters which gave me such joy, we saw some other very curious birds, which I christened the "Shadow Birds." Each evening

great numbers of them used to appear just as it was getting dusk, and swoop and swirl in the air so rapidly that it was impossible to distinguish either their form or their colour. They had immense wings for their size—indeed, they seemed to be all wings; I don't believe they had very much in the way of bodies. They were the most visionary things imaginable. I used often to wonder if they really were birds, or only the shadows of birds. You might just as well have attempted to shoot at shadows as bring one of them to earth with a gun. For a little time they used to appear in large quantities, their soft grey silvery wings filling the air round our silent camp, and then, just as suddenly as they had appeared out of nowhere, they would vanish into the air, and melt like the spirit of one's dreams.

Sometimes on the road our clothes and appearance caused the natives as much interest as the plumage of the gay plantain-eaters caused us. Once, for instance, when we left our motor-car and walked down to the bed of a beautiful little stream where a man and his wife were washing their few rags, with their naked children playing beside them, we caused the children such terror that when they saw us they yelled and screamed and ran away like frightened animals. Their terror was really quite pathetic; it made me feel that we must be very terrible to look at. As I watched the little black bodies flying away as fast as their feet would carry them, their yells of fear piercing the air, I could not but say to Mr. Russell:

“Oh wad some power the giftie gi'e us  
“Tae see oursel's as ithers see us!”

Although Mr. Russell and I were motoring, we had all our porters with us; Captain Riddick and Miss Keane were on their bicycles. We generally did from fifteen to twenty miles a day, until we reached Kegegawa, where we paid off the porters and all our luggage was put into motor vans.

On the second day after we left Toro, between Kyanjojo and Kakabala, we came in for the most dreadful storm. The rain was so deep on the roads that Captain Riddick and Miss Keane couldn't ride their bicycles, and when Miss Keane came into camp, much later than we did in the motor, she was the wettest thing I ever saw in my life. You don't know what it is to be wet until you have been out in a rain storm in Uganda. There isn't the tiniest inch on one of your innermost garments left dry, or a hair of your head that isn't dripping. As Miss Keane's box hadn't arrived, I had to dress her up in my clothes. On *safari* you very often see strangely grotesque figures as the result of a heavy storm. The roads the next day were fuller than ever of deep gutters.

If this letter is very jerky, it is because I am trying to remember all the most amusing and interesting things that happened to us on the journey, and I never had time to write to you in camp.

I think the only other incidents I can recollect were the bush fire and our meeting with the naughty king, who was, as I told you, ordered to walk to Entebbe by way of punishment because he had been

putting on too much "swank" with Government officials.

When we met him he was surrounded by his drummers, who were dressed in the usual leopard skins, and a servant was pushing his bicycle. Toro drums are not the same shape as Uganda drums; the former are delightfully like Ali Baba's jars, with their wide mouths and slender bases covered with stretched skins. The space in between is laced with black cord which is made out of rolled hides. They are big enough for tea tables; I have put one into use for that purpose. The King's drummers were carrying three varieties of drums. Some of them were the shape of native water-bottles—probably they *were* water-bottles, with lizard skins stretched over their mouths.

Besides the drummers there were reed-flute players, and harpists, playing on harps which I'm sure are the descendants of the harp upon which "the sweet harpist of Israel" used to charm the heart of his beloved Jonathan, because the Uganda musical instruments have their exact prototypes in the pictures we see of the instruments used by the ancient Egyptians, who, in their turn, were indebted, so I am told, to the Syrians for a great deal of their music.

The bearers of the royal arms were very characteristic. At the top of long poles, which they carried upright, there were small pieces of wood, covered with curious signs and orders emblazoned in brass. Shining in the sun, they were very effective.



Besides the arms bearers, there were quite a number of fetish bearers. Some of the objects they carried were very odd and interesting. I longed to possess some of them. But, acquisitive as I am, I couldn't bring myself to ask a king to sell his treasured mascots, or whatever they were, even if his royal mother does sell her baskets! One of these objects of black magic was singularly like a gridiron. None of them were the least beautiful, but nearly all of them were unique and extremely interesting. You alas! rarely see, nowadays, the genuine old curiosities of the country. I can imagine Sir J. G. Frazer, of *The Golden Bough* fame, writing a whole book about them. I wish he would! It is really extremely difficult to get even the poorest of the natives to part with any of their personal belongings, especially their fetishes, and I am glad it is so. I think it shows a considerable amount of self-respect.

The King had all his chop-boxes on *safari* with him, and very well he would "do himself" on the road, because the chiefs and natives would bring him whatever they possessed, and whatever he wanted. Those of them who did not realize that His Majesty is now a Protestant Christian would no doubt, out of the generosity of their hearts, be willing to procure for him the fairest among the dark daughters of men to welcome him on his arrival at the various camps and to gladden his quiet hours. But let us hope that His Majesty would turn a deaf ear to these temptations, and remain true to the teachings of the C.M.S., whose greatest difficulty in the conversion of the native



chiefs or kings is the making them understand that with a Protestant convert it is a case of one man one wife. They, poor things, cannot see why they should have to give up the good old habit which they, and their forefathers before them, have so honourably enjoyed, because they have taken to themselves a new God. This restriction in the number of wives is, and always has been, the greatest stumbling block in the way of the natives taking the final step of baptism. It is a curious fact that it is the C.M.S. missionaries who have converted the kings and the chiefs, and not the Roman Catholic Fathers.

As they came along the road, the King towered over his suite. He was wearing a double Terai hat and brown boots and khaki clothes. Mr. Russell spoke to him, but His Majesty took good care not to inform him of the indignity to which he had been submitted in Kampala. I heard afterwards that when he reached Government House at Entebbe, the Governor refused to see him. This was to be part of his punishment. His petition was refused. It had not greatly affected him, however, for he looked quite cheerful. It seems rather an absurd form of punishment for a king, but as they are all children, they must be punished like children. The English officials have learnt by experience the nature of the correction and chastisement their limited intelligences can understand.

The other exciting incident was our camp fire. One evening, when I was in my tent, just before dinner, I suddenly heard the familiar roar I used to

know so well in Canada, the unmistakable roar of flames tearing and leaping through dry grass and scrub. I flew to the door of my tent, and what a sight I saw! Fire, fire, everywhere, and all the natives rushing wildly with sticks, to beat it out. In the half light of the evening, in the lonely country, the effect was wonderful; the crimson flames and the smoke rushing through the long grass, and the black forms of the natives swaying back and forward, as they thrashed the ground, their arms raised in the air with swinging strokes. They had a pretty stiff task before them, because the flames came right up to the fence which encircles the camp.

KAMPALA,

*August.*

*Two days later.*

The mail goes out to-day, so I must sit down and write to you, although I'm very tired with gardening. It is only in the evening that you can actually do anything yourself here in the way of gardening, because ten minutes in the sun in the daytime, even with a big helmet on, and under a green-lined umbrella, is about all I can stand, and even then I only try to make the natives carry out my directions.

You know that we are in a new house, and I have been really very busy, trying to get it into something like proper order, and for the future bride I have, in fact, been making a garden out of a desert. And what a hopeless task! I have planted Morning Glory all round the veranda, because it looked so beautiful

on Mr. Russell's last house. In Uganda it is one of the most effective of all the garden flowers. It is brilliant, transparent blue. I never saw such a colour, and it flowers tremendously. If the seeds of it which I have planted will grow, it ought to look very charming, as this is a much prettier house than the last. I have had some tubs cut in two, and placed them between the posts of the wide veranda, and filled them with palms and ferns; they look nice and cool. The asparagus fern grows luxuriantly and easily here. As the house stands on one of Kampala's many hills, the soil of the garden is as dry and as hard as a brick, so I haven't great hope of my seeds giving me very much reward for my pains.

There are some rose trees in the garden which have exhausted themselves with blooming, for roses go on flowering here all the year round; they do better than anything else, especially if you get out from home the hardier sorts which will stand droughts. It never rains here in a gentle kindly way. It either never rains at all, for months and months on end, or it comes down in such deluges that your garden is washed away. The best thing to do is to make up your mind to plant the things which are more or less indigenous to the country, and banish from your thoughts the flowers which make your garden beautiful in England. No bulbs will grow, and there are no spring flowers, because there is no spring. The only difference in the temperature here is when the rains come and go; it only varies about ten degrees the whole year round.

There is a popular slang word in Uganda which applies to the common round of tasks of each day: it is *shaury*. Things are spoken of as "a good *shaury*" or "a bad *shaury*." Well, this garden is certainly a bad *shaury*! First of all, the boys never do anything unless you drive them to it, and when they pretend to work, they can't dig with bare feet. Imagine "double trenching" with bare feet and a "jimbie," which only scratches up the soil about three inches! I have planted turnips and carrots and beetroots and tomatoes—onions *won't* grow—and already the *do-dos* have eaten every one. Here they talk of *do-dos* as the Americans talk of "bugs," every insect is a *do-do*. Seeds can only be planted when the rains are on, and they seem to come up in about five minutes. My lettuces are quite creditable, and so are the beets, so far, but, alas! what the *do-dos* don't eat, the natives will steal. I have had to build sun-shelters made of long grass over all my young plants, or they would be burnt to cinders.

So you can see that what I said is true—a Uganda garden is "a bad *shaury*." But it has its moments, and one of them is when the beautiful mauve and pale pink and green granadilla is in bloom, and the other is when the delicate blue of the plumbago mixes in the sunlight with the flaming red of the hibiscus. The hibiscus flowers all the year round, on bushes of about five or six feet in height. It is a true friend, but, unfortunately, it won't last a moment in water. The granadilla is far more beautiful than any passion flower we can grow in England. I love picking great



trails of it, it is so decorative. I place a tall vase on my round drum-table, and put a trail of granadilla in it, and let it fall down all round it. The effect is delicious with the cool shade of the veranda behind it. The garden has one great asset for a warm country, some fine, shady trees; they are a delightful rest to tired eyes after the glare of the roads.

I feel quite an old resident in Kampala; having returned to it so often makes it seem quite like home. I am now on the footing of "one of them."

I have by this time completely recovered from the fatigue of my journey, but alas! my feeble attempts at sleeping have for some nights past been made still more feeble by some wild cats having made their home on the roof of the veranda which goes all round the house. They have had a family of kittens and they all scamper about between the corrugated iron roof and the Americani. They had such a diabolical wild-cat-concert last night that I had to tell Mr. Russell that it was really past bearing. A wild-cat-concert goes one better than a tame one in the way of base growls and soprano skirls. To my amazement he called to me this morning to come and look at something, and there, lo and behold, I saw the ringleader of the whole cat invasion lying dead on the veranda. He had shot it with a rifle through the Americani.

Do you remember the day when the wild cat sprang on my neck and shoulders in Canada, when we were camping in the Thousand Islands? How I ran and



ran, with the beast's claws sticking into me, until I reached the river, where I plunged in in abject terror. I haven't loved wild cats since that experience, so I was truly grateful when I saw the corpse of this Uganda wild cat lying at my feet.

## AT KAMPALA.

SOME time ago I told you about the departure of the King of Uganda for England. Well, he has returned, and to-day I went to see the reception they gave him in Kampala. It makes me realize how much longer I have lived here than I had any intention of doing when I left England.

He arrived at Entebbe, and presented himself to the Governor, and then motored on to Kampala. Just outside the settlement the chiefs received him with the usual drums and native musicians in attendance. Every time the chief drummer beat his drum, he made the same dreadful noise—just like the snarl of a wild beast—I can't think what he does it for. Probably it is meant to convey appreciation and pleasure; it is, I suppose, "grunting" in another form. Enormous crowds of natives were waiting for the King, Apolo among the number, with his K.C.M.G. hung round his neck. I had the pleasure of sitting next to him at tea.

I asked the King how he had enjoyed his travel and what city in Great Britain he liked best. He answered, to my surprise, without the slightest hesi-



ROYAL DRUMMER SNARLING



tation, "Oh, Edinburgh!" He played golf at Scarborough and motored all over the country, and thoroughly enjoyed himself. All the same, I believe he was very glad to get back to his own simple house on the hill at Mengo. I suppose the crowds of black faces, and even the chief drummer's snarls, were dear familiar sights and sounds to the homesick boy. It seems to me that he has grown. In England Mr. Sturrock had to get him a grey flannel suit to play golf in; he looked very strange in it, because you couldn't see anything of him at all, from a little way off, but his white collar and cuffs; they appeared like phantoms in the air. How curious it is the way in which a soft colour like grey becomes entirely obliterated on a black man! In his own country he is not supposed to wear European dress, so when he ventured to wear it on the golf course at Kampala, the officials took exception at it. I should imagine that Daudi will have some very tall tales to tell his companions, even taller than Flight, with his bottle of liquefied snow! His trip to England must have cost him a pretty penny, because he had to pay all the expenses of his regents and the relatives who went with him.

On our way back from seeing the King, who was given a grand tea in a *banda*, where there was a very great deal of salaaming and fine complimentary speechifying, we met a native wedding party driving about in 'rickshaws. The bridegroom was a chief's son, and he looked radiant in a purple *joho*, suspended from a splendid shoulder-yoke of gold embroidery



He was a very good-looking youth. The bride was a small, thin native girl, as black as pitch. Her bridal robe was made of blue-white papery satin, in the most antiquated European mode, with pink bows dotted all over it without any rhyme or reason. On her woolly head she wore a wreath of white flowers which refused to stay on, because there was nothing to pin it to—her hair was too short—so it rested on the tip of her left ear. Her miserable, childish little face was modestly hidden under a white tulle veil. She was the most grotesque and pathetic little object you can imagine. She never raised her eyes, and never spoke. Every moment I expected her to burst into tears. I suppose they had just come from church, and were going to the wedding feast—she looked as if she was going to her own funeral. I wonder what sort of a figure she would have presented as a bride in the old days, when the poor little black mite would have been one of many wives? Her whole appearance was typical of a finished product of the C.M.S. in Uganda. The cheap white satin, those foolish pink bows—do they suit the native woman better than the polished ebony limbs and the waist fringe of cowrie shells and beads of the pre-Christian days? I hope the bridegroom thought so, for, certainly, I did not.

It is so hot that I must leave off writing to you until it is cooler, for I always think that writing is one of the stickiest things you can do in a tropical country. Playing golf isn't really nearly so hot, because you move about, and create a little air by

doing so. When I come back from Entebbe I will begin again, and try to get a good long letter ready for to-morrow's mail. I am going to Entebbe to pay a visit to the dentist.

*A day later.*

I went to the dentist yesterday, and I really quite enjoyed my visit, because Mr. — is such a good and lucky sportsman. In between the stopping of my teeth, which have felt the climate very badly, he regaled me with interesting accounts of the luck he had on his last *safari*, when he shot an elephant with fine tusks on the very first morning. He killed it within a few yards of his tent, without the least bit of trouble. In his own *shamba* there are lots of buffalo; he can go out in the morning and shoot one in the forest before breakfast. It is a funny combination, dentistry and big-game shooting. As he holds a Government position as a dentist, he has the chance of going all over the country and getting the best of shooting interlarded with his practice. He is equally successful as dentist and sportsman.

As I was in Entebbe I took the opportunity of going up to Government House and calling on Lady Jackson. She is going to stay with Dr. Cook, the celebrated missionary. She has invited me to stay with her when she returns from Nemerembi.

How beautiful Entebbe looked, with its islands glittering like jewels in the bluest of blue water! I think it grows lovelier every time I see it. Its coastline is so broken and indented, and there are

so many green islands circling round the peninsula, that you can scarcely tell where the mainland begins and where it ends.

The garden at Government House was a pageant of colour, flowers and butterflies and beetles and moths, and the gayest of gay shrubs, all dazzling in the sunshine. The salvias and poinsettias, with their royal scarlet blossoms, made splendid landmarks of colour, and colour out here *is* colour. You don't know what reds and yellows and blues can be until you see them jewelled in this crystal atmosphere. Picture to yourself this garden of wonder, where yellow butterflies, with orange-tipped wings, look brighter than daffodils swaying in the light, overlooking an inland sea of azure blue. On the sea one little boat which connects Entebbe with British East Africa leaves its soft trail of smoke floating like a white cloud over the still water. That precious steam packet, which brings to exiled hearts the long-looked-for letters from home, and fresh food to jaded housewives; and all the news from the outside world. As I left the garden it was just appearing between two islands, about five miles away. I never see it without a little thrill of anticipation. What is it bringing to me? What news of home will there be in your letters? The way everybody seizes the month and more old English newspapers when they arrive would do good to the hearts of the senders, if they could see it.

After I had paid my call on Lady Jackson, I met Mr. Russell in the settlement. He had motored

me from Kampala to Entebbe. He suggested that on our return to Kampala we should go and see the first cinematograph show that has ever been in Uganda. It was in a stuffy little hall, and there were lots of Indians amongst the audience, but only a few natives. The show was just the worst sort of a "shilling-shocker" drama—I suppose cast-off films of an English company; nevertheless, I am sure it will prove a good speculation, for a picture theatre is exactly the sort of entertainment that will appeal to the native mind; the few who were there seemed thrilled by it.

Doesn't it seem rather absurd that out here we should have been looking at a trashy third-class melodrama of English life, while all London is flocking to see cinema pictures of Paul Rainey hunting lions with a pack of dogs in East Africa? I hear that you have exquisite films in the London cinemas of all the wonderful scenery from the Cape to Cairo. Of course the natives, and the Indian population, who compose the audience upon which the proprietors of the picture theatre will have to depend, wouldn't give a snap of the fingers for the most glorious pictures of their own natural scenery!

Miss Robertson has just come back from *safari*. She came to see me this morning, to tell me all her news. We compared notes about our experiences. It seems quite a long time since I said good-bye to her at the first camp after Masindi, on our way to Ruwenzori. She has been to places where no white man or woman has ever been before, and has spent



many weeks alone with natives. She looks extremely well. She belongs to the group of experts on sleeping-sickness who believe that the infection of the disease is caused by the game of the country migrating from one part to another. I suppose she would like to see all the game destroyed, and perhaps I should have more sympathy with her views in that respect if I had seen the same pathetic and horrible sights that she has. She also approves of the great clearings which are being made. While I was at Masindi they were busy cutting down the scrub on either side of the main road so that travellers should not be bitten by tsetse flies. They had done about four miles. The clearing extends for a quarter of a mile back from the road.

Miss Robertson arranged by telephone that we should pay a visit together to-morrow to the Mengo planter's coffee estate. It is a very flourishing one, so it ought to be interesting.

*Two days later.*

I enjoyed myself very much at the coffee plantation yesterday. We drove out in 'rickshaws about six or seven miles.

Part of the way we went along the road to Lucera, which, as I told you, is the other name for Port Bell. After that we branched off on to the private road to the plantation, which, of course, climbs up the side of a very steep hill. It was a narrow native path, with high scrub on each side, and here and there a tree flaming with scarlet flowers, which brought



my mind suddenly back to the fact that the human horses who were drawing my absurd little carriage were taking us through a country which only a few years ago was untrodden Africa.

When we arrived at the plantation it gave me the impression of great prosperity; the acres and acres of coffee plants of all sizes, some in full bloom and others only a few weeks old, all looking splendidly healthy. There was no sign of any disease. The manager of the estate is an ex-missionary, and a very keen business man. He has a good number of European overseers and employees under him. They live in a small house, but they have a big flower-garden, and, down at the bottom of the hill, a good kitchen-garden, well stocked with vegetables. They have a shop on the estate which has done so well that it has inspired the manager with the idea of starting a European store in Kampala, which will, perhaps, capture a little of the trade from the Indian bazaar.

The rich Indians and wealthy chiefs spend a great deal of money at the one European store there is in Kampala. They love buying atrocious suites of furniture and awful carpets, and the gaudiest of household goods. As they are the monied people of the country, naturally the buyers for the Uganda Company's store order out a larger stock of goods more suited to their tastes than to the quieter taste of the Europeans. One is apt to forget that fact when one is grumbling at finding so little to meet one's requirements in the Company's store.

After a very good lunch, we went over the estate. They have a large pulping machine, and it was most interesting seeing the whole process of getting the coffee out of the bean. But I told you all about coffee at Mabara, so I won't repeat myself. I had never heard much about coffee growing in Africa until I came out here, but it is now one of the chief industries. Our visit to the plantation made a pleasant little outing into the country, and I enjoyed the drive back in the cool of the evening. Each sunset in Kampala is the best; and last night we drove into one which illuminated every stick and stone and living thing, until the world of scrub and grass and native huts became a realm of gold. I kept on repeating to myself, over and over again, Keats' lovely lines :

"Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold."

In the evening of the same day we gave a dinner-party, and for me it was a very anxious moment, as it is with most housekeepers in Kampala. I tried my best to vary our menu from the stereotyped dishes which you get from every cook who is left to his own way out here. I had ordered a tinned salmon to be made into a sort of "scalloped pie," but alas, the cook, having "no nose," did not realize that the fish was quite unfit to eat. I could smell it as it came from the kitchen to the dining-room. However, out here, such little things don't matter, and I hoped for better success with the next course.

In the meantime, while I was trying to look cheer-

ful, I saw the head boy, Monaco, filling the guests' wineglasses with brown vinegar, which he had mistaken for claret. His manners being quite perfect made the incident so ludicrous that we thoroughly enjoyed the fun of it. The next thing that happened was still funnier. I saw strange dishes which I had never ordered all appearing in the most higgledy-piggledy manner—kipper savoury with tapioca pudding, and marmalade tart with roast guinea-fowl. Suddenly a light dawned upon my bewildered mind—the cook had sent up the next day's lunch, which I had ordered at the same time as the dinner. I don't think he could have done anything more effectual to ensure the success of the banquet, for a good laugh is more enjoyable than a good dinner, and better for one. But alas for my fine endeavour to vary the menu!

The two special dishes which I always make myself, because it is not necessary to go into the smoky kitchen to do so, a quite impossible thing out here, were greatly appreciated; a fine mayonnaise sauce for the salad, and a really intoxicating fruit-salad. As we ate the latter I thought of my Canadian friends, the White Fathers at Toro, and how they would have enjoyed it. One learns to be thankful for small mercies, so, like Mrs. Wiggs, who was thankful that she hadn't a hare-lip when there seemed nothing else left to be grateful for, I was thankful when the liqueurs came round, that Monaco did not mistake methylated spirits for *kümmel*.

It is the lucky people who have Goanese cooks

who fare the best. Why the little island of Goa should produce all the *chefs* of Uganda, I don't really know, but it does. Of course they get quite high wages—they can command from fifty to eighty rupees a month.

I decorated the table with trails of a coral-coloured creeper—I forget its name—laid on the white cloth. It looked charming, and each time I glanced at the general effect, I smiled to myself, for I knew that only that morning the candle-shades had been my petticoat!

Life out here is a delightful picnic, and very good for one's wits, for the Mother of Invention is always kept hard at work.

I never can see why the various missions in Uganda don't train the native women who go to their schools to become house servants and lady's maids and children's nurses. In India there are *ayahs*, in China there are *amahs*, in Japan—well, I don't remember the title the *moussmé* bears who waits upon you, but they are women servants, to wait upon women. Here in Africa, although the native women do most of the hard labour in their own homes, they are never trained to do domestic work for the Europeans. House servants in Uganda, and lady's maids—if you can call them such, for lack of a better name—are all “boys.” It is absurd, I think, to close the field of labour to women, just because it is difficult to keep a very strict eye on the morals of “mixed” servants in European households. It is hard on a white woman when she has to live in a very out-



landish part of the country and when she happens to fall ill, to be left to the tender mercies of a "boy." The missionaries could do splendid work in training nurses for children. The native nurse at present is such a totally unreliable creature, through lack of training, that she is wellnigh useless. It would make life much easier, or rather a little less difficult, for new-comers and for the white population generally, if this crying want could be supplied—and why not ?

I realized to-day how quickly the time had slipped away when I saw the air suddenly filled with swallows ! When there is so little change in the temperature of the different seasons, it is only an incident such as this—the unexpected arrival of the swallows—that brings the passing of the year home to your mind. Can you wonder that out here time doesn't count, when there is nothing to mark its flight ? The years roll on into each other, without any fogs for November, or ice for December, or cold winds for March, or long twilights for July. In Uganda it is always summer, and always the season of roses.

From my veranda, where I am writing, I can see gangs of prisoners going back and forward from their work. They are dressed in short white pants, with a loose jacket stamped with broad arrows. Most of them walk unmanacled, but there are chained gangs amongst them. The *askaris* are always armed with loaded rifles. It is odd to see nigger convicts, and very sad. Their principal crimes are murder and theft, for the Bugandas, as I think I<sup>3</sup> have already



told you, are dreadful burglars ; it is quite a passion with them. The daily sight of these black-faced, arrow-marked criminals inspired me with a desire to visit the prison, which is on the top of the hill next to ours. It is a round building, the shape of a fort, scrupulously clean and well managed. The prisoners are so well looked after, housed and fed, that it doesn't seem much hardship to be given even the longest term of imprisonment. Each different tribe has its own special food properly cooked and prepared according to its customs. The Indians, for instance, have the rules of their caste strictly attended to. Very few of them, I suppose, ever enjoyed so much comfort or such good food in their days of freedom, but oh, that little word, freedom ! There is no other word which means so much to every living, breathing thing !

There was an Englishman in this African prison. I saw him sitting behind his iron bars, sewing, a most pathetic sight. Captain Riddick told me that he was a gentleman by birth, and that he had escaped from the prison not very long ago. He had managed to get to Entebbe, but was eventually found in a boat, which was sailing away. The whole country had been after him for weeks. It shocked and depressed me to see a white man and a gentleman along with Africans and Indians in this Uganda prison. But as there is only one prison, there is nothing else for it. The prisoners make all the clothes for the police force and for the soldiers, and beautiful floor mats of elephant grass. The native dyes are so

pure in colour that quite inexpensive mats are charming. Some of the old mats belonging to the *askaris* and the soldiers are exquisitely fine and beautifully coloured. The best are made by the Nubian wives of Nubian soldiers in the K.A.R.'s. They are so soft that the men can roll up their belongings in them. The ones I saw the prisoners making were much coarser, and not nearly so valuable.

I have been given permission to send that one white prisoner English papers. I hope they will brighten some of his eternal hours.

There is capital punishment in Uganda, so I saw the gallows yard, which, I am sorry to say, is only too often the scene of gruesome tragedies. I didn't see any chapel in the prison grounds, so probably one of the missionaries holds a service in some part of the building. There is no English church yet in Kampala; the service every Sunday is held in one of the Government offices.

The prison overlooks the Botanical Gardens, where they experiment upon the different varieties of coffee, tobacco, cocoa, tea, bananas, papaw, with a view to discovering which are the most suitable for this climate and for the soil.

From the height of the prison you can see all the different missions, and the old fort, which is now a museum, and the "seven hills," where live the different communities which make up the polyglot population of Kampala. And in the valley, climbing up the side of another wooded hill, is a Nubian village of beehive huts, covering about half a square mile.

From a distance it looks like a vast field of haycocks, packed closely together.

On one of the seven hills you see the golf course, and at the foot of Gun Hill the police lines, which consist of many lines of huts, in straight, orderly rows, and beyond the police huts the town, with its one long, red street. Beyond the city you can trace, for a little way, the line of the new railway, the second in Uganda, which is being laid to connect Kampala with Port Bell on Lake Victoria. This new railway will only be about seven miles in length, but what wonders it will do for the ever-increasing commerce of the country! At present everything has to be carried by motor vans and porters and 'rickshaws from Kampala to the lake.

You must have noticed that I have stopped talking about coming home, as it got to be rather a chestnut. So I won't tell you how often I make plans, and even get so far as to fix my date of departure, only to have it all knocked on the head by something turning up which I feel I simply must do and see.

## ON SAFARI WITH THE GOVERNOR.

I MUST write a hurried line to tell you that another great piece of luck has come my way—a bolt from the pure blue of these African skies.

For the last two or three days I have been helping Lady Jackson to pack her chop-boxes and get ready for a *safari* on which she is going with her husband. I was longing to go with them, because on a Governor's *safari* you have the chance of seeing things which you never would or could see on an ordinary *safari*, or in any other way. Suddenly Lady Jackson said: "I wish you could come with us! Could you come, if my husband can arrange to take you?" I don't need to tell you what I said, because nothing I can imagine would have prevented my going, when once I had the chance. I went on packing the chop-boxes, while Lady Jackson disappeared to consult the Governor. When she came back I could see that the affair was settled. She said: "My husband says he will be delighted to take you with us, if you can get your things together in time."

As we are going to start the day after to-morrow, I shall have to use every moment of my time, so I



won't go on with this now. I just had to write and tell you. I heard that Mr. Martin was going into Kampala early to-morrow morning, so I have asked him to take me with him in his motor. I will write a diary on the *safari*. This is just a winged word to tell you my good news. A mail goes out to-night.

#### KAMPALA.

I haven't had a single moment to write to you, for during the last week I have been so busy. You will be surprised at the address on this letter, and to see that I am still in Kampala. I have lived from day to day on the tip-toe of expectation. Every moment I have expected a telephone message from Lady Jackson telling me that we were going to start. We were to have left a week ago, and the actual date of our departure has been settled and unsettled over and over again, because important business always turned up which prevented the Governor getting away. Now, however, I do believe we really are going, although, as I have said over and over again, you only make plans in this country to have them upset. Our present one is that Lady Jackson is coming here to lunch to-morrow, and that the Kabaka is going to drive us out in his grand new motor-car to the first camp, which is fifteen miles away. We are to wait there for H.E., who once more has had to postpone the date of his day of departure.

#### MUKUMO CAMP.

We have been here two days, and are still waiting



for the Governor to arrive, which may be to-morrow or the day after.

The Kabaka drove Lady Jackson, Colonel Wyndham, the D.C., the doctor and myself from Kampala in his Straker-Squire. He drives very well, but I had not much confidence in him, because the road is very narrow and it was made still narrower by the crowds of natives who thronged it on each side. It was a beautiful run along the Jinja road, and very picturesque, for the natives in their white *kanzus* all knelt down as we passed, and clapped their hands. Before the missionaries put an end to this custom, all the natives, with their exquisite sense of politeness, used to kneel down when they met a European. The missionaries considered this charming old token of respect derogatory to their dignity, so now they only kneel to the highest Government dignitaries and officials. It seems to me a pity to do away with old customs. The missionaries also disapproved of the native mark of respect, that all servants should wear either a red fez or a white embroidered cap in the presence of their superiors or masters. At the C.M.S. mission they have their heads uncovered.

When we reached the camp there was a great gathering of chiefs and people waiting to greet the King. This camp, which looks like a little village, was built on purpose for us; it has been ready and waiting for our arrival for about a week. It consists of our tents, and a *banda* for our meals, and a little *banda* for Lady Jackson and myself to sleep in in the afternoons. The sanitary arrangements for each

camp are almost perfect, which is a great comfort. The boys' tents and the kitchens, and the three hundred porters' grass huts are a little distance away. Colonel Wyndham and the doctor and the A.D.C. have a *banda* to themselves. We have a guard of the King's African Rifles and a lot of *askaris* and headmen, so it is quite an imposing sight. It is, of course, one of the duties of the A.D.C. to see that all preparations for the Governor's reception are complete.

The C.M.S. station here is built on a lovely hill, covered with coffee and banana plantations. As soon as we had arrived in camp, the ladies of the mission came down and called upon us, bringing with them beautiful flowers and vegetables. Uganda is a great land for the giving and receiving of presents.

At the present moment, there is a thunderstorm going on, so I must go and look at it. You can't imagine how terrible and alarming they are, or how magnificent. I love watching them. Everything in Africa is done on such a grand scale. You never get a little of anything; it is either much or nothing.

After breakfasting together, Lady Jackson and I sewed in the *banda*, and looked at a new batch of English papers which had just arrived. We felt very domesticated!

There was another violent storm at noon, which lasted for about three hours. When it cleared off, we went up to the mission for tea, and were shown over the school and the church. Lady Jackson and H.E. always pay a visit to whatever mission happens to be near the camps.

After tea I walked to the top of the hill, which is covered with forest trees. A new road has been cut right through it. I enjoy walking on these new roads; it gives me an indescribable feeling of expectancy. At the top I got a beautiful view of the two blue arms of Lake Victoria, and of endless hills and forests and rubber estates, and in the distance Kampala.

The missionaries in Uganda make a happy selection for the sites of their stations, and they own, as a rule, fine gardens, and have plenty of hens and eggs and milk and fruit and vegetables, and many rare luxuries. In the old days, of course, they endured terrible hardships and suffered great privations, but that is all over now. Their lives to-day are peaceful and perfectly safe.

When we got back from the mission we found that the Governor had just arrived, and there was, of course, the usual crowd of natives and chiefs and drummers gathered together to welcome him. It was a pretty sight. The Kabaka had driven him out in his car.

In the evening we went out for a drive in a "mono-chair," which is a basket chair balanced on the top of a bicycle-wheel. Two natives control it, one behind and one in the shafts in front. They are a splendid invention for the country, for they take up so little room and are very light. The mission ladies travel long distances on them.

#### KALAGI CAMP.

Yesterday we had breakfast at six, and started off for this camp. I walked until it was too hot,

and then I was carried in a chair, which was most comfortable. Four porters, one behind the other, balanced two long bamboo poles, from which my chair was slung in the most ingenious manner, on their heads, not on their shoulders. We passed through a highly cultivated country of coffee-estates and banana-stations, and all the way natives lined the road to see the Governor.

The chief of the district, Ham Mukasa, did the polite thing, and came with us all the way. He spoke English beautifully. He was with the Kabaka on his tour through England, and I should have liked to have heard what he had to say on the subject.

This camp is quite a village. It is amazing to think that it was all constructed for our *safari*.

At half-past four, when the natives and chiefs brought their presents, the Governor received them outside the *banda*, with their sheep, hens, eggs, vegetables and fruit. When they presented them to H.E., they all knelt down, and he saluted them and made a little speech. Then they all had tea in the *banda*. When the Governor gets back to Entebbe, he will return the compliment by sending them all sorts of gifts, carpets, chairs and clocks—the natives adore clocks; they wouldn't in the least object to having three or four all going at the same time in the one room.

Last night I was waked by the most frightful pain and irritation in my toes; they felt as if they were on fire. In any other country I should have been alarmed, but here I knew it was *jiggers*! I had ex-





APOLO KATIKIRO HAM MUKASA OUR HOST





perienced the discomfort and excruciating pain of *jiggers* in my toes at Entebbe. The first time I made their unpleasant acquaintance I was going to a dinner party, and my feet were so swollen that I couldn't get on any sort of slippers. I had to send for a doctor, as one has to bear in mind the danger of blood poisoning. He did what he could to relieve me, but it was not much, because the nasty little burrowing things had laid lots of eggs, and they caused no end of trouble because they had burrowed very far in.

It is always wiser to get your boy to take *jiggers* out, because they can do it without breaking the eggs, but last night the irritation was beyond human endurance, so I did it myself, as I really couldn't wait until the morning. You are apt to get *jiggers* in your toes in a camp where there are a great number of natives and porters; they bring them into the camp. The poor creatures suffer from them very badly. When you see a native without any toes, which you constantly do, it is generally the result of blood poisoning from *jiggers*. Dr. Cook says that these loathsome insects, which can do so much to spoil the pleasures of a *safari*, travelled across Africa to Uganda in 1891, with Stanley's last expedition. Natives of Uganda met Stanley's men and got infected. The way they attack you is to get in between your toe-nails and your toes, and burrow deep down. The female lays her eggs there and remains until they are matured, when she kicks them out and spreads them broadcast. I took out no less than seven *jiggers* last night with a needle, with the result that

to-day my feet are so sore I can hardly walk. In camp it is never wise to let your bare feet rest on the ground, and all bedroom slippers in Uganda have heels. If I were to tell you over and over again, I never could bring home to you what a country this is for insects. The mammoth spiders, the *jiggers*, the ticks, the different ants, the tsetse fly, the mosquitoes, and goodness knows what else, all of which keep you in a constant state of nervous irritation, until you reconcile yourself to the fact that they have to be endured, and that the sooner you learn to take them philosophically the better it will be for your health and happiness.

#### BUSIKA CAMP.

We left camp this morning at six o'clock. H.E. always travels in a 'rickshaw, and he has a habit of stopping every now and then to look for birds' nests, and when he finds one, of taking one egg from it, if he hasn't already got it in his collection. When we reached the river, or swamp, with a causeway across it, over which we travelled—the river is the boundary between Bulameezi and Kyaigwe provinces—the old chief, Ham Mukasa, who had been with us all the time, said good-bye to us, and the chief from Kyaigwe joined our party. There was quite a pretty ceremonial, for of course they embraced each other, like David and Jonathan, and shook hands many times, and also, of course, there was a native band, consisting of weird instruments, which made quite pleasant music. But these things won't bear de-

scribing, because they are so often mere repetitions of a similar scene with local variations.

We reached this camp at eleven. There was nothing very interesting about the scenery to tell you; it was all dry grass and scrub and rolling hills, an aspect of Nature which is characteristic of the whole country. On this *safari* we are not going through European settlements, but through purely native districts, so it gives me a splendid chance of seeing unspoilt native life. Having the great good luck to be with the Governor, I see customs and ceremonies of the people which I never could have seen otherwise.

I wish you were here to see it all, but you could never stand the heat, and with so many biting insects you would always be down with fever. I am thankful to say that I haven't had a touch of it so far, but I had again to spend the greater part of this afternoon *jigger* hunting—at least, I got Stephen to do it for me. To-morrow we are going right into the fly country and also through the rinderpest districts. There are many, many horrors to contend with in a tropical climate, but the spell of Africa is so strong and so ever increasing that the longer you live under its blue skies and the oftener you experience the free, open-air life on *safari*, the more you feel its influence. The silence, and the vivid, almost crude, hues of nature will always come back to me when I shut my eyes and call up Uganda. Just to think of the roar of the London traffic when you are walking along a freshly cut road in a primeval forest, is to

make you wonder if what we call civilization is not, after all, a hideous blunder. The stillness of Africa is one of the most beautiful things in the world. To me it never grows less wonderful.

I find that a runner is going to Entebbe to-morrow, to post letters for the Christmas mail, so I must stop this journal for the present, and try to get one written to you, or it won't reach you in time to wish you all the best of good things. I am not going to send this diary to you until the end of the *safari*; I dispatched a parcel the other day, full of all sorts of native rubbish, things that could go by post, just to show you that I was thinking of you all at home. Some more skins should arrive, addressed to you; will you have them cured, and we will see what we can do with them when I come home? Have you had the little skins made into a coat yet? Out here only the natives wear furs; and those who do wear little else.

#### KYAMPISI CAMP.

I find writing this diary in camp rather difficult, because, delightful as it is, our days are nearly all alike. The scenery never varies. There are the same plantations of coffee and bananas and cotton, and the natives are all very well-to-do. You never see a beggar or a poor native by any chance, because they have not yet been pauperized by European tourists.

Each morning we get up by 5.30, and are on the road by six. I walk for about four miles before breakfast, and thoroughly enjoy it, because it is cool



and clear and still. There is nothing more delightful than leaving camp just as the first rays of the sun are dispersing the mysteries of a Uganda dawn. Picture the scene to yourself, if you can—over three hundred porters in their skins and rags, the chair-bearers, the gun-bearers, the bird boys, the skimmers, the tent boys, the police, the guard of the King's African Rifles, and the Governor in his 'rickshaw, and at the head of it all the Union Jack, fluttering from a flag-staff borne by a proud native! I can tell you, it takes a deal of beating in the hours when Nature is still asleep in this silent world.

The Governor's ample allowance of porters does not necessitate each man carrying the maximum of human endurance—sixty pounds on his head. You often see them swaggering away with one chair, or a table, or my tin bath balanced on their heads. I wish I could sketch some of them for you.

The roads are wonderful—native, of course, because very few Europeans come this way. The country looks so prosperous and cultivated that it is difficult to believe that only a few years ago it was "darkest Africa." So far there has not been a mile that we could not have motored with comfort and ease. I would much rather be farther from civilization and more in the wilds, so would we all, but H.E. has to travel all through this chief's country—it is the *raison d'être* of our *safari*.

It is most sad that our outing has had to be cut down so much; we have had ten camps in all cut out of our *safari*, making sixteen instead of twenty-

six. This is because so much time was wasted in getting away from Entebbe, and H.E. has to be back there by a certain date. To-morrow we leave the main road, which would take us to the Nile if we went far enough along it, and strike across country, which can only be done where there is a road and water. Yesterday we only did six miles, because the next water to this was too far off to be reached in one day. I don't care for such short marches, because we get into camp too early. The nicest time to arrive is about eleven or twelve.

Thank goodness we have lovely reed *bandas* to sit in, for the tents are very hot; mine was a hundred degrees to-day when I had my bath. It's not a very damp heat, and not very dry. If it was anything like as damp as the Straits Settlements, of course we never could do all that we are doing with any kind of enjoyment. I wear my khaki skirt and white silk shirt, and in the evening I nearly always am glad of my woolly. Sometimes, indeed, the nights are so cold that I want my big coat when we sit round the fire.

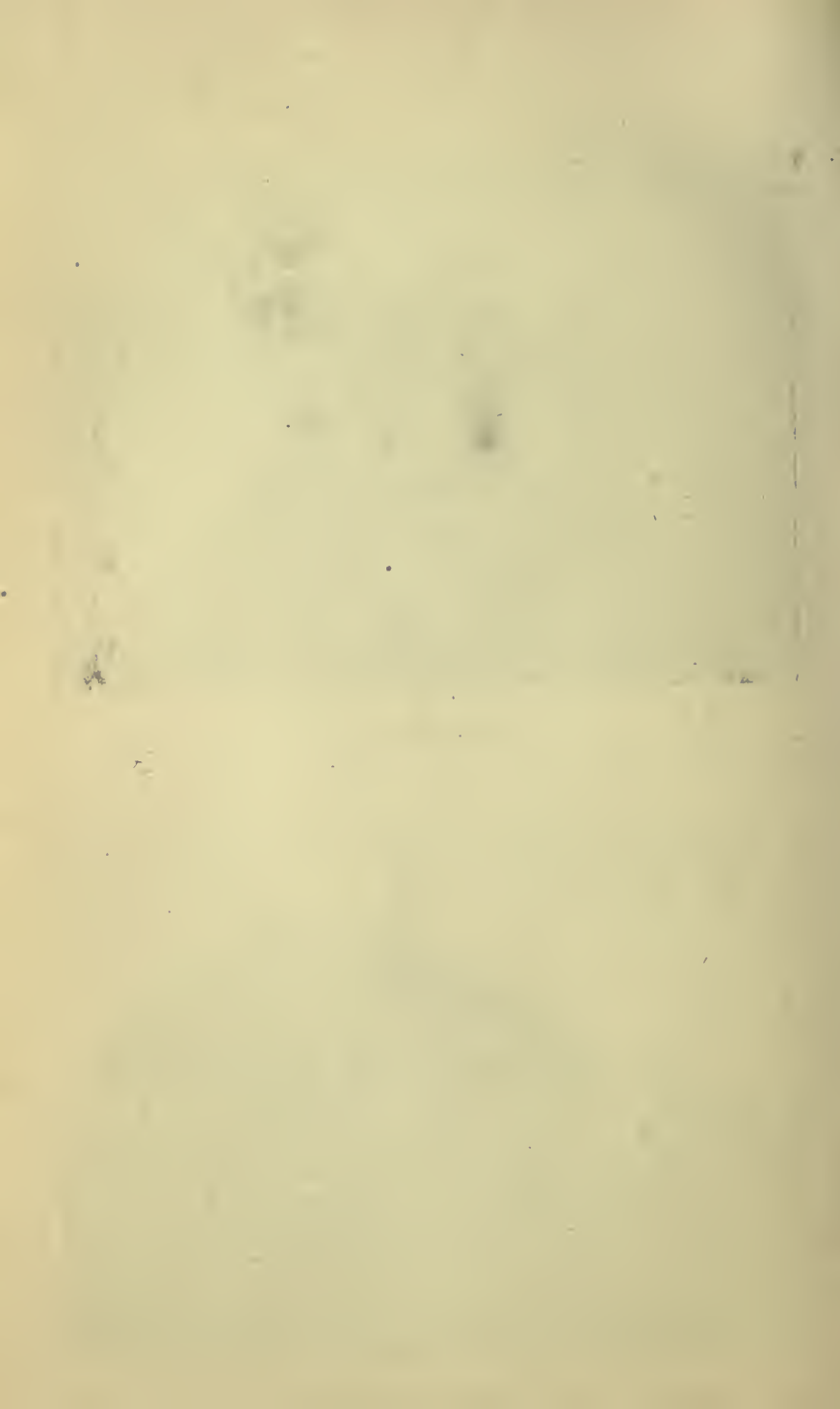
This camp is the most luxurious we have yet had—but then, I have thought each one the best, they are so charming. We are in a large open space, surrounded by huge banana and papaw trees, and there are open-work reed fences separating our tents and *bandas*. Even when the tents are hidden by the trees, we always know when we are approaching our camp by the crowds of waiting people, who stand along the roads, which are beautifully swept for



THE GOVERNOR LEAVING CAMP



THE GOVERNOR'S BANDA ON SAFARI



miles, and decorated in the customary way with flowers and banana leaves. When we pass through the lines of natives the conventional exchange of polite greetings takes place; they are becoming strangely familiar to me now. And of course the Governor receives the prescribed homage of the different tribes, due to his position and immense popularity.

The chiefs, who are waiting with the people, follow our cavalcade to the camp, where the first thing that happens is the planting of the Union Jack in front of the Governor's *banda*. Each member of our party has his little bit of the ground—the doctor has his, the A.D.C. his, and the D.C. his. The tents must cover altogether about half a square mile.

I can't write any more now, for two reasons—I am being bitten so unbearably by tiny ants, one of Uganda's many pests, and I must go and have a bath, and get ready to see the chiefs bring their presents. It is always an interesting sight. Lady Jackson and I both wish they would occasionally vary their gifts of sheep and eggs and hens, etc., with some fine old curios of the country. On some *safaris* she has been presented with very fine leopard skins, but this is not a leopard country.

Just fancy, it is a year to-day since I landed in Mombasa! How little I thought that I should be so long in Africa! It is all owing to the kindness of my friends, who have given me what thousands of pounds could not have purchased. No mere tourist, however wealthy, could have seen what I



have seen. The hospitality and kindness I have received makes me rub my eyes sometimes, and ask myself, how it has all happened?

BUSOWA CAMP,

*November 25.*

I suppose that just because I bragged in my last letter about never having had a touch of fever, I have been made to pay for it by having my first attack two days ago. I was pretty bad.

I started off walking in the early morning when we left camp, but by breakfast time I was shivering and very sick, and as bad luck would have it, Stephen had gone on ahead and taken my woolly. Directly we got into camp I had to go to bed. Of course they piled blankets on the top of me, and as I lay shivering, I thought of you in Penang. The doctor gave me a dose to make me sweat, which had the desired effect, and after that my head ached less. I starved for twenty-four hours, and very soon I was able to take notice of things again, and got rapidly better. One of the natives made a lovely grass hood for my chair, to keep the sun off my head, so I travelled to-day quite comfortably, but I was packed off to bed directly we arrived, and we are to stay here for a few days, until I have completely recovered.

Since we left the main North road, the country has become much wilder, with short grass and bush broken by queer euphorbias, and trees like huge aloes. H.E., of course, keeps a sharp look-out for the bird life of each district. He is really a wonderful shot;

every bird he shoots falls dead without one flutter. This morning he shot two green pigeons, while we were at breakfast, and they dropped almost on to the table. He gave me the wings; they are lovely, brilliant green, shading off into brown. The porters said that they saw six elephants on the journey, but none of us did, which is not at all astonishing, nor disproves the truth of their statement. We undoubtedly saw buffalo track, so the men of our party have gone off to try and shoot them.

This evening we are overlooking a vast plain full of game—hartbeest, zebra, cobus cob. To-day H.E. shot a cobus cob with a record head, and for the pot they have shot lots of [guinea-fowls and pigeons. The porters, of course, will devour like wolves the flesh of the buck or any beast they can get hold of.

In one of the native villages I saw an Albino child; it had snow-white skin, and curly white hair, with negroid features, a truly revolting specimen of humanity. There was a deaf and dumb boy in another village, who was quite an artist; he drew very clever pictures of men on motor-bicycles and some characteristic sketches of our party. It is curious how seldom you see any deformed or mentally afflicted natives. Perhaps it is merely a case of the survival of the fittest, for there is an enormous infant mortality amongst them.

Last night, after dinner, the chief's band came and gave us some music. They stood in front of the *banda*, dressed in their strange rags, and discoursed

sweet music on harps and drums. The music of the drum-beating and the harps was just the same as usual, but the flutes were very sweet, exactly like the music of the reed-flutes they play in the last act of Tristan and Isolde. After all playing together for some time, they each played a separate tune. Like all Oriental music, it was very monotonous, but at the same time there was a certain queer fascination about it.

*Three hours later.*

We have been watching the game on the plain through field-glasses. We saw a herd of zebra feeding, and some springbok and cobus cob. Colonel Wyndham has gone off after the zebra. I wanted very much to go with him, but I didn't feel well enough. Yesterday they got three cobus cobs and two zebras.

One of the presents the chief brought us when we arrived at this camp was a tiny baby *dyker*; the *dyker* is the smallest antelope. It lives in a basket, and has been given to a goat to suckle. Lady Jackson has brought a goat with her which has a tiny kid, the same age as the *dyker*.

When we were in bed last night, we heard hyenas prowling about outside the camp fence, and in the distance lions roaring.

Looking across the plain we can see the Hoima hills; it is a lovely view.

One of the Governor's gun-bearers, a most faithful creature, is very ill; he has had to be sent back to Entebbe, to the hospital. H.E. is very anxious



BLIND MUSICIAN WITH FLUTE AND HARP





about him, as the man has served him devotedly for many years and is as faithful as a Newfoundland dog. If the Governor leaves him behind when he goes on *safari*, he always turns up at the first camp. He thinks it is his duty to guard his master wherever he goes. He would literally go through fire and water to save him. Besides being a gun-bearer, he is a most exquisite needleman, and a wonderful embroiderer. I have often seen the patient creature sitting on the veranda outside the Governor's office like a watch dog, stitching away for hours at some lovely white embroidery, the same sort as that of which the native caps are made. He is embroidering Lady Jackson a dress. He was so ill the other day on the road that the Governor, when he saw him sitting by the roadside in great pain, got out of his 'rickshaw and insisted upon his getting into it. The poor fellow was terribly embarrassed, but he was in too great agony to resist. The next day, however, when H.E. again made him drive in it, he insisted upon getting out and crawling into camp on foot. "It wasn't fit for the Borna to walk whilst he drove." Poor faithful Barassio ! I hope he will recover.

#### KAPEKA CAMP.

There are two large plantations in view from this camp. A gruesome little tragedy is associated with one. It belonged to some people who had been out here for about ten years and had worked tremendously hard. They had a lot of cows, and made butter which they sold to everybody within a hundred

miles. Mrs. — made all the butter herself, and was greatly admired by every one in Uganda for her pluck and energy. But try as they might, they could not make the farm pay, because over and over again they lost so many beasts through fly and rinderpest. While they still had a little money left they gave up the farm and started coffee growing. Things were beginning to look brighter, and they were at last looking forward to better times, when Mrs. — went down with blackwater fever, that awfullest of Uganda perils. A young K.A.R. officer who happened to be shooting near their station went to see what assistance he could give. He found the husband prostrate with grief because no doctor could reach them. The K.A.R. officer nursed the poor woman to the end, and then buried her.

To-day we got into lower country, and it is hotter than ever—very like East Africa—and there are violent thunderstorms. We heard that there were eight hippos in a river close by, so we all went there, on bicycles, in 'rickshaws, and I in a chair. When we got to the river we walked about for nearly an hour, looking for them in a swamp, but I think they must all have been asleep, because, although we never saw them, we came across a nice, big pool where they had evidently been wallowing. H.E. shot a beautiful black and white stork, a very rare one. When he first saw it, sitting on a tree, he thought it was an eagle.

The men have gone off again this evening to look for the lost hippos.

My feet get worse instead of better, as the holes made by taking out *jiggers* are so deep that they have turned into sores, while raw blisters have added themselves to my troubles, so I go out of camp like a lame horse, and walk myself sound. The doctor has had *jiggers* very badly; I believe his record on this *safari* is seventy. We called him the "*Jigger King*," so now he calls me the "*Jigger Queen*."

#### MUGIGE CAMP.

This morning we got to camp at ten o'clock. The *bandas* are more stylish than ever, all decorated with flowers and most elaborately made. An old chief called Markasa has done it all, because he is a very old friend of the Governor's. They fought together in the Uganda Mutiny.

As we approached the camp there were hundreds of natives all kneeling down and clapping their hands; the chief's ladies were sitting on the ground, dressed up in their best clothes. You don't see much jewellery in this country, only a gay assortment of beads and iron necklaces and armlets.

The chief's mother was introduced to the Governor; she is very old and crumpled up. A fine band was playing, and there was much drum beating, and repeated expressions of welcome.

Before going to the camp the chief invited us to his house, which is built in European style and furnished in Indian bazaar taste. There was an oleograph portrait of King George and Queen Mary decorating the dining-room walls. Flying in the breeze over

the veranda there was "Welcome Governor Jackson!" "Welcome! Welcome!" Markasa gave us afternoon tea at ten o'clock in the morning—so we felt like Alice, who frequently breakfasted at afternoon tea, and dined on the following day!—while his little sons, in their white *kanzus*, squatted on the floor. The little imps of darkness devoured all the cakes. With great pride our host showed us his spare room—there was nothing in it but a mat on the floor, a native bed and a brand-new dressing table; it certainly was "spare" in more senses than one!

After we had admired everything, he took us to our camp. In our dining-*banda* there was a table covered with loaves of bread and cakes, and in the middle a white sugared affair, like a wedding cake, on the top of which was written, in pink sugar, "Jackson, Esq." About four o'clock we all had tea, and the Governor cut the cake; it was really excellent. It had been made for the chief by the *Kabaka's* cook. Markasa had tea with us, of course, and directly after all the presents began to arrive. Hundreds of eggs, many of which, of course, are bad, because they have been collecting them for many weeks; bullocks, sheep, chickens, potatoes, peas, splendid tomatoes, cabbages, onions, carrots, lettuces, and the very best pines and oranges I ever tasted. The old chief is very rich, and he certainly has done his best to do honour to his old friend the Governor. It took seventy men one whole month to build the *bandas*; they are of such elaborate and fine workmanship.





SIR FREDERICK AND LADY JACKSON AT BREAKFAST



NATIVE CHIEFS BRINGING GIFTS TO THE GOVERNOR



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They would delight you, they are so elegant, and the different designs on the screens which form the lower part of the wall are exquisite. They are not transparent, but just close enough to keep out the sun, and airy enough to let in any breeze that comes along. The screens reach up as far as the open portion of the walls, where there are upright posts to support the roof. The interior of the *bandas* are lined with red bunting, and decorated with the beautiful mauve and yellow flowers, which you see everywhere growing in the scrub. The effect is most gratifying. The old chief has provided us with carpet and chairs, so we are quite luxurious.

Altogether we have had a very native day, full of colour and incident, which, alas, I find quite impossible to present to you, because it depended so much upon the atmosphere and the movements of the natives.

After the ceremony of the present giving, we went with the chief to see a wrestling match, which was held on an open space just below the *bandas*, and inside the camp infencement. There was no platform, as there is in Japan at a wrestling match; the men wrestle on the ground. The Governor's party and the chiefs, of whom there were about four or five, sat on chairs on one side of the ring; on the opposite side all the natives and our porters and boys squatted on the ground. They made a wonderfully picturesque audience. Of course there were the usual drummers—nothing ever happens without drums—and a native band which accompanied a chorus of children who clapped their hands and kept up a queer monotonous

chanting in a dull minor key during the whole performance. I shall never forget that hand-clapping and singing; it went on and on and on, without the slightest variation of tone or expression or tune, until I felt that I should scream.

When a chief had arranged a contest, two wrestlers appeared out of the crowd of natives, tucked up the white *kanzus* round their waists, and took each other on. There was no elaborate ceremony when the combatants faced each other, as there is in Japan. There was, in fact, for a native performance, a great absence of etiquette. They simply caught hold of each other, and began wrestling, without any preliminaries. But, on the other hand, there was much more to see in the way of real wrestling, to my mind, for in Japan, if you remember, we rarely saw a good old arm to arm, body to body struggle. All we used to see, after an immense deal of etiquette and prolonged waiting, was a leap like a cat from the two cowering naked figures, and then a spring apart. Here the black figures really struggled together, and you saw a splendid display of physical strength and endurance.

There were about twelve wrestlers altogether. After each contest the winner ran and prostrated himself on the ground before the Governor, beating his head on either side of his temples. This picturesque performance was the required formula of Buganda etiquette. The victors who didn't beat their hard heads on the ground knelt down before H.E. with the palms of their hands pressed closely together,

and raised their arms high up in the air, and then brought them down just as if they were going to hit some object on the ground. They did this over and over again.

After the victors had performed their act of reverence to the Governor, they jumped up and at once began to dance in the ordinary native way, with slack limbs and muscles, and a great deal of body movement. The dancing delighted me; it was so graceful. They were all presented with prizes, and the chiefs were tremendously pleased with the afternoon's performance, and the native audience enjoyed it thoroughly. The Bugandas are not a noisy people, so their approval and appreciation did not take the form of cheering or hand clapping, as it would have done at home. They are a singularly well-bred people.

#### BOMBO CAMP.

I hadn't any time to write in Bowa Camp, and to-day I have really nothing of any note to relate, except the excitement of our camp at the arrival of H.E.'s new motor-car, a Thornycroft. To-morrow we are to make our return to Kampala in it, in great style. What would Uganda do without these precious "fire-cars"? To-morrow we shall do in three-quarters of an hour a distance which would have meant a three days' *safari* a very few years ago.

I won't bore you with describing our official visits to the various missions at Bowa, or how we listened to little black-a-moors singing "I was a wandering

sheep," etc., or our tea with Mrs. Clifford, who is the one white woman in the station, and how I discovered that the delicious cakes she gave us for tea had all been made by Captain Clifford. And I will only mention that in the evening, at the K.A.R.'s mess, we sat down to a dinner which would have done credit to a London club. The effort to dress up and go out to dinner was very great, after a strenuous day which began at five o'clock, but I was glad we went, for it will leave an indelible impression on my mind of the Britishness of the K.A.R.—the Englishmen in their smart mess kit, the beautifully decorated table, Lady Jackson and myself in our evening gowns, and the really excellent dinner—all in the wilds of Africa!

I have enjoyed every moment of the *safari*, which will come to an end to-morrow. I wish it could have lasted for another fortnight, as it would have done if we had left Kampala when we first intended to.



## XXIII

### KAMPALA ENTERTAINS UGANDA.

**M**Y second Christmas in Africa has passed, and I am still without any immediate prospect of going home. I must tell you about our Christmas festivities, because they really were unique in their way.

With true African hospitality Kampala invited the whole of "white Uganda" to spend its Christmas in her midst, and enjoy the festivities of city life. Christmas with no mistletoe, no holly, and the thermometer standing at 90 in the shade! Well, all Uganda accepted the invitation. You can imagine the problem there was as to how they were all to be housed. There was first of all a committee formed for the allotting of the various entertainments to smaller committees, and there was a housing committee, which held itself responsible for finding quarters or accommodation for all the invited guests; a golf committee, a tennis committee, etc. As the bungalows seldom have more than one spare room, tents had to be erected in the compounds. The catering committee had to send for luxuries, such as turkeys and chickens and mutton, etc., to East Africa.

All the guests arrived the day before Christmas, and for the first night bridge and dinner parties were the only form of entertainment. Every householder asked everybody else's household to dinner. The festivities lasted for four days, and each day's programme, of course, included some sort of sport—cricket, tennis, hockey, golf, football. There is no close season here for football; as it is always hot it is played all the year round, instead of not being played at all.

On Christmas night a hundred and five people sat down at the Club to a regular English Christmas dinner—turkey and plum pudding, and magnums of champagne. I helped to decorate the table with white lilies and the ubiquitous little pink creeper. After dinner there was a grand police tattoo, which we watched from Gun Hill. There were about two or three hundred men, and each one carried a Chinese lantern on a long staff. In the pitch dark we could only see the file of yellow lanterns moving about at the bottom of the hill like a golden snake. Some of the manoeuvres they went through were really beautiful. It reminded me of a big snow-shoe tramp in Montreal—the lantern effect, I mean, and the figures gliding down the hill; the night air of a Uganda Christmas belongs to a different story, with its softness and its brilliance and its scent of Africa.

There are no lights in the town of Kampala, so when you go out in the evening you have to take a "lantern boy." Yet the same place can boast of Thornycroft motor-cars and telephones! It has

become quite natural to me now to call out, when I am ready to leave the house for a dinner party—"Laiti Ta!" (Boy, bring the lantern.) A lace scarf is all the evening cloak you need, even on the coolest evenings, but, as I told you, I generally pull one blanket over my bed at dawn.

Speaking of evening dress reminds me that it is very difficult to keep your gowns nice and fresh in the great heat; they get shabby so quickly; and you wear them so much, for Kampala and Entebbe are great places for dinner parties. I am sorry for the brides who bring out chiffon dresses in their trousseaux. As it is not damp heat, silk does not fall to pieces as it did in the Straits Settlements; dresses *do* last better here, but still there is a great deal in knowing what *not* to bring out, as well as what to bring.

Our Christmas Week was quite as gay as Race Week in Hong-Kong. As Kampala hasn't got any horses to race with, she has a Sports Week instead.

Can you imagine a civilized British Colony—or Protectorate, I should say—without any horses? And there are only a few transport mules, so that until the glorious introduction of motor-vans and "fire-cars," there was nothing but bullock teams to depend upon for the transport of goods and for getting up country generally. It is so like Uganda to jump with one fell swoop from the softly rolling gait of Homeric oxen to the speed of "fire-cars," ignoring with a fine indifference the long centuries which lie between.

And that reminds me that I believe I forgot to tell you about the famous manœuvres of the King of Ankoli's cattle. He is a very rich king, and he is justly proud of his cattle, which number, I believe, over twenty thousand. At the manœuvres two thousand of these perfectly drilled animals are formed into a mass just like a regiment of cavalry. Their horns measure about six feet across, so you can picture to yourself the effect of two thousand half-moons in the brilliant sunlight. When one of the king's herdsmen drilled them it was really quite touching to see the way the animals galloped at the word of command, and stopped at the word of command, and wheeled at the word of command, and then galloped back and formed into line. No regiment of cavalry could have been more exquisitely precise. When they were all in a block once more, the herdsman called a beast by its name, and instantly you could see it pushing its way through the mass of two thousand heads. When it reached the open space in front of the drill sergeant, it stopped short with the alertness and attention of a soldier saluting.

I wonder if you will see this picturesque performance on the London cinemas?—because I noticed that all the time the wrestling match was going on in Kampala, one of our Christmas festivities, Cherry Kearton and James Barnes were busy taking photographs. It is odd to think that you will soon see the Kampala wrestling match reproduced to the very life in a London cinematograph theatre—except, of course, for that most important item of all, the



light. The contrasts of colour, and of light and shade, are so harsh that if they did try to reproduce them you would be horrified. The enamel blue of the sky, the sharp green of the vegetation, the flaming red of the bottle-brush trees, the jet black of the natives' faces, and the snow-white of their kanzus. In Nature it is glorious, because the light which is the spell of Africa, mingles and blends them all together into one great glittering jewel.

Cherry Kearton and Mr. Barnes have been all over B.E.A., taking photographs of natives and wild beasts in their natural surroundings. When they leave Kampala they are going through the Belgian Congo right across to the West Coast. In Uganda the natives like being photographed. Flight never misses an opportunity of appearing in one if he can possibly help it. They will find it more difficult where there are more Mohammedans; here there are very few. I have scarcely ever seen a Mohammedan at prayer. All the same, I believe there are a few Moslems even in this part of the Protectorate, for every now and then a Moslem missionary appears and, I suppose, keeps a sharp eye on the number of the faithful. Uganda is essentially a Christian country.

Now that our visitors have all left us, and we have settled down again to the ordinary round of everyday Kampala life, it seems a little monotonous, but I don't mind, because my feet are so sore I can scarcely walk. Oh, those wicked *jiggers*!

There has been no rain, and the grass is as dry as a bone, and my gardening, alas, has not proved very



successful. The *do-dos* have eaten my turnips, the lettuces have all gone to seed, the radishes are as huge as turnips, and none of the other seeds have come up.

As I said to you once before, the worst feature of life out here for a woman is the total lack of occupation. You can't garden, you can't walk until after sun-down, and you can't do your own housekeeping as we do it at home. It is well for the woman who has a world within her own mind, and who can sing and play and paint. Do you wonder that we all adore going on *safari* ?

## AT LAKE ALBERT.

**Y**OU must picture me sitting on the top of an escarpment overlooking Lake Albert. Do get the map and look!

It is all very beautiful and mysterious. Between the escarpment and the shining blue lake there is a vast plain covered with bush, tamarisks and giant euphorbias, and across the lake lie the Congo hills, which roll on and on, until they are lost in the dim distance.

We came upon this imposing scenery quite suddenly, just as we came upon Mount Fujiyama that day when we walked to Hakone in Japan. Our journey from Masindi took us through a stretch of country which was literally covered with the bright red bottle-brush bush; it makes any landscape look gay. The escarpment rises so abruptly out of the plain that it completely blocked the distant landscape. I had no idea that when we had climbed to the top of its five or six hundred feet this glorious view would be gleaming in the sunshine before us.

Lake Albert is not in the least like Lake Victoria. It has no islands, and it is seldom so blue as it is

to-day; far more often it looks grey and angry, with high waves tossing about it, just like a stormy sea. On these colourless days there is no distant view; the mountains vanish into mist.

It is amazing to think that just across these same hills lies Stanley's famous Pigmy Country and that cannibals live there, and, to this day, humans who eat their dead! Only last night I was talking to a man who has come straight from the Belgian Congo, and although he admitted that there *are* terrible atrocities committed by the traders, he says that they do not strike you with so much horror or seem so terrible when you are there, because they are done in a country where the most hideous crimes and cruelties are committed by the natives themselves. To this day a chief will calmly order a native to be killed, and then eat him!

After we had spent some time at the top of the escarpment, gazing at the lake, we went down to the camp, which was some 400 feet lower. The rest of the day I spent looking at the shining blue water, and at the Congo Hills. It struck me as very odd that I should be peacefully gazing at the waters of this mid-African lake, when I had merely drifted into doing so by happy chance.

But to go back to the beginning of this delightful trip. We left Kampala by boat on the 24th, for Jinja, where we stayed the night. The next morning we went on to Namasagali by train—sixty miles. Ten additional miles have been added to the line since I last travelled on it. We went on board the s.s.

*Stanley* at four o'clock, and started down the Nile. We ran aground several times in the night, and swung into papyrus islands. When we bumped off one, we went swinging across the river into another, so that it was bump, bump the whole time. As usual the bird life was lovely; lots of ibis and divers and soft grey cranes, balanced by lots of *unlovely* crocodiles! At dawn we put into Masindi—port on Lake Choja. It is at this port that it is so difficult to tell what is Nile and what is lake.

We had to wait until half-past twelve for the motor-van. Mr. Russell and I got an old dug-out and a paddle and a pole, and played about amongst the water lilies, blue, mauve, purple and white. They are smaller than the famous blue lotus of Japan, but they have the great charm of scent—the sweetest scent in the world. In some parts they were so thick we could scarcely push the dug-out through them, and the scenery was so cut up into inlets and narrow passes that often stretches of these lilies looked like garden-lakes completely covered with purple and mauve flowers. For three or four days the steamer has to push its way through their long-reaching roots and flat, plate-like leaves.

We had Mr. Aflalo, the great fisherman, with us on board the *Stanley*. He was coming to Lake Albert to catch some of its big fish, which often run up to 200 lbs. It was amusing to see him arraying himself to combat the tsetse fly, for we had to travel through a country swarming with them. He didn't in the least mind admitting that he was terrified at the



very thought of sleeping-sickness. His trousers were bound in at the ankles, and his coat sleeves at his wrists, with elastic bands, and over his helmet he wore a thing that looked like the bee veil I used to wear when I took swarms. It was tucked in all round his neck. In front of his mouth he had a little trap-door, which opened to admit his cigar; it was shut when he wasn't smoking. This was his own patent, and he is very proud of it.

Have I ever told you that on *safari* we always have our meals under a mosquito curtain? It is let down from a bar which runs along the roof of the tent, and drops down right over the table and chairs, enveloping them like a thin inner tent of net.

We reached Masindi at three o'clock, and walked up to the Andersons! As their house was too small to put us up, they put us into reed huts in the compound. They were very pretty, and cool, and most comfortable. Of course there was nothing much to do at Masindi, but it was delightful to be with such charming and cultivated people as the Andersons.

On Monday they gave us a great day. Mr. Anderson got up an Engoma, which is a native festival, semi-religious in character. It was held under the huge trees on the golf course, and there was a great deal of dancing at it. One woman, whom we called Salome, did a wonderful wriggling dance, throwing back her head and sticking out her hips, and shutting her eyes. A sort of Buganda *danse de ventre*. Quite a number of the women danced, but she was much



the best. I'm afraid some of their performances would scarcely have been passed by the L.C.C., although they all wore clothes. The King of Unyoro and his chiefs were there, and his band of jesters.

But the most interesting part of the Engoma was the sacrifice of a black bullock, which took place under a big tree. This sacrifice of a black beast is a very ancient rite, and is probably the survival of a human sacrifice. The animal was led to the foot of the tree, and after it was slain its blood was sprinkled upon the ground. The chosen tree was thus proclaimed for ever sacred. No axe must ever come near it; no injury must befall it. The animal killed need not always be a bullock. If there is no black bullock to be found in the district, a black goat will do, and if the country cannot produce even a black goat, a black hen is substituted. But the life offered up must be black.

While the ceremony, which was most interesting, was going on, a friend of mine told me a little story relating to these sacred trees, which you come across all over Uganda. He was building himself a house in a part of the country where wood was very scarce, and he could not get it finished for want of wooden doors and beams. One day he came across a huge fallen tree of magnificent hard wood. He said to his man: "Here we are! Look at this tree! Now we can get the bungalow finished. I'll send some men to saw it up to-day." The native looked very distressed and alarmed. "No, master," he said, "you mustn't even touch that tree. Come away

from it. Every person who has touched it has died suddenly."

On being questioned as to what he knew about its story, the native said that it was a sacred tree which had been felled by the orders of an Englishman who was, he supposed, ignorant of the religious customs of the country. He also had wanted wood for his house, and he had insisted upon his servants cutting down the tree. Unwillingly they did so, and in a few weeks one after another of the servants died. Even the carpenter, who was ignorant of the fact that he had been sawing up a portion of the tree, died an unnatural death. The evil spirits also claimed the Englishman as their victim, for, oddly enough, he met with an untimely death before he was able to inhabit his house.

It is, I know, no unusual thing for natives to die from the effect of superstitious fear. If they knew that the tree was sacred, it is not improbable that the fear of the wrath of the evil spirits would account for their deaths, but the carpenter did not know what wood it was that he had touched, and the Englishman would most certainly have scorned the native superstition. Of course you will say to yourself, "There is such a thing as poison!" And I agree that it is quite within reason and probability that when such an outrage to native religious feelings had been committed, the priests would order the secret death of every one who was in any way connected with an indignity offered to the gods. To keep alive the primitive beliefs in a clever and pro-

gressive people like the Buganda, it is necessary to strike terror into their hearts when they attempt to disregard the ancient superstitions. The religion of pagan Uganda is the propitiation of the gods. It is the religion of fear and aversion.

After the ceremony of the bullock sacrifice, the jesters, who were all seated on the ground, began their part of the entertainment. One of them was wonderfully clever. He imitated every sort of bird and animal. Lions, leopards, monkeys, guinea-fowl and doves he did with perfect accuracy. You could have sworn that the animals and the birds were there. In his jester's garment of wild-beast skins, he walked about like a lion, and crouched like a leopard, and trumpeted like an elephant. He threw tufts of grass up into the air with his imaginary trunk, until we screamed with laughter. The next moment he was an elegant crane, with all the graceful movements of that fantastic bird. He imitated its fascinating dance, when it is courting its mate, with an uncanny fidelity. If I hadn't seen him I could never have believed that a human being could resemble a bird or beast so perfectly. What a fortune he could make on a London music-hall stage! His next turn was imitating an Englishman eating his breakfast on *safari*, giving orders to his boy, getting angry when the smallest thing was not quite as he wanted it. It was ludicrously true to life. He sat on a chair, and contrived to bring before your eyes, by the force of suggestion, the whole scene.

I enjoyed this Engoma more than any other native

show I have seen. I feel annoyed with myself that I can't give you a better description of it. The crowds of white-dressed natives looking on, the sensuous dancers, the skin-draped jesters—with their background of tropical green, and, best of all, the radiance of the light.

There was a new feature about the band, too—trumpets! They were made of long cow-horns; together with the very long reed-flutes, they added a fine native touch to the *ensemble*.

\* \* \* \* \*

I began this letter on the escarpment, where we encamped for one night; I am finishing it at Port Butiaba, and as I have just heard that the *Samuel Baker* is leaving in about ten minutes, I must close it abruptly and take it on board, or it won't be in time. I will, of course, send you the rest of my travels in the ordinary way, but I thought you would like a special letter from Lake Albert.



## LAKE ALBERT.

DO you remember that I told you that I had to finish off my letter about Lake Albert in a great hurry, because I heard that the *Samuel Baker* was going almost directly? Well, wasn't it a strange coincidence, that when I went on board and was taken into the captain's cabin, the first thing that caught my eye was a very good photograph of my brother Roger! The captain of the *Samuel Baker* is a frontiersman, and thinks the world of Roger for his work in connexion with the Legion of Frontiersmen. It is very encouraging to find that the corps has spread all over the world. The first ball I went to in Nairobi was given by the Frontiersmen of Africa. They were extremely kind to me, because I was the sister of the man who originated the idea of this body of Frontiersmen, most of whom are pretty free lances, as the name of their Legion would suggest, but they are patriotic and intrepid and dashing to a degree.

We met Mr. Aflalo, who was on his way back from the lake, and, being no longer in the fly country, he looked more like an ordinary mortal. He had caught one enormous fish and discovered what he



called a "new breed of salmon." He was very pleased with the result of his expedition. I am not at all learned about fishing, but I know he caught that big fish with a *jock scotch*, and I know that piano-forte wire came in handy when ordinary fishing tackle failed. You must look for Mr. Aflalo's fishing articles in the *Field*.

We left the escarpment and went to Butiaba, the little port on the lake; it looked quite close, but it proved to be ten miles away. I was weary of the hammock, and was delighted to reach our camp, which was pitched on the lake shore. When we arrived, the waves were breaking on the sand; they sounded just like the waves of a stormy sea. And a wind got up in the evening which increased until it was blowing a full gale by night. It became so terrific when I was in bed that I thought my tent would be blown away, and the waves made such a noise, and the wind shrieked and whistled so horribly that there was no sleep to be had. It was very eerie and desolate. I was glad when the morning came. It will be a long time before I forget my night by the side of Lake Albert!

In the morning I picked up in a few minutes handfuls of the daintiest little shells. They are as transparent as a rose-petal, and as milky-pink as a baby's lips. Beautiful little twisted towers, why were they not smashed to atoms with the frenzy of the waves? I will bring them home to you as a memento of Lake Albert.

One of our party ventured on the lake in an old dug-



CANOES ON LAKE ALBERT



out in the morning and tried to punt against the wind, but he soon got swamped, and had to swim back to shore. We wanted to go by canoe a distance of about ten miles down the lake, but it was quite impossible, so we packed up our *safari*, and went by land instead.

As we marched away from the lake's inhospitable shore, it looked like one of the bleakest and greyest of our English seaside places on the East Coast.

Here we are in a lovely camp, pitched between the river and the lake, on a plain which looks like a rough park, all short grass, trees, and bush. The stillness of this place seems all the greater after the angry noise of the waves and the wind last night. Sometimes the stillness is almost terrifying when you allow yourself to get absorbed in it. It seems like the hush of a dumb world, waiting for the birth of sound. If the creating Fingers of the Almighty were suddenly to appear in the heavens, and a Voice were to say, "Let there be Life," it would only seem as if the thing had happened, for which the whole air and earth and stillness had been waiting for endless centuries.

In the afternoon we went out shooting. I had to borrow a pair of breeches and puttees to ride a mule. We came across tracks of elephants, buffalo and hippo, but failed to get even a sight of the animals themselves. Dr. Marshall got one cobus-cob and a reed-buck for the larder. It is really exasperating to be so near the animals, and yet so far from them!

This morning we were up at five o'clock, in the hopes of seeing buffalo, but, alas! again we had no

luck. We only saw small game. It was very vexatious, especially as the whole country was covered with great elephant footmarks and buffalo tracks. We didn't return to camp until ten-thirty. We are spending three nights here, because it is such a splendid big-game country.

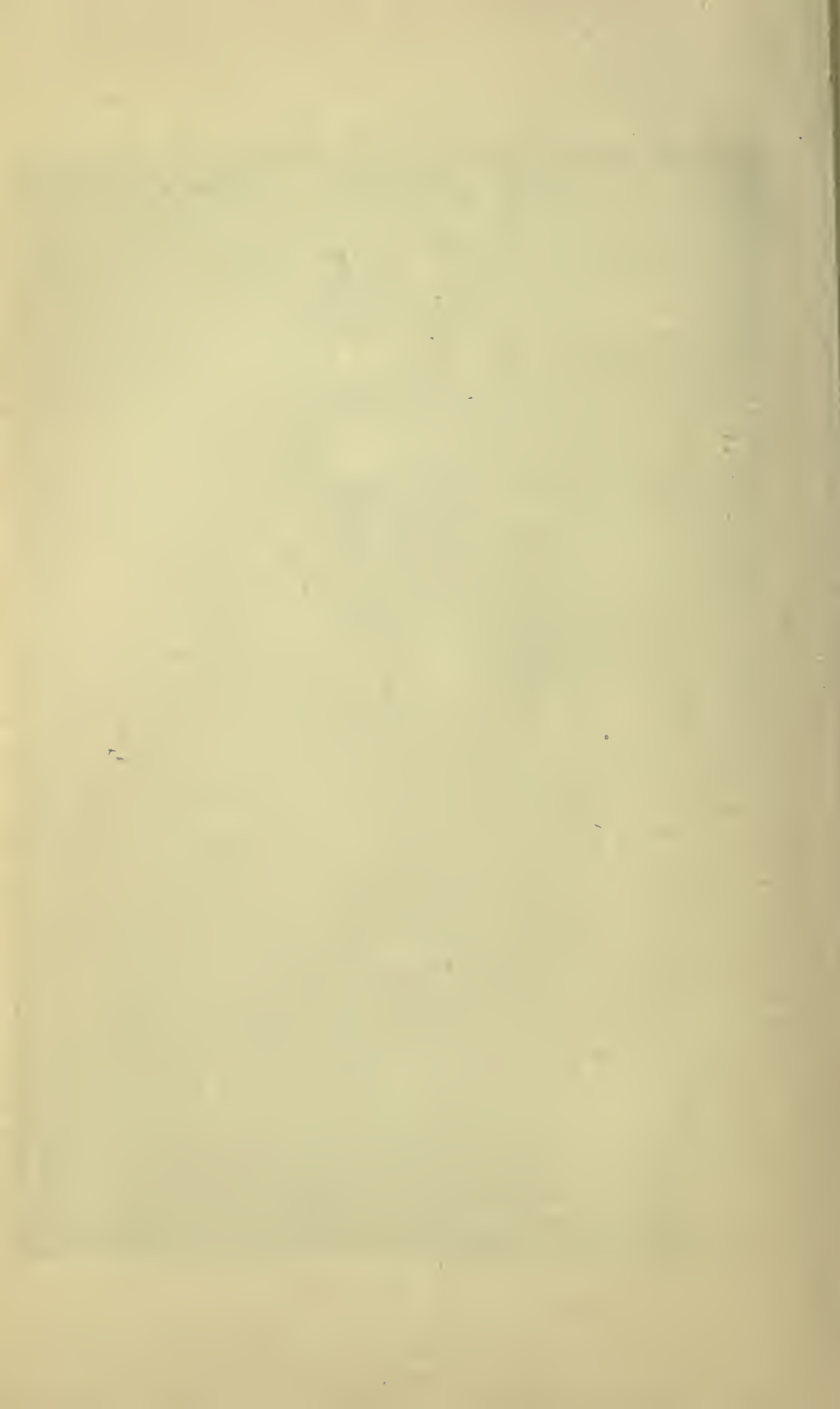
Dr. Marshall, who is engaged in research work on sleeping-sickness, examines almost every tree and shrub he passes for tsetse fly. He has just returned from an expedition much farther up the lake, where he carried his life in his hands from hour to hour, for the country was swarming with tsetse fly. He told me he saw a lovely sight the other day—a big elephant standing looking at the surrounding world from a little island of golden sand. What a glorious picture! The azure skies, the bright yellow island, the blue lake and deep green foliage, and, in the middle of its stillness, the lordly elephant, with trunk upraised, standing all alone, like a sole survivor of a mammoth age!

In Africa, as I have already said, you can visualize mammoth days quite easily, because elephants and buffalo and rhinos seem so perfectly in keeping with the magnitude of tropical Nature. The little pink shells I gathered by the side of the lake seemed to me to have no place here at all. They belong far more to the dainty toy-scenery of Japan than to shores which are the home of crocodiles and hippos.

In the evening we sat by the side of the lake and watched some crocodiles and a hippo swirling and blowing in the water. The wicked hippo is a very







playful beast, when it isn't angry. We waited until it was dark, in the hope that the hippo would land, but it was far too wily.

I enjoyed the whole day immensely. It was so delightful to ride on the mule, always expecting to see some sort of big game, and to be closely following in their tracks. There was a characteristic thunderstorm in the afternoon, and we got characteristically wet, but it brought out the delicious scent of a white flower like jasmine, which grows on a shrub all over the plain. The clear air was full of its sweetness.

#### BUSI CAMP.

Nothing of any special interest has happened during the last two days on *safari*, and I was too lazy to write my diary. I was very sorry to leave our lovely camp between the river and the lake—it was one of the nicest spots I have ever camped in. We said good-bye to the lake at seven-thirty this morning. It was so misty we could not see across it or over the plain.

We mounted the escarpment again, and got on to the old road which goes through the Buganda forest. The new road is for motor traffic; the old one is only a native road for the old world native form of travel and transport. We did about twelve miles to this camp, which is very dirty and untidy, but as it is right on the edge of one of the stupendous African forests, I know I shall enjoy it.

We left camp at five, and had breakfast in the forest. It was breakfast without any tea or coffee,

because one of the porters had fallen down and broken all the water bottles. You will say that such a small matter as the luxury of a cup of tea to refresh parched throats and tongues after a long march ought not to have mattered in such marvellous surroundings, but that proves that you have never experienced a real *safari* thirst! Well, I defy anyone to do justice to the picture which our breakfast table presented as we suddenly came upon it. The table, with its white cloth, spread with the ordinary English breakfast luxuries, stood right in the middle of the native path, which was cut bang out of the forest—a forest so dense that only a few steps back from the path on either side of the table it was as black as a coal cellar and as weird in its uncanny growth as a diseased brain could conceive it. African vegetation is so gigantic and overwhelming as to be almost unbearable. The people who do surveying work in the dense forests are unable to stand it for very long at a time; they simply have to get away from it. Not for lack of air, or because of the infected flies, but on account of the inexplicable effect the vegetation has on the nervous system. It becomes a sort of nightmare—a nightmare of prodigious growths. Things grow up, and things grow down, and the things grow across, until you think that you yourself will begin to grow and swell like a big gourd, or that your arms and legs will become trailing vines! One man told me that when he went home on leave, after having spent some time in this tropical scenery, he used to thoroughly enjoy watching the stunted, meagre growth

of a garden in a London suburb. To see the same little plants and the same little bushes remain the same every day was very restful to his nerves. To feel that you could go to bed and wake up and not find that everything had assumed gigantic proportions in the night was comforting and homely.

Here I have heard elephants trumpeting in the forest for the first time. When I heard them before they were in the mountains. Coming out of the dark, impenetrable vegetation, the sound was much more mysterious. When it suddenly broke the stillness the earth seemed to tremble. I felt very small! It is a terrible and primeval sound, belonging to a mammoth age.

The monkeys were all chattering and screaming and jumping about from tree to tree, while their white-necked brethren, the colobus monkeys, tantalized us by never staying still for a moment. We could see their white ruffs as they leapt from tree-top to tree-top in the denser portion of the forest.

These "wicked people," to use Kipling's immortal sobriquet, were our companions as we walked through the forest, for about ten miles. Huge trees towered above the dense undergrowth, and the sun shone through them in rare places, and oh! the feeling of expectancy, in that hushed, untrodden world!

The road averaged about eight feet across, which is the ordinary width of a native path, but time and the traffic of *safaris*, and the pitching of tents across it, had widened it a little in places. When this was the case we had a better chance of seeing a little



farther into the heart of the forest, which lay on either side of our way—wild rubber trees, with their trailing vines, like the rigging of a ship; smashed branches and trodden undergrowth, where elephants had broken through; and, high above all, the chattering monkeys at play in the tree-tops.

In these opener places an occasional stream of clear, cool water crossed our path; it had come out of the forest on one side to go into it again on the other, there to be lost sight of for ever. By its moist edges rare ferns, as delicate and more beautiful than maiden-hair, grew in profusion, and above its limpid waters yellow butterflies with orange-tipped wings danced and played in the sunlight.

It was all so cool and still and wonderful that I longed to photograph it in colour for you—the royal-blue of the sky overhead, the gay butterflies making love where the sun was kind, the narrow path leading into mystery; and, perhaps best of all, in a barren land, that peaceful little stream which had escaped the imprisoning forest and come out to see the sky!

I rode my mule when I got tired of walking, which I did before the journey was over, for ten miles is so much more than ten when they are African miles! After riding astride for some distance, I tried to ride in side-saddle manner, and I managed to get along pretty well so long as the mule didn't shy or kick. In the forest it was quite an easy matter, but when we got out of its shade, the sun was so powerful that I had to put up my umbrella. As I did so the mule

shied and began to canter, and I went a horrid toss on the back of my head. I couldn't get up for quite a few minutes, I was so dazed, and I have had a sore back and a headache ever since. The remainder of the fifteen miles I rode astride again.

We got into camp at about ten o'clock. I was very tired and bruised. The flies here are awful! They give you no peace, and they try one's temper sorely. To-morrow we have ten miles to do to Masindi, where we shall stay with the Andersons. We shall leave them on Friday, by van, to catch the boat. So for the present, good-bye. I will post this diary when I am back in Kampala.

ON BOARD THE *Stanley*,  
LAKE CHOGA.

We are on the lake once more, pushing our way again through the masses of purple and mauve lilies, but as I told you about them the other day, I must desist from saying any more about their beauty at present.

We left the Andersons at Masindi on Friday morning at 6 a.m., by van, to catch the boat. We had a delightful time there; they were so good to me, and Mrs. Anderson was a charming hostess. I got up at about four o'clock, because there had been no sleep for anyone the night before, on account of the noise made by the King of Unyoro's drummers and horn-blowers. The King had moved into a grand new house, and so his band played all night long, to celebrate the occasion. When I went out at about five

o'clock it was very weird and Uganda-ish, with the horns and the big drum playing, and a brilliant moon still shining. As I was ready much earlier than any of the others, I went for a walk, and saw the sun rise and the moon go down. It was exquisitely beautiful.

At six o'clock we were all packed into the motorvan and taken to the port, which we reached at nine o'clock. It was so early that we weren't bothered with tsetse flies and it was nice and cool, but we made up for it later on, for the boat did not sail until three in the afternoon, and while we waited we were simply grilled. To be good-natured under such circumstances puts a strong test on African nerves.

We have been calling in at different ports up and down Lake Choga and on the Nile. It is a most extraordinary journey, in and out of channels cut through papyrus islands. The only way they can find the river is by the current; it is really a vast swamp of *sudd*.

This morning we went through miles and miles of water-lilies, the boat going very slowly, bravely pushing its way through; again they were nearly all purple, mauve and blue. Hundreds of lily-trotters were jumping on their leaves. There were also lots of ibis, cranes, divers, coots and egrets. It was all very fascinating and pleasant to watch, and it is delightful to drift about the lake and river, very hot, and very still. Now and then a thunderstorm springs up out of nowhere, violent and very quick. While it lasts, and the heavens are angry, the floating islands

of papyrus look vividly green against the purple-black clouds.

*Two days later.*

ON BOARD THE *Stanley*.

This is the fourth day we've spent meandering round the Lake and on the Nile, going into all sorts of little ports and picking up bales of cotton. We are very comfortable, because this new boat has a bathroom and good cabins and the food is quite enjoyable. It is an idle life, very hot and monotonous and sleepy. Every now and then you are startled out of your day-dreams by a severer bump than usual; the boat has stuck in the mud or swirled against a mass of *sudd*. But it rights itself, and you go back again to your dreams of water-lilies and blue skies and green islands, for it is far too hot, and you are much too lazy, even to go and look.

To-morrow evening we shall get into Namasagali, but the train does not go until the day after. It is only a matter of sixty miles, but I wonder how long it will take us? It is never safe to reckon on doing anything or arriving anywhere at a given time.



## IMPRESSIONS OF ZANZIBAR.

I AM writing to you from one of the flat-roofed houses of vapoury Zanzibar. Zanzibar, like her sister city, Mombasa, is a whitewashed, semi-Arab town, with ocean-lapped coral shores.

What pictures the word Zanzibar conjures up in one's brain! I wonder what your mind is visualizing when you read the address on this letter? I had my own idea of Zanzibar, but it has almost melted into thin air since I have seen and lived in the city itself. Yet not quite, for you have only to walk down the narrow streets of the native city, with their strange mixtures of Arab and Portuguese architecture, and listen to the inflexion of more tongues than ever were dreamed of in the days when the Tower of Babel fell, and to see the fine mixture of Oriental races in their amazing variety of dress and undress, to forget that the English Protestant cathedral stands to-day on the site of the old Slave Market. It is easy to lose count of the years which have lapsed since the Sultan of Zanzibar was a power in the land, with vast and lucrative dominions, and not a mere figure-head in the hands of his English advisers.



But I am not going to tell you about the political or geographical situation of Zanzibar, because you wouldn't read it if I did, and as I shall be with you almost as soon as this letter, it is really unnecessary to tell you anything at all, but I must write, if it is only to please myself, because I want to try and put down on paper some suggestion of the smells and sounds and the colour of the place, all of which are amazing.

As far as the smells and the taste are concerned, the whole place tastes of cloves and smells of cocoanut oil. Zanzibar is, in fact, one huge, gaily coloured Eastern spice-box. When its lid is opened such scents are diffused over the land that you instantly say to yourself :

“ Waft, waft ye spicy breezes,  
And you, ye Oceans, roll ! ”

and at the same time, before your mind, is a sensuous imagery of odalisques and Eastern voluptuaries. I doubt if there is another city in the world whose name can so stir the imagination, not for history or for glory, but for mystery and crime and Oriental adventures.

Being back once more in a city of mosques and minarets and Arabs—a Mohammedan city, in fact, which has not yet taken on the hall-mark of British East Africa—made me realize what a very long time I had been in the country, considering the fact that when I landed in Mombasa a year and a half ago I had but one intention, to visit my cousin in Nairobi, and then return to England and to you. I had quite

forgotten how Oriental these two ancient seaports were. I have lived in an Africa so entirely different that their Oriental character comes as a surprise to eyes grown accustomed to the settlements and towns in Uganda and B.E.A., where very modern and very primitive methods march side by side.

It all came back to me when I caught sight of the long white stretch of the city rising above the horizon like a mirage, a formless mirage which gradually grew and grew until the mass of buildings took shape, and the minarets of mosques appeared, and the dark heads of feathery palm trees stood out against the blue sky. Over the water, from the land, came the flavour of cocoanut oil, and on the ocean *dhow*s with flopping sails and native canoes holding the lean brown bodies of Arabs and swarthy, coarse-featured Swahili, animated the scene.

It was all so reminiscent of my landing in Mombasa that I wondered if my eighteen months in the country had been a dream. These bewildering moments in life are almost terrifying.

After we had dropped anchor, about five hundred yards from the beach, small boats, with white *kanzued*, red-fezzed boatmen, put off from the beach, just as they did at Mombasa, and took us ashore.

You know how much I wanted to see Zanzibar, so perhaps I should have told you how I got there at last. I was at Nairobi, saying good-bye to my cousin and collecting the various things which I had left there more than a year ago. Knowing the difficulty there is of getting any sort of accurate information

in Nairobi, that stiff-necked little capital of the Ukamba Province which, such a short time ago, was the home of lordly lions, I set about making inquiries as soon as I arrived there about how I was to get away from it. I wrote to the shipping agent at Mombasa and asked him to let me know the date of the next sailing of a ship to Zanzibar. I got a telegram from the office, saying that there was no fixed date for any ship going from Mombasa to Zanzibar. As I hadn't done any of my packing, I was just reconciling myself to the fact that I should probably not manage to see Zanzibar after all, because it was one of the things I had planned to do, when another telegram came to say that a ship was sailing the following day. This meant that, if I was to catch it, I must leave Nairobi in two hours, as the journey on the Uganda railway to Mombasa would take me twenty-four hours.

To pack and sort a year and a half's belongings, all sorts and conditions of weird objects, in an hour or two seemed an impossible undertaking, but in the land of huge possibilities nothing but the carrying out of arranged plans is ever impossible, so in two hours I had packed my innumerable boxes with my beloved African treasures and my worn-out English garments, said good-bye to my kind friends, paid my servants, got my luggage stowed into a bullock cart, and myself into a motor-car, and was off to the station. It was all done in such a hurry that I scarcely realized that I was actually turning my back on Africa and going homewards.

On the train journey I passed again through the

great game preserve, and as I watched the ostriches and the wild beasts feeding by the side of the line, I recalled the thrill of delicious pleasure I felt the first time I saw them, yet really this time my excitement was scarcely less, because, oddly enough, I saw a lion, the first and only one I have seen in Africa. It does seem strange, after having been in the country for more than a year, and having lived for weeks at a time in districts infested with lions, that I should have had to wait until I was in the railway carriage on my homeward journey before I saw one at close quarters.

I had lain awake all night, too excited to sleep, so I rose as soon as the first little bit of light appeared in the sky. I peered out of the window into the half darkness, never thinking of seeing a lion, but trying to discover how the wild beasts began a new day, when suddenly I saw a big lion, slinking along quite close to the railway line. I can't tell you how pleased I was, especially as I had so often been kept awake at night by their roaring when I was in my tent.

When I got to Mombasa I thought I had missed the ship, because the train was very late. I got into a trolley, and dashed off to the shipping office, where I was told that the boat had not sailed, but that it might sail that night, or perhaps the next morning. To make a long story short, it did not sail until *two* mornings later. After many vicissitudes I found myself on board the British-India boat bound for Zanzibar.

When I landed I went to the *Afrika Hotel*, a dirty, uncomfortable place run by a Eurasian. I rather



dreaded staying in it, but there was no choice, so I tried not to mind, and went off to the bank to cash a cheque.

At the bank I met with the usual African hospitality. The manager and his wife, whom I had met in Entebbe, insisted upon my leaving the hotel and staying with them while I was waiting for my ship to proceed to Dar-es-Salaam and Tanga. You may be sure that I was only too pleased. They are charming people, and the hotel was diabolical! So here I am, installed in a delightful bedroom with a veranda overlooking the Indian Ocean, and this flat white roof to sit on in the cooler hours of the day.

Yesterday I was taken a drive in 'rickshaw round the native town, which, as I have already said, transplanted me into Mohammedan Africa. The narrow streets, which so successfully kept out the fierce sun and reflected the deepest shadows, held all the mystery and charm of Oriental life—the guarded doors, the forbidden *harems*, the veiled figures of women, the sacred mosques, and the sonorous calls to prayer. But there were other elements which you do *not* find in the Mohammedan cities we know in North Africa, and these are the decaying Portuguese architecture, and the dilapidated dwellings of the Swahili population. The inhabitants of Zanzibar are one-half Arab and one-half Swahili, with a picturesque scattering of many nations thrown in. Swahili is the universal language—it is, in fact, the Esperanto of B.E.A. In the streets of Zanzibar you hear it used as the medium for understanding between Europeans of different



nationalities who do not know each other's language, and between Orientals of every variety of complexion and religion. Swahili is the language which all Government officials have to learn when they go out to B.E.A. to take up their posts.

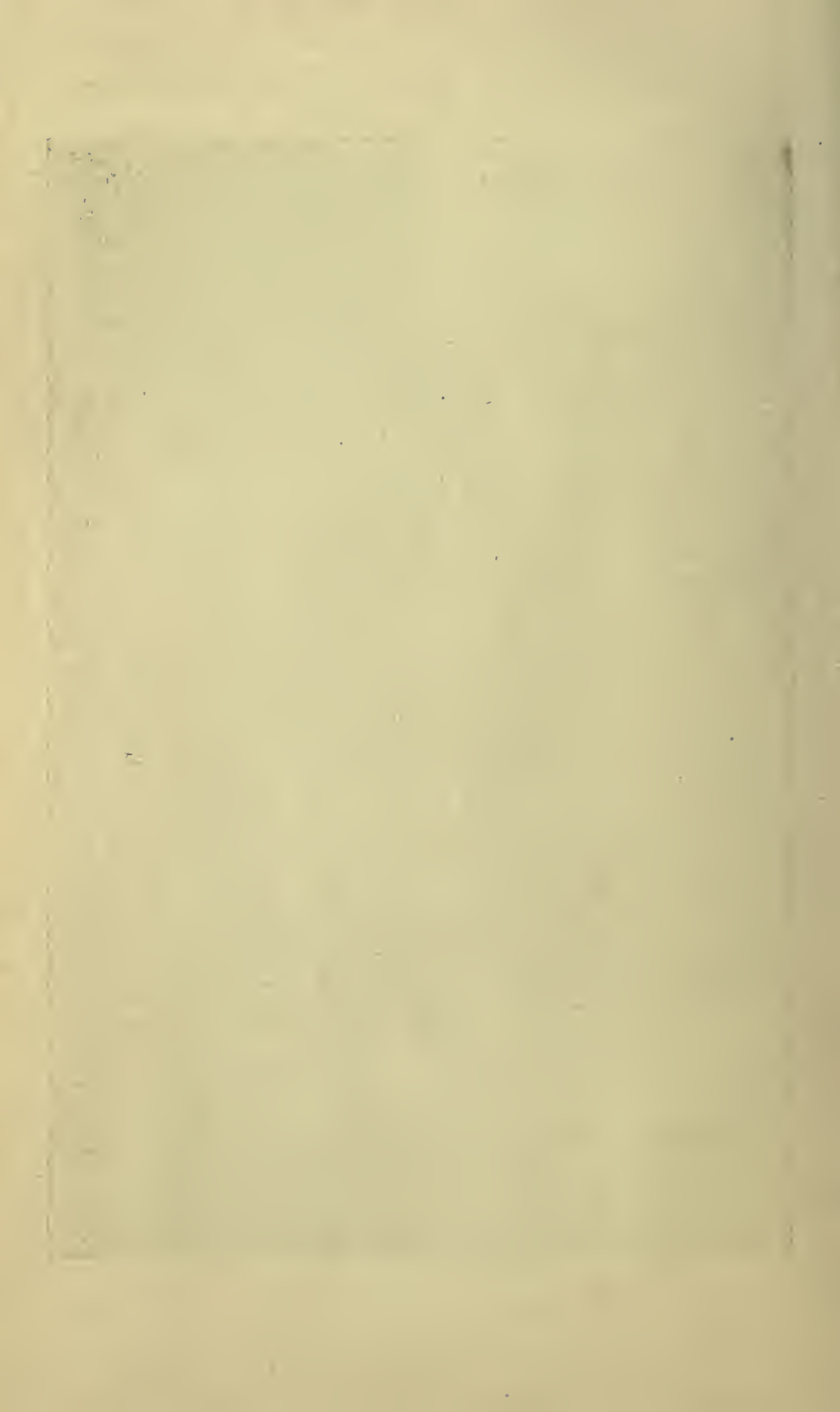
Zanzibar is the most important commercial port on the East Coast of Africa, and it is certainly the most picturesque, for its civilization is very old, and its story has left interesting traces of its various conquerors. Politically also it holds a very dignified position, for it is "a naval base within easy striking distance of German and Portuguese Colonies; and it guards the lines of commerce between the Cape and the Canal." It is still the most important ivory market in the world, and, oddly enough, each year the sale of ivory greatly increases.

The Arabs of Zanzibar are either natives of Muscat or the descendants of the conquerors of the Portuguese, who introduced, with their Arab dynasty, the sale of "black ivory" on the African coast. Ever since the day when the Sultan of Muscat conquered the Portuguese descendants of Vasco da Gama, one hundred years after his ships had first anchored in the bay, until the day when the British flag declared our Protectorate in B.E.A., the most lucrative article of commerce in Zanzibar, and the one which gave the city its prosperity, was the sale of human beings. Zanzibar's great day ended when the missionaries closed the doors of the Slave Market for ever.

Now the least of the many benefits which the missionaries have bestowed upon the natives of B.E.A.



PRINCIPAL STREET, ZANZIBAR



and Uganda is their freedom, their security from bondage of even a domestic order. It is to the missionaries that they owe the priceless knowledge that never again can their bodies be bought and sold, as cattle and sheep are bought and sold in our cattle markets at home. Never again will the dried bones of slaves mark the route over which the slave caravans have journeyed. Never again will there be a terrible Tippu Tib, the wealthiest of all slave traders, whose now decaying house is pointed out to all the tourists who visit the city. Perhaps it may be owing to the missionaries, who never rested until East African slavery was put an end to, that the cathedral was built on the very spot where the wretched creatures were bought and sold. It is hard to believe that this slave market existed right down into modern times. I believe I am right in saying that human beings were bought and sold in Zanzibar much less than twenty years ago.

But I was telling you about the characteristic features of the native city. I think that every one will agree with me in saying that the things which stand out most vividly in the stranger's mind are the glorious old doors of the ancient Portuguese houses. These doors are very high and very thick, and immensely strong, for they are made of black teak wood. Most of them are arched like church doors, and their surfaces are elaborately covered with brass bosses and huge nails, if nails you could call them, for their heads would make very unpleasant instruments of torture if the enemy without the gate were trying to ram in a

door by human pressure. These really beautiful doors were, of course, built for the purposes of defence. The natives are very fond of this particular form of brass decoration. The old chests which hold the household treasures, and were, no doubt, the chests which held the trousseau and dowry of the bride when she came to her husband's house, are covered with it. They are very costly, these marriage-coffers, as I found to my chagrin when I tried to buy one. I saw some which were not old, and not really very good, in the market, and even these were quite expensive. The mixture of brass and copper which is used in the designs makes a charming effect of colour.

The market was not so Oriental as I expected; it was a beautiful sight all the same. The blending of Oriental fruits and vegetables was so wonderful. It was very clean and spacious.

The dress of the Arab woman in Zanzibar is like nothing on earth you have ever seen. They lend a splendid touch of colour to the busy scene, where strange products of the East were displayed. Just as we at home offer carrots and turnips and ducks and geese in our markets, they sell ivory and ostrich feathers and all sorts of spices and aromatic gums and strange fruits.

And now, I think, that is all I have to say about the city itself, which is one of the oddest in the way of human beings and architecture you can possibly imagine. If it is not so beautiful as Tunis, which has been called, not wrongly I think, the most beautiful city in Africa, it is certainly as picturesque in its own



way, and your impression of the place is heightened when you reflect that it was through this wicked old port, which for long centuries has known the blackest deeds and seen the foulest sins of countless nations, that Christianity first poured its cleansing light on to the East Coast of the Dark Continent.

The Sultan's palace, which is not at all an imposing building, but just a plain, ugly European house, lies close to the sea; his flag flies from a flag-staff on the top of the palace. Poor soul, I could not help feeling sorry for him! His shrunken kingdom is such a pathetic memento of a greater day. The palaces for his ladies looked to me much more charming and inviting than his own residence. I saw them yesterday, when I was motoring with Mr. Sinclair, the chief secretary, to whom the Governor had given me an introduction.

We were going to the suburb called Bububu. A small railway goes out to it, and there had been a wash-out; owing to the heavy rains one of the bridges had collapsed. The road we drove along went right through endless plantations of cocoanut palms. Cocoanut oil is such a paying crop that enormous stretches of land are being bought up with astonishing rapidity for this new agricultural industry. Zanzibar reeks with the smell of palm oil; ship-loads of oil leave the port every day for foreign exportation. In the future when I see "margarine," or "double weight" as it is familiarly called in London shops, I shall instantly visualize Zanzibar with its multitude of smells, the most outstanding of which is cocoanut oil.

Cocoanuts are a very paying crop because, once a coconut palm has reached maturity, it requires little, if any, attention. Left to itself it bears its fruit, which in due time appears in the form of "nut-ter," a milk and nut margarine.

This new commerce has changed the aspect of the vegetation of Zanzibar during the last few years, for instead of seeing great stretches of sugar-cane, bananas, orange groves, cinnamon and Jack-fruit trees, castor-oil plants, and, here and there, patches of millet, Indian corn, sweet potatoes and egg-plants, such as Stanley describes as the local vegetation, it is now all coconut, coconut, coconut! I am speaking of the cultivated portions of the country, of course, for there are still patches of dense tropical vegetation. The growth of the vegetation is amazing; anything tropical will grow and flourish in the warm vapours of Zanzibar. Everything is extraordinarily green; the atmosphere is so damp that nothing ever looks dried up or parched.

The houses of the Sultan's ladies were, of course, jealously guarded by high walls, but I caught a glimpse of attractive gardens which went right down to the sea. It is strange how anything *forbidden* sets the mind adrift on shoreless seas! In these gardens I imagined dark-eyed girls in glittering gauzes, with "rings on their fingers and bells on their toes," dancing about with tame gazelles in reed *kiosks* of delicate Oriental architecture, and Arab fountains whose waters fell and splashed on tiles of old Persian ware, and tropical birds, in mosque-shaped cages, hanging

from odorous trees, whose flaming flowers were the honey-pots of humming-birds and the mating ground of the fairest of butterflies!

Perhaps it was as well that I couldn't enter them, for I might have seen fat women, with trousered legs striped like barber's poles, and instead of delicate gauzes, semi-European cotton skirts of enormous checks, such as one sees on the Arab and Swahili women in the native town!

When we arrived at the place where the bridge had been swept away by the rains, we found the Sultan there with his suite. He also had motored to Bububu to examine the wash-out. Mr. Sinclair introduced him to me, and I was glad to find that he spoke English perfectly. He is very much liked by the English officials, but I will tell you more about him when I come home, which will be the wiser thing to do, considering the position he now holds in the country, a delicate one, to say the least of it. His title, as I was introduced to him, sounded very fine and large: His Highness Seyyid Ali bin Hamoud bin Mohammed, the Sultan of Zanzibar!

After we had spent some time at the wash-out, we drove farther into the country, where it was still cocoanut palms all the way. They went on for miles and miles, and as I drove under their shade I saw, rising up before my eyes, a whole world of barrels full of "nutter," and all Africa given over to the growing of cocoanut palms for margarine!

It is quite needless to say that, for the English community, the two most important institutions in

Zanzibar are the golf course and the Club. The road to the golf course is as typical of Zanzibar as the golf course itself is typical of the devotees of the game, for along the road you pass as many nationalities as you do when you cross the bridge at Constantinople which divides Pera from Galata. They never stop coming or going ; Hindus, pale-faced Parsees, Swahilis in white *kanzus*, Arabs in fine turbans and flowing robes with gorgeous sashed waists, soldiers of the King in green tunics and blue puttees, amazing Arab women with veiled faces and legs like barbers' poles, English officials attended by servants in spotless white linen. All amuse you and amaze you, as they stream along the red road, for the soil in Zanzibar is as red as it is in Kampala.

You journey on with this amusing river of Eastern humanity, until you pass the Marconi station on the cliff, then you suddenly come to the greenest of green golf courses, which runs along by the sea. It is indeed a charming spot, for it is bordered with luxuriant vegetation, and there is a beautiful walk just beyond it, where the soul that delights in tropical flowers and wild birds can wander, while the sons of Britain overseas follow the little white ball which makes their happiness and their home.



## XXVII

### AT TANGA.

WHAT an extraordinary transition has taken place in half a day's journey! I left a tropical Garden of Eden, where, at any moment, you might have expected to meet a Paul and Virginia walking hand in hand under the shade of long-leaved *banyan* trees, and here I am in a little bit of buttoned-up Germany, all bristling with uniforms and military officialism. I am not exaggerating when I tell you that almost every other person in Tanga wears a uniform of some sort, and that almost every other building which is not a *Bier Garten* is a Government office of one kind or another. It is really rather funny, and to the Germans in Berlin it must be very trying, because it proves that, although you can take a horse to the water, you can't make it drink. The Kaiser has got his colonies, but he can't get his colonists! He has achieved his ambition—and who shall say at what cost?—he has got his place in the sun, but the *Deutschland über's Meer*, which is twice the size of his kingdom in Europe, is still waiting for its Teutonic population.



In Africa Germany has her place in the sun, but her sons are not in their proper place; her ships are not in her own harbour, for it is not at Tanga and Dar-es-Salaam, but at Mombasa and Zanzibar that you see the German flag flying from every other ship. In Tanga you can look about for any signs of trade or commerce, but you will not find it. The reason is that the non-official, non-military Germans who leave the Fatherland, leave it to make their fortunes—they leave it for purely commercial reasons, and they find that it is easier and pleasanter to live and carry on their money-grubbing trades under the British flag. If Germany subsidized her colonists as she does her ships, they might, perchance, appear to the world more eager to help the Kaiser to realize his dream of a "Germany overseas." His ships do commerce all over the world; in every conceivable port, where there is trade to be done, the German flag predominates. In the most outlandish harbours German ships are everywhere busy reaping the fruits of other nations' colonists. The fever-stricken, barren districts which make up the greater portion of Germany's possessions in Africa do not tempt even the most patriotic of her sons; they prefer stealing the trade of other nations which have paved the way for their trading instincts. It must be a thorn in the side of William when he reflects that his cherished colonies, full of officials, and institutions, and restrictions, and buildings, are all ready and waiting for a people who never come. It is like stage without the actors.

This is the impression you get when you first set

foot in German East Africa. I expected to find Tanga a populous and busy place. I found it a dead-and-alive little hole, except for the perpetual sound of military bugles and the officious coming and going of officials in uniforms.

It was raining when I landed, and everything looked grey and uninviting, so perhaps I am judging the place with rather prejudiced eyes, for the bay is considered very beautiful, but, to me, Tanga is totally devoid of charm and local colour.

In the evening, when we were listening to the military band in the Gardens, I saw the German wives of German civil officials, and the wives of German military officers, these sons of Germany who are paid to live in *Deutschland über's Meer*, but I saw no signs of the families who might relieve the pressure of the overcrowded Fatherland by settling in this seaport, which cannot be very much less healthy than Zanzibar or Mombasa. When you think of the gigantic effort that Germany has made to give its people their much-talked-of room for expansion and that they only expand in other people's territory, you realize how detrimental her officialism is to the real interests of the nation. It drives away trade and shuts out the civil population.

The atmosphere of the place is so German, nevertheless, that we all drank beer in a German café while we listened to a really excellent band in the public gardens. I have certainly nothing but admiration to offer to the instructors of that native band, which played European music in a way I could not

have believed possible when I listened to the braying of the military bands in B.E.A.

These native musicians of Tanga, who had been taught by a German bandmaster, proved what German instructors can do in the way of developing whatever gift for music there is in a nation. I believe they could almost make an Egyptian band play "God save the King" so that you could recognize the tune.

We leave Tanga at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and ought to reach Mombasa in the evening. The next morning we sail for England.

As I left Zanzibar at four o'clock yesterday, and as I saw it fade away in the distance, wrapped in a soft mist, I began to realize that I was actually on my way home.

My friends in Kampala all tell me that after I have been home for a little time Africa will call me and that I shall return. I wonder?

I can scarcely believe that I have heard for the last time the *Kabaka's* drums or the familiar greeting of "*Otya, otyano!*" or the song of the 'rickshaw boys as they trundle you gaily along the red roads under brilliant skies. If I don't hear these sounds with my physical ears, I doubt if their cry will be any the less clear, for the calls of Africa are persistent and insistent, and the traveller who hears them is the traveller who returns.

NIA

MARE  
HAN

ITALIAN  
SOMALI  
COAST

BEL  
UR  
COA

JUBA  
LAND

RIVER  
JUBA

Kismayu

TANA  
LAND

Port Durnford

UREGG

FORMOSA BAY

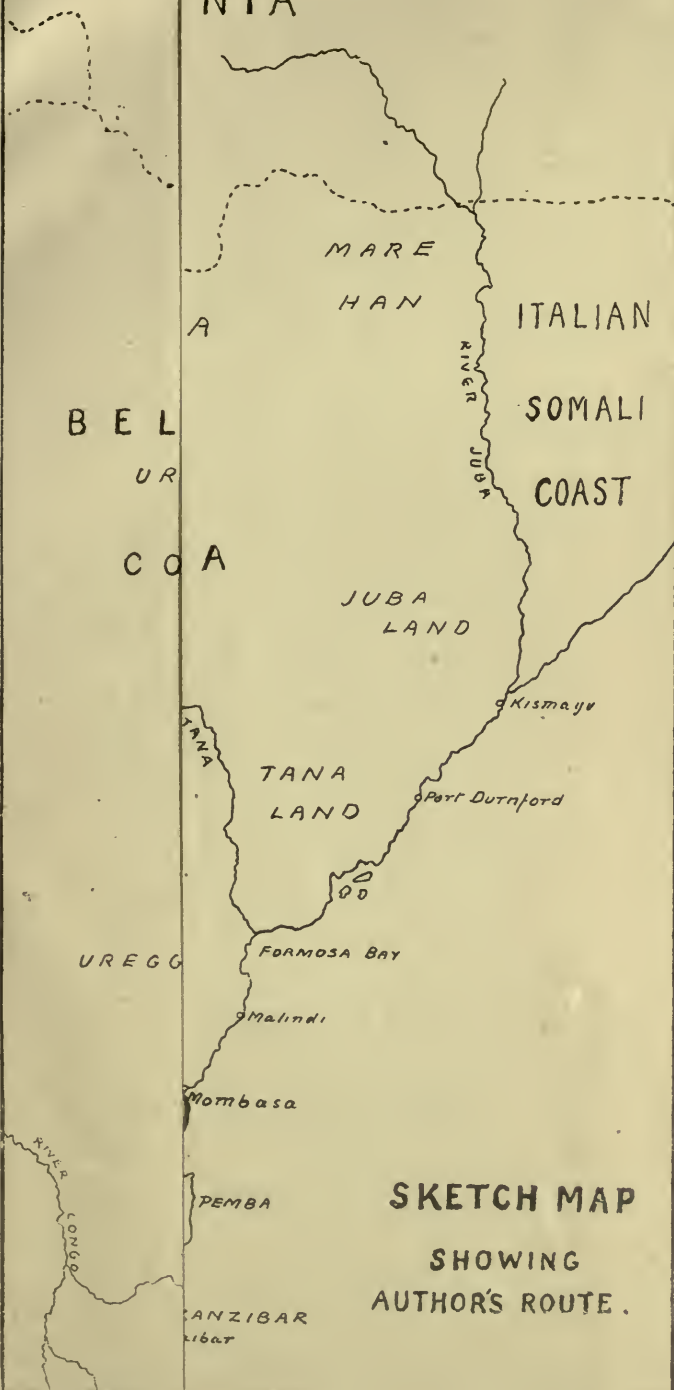
Malindi

Mombasa

PEMBA

ZANZIBAR  
ZIBAR

SKETCH MAP  
SHOWING  
AUTHOR'S ROUTE.







# ABYSSINIA

Y A F A

L. STEPHANIE

GABRA

MARE  
HAN

ITALIAN  
SOMALI  
COAST

RITISH  
NAVASHA  
ST AFRICA

JUBA  
LAND

KENIA  
18378

KUTU

KUYU  
Nairobi

UGANDA  
ALY

MA  
WARO  
18700

RIVER TANA

TANA  
LAND

Kismayo

Port Durnford

FORMOSA BAY

Malindi

Mombasa

Tanga

PEMBA

ZANZIBAR  
Zanzibar

## SKETCH MAP

SHOWING  
AUTHOR'S ROUTE.



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