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A CRUISE IN THE "GORGON"

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A  
CRUISE IN THE  
"GORGON"

by  
W. Cope Devereux

with an introduction  
by  
D. H. Simpson

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## INTRODUCTION

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WILLIAM COPE DEVEREUX was born on 11 December 1837, the son of William Devereux, and educated at Christ's Hospital from 1845 to 1854. He entered the Royal Navy as an Assistant Clerk in H.M.S. "Swallow" in September 1854. In the Crimean war he served off Sebastopol, at the bombardment of Soujak, the blockade of Kertch and Yenikale, and the operations in the Sea of Azov.

In April 1859 he joined H.M.S. "Gorgon," a paddle wheel steamer sloop of 320 horsepower, under Commander Bedford Pim, as a clerk. Her first service was on the North American and West Indies Station, and during this time he was promoted to Assistant Paymaster (14 September 1859), but she returned to England in the autumn of 1860. At this point *The Cruise of the Gorgon* begins: it records, in contradiction to its title page, the events of more than two and a half years, ending in June 1863. The book was seen through the press by an unnamed editor, but there is no reason to suppose that this involved major alterations, or that the book is not in its essentials Devereux's own work. It reveals him as possessing a lively narrative sense in recording his

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impressions of events and of places visited, notably in the section dealing with the Livingstone expedition. Many of his opinions and insular prejudices were those of his day, but he was not an insensitive man, and he deplored public flogging (pp. 351-2) and the excessive punitive measures taken after the massacre of some of the crew of H.M.S. "Penguin" (pp. 355-7, 367). His frank comments on naval life and disciplinary shortcomings (e.g., pp. 129, 238-9, 349-52, 357-8, 363-4), both reflect his personality and add to the value of the book.<sup>1</sup>

The early chapters describe the outward voyage to the Cape, in somewhat erratic company with the brig H.M.S. "Swift," and the sloop H.M.S. "Ariel," by a devious route including Madeira, Brazil and Tristan da Cunha. At the Cape, the "Gorgon" lost her Commander. Bedford Clapperton Trevelyan Pim (1826-1886), to whom Devereux dedicated his book and of whom he wrote affectionately (pp. 19, 47-8), was a versatile man. The son of a naval lieutenant who died on anti-slavery duties off Africa, he entered the navy in 1842 and saw service on two occasions in the Arctic searches for Sir John Franklin. After being wounded in the Russian and Chinese wars, he was promoted Commander in April 1858 and was appointed to the "Gorgon" on 27 April 1859. He exchanged into H.M.S. "Fury" in March 1861, but retired from the active list in the following June. He was promoted Captain on the retired list in 1868, and Rear-Admiral 1885. In "retirement" he endeavoured to promote a railway in Nicaragua (see pp. 28-9 for his interest in this subject); was called to the bar and had an extensive practice in

<sup>1</sup> Details of Devereux's career given in this introduction are taken from *The Times*, 4 June 1903, p. 8; the *Navy List*, *passim*: Muster book of H.M.S. "Gorgon" Ad 38/8201: information from Christ's Hospital Children's Registers.

maritime cases; entered Parliament; wrote books; and was active in the Royal Geographical Society, the Institute of Civil Engineers, and the Anthropological Institute.<sup>1</sup>

His successor (Captain W—— in Devereux's narrative) was also a man of some note. John Crawford Wilson was the son of James Wilson, Chief Justice of Mauritius. He was appointed Acting Mate on H.M.S. "Maeander" at the Cape on 27 October 1853, confirmed in his rank on 27 January 1854, and transferred to the "Algiers" in the Mediterranean in May. Promoted Lieutenant into the "Spiteful" on 31 October 1855, he subsequently served in the "Chesapeake" in the East Indies. He was promoted Commander on 30 January 1861 and assumed command of the "Gorgon" on 31 March.<sup>2</sup>

The Cape Station, whose command passed from Rear-Admiral Keppel to Rear-Admiral Walker while the "Gorgon" was at the Cape (p. 49), had varied boundaries during the nineteenth century, but at that time it reached up the east coast of Africa to the equator. It thus extended beyond Zanzibar and along the Somali coast, and included the area of the slave trade which the Royal Navy was at that time endeavouring to combat.

After a sojourn in South Africa, the "Gorgon" was sent to the Mozambique Channel to begin cruising in search of slave ships; the "Gorgon" was herself ill-adapted to the pursuit of elusive dhows—at the Slave Trade Committee of 1871 she was described as taking

<sup>1</sup> *Dictionary of National Biography*, XV, pp. 1192-3.

<sup>2</sup> For the career of J. C. Wilson see the *Navy List*, *passim*: *The Times*, 8 July 1885, p. 9; W. P. Morrell, *Britain in the Pacific Islands* (1960), pp. 335-6; J. K. Chapman, *The career of Arthur Hamilton Gordon, First Lord Stanmore* (1964), p. 303; *Correspondence respecting the natives of the Western Pacific and the labour traffic*, C.3641 (1883), pp. 44-111, 184-5; *Report of the Royal Commission appointed to enquire into the working of the Western Pacific Orders in Council*, C.3905 (1883); D. Scarr, *Fragment of Empire* (1967).

forty days to cover eight hundred miles<sup>1</sup>—and hence relied on the activities of her boats under the command of junior officers or warrant officers: Devereux has interesting comments on the preparation of these, and on the slave trade in general (pp. 58, 61, 69–72, 107–117).

From Portuguese waters the “Gorgon” sailed to Pemba and thence to Zanzibar, where Captain (later Major-General) Christopher Palmer Rigby (1820–1885), the British Agent and Consul since 1858, was endeavouring to secure the enforcement of the measures against the slave trade which had been reluctantly accepted by the rulers of the island, who had jurisdiction over a large area of the mainland. Rigby, a man of forceful character, was unfortunately compelled to give up his post at this time owing to ill-health, and the “Gorgon” conveyed him to the Seychelles. On her way she visited the Somali coast—the first vessel of the Royal Navy to do so since 1825—since Rigby, in spite of his illness, was anxious to investigate persistent rumours of white men living in the interior, who might be survivors of the “St. Abbs,” lost on the coast in 1855 (p. 120: Russell 96).

Rigby was taken to the next port of call, the Seychelles, the British-administered islands in the Indian Ocean which provided the “Gorgon” with wood fuel—since her coal was exhausted—and some fresh provisions and water. The “Gorgon” returned to Zanzibar, thence to Johanna, one of the Comoro islands, between Madagascar and Cape Delgado, used at that time as a coaling station for the British naval squadron. Devereux had already met two exiled members of the ruling house of Johanna at Zanzibar (pp. 67, 248) and later encountered Johanna men on the Zambesi (pp. 232, 338).

At Johanna, in January 1862, the “Gorgon” received orders to proceed via Mozambique to the Zambesi, there

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. C. E. B. Russell, *General Rigby, Zanzibar and the Slave Trade* (1935), p. 184.

to assist the Livingstone expedition. Devereux's account of this episode (pp. 164-264) is the central portion of his book, and as the only contemporary version save for Livingstone's own and some U.M.C.A. publications concerned chiefly with the Missionary side, probably the most important. In recent years many first-hand records have been published but Devereux's vivid and honest account is still valuable. It gains from being read in the perspective of the whole undertaking to which it relates.<sup>1</sup>

David Livingstone had returned to England in 1856 from his first great missionary journey to find himself a national hero, and by his book *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa*, and by letters and speeches, he aroused wide interest in Africa. He returned to the continent early in 1858 as leader of a Government-sponsored expedition to explore the Zambesi.

Before leaving he had sown the seeds of another enterprise in Central Africa. At meetings at Cambridge and at Oxford in December 1857 he had urged the establishment of a mission. Enthusiasts in these two cities soon received support from the universities of Durham and Dublin, hence the initials O.C.D.D. by which the organization—later the Universities' Mission to Central Africa—was at first known. Its plan was to settle a mission inland, up the Zambesi, and to develop agriculture as well as to evangelize.

The leadership of the mission was placed in the hands of Charles Frederick Mackenzie (1825-1862), Archdeacon of Natal, who on 1 January 1861 was consecrated by Bishop Gray of Cape Town as Missionary Bishop in

<sup>1</sup> David and Charles Livingstone, *Narrative of an expedition to the Zambesi* . . . (1865) describes the events of 1862 on pp. 407-13. In 1956 J. P. R. Wallis edited *The Zambezi Expedition of David Livingstone*: this is based chiefly on diaries, but there is not one for 1862. Some letters on pp. 362-8 of Vol. II relate to this period. See also journals by Stewart and Kirk noted below.

Central Africa. He began his work in February. Mackenzie was a man of courage, deep faith, and open-hearted friendliness, but lacking in practical organizing ability. Unfortunately, Dr. Livingstone, remarkable for inspiring loyalty in Africans, proved a bad leader of Europeans on this expedition, and failed to act as the stable mentor that the inexperienced Bishop needed. Many mistakes were made, including the involvement of the Mission in fighting slave-owning tribes.

Mackenzie did, however, establish a mission station at Magomero, between the River Shire and Lake Shirwa, and by the autumn felt that matters were sufficiently settled for him to invite his sister to join him.

Anne Mackenzie, who had kept house for the Bishop in Natal, was a spinster of uncertain health but resolute purpose who regarded her brother as needing her practical abilities and, though she had no liking for missionary work, and was nearly fifty, prepared at once to leave. The party which eventually travelled to the Zambesi was, however, a complex one. Miss Mackenzie was accompanied by her housekeeper, Jessie Lennox, and a locally-recruited maid Sarah. She was also joined by Mrs. Burrup, the young wife of the Rev. Henry de Wint Burrup, a clergyman who had gone ahead to join Bishop Mackenzie's Mission and had indeed travelled in the "Gorgon" (pp. 53-5). The Burrups had been married only two days before they left England. In addition Mrs. Livingstone was journeying to join her husband. A young priest, the Rev. Edward Hawkins, who had come to South Africa for his health, volunteered to escort them, though he was temperamentally and physically unsuited to missionary work. A late addition to the party was the Rev. James Stewart (1831-1905), a Scottish Free Church Minister and doctor. He was a friend of Mrs. Livingstone and a fervent admirer of her husband, and had come out to investigate the

possibilities of a new mission. He had zeal and courage but lacked discretion and tolerance, so that his relations with the Anglicans were uneasy.

Finally, George Rae, Livingstone's engineer, had arrived from Glasgow in the brig "Hetty Ellen." He had left the expedition to return to Scotland to supervise the building of a river steamer, the "Lady Nyassa," intended to supplement H.M.S. "Pioneer," the somewhat cumbersome vessel assigned by the Admiralty to Livingstone's expedition, and was now returning with the sections of the boat.<sup>1</sup>

After various problems of organization and personalities had been overcome, the party sailed from Durban in the "Hetty Ellen" on Christmas Eve 1861. They reached the Kongone (Congoni in Devereux's book) mouth of the Zambesi on 8 January but there was no sign of Livingstone who was to have met them—the "Pioneer" had grounded on a sandbank.

Davis, the captain of the "Hetty Ellen," sailed to Mozambique, and, on arriving there on 21 January, encountered H.M.S. "Gorgon." Devereux's account of this meeting (pp. 164–7) gives his first impressions of the party, though he omits to mention Mrs. Burrup at this stage. Commander Wilson, who had already been instructed to collect intelligence of Livingstone's expedition (p. 58), at once took matters in hand. He towed the "Hetty Ellen" to Quilimane, learned that Livingstone was by now on his way to the Kongone mouth, and proceeded to the Zambesi, where, on 1 February, he met the "Pioneer" with David Livingstone, his brother Charles, Dr. Kirk, and Dr. Meller (pp. 168–71).<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> An account of the ill-assorted party and the complex cross-currents of personality and religious outlook will be found in Owen Chadwick's masterly study *Mackenzie's Grave* (1959) which also sheds much light on the mission as a whole.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Livingstone, an unstable and trouble-provoking man, and John Kirk (1832–1922), botanist and medical officer and

Wilson was a man of decision. He assigned his Gunner, Edward Young, to be master of the "Lady Nyassa," and thus materially strengthened the expedition.<sup>1</sup> Hearing from Livingstone of the problems of the Mission, he decided to accompany the ladies up-stream in the "Pioneer," and to take fifty of his crew of 170. The vessel, loaded with supplies and with the sections of the "Lady Nyassa" (pp. 171-88), left on 9 February.

Though Wilson's navigation enabled the "Pioneer" to progress more rapidly than was customary, it was still very slow. He therefore decided to push on in the gig, and on 17 February left with Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. Burrup, Dr. Ramsay, Surgeon of the "Gorgon," and eleven blue-jackets (pp. 210-14). Henry Sewell, Paymaster of the "Gorgon," and Dr. Kirk accompanied them in the whaler, but the former was sent back on 28th to gather supplies for the ship (pp. 252-9).

Devereux remained with the "Pioneer," save for a visit to Shupanga (Chapanga) with Charles Livingstone, Rae, and Sub.-Lt. Price (pp. 220-8). His comments give a frank picture of the organization of the expedition, though the work of Gunner Young was bringing some order to the "Lady Nyassa" (p. 231).

During this period a close friendship grew up between Devereux and James Stewart. Devereux's references

later, as British Consul at Zanzibar, the spearhead of the attack on the East African Slave trade, were the only two of the original five senior members of the expedition—the other three having left under various unhappy circumstances. Dr. Charles James Meller (c. 1835-1869), Medical Officer on the "Pioneer," left the expedition to recuperate from ill-health in 1862, and finally left it on 17 July 1863 to become Consul in Madagascar.

<sup>1</sup> Edward Daniel Young (1831-1896) became a gunner on H.M.S. "Gorgon" in 1858, and served with Livingstone from 1862 to 1864. Led successful expedition to discover fate of Livingstone 1867 and party to found Livingstonia 1875-1877. Retired after more than twenty years' coastguard service as Hon. Lieutenant, 1891.



to the missionary (e.g., p. 164) are cordial; and from Stewart's recently published journal one obtains personal glimpses of Devereux. It is clear that he had a more serious side to his nature than some early passages in his book might suggest. Stewart commented on Devereux's dexterity in rigging up an improvised sail for the "Pioneer's" gig, and Devereux notes the practical side of Stewart's nature. The two men talked of the best plans for a mission, agreed on Sabbath observance, and discussed schooldays. When Devereux left in the "Gorgon's" boats on 1 March, Stewart, who felt isolated from many of his colleagues and disillusioned with some aspects of the Livingstone expedition, "felt more at parting from him than I care to express."<sup>1</sup>

All the ship's company, save for those accompanying Commander Wilson, left on 1 March to return to the "Gorgon," which they reached on the 4th. With inadequate provisions and a heavy sick list, the senior officer, Lt. Ross, decided to make for Mozambique to replenish supplies: thence they sailed to Johanna, returning to Kongone on 1 April, where they took on board their Commander, Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. Burrup, Paymaster Sewell and the rest of the land party, all of them suffering from the harrowing events of the previous month. Of sixty men who did service on the river, only one escaped fever.

Commander Wilson had pressed on in the gig but at Chibisa's, on 4 March, learned that the Bishop was dead. In December he had journeyed to attempt the rescue of some mission servants captured by a local chief and during his return, accompanied by Mr. Burrup, had lost his equipment, including medical supplies, in the overturning of his canoe: he died on 31 January and was buried at Malo, which the "Pioneer" had actually passed.

<sup>1</sup> J. P. R. Wallis, ed., *The Zambesi Journal of James Stewart 1862-1863* (1952), pp. 11, 13-14, 21-3.

Burrup had struggled on gallantly, but died at Chibisa's on 22 February.

On hearing of the Bishop's death, Wilson and Kirk, leaving the ladies ashore, endeavoured to reach the remaining missionaries overland, but were unable to complete the journey. Wilson indeed was gravely ill—"his pulse was weak and irregular and sometimes stopped. It was a chance which way the case would turn," wrote Kirk. He recovered, however, and the party returned in the gig to the Ruo mouth, where Kirk and Wilson put a rough cross on the Bishop's grave. They reached the "Pioneer," where Sewell had already arrived, at Shupanga on 15 March (pp. 259-61); Wilson, to quote Stewart, was "worn, haggard, thin and wearied, even with his active temperament and energy."<sup>1</sup>

Wilson's efforts to help the expedition and the mission had been whole-hearted to the point of rashness. At an early stage, Stewart described him moving boxes with Dr. Livingstone "pushing and shoving as merrily as ordinary seamen." Livingstone recorded his gratitude for "innumerable acts of kindness and hearty co-operation" and to the end of her life Miss Mackenzie was accustomed to speak of "her dear Captain Wilson."<sup>2</sup>

Wilson took the "Gorgon" back to the Cape and, after a recuperative stay there, was sent on a diplomatic errand. King Radama II had succeeded to the throne of Madagascar, and Britain and France, both seeking his friendship, sent missions to the island. The "Gorgon" carried some of the British presents, and went first to Mauritius to collect the local officials who were to present the gifts. Commander Wilson had anticipated that he

<sup>1</sup> Kirk's account of this period, notably his journey with Wilson, is on pp. 415-33 of Vol. II of *The Zambesi Journal and Letters of Dr. John Kirk*, ed. by Reginald Foskett (1965). See also Stewart's *Journal*, p. 30.

<sup>2</sup> Stewart's *Journal*, p. 5; Livingstone's *Narrative*, p. 413; F. Awdry, *An elder sister* (3rd ed., 1904), p. 237.

would lead the party, but this post was assigned to Captain Anson, the Chief of Police: almost at once he was superseded by Lt.-Gen. Johnstone, commanding the Mauritius Garrison. His colleagues were Anson, Bishop Ryan of Mauritius and Lt. S. P. Oliver. Dr. Meller, who had travelled on the "Gorgon" to recuperate, joined them as medical officer. The gifts were in the care of W. J. Caldwell, a local official.<sup>1</sup>

The "Gorgon" conveyed the party to Madagascar in July, visited Bourbon (Réunion) and returned to Mauritius before collecting the embassy from Madagascar. Devereux gives a lively account of both islands. In spite of the zealous and sometimes conflicting diplomatic activities of British and French representatives, little success resulted, since King Radama was killed in a rising the following May:

In October 1862 the "Gorgon" was again at Johanna, and met Dr. Livingstone, who had voyaged there in the "Pioneer," and Dr. Meller rejoined the Zambesi expedition. The "Gorgon" then returned to be based on Zanzibar, for further anti-slavery patrols in small boats, broken by a welcome visit to the Seychelles and later by another call at Johanna. She finally left Zanzibar on 4 April 1863, called at Mohilla, another of the Comoro Islands, and thence sailed to Mozambique, where the Rev. James Stewart was awaiting passage to the Cape. His journal shows that he was, as Devereux notes, mentally and physically "much the worse for wear" (p. 417). His experiences were, however, merely the prologue to his achievements in Africa: he later did remarkable work as Principal of Lovedale, the educational mission in Cape Colony, and after the death of Livingstone took a leading part in establishing the

<sup>1</sup> See also accounts by Bishop Vincent Ryan, in *Mauritius and Madagascar* (1864), pp. 269-323, and Archibald Anson in *About others and myself* (1920), Chapter X.

memorial mission of Livingstonia, in Nyasaland. There were significant links with the "Gorgon" in this enterprise, for E. D. Young—who, like Stewart and Kirk had been a pall-bearer at Livingstone's funeral—led the pioneer party in 1875, and Captain Wilson gave active support, speaking at a public meeting for it in Glasgow and seeing the party off from London in May.

Devereux's book ends at Simon's Bay on 4 June 1863, but the "Gorgon" made more voyages—to Madagascar, Mauritius and Johanna—before leaving Simon's Bay for the last time in December. She called at Ascension on the way home and was paid off at Woolwich in February 1864.

J. C. Wilson was promoted Captain on 17 February 1865, and the following July was married at St. Helier, a ceremony attended by Rigby. He successively commanded the flagships "Narcissus" and "Pembroke" and the training ship "Impregnable." In 1876 he was appointed to the new "Thunderer" but was injured when she blew up on her trials. Returning to active duty he was made Captain of the "Wolverene" (12 September 1878) and Commodore of the Australian Station, where he remained until his return to England early in 1882, following his promotion to Rear-Admiral the previous November.

In the Pacific he found that one of the tasks of his units was punitive measures against islanders who had attacked Europeans, but this in turn stemmed in some cases from abuses of the recruitment of labour. In a very forthright report which he prepared in 1881, he compared conditions in some areas to slavery, and urged better regulation of the labour traffic "in the cause of humanity and common justice." In 1883 he joined Lord Stanmore and Admiral Hoskins in a Royal Commission on the work of the Western Pacific High Commission which made detailed recommendations to

strengthen the organization to prevent the arms trade and control the labour traffic—Stanmore found his support particularly valuable—but not all of its ideas were accepted.

At that time Wilson was second in command of the Channel Fleet: he was appointed Admiral Superintendent, Devonport, in February 1885, but died suddenly at Brighton on 4 July, aged 51.

After returning from Africa, Devereux served in “Ariadne” at Chatham, “Seringapatam” at the Cape and, from 1871 until his retirement in March 1873, “Dryad” on the East India Station. He was promoted Paymaster on 2 June 1869 and, after retirement, Fleet Paymaster in February 1886. He became a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, described his travels in southern Europe in “Fair Italy” (1884) and died at Ealing on 2 June 1903.

1968.

D. H. SIMPSON.

## NOTES

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The main purpose of these notes is to identify the individuals mentioned in the text by initials, though a few other points have also been elucidated. Use has been made of the log (Ad 53/7797-7803) and muster book (Ad 38/8201) of H.M.S. "Gorgon" in the Public Record Office and of varied accounts of the Zambesi expedition, books on Mauritius, and other sources. Individuals are identified on their first mention, and the page numbers in brackets refer to subsequent mentions: if they are given full names and dates in the introduction, the information is not repeated here.

Page	Line	Reference	
5	13	Empress of Austria	Elizabeth, Empress of Austria (1837-1898), a Bavarian Princess who married the Emperor Francis Joseph in 1854.
	17	Cdr. P	Commander Pim: see above, Introduction, p. 6 (18-19, 21, 28-31, 45, 47-8, 155).
8	32	Mr. Erskine	David Holland Erskine (1828-1869), Captain 92nd Highlanders.
13	25	M	Charles Pelham Mulvany, Acting Assistant Surgeon, H.M.S. "Gorgon" (60, 61, 245).
20- 21		P	The boy was John Parkis, the rescuer Midshipman Eliot Pringle.
23	33	S	Henry Sewell, Paymaster H.M.S. "Gorgon" (23, 29-31, 153, 180-7, 251 ff., 302, 311, 363, 381, 389, 409 ff., 416).

Page	Line	Reference	
34	29	Mr. Taylor	The Rev. William Frederick Taylor, Chaplain at Tristan 1851-1857, later living in South Africa.
36	32	China Heroes	The Third Chinese War had concluded with a convention in Peking in October 1860.
39	27	Mr. Layard	Edgar Leopold Layard.
48	3	Cdr. W	Commander J. C. Wilson: see Introduction, p. 7.
50	16	Sir Walter Currie	(1819-1872), soldier and administrator.
52	7	Monument	Elizabeth Frances, Lady Donkin, wife of Sir Rufane Shaw Donkin (1773-1841), Lt.-Governor of the Cape, died in India in 1818, aged 27: he named the town Port Elizabeth, and erected the memorial, in 1820 (274).
53- 62		Missionary for Africa	The Rev. Henry de Wint Burrup (see Introduction, p. 10), John Blair, printer, and Richard Clark, shoemaker.
61	31	H	Frederick Harvey, Lt. H.M.S. "Gorgon" (84-7, 92, 117, 244, 252, 261). See Russell, <i>General Rigby</i> , pp. 187-9. See also note to page 180, below.
72	6	Treaty of 1847	Actually signed 1845, coming into force 1847.
87	21	Jubran	Salim Jubran, who gave information about the activities of slavers. See Russell, <i>op. cit.</i> , p. 173. On "Gorgon," October-December 1861 (123).
95	6	Synd Said	Seyyid Said bin Sultan (1790-1856), ruler of Oman and Zanzibar. The ruler at the time of Devereux's visit was his son, Seyyid Majid.
98	1	Kisnaheli	Misspelling of Kiswaheli.
99	23	Baloch tribe	Seyyid Said relied largely on Baluchi mercenaries for his troops, and this policy was continued by his successors.
100	11	Banians	Banyans were Indian merchants who played an important part in the commercial life of East Africa.
107	23	Buckett	Perhaps the same as Bukhet, sent by Stanley to aid Livingstone in 1872 and later one of his leading men in his crossing of Africa, 1874-1877.
114	15	<i>Lyra</i>	H.M.S. "Lyra," under Commander R. B. Oldfield, had escorted Living-

Page	Line	Reference	
			stone and Bishop Mackenzie up the Rovuma in March 1861 and had subsequently seized numerous slave dhows in the Zanzibar area.
131	4	R	Robert Ross, Lt. H.M.S. "Gorgon" (245, 359, 373-4, 387).
156	24	new Consul	He was Col. Pelly, later General Sir Lewis Pelly (1825-1892), but his stay was short (see 341, Col. P—).
159	23	Yankee naturalist	Perhaps Caleb Cook, an American naturalist who left Zanzibar in 1865.
164			For details of this party, see Introduction, pp. 10-11.
169	3, 12	Mr. José and Colonel —	José Nunes was Livingstone's agent: the Colonel was Colonel Nunes, his uncle.
180	17	Rev. Mr. H	Rev. Edward Hawkins. O. Chadwick, in <i>Mackenzie's Grave</i> , p. 124, considers the reference on p. 186 is also to Hawkins, but Lt. Harvey, who had earlier had theological arguments with Mr. Burrup (pp. 61-2) seems more likely.
197	9	Mrs. B Mrs. Charles	Mrs. Burrup. Livingstone—an error for Mrs. David Livingstone.
207	14	Ramsay	David Ramsay, Surgeon H.M.S. "Gorgon" (252, 331, 335).
217	2	K	Leicester Chantrey Keppel (1837-1917), Lt. H.M.S. "Gorgon," later Rear-Admiral (236, 246, 312, 340, 345, 350, 359, 390).
219	6	R	George Rae (220, 235).
220	19	P	George Edward Price, Acting Sub-Lt., H.M.S. "Gorgon" (240, 245).
221	19	Landenes—or	Landeens, were Zulus who had penetrated north to the southern bank of the Zambesi. Also called Shangaans.
221- 227	24 1	Captain Owen	An expedition under Captain (later Vice-Admiral) William Fitzwilliam Owen (1774-1857) surveyed the east and west coasts of Africa in 1821-1826. A party led by Acting Lt. C. W. Browne, with J. Forbes, botanist, and G. Kilpatrick, surgeon, was sent to explore the Zambesi in July 1823. All three died during, or from the effects of, the journey. Forbes died



Page	Line	Reference	
			at Shupanga on 16 August 1823. The tree was measured by Browne, not Owen. W. F. Owen, <i>Narrative of voyages to explore the shores of Africa</i> (1833), v. 2, pp. 45-83. Mrs. Livingstone died of fever on 27 April 1862.
231	15	Mr. Young	Edward Young: see Introduction, p. 12 (338).
234	6	Jessie	Jessie Lennox.
245	16	Capt. O	Radulphus Bryce Oldfield, Commander H.M.S. "Lyra."
246	20	Capt. H	William Robert Hobson, Captain H.M.S. "Pantaloön."
247	5	Mr. A	William Henry Montagu Arnold, Paymaster H.M.S. "Pantaloön."
248	3	Capt. G	Alan Henry Gardner, Captain H.M.S. "Orestes" (338).
288	2	Capt. A	Captain (later Sir) Archibald Anson (1826-1925), Chief of Police (302, 303).
	4	Major-Gen. J	Lt.-Gen. Montague Cholmeley Johnstone (1804-1874), Officer commanding the Mauritius Garrison (326, 333).
	5	The Bishop	was Vincent Ryan (1816-1888), first Bishop of Mauritius.
290	29	Commodore D	Commodore Jules Dupré, Captain of the frigate "Hermione."
292	15	Mr. C	William James Caldwell (1820-1887), government official whose career included agricultural, educational and administrative duties.
	20	Mr. P	Thomas Conolly Pakenham (1825-1883) appointed Consul in Madagascar 1862.
299	26	Rev. Mr. E	William Ellis (1794-1872) (300, 301).
302	16	O	Lt. (later Capt.) Samuel Pasfield Oliver (1838-1907), geographer and historian (323).
303	23	M	Dr. Charles James Meller (319).
305	4	Mr. L	Perhaps M. Lambert, who returned from France, bringing presents to the King (see A. Anson, <i>About others and myself</i> , pp. 203, 216, 225), but Devereux's sentence is somewhat ambiguous.
307	27	Rev. Mr. B	Rev. J. G. Bichard, a Guernseyman, came to Mauritius in 1855 and was ordained by Bishop Ryan.
311	11	F	Possibly Edmund Grindall Festing,

Page	Line	Reference	
			Midshipman H.M.S. "Gorgon," who is certainly the F — of pp. 340, 390, 407.
312	32	Miss R	Emily, daughter of the late George Robinson of Bagatelle.
332	8	N	Sir Edward Newton (1832–1897), Assistant Colonial Secretary, later Colonial Secretary Mauritius.
	9	M	Lt. George Edwin Maule, R.A.
341	26	Hamburg Consul	Johann Witt.
339	30	Col. R	Colonel Rigby (347).
342	1	Lt. M	John George Graham McHardy, Lt. H.M.S. "Penguin."
345	23	D	Martin Julius Dunlop, Sub.-Lt. H.M.S. "Gorgon," transferred to H.M.S. "Ariel" on promotion to Lieutenant, 2 December 1862 (348, 351).
350	14	H	Seaman William Hodges.
355	21	officer and 14 men	Sub-Lt. John Beresford Fountaine and 14 men of H.M.S. "Penguin" were murdered at Bareda, September 1862.
359	7	new captain	William Cox Chapman, Commander H.M.S. "Ariel."
	27	S	Probably Grosvenor Stopford, Midshipman H.M.S. "Gorgon."
362	6	Dr. B	James Henry Brooks, Government M.O., Seychelles.
370	29	Sudha	Luddah Damha.
372	15	Baron von Decken	Baron Carl Claus von der Decken (1833–1865) made three short journeys into East Africa from Zanzibar 1860–1862. Early in 1863 he visited islands in the Indian Ocean before travelling back to Germany. He returned to Zanzibar in 1864 to lead an expedition to the Somali coast, but it met with disaster and he and most of his colleagues were killed.
373	7	Cape Mounted Rifles	The Cape Mounted Riflemen, incorrectly called "Hottentots" by Speke, were a body of Cape coloured troops with white officers. Nine men and a corporal volunteered to accompany him when he called at the Cape in April 1860 on his way to East Africa. They proved physically un-

Page	Line	Reference	
			suited to east African exploration: one died and five were sent back in November; the corporal and the three remaining men were sent back from Mininga on 30 April 1861. The men seen by Devereux were presumably from this second batch, but the details do not exactly tally. See J. H. Speke, <i>Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile</i> (1863), pp. 5, 45, 49, 106, 615.
388	31	the boat-swain	Boatswain Richard Jones had been active in patrolling off Zanzibar in February–March (395).
395	20	little C	William Culliford, Gunner H.M.S. "Gorgon" from November 1862.
416	32	Rev. Mr. S	Rev. James Stewart.



A

# CRUISE IN THE "GORGON;"

OR,

EIGHTEEN MONTHS ON H.M.S. "GORGON," ENGAGED IN  
THE SUPPRESSION OF THE SLAVE TRADE ON  
THE EAST COAST OF AFRICA.

INCLUDING

*A TRIP UP THE ZAMBESI WITH  
DR. LIVINGSTONE.*

By W. COPE DEVEREUX,  
ASSISTANT PAYMASTER, R.N.

LONDON:  
BELL AND DALDY, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1869.



TO  
CAPTAIN BEDFORD C. PIM, R.N.,

IN TESTIMONY OF

REGARD AND GRATITUDE,

*THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED*

BY

THE AUTHOR.





## P R E F A C E.

---

THE following pages were written chiefly amid the noise and bustle of the gun-room of Her Majesty's ship "Gorgon." They were not intended for publication, but to amuse the author's friends, and to preserve a record of adventures which will ever remain deeply impressed on his memory.

Those friends have kindly expressed a desire to see in print that which had pleased them in manuscript; and, with much distrust and diffidence, the author has complied with their wishes, on the promise of one of them to see it through the press. The author being still in the Southern Hemisphere, and, consequently, too far away to perform the duty of editor himself, the work will, in all probability, be found to contain errors which, under other circumstances, would have been avoided.

A considerable portion of the work will be found, the editor believes, of much interest to those who have laboured for the suppression of the infamous traffic in human beings on the east coast of Africa, and incidentally to those who have watched with anxious

solicitude the proceedings of Dr. Livingstone in the same region.

Naval officers, too, will probably obtain occasional hints on adding to the comforts and amusements of ship life; and that voracious personage, the general reader, will obtain glimpses of strange people and places little known to Englishmen generally.

In consenting to the publication, the author expressed his sense of the inadequacy of his work, and his knowledge that an abler writer could have made much more of the same material.

The editor feels himself in precisely the same position; but, at the same time, both entertain hopes that the public will form a higher estimate of their labours.

LONDON, *June*, 1869.

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**SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA**  
 shewing the  
 SEAT OF THE SLAVE TRADE AT  
 ZANZIBAR

English Stat. Miles



10 E. Gr.

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# A CRUISE IN THE "GORGON."



## CHAPTER I.

Leaving Plymouth—Looking for the lost Prince of Wales—Arrival at Portsmouth—From Portsmouth to Madeira—Visit to the Empress of Austria at Madeira—We accept a challenge from the Madeira Cricket Club—We are disgracefully beaten—A Dinner at the British Consul's—We give a Ball on board to the invalids—Leaving Madeira.

*7th November, 1860.*—Another commission has commenced, at least we are beginning the second part of our first; and what strange events have happened since I assisted to hoist the pendant at Woolwich, on the 27th April, 1859! We have been in the West Indies, journeyed through Central America, seen the Pacific, *viâ* Panama, have had a month's leave in England, and here we are as well as possible. The "Gorgon" has had new boilers put in and been irregularly patched up for work, and now a telegram arrives ordering us to be off after our missing Prince, and in two hours we are paddling out of harbour.

*9th November.*—Rattling along about nine knots, through regular Channel weather, thick and hazy; at noon lying-to in Plymouth Sound, communicate our

intention of looking for the Prince. This is a very unpleasant time of year for a cruise in the Channel, but as we have more than our share of anxiety for our pattern Prince, we rather glory in the idea of searching for him.

*13th November.*—We have been knocked about for the last four days in the disagreeable chops of the Channel, but without meeting the object of our search, and to-day we find ourselves just going into Plymouth Sound, to make inquiries, and find that the "Orlando" is being hastily got ready to accompany us outward again. The "Orlando" is a very fine frigate, and we have a good view of her as she glides swiftly past us; we now separate, keeping about four miles apart.

*14th November.*—At noon we meet the "Himalaya," she signals that the Prince has been picked up, so we turn tail, and are soon snug in Plymouth Sound once more. Just as we anchor a great gale rises from the westward, and we congratulate ourselves on having escaped what might have been very unpleasant.

*15th November.*—I cannot help again thinking of the "Himalaya," as she passed us yesterday. She looked most graceful and efficient, skimming the water at the rate of fourteen knots. I wish our Government would construct a few more "Himalayas."

*16th November.*—Well, here we are at Portsmouth. I suppose we must run up to town, have a quiet peep at our friends, have the miserable parting-scene over again, and once more be ready for sea. So it is with us, for on the *26th November* we are paddling towards Plymouth, where we expect an order for foreign service. We occupy spare time with lively speculations—nearly the whole of us expect to go out to the West Indies.

Some people talk about sailors not being thoughtful; they would not say so if they could only see into our craniums at this moment.

*29th November.*—We have received many supernumeraries, and our orders for the Cape of Good Hope station. Most of us dance and caper about for joy at the prospect, but those who have been there look doleful, more especially those with wives, who cannot bear the idea of having eight or nine thousand miles between them and the better part of their existence. Besides the supernumeraries, we take to the Cape a large mooring lighter; this vessel was one of our old sailing packets, she is now jury-rigged, and we are to convoy her; so after making her fast by hawsers to our stern, about midnight, the steam-pipe roars impatiently, and amidst the usual Babel of sounds we are off.

“Farewell, England; much as we may love thee,  
We'll dry the tears that we now shed for thee.”

*30th November.*—Early this morning we look over the stern (for all people imagine the land is astern on leaving it), but no land is in sight. We are cheered in seeing the old “Swift” labouring and dashing the waves from her bows. Yes, it is cheering to be in company with anything at sea. I have often been pleased on seeing a lot of gulls whirling about us and squeaking as they fly, but the old “Swift,” lent enchantment to the scene. We have a slashing fair wind behind us, and a lovely blue sky overhead, and begin to console ourselves with the thoughts that we have, at least, avoided an English winter.

*2nd December.*—We approach Madeira; up to this day little has varied the monotony of sea-life. Occa-

sionally the "Swift" parts her hawsers, but this morning the wind threatens a gale, which increases towards noon, when the "Swift" once more parts the hawsers. Towards evening we see her indistinctly on the lee-bow, and at night lose sight of her entirely.

*12th December.*—Have not seen the "Swift" since she parted on the 2nd; most likely she has sought shelter in some French port, or, perhaps, at Lisbon; we all thought she would have been able to weather the gale without cutting the hawser, and imagine we shall find her at Madeira. The weather has gradually become warmer. The thermometer to-day stands at 68°, a few days ago it marked about 50°.

*13th December.*—At noon we find ourselves nearing the land ahead. How joyful one feels on such a day as this! A beautiful blue sky, and a sun that seems to warm one's very bones and to dry up all the damp around them; a balmy breeze with land a mile or two ahead. Now we pass the first bluff of land, look at all the beautiful variations of light and shade of the clouds dancing over the green hills and valleys. At last we begin to catch a sight of the white and gaily painted houses in the midst of the evergreen foliage. Now the whole bay opens upon us; the convent at the Little Coral, some eight or nine hundred feet from the tower, glitters with its glassy cupolas; small boats pull towards us, painted all the colours of the rainbow, and laden with earth's choicest fruits. Directly we are opposite to the Loo Rock, a Portuguese sentry begins to shout frantically in some unknown tongue. Some say he is calling to the boats' crews to keep away from our side until we have pratique. The gunners at the fort are all prepared for returning our salutes, but we disappoint their



love for firing honeycombed cannon, for being under ten guns, by the rules of the service we do not salute. Now we have a boat-load of small naked boys, who dive to the bottom of the sea for a silver coin ; we get them into a terrible rage by throwing into the water a paper containing a bright button which separates from the paper on touching the water. We have now pratique and can go on shore at once if we like, such is the goodness of our skipper, but all seem inclined to wear off the first excitement on board. In the meantime the visiting officer, a pratique major pays his respects, and tells us that that pretty house just above us, situated on the cliffs contains the Empress of Austria, and that the flag waving over the house is emblematical of the royal house of Hapsburg ; so we have arrived just in season, and make up our minds to enjoy it as best we may. Commander P—— commenced by expressing, through the minister of the Empress, the desire of the officers to be presented to Her Majesty. Our gallant commander knows that Her Majesty is rather partial to blue-jackets, for she did them great honour when on her passage hither in our beloved Queen's yacht, the "Victoria and Albert."

14th December.—This morning an *aide-de-camp* of the Empress came on board, and announced Her Majesty's pleasure to receive us at noon.

Our commander was in great joy at having carried his point. This was beyond our most sanguine expectations ; for, thinking the Empress had come here to be *incog.*, we naturally thought she had it entirely in her power to make a graceful excuse. At noon we landed in full dress, and walked slowly up the tiresome hill of stones towards the temporary palace.

To-day our commander and his officers were presented to Her Majesty. Having entered the gardens attached to Her Majesty's country retreat, on turning a bend of the pathway (we plainly saw that we were a little before the time appointed), we came unexpectedly upon a group of youthful pretty nymph-like maids of honour, clothed in light simple muslin dresses; they quickly put away their playful occupations, and with merry laugh disappeared from the gaze of us rude men. We were then ushered into a comfortable cool drawing-room, and there received by a lady of the suite whom we admired for her simple, modest dress, and most agreeable manners. Very shortly the folding-doors opened, and another lady entered and approached us, young, somewhat tall and graceful, dressed in a thick Scotch plaid, fitting tightly to the waist, with a slight narrow lace trimming round the neck, and without other ornament of any kind. We rendered her all homage, and when Her Majesty graciously pleased to converse with all separately, and in pure English, with a slight touch of foreign accent, a wide breach was made in the susceptible hearts of us sailors. We then retired, all expressing audibly our admiration.

*15th December.*—Of course, we visit the Little Coral, and to do so whirled from the convent down the steep hills in a native sleigh. In the evening we walked in the public promenade, heard a very good Portuguese band, and were on board by dark.

*16th December.*—To day we make a discovery in Madeira. We thought until now that the pretty island was minus a civilized road; but to our agreeable surprise find a nice flat one extending some five or six miles along the beach, and a very pleasant ride it is, so

we take instant advantage of it. Myself and a brother officer at once get horses and are soon at a gallop. In the distance we see a regular cavalcade; on approaching we find it is the Empress and her attendants. When nearly up to them they turn and place us in the position of walking behind them. I believe sailors generally have little patience; at any rate, we had not much on this occasion, for we soon took the pathway. On her Majesty looking round we gave her a grand salute which she pleasantly returned, and much to her enjoyment we scampered away at a regular midshipman's gallop.

*17th December.*—This morning we receive a challenge from the Madeira Cricket Club; we, of course, accept it without knowing who is to play. At last, by dint of no end of research, we pick out an eleven from both ships (the "Firebrand" arrived this morning on her way to the West Indies), and such an eleven would have made the most modest of school-boys laugh at us. So we procured horses, and were soon under weigh up the steep sides of the mountain, making a circular sweep round it, alternately racing, shouting, joking, and taking refreshment, in the highest spirits; indeed, we seldom feel the ground, and are more like young goats than naval officers. On reaching the top of the hill, whereon was the cricket-ground, our opponents abused us for delay; for this we did not much care, but having understood that the natives intended to get some of their fair sisters to witness the sport, and finding none there, were rather disappointed, for we never look actually and solely at the fun of knocking a ball about and getting so many runs for it, but rather enjoy the usual accompaniments to this truly noble game, viz.: plenty

of parasols, good liquor and lunch. Having brought the two latter ourselves, we depended on our gallant opponents for the other charms. Never mind, we put the best face on the matter, tossed for innings, and went to work with a will. We very soon found that our opponents had good wind, and played well, and we also found what we ought to have known before; that not more than two or three on our side knew anything about even fielding, to say nothing of the more scientific parts of the game. Our opponents had first innings, and scored about 140; we then went to lunch, and our fellows would persist in devouring a heavy meal, although we had to face no end of difficulties in making a score. The consequence was, that we went in and were put out in a very ignominious manner, to the great amusement of every one, including ourselves; for if the play was bad the fun was good. There was A—— always sitting down when supposed to be fielding, or holding the bat the wrong side to the ball, and about ten yards from the wicket: cricketers can imagine the feelings of some of us, on his being quietly but jokingly requested to hold his bat the right way, and would he kindly get nearer to his wicket—in a word we were all shamefully beaten. We wound up by riding races over the field.

*18th December.*—This morning the "Ariel" arrived, on her way to the Cape, together with our lost child, the "Swift;" the latter had, when parting from us, put into a French port near Brest, and waited there until the gale which parted us had subsided, then made the best of her way hither. This evening we dined at the house of Mr. Erskine, the consul. We always go in full dress to these dinners: and at 6 P.M. landed and walked

to our destination. We had a nice little dinner, and observed the pretty fashion of placing a sweet-smelling *petit bouquet* in each guest's napkin; the wines were excellent, old Madeira of 1780, and Malmsey of 1793. It was great fun afterwards going down the slippery streets by the light of the moon, especially as there was more than one instance in proof that our feet also were slippery, possibly in consequence of the wine of the island getting into them.

We arrived at our quarters all right, and next morning awoke with most acute memories for dates, especially for 1793; and were obliged to correct the acidity of the nectar of the overnight with soda-water.

There is very little wine in Madeira now, for of late years the merchants have not been able to overcome the blight which destroys the grape.

Some of the oldest merchants have very fine private cellars of the choicest and oldest vintages, which are almost invaluable. We had opportunities of testing them, and I never tasted more delicious wines.

*19th December.*—We had truly delightful weather during our stay; delicious blue skies, and just sufficient air to temper the sunshine and to render the weather invigorating. All day we gather flowers, boughs of trees and evergreens, for to-morrow night we give a ball to the natives. Our midshipmen and myself do the ornamental part of the ship for the occasion. We work until midnight, when we find we have a pretty triumphal arch across the quarter-deck, with two entrances, the whole illuminated with small hanging lamps, &c. This separates the supper-room from the dancing part of the deck. A large awning is hoisted forty feet high, curtains are suspended from it to cover in the sides, the whole

being lined with flags of all nations. Chandeliers are hung from the top, gaily decorated with gleaming swords, bayonets, and flowers; the mainmast encircled with flags and pictures. A large curtain divides the select part of the deck-aft from the fore. Various artificial ottomans and couches are arranged, and lastly we peep through the arches and there see a most substantial supper laid out: the table covered with all the delicacies of the season, with bouquets and bright silver.

*21st December.*—The band arrives; we send the boats for the visitors. Candles are lighted, and we ourselves were surprised to see the transformation from the bare ship to the pretty snug ball-room.

The visitors now begin to pour in from the boats, and it is very gratifying to see grandmamas, their children and children's children, all honouring us with their presence. The old looking young, and the young younger. We actually count forty of the fair sex, and in a short time we test their dancing capabilities. Sailors are tremendous fellows for this amusement, and would yield the palm to none.

"Now shades of evening close around us;" all appear in the zenith of joy. The band plays well, but as usual the stewards will administer the grog to them too freely, and as a consequence "time" is somewhat lost. Up to this we have only one "trip up," which was made by a midshipman of the "Ariel," a very nice fellow in most respects, but who will persist in calling every one and everything a "bloke;" he cares for nobody, he says; detests palaver, as he calls it; and, after flooring his lady, bellows out, "Halloa! hold up;" then rushes away, leaving the fair one buried in crinoline and blushes.

All the ladies appear to be very much fatigued, and no wonder; fancy dancing with invalids, as our fellows have done this evening, just as if they were in rude health!

About 9 P.M. we break up, the ladies having been almost danced to death. The young are very loth to leave, but of course must follow their chaperones, so we escort them over the silvery waves and to their homes, talking the while most mellifluous nonsense.

Thus ended our ball at Madeira. Every one enjoyed it, and will recall it with very great satisfaction.

*22nd December.*—This evening we are all invited to a grand ball, but the clerk of the weather hints that we are not likely to go, for the anchorage in Funchal Roads is very dangerous with a S.W. wind. Since arriving here we have had the most delicious weather, the thermometer varying from  $65^{\circ}$  to  $69^{\circ}$ . Every day has brought its amusement, either in the shape of riding, walking, visiting, or sight-seeing.

About 3 P.M. we are off to avoid the great gale which is about to burst on the anchorage. We bid farewell to refreshing sweet Madeira, and are very soon, with the "Swift" in tow, leaving the land far behind.

The "Ariel" started with us, but having superior sailing qualities soon vanishes. We rendezvous at the island of St. Vincent, Cape de Verd.

*23rd December.*—We now begin a monotonous sea voyage, and I fear that there will be very little to record but the weather and such like "stale and unprofitable" information. We start with the thermometer at  $67^{\circ}$  and a fresh breeze from the S.W. by W.

## CHAPTER II.

Madeira to St. Vincent—A dreary, monotonous cruise—Porto Grande; its splendid harbour—To Tarrafal Bay to get water—St. Vincent to Rio de Janeiro—A man overboard—Santa Cruz—We arrive at Rio; the society there—Yankees and their doings—The Negroes' working-song put down as a nuisance—A grand Feast-day—Farewell to Rio.

*24th December.*—This is Sunday, a strange day on board a man-of-war, so unlike what we should like it to be. There always appears so much to be done, and this invariably leads to discontent.

Some of us contrast the day with that in the country. A rural Sunday seems so hallowed, and when at sea I often fancy that I hear the cracked, but homely tinkle of the bell of the ivy-covered church "calling grateful hearts to pray." We generally go to church in the forenoon, when the service only lasts ten minutes, and we go to our respective amusements, feeling just as bad as we were yesterday. I do like to hear the service decorously read. I connect it with one of the blessings of home; a something that gladdens us, a feeling akin to that which we experience when having performed our duty. Once a week we stop from the daily whirl, and have time to remember ourselves, and naturally love to offer a tribute of thanks.



*25th December.*—Hail! Christmas-day, commemorator of our true joy. Were it not for this day what thousands would forget their being, and receive as a matter of course their daily bread, indulge their good and their bad feelings with no hope beyond the earth. What a day this is in dear old England! how naturally we retrace our lives from year to year of boyhood, our school-days, our merriest times! We number our joys, our sorrows, our friends, and forget our foes, and thus sometimes unconsciously offer sincere homage to the Day-maker! How pleasant to think of old friends, and to feel that we are thought of! This is a very lovely day. Weather warm, thermometer  $73^{\circ}$ , therefore no yule log for us. We are passing quite close to the “Canaries,” and having been some days at sea it is refreshing. We mark the ever-changing light and shade on this sea-girt parade with infinite pleasure; but no doubt a little of that choice nectar for which it was once famous would enhance the enjoyment and assist our memories hereafter.

Unruly “Swift,” illustrating her name with juremasts, towards evening has so far distanced us as to require bringing to with a rocket.

*26th December.*—The day balmy, thermometer  $73^{\circ}$ , little wind, and that fair. Poor M—— is to go on board the “Swift” in the gig; this is the first boat-service he has had, and it is great fun to see how he manages it. The crew take their places; the celebrated Doctor mounts the bulwarks nearly precipitating his honour overboard; now falls into his place (the stern sheets). The boat is then gradually lowered, but some scamp, either to try the great Doctor’s nerves or by accident, lets all go with a run. The eminent man

seizes the life-lines, and collars one of the crew by the throat, determined to support himself at any cost, and is at last relieved by the water receiving him safely. The poor fellow cannot swim a stroke, but never mind, it's all right; although I don't think he will get over the shock to his system for some time. He pulls towards the "Swift," but owing to a nasty swell is just as clumsy in reaching her deck as in leaving ours, and now that he is returning, observe his once joyful, now doleful countenance, sometimes appearing above the hammock netting, now in a vortex, as the boat is being hooked on, and as he gains the deck how firmly he stamps thereon unmistakeable signs.

*27th December.*—At 12 A.M. we are all drummed upon deck to night quarters. It seems a pity to disturb the tranquil night by anything artificial. The bright moon disappears under streaks of heavy black clouds fringed with the luminary's silvery reflection, the ship gliding noiselessly over the dark waves; but our first broadside disturbs all sentiment, and soon the moon is hidden by our volumes of smoke. We have this kind of exercise once every half year, at night, in order to see in how long a time the men can be turned out and prepared for action. This night we fire away twenty-three charges of powder, and then return to our hammocks.

We have a nice steady breeze from the eastward, sailing about five knots; the weather is increasing in warmth. We are 614 miles from St. Vincent. In the afternoon we have general exercise, sailing round a target and firing into it, every officer regularly taking his turn at the trigger-line, and invariably making excellent shots.

*28th to 31st December.*—Each day has dragged its weary length without incident to relieve the wretched monotony. Our shameful defeat at cricket, the pretty, but melancholy ladies at Madeira, and our parting ball, have been fully digested, and if it were not for our Esculapius the fountains of our mirth would soon run dry. I am only afraid that we trust too much to his support, and will be surprised at his breaking down one of these days.

He is a most peculiar fellow, exceedingly well filled with things that were, but knows so very little of things that are. He will quote you the ancients with a wonderful memory, but will make no end of mistakes in a simple addition sum. Metaphysics is his acme of wisdom, mathematics he will not deign to know; he has read amazingly, especially novels, and sacrifices his noble profession at the shrine of fiction. His physique is peculiar; like the Turk, he wonders at any one undergoing exertion of any kind, and thinks that man should live by mind alone.

For the last four days the weather has been delightfully cool, the thermometer ranging from  $72^{\circ}$  to  $76^{\circ}$ ; a nice breeze from the E.S.E.; the usual "trades."

There is something very monotonous in these trade winds, although so refreshing. The making and shortening of sail at other times breaks the silence, but now we sail along for days and weeks without altering a tack or sheet, and every day with the same force of wind. Very likely we shall be at the island of St. Vincent to-morrow, for we are only seventy-two miles off. About 6 P.M. lose sight of "Swift."

*1st January, 1861.*—The "Swift" turned up in the morning watch like a naughty boy, and with her the land

is descried ahead. Accordingly we light fires. In this preparation for steaming there is a little excitement; the gradual burr of the water in the boilers, then the steam blurring from the pipe indicates what is going on below. At 8 A.M. we take the "Swift" in tow, and at noon let fall our anchor in the spacious harbour of Porto Grande, island of St. Vincent, Cape de Verd. Here we find the "Ariel," an American corvette and brig, and the once celebrated yacht "America," now in possession of an Irish gentleman. We have arrived just in time for a small regatta, made up of the boats of the yacht and other vessels in harbour; the former winning easily.

Porto Grande is a magnificent harbour, sufficient to float all the fleets of the world, and it is perfectly land-locked, occasionally relieved by mounds of white sand. On the plain there is one patch of vegetation refreshing to the sight, the remainder is red, rocky, barren hills. As we enter on the left on the top of a hill stands a fort, white as if bleached by the scorching rays of the sun; further onward on the beach stands the town, consisting of about forty stone and wooden houses. Within this land-locked harbour stands a large high rock, called "Bird Island," the nest of sea birds, and which serves excellently as a target for great guns.

Besides the Consul there are a few Englishmen, whose chief occupation is the providing of coal for steamers, for nearly all the South Atlantic steamers touch here. The remaining population consists of niggers; our fellows landed one evening, stumbled across a dignity ball, and had great fun. The walks are interesting; a few snipe can be got, but the resident English know the value of them, and therefore keep the secret of their habitation to themselves.

*4th January.*—Took in Patent fuel, which failing sale in England, is sent here to supply such steamers as have captains who are green enough to take it.

Our boats are manned and armed, and our captain attacks the solid rocks with his big guns, but with little effect.

The canopy of heaven is still one cloudless blue, bright with the rays of Sol. Thermometer 75°.

*5th January.*—A little great-gun exercise at Bird Island, although so great an object is only hit once.

*6th. Sunday.*—In company with “Ariel,” we take our departure for Tarrafal Bay in order to get water. Take the “Ariel” in tow, and at 4.40 P.M. anchor within fifty yards of the beach in twenty-two fathoms.

The hills rise abruptly from the beach from two to three thousand feet, and make us appear, or rather feel, very diminutive beneath them. They have large chasms, which, being watered by the mountain streams, are covered with vegetation. The remaining land is very sterile.

*7th January.*—This day we take in twenty-eight tons of water, which is very good, and easily obtained; but not gratuitously, as it is monopolized by an Englishman at Porto Grande, and sold by an agent of his at Tarrafal Bay.

Several of us go on a shooting excursion, having heard of wild goats; and F——, the comical mid of the “Ariel,” starts on a similar forage. He soon sees a goat, feeding quietly on the other side of a chasm, takes deadly aim, and drops the animal. To make sure of him, repeats the dose; then, rushing after his prey, tumbles down precipices and up cliffs and gullies, to the danger of life and limb, and at last, in an exhausted

state, arrives in time to see the last kick of his noble prize; but, to his utter disgust, finds the animal tethered to a stake, and with marks of civilization upon him. F—— mourns the loss of his ideal wild goat, that he hoped would have made him the "Nimrod" of his mess, and given two fresh-meat days to his messmates, instead of which he now anticipates no end of chaff. He then seizes the animal and bears it away on his shoulders, shouting, "Wild goat! wild goat!" responded to by a gaunt black fellow, in his vernacular calling himself the legal owner of the quadruped.

The owner claims compensation in the shape of two dollars; but the unfortunate mid, as usual, has not a fraction in his pocket. In the midst of the hubbub, Captain P—— arrives. Those who know naval discipline would have been amused to have heard the mid blurt out, "I say, sir, this *bloke* here wants two dollars for this old goat, which I have shot by mistake. Will you lend me the money to pay him, and buy half the animal from me, and I will sell the other half to our mess, which will *rêpay* you." Captain P—— good-humouredly paid the two dollars, and hoped his messmates would enjoy the old goat. Towards evening, in company with the "Ariel" and "Swift," we put to sea; the former proceeds direct to Cape Good Hope, and furnished us with an excuse to put into Rio de Janeiro.

8th January.—Lost sight of "Ariel" soon after starting yesterday, and now "Swift" is our sole companion.

10th January.—Our captain messes in the ward-room, with the gun-room officers, which increases our comfort, his presence at all times throwing a halo of gladness

around. Unlike most naval commanders, he delights in seeing his officers and ship's company comfortable. After daily work we go on deck to witness the glorious lineal sunset. Nowhere have I seen the sun in such splendour and magnificence! The beautiful soft green reminds me of Barker's "Plains of Heaven." After gazing a long time with admiration, and having expended our vocabulary in eulogy, we sat about the decks; some reading, some perched on the paddle-boxes, others on the bridge to catch the cooling air. The ship's company loll listlessly about the deck, sleeping, singing, and smoking; and when shades of evening close around us, we are refreshed with a little fore-castle music and a cup of "Souchong;" our generous captain very often adding to our joy by inviting us to his cabin for tea and pleasant conversation.

16th January.—"Warmer yet, it yet grows warmer." Thermometer 82°. At noon we cross the equator. Captain P—— thinks that the men should never be permitted to take liberties with their officers, no matter what the occasion, and it is a well-known fact, that the modern sailor connects the crossing of the line with paying off old scores. The men are permitted to initiate willing officers, and also practice the art of shaving on themselves; but in the "Gorgon" the objectors to the old practice are a great majority; consequently the sea-bears are disappointed of their ocean festival.

Occasionally of an evening the ship is hove to, a sail is hoisted over the side, bagged and filled with water for those who are desirous of refreshing themselves with a dip. There are very few who do not take advantage of it, in this fiery latitude.

17th January.—A little after noon we registered

latitude 0·4, south breeze still from E.S.E., thermometer 83°; in the afternoon communicate with the "Sir J. Mandeville," of Liverpool, seventy-three days from Calcutta.

*19th January.*—The breeze is somewhat stronger in the forenoon, and we are taken aback by a squall in the afternoon. Up steam, and take "Swift" in tow, although one is gladdened at the old ship moving a little more quickly than the last fortnight's snail's pace.

*28th January.*—We are wafted along at the rate of five knots by a delicious breeze, and now begin to talk about reaching Rio at noon. We are only 267 miles from Cape Frio, therefore may reasonably expect to be there in a week. We have watched the chameleon-like clouds and the glorious sunset until tired, and have now taken to books; the men are silently scrubbing hammocks, the ship going about six knots before a fresh breeze. I am sitting in my cabin, with the port open, when suddenly there is a shriek, quickly followed by another. I rush to the port, when I hear that fearful cry, "A man overboard!"

Without jacket I hasten to the deck, and find a crowd gathered aft; the boat is being lowered; and whilst straining my eyes to ascertain the position of the poor unfortunate in the water, I drop my boots off at the same time. The gallant P—— leaps overboard from the taffrail. I must own that I was ready to cry at being thus cut out, but I deserved it—I should not have waited to cast off my gear. Dear old P—— swam fast towards the boy, and for a moment we lost sight of both; in another instant the boat was flying towards them, the crew pulling with their utmost power. Now



we are in awful suspense, and not a word is spoken. Another instant and he has got the boy, and holding up his hand, both are dragged into the boat. Hurrah! The boat crosses our stern, poor P—— is lying pale at the bottom of it, and the boy, gasping for breath, appears to be nearly gone. The boat, with its living freight, is hoisted, all the officers rush forward and assist P—— to the deck. I felt I loved him from that time. Captain P—— shared my feeling when I saw him walk forward, take P——'s hand, and say, "Well done; you're a noble little fellow, and an ornament to your profession." Our fellows crowd round the object of our admiration, showing such a warmth of spirit it is quite pleasant to see. After a stiff glass of grog P—— is put to bed, and the boy is soon got round with restoratives administered by our clever little doctor.

*31st January.*—We are fast nearing the land, and those who have crossed the line can well understand the joy of hearing the shout "Land ahead!" from the mast-head, even on board large ocean steamers, with all the amusements that dispel the monotony of the voyage. At the electric shout enemies shake hands, the numerous cliques unite once more, their little jealousies and feuds are forgotten, all crowd upon deck, sniff the balmy land breeze, and ask each other the oddest of questions.

Our feelings are akin to these this morning on sighting the rugged and majestic cliffs of South America, and for many reasons. We have been a very long time on salt food, although three starving goats are still alive; we have very little to talk about, all our old jokes being long ago expended.

The sight before us is sufficient to gladden even one minus the imaginative faculty; the sun has been escorted to the other hemisphere by a few heavy clouds, and, as if to atone for its oppression during the day, leaves us the most beautiful colours of the rainbow; the neutral tint, deepest purple streaks, the enchanting blue, the paradise green, and the sombre orange, all appear so soft, so changeful, so magnificent, so sublime, so wonderful, the whole gradually fading to a sombre grey. We were all assembled upon deck, witnessing this glorious sunset, each lost in admiration. Onward we steam, fanned by the gentle breeze, feasting our eyes on the beautiful scenery with its ever-changing hues; on the right we pass the neatly white-washed fortress of Santa Cruz, which shows a set of formidable teeth. Opposite, about a mile across, stands the Sugar Loaf Peak, like an Egyptian monster guarding the channel, towering in awful grandeur some thousands of feet above our heads. On raising our eyes to its cloud-topped summit we feel extremely small; even careless Jack's countenance lights up most marvellously. And now having cleared the bold headlands, the vast harbour bursts magnificently into view; it appears like a huge basin of 200 miles area, bounded by dark rocks, some of them towering to immense heights, the whole almost surrounded by the straggling suburbs of a vast city.

On the left, nearly at the foot of the Sugar Loaf, commence the substantial-looking houses of the wealthy, with here and there a noble hospital or college, the whole gradually increasing in bulk as we near it, and winding as far as the eye can reach around the bay. Far out in the deep water stands a lonely-looking, but

pretty island, whereon is a chapel dedicated to rude Boreas, and where the Brazilian devotees pay their tribute to the windy deity. On it there are a few tall, graceful palm-trees, which ever and anon droop and sigh most dolefully.

We now pass several clipper-built, saucy, suspicious-looking vessels, all legs and wings, long-lined hulls, short, stout lower masts, immense backstays and top-gallant masts, with impudent skysail-yards across. By the number of this kind of craft I should imagine that the Brazilians are still doing a large trade in human beings.

We must rather astonish the Brazilians having the "Swift" in tow; they, perhaps, imagine we have captured one of their coffins, and those wild beast-like, shaggy-looking animals carousing on the decks of the vessels we are passing appear as if they were heartily cursing us and English philanthropy. The latter part of the business they know little of, but it decreases their dollars,—their only consideration.

On the left side of the bay there is a most peculiar-looking mountain, called from its pinnacle pipes, the "organ hills." Near to it is the Nautical Mount, with its imaginary topsail set—hence its name. Our admiration increases as the bay expands; S—— is madly enthusiastic concerning lights and shades, but I think there is too much of the latter, for it is an hour after sunset. The joker has been first loquacious, then minus words, then bewildered, and lastly dumb; now he begins to brighten up again, and says half dreamingly, "wonderful! *wonderful!* WONDERFUL!" and, no wonder, for the scenery of Rio nearly equals that of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn.

At last we drop anchor and wait for the Health-boat. In the meantime the usual number of native boats assemble round us, whence we pick up the news. The "Madagascar" frigate is stationed here as a store-ship, and an officer from her communicates, but cannot come on board, as the slothful pratique officials have not made an appearance.

My ideas concerning the Brazils are rapidly changing. I have witnessed its glorious scenery, massive houses, and other civilized features, and I chase from my brain my boy-dreams, which represented the place as a chaos of slaves, wild beasts, assassination, mines of silver, gold and diamonds, and everything low and demoralising.

We are anchored under the lee of Cobras island. On the port side we have the whole line of the city, a dark crowded mass, dotted every now and then with large bull's-eye green and red lamps. Occasionally the thump of a steamer's paddles is heard. Just before anchoring we observed several small river boats, evidently conveying the city drones to their hives on the other side of the water. We are all on deck, endeavouring to pierce the "palpable obscure," when, suddenly, the whole city and coast-line of the bay is transformed into an illustration of the "Arabian Nights." Pretty transparent, orange-coloured globes spring up in all directions, as at the command "presto!" The hill, whereon stands the fort, shines brilliantly from top to bottom, like a huge orange-tree. Now the oranges seem to climb up roads, down hills, and round small arms of the sea; then towards the hospitals and convents in a very regular unbroken line towards the giant sentinel at the harbour's entrance, when gradually they become faint, and vanish. After all, this pretty sight

is simply caused by suddenly lighting up myriads of gas lamps—we little expected to see the 'offspring of King Coal in the Brazils.

Unfortunately we have arrived in the hottest part of the Rio summer, consequently the atmosphere is very humid, warm, and clammy. Hurrah! here comes the pratique officer; no, 'tis only an immense boat, with large latteen sails in it, a Portuguese, who parades his certificates of washing abilities before us. We promise him our soiled linen, and he goes away satisfied.

It is now nearly 10 P.M., and many of us tired with the excitement of arrival turn in, and, anon, are haunted with visions of the fancy scenes last viewed. The joker persists in thinking that he can land, although so late, and might be seen already booted and spurred for the sod. The hour grows late, but I remain on deck contemplating the scene before me. Soon man and his puny works are forgotten. All is quiet, except the soft rich tone of some distant cathedral bell, wafted over the dark placid water. How consoling solitude is at this moment! My mind reverts to the past with sorrow and with joy, to the future, with hope, to my distant home and its fondest connections; but, although the bright southern cross above reminds me of the wide ocean between this and dear old England, yet the heavens look so full of love, so hallowed and pure, that the thought of home, sweet home, bridges the vast Atlantic, and once more joins us with those we love.

The next morning opened to our view the half-realised charms of the scenery, and if it were not for the hot weather I should feel very comfortable, and prepared to enjoy the interior of this blessed country.

*En route* to the shore we pass a square chequer-sided bathing-machine, dedicated to the cleanly. Ladies, sallow and dark, clothed in the sepulchral mantilla, enter; gentlemen with sleek, black, long and greasy hair, sallow-complexioned and cadaverous, reeking with stale smoke, and clothed in that never-to-be-left-off mournful black, enter the other side, and, judging from the admixture of masculine and feminine voices, I should think the interior of the machine was not divided into a sufficient number of compartments. The smell arising from a sewer, in unpleasant proximity, may account for the sallow complexions of the bathers.

There stood before us a large pink fresco building with seedy green paling, a verandah overhung with soiled furniture, and in great letters "Hotel Pharoux." This is the once celebrated hotel of the Brazils, now a filthy barn. We have landed amongst a heap of gaily-painted boats, and amidst a great amount of *débris*; a little to the right, and we are in the square. On two sides stands the king's palace—the town dwelling of Don Pedro II. It is two-storied, and white-washed around its once green iron palings and numerous monster-headed waterspouts. Within the shade of numerous archings some well-clad, lazy soldiers lounge—the supposed guard. Next to the end wall, and connected by a private corridor stretching over the road, is the chapel royal, the royal arms in plaster notifying the fact. Next is the great cathedral, with its small circular steps guarded by iron railings; then follow the cafés leading to the main street. On the side of the square facing the better part of the palace there are a few shops, one in particular, a feather warehouse and library of American books: in it a pretty little Yankee girl dispenses

her feather flowers and quick wit, slightly dashed with the slang of her country.

The main street, I forget the name, is wide and has capacious pavements. The shops are small, and cafés appear to be the majority. This street is well lighted with gas, as are all the roads and streets of Rio; the inflammable matter seems to be a toy for the government to play with. They have only had it a short time, and of course will learn in time to economise it. At right angles to the main street is the "Rua d'Avoridor," the Regent Street of Rio, wherein French tinsel and flimsy finery is set off to the best advantage. There are numerous good jewellers' shops, where diamonds are as dear as in London. The shops in general are large and showy, the tinsel-vendors being aided in their business by a number of sickly, pert-looking French shopwomen. There are numerous colleges, hospitals, and convents, very creditable to the country, dispensing good, as they do, to the rich and to the poor, whether black or white, English or French, or any other nation. The slave population is distinguished by being shoeless, therefore the first act of a slave on becoming free is to buy a pair of shoes.

These poor unfortunates are really beasts of burden, being employed to carry all the most valuable goods. They carry a pianoforte with greater safety than any other conveyance. Frequently may be heard a loud "time-kept" noise, and presently about forty athletic slaves appear, carrying a great weight, marching to the time of a watering-pot spout filled with peas and forming a huge rattle, shaken by the leading man, to which the labourers add a native song which is a mere repetition of three or four words. Some time

since this noise was voted a public nuisance, and the House of Assembly forbade it, but have had to re-allow it, as the slaves *en masse* struck work, and declared their inability to do without it, as in carrying a heavy load the burthen is lightened when the bearers keep step, the weight being equally divided. The slaves' complaint was therefore reasonable, although of course a quieter mode of time-keeping might be used. These slaves carry very heavy loads, but in this respect do not equal the porters of Constantinople.

Ever on the *qui vive* for scientific pursuits, Captain P—— is planning a trip on the Brazilian railway. S—— and myself accompany him to starting point, and are rather surprised on seeing a cleanly station, regular telegraph office, and gaily-painted American carriages, marked "Massachusetts." We also see some very comfortable first-class compartments, which we instantly recognise as English, together with the engines and tenders. This railway is named after the reigning king, and is managed by an American-Portuguese company. The officials are all Yankees, and, as may be expected under such energetic pioneers, the railway is ably managed. It has been in existence only about five years, and already extends 200 miles, opening up a very rich country, and, as a matter of course, enhancing the value of land many fold. All the material has been brought from the United States and England. The officials, although very courteous at first, appear to disrelish the idea of our worthy captain's curious determination to examine their establishment; but at last consent and kindly pass him onwards, allowing him to travel on the engine—a peculiar vanity of his.

Now Captain P——, clad in Arab coat, fez, and um-



brella, waves farewell; the engine gives a snort and a double puff, and she is off. S—— and I return to town.

At the corner of the main street there stands an omnibus, and harnessed to it four small, dusty, wiry-looking mules. There are two seats remaining empty, so we fill them, pay a shilling each, and are soon on our way to Botafogo, the Hyde Park of Rio. The interior of the vehicle is very seedy, the curtains in tatters, secreting many folds of dust, which, being freed, punishes us for our want of experience; we ought to have known how to let sleeping dust lie.

The road is very dusty, but thronged with human life. There are numerous good houses with peeping señoras, to render them still more attractive to us; hotels like large mansions, having all the appearances of comfort within. We pass the botanical gardens that once contained rare specimens, most of which are gone to the dogs. Now we pass the pretty country seats of grave councillors, then those of wealthy merchants, and last, but not least, the romantic, pretty, neat villa of the Englishman abroad, surmounted by

“The flag that’s braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze.”

The vehicle stops, and we pursue our peregrinations on foot. On the left is the Bay of Botafogo, very romantic and pretty, a huge dark sheet of water surrounded by Alpine heights, shelving to their bases sufficiently to allow of the repose of some sweet little cottages. We continued charmed with our walk until suddenly compelled to return by fierce thunder-clouds, surcharged with the liquid element; and we seek refuge in the steamboat pier-house, where we await the return of an

omnibus; then racing through the mud and filth secure places and rattle back through the well-lighted streets, highly pleased with our country walk.

We refresh the inner man at a large café, which to our surprise contains about twenty very small billiard tables.

*4th February.*—This morning several of our crew go orange-gathering, and about noon return with the "fruits of their labour," including branches of the india-rubber tree and tobacco plant.

While taking in the valuables we do a little bartering with the occupants of the coral island, exchanging two goats for a large "dennis;" the former were once milch, but now otherwise.

At early morn Captain P——, who returned yesterday from his railway trip, S—— and I go to the market-place situated on the American feather side of the square. Very near is a large noble-looking fountain worth admiring. We enter the large gates of the market, pass the first tier of sheds containing basket, pottery, and fish vendors. Behind these are menageries where fowls, &c., can be bought at a half dollar each, and in the centre stand regular Arab queens with their benches laden with rich luscious fruits and vegetables. The women are worth looking at: clothed in white long gowns showing just sufficient of model busts and arms, noble-looking heads, turbaned with huge cloths of snowy whiteness, their large expressive eyes gleaming defiantly at us, and offering a peculiar contrast to their dark complexions.

Fruit at this season of the year is very expensive. Oranges a penny each; pine apples two shillings.

Captain P—— has enjoyed his trip into the interior

exceedingly, having been received by the American engineers up the line most hospitably.

*5th February.*—As this is the last day of our stay, some of our fellows have gone picnicing to “Bennet’s” hilly retreat, distant about twenty miles.

This afternoon S—— and I go to see them return. The coach, a many-roofed omnibus on tramways, and drawn by six mules, goes at such a headlong speed, and is so crowded pile upon pile, that there appears to be considerable danger. Every moment we expect the thing to turn over.

This being a grand feast-day with the Portuguese, huge bonfires are lighted opposite the cathedrals, the sacred edifices being themselves resplendent with no end of giant candles illuminating their saints and altars; the latter tinsel and scarlet within, and encircled with flames and small lamps without. Heavy musical bells are solemnly tolling evening vespers and grand mass. The interior is worthy of a visit. The fantastic priests, the harmonious choir, and odoriferous frankincense, all tend to curiously excite one. Fireworks are displayed on the steps of the theatre; and miserable must be the lad who has not wherewith to display his own exploits in this way.

Guns and pistols are incessantly banged, and this, with no end of gorging and intemperance, completes the Grand Festa.

*6th February.*—Once more witnessing the charms of Rio scenery we slowly steam out of the grandest harbour in the world.

The chapel bell on the Mariner’s Island, and murmuring cocoa-nut trees, bid us farewell; and shortly the green rising sea is all that is visible around us.

*7th February.*—During our stay at Rio the weather was fine, but rather sultry. At this time of the year the place is very unhealthy; those who are able emigrate to their country seats, while those who remain suffer very much from yellow fever, which often destroys large numbers of the population.

The officers and crew of the "Madagascar" have suffered severely, and the consequence is that at the end of four years very few of the old stock remain. But the worst of these tropical climates is, that the clammy heat engenders a disease far more pernicious than even yellow fever. It is necessary to drink frequently, but blue-jackets in particular overstep the mark. Declaring that water is unhealthy, they almost drown themselves in strong spirits.

The thermometer varied from 82° to 87° in the shade during our stay; mornings close, noon scorching, and evenings deliciously cool. Ice, the great boon in hot climates, can be had here at twopence per lb. Half of that quantity dropped into a tumbler of good claret, and a few of the various luscious fruits that are here common, make a cool refreshing breakfast.

## CHAPTER III.

To Tristan d'Acunha—Patriarchs and their unhappy family—Arriva at the Cape of Good Hope—Table Bay—Simon's Bay and Town—Public Institutions at Cape Town—The Press—Sights in the streets of Cape Town—A Hottentot Jehu—Increase in the value of land—Cape wines—Simon's Town Society—Christmas at the Cape—Our new Commander.

*23rd February.*—For the last sixteen days we have jogged along very slowly, but comfortably, and now on the sixteenth day are not even tired of the sea voyage; but I think we can ascribe this, firstly, to the ways of our chief; secondly, to the unanimity of messmates; and last, but not least, to the stock of mental and bodily refreshments taken in at Rio, of the latter of which we have still one heavy sheep to show. And then, again, here is Tristan d'Acunha, where we can replenish the stock for the prosecution of our journey across the South Atlantic. Since leaving Rio, the thermometer has dropped from 82° to 63°, and the climate is delicious. Every successive evening old Sol endeavours to eclipse all his previous glorious exits, and from indulging in endless praise we have become dumb admirers; this evening seems more beautiful than former ones.

At daylight we stand in for the land; find there is a little shelving base, green with cultivation, and spotted

with little whitewashed tenements; on the other side the land is precipitous from the sea, abruptly rising 8000 feet, and losing its head in the clouds. Were it not for a natural breakwater of giant sea-weed round the N.E. side, the island would be difficult and dangerous to approach. Even as it is, with a N.E. wind, the anchor has very often to be slipped.

Those two small islands are "Inaccessible" and "Nightingale;" the latter is inhabited only by wild sea-birds. A very fine whale-boat comes off to the ship, and in it six strapping seamen, like Britain's, clothed in red and other coloured Baltic shirts; and having refreshed them with some of their country's good cheer, we accompany them on shore. We pull through the vast sea of giant sea-weed, which makes the water as quiet as a mill-pond, and land.

There are about a dozen huts, all built of solid stone, evidently the work of much patience and labour, but necessary to withstand the furious northerly gales. These little stone boxes are built here, there, and everywhere, more detached than one would think they should be for society's sake. Each has its little garden of potatoes, "cask" kennels, mongrel Newfoundland dogs, and substantial pigstyes. The inhabitants of the island are forty-three men, women, and children in all. This should be a happy family, but, strange to say, they are quite the contrary. They are all related somehow, but it is difficult to say how, as they have intermarried with each other, until a few years since, when a Mr. Taylor visited them from the Cape of Good Hope, and for the sum of £1000 (which a philanthropic old English gentleman left for the purpose) remained five years improving and training their morals, &c.

The patriarchs are Thomas Swain, aged eighty-two, and Alexander Cotton, seventy-nine, both old man-of-war's men, and discharged from the service in 1800, and war-time, to settle in this dreary island. In honour of us the latter veteran appeared in a jacket (man-of-war cut) forty years old, but which seemed ready for continuous service. Two or three of the inhabitants have visited the Cape some time since; and now one man, five women, and three children have gained permission to perform this great journey in the "Gorgon;" and while they take leave of their relations, we saunter round, buying no end of splendid sheep for various English dry goods, coffee, sugar, &c.; each sheep costing about ten shillings, although equalling their London similitudes. Other fresh stock is extraordinarily cheap; in three hours we have bought about forty sheep, and no end of luxuries, shipped more than a fifth part of the human population, and are ready for starting; but P—— and P—— have, amidst the luxuries of the island, lost all idea of time, and have not yet made their appearance, so we wait for them.

The inhabitants subsist mainly on their land productions, having herds of fine sheep and bullocks, but gain their luxuries by exchanging the monsters of the deep with skippers of ships calling for water. During the months of February and August, considerable numbers of sea-elephants are caught, chiefly on "Inaccessible;" the largest yielding about four barrels of oil. The tusks, being small, are of little use, but nevertheless are used to barter. The islands also swarm with seals, from 2000 to 3000 having been seen in one year.

Whales are also caught, but seldom. The sea alone would make this dreary colony rich, had they a good

population of energetic Anglo-Saxons; but, strange to say, no exertion is made until a ship arrives; then the whaling, sealing, &c. commences. They then make a barter of all they catch for English and American goods; the ship then sails, and the people fatten on their two months' labour, instead of laying in stores of valuable oil, tusks, corned-beef, &c., ready for the next ship, which would speedily enrich them and enable them to return to England with small fortunes.

The wood of the island consists of birch-trees fifty feet high, and low bushes; the south side being covered more than the north.

Our absentees having returned, we bid adieu to the melancholy island and its almost unknown and uncared-for population; except the nine poor creatures on board, who appear to give up all thoughts of seeing their fatherland again.

*7th March.*—Our eleventh day from Tristan; 1416 miles have been accomplished, and with the "Swift" safe and sound towing astern, we make our way towards the high land on the weather bow, the Cape of Good Hope. Well done, dear old "Gorgon!" you have performed 5400 miles in 99 days, about  $55\frac{1}{2}$  miles per day; headlong speed for one of your years and fashion.

It is quite dark when we let go the anchor, consequently we see only rows of main-deck lights of some frigate; we hear several bugles, *à la militaire*, so conclude there is a transport in the harbour. Huge dark masses of land appear towering above us; this is all we can see to-night.

*8th March.*—Here is the troop ship "Adventurer" with China heroes for "Home, sweet Home!" all very yellow-looking, and martyrs to no end of diseases.



Their bugles are being constantly sounded, and the decks are covered with half-dressed dirty, black-bearded and merry-faced, smoking, joking Irishmen. The usual number of shore-boats swarm the gangways, their canny owners exchanging their trifling commodities for valuable loot, which Paddy, generous soul! has gained perhaps with the loss of blood, and has kept so far against every temptation; but he now parts with "jist in order to threat resolution."

Here are also the "Brisk" corvette, and "Ariel;" the latter, which had much the start of us, has not displayed great sailing qualities.

Our commander-in-chief, Rear-Admiral Keppel, K.C.B., is on a cruise towards the west coast of Africa, and is expected here in a few days. Simon's Bay is the naval station, being a safer anchorage than Table Bay, it is extensive and well protected from north-westers; but is in a measure open to the S.E., and when the wind blows from this quarter not over secure.

The harbour is almost surrounded by high land, on the S.E. side there is the mount of Simon's Bay, gradually sloping, then abruptly rising, declining in the background and reappearing at the cape. Simon's Town begins at the Flagstaff Fort on the S.E. side, and consists of the Naval Hospital, a few stores kept by Dutch Americans, the yellow-washed dockyard, naval store buildings, and church. Then follows at the bend the admiral's house, and one or two whitewashed buildings, after which monotonous, tiring, sandy beach. Two mail cars, each drawn by four mules, run to Cape Town daily at 7 A.M., returning about 6 P.M., taking passengers at 15s. a-head there and back, and doing the journey of twenty-five miles in three hours. Simon's Town contains

only one hotel. Society is very limited, and there are no amusements by day or night. There is the choice of two walks: one over rough stones wearisome to the feet, and the other along the monotonous sand. The prospect at our new naval station is not very cheering, and we shall have to give a long pull, and a pull altogether, to make it endurable.

We send a marine to hospital, and for the life of me I cannot avoid laughing at our sergeant. He is a stern disciplinarian, and his instructions say that a marine is to take his accoutrements to hospital. The sick man had been unable to move to his cot for the last few weeks, and is now gasping for breath. With stoical fortitude, but with twitching marks of agony on his features, he submits to the process of being clothed; finally he is seen lying on the outside of his cot, duly rigged in shako, tunic, and boots, but pale as death, and is then reported ready for hospital.

The colony extends upwards of 140,000 square miles, and some one has remarked, that supposing all the large extent of territory over which British authority has been exercised within the last four years were claimed, there would be an addition made to our South African empire of about 280,000 square miles, an area equal to the whole of the Austrian empire, including Lombardy and Piedmont; this was said in the year 1848, and since that time the colony has been considerably extended. Cape Town has not much progressed during the last few years. The heterogeneous mass of people is by no means a happy or united family, and the oldest settlers, the Dutch, seem to drain the country of its heart's blood by periodically sending to Holland the fruits of their labours, while the English have the interest of the

colony at heart, laying out their money and abilities for the welfare of their adopted country.

Were it not for the Dutch the capital of the eastern colony would not be situated at the very extremity of the province, eating its own head off. The situation is bad, its harbour is unsafe; in proof of which I may mention that in April, 1861, the flag-ship had to slip her anchors to a S.E. wind, and run out to sea.

Sufficient money has been already sunk in attempts at improving the harbour, to form a breakwater, but with very unprofitable results; and it is the opinion of many eminent men that thousands upon thousands may go the same way with a like result.

Simon's Bay could be made tolerably safe by building a breakwater to protect it from the S.E. Small steamers could run to Kalk Bay, thence goods could be taken by railway to Cape Town, over ground unsurpassed for the purpose, a distance of eighteen miles. In Simon's Bay nature has provided solid foundations for a breakwater. Here a company has built a patent slip, capable of lifting vessels of 1000 tons, and which has just cradled a Portuguese man-of-war of 500 tons. Numerous other works are in progress.

Cape Town contains many fine buildings; the public library of 30,000 volumes with its interesting museum; the former is, indeed, as creditable to the colony as the latter is to Mr. Layard, the learned, energetic and courteous procurator. The Botanical Gardens are very scientifically planned and zealously kept, and are exceedingly pretty. Opposite is the governor's house, a queer-looking place, badly situated, and nearly hidden by an avenue of trees before it. This avenue is nearly a mile long, and forms the only refreshing promenade and

refuge from the curse of Cape Town, the clouds of sand and dust which are blown up and down the streets, eddying round corners, and shortly making one tired, thirsty, and dusty. The streets are not very good, there being a want of nice division of space for quadruped and biped.

The colony boasts of heaps of newspapers, such as *Cape Argus*, *Commercial Advertiser*, *Cape Town Mail*, which indicate a large amount of local squabbling, &c., although the "leaders" frequently soar as high as the *Times*.

There is only one theatre, and this at present very poor, but improving. A company from London is generally engaged for the season. There are no other places of amusement. The hotels are few and somewhat far between; two principal ones, the "Masonic" and "Mother Parker's." A companion and I sit outside the latter hotel, comfortably doing a cigar, and amusing ourselves with the street oddities. Here there is a Dutch frigate, with no end of studding sail-gear and tricing lines, "always in stays." Then there is a galliot of the same nation, the wind occasionally lifting the lower sails, and displaying a sturdy "fore-foot," and acting with full force on the bulging quarters, wafts the good craft far out of sight. Here comes the comely English lady, as yet untainted by the dust and other impurities, with lady-like carriage and gentle demeanour, her eyes modestly resting on us, her countrymen, beaming with joyous recognition and kindly greeting.

Then a crowd of Hottentots, lazy, swaggering, and grotesque. After these struts the antipodes genus of Bond Street; and, lastly, comes a waggon, drawn by

sixteen sleek mules, at reckless speed, amidst shouts and cracks, its Hottentot Jehu with an ostrich feather in his cap, scientifically touching the off leader on the near ear with his long bamboo-handled whip, measuring about sixty feet. Skilfully he manages the whole affair, and we are all struck with admiration when he suddenly turns a sharp corner at full speed, with a c—r—ack c—r—ack of his almost endless castigator. My companion, himself an excellent whip, cannot contain himself; the Hottentot appears no longer black, but a “magnificent savage,” a splendid fellow, and my friend once more stretches to look round the corner to catch another glimpse; he wishes he could have transferred the scene to a London street.

We next look at the commencement of the Cape railway, in course of construction opposite. This is just the thing wanted to open up the country. The railway will, doubtless, do more for commerce, civilization, Christianity, and for the suppression of the slave trade than all our expensive cruisers, costly subsidies, and useless palavers.

Within the last twenty years land in the vicinity of Cape Town has increased in value from 3s. to nearly 20s. an acre, and, of course, is still increasing as the suburbs extend. The value of landed property in this province nearly trebles that in the eastern province.

It is no uncommon thing for a man to purchase a waggon and team, pack up his traps, and go away for Orange River by easy stages. In its vicinity he squats, calls himself “lord of all he surveys,” drives the Kaffirs away, builds his house and its regular defences, sells the natives powder, muskets, &c. &c., or barter those articles for cattle. In ten years he will have so in-

creased and multiplied his stock that he leaves his "fort" in charge of a gang of slaves and overseer. He returns to Cape Town, turns certain stock, wool, &c., into hard gold, becomes a member of the Lower House, and an influential member of society. Ten years ago he came into the country friendless and almost penniless. This is no uncommon instance of what energy can do in a land "flowing with milk and honey."

The farmers of the Cape pride themselves on their herds of fine sheep and superior horses, which, together with grain, dried fruits, butter, soap and aloes, form their chief productions.

Gentlemen of property do a good business in cultivating the vine, from which proceeds not only the famous "South African sherry," of omnibus and railway-carriage celebrity, but also other more delicious juices of the grape, Constantia, Hock, Pontac, and other nectars. Constantia is excellent drinking, and cheap, we pay 1s. per bottle; Hock the same, and there is a very good Cape sherry at 6*d.*

We must once more get back to Simon's Town; as I said before the society here is very meagre, but the arrival of the admiral's family has had an enlivening effect.

There are no walks, no amusements, only one hotel, and that nothing to boast of, so that we become very dull, and take the very first opportunity of a ball at Cape Town, and we are off. Tin cases, portmanteaus, &c., are packed into a rickety, dusty, dingy, curtained cart; the four mules dashing off at a pretty good pace, quite enliven us, until we approach the first bay of sand, when those possessing an Englishman's quantum of

pity dismount and trudge knee-deep, meeting the vehicle at the other end; and were it not for the thought of the next two miles being similarly disagreeable, we should really enjoy the tit-bits of rides we get. The gods give us patience; we come to the hard road again, then the mules stretch out, then we admire the flat, yet beautiful country on each side. At noon, stopping at Rathfelder's, the halfway-house, we find good entertainment for man and beast, have a look at the last remnant of the Cape hounds, kennelled here; then once more on the delightful endless avenue roads, adorned with sweet nooks, rustic porches, stately carriage-drives, substantial houses, pretty cottages, and cleanly farmsteads, until we reach the creeping suburbs, dash past the "Masonic," and just as evening comes on we find ourselves at the door of "Mother Parker's." Then duplicate white kid gloves are laid in. Midshipmen wildly dispose of heavy dinners; the more knowing ones sip their soda and brandy. The "mid" runs about the bedrooms, kicking up a tremendous row, larking with and laughing at some buxom old dame, who has no end of buttons to put on for them; while the old ball-goers take their bath and arrange the careful toilet. The "mid" turns out in a tremendous flurry, shouting, pulling on and slitting gloves, throwing one pair away and trying another. The wiser heads come down into the hall cool and refreshed.

The governor, Sir George Grey, shook hands separately with us on entering the ball-room; he commenced by kindly introducing us to his guests, and during the whole of the evening most assiduously looked after our welfare in getting partners, enlisting all his *aides-de-camp* in this service. This we thought was very generous

and courteous, and we were just the boys to appreciate those excellent qualities.

The reception-rooms are small, but comfortable and elegant, forming a cross minus one shoulder, which shoulder is filled up by the refreshing gardens and a delightful colonnade, where after the fatigue of dancing two voices might mingle with the leaves in gentle murmurings.

The ladies are chiefly Dutch, but speak English fluently, and dance gracefully. The dear creatures have never been beyond Cape Town, and have therefore little experience of the world, and small skill in the modern accomplishment of flirting. For the sake of their own true hearts they are perhaps all the better for their happy ignorance. In conversation they always acquiesce most prettily in what is advanced, but towards the close of the evening will sail away in their own little channel, until once more in safe waters. They are nice little creatures, keep their engagements (for dancing), and I believe make excellent wives.

On going into the refreshment-room, whom did I see, got up with no end of cap-ribbons and shiny face, but one of the little girls that we brought from Tristan d'Acunha; she is in the governor's service, and now dispenses the good things to his guests. She tugs one of her fellow maids and shouts, "Look! the Gorgons!" then staggers towards us under the weight of a huge cake and a veritable bottle of English sherry, for which we pay her no end of compliments, much to the disgust of a few red-jackets who have only been able to get "Cape sherry."

At last we prepare to depart, and find the usual



number of small shabby hats left for large heads, and happy is he who gets one at all.

We get into our vehicle, and are soon at the door of "Mother Parker's," the usual night-caps are put on, somebody is voted into the chair, and placed upon the table; songs are sung until "daylight does appear," then to bed, perchance to dream of our most enchanting partners of last night.

For some time past Captain P—— has talked of returning to England, although one cannot realize such a calamity, still the thoughts of it will goblin-like dance before us; neither will the last ball nor other gaieties blind us to the stern fact that the chances are against us, for some one or other of the homeward bound China fleet almost daily touch here, and there may be found some embryo commander who wishes to serve his time—selfish mortals, we hope that something will turn up to dissuade our gallant captain from leaving us.

To me he has been so considerate, courteous, indulgent, and so kind, that with him I shall lose more than words can express.

Since arriving we have had alternately N.W. and S.E. winds, the former coming down in gusts, taking up the sand in its way, and blowing it on board; the latter equally squally and unpleasant. With either we find it difficult to land. Tradition says that a cutter full of ships' stewards was capsized some years ago, and her freight dipped beyond redemption. A stone in the churchyard marks their resting-place.

On the 21st, the "Fury" arrived from China. On board of her is an acting commander; I hope he likes his ship too well to leave her!

This morning at daylight we are sent to the assis-

tance of the "Bosphorus" transport, which has on board the 87th regiment from India; last night, in the middle watch, she drifted mysteriously from her anchorage to within a few yards of the fort at the bottom of the bay. It is a most peculiar fact that a great number of ships have done likewise, always bringing up at the same place, never going farther, because there is a kind of out draft which prevents the vessel going nearer to this dangerous rock.

In the face of a gale of wind we commence a task at all times unpleasant, but doubly so here—that of getting a ship; as usual, the merchant skipper proves obstinate, will not be advised by a naval captain, and will not lift his anchors until he sees we have sufficient power to tow him.

The difficulties of giving the required test have been set forth, but to no purpose; at last he relents, the "Fury" tows a head with a steady strain, the "Bosphorus" moves; she's off, and soon anchored safely in Simon's Bay.

The fallen leaves proclaim that this is the autumnal season at the Cape, but this phase of nature is scarcely perceptible at this desolate bay, vegetation is so very scanty.

The weather continues genial; thermometer  $65^{\circ}$ , two days since it stood at  $80^{\circ}$  Fahr.

The inhabitants cheer us with the idea that we shall not have a coldless Christmas, that we shall be able to enjoy a fire, drink our toddy, and become cozy and snug as in England.

How wretchedly spent is the Christmas in the tropics, the very roast beef and plum-pudding (when they can be procured) lose their charms, like a wedding-cake eaten many months after the occasion.

To add to our happiness, we search for a small piece of ground on which to play cricket, but do not succeed in finding any to suit us; it is so uneven, sandy, and barren. *Nil desperandum*, we resort to quoits.

Week after week drags its uneventful length along, and we are wishing for Sunday church, despite the prosy sermons; for under the roof of the hallowed edifice we meet our countrymen of this new world, whose faces we see but once a week. Then we think, speak, and pray together so calmly, thankfully, and harmoniously; we enjoy the freshness of the morning, the walking home, the little chit-chat; then, later in the day, the cosy evening service—all these little events blend so socially, and remind us so much of “home, sweet home.”

31st *March*.—The captain’s gig is alongside and manned. Some of our fellows and I change places with the proper crew; for a short time we are left wrapped in our own thoughts, but are suddenly interrupted by Captain P——, who appears on the gangway, somewhat taken aback at his new boat’s crew. His good-natured countenance is not without a thoughtful expression, as he thinks of our simple way of rendering him a farewell token of respect. He takes his place in the stern sheets; the wind is very high, but I think we all feel as if we could stem a gale. Bared to the elbows and coats off, we dash across the stern, invigorated by three hearty cheers from our crowded rigging, and the noble countenance of our dear old chief, as he bares his head in acknowledgment. Away flies the spray over bow and stroke, the “Brisk’s” fellows turn up and salute us; one more stroke and we shoot alongside the “Fury.” And now we find ourselves shaking hands for the last

time with our gallant chief. He leaves this afternoon for England, having exchanged with Commander W——; but we stifle our feelings, pull slowly back, then alone in our respective cabins quite realise the event, and know our loss, especially mine; but both, happiness and sorrow, have an end. Captain P—— takes with him our sincere love and respect, and leaves an impression which time cannot efface.

*1st April.*—New commander reads his commission, and we have a fine opportunity of finding fault with him. All I intend to say of him is, he is considered a smart officer, loves his profession, and knows more of a ship than most men.

Captain W—— takes himself to hospital this morning, and by his sickly appearance we fear we shall be chiefless for a few weeks.

*11th April.*—"Persian" arrived from Mozambique; she must be nearly the last sailing brig in commission. One of her youngsters, volunteering to do the courier to Cape Town, rode his horse to death, after accomplishing the twenty-five miles in one hour and a half.

*21st April.*—Towards the afternoon we see a peculiar kind of vessel coming in, frigate-like, but yellow washed yards and sails cocked and furled: she anchors, and by the admiral's flag at the mizen we see it is the "Fate." There is the modern admiral with white hat marching the poop, familiarly chatting with his officers, and as jolly and merry at fifty as he was at twenty years of age. Her officers say she is very comfortable.

*29th April.*—At midnight the "Fate" steams gently out of harbour, with band playing—

"We're off for Cape Town early in the morning."

The moonlight night is so beautiful and so alluring that a few of us take the little boat "Constance," and pull after the old ship, keeping her company to the light-ship, when, with a hearty farewell, we turn about, regretting thus to lose the "Fate," her admiral and officers. The admiral goes to Table Bay, to give a farewell ball to the inhabitants. In consequence of bad weather, rendering the anchorage within the bay dangerous, the ball dwindled to a hasty *déjeuner*, after which the "Fate" slipped her anchor and stood out to sea. So ends Admiral Keppel's administration of the Cape station, and so begins that of Rear-Admiral Sir Baldwin Wake Walker.

## CHAPTER IV.

Searching for a lost ship laden with Legislative Councilors—We put into Algoa Bay—Mossel Bay—To the Mozambique—A man overboard—A storm at sea—Arrival at Natal—The cotton-growing capability of that colony.

17th May.—The old ship is ordered to go in search of some missing steamer; while our first lieutenant is crammed with no end of orders, our second is despatched in a carriage and four to Cape Town, why I cannot make out, considering we are to be off in an hour, and he cannot possibly reach his destination under four hours; besides we are already short of officers. It is now 10 P.M., and in an hour we have got up steam, taken in ten days' provisions, cast off from mooring buoy, and are off, leaving three officers and about fifty men behind. The "Penguin" accompanies us, but we are first in the race, she has not even steam ready. The morning finds us cruising along the land, going into every nook and corner to find the missing ship, which appears to have on board Sir Walter Currie and half-a-dozen members of the Legislative Council.

Our signalman is kept at the mast-head all day; officers and men are on the *qui vive* night and morning. It appears that the unfortunate vessel, being short of

coals, has been driven off the coast with but a few days' provisions on board.

We search in vain, after looking into every creek, bay, and harbour along the coast without success. We put into Algoa Bay (which, by-the-by, is a rapidly progressing place), where we heard that the object of our search had been picked up a fortnight ago by our successful rival, the "Penguin"—hang her! We console ourselves as well as we can, and on the 31st May, the weather having moderated, we lift our anchor and return to Simon's Bay. There are some of us who actually hope there may be many vessels adrift near the Cape—our commander being at Cape Town at the time. Now, of the places visited on the last cruise, Mossel Bay, the first place worthy of note, is a very industrious little sea-port, monopolised by some enterprising Dutchmen. It contains about thirty or forty houses, all substantially built of stone. Its bay is well fitted to be made a harbour of refuge, which is greatly needed. The population seemed guided by the motto "Early to bed, early to rise," &c., for at 7 P.M. most of them had drawn down their white blinds in the upper rooms. All were traders doing a good business. We visited one family who were preparing to celebrate in a most loyal manner her most gracious Majesty's birthday; and from the way they proposed doing it, we felt very much inclined to prolong our stay over that date, but the missing ship "Waldensian" determined us to prefer the open sea to a bed of clover.

Algoa Bay is apparently a flourishing place, but having an open roadstead and no harbour can never thrive in comparison with neighbouring places having good ports; the people do not lack energy or the money to improve matters. The streets are generally

wide and long, but irregularly built, up hill and down dale, one pavement sometimes topping the other by several feet; the roads often similarly inclined. There are banks, insurance offices, churches, chapels, town-hall, library, &c., indications of wealth and enlightenment. On a hill, overlooking the town, there is a pyramidal monument to the memory of "the most perfect of human beings," the wife of a magistrate, after whom the place is called "Port Elizabeth."

It is a strange sight to see the town crowded with gaunt semi-civilized Kaffirs, and more curious still (near a place of such civilization) are their primitive dwellings, —mere pigstyes—situated on the top of the hill, close to other houses; the tribes inhabiting them not a whit better than when they were the lords of the soil. The males are indeed strapping fellows, but the mind does not light up the exterior; nevertheless, they are somewhat imposing in appearance, and I am told adhere to most of their native customs.

*8th June.*—One of our fellows has just arrived from Cape Town, having witnessed the races and quietly netted a few pounds. He thought the whole a very, very poor affair; but still a few good horses ran, and considering they are of colonial breed, are not to be despised.

*14th June.*—We are, at last, off to the Mozambique, the sea of slaves and prize money; the anchor is up and down; sails are loosed, and we only wait for a missionary and his baggage to start. At last we descry him in the distance, he comes alongside with (of course) a large boatful of traps; a whip on the main-yard soon hoists them on board. The fifer strikes up a merry tune,—round goes the capstan; no end of "bissing" by boat's-mates; the "cat" and "fish" are walked away



with; sail is made, the old ship makes directly for the stern of the "Narcissus," and, before she can be brought under control, has nearly poked her flying jib-boom through the admiral's stern windows. However, there is no harm done; we get ahead, and soon clear of the channel, and out of signal distance, standing along the coast towards Natal.

17th June.—We have several passengers on board: we have a missionary for Africa, and two other fellows who mess with us, viz., one, a fine specimen of a good Scotchman, the latter an ornament to his native Cape colony.

The time slips by very quickly with these companions. During the day we let them into the mysteries of "selling the horse," which they vow is a glorious institution, together with cutting for beer, &c.; and when Nature has put on her sable-spangled mantle, we initiate them in monk and other games. To-day the wind is squally, nearly every one but the parson feels uncomfortable from the motion of the sea. Towards noon the cry of "man overboard!" hurries all hands upon deck.

There we see the cutter, which has been struck by a heavy sea, her bow hanging in the foaming water; at her stern is a man fast clinging to her for his very life. A sea strikes and covers the boat, and the man is swept away. No, he has clutched at the bow, and is finally hauled on board. The cutter, tearing everything with her, is obliged to be cut away, and shortly we see our favourite boat, which has saved many a life, sinking astern. Nearly all of us are on our beam ends, from laziness and other causes; but the little substantial-looking missionary is indefatigable: now with the sailmaker, then with the ropemaker, afterwards with the carpenters, pick-

ing up a smattering of their respective trades ; and wisely so, for he will need all his knowledge in Central Africa, where he will have to depend upon his own right arm.

His sermons are rather strange, and only adapted to the meanest capacity. On Sunday with flowing surplice he descended to the lower deck, and with the top of a grog-tub for a pulpit, dwelt very eloquently upon nothing. Still he is a sturdy little fellow, and would take a tremendous hit from the shoulder without losing his legs, and in fact is just the build for a missionary to these savages. Of course we hear a good deal of the Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin Missionary Society ; but find ourselves solely impressed with the wonder that it can afford to throw away so much valuable money. Here, for instance, are no end of superfluous things sent from England and the Cape to the Mission ; things that never can be dragged through this country. Servants as well as masters are supplied with the most expensive and useless luxuries from scented soap to tooth-picks. There appears to be something wrong at their head-quarters, for it is a well-known fact that these missionaries are traced by the articles left behind in their travels, to chance or rot with no one to care a straw about them. Thus money procured with so much difficulty is thoughtlessly squandered. Every member of the mission seems to have unlimited powers over the society's purse. In fact everything is done so loosely that I fear the few real sterling Christians among them will leave the field open to the majority, whose zeal in temporal matters appears to have eaten up whatever zeal they once possessed for spiritual affairs ; and in such a service as this, on which perhaps depends the glorious conversion of millions of poor wretches.

21st June.—About midnight there is a sudden stillness, the air clammy, the clouds dark, dubious, and threatening, until the lightning's vivid flash assembles the elements, as it were, to solemn conclave for deeds of destruction. A period of suspense and then a tremendous clap of thunder. Wind, rain, lightning became terrific and grand, the whole horizon now so light, then so dark, each fiery rope so visible, then so suddenly lost in darkness. The pelting rain and mighty wind battle for pre-eminence, and in the fray our fore and main-top sails and top-gallant sails are blown into ribbons.

At one time we expected to see the masts whipped out of us, but after midnight the wind subsided. After the storm comes the calm; in the morning we find the wind gone, then we gaze about and wonder how such thick sails have been torn into shreds, which leaves us (comparing small things to great) to think of "the day of His wrath."

22nd June.—The events of last night quite astonish our passengers; but the little parson kept the deck the whole time, although drenched to the skin. The sight was certainly one of most *awful grandeur*; but we may expect such often in the Mozambique in November next. I suppose some of our sailing brigs must have got their quietus in this manner.

The natives here know the weather so well as to foresee storms, and consequently do not show themselves until the danger is passed; or, at all events, make all snug before the storm comes.

At noon we arrive at the roadstead of Natal. A pretty little tug-boat comes from the harbour, dipping her small nose into the huge waves, and swerving about most ungracefully. Her officers (half-caste Portuguese,

evidently) are vainly dressed à la Royal Navy; but reversing the order of things; the pilot topping the skipper by one stripe, and the first lieutenant (for they have here, as in the navy, a chief housemaid) modestly adopts the plain ring of the civilians.

The entrance to the harbour can scarcely be seen from our position in the roadstead, the land being very low. It appears that Natal has its disadvantages; the entrance to the harbour is always choked by débris, the sewer being insufficient to carry it out to sea, there being only six feet on the bar. Ships arriving and departing have to wait for the spring tides. The municipality have some plan in progress for carrying off the obstruction, but appear to be very slow in maturing their ideas; most likely for want of the great fulcrum—funds!

As yet this young colony has had very up-hill work, but already shows signs of growing prosperity.

The population consists of about 500 Europeans and some Madras coolies, surrounded by a camp of 100,000 Kaffirs, the former occupy substantial-looking houses, the latter their dirty ant-hill kind of hut, and are governed by their own barbarous laws and customs. They pay to the colonial Government a kind of poll tax, which puts £10,000 a year into our exchequer, and which goes towards defraying the expenses of Natal colony.

From experiments made by a party of enterprising Germans, rich hopes are entertained that the vast and beautiful plains now unoccupied will in a few years do much towards rendering England independent of Yankee slave cotton.

## CHAPTER V.

Arrival at our cruising ground in search of Slavers—Preparations for the Chase—Cutting wood ashore—Our Ruffian—The Slave Trade—Mozambique—French evasions of Slave Treaties—The Dhows or Slave Ships—A scene on board with two refugee Slaves.

*23rd June.*—Arrived at our cruising ground. We are not to be over particular in the reading of antiquated slave treaties, but are to pass with the mythical coach-and-four through their many wide provisos. Nor are we tied down to certain parts of the station, but have the whole Mozambique to carry out our little piratical intentions, and do the John Bull to our heart's content at the expense of "Jack Arab."

After making a prize bag of £25 (made up of a day's pay from each officer and man),—a fourth to be given to the man who first reports a dhow, the whole to him who first sees and reports a square-rigged vessel,—and stationing two men at each mast-head, we imagine ourselves already the fortunate possessors of a small fleet of slavers; but are much more assured when we hear that all our boats, saving the dingy, will be sent away on independent cruises, and in this kind of manœuvre we can excel most other ships of our size, for being a "Flapper," as Jack disrespectfully but lovingly calls us,

we have two huge paddle-box boats in addition to the usual complement, which are now being fitted.

This is bright weather by day and night, with just sufficient fleeting squalls to render the air cool and pleasant, which makes the Mozambique quite charming; but it is too good to last long.

The time slips away very lightly as we near the equator, and no wonder. Every one has his work to do, and plenty of it. While the artificers are hammering away at the boats, putting on some false keels, on others higher gunwales, fitting and rigging all for further cruising, our captain is employed bringing the men into shape, superintending the artificers, &c. The medical department is preparing that staff of life in this latitude—quinine—as well as other medicines; and the paymaster's staff are wading through treaties:—in fact every one appears to be doing something for the cruisers.

As a matter of course "Jack's Parson" is up to his eyes in work: at daylight holystoning decks with the men, the remainder of the day making hammocks and mending sails, &c.

If possible, we are to communicate with the Congoni river to collect intelligence of the Livingstone expedition, but the tremendous swell setting down towards the beach prevents us doing so; therefore we stand in for Safalo.

*5th July.*—The ship having anchored about nine miles off the decayed fort, a party of us get ready to go on shore in a paddle-box boat; the usual amount of eatables and drinkables indicate an absence of at least twenty-four hours. Our captain and the parson form the expedition. They are scarcely out of sight when

our mast-head men report a sail on our starboard bow. The men aloft, cat-like, watching the movements of the stranger, who, now seeing us, alters course, thereby increasing our suspicion.

In half an hour steam is up, anchor weighed, and we are bowling towards her. Ah! she anchors; up go the Portuguese colours to her peak. In two hours the commanding officer, together with myself, board her in the dingy. Soon we are creeping under hatches, amongst rice, coffee, and various other merchandise, plain indications of legal trade. Nor are we sorry to finish this examination, and so regain the refreshing air, for all below is foul and offensive.

I feel convinced that the main hatchway has been used for other purposes than the right.

All our hands have been expectantly watching our approach, and we feel sorry to dispel that semi-smile flitting over their countenances; but their curiosity will have it, therefore the words "No prize!" are uttered, and every one looks disappointed. Never mind, we retrace our steps, satisfied at least that the vessel so suspiciously eyed in the offing is no slaver.

Again we pick up our anchorage off Safalo, and towards night are joined by the more fortunate part of the picnickers, who appear in the captain's galley.

*7th July.*—We cannot land at Congoni, the winds having raised a heavy sea towards shore; therefore stand on for Casuarina.

*10th July.*—Here we stop a few days, cutting a quantity of wood to economise the fuel. The little parson, first lieutenant, myself, and another land, build a hut (Indian fashion), elect a cook for the day; the rest of us set to as backwoodmen "felling trees," and

just as the sun is on the meridian down go the axes. Dinner is served beneath our rustic tent, and with the help of a bottle of sherry and other dainties we feel as jolly as gipsies. Then the usual cigars, pipes, grog, and a nap; after which we have only just time for a walk round the island before tea.

We drive into the little forest of American pine, where we discover traces of man, as shown by heaps of old fires and decayed huts. On the beach we find an old bark canoe, something similar to an immense shoe; but we cannot find a single human being.

And now that we have walked completely round the island, we suddenly come upon a party of our Kroo boys, singing their monotonous but time-keeping chorus, working away like sawyers; then once more return to our hut, and over pipes and grog almost envy the Indian's lot, until "clouds gather over us and thunder is heard," and the rain (and tropical rain, too) comes tumbling down, and so puts a damper on our feelings and capsizes our romance. Finally we coil our blankets around us; but, as bad luck will have it, I cannot get a wink of sleep, for there is that M—— crawling about like a crab, occasionally placing his cold hand upon my face. All right; he is fumbling and feeling to get at something (that something a bottle of brandy). Unfortunate, miserable wretch that I am! some one has placed it under my head for safety. For *safety!* with a thirsty Irishman hovering about it like a hawk. For peace of mind and quiet rest I pass the cratur over to the voracious animal; but having secured it he makes matters worse by smoking, drinking, and singing all night, against every kind of remonstrance. At last, feeling quite done up, I drop asleep just as daylight



appears. Awaking about seven I am certainly surprised to see M—— coming in from a long walk.

Having cut sufficient wood we leave it with fires blazing, the usual way of showing affection to such places.

*13th July.*—At the same time we leave the life-boat and second gig on a cruise to Angosca river and islands.

This, our first detachment of boats, has been so hastily arranged as to leave the chances of a safe return somewhat doubtful. The boats are crammed with all kinds of stores, casks, compass, bags, arms, spars, sails, provisions, lanterns, and ammunition,—all huddled together like a midshipman's chest afloat. The gunwale is within six inches of the water, and a heavy sea outside. The carpenter, who has not quite finished patching up, is turned out; and with a "push off" we make sail, and run into the Angosca,—the place where the "Lyra's" boat's crew were murdered by Arabs; but, never fear, we'll endeavour to take care of ourselves.

*16th July.*—Off Mafamale island, we pick up first lieutenant's detachment, who could not enter the Angosca on account of swell, so returned with fisherman's luck, without even a single adventure to relate, except being half-swamped several times. We make the best of our way to Mozambique, at which place we arrive on the morrow.

*17th July.*—Just dusk as the Arab pilot takes us through the dangerous reefs, and anchors us inside the capacious harbour. The pilot's boat is alongside, manned by naked slaves who wince at the cruel cold; then ensues an amusing dialogue between H—— and the parson; the former maintains—of course to aggravate the parson, who is looked upon as a Jonah by all hands

—that a slave is the connecting link between man and monkey.

The parson asks, "Do you see that slave's foot?" (pointing to slave). "Yes," answers H.

"Is it not more like your own than a monkey's?" continues the parson. "Certainly," says H.

"Then you are more like a monkey than that slave, *Quod erat demonstrandum*," says the parson; and H. is silent.

Anchor in five fathoms. Sebastian flag-staff, S.S.E., pier head S.W. by W. As it is dark we cannot see much of the town.

18th July.—The harbour is very large, commencing at the fort; then comes an avenue of trees on a gentle incline; then a heap of dirty iron rusted, once white-washed, flat-roofed houses, then a church and pink-frescoed governor's palace, with its rank weedy garden in front; and a pier, with sugar-loafed stone buttresses running out to sea; and, lastly, a dilapidated cathedral, reminding one of past magnificence under Jesuitical sway.

On the other side of the harbour (which is about ten miles broad) there are some very good houses, habitations of the opulent Portuguese.

In the harbour there are two or three dhows, miniature junks, alias slave-coffins, and a French barque ready for their living freight; also a Portuguese schooner of war (which will do a stroke of illegal traffic at a pinch), and a rakish-looking schooner, the property of a merchant of Mozambique.

About nine A.M., a swarm of bark canoes, with peculiar outriggers, and paddled by naked Africans, surround the ship, the Africans shouting most barbarously, ever and anon, as passion moves them; dashing their one

paddle from side to side into the water, propelling their frail barks by jerks and starts, a zig-zag course.

A mongrel Arab sharper comes on board to acquaint all that it may concern, that he has sour oranges, pines, and other tasteless fruit in his canoe. Before arriving at this place it was understood that every one on board should keep the ship's movements secret, so that we might not allow the slave-merchants to evade us and effect the safe delivery of their cargoes; but this morning our captain has—I cannot help thinking, injudiciously—engaged an Arab, named Bullhead, to be our cruising interpreter and general spy on the slave coast. He promised to do all this for £5 per month, and a reward of £10 if we capture a dhow, and £20 if we capture a square-rigged vessel on his information. These half-breed Arabs are generally roguish; a species of low cunning outcasts, possessing the subtlety of the Asiatic, the treachery of the Arab, and cowardice of the negro; and would do anything for a few dollars, even to selling their own parents, if they only knew them. Our ruffian I will describe. He wears a large white turban, on a little grisly coconut-looking skull; bleared right eye, left blind; face, a dirty black, indented by small-pox, the marks of the disease being darker than the other parts of the skin. Extended nostrils, thick lips, and short neck; a light soiled cotton garment comes below the knees, and over it a bad imitation of a Zouave jacket, white, with a dash of blue. Feet very large; toes awkwardly separated, like extended fingers. He speaks half-a-dozen coast jargons, besides a smattering of Arabic, French and English. His ears were at the full cock, and his one eye here, there, and everywhere. Such is our interpreter, an unpleasant man to meet at night in a country lane.

where laws are lax, money scarce, and assistance scarcer, unless armed with a good blackthorn or a double-barrelled pistol (in preference to a Colt revolver). This is the kind of man that you must sometimes shake hands with, but always do it with the other hand clenched, ready to knock him down. Talking about the price of men, one day our interpreter said that he would sell his father for ten dollars; then, as if remembering some old grudge, said, "no, five dollars;" but, to give the fellow his due, he vowed that he would not sell his mother for double that sum. As his sole object is lucre, I think if his countrymen offered him a larger bribe, he would show one redeeming point in giving them the preference, and become a spy on our movements; therefore I think we are better off without him, but time will tell.

The Governor appears to have the utmost hatred of slavery and the slave trade; but I believe, like all other Portuguese Governors, however well intended, he is sure to be overcome finally by the great temptations the inhuman traffic offers, especially as his pay depends nearly on it.

But he says that in capturing dhows we cannot make a mistake, all of that kind of craft being slavers. Perhaps he wants to draw our attention from the large rakish barque in harbour, by sending us after the small fry; but our captain does not feel inclined to do this.

*19th July.*—We have had a great deal of rain every day, thermometer  $75^{\circ}$ ; still the evenings are very pleasant.

Land near the fort, walk up a pleasant avenue of trees, pass the market, the tradespeople of which consist of a dozen nearly naked men, women, and children, squatting and lying down in a state of semi-torpor

before their commodities, viz., a few black unwholesome bananas and other decayed fruit. Scores of children with abdomens extended, faces furrowed, painted and daubed with yellow and red ochre, bask in the sun, like lumps of india-rubber, amidst dirt and dust, to all appearance motherless.

The streets are very narrow, but consequently shady: the houses are flat-roofed and Mahommedan-like, the square flat top serving for tank, promenade, and place of devotion.

There are two old barn-like cathedrals, very dilapidated and ugly. Slaves are the principal human beings to be met walking and lounging about the streets; the males shave and polish their scalps, then expose them to the sun and rub them with grease, which makes them look like polished cocoa-nut shells.

To-day we visited one of the unadorned plainly-whitewashed mosques of the Puritan sect of the Arabs (Mahommedans are divided into sects like ourselves). This sect, a sort of low-church party, will not permit their mosques to be dressed up with any tinsel, gaudy furniture, or articles of pomp and show whatever.

Although the Mahommedan is such an infidel as to be quite beyond the possibility of having the joys of a Christian hereafter, I cannot help stopping in the street to admire him in his devotions. About sunset, passing the houses, we saw the faithful Moslem at prayer on his house-top as of old, coolly robed in a venerable long white dress; his dark, tanned, serene, fine features, long beard, and full, expressive eye occasionally lighted up by his deep-rooted and ardent religious feelings. He stands, kneels, and falls extended on his small square of matting or carpet, humbly kissing it, his face turned to

the holy East. Thus he continues praying to the *Great Allah* most fervently and devotedly for at least an hour, never heeding anything or any one; and this duty he repeats five times a day.

Called on M. Sonres, a Portuguese gentleman, and kind of consular agent, who informed us that an adult slave can be bought for £4 in English money, and children half that sum, all of whom are kidnapped from their parents in the interior. No wonder that the unprincipled Portuguese prefer this fast way of making their fortunes, to the slower method of legal trade and cotton growing. The tribes bordering the coast are constantly at war, and caravans are always ready with their beads, brass wire, and cotton clothes, to purchase the captives who are then brought to the great marts for sale, and to be shipped in dhows for Madagascar, and eventually for foreign markets.

The Portuguese officers are badly paid by their Government, because they are expected to dabble in and support the slave trade, which, supposing the officials were well paid, would languish. There is scarcely a shop in the town, everything and every one appears to be connected with and contaminated by the slave trade, which seems to banish all manliness and nobility from the countenance, and to place in their stead a sneaking, cowardly, and suspicious lurking look.

*20th July.*—Our men are getting on board numbers of huge pigs, which being defiled, according to the belief of their former owners, are sold cheap to the less superstitious but more hungry blue-jackets, who never stick at trifles.

Some of our boats are beginning to look fit for cruising; pinnace has been raised full seven inches; starboard

paddle has an immense false keel, commencing at nothing and ending with three feet deep at the stern. Life-boat has a few of the pinnace's bottom boards nailed above her gunwale, second gig is very well fitted, but is scarcely worth the expense, as she is very shaky and rotten.

On the West Coast of Africa, where the sea is generally like a sheet of glass, boats scarcely want fitting at all; but in the stormy Mozambique, where they constantly lose sight of land, a little more consideration for the welfare of those who man the boats is highly necessary.

This afternoon two fine-looking Arabs came on board. It appears they are cousins to the Sultan of Johanna. The chief one, by name "Said Omar," ten years ago being envious of his cousin, tried to effect a revolution, gathered his friends and commenced a little political intrigue; but being found out was exiled, kith and kin, since which time he has laboured to do Englishmen in general whatever service he could, rescuing some from shipwreck, ransoming others from Arab rogues, and gaining for himself no end of testimonials, which speak highly of his philanthropic deeds. For the last few months both the cousins have professed great anxiety to return to their fatherland (Johanna), but dare not for fear of losing their heads. They have gone on board every English man-of-war arriving at Mozambique, showing their testimonials and seeking mediation, but it appears with very little success, in consequence of the Sultan forbidding any one to approach him on the subject.

There are few things worth buying to be got at Mozambique. The conchologist can amuse himself by

making a fine collection of shells, found on the many reefs in the vicinity,—cowries and other shells of every description will make his heart glad; a blear-eyed old Arab will give him a large basket-full for a shilling, but will be sure to ask more. Ivory can be got in any quantity. Grass mats can be bought for half a dollar each, some of them very pretty. These are made by female slaves; and, even taking that fact into consideration, it is wonderful how they can sell their productions so cheaply, because each mat takes a slave about a month to make. First the grass has to be coloured, then the different stripes plaited, then sewn together according to taste, a work of immense labour.

Food is cheap; muscovy ducks, 1s. 6d. each; fowls, 4d.; potatoes, 4s. per cwt.; oranges, 2s. per hundred; coffee, excellent, of a peculiar chocolate flavour, 8d. per lb.; rice 1¼d. per lb.; eggs, 1s. per dozen. The native bullocks, with their dainty humps, are fine eating, and cost about £1 each. Sheep very scarce, few of the natives being civilised enough to eat them; their wretched substitutes, goats, are plentiful enough, but hardly worth having at any price.

There is very little English money in the place, although every man-of-war leaves about £200.

Clothes are not to be trusted on shore, at least not to the present washermen, Indians, who beat them to rags, half wash them, put dirty starch into them, and pass a cold iron over them, and finally try to steal them, sometimes with success.

Our captain did all he could for the cousins of the Sultan, volunteering to take them to his Majesty, and plead their cause, which they did not seem to relish, but prepared a petition to their angry lord, which we



were to deliver, the captain promising to engage our consul in their behalf, in consideration for their kindness to our countrymen. We also pleased them much by repairing their musical box, which had come to grief.

There are numbers of dhows in harbour, which being the usual vessels for transporting slaves, I must describe more fully:—by-the-bye, our friends of this morning do a considerable stroke of business in the slave trade. There is their dhow under French colours. Johnny Crapaud has a knowing system of slaving entirely to his own self, having several possessions in this latitude, including Bourbon and Mayotte islands, which are little else but slave farms. France having subscribed to the treaty, her subjects cannot do the thing openly; they consequently buy and collect slaves along the coast from the numerous barracoons, and call them emigrants, “*free slaves*,” *engagés*, or some such hypocritical names. We cannot touch them, they are free to take black emigrants!

Dhows are of two kinds: the southern dhows are those that ply between Congoni and Zanzibar, and are like Chinese junks, heavy in the poop, sharp sloping in the bow and stern, and varying from 10 to 100 tons, with one or two masts, according to size; they have fine single spars, with very long latteen yards and sails, the largest ones having stern windows. Before the wind they will sail like witches, but on the other points sail badly. They take whichever turns up first, slaves or merchandize. They are generally armed with old flint-lock muskets, sometimes a small three-pounder gun, together with assegais, daggers, and two-handed swords, but generally yield without fighting; our boats usually have a long chase unless they fire round shot;

musket-balls they ignore, but when the former is used they haul down their immense sail at once. These dhows generally procure their slaves along the coast up rivers, bights, and bays, the more concealed the better. An order is given to the slave procurers to get so many slaves by a certain time, divided into lots at different places on the coast; generally the trader kidnaps them, sometimes giving beads, silk, and wire, &c. for the poor creatures. The dhows then make their appearance, their owners giving cottons, cloth, silks, and dollars in exchange. At present, about Zanzibar, the price of a male adult is about twenty or thirty dollars, lower down the coast, women, fifteen to twenty, children, one to five. Collecting the slaves as they go, they, when full, make for Madagascar, where their cargoes are transferred into the stifling holds of French and Spanish ships that come up with the last of the southerly monsoon, which continues from March to October, and go away with the northern one, which commences in November, and lasts until March. Slaves are so cheap that a cannibal might live cheaper on human beings than butcher's meat; a slave costs less than a sheep. Great numbers have of late been found in the southern dhows, for being alternately traders and slavers they do not remove their valuables; moreover, Arabs are particularly fond of loading their concubines with very massive jewelry—anklets, bracelets, earrings, gold mounted daggers, &c., and all these are unceremoniously taken off by Jack with all the gentleness he is capable of.

The northern dhow is a large boat with straight stern, planks properly secured with nails, timbers, &c., more neatly built than the others, but with just the

same kind of sails; the largest have heavy poops, their most distinctive characteristic being the hurricane rudder standing high above the stern, and managed by yoke lines rove through outriggers on the quarter, and carried in board. The best way to capture them is to cut these lines, which being fitted very low down can be got at easily with a sharp knife: they then become unmanageable, and offer less resistance. These northern dhows ply between Muscat, Persian Gulf, and Zanzibar. They are the acknowledged pirates of the coast, and when chased they throw their slaves overboard. A short time ago one of them had on board 240 slaves, which having cost on an average not more than two dollars each, were not equivalent to the value of the vessel. On seeing a cruiser in chase the crew cut the throats of all the slaves separately, then threw them overboard, to save the dhow: but when the slaves exceed the value of the dhow, they either make a bold run for it, or else land them. Their most common method when chased near the coast is to throw the slaves overboard, trusting to their being picked up on the coast by canoes; at other times when they are sore pressed the whole cargo, chained, is dropped over the side. This is not a story of West Coast origin, nor of ten years ago, but of the present day. People are apt to think that these horrible features in this inhuman traffic have disappeared; I only wish they had. Cruisers in capturing generally adhere to the rule of red flag (Arab), or none at all, as being the safest plan, because many of our captains have had to pay very heavy sums as indemnification for the illegal capture of Portuguese vessels.

The Portuguese flag covers a multitude of slaves. "Once bitten, twice shy," is a proverb that captains

cannot afford to forget. I have heard that a celebrated Portuguese slave company have a small man-of-war schooner as a blind ; it carries all the money for the purchase of slaves, and generally leads our cruisers off the scent.

By the treaty of 1847, the Sultan of Zanzibar is allowed to traffic in domestic slaves between the latitudes of  $10^{\circ}$  S. and  $2^{\circ}$  N. All dhows without this limit engaged in the slave trade are liable to be captured, and all dhows *within* the limits can be captured if without the Sultan's pass and Banian customs' clearance, and all dhows without colours or papers can be captured. The northern dhows generally steal their slaves, and run outside the island of Zanzibar to cheat the revenue. After boarding the dhows, we generally put their crews on the nearest land, and take the slaves to the Seychelles, where they are taken care of.

Until we get rid of the villainous crew, a sharp lookout must be kept on them. The "Lyra's" prize crew of a dhow were surprised by the slaver's crew ; when making sail their officer had a large turban cloth thrown over his eyes, and, with the whole of his men, was thrown overboard. Their boat towing astern after having a heavy stone thrown into her to sink her, was cut adrift, but fortunately was not damaged, and the officer and men being able to swim, got into their boat and were saved.

On going through the streets of Mozambique we see nearly all the slaves disfigured in some way or another, according to taste ; one little girl, about six years of age, has a brass-headed nail through her nose, and makes a kind of cribbage-board of her ears ; her face is barbarously gashed, and in the grooves a kind of yellow

dust is inserted. These gashes, extending from each eye round the cheek to the chin, form a crescent on the forehead, with a vertical line down the nose. The pattern differs but slightly in different individuals. About 10 P.M., a slave emerges from the sea alongside, having clambered into the dingy astern, over the taff-rail on board, and there he stands naked, shivering and supplicating evidently in an extremity of fear for his poor life: we see his case at once, it is an everyday occurrence. He is a runaway, and must have swum, at least, two miles to get beneath our time-honoured bunting. A cup of hot tea and bread, &c., are eagerly devoured by him, then he begins to explain himself. By drawing his fingers across his throat, he illustrates some act attempted, or to be attempted, by his cruel master. We keep him on board until the captain arrives with the little parson; the former humanely put his name in our books as one of our crew, thereby giving the protection sought; the latter runs down below and shortly appears with a Baltic shirt and trousers, which he puts over the shivering limbs of the poor darkey, who can scarcely realize his position, and when sent forward, stows himself away in some dark corner of the ship, and cannot be found even at meal hours.

20th July.—During the day we have another case of this kind. Our steam is blowing off, and we are in the usual man-of-war fever to get away, but fortunately the captain's clothes are at the washerman's, which is some guarantee that we shall not lose *our* linen, which the dishonest Arabs keep back in hopes of the ship sailing without it. I hasten on shore, and scramble through dirty huts and wigwams, and at last manage to collect about 200 pieces of the missing gear belonging to our

fellows, and with my prize hurry back; getting on board, the anchor is weighed, and we are moving.

The pilot, an Arab, is just leaving us when one of his boat's crew, a slave, smuggles himself on board, and clings to the gun's tackle with desperation. With his fingers he imitates a terrible flogging, occasionally uttering doleful wretched cries, and pointing to his master, as the instrument of torture, who glares savagely the while. The captain orders him to be removed to his master's boat, but that is easier said than done; the black clings most tenaciously, nor could he be dragged away, unless by force, which was not used. In the meantime the poor slave howls horribly, and the captain tells the owner to take his slave into his boat. The task is too much for him, and at last the poor creature is left with us. He rushes forward and meets his brother, the runaway of last night, they shake hands together, then run aft and wave their hands triumphantly at the almost maddened master dropping astern.

I cannot help sentimentalising when I see these black fellows waving their hands, the blue ensign floating over their heads, and the master's savage look. The whole was a pantomime scarcely describable.

As our paddle-wheels revolve once more we turn and loathingly look at the Portuguese flag floating insultingly over multitudes of these poor wretches.

## CHAPTER VI.

The Natives of Pemba Bay—Our visit to their Chief, and a night in their huts—A day's shooting—Kiswara and its inhabitants—A dhow in sight—The chase, and our great loss—The slave markets of Quiloa and Ibo—Our doctor's cruise amongst the slavers—A night on Latham Island—Arrival at Zanzibar.

*22nd August.*—Pemba Bay.—I proceed in the pinnace, with another officer, to a village within this bay, at which place we arrive at 6 P.M. We have Bullhead and a countryman of his, who was formerly the public executioner, with us. The beach having a very gradual slope, we are obliged to anchor very far out. The pinnace is moored for the night; but begins to pitch unpleasantly: we get close in shore without casualty, but suddenly find our little boat on a reef of rocks, and there are hundreds of natives on the beach. In ten minutes we are once more afloat, and manage to find the way by starlight into a little creek, where we beach, and are immediately surrounded by a crowd of dirty natives, clad only with a little bit of cloth round the loins. They are all armed with spears, bows, and arrows, from the all but sucking infant to the full-grown warrior. The ex-executioner buckles a cutlass, which we have lent him, round his loins, we load our only weapon, a

fowling-piece, with double charge, advance, and ask for an interview with the chief. Bullhead delivered the message, and the mob jabbered for a short time, then led the way through a number of rude huts to the chief, a little thin half-caste Arab, clothed in a long, greasy, cotton shirt. He was very civil to us and pointed to a seat outside his hut, where we brought ourselves to anchor; and Bullhead said what he liked. We were somewhat excited with the peculiarity of our position, surrounded as we were by all the savages of the village, whose treacherous eyes were watching our every movement. They constantly manœvered to get on our flanks. Their intensely ugly visages, and their formidable knives and spears were occasionally brought into strong relief by the flickering glare of a wood fire. All this might be very amusing, no doubt, to some people, but, although there was nothing to fear, I could not help thinking that we were at the mercy of the savage wretches who obeyed no laws, either human or divine. At last, Bullhead said it was all right, the people were friendly; they find us a hut, and things to sleep upon; they light our fire, then leave us to enjoy ourselves as we best can.

Before we lie down to sleep, we barricade the approaches. At midnight I opened my eyes, and contemplated the scene. The sleepers were arranged in a square, Bullhead and the cutter-off of heads—their black bodies all exposed—forming an angle, and I and my brother officer another angle. In the centre a wood fire occasionally shot out a dismal flickering flame lighting up the villainous countenances of our black friends; and, half-suffocated by the smoke (there being no chimney), I tumbled off to sleep.



On awaking next morning we found that the "black right angle" had gone off to the pinnacle for our breakfast. About 9.30 they returned with two more of our fellows, together with two rifles and implements of sport; and after enjoying a hearty breakfast—all the people evidently disgusted with our mode of eating with knives and forks, &c.—we all started for a day's shooting. We shot over a most lovely and, apparently, endless plain, covered with long, rich grass, and towards evening returned with two brace of wild geese, three of teal, and numbers of smaller birds. We then said farewell to our friendly savages, first making them a few presents. We got on board the boat and were soon alongside the old ship, and were not a little proud of showing the contents of our bag.

*23rd August.*—The pinnacle—this time with a six-pounder gun and a rocket tube—goes on a cruise, with Bullhead, the interpreter, who is to be landed in disguise in order that he may obtain information concerning our friend, the barque, expected at Ibo for a cargo of slaves.

*24th August.*—Anchored off Mongulho river for the night; but gaining no intelligence weighed at daylight, and stood on for Kiswara harbour; arriving at this place about 7 P.M.; immediately the gunner was sent in the dingy, manned and armed, to communicate with the village; and shortly returns with a tremendously long face, reporting that the natives had deserted the coast village, and were falling back on a second. He was surrounded by thousands of savage-looking fellows, who thickly closed around him and his guard of two marines, the natives with knitted brows, wild gesticulations and daggers drawn. He said, "I didn't half like it, they appeared to be bent on mischief." Savagely they told

him that our boats had left this place a week ago with three dhows in tow. This was so far satisfactory, and the captain made up his mind to give the men a quiet Sunday by remaining at anchor; but just as we were going to divisions, a dhow passed round the corner, which leads to the pipe, "Out paddle-box boat! Presto!" is the word,—a gig's mast for a mizen, another spar for the main, and a studding-sail for a tug are thrown into the old cruise water; she pushes off in chase, but the dhow has made sail, and passes two-thirds of the arc forming the bay, hurrying to double the point. Now she has rounded it; the paddler can scarcely weather the reefs running out. At last she has done it; both have disappeared, and we prepare to go after them. The anchor is weighed, steam is blowing off, and we are away. *Another* dhow doubles the first point, but having no boat on board we reluctantly give her up, so that we may overtake our paddler that is without a day's provision, and nearly out of sight—another instance of a long stern chase. At sunset we pick up our boat, and learn that the dhow, setting larger sails than she had at first, gradually drew ahead, and at last vanished, proving without doubt that she is laden with slaves. So we have lost about £500.

These dhows with a fresh breeze after them will defy all our small boats. With a wind our boats would have the advantage. The very look of the dhow, with her light shallow bow and heavy deep poop-stern, shows that she is built for running before the monsoon winds; besides, no dhow in Mozambique would try to beat to windward.

Now we are off to Quiloa, next to Ibo the largest slave market on the coast. Good authorities say that it

sends 1000 slaves annually to Zanzibar alone ; and that from 3000 to 4000 are sent elsewhere : some to supply the Portuguese southern markets, the majority for European ships that sneak along the coast.

Now we hear the glad tidings that the missing paddler is in sight ; we see her bearing down, and therefore let go our anchor on Ukyera reefs. All night we watch, but in vain. Every eye is strained, rockets are fired, blue lights burnt, still no sign of our boat, although we saw her distinctly before dark. Perhaps she has anchored on the reef. Our present anchorage we find very dangerous, having only five fathoms under our bottom in a place where there is a great fall of water ; we are therefore obliged to weigh and stand off for the night.

*26th August.*—On closing the land we once more see our truant boat making towards us, and, as may be expected, we hasten to meet her. In two hours she is alongside. I take the great sea doctor by the seat of his trowsers and cuff of his well-worn jacket, and pull him over the ship's side. His appearance was such as to make us look on him more as a curiosity than anything ludicrous. There he stood, his hair uncombed and matted, his red beard and whiskers crisped by the sun, covering nearly the whole of his fat face ; his eyelashes gone, his eyes a strange light blue, so weak, and streaming with fluid ; his breast exposed, his jacket, Baltic shirt, flannel trowsers, and shoes nearly falling off for very rottenness ; his trowsers gaping, and as he jumped and fell down the hatchway his whole self resembled so absurdly an immense gorilla, that I stood for some time thinking could a month's cruise so have altered him, and the boat's crew also, for they are

like half-starved gipsies; but what can it all mean? The old boat is made fast astern, the ship moves sluggishly to seaward, the men are taken forward, we pour a glass of sherry down the throat of the doctor, who rather astonishes us by saying, "No more just yet, I shall be screwed; it's the first dhrop of liquor that I've tasted for ten days." We strip the poor fellow and get him a bath, and after putting on more decent clothes he makes his appearance, with his gorilla phiz just touched up in the region of the nose, but surrounded with a circle of shade. He really looks so ridiculous that we can resist no longer. Every one is convulsed with laughter, which having subsided, we get from him the following sketch of his doings:—

"On the night of the 24th July the boat filled up to the thwarts, and spoilt nearly all our bread; and finding no chocolate we sent on board for some; and it was very lucky we did, as it afterwards turned out.

"Directly the ship had left Tonghy Bay we crossed over to Tikoma Island, and there plugged up the boat; then commenced our cruise up the coast, putting into the different villages, bartering with the natives, pulling up rivers, and boarding dhows: all very easily up to the 3rd August, when we poked into Sindy river, and there saw a large dhow at anchor, her sails unbent. Boarded and found in her about fifteen fierce-looking Arabs, who could neither show colours nor papers. We also found muskets, spears, swords, and a 3-pounder gun, with no end of slave food and water, slave-irons and other gear. We, therefore, condemned her and tried to take her in tow, to get clear of the hundreds of natives who showed great inclination to assist their countrymen. Could not

bend her sail. The gig's stern being torn out by towing, and finding that we could not get her out, landed her crew; her captain, an old Arab, refusing to leave the vessel, imploringly shaking the first lieutenant's beard, and making us understand that he had a box of gold on board that he longed to recover. The vessel was then ordered to be searched, but our blue-jackets had lashed her already. Boxes were found, burst open and ransacked, and all was confusion. Night was fast approaching, the natives were launching their canoes and making demoniac noises, so we hoisted the old Arab into the boat, got him on shore, and set fire to the dhow; then quickly pulled out of the river, guided by the red glare of the blazing vessel.

“Steering along the coast as before, we went first into one bay and then another, up the rivers and down again, boarding dhows and releasing them when their papers were correct.

“The days passed quickly enough. We slept, we smoked, but seldom read. We marked time by the all-engrossing epochs of the day—our meals, which we got from the blue-jackets' pot.

“The nights passed slowly enough, at sea especially. The same pitching and rolling; the dark sea around us; the frowning, scudding clouds above, frequently depriving us of the moon. When tired of smoking, of talking, and of thinking, while one lay down in the bottom of the wet boat to a restless sleep the other kept watch, and when sickly daylight dawned we were up taking our invigorating chocolate.

“So we rubbed along until the 7th August when, on looking into Kiswara, we saw three dhows running out of the bay. By firing a musket we got the smallest to

show Arab colours, the others were above that kind of thing.

"We boarded the dhows, which we found without colours or papers, fitted for slave trade and laden with silks. There were several women on board. At first the crew refused to leave, but the Kroo boys very soon bundled the blacks into our boats, and our men made the Arabs follow. The women were dressed in the richest stuffs; with rings on their fingers and rings on their toes, also in their noses. They had huge silver bracelets on their arms, and their legs were adorned with massive anklets of the same metal, which almost prevented their walking. They endeavoured to conceal a box full of jewelry, which our blue-jackets quickly found, burst open and pillaged. Two of the women had gold-mounted daggers under their pillows, which Jack also deprived them of; and when the angry creatures were shorn of their fine charms, the same Jack assisted them into the boats with the utmost gentleness.

"About ten miles from the shore one of the dhows rapidly filled with water, and went down, taking with her all my surgical instruments and clothes. We then made for the shore, observed the other dhows about six miles to windward, standing to the S.W.

"Every day we endeavoured to bear to windward to rejoin the ship, but the current prevented our making much headway. On the 17th our provisions began to fail. All the salt meat had gone, most of the biscuit had been spoilt and the remainder devoured. The grog had also vanished, and the chocolate was now the chief reliance, as it was both food and drink. The little water that remained was putrid. The chocolate was now gone, and for five days we lived upon a handful of rice and a

pint of water. On the 24th we managed to get some fresh water; and on the 25th, never shall I forget the joy that I felt on seeing the dear old ship heave in sight! I at once forgot all our little deprivations, and felt as happy as possible. We had to anchor for the night without reaching you, and next morning how astonished we were to find you gone. I was thoroughly disappointed, and abused you all to my heart's content; but when you once more made your appearance, I felt very forgiving; and on being hauled neck and crop over the ship's side, thanked God I was once more on board the dear old 'Gorgon!' Thus ends our little cruise."

*27th August.*—We anchor off Latham Island, a little patch of sand about ten feet high, the habitation of sea-birds.

The following day our gunner and third engineer take the dingy to land thereon; the surf is so great that it capsizes them, and nearly drowns both of them. Now they are on shore, but can't get off. The surf increases, and so with wet clothes, without even a light for a pipe, they try to sleep; but it is too cold. The old gunner runs round the island to gain a little warmth, followed by a large flock of birds shrieking in his ears, flapping his face, skimming over his head, and completely surrounding him. He ran with all speed to get away, but it was no good, so he lay down, but not to sleep; his tormentors hovering over him as if he were a lump of carrion. It was amusing to hear the old gunner describe his night on the island, declaring, as he did, that it was the worst he had ever spent.

Early in the morning they managed to get off, thankful to escape from voracious birds, and vowing never to land on such a place again. We have an officer and

ten men, perhaps, in the hands of Philistines, and I think it a pity to waste five days off this barren island, even for the sake of equipping the paddler for another cruise; but I suppose our captain knows best.

*31st August.*—We are now on our way to Zanzibar, and the captain wishes to drop the paddler, so that she may get to Pemba Island to intercept the northern dhows; but there is no one on board to go. At last the gunner is sent; unfortunately he knows nothing of navigation, "and the land is no longer in view." Nevertheless he goes most willingly, showing a great deal of pluck. Although officers and men may always be found to volunteer for such services, I think, if I were a captain, I should consider the lives of twenty men far more valuable than all the slave dhows in the Mozambique at £5 10s. per ton. We leave the boat, with a bow-gun and six weeks' provisions, much better fitted than before.

*1st September.*—Having arrived at Zanzibar we hasten on shore, and to our joy find the missing H—— all right, comfortably lodged at the consul's house, looking as healthy as possible, and dressed in a grass skull-cap, large moustachios, long beard, and cool white dining rig, much more like a distinguished foreigner than a second master R.N. We are also glad of the opportunity to pay a visit to his hospitable host, Colonel Rigby, Her Majesty's representative, of whose praiseworthy efforts to suppress the slave trade on this coast, and benevolent exertions for the emancipation of slaves within the Sultan's territories, we have heard so much.

It being night, we found him according to Oriental custom on the top of the house, surrounded by a few guests, impatient to hear H——'s account of himself.



We drop into arm-chairs, and, refreshed by the night air and deliciously cool claret, draw around him and listen most attentively to a yarn, the sum and substance of which is that, at sunset on the 9th of August they lost sight of first lieutenant's dhow, and burnt a blue light, which not being answered, steered for the rendezvous; but on the following day found themselves off Quilóa, carried down by the current; shortly a dhow came from this town and spoke them. At last two half-soldier looking Arabs came on board with a message from the *King of Quilóa*, asking H—— to go into that port with his two dhows. H—— remarked that Quilóa had no king, and the Arabs replied that they meant the English consul. H—— assured them that Her Majesty had not considered it necessary to send one there. They then tried the Portuguese consul, but H—— seeing their drift, told them to begone.

One of the strangers now began to use threatening language, when one of the crew pointed his rifle close to the man's head with intent to scatter his brains, but H—— stopped him. The Arabs then went away, and shortly their dhow came closer; then for the first time our men saw about fifty semi-soldiers, ruffianly-looking fellows armed to the teeth, emerge from their hiding-place, and prepare to board. H—— arrayed his men with their rifles loaded, pointed at the boarders ready to commence a few rounds of quick firing should they make the attempt. Seeing the determination of the small crew of Englishmen, the curs slunk off and ran for Quilóa to obtain more men and dhows, "for," said they, "we are determined to take you." It was evident to H—— that shortly they would return with greater force to recapture his dhows and murder

his crew; therefore, finding one of these dhows in a sinking state, he gave her the finishing stroke and scuttled her. Feeling a great deal less hampered with the gig astern he endeavoured to get to windward; but was at last obliged to run before a heavy south-wester, the boat astern towing under water; and after taking out of her all ammunition and stores, he told his crew of her state, and asked if any two would volunteer to save her by casting off and sailing in company. As usual, all would go; but finally three were selected. Taking two barrels of water, a little ammunition and their rifles, they jumped into her, cast off, and made sail. At sunset saw gig some distance astern, burnt a blue light, but could not shorten sail as wind was blowing very fresh. Breakers on lee bow, the gig nowhere to be seen; remained the whole night bumping most unpleasantly. At daylight found themselves on a reef near Quiloa Point, when tide rose and carried them off; but still left them in rather an awkward position. They had a very good dhow under them certainly; but her sails were split, and still splitting. In the shape of provender they had a cask of rice and plenty of water, and no end of sea-room. After the affair at Quiloa they could not put into any of the villages in the vicinity; therefore determined to make for Zanzibar, the position of which they had but a very vague notion.

By hugging the land they got on very well, until about eight miles from their destination, when once more they found themselves on a coral reef—this time almost without a chance of getting off. So they let go the anchor, and by hauling on the cable day and night managed to ease the old craft gently over the rocks. This was very tiring work, and they almost began to

despair. At last they determined to burn the dhow and take to the land, hoping to reach some place opposite to Zanzibar. But the tide rising higher than usual floated our barque, and once more they were bounding over the deep as joyously as possible, just when they had lost all hope. The boat was leaking like a sieve, so they kept along the coast, and on the 25th August arrived at Zanzibar. Here they found a genuine Samaritan in Colonel Rigby, who most kindly lodged them, and shared both house and wardrobe with them.

But the fate of the gig caused the greatest anxiety. They had an idea that, hearing the breakers to leeward, she must have kept more windward, and so passed them, knowing H——'s intention to go to Zanzibar. They might have ran along the coast, got to some friendly village, filled up with provisions and water (for they had a quantity of American cotton in the boat), then worked up to windward, fallen in with first lieutenant or the ship, and so been safe.

Before going further, I may mention that there is an Arab, named Jubran, employed at the consulate as informer on the slave dealers. He is supposed to keep both eyes and ears always on the stretch, and on the least suspicion of a dhow taking slaves from this port by stealth, to inform the consul. The Arabs have vowed vengeance against this man, and one day kidnapped him and put him into a dhow, and carried him over to a solitary island with intent to hang him. Colonel Rigby luckily finding this out, hauled his flag down, and told the Sultan that he would not re-hoist it until Jubran was delivered up alive. The Arab potentate, fearing the wrath of England, ordered the man to be brought back, and ever after this Jubran

swears eternal gratitude to the colonel, and is more than ever vigilant in looking after his slave-dealing countrymen.

On the night of H——'s arrival, while relating his cruise to the colonel, Jubran made his appearance with the news that a dhow would take in a cargo of kid-napped slaves about 10 P.M. off Frenchman's Island.

The colonel kindly offered his boat and a pilot to take them to the spot, and also two of his Indian boatmen to assist: the former volunteers to point out the slaver for fifty dollars.

The night was very favourable for such a venture—dark and cloudy. After a long quiet pull they got within twenty yards of the dhow, and, unobserved, plainly saw the rascals hurrying on board men, women, and children chained in gangs. The pilot now says, "Land me, then go and take her!" So, having dropped him overboard, he got into the bush, then into his canoe, already waiting to take him back to Zanzibar. They then pulled closer to the vessel then hoisting her huge sail and preparing to leave. One of the consul's men then shoutéd in Arabic, "Haul your sail down, Englishmen wants to board you!" The Arabs answered, "No slaves on board, we will not." Our man—"You must;" Arabs—equivalent to "I'll see you hanged first!" So they pulled up alongside, and the *mêlée* began: seventeen desperate fellows wielded two-handled swords right and left, one of them throwing an assegais just past H——'s head, nearly through the boat. Unluckily they had no rope in the boat to make her fast, and the bowman was therefore obliged to hold on with a boat-hook.

The bowman was an Irishman, and had as usual a very short temper; but having a long boat-hook he

knocked one of the Arabs down, and broke his staff, a part of which falling on board was returned with interest to the centre of his chest; but by this little freak of his he lost them their hold: so they dropped astern, firing their rifles as they went, and bowling over three Arabs.

They then got their boat right across the bow, and while the bowman held fast they boarded her. One of the marines, a fellow standing six feet one inch, rather astonished the Arabs by shooting down two of them in getting over her bow. The Arab crew for a short time held their ground; however, in a word, they were driven over the stern, and our men found themselves without a man even scratched.

The deck was certainly disgusting to behold. Three Arabs lay stiff, two shot through the head; the old chief, shot through both knees, fell down the hatchway; another poor fellow was gurgling his last, while several that jumped overboard wounded were drowned. All this was a sad spectacle; but when they looked at the innocent little children so lately kidnapped, then at the villainous countenances of the rascals wallowing in their blood, all pity for them vanished.

Having no more ammunition, and expecting the Arabs from the shore to re-attack them, they had no time to lose, and therefore hastened to Zanzibar to get a few more cartridges.

On returning they found the dhow had been removed into another creek. All her slaves excepting seventeen had been taken away, and also 1100 dollars which they found out were on board when first taken.

There was nothing left but to get the seventeen slaves out; so they handed down two women, full grown but very ugly, then two girls about thirteen years of

age, one as thin as a whipping-post, the other as pretty as a negro girl can be. She was lately sold in the Zanzibar market for twenty-seven dollars—a great price for a girl-slave on this coast. Next an interesting chubby little girl under five years, who we immediately christened "Topsy." A coloured cloth reaching from the breast to the knees was their only clothing. Next followed three men, idiotic-looking from bad treatment; and, lastly, nine little innocents under seven years, each with a dirty rag round his loins. All this was truly piteous to behold, and was sufficient to make one's blood boil. Having burnt the dhow they made for Zanzibar.

Next day several relatives of the deceased Arabs appealed to the Sultan against the English. Our fellows appeared before his Highness. "What," said he, "do you mean to tell me that these five Englishmen drove seventeen Arabs into the sea; shame to you, get you gone! You had no business to resist them when you had on board a cargo of stolen slaves."

After this it was scarcely safe to be out after dark. Numbers of Arabs only waited the opportunity of stabbing them separately, but the men always walked together armed with thick sticks, very often followed by a band of ruffianly Arabs, who nervously clutched their daggers but were afraid to strike.

## CHAPTER VII.

Zanzibar and its History—Acquisitions of Imaum Synd Said—Sensuality and ignorance of the Arab—The Sultan and the Aristocracy of Zanzibar—The Baloch Tribe—The Banians—A Slave Market—A Native Dance—A distressing Sight—Slave Depôts;

*Sunday, 1st September.*—This is indeed Sun-day, and old Sol appears determined to let us know it. We are now steaming between the mainland and the island of Zanzibar, the former distant about thirty miles, the latter on our starboard side, but its beautiful features hidden by thousands of tall cocoa-nut trees, waving mournfully with the breeze; nevertheless, the sight of these graceful palms is refreshing to those who have had even a week at sea. On our left there are several pretty little islets, which also have their charms, especially to the romantic, as we know them to be the sea-girt habitations of the timid gazelle.

Having now rounded the sandy tongue, whereon the town of Zanzibar is situated, we find ourselves at once in its spacious harbour, and come to anchor. Close to us lies a very lazy-looking portion of the Sultan's navy. There is a 26-gun frigate, a nice little thing, called the "Victoria," a present from her Majesty. All the vessels have the appearance of ships paid off, and in ordinary.

The town, commencing with a huge unfinished Arab house on the extreme right, winds itself half round the commodious bay, a mass of barns, ornamented with the Consulates of the European potentates, and fronted by hundreds of antique dhows, fac-similes of Chinese junks. On the extreme left of the bay we see several large buildings, their unfinished state sufficient to prove them Arab houses; because this slothful people, in their laziness and superstition, think it unlucky to finish any of them. Then come a few dilapidated harems, decayed whims of the last debauched Sultan, surrounded by a few neglected acres of rudely cultivated land; the rank weeds taking full possession of the soil, and growing even on the building, covering up every architectural beauty-spot. The female inmates crawl over roof and terrace like smoked and shrivelled lizards.

Opposite to the last large house is the North Passage, narrowed by the spit of sand running out from Frenchman's Island (the scene of H——'s adventure).

Before landing at the town, perhaps it would be better to glean all we can, from books or otherwise, of the history of this part of the coast, of which I know but little. First, we know that the island is part of the dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar and the seat of (*mis*) government; that it is situated at a distance of twenty to thirty miles from the African shore, along which it stretches in a N.E. by a S.W. direction; it is about forty-eight miles in length and from fifteen to thirty in breadth, and that it lies between  $5^{\circ} 42' S.$ , and  $6^{\circ} 27' S.$  lat. Concerning its history, we gather that the El-Harth tribe of Arabs, from the neighbourhood of Bakrem, appeared on the east coast of Africa and founded the two cities of Magadosa and Brava, about



the year A.D. 924, and that about sixty years later a colony of Persians, from Shiraz, founded the city of Keelwa, and these two people combined, gradually extended their authority over the whole of the east coast of Africa from Sofala to Magadosa, and also possessed themselves of the islands of Zanzibar, Pemba, and Monfia; that under their rule and wise government, Mozambique, Keelwa, Mombaza, Melinda, Brava, and Magadosa grew up into opulent, well-built, and flourishing cities; their inhabitants living luxuriously, and carrying on an extensive trade in ivory, gold-dust, gums, copper, &c., which they exchanged for the rich cloths and muslins of India, as proved by Vasco de Gama in 1498. This great navigator visited Zanzibar the following year, and found the inhabitants Mahomedans, who received him kindly; and in 1503 this people acknowledged the sovereignty of Portugal. Soon afterwards followed the Portuguese conquest of the cities along the coast, and with it the decline of that commerce which had made them so great. Then under their blighting rule, apathy, slave trade, squalid huts, wretchedness, and poverty gradually took the place of wonderful energy, commerce, noble buildings, happiness, and wealth: the conquered sinking into that degraded state from which they have never recovered; the conquerors, their curse then as now, hovering like Turkey buzzards over the carrion in its last stage of decay.

In 1698 the Portuguese were driven out of Mombaza by the Sultan of Oman, who delivered the inhabitants from their oppressors, and shortly afterwards they were massacred or expelled from all their ill-gotten dominions north of Mozambique. In 1728,

when disturbances breaking out in Oman, the Sultan withdrew from the coast, then for a little time the Portuguese resumed their sway from Patta to Keelwa, but were again expelled, and driven south of Mozambique.

Zanzibar first came under the authority of the Oman Arabs in 1784, when it submitted to an expedition sent from Muscat by the Imaum Said bin Ahmed, at which time a governor was appointed by the Sultan.

Until 1806 most of the territories now comprising the dominions of Zanzibar were governed by their own chiefs, sometimes with a nominal subjection to the Imaum of Oman. About 1807 Patta was made a dependency of Mombaza. Afterwards the chief of Mombaza having attacked his brother potentate of Lamoo, was defeated by him, and the latter provided against future attacks by seeking the protection of the Imaum of Muscat, who appointed one of his own governors to both places.

In 1814, after the death of the chief of Mombaza, his son refused to acknowledge the Imaum, and shortly afterwards Brava submitted to Mombaza.

In consequence of the encroachments of the chiefs of this place, the Imaum of Muscat sent a force to compel the other petty Sultans along the coast to submit to his authority, which resulted in the amalgamation of Patta, Brava, and other chiefships under his government.

About this time the Governor of Zanzibar took possession of the island of Pemba, and, in consequence, the chiefs of Mombaza expecting him to extend his power even to their own city, placed their island and fort under British protection. Treaties had been signed,

conventions agreed to, and the British flag floated over the city for some years, when it was found out that the whole affair was discountenanced by the English Government, although done in their name by a captain of one of their frigates. So the flag was hauled down, and in 1828 the Imaum Synd Said sent a squadron, and added it to his possessions, left a garrison there, and then sailed with his fleet to Zanzibar—then visited by him for the first time; thus the whole coast from Cape Delgado to Cape Guardafui, including the islands of Zanzibar, Pemba, and Monfia fell under the Imaum, and has since remained with his family. Certainly there are tribes of Somal and Gallas to the northward, who only acknowledge him at pleasure, and have even defeated his troops sent to chastise them; yet they fly his flag, claim his protection, and pay him tribute.

The Portuguese now only hold the land between Cape Delgado and the English colonies, which they keep merely for the sake of their slave trade.

In course of time, through some disputes, the Imaum's family have divided their possessions: the one part taking the east coast of Africa, the other Muscat, in Arabia; thus, they are now quite distinct.

So long as the Sultan adheres to the treaty made with Great Britain (chiefly relating to the slave trade), we support him; for this protection tends to check French ambition, in this quarter always jealous of our eastern possessions.

The island of Zanzibar is the seat of government. Why it is, I don't know, unless, because it is healthier than the main, and is not subject to the warlike freaks of fierce tribes who, though formidable and troublesome "*per terram*," yet are so harmless "*per mare*." It cer-

tainly is better situated and fitted by nature for trade, and is one of the richest little islands known, containing an area of about 400,000 acres of fertile soil, its valleys covered with orange groves, rice, sugar-cane, clove, cassava, and other valuable plantations, to say nothing of the rich veins of gum copal buried beneath its soil.

From the sea its appearance is very pleasant, and refreshes other senses besides the sight. Fringed with dark-green forests of cocoa-nut, mango, and other trees, the land gradually rising towards the centre, covered with bright green plantations, intersected by a variety of pretty walks and rides, the fields of cloves, pine-apples, and mango blossoms perfuming the atmosphere for miles round. But the worst of it is, the interior of Zanzibar is far from being healthy—fevers of the remittent and intermittent forms are very prevalent. Small-pox pays an annual visit about October, without check from vaccination, no doubt caused by the constantly decaying vegetable matter, and the humidity of the soil; but towards the coast it is healthy enough, the constant sea-breeze continually purifying it.

Of late years vast improvements have been made in the sanitary arrangements of the town, a better supply of water, the removal of offensive matter, and dead bodies of slaves, &c., from the streets, have tended to decrease sickness. The Arabs make the place much more unhealthy than it would be—their dirty and dissipated habits breed horrible diseases of the skin, and other disorders.

As a place of residence Zanzibar is anything but desirable; the habits of the people, to say nothing of the climate, are enough to sicken any one in a few weeks, and all the riches of the very fruitful island tempt very

few to remain. Land is very cheap, 5000 dollars being sufficient to buy a very extensive estate of cloves or sugar, or land that would produce the finest cotton, rice, or coffee, especially at the present time, when money is as scarce as energy with the Arabs. There is only one sugar-mill on the island, that belonging to the Sultan, which is far from being in working order.

The aqueducts that convey the water to the north end of the harbour are the only monuments of industry and energy left to Zanzibar; I could not see one thing else. All the houses and buildings are rotten old barns.

There are two rainy seasons in this latitude: one early in the year (March and April), the other at the latter end (September and October), the former the heavier. February and March are the hottest months; July, August, and September, the coolest; the mean temperature is about 80°. For nine months, ending November, the prevailing winds are S.W. and E., the N.E. blowing the other three months. The island contains about 250,000 souls, principally Arabs, natives, and their slaves; and, besides, Arabs from Oman and Hadramaut—the Oman Arabs are a piratical set of wretches. There are also numerous natives of Madagascar, and the Comoro islands, and about 6000 natives of India, the wealthiest, the most persevering, energetic, and trustworthy of the whole population; in fact, they are the commercial community, and make their fortunes here, then return to their homes in Kutch, Surat, Bombay, and other Indian places, and there hoard their money and die rich.

Strange to say, there is not a Jew to be found here—the Hebrew having a decided objection to such an uninteresting though money-making place. The language

commonly spoken is, I believe, the Kisnaheli, and which can only be spoken; a very impure Arabic is made use of by the upper classes. As in everything else, I fancy the Arabs have a great objection to advance. Even their pots, pans, and cooking utensils, are facsimiles of what were used by the ancient Egyptians. In education they are the same as they were centuries back. The dirty-looking house in the narrow shady street is the school, its master apparently ages old, and such a beard! the venerable old creature is always asleep. The neglected lazy-looking scholars, with their large sleepy eyes, are sprawling about on dirty grass mats under a verandah-like building, open to the street, and to the passers-by. The Koran, old and musty, is placed on a cumbersome antique stand before them; some are repeating it like parrots, others writing it down on a very large black board in huge Arabic letters backwards. What their education is may be best judged by results. I have found the Arabs ignorant, cowardly, and false; their only thoughts being their black concubines, stomachs, slaves and dollars, their present sensual enjoyment, and a repetition of it in a more voluptuous form hereafter in the Prophet's Paradise.

That they have any fellow-creatures to study, improve, lift up, love, and to be loved by them, is foreign to all the ideas of the modern Arab. Affection has no place either in his heart or vocabulary. He lives entirely for himself, and is very loth to part with the mortal clay; but when that dark hour arrives, considers himself a sure inheritor of his prophet's Eden, by performing the good action of releasing a few of the many poor creatures that he has enslaved and kept in complete ignorance, of both present and future state, all

their miserable lives. The only vice which they are not proficient in is the *love* of ardent spirits, but they are fast acquiring that, in direct disobedience to their Koran. Wine they are becoming fond of, and this, with the increasing love for European luxuries will, no doubt, diminish the little energy they have left.

But on the principle of giving his Satanic Majesty his due, I must say that the Arab is not cruel to his slaves—that is, the *gentleman*, not the slave dealer—generally, because he is too apathetic. He has also a wholesome respect for the “Wasungo,” as the English are called; he thinks them all doctors, and able to cure any disease.

One burning hot day we landed—looked into the Sultan's house, a queer, barn-like palace, and although old and falling to decay, yet unfinished. It has a council-room opening into the street, quite unfurnished, save by the usual mats and druggets. Here the Sultan sits in the cool of the evening, surrounded by the Arab aristocracy, chatting over affairs of state. Outside, the Sultan's body-guard lounge listlessly about, only one of whom being dressed *à la militaire*. This guard is composed of some of the Baloch tribe, a cut-throat lot who glory in putting down a street-row, when they cut and slash indiscriminately into a mob of unarmed men and women, and seem to enjoy the sport.

There are two other palaces in the vicinity far more respectable in appearance than the other. That of the late Sultan is a large, new, square, plastered building, already falling to decay. It is used as a store-house for coals, &c. The other is in course of building for the present potentate, but the builders never appear to be in earnest; there are numbers of lazy black fellows on

the usual scaffolding, and they seem to make no progress. In like manner a kind of embrasure wall, face to the sea, about thirty feet high and six feet thick, is being built, but no one expects it will ever be finished, and every one knows that if it were, such a flimsy, gingerbread affair would fall on the first report of its own guns.

The streets are very narrow, and consequently shady; most of them crowded with small open shops, depôts for trifles, in which Birmingham and Sheffield goods are pre-eminent. They are invariably superintended by Banians, —poor, sickly-looking creatures; the men, women, and children sitting cross-legged amongst their wares, the former dressed in their well made-up, priest-like turban of many folds, running up to a point and sloping backward, the neck adorned with a massive collar of either gold or silver—sometimes worth more than £60,—and wearing a long white robe. The latter reclining like their lords, decorated with no end of ornaments—rings on their fingers, rings on their toes, and often a kind of "Chubb's patent lock," made of gold, suspended to the nostrils, ornaments studded with precious stones are *let into* the ears—not pendent, but let into the lobe. Those who cannot afford such rich baubles, cut a large hole in the ear, and gradually extend it until a piece of wood resembling a draughtsman can be inserted. Sometimes they put in a roll of cotton stuff. Brass-headed nails let into the nose are favourite ornaments. Massive silver bracelets are worn round the wrists, and anklets of the same quality, only more weighty, are sometimes from four to six pounds each, so as seriously to impede their movements—not very animated under any circumstances. The parents decorate their children as grotesquely as



themselves, increasing the size and weight of the trinkets according to age. Some of the young Banian women are interesting although yellow, but the aged (not in years) are very haggish, the cuts and slits in their nostrils, ears, and upper lips rendering them very hideous and repulsive. Both males and females have a most sickly saffron appearance—due not so much to their nature as to the observance of the tenets of their religion, which prohibit the use of all animal food. Yet there is something in a Banian very taking—their fine features, large expressive eyes, and, above all, their politeness and gentlemanly carriage can be observed from the highest to the lowest. Moreover, they have what the Arabs are utterly destitute of—a sense of honour. If it were not for this people the trade of Zanzibar would entirely fail. Their system of credit and faith in one another is extraordinary; distance and time being little thought of. They take bills on their countrymen living at Bagdad and other distant places. They trade principally in ivory, gum copal, and cloves, the former brought from the interior of Africa, in exchange for American cottons, Venetian beads, and brass-wire, &c.; the gum copal is dug from the earth a few miles inland, on the coast of Africa, and also on the Island of Zanzibar. The supply seems inexhaustible: at the latter place it is generally found in barren, sandy spots. In 1859 the export of ivory amounted to 488,600 lbs., equal to £146,666 18s.; gum copal to 875,875 lbs., equal to £37,166 18s.; cloves to 4,861,000 lbs., equal to £55,666.

The cloves are entirely the produce of the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba. The first trees appear to have been brought from the Mauritius about thirty years ago, and they throve so well that they superseded rice,

coffee, and other productions. The annual crop is about 7,000,000 lbs., valued at about £85,000.

The Banians also export about 8,016,000 lbs. of cowries, equal to £51,444 9s., to the West Coast of Africa, where they are the current coin. The cowrie is the money in which nearly all the slave trade is carried on. To me it seemed very strange to see these cowries—mere shells—used as coin. They appear to be so easily procured that one is consoled with thinking, "Well, if I am hard up one of these days, I will come out and gather a lot of these cowries, always to be picked up at low water." The chief articles of import are: from England and America, cottons and cutlery; from Persia, Muscat, and India, silks and cotton, silk-dresses and turbans, dyed cloths and arms, Venetian beads, brass-wire, gunpowder, wheat, rice, &c., &c.

In passing down one street we were rather surprised to see a butcher's shop, kept by a Frenchman, the only European tradesman in the place. It appeared strange that this one man could live in a place surrounded by such villains, especially where there is so little meat eaten; but we found that he supplied all the ships that touch here. I suppose him to be some poor unfortunate steward, a voluntary absentee from a French ship.

Penetrating the dirty streets, looking at the Indians cleansing gum opal, and at the natives making their rough arms, rather amuses us. Labour must be very cheap, considering the low price of some of the arms made and the amount of work about them. Outside and inside of the dark, musty-smelling shops there are heaps of ivory tusks marked in lots; some of immense size, collected by the merchants during a number of

years, and which they cannot dispose of, as so few ships have called at Zanzibar lately. We now find ourselves in a dirty, narrow street, lined with wigwam shops, where slave food is the principal article sold. Here there is a medley of putrid shark, decayed vegetables, rank meat, sour ghee, and diseased and villainous-looking mongrel Arabs and high-hipped negro women rolling in fat, and truly hideous to behold, the atmosphere so tainted, the whole so disgusting that we were very glad to find ourselves even in the slave market.

This is a square piece of ground set apart for this inhuman traffic. We are just in time. The place is crowded; Arabs high, Arabs low, well dressed and badly dressed, armed to the teeth and unarmed, sauntering to and fro, as if enjoying a national pastime; a kind of fair, in which are displayed the most costly dresses and arms, and where the chink of the dollar is to them the most delightful music.

Amid the din of voices the Arab pedlar, a very ill-looking fellow, pushes his way laden with two-edged swords, scimitars, daggers and primitive muskets used in the Year One—I should imagine—shouting and throwing up the long blades, quivering them by a quick turn of the wrist, and nimbly catching them, to the admiration of the busy beholders, who seem to look at the glittering arms with a speculative cunning as to the dark treacherous deeds they would do. An Arab is not a man without his weapons. He is continually suspecting and being suspected; they all are enemies to one another. We make our way through the crowd—and such a crowd! Such a wretched gathering! Many eyes are upon us, and there is no mistaking their mean-

ing. The fellows have not forgotten the dhow affair, nor their relatives killed by the hated but feared Wasungo. Here are two female slaves for sale, clothed in coloured cloths extending from the bosom to the knees, no other covering. They are evidently sisters; one about ten years of age, the other fourteen. Their owner has got them up in this gorgeous array to sell. He stands by and admires his property. Soon an Arab approaches, and, cattle-dealer like, pokes the girls in the ribs, feels their joints, examines their mouths, fingers their teeth (I wish they would bite him), trots them up and down to see their pace, then, after haggling about their price, takes one and leaves the other. While others are making similar bargains, we look at the less costly slaves sitting on the ground, arranged according to age, nude, save the usual "clouty." First lot, a row of little children of about five years, valued at two dollars. Second lot, girls of ten; price from five to ten dollars, according to plumpness and pedigree. Third, youths of nineteen; stout fellows, worth from four to twelve dollars. Fourth, worn-out women; some with upper lips extended at right angles, and with large holes in them showing the teeth—a point of beauty; others, their breasts and faces tattooed and cut, leaving bluish marks as from cupping. Old men, regular Uncle Neds, form another batch; these latter are sold cheaply, about a dollar each, being on their last legs. Nearly all are half asleep, their poor old heads dropping from sheer fatigue, and their poor persecuted bodies as dry as a chip. And no wonder; they have had a long walk, or a sea voyage yesterday, and to-day they have been sitting on their lean haunches, under the glaring sun, from early dawn without a sup or a bite. But enough of this;

the whole sight is so disgusting that we exclaim, almost aloud, "Oh, for a few midshipmen, with a blackthorn each, and *how soon* the market would be cleared of those vile Arabs!"

It is sunset when we arrive at the dancing-place (an unoccupied square piece of ground); two black fellows are doing the music, in their rough way, on a native drum, or tom-tom, and mournful flageolet, both very rude instruments; the noise of the latter resembling the bag-pipes—only worse, if possible.

As it became dark so the slave women and men, favoured by the darkness, glide from their prisons and take their places in the ring, dressed in all the gaudy cloths their pice could purchase; the men invariably carrying a small willow-hooked stick, which they imagine adds grace to their movements. The women stand on one side of the circle together, and with the male part of the crowd do the wild chaunting until they can raise their animal spirits sufficiently to join in the fandango. After a little time, when all become excited, the musicians increase the speed of the dancers, and finally work them up to a frenzy; they then gradually subside. Here this mad dance is perfectly harmless, because the performers carry only the small sticks before mentioned; but on the west coast of Africa they brandish long gleaming knives, which generally leads to blood at the finish. As is generally the case in negro dances, the performers are very dignified; the body doing all the work, bending and twisting about in all directions, continually wriggling and courtesying; sometimes suddenly stopping, then again revolving; at other times throwing their hands and arms about in dangerous proximity to many flat noses, but never touching. This dance

constitutes their chief amusement. It is said that slaves work all day and dance all night.

We then walked through the suburbs of the town, a plain of groves, towards the Hindoo temple outside; but could not gain admittance, so turned back. On our way we found a good phrenological field for our doctor in the vast mass of skulls of generations of Arabs; all very perfect, and looking far handsomer dead than alive.

Next day we made a tour to the Sultan's stables, and there saw a fine stud of Arab steeds. The stables were open, and had heaps of white sand on the ground. The hot sun, clear blue sky, sultry air, the gentle high-spirited horses, with their silky coats, large veins, and small heads; the Arab attendants, peculiar in dress and visage, with their long spears—all this pleased me much. The horses were not so fine as I expected to find them. Perhaps I deceived myself by remembering that I had seen English horses in Rotten Row much finer.

Repassing the palace, we stopped to look at a savage hyena confined in an iron cage; but within a few feet there was something far more interesting to look upon. There lay a group, such an one as I shall never forget! Close beside it a woman nude, all but a clout, with an iron ring round her neck, held by a heavy chain shackled, the end fixed to the ground a few yards distant. This poor thing sat thus chained, stupid, idiotic-looking. Under her nose a broken calabash filled with a disgusting, dried-up, sour mash, covered with flies and vermin of every description—her food. The only sign of reason apparent, was her covering a bad sore with a dusty old leaf. Here she sat, all day long in the broiling

sun, next to the hyena, but far worse off, like a mangy dog without a kennel! Near, were two male human beings similarly chained. They certainly did not look dangerous, but poor, helpless, half-starved, stupid, sleepy things; but they had an idea of liberty, and had attempted to run away from their masters. Such is Zanzibar. Yet there are slave-towns far worse. Here, the slaves are treated with some consideration, most of them being employed on the plantations, and leading a very easy life. Two days in the week, Thursday and Friday, they can do as they please; all the produce they carry on these days is on their own account, and as Thursdays and Fridays are the principal market-days, they are able to earn a trifle. Every slave has a good sized hut, and his plot of garden, which is generally kept in better order than that of his Arab neighbours. When hired out to labour by their masters, they receive about 8 pice =  $3\frac{1}{2}d.$  per day. Of this the master generally takes 5 pice, leaving the slave 3 pice to himself.

It is a remarkable fact that slaves are very often the masters of slaves, and sometimes a slave will not free himself when he has the opportunity. At Zanzibar there is a negro named Buckett, who has served in our fleet as interpreter several times. He can be seen marching about clothed in crimson and fine linen; but he is the slave of some old Arab woman, and cares not to free himself. Perhaps there is a legacy in the distance, for it not seldom happens that slave owners open their hearts in this manner, just to give themselves a lift into the next world. When a master emancipates a slave, the magistrate, or cazee, writes the deed of freedom, which the slave treasures in a little silver box hung around his neck, and he cannot be again enslaved

so long as he is in possession of this "writing" as they call it.

As regards the slave trade, the demand and supply, it is difficult to collect authentic information unless one passes that barrier—the Arabic language; and all Arabs are our enemies; they are afraid to let the "Wasungo" know the ways of their pet trade.

All the slave-holding European nations have agents along the coast, who engage for a certain number of slaves to be produced on a given spot at a certain time by the Arab procurers. Consequently, these latter rascals, at certain periods of the year, get their caravans ready, lay in their stock of American cottons, gaudy cloths, Venetian beads, wire, and such like trumpery, and start for the interior on a foraging expedition. Zanzibar on the main is a good starting-point, Keelwa is another, and Ibo farther to the southward another.

Every year increases the length of their journey, because every expedition assists to depopulate vast tracts of country.

Journeying through the different villages they pick up a few here and there, in exchange for about a half dollar's worth of trumpery per slave. They manage to collect a great portion of the required number; and having kidnapped the remainder, and bagged all the ivory in the country, they hurry back to the coast. Thus about 30,000 slaves are procured annually from Eastern Africa, principally from the districts of Lake Nyassa, and from the country lying between the equator and  $15^{\circ} 4'$  south, as far inland as the Lake Tanganyika and the Mountains of the Moon. Besides this supply, each petty chief along the coast has his stock in hand, in human cattle-pens, which he



continually replenishes by theft and war. So what with the caravans and the coast trade, there is a regular fleet of dhows employed taking these slaves to the different depôts or barracoons along the coast, chiefly in the vicinity of the Querimba islands, Zanzibar, and Madagascar. This is done during the S.W. monsoon, between the months of March and November. At the end of this time Portuguese and Yankee clippers sneak up the Mozambique with the last drain of the S.W. monsoon; then having shipped their cargoes, are off with the N.E. monsoon without much fear of being captured by our slow men-of-war.

A few large vessels do their slaving much more impudently, taking in two or three hundred slaves from dhows off Ibo, a similar number at Lamoo, and often winding up at the Comoro island.

The French do it with impunity, calling their cargo emigrants, or *engagés*, and quietly take a ship-load off to their possessions or colonies of Mayotta, Bourbon, &c. But there is no disguising the fact; these emigrants come by way of the caravans stolen for and bought by the French agents, shipped in dhows, protected by the French flag, and taken to the Cómoros, the French depôt.

The southern dhows are employed carrying slaves or merchandize, whichever turns up first; their crews generally consisting of Arabs and natives mixed. The northern dhows leave the Persian gulf about the end of March with the last of the N.E. monsoon, laden with putrid shark, &c., for Zanzibar. Here they dispose of their offensive cargo as slave food; and then with the S.W. monsoon begin their work. Commencing at Zanzibar, kidnapping and running off with all the men,

women, and children they can lay their hands upon, and carrying on this detestable inhuman pillage as far as the Juba islands, when, having taken in the last supply of water, they make for the ports of Soor and Muscat in the Persian gulf, their head slave markets.

The crews of these vessels are the most cruel and degraded race that can be imagined. They are called Soree pirates. Their dhows are distinguished from the southern ones by their better build, the former being tied together, the latter nailed; their huge rudders fitted with yoke lines rove through outriggers. It is estimated that from 12,000 to 15,000 of these poor creatures are carried off to the northward by these pirates yearly.

It is difficult to imagine the real horrors of this dhow traffic, especially with the northerners. They have a voyage of nearly 1500 miles from Zanzibar to the Persian gulf, and during the whole time the slaves are exposed to the weather quite naked, and are very badly fed, their daily rations being just sufficient to keep life and soul together, and sometimes not even that. From daylight until evening the wretched slaves sit under the rays of a tropical sun half famished. About sunset a meal is served out to them. From a mess of burnt boiled millet-seed, a platterful is given to a crowd of thirty, who flock round it, sitting upon their haunches; old and young, big and little, some of the women having babies slung behind them; they all dip into it with their hands, rolling it into balls, and feeding themselves as turkeys are crammed. After each has had about three small balls the dish is finished, and the last mouthful is scrambled and fought for. The grains left are then picked up from the dirty planks, and as might is right, the strong have the lion's share, and the

weak go to the wall. After this a drink of water is allowed; then they are left to hunger and thirst, cold and heat, cramp and stench for the next twenty-four hours, and very often for two days, and this is considered good feeding. Add to this the smell of these dhows—a conglomeration of the vilest odours ever mingled; the poor slaves having hardly any convenience of any kind.

I was once on board a captured dhow with a cargo of slaves for a whole day, and the result of the stench was fever and sickness, of which I have a vivid recollection. A party of our men were prostrated by it. Articles of furniture, &c., taken from these vessels never lose their horrid smell however much they may be cleansed or purified.

Generally speaking about one half the cargo reaches its destination alive, the mortality being caused by starvation and disease, and this when the dhow is sailing along quietly enough with no cruisers in sight. But, on the other hand, when chased what frightfully cruel deeds are perpetrated by the heartless Arabs! The poor slaves are very often murdered and thrown overboard. Near Zanzibar a case of this kind occurred. A dhow had slaves on board, and hearing that a cruiser's boats were on her track, the Arabs commenced a wholesale butchery of the slaves, cutting their throats and tossing them into the sea. The English boats got to them in time to save about fifty or sixty, at least twenty or thirty having been despatched.

The system of supplying slaves is difficult to fathom, but I think the following will give us a good idea of it. Mozambique is supplied during both monsoons from Conducia and Angoza in March and April, and from

the Querimba islands in January and February. The French market is usually supplied from the south of Zanzibar, Conducio, Ibo, and Quiloa, during the S.W. monsoon.

The Portuguese, Spanish, and Mexican markets are supplied principally from the Querimba islands, at the beginning of the N.E. monsoon. Yankee ships are supplied at Madagascar at the same time. Zanzibar is supplied from the southern ports (as well as by the interior) from March to September. The Persian and Muscat markets from Zanzibar and the coast as far as the equator, in March, April, and May. All Arabs are fond of starting with the full, and change of the moon. On their way north they stop at Pangani and Brava for water, and generally run outside Pemba to avoid the customs. As to the nest of slavery I know not which place carries the palm, Zanzibar or the Querimba islands, but I am inclined to think the former. The arrival of a dhow at Zanzibar is a very disgusting sight. About 300 poor wretches are packed in an open boat of about seventy tons, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and fed as before described. They are landed, some dead, others dying; there is a duty of two dollars for each slave landed, so that the unfortunates are left on board to die. The remainder are taken to the custom-house, the duty is paid, they then go to the dealers' pens; from thence to the market-place—the Zanzibar Smithfield—and there sold to the highest bidder. Nineteen thousand were brought to Zanzibar alone in 1859!

Although the Arabs will not give up this disgusting traffic, they acknowledge, and statistics prove, that it gradually impoverishes them, saps their energy, and

ruins their business; their legitimate trade being now all in the hands of the Banians, it is the only means they have of eking out that sensual existence which they love so well. They do not attempt to defend the traffic, as it now exists, by their Koran; on the contrary, in arguing upon it they all admit its wickedness and injustice, and that no blessing ever attends wealth so acquired. The very merit they take to themselves in emancipating a slave is the best criterion of their real feelings on the subject.

Most persons have imagined that the slave trade is almost confined to the west coast of Africa, but the east coast is little different. At Zanzibar we learnt that duty on the above 19,000 slaves was paid annually, that a third of that number evade the tax by running outside Zanzibar, that there are more than 20,000 run to the southward without paying duty, and that the Sultan's family import for their own numerous illegitimate offspring quite 8000 yearly; so that on a rough calculation there are above 45,000 slaves bought and sold on the east coast yearly. And when we consider that for every slave captured there are about five killed—for the tribes in the interior, in order to supply the markets, make war on each other, surrounding their enemy's village, killing the adults, and stealing the children—we cannot be surprised to hear that the interior of Africa is being fast depopulated.

This coast is far more favourable for the trade than the other—its peculiar formation, innumerable islands fringing it, its many concealed bays, creeks, and rivers would give a Yankee a chance of saying that it was specially adapted and intended for the traffic. Then, again, the short distances to take most of the slaves,

the regular monsoons and rapid currents, and with only four men-of-war to overlook a coast line of 3500 miles, besides Madagascar, Comoro's, and numerous islands, all tend to favour the slavers.

Yet with all these disadvantages, and against the pet opinions of thousands, how glad we are to find that this inhuman traffic is on the wane. Fortunately within the last few years captains have been appointed to this little squadron whose private fortunes have needed a little repair; at all events, not deterred them from making a little more prize-money. Consequently, the very nests of slavery have been entirely blockaded by our boats, no end of dhows taken, and a right wholesome fear established.

Last season the "Lyra" struck dismay into Arab breasts; this season the "Gorgon" has followed her example, capturing eighteen dhows within four short months, and sending a few pirate Arabs to their long home.

Of the many thousands of slaves usually taken to the north, this season very few, comparatively speaking, have escaped; consequently in some of the slave ports the markets are glutted, and slaves are so numerous and cheap that they will scarcely fetch a dollar a head.

In 1860, an able-bodied slave cost from ten to thirty-five dollars, boys and girls from six to thirteen dollars, while at Zanzibar, this year (1861), as before stated, the former were worth only from eight to nine, the latter from four to five. showing a very considerable decrease in the price. And if so much can be done with so small a force, it is a great pleasure to think that philanthropic old John Bull may yet proudly talk of the many millions of money, energy, and per-

severance, he has expended in this truly Christian undertaking.

Even at Zanzibar, especially, Englishmen are appreciated and respected by the negro, thanks to Colonel Rigby, H.M.'s Consul, who, during a residence of three years, not only did much to improve the *morale* of the place, but emancipated no less than 8000 slaves with his own hand. On the other hand the wretched slave dealers, especially the Portuguese, are detested.

I will venture to say that in ten years this horrid trade might be entirely checked, if in the place of heavy costly steamers, and useless sailing vessels, the Government were to send out a dozen light draught gunboats, fitted with large boats, and manned accordingly. Orders ought to be given to send our ships to the Persian gulf; for while the missionaries are labouring in the interior, teaching the negro the value of his own self, the mode of cultivating the rich soil, and the consequent manifold blessings to be derived from his freedom and his own exertions, we shall be chasing the slave-coffins off the seas, blockading the coast, impoverishing and chastising the traders. The whole coast could be so well guarded that few would at last engage in so uncertain and dangerous a trade. The traffic has decreased largely through the efforts of the cruisers; but the result has been accomplished with great and unnecessary risk. Boats are sent away for a month at a time, to weather a stormy sea and dangerous coast. These boats are gigs, totally unfitted for such a service; the majority manage to return to the ship safely after many dangerous services, but they return absolute wrecks; the men very often stricken with fever and other diseases incidental to the cruise. Fancy such boats boarding large dhows armed

with carronades, muskets, &c., with a crew of forty pirate Arabs, who, having all at stake, fight desperately. Then these men have to be guarded until landed, supposing them captured. Although our gigs do such things (the "Gorgon's," for instance, at Zanzibar), yet I think they ought not to be placed in such a situation, when larger boats can be provided, nor should they be sent singly on such a service, for it is a well-known fact that the Arabs will resist one large boat, but not two of any size. Nor should such boats be sent away for more than a fortnight at a time, for seldom have the small cruisers any medical officer to accompany them. The boats have a certain rendezvous, and until the time arrives for them to meet the ship there, the men, however sick from wounds or disease, must remain so without a chance of aid.

But boats of some kind must be detached, because they have often to chase into narrow inlets, shallow rivers, and bights. The present paddlers are excellent for the small quantity of water they draw; but are bad sailers, mere bruise-waters, that cannot beat against strong currents and winds.

The fitting of boats is generally badly arranged, a cruising boat being very like a floating midshipman's chest, generally half full of dirty water. In fact, the boats should have a forecastle, decked locker for the men's clothes, arm-chests for their arms, a small wooden pump to keep the boat dry; then all the midships could be filled with provisions and water to last a fortnight, and the after-part with the boat's magazine. At present, six weeks' provisions, stores, &c., are crammed into the boats, and the gunwales are only a few inches from the water. The handiest rig of gigs we found to



be the latteen ; strong masts secured by upper thwarts and strong backstays ; boom-irons for the oars and spars are most useful. Awnings rolled up and supported by brackets under the thwarts until wanted ; and proper galleys should be fitted and rested in the top of the bow locker, which should be lined with copper ; and a great deal more might be thought of to render our boats seaworthy and efficient.

Small gunboats, properly fitted, would be the best ships for the service for many reasons—shallow draught, good coal stowage, and sailing qualities, not easily seen from a long distance, and, by burning coal and wood combined, would not be expensive. But fancy the “Gorgon” as a cruiser : for one reason she is good, she has so many large boats ; but then look at the quantity of coal she consumes, twenty-six tons a day, sometimes more, costing about 25s. for every mile she steams, to say nothing of the wear and tear of machinery.

Even at Zanzibar we manage to spend our evenings after a somewhat jolly fashion. Occasionally we dine with our Consul, whose guests consist from time to time of the Europeans in the place. We have our little enjoyable chat, cigars, and claret on the roof of the house where the gentle breezes play.

*5th September.*—We are all astir to-night fitting out the Consul’s gig for a cruise : the cockle-shell (only 20 ft. by 2 ft. 10 in.) is crammed with provisions, ammunition, &c., and is meant to join the gunner’s paddler at Pemba, the distance is only 100 miles open sea, which to our adventurous first lieutenant H——, is but child’s play. He has managed to get a volunteer companion in our engineer, whose weight is about fifteen stone—rather a consideration in this cockle-shell cruise.

The boat is pronounced ready, the Sultan's pass has been procured, a document that every dhow ought to possess, and should be furnished to our boats to enable them to catch those without it. All are in the boat, a fresh breeze springs up, and just when the slave-going Arabs little think it, another boat proceeds to strengthen the squadron ready to intercept their wretched dhows. The ship is to haul up to a port at the extreme northern watering-place of the dhows, then thrash the coast to the southward, beating the game down to our boats forming the mouth of our trap. Consequently our movements have been kept entirely secret. Not an Arab knows that we have a single boat away, the paddle-boxes being well covered.

*6th September.*—To-day there is a sale by auction at the Consul's house, as he intends leaving Zanzibar for ever. Hearing of the great tact of Arab auctioneers we all go to see the fun. About 10 A.M. it commenced. There was an immense concourse of Arabs and Banians, armed and ornamented from head to foot. The auctioneer commenced in a stentorian thick voice to dispose of the chattels. Seizing one Arab, then another, bawling into their ears, occasionally with fiery indignation at their want of zeal. Rushing from his post and seizing people in a most unceremonious manner, frequently dashing his head within an inch of their noses, and these bawling without the slightest provocation. The Arabs bid high for all things gaudy. Pretty drinking-glasses and pictures tickle their childlike fancies. Amongst the books for sale there was a Koran, partly translated into English (by Colonel Rigby), a very interesting and valuable work. The Mahommedans crowded round this book very naturally, and justly de-

terminated to prevent its falling into the hands of infidels. John Bull-like we were determined to have it. The loud gruff voice of the auctioneer resounded through the halls louder and louder; his fiery eyes blazing with zeal for his people, ready to knock the lot down to one of his own tribe at the first opportunity. It was no use. The poor Arabs had more zeal than money, and we became the possessors after a hard struggle. Shortly afterwards, I think they must have become desperate, and determined to outbid us for an English Bible, now put up; but I am ashamed to say, that after chasing the poor fellows a little way we deserted them, and, much to their disgust and surprise, they had to pay an extraordinary price for what they apparently never intended to purchase.

Well, we are not sorry to get from this cursed slave mart, where our patience has been sorely tried daily. Every morning many dhows, almost filled to sinking with slaves, cross our bows—licensed slavers beyond our control.

The debauched old Sultan growled at our not saluting him on arrival, and Captain W—— has promised him twenty-one guns on our departure. Now the Consul embarks; and all the unprincipled inhabitants, from the Sultan downwards, crowd down to the water's edge to see the enemy to their trade depart.

After saluting our Consul we gave the Sultan his twenty-one guns, and then bade adieu to Zanzibar; and it is somewhat satisfactory to think that the poor wretches of slaves will not lose our protection, although we leave them for a time. The chances are that we shall meet most of them *en route* to the Persian Gulf, huddled together in the northern slave dhows; then

what a pleasure we shall experience in their release! to say nothing of the prize-money we intend making!

The embarkation of the Consul has been an extra blind to our movements. The Arabs are under the impression that we take him at once to the Seychelles; but how surprised they will be by-and-by to find us some fine day bowling down upon their dhows, our bow gun bidding them a hearty welcome in tones so well understood by them. But we have still another object in view. Our boats are here, there, and everywhere. To-morrow they will be gathered together in the very midst of the Philistines.

We go in search of our missing countrymen wrecked in the "St. Abbs" in 1855, and supposed to be held in captivity in the interior. Some portion of the wreck was cast ashore near Brava. Rewards have been offered from time to time, both by Colonel Rigby and the Mauritius Government, for information that will lead to their recovery; and natives have been sent through that part of Africa where they are supposed to be, to gain intelligence of their whereabouts; but up to this time all without avail. We, therefore, go to make a last effort to clear up this awful mystery, either to rekindle hope in their sorrowing relations or to extinguish it for ever. With a fair wind we speed to the northward.

## CHAPTER VIII.

In chase of a Matapé—The Disappointment—Arrival at Magadoxa—Our interpreter Jubran despatched on an awkward errand—Description of Magadoxa—Arrival at our rendezvous, Kwyhoo—The return of our "Pinnacle," No. 11—The search for Loot—The Crew's account of their doings amongst the Dhows—Bartering with the Natives at Pemba.

JACK is a most peculiar animal, and must bestow his affection and interest somewhere: for it is never vested in himself. Every one of our little slave girls has her sea daddy who gives her beads, shows her how to thread them, puts them, in his own peculiar fashion, about her neck, and clothes her black little corpus in gaudy cloths generally from his dhow spoils. Our blue-jackets are for ever fondling them, calling them all Topsy. The little creatures appear to take to the horny tars most affectionately, showing more precocity and fun than one could expect. Their precocity is indeed remarkable, doubtless from their becoming women without going through the stages of child and girlhood. As soon as the little things can walk they cling to their elders, and grow and mingle with them. There is no education, and there remains but experience to separate the young from the old; and the adults, in their simplicity, know no distinction of age. They are, in fact, all children.

I have said before that the Arabs coming from the southward are in the habit of taking their dhows outside Zanzibar to avoid the customs. We therefore take one turn round this island to test the accuracy of this information. We have only just arrived on the spot when sure enough there is a matapé (large slave canoe), with grass sail, rounding the point. Seeing us she hugs the coast, there being but little water where she is. Our fastest shallowest boat (the captain's gig) is sent in chase. In the meantime the rocket tube is brought on deck to check the slave-boat's flight, for Arabs fear the devil's fire, as they call it, and cannot make out how it shoots round corners.

Unfortunately the *munition de guerre* is damp and out of order, so that the pirate escapes. A fresh breeze springs up, and away goes the gig's mast. The matapé runs her nose into the bush, most likely disposes of her slaves, and then continues to run along the coast with the speed of the wind, leaving our boat miles behind. So we lose her, but hope for better luck next time.

12th September.—We now arrive at Magadoxa, a small Suhali village, about 2° north of the equator, just outside the slave limit. The inhabitants consider themselves independent; are a fine warlike race, but very uncivilized. They are tall and athletic; have generally coal-black hair, which some wear long and flowing; while others cut it mushroom-like. Their clothes consist of the usual clout; their arms the Indian spear.

Our signalman reports a dhow lying behind a reef close to us, but which is invisible to every one but himself. We all feel inclined to think he is right. The paddler is called away; men are mustered and armed. Officers carefully load their revolvers; and in a short

time we are on the edge of the reef, guided by the light of the moon; but nevertheless all amongst the breakers. Both our interpreters declare there is a passage somewhere round this reef, but the noise of the waves and dashing breakers knock the recollection of the channel out of their stolid Arabic heads. After cruising about for two or three hours we give the idea up, vote it a bore, and return to the ship damp and disappointed, but with the determination to try again at daylight.

*13th September.*—We draw our martial cloaks around us, and dozingly wait for the first streak of day; but ours is not a quiet sleep. Dreams of the “battle and the breeze” play old Harry with rest. The morning dawns, and we see the dhow looming in the distance. There she lies, regardless of the foe, her vast hull bristling with long “barnacles,” her decayed old sides damaged with the motion of the sea, and shattered by its force. There she is, a mere wreck, without a spar, a sail, or a human being to tell her tale. We throw aside swords, pistols, and rifles, and take to coffee and laughter; then, once more beneath our blankets, think of the “chaff” we shall get at breakfast.

*14th September.*—Jubran, our interpreter, is to land and communicate with the natives. He does not quite like the idea, as, only a few years ago, these tribes slaughtered a whole boat’s crew of man-of-war’s men. He is, however, becoming habituated to unpleasant situations of this kind. We land him at once, then keep the boat at a convenient distance, in case of a hostile reception. All the natives, armed to the teeth, run about everywhere, throwing their spears with admirable accuracy, shouting their war-cries, utterly regardless of the consequences of a brush, in fact, delighting in the

thoughts of a scrimmage; the old warriors marshalling the youth in battle array, themselves standing aloof, leaving the conduct of the fray to a staff of Herculean chiefs, fine specimens of manhood. Poor Jubran jumps overboard, anxiously runs towards the natives, eagerly grasping the first hand held to him to salute. Soon he disappears, amidst a great crowd, but after a little while reappears with a chief, reporting the people friendly, and anxious to barter with us. The old chief determines to go on board with us, so we get him into the boat, and he leaves his children wonder-struck at his great courage. The whole way the warrior indulged in love-songs, warbling away with his cracked old voice, and never ceasing for a fresh supply of breath or sentiment. On his arrival on board, Colonel Rigby dived into the mysteries of his lingo, and satisfied himself that our unfortunate countrymen, wrecked in the "St. Abbs," never reached the shore of eastern Africa.

There is very little to interest us in the village of Magadoxa. A tower, nearly a thousand years old, is the only notable building in the place. Like nearly all Arab towns, it is remarkable for its squalidness. Food can be procured in abundance; the peculiar Red Sea sheep, with their meek, dog-like heads and smooth bodies, and ponderous tails, can be had at a dollar each; bullocks at three dollars. The natives promised to catch some ostriches that appear to abound here, but, after many efforts, they found the birds too swift for their weak horses, and their traps failing, we had to be content with the feathers and eggs; the former they spoil by being minus the knowledge of preserving them, and the moth nibbles away in all directions, of course rendering them of little value: a little pepper



sprinkled over them would save them. The latter are uninteresting and worthless, being procurable anywhere.

Judging by the quantities of skins brought off, I should think tigers, panthers, and leopards were very numerous here. Some very handsome skins were sold for a dollar each; but these, like the ostrich feathers, needed preservation.

The canoes these people use are curious; not a nail being used in their construction. The planks are tied together with grass, and it appears very strange that they do not leak.

We have now been here a week, anxiously awaiting our prey, but not a single dhow has passed. Luna is in her full gentle majesty and glory, serene and beautiful, her course unclouded. The Arabs generally take advantage of such an opportunity for running their cargoes.

To steam up the coast is impossible, the current running northward at the rate of eighty miles a day, against which the antiquated old "Gorgon" could do nothing. The misfortune is, that no one knew anything of this sluice, so that it has effectually capsized all our schemes, as we have only six days' coal on board, which must be treasured, as being more valuable than diamonds, for we have not only to continually condense water, but pick up our boats. There is no help for it, our whole thoughts must be taken from the dhows and centred in the ways and means of returning southward; to avoid the current we must stand out to sea, nor have we any time to spare, as the boats rendezvous at Kwyhoo on the 25th.

*18th September.*—After taking a sea cruise of four and a half days we put into Brava, remarkable as being

the last watering-place of dhows on their going northward; here we anchor for a few days, almost loth to lift our anchor, not knowing where we may be drifted to, and there being such few safe anchorages on the coast.

This village is in all respects similar to Magadoxa; if anything, a little more wretched and dirty.

*21st September.*—Here we have the 21st of September on us, and not a single dhow has passed; it begins to strike us very forcibly that our boats have blockaded the coast, which makes us even more anxious to reach them, for how can they take charge of so many vessels if captured?

Again stand to seaward, after an unsuccessful effort to stem the current. We have now only seventy-six tons of precious coal on board, equal to three days' full steaming.

*23rd September.*—At noon we find ourselves retrograding, actually 100 miles farther from our port, such is the strength of the current.

*24th September.*—We are now 342 miles from our rendezvous; once more we recross the line, making our third time; the speculations going on are very amusing, the farther we get from our port the lower the prize-shares go down. Some think we shall have to burn the ship's spars, and all available timber and ship's furniture; but even supposing we were driven to this necessity, the whole wood in the ship would be consumed by our devouring furnace in a day or two. Others think we shall drift towards the Persian Gulf, and get there just in time for the monsoon (N.E. in November). Such are the wild speculations; who knows how true they may be! But, worst of all, our provisions and water are getting short.

*29th September.*—At last, after a very anxious passage, we arrive at our destination. Yes, there is Kwyhoo Peak showing up! There can be no mistake, we are at the veritable rendezvous.

No sooner has the anchor rattled to the bottom, than a fleet of boats is seen beating up, and with a stranger in company. Our only remaining boat goes to meet the rovers, and a very pretty sight it is to see the little squadron disputing every inch of water, each trying to outstrip the others, and to be the first harbinger of good news. We make out most distinctly the signal 11 P. to “pinnace,” and in a short time the saucy little whaler dashes across our stern, the winner of the race, lapping up close under our quarter, and telling us all the news: the coxswain saying that eleven prizes had been captured by the pinnace and whaler to this date, the other boats adding three or four to the number, the holes in their sails indicating that they had seen a little warm work.

The men look as jolly as possible, but exceedingly devil-may-care-like with their red flannel caps. To show that the inner man had not been neglected during the cruise, they have hung to the fore-rigging the major part of a fat goat, others in a lively state chewing their happy cud in the bow.

The boat’s crew have mounted a little gun in the bows—no doubt a trophy of blazing deeds.

The sternmost boat has now arrived. Still the boats are not allowed to come alongside. And why? because when we were at Zanzibar, the Sultan complained that our cruisers had been plundering his subjects, taking from one some thousands of French dollars, &c., and from others various other valuables. So the rovers are

to be searched; but what avails such a search? the men already know it, and, of course, are preparing to undergo the ordeal. Each boat is examined separately, the 'cutest corporals act as searchers, beginning at a man's head and feeling to his toes. Jack's sacred stow-places are invaded by the hated hand of a royal marine; the little slit in his cap is pryed into, his jacket, clothes, bags, soap, shoes, &c., all examined. Then the boats undergo the ordeal. Rudder-heads are opened, the linings of the gunwale separated, guns searched; keel-thwarts, bottom-boards, &c., &c., are sounded by the aid of carpenter's hammer and chisel. It is rather amusing to see Jack's spoil disgorged—the objects of his fancy disclosed to the eyes of Royal Marines, who laugh at and chaff him to his great annoyance. Silver chains, antediluvian watches, dirty old rings, antique earrings and nose suspendors, weighty anklets and bracelets, scimitars, daggers, dangerous flint guns and Birmingham pistols, necklaces and charms, silks and cottons, articles of Arab costume, from the concubine's silver spangled skull-cap to her chemise; and from her lord's turban to his primitive sandals. Ivory, mats, bed-gear are all disgorged; and by the vast heap collected I should think that hundreds of Arabs have been divested of their finery.

Some rascally, low, mean blue-jackets, not only collect these things for their spouses and favourites, but wrench off bits of silver from swords, pistols, &c., to sell as old silver.

Having respectively submitted to this ignominious examination, Jack rolls forward with his arm full of spoil, growling like a great bear. It is certainly rather a disgraceful ordeal to undergo by any one; but Jack

looks at it in a different light. Having undergone all the dangers and vicissitudes of boat-work, he thinks he should be allowed to keep all loot, whether money or jewelry, &c., collected during the cruise—honestly or dishonestly.

This irregular manner of looting is very disgraceful, and, unchecked, will lead to some dire results. As soon as a prize is taken, Jack's first thought is "loot;" if once he smells it, like the bloodhound, he must take it; and to gain it, everything is sacrificed. "Honest Jack," too often becomes the dishonest brute,—the worst of the Tower Hill genus. Leaving his officer and a few *conscientious* men to clew up the capture, he sneaks below, breaks open doors and boxes, pounces upon money and jewelry, and to gain which he often perpetrates deeds that the man-vulture on the deadly field of battle would be ashamed of. The sex to whom he is naturally so gallant, is not only disrespected, but roughly handled.

The second division has had rather an unpleasant cruise, having beaten 100 miles against heavy sea, wind, and current; but on the seventh day out they were amply rewarded in seeing three sails of suspicious-looking craft making off with all speed. Giving them chase, the strangers were brought to, after five or six hours run and two rounds of grape and case. In each dhow there were from thirty to forty dollars, about 200 persons, with crew and slaves, in the aggregate; the greasy Arabs, as usual, forming their crews. One would have thought that such a number would have resisted our boats, on being boarded, but the blue-jackets clambered pell-mell over their sides, and with drawn cutlasses and bayonets, their ugly revolvers capped and

cocked, pointing on all sides, and they are soon in the very bowels of the dhows, rummaging, ransacking, finding, stealing, pilfering, breaking, destroying, and enjoying themselves mightily, regardless of all results, liquor being the only thing wanting to complete the chaos—and this while all hands were promptly required to throw overboard about 200 loaded muskets, which, thank the stars! were possessed by a crowd of irresolute Arabs. At last, the muskets are committed to the deep; the Arabs are totally disarmed,—a job very pleasing to Jack, who does not leave the wretches even the smallest article.

On board one of these dhows there was a greasy old Arab, who called himself the King of Mosquito, a very rascally-looking potentate indeed; the blue-jackets treated him in a laughable, serio-comic kind of manner, ludicrous to witness, calling his Majesty "old bloke," "Jack Arab," and such like disrespectful names. They appeared very hostile to the king, chiefly because they believed him to be the murderer of the boat's crew of the "Lyra," about six months ago, in the river Angoza; and, besides, they found in the rascal's possession two British naval revolvers, marked 18 and 14 respectively, doubtless those taken from the murdered men.

In the meantime night was approaching, "clouds gathered over us, the thunder was heard," so R—— anchored his little squadron about two miles to the southward of Mahatta island, with the intention of holding on until daylight; but towards night the breakers foamed, the sea rose, and the wind began to howl, and the dhows dragged their anchors nearly two miles, and in a very short time would have been driven on shore. It was now a question of life and death with

the slaves and Arabs; by daylight the boats had found their way to the anchorage, through a line of reefs; it was now dusk, blowing hard, the sea a mass of foam, and R—— had not the slightest idea of the passage: there was no doubt that the Arabs knew all about it. The pinnace and whaler were too crowded already to admit of taking slaves in. So the last resource was taken, viz., to put all Arabs and slaves in one of the dhows, and leave them to find their way out through the reefs, while the other two dhows were burnt. They succeeded in making their escape, for in the morning nothing was to be seen of the dhow. We very much regretted being obliged to allow the Arabs to take the slaves, but still it was the lesser evil of the two.

Their next little affair was to board an Arab man-of-war, with their usual impetuosity mistaking her for a fine slaver, and giving up another dhow-chase for her sake, but on gaining the deck of the brig, they found her to be a man-of-war, *en route* to Lamoo with a prince, the newly-appointed governor of that place, who appeared very indignant.

When the bustle and excitement of despatching had subsided, and she had vanished in the darkness, I could not help thinking her crew would have a very unenviable trip. I am, therefore, glad to see our worthy first lieutenant and his companion once more amongst us. I gather from them the following incidents of the cruise:—

At midnight, finding themselves still afloat, they anchored, made for Mammy Earth, and there rested until morning. Daylight found them hungry and chilly, as much the effects of the salt water passage as the dewy night and damp ground. On the beach before them lay the little “Cockle Shell.”

Of course the first thought was for breakfast, but the first discovery was the disagreeable fact that their culinary affairs had been neglected. Pots and kettles were in imagination only; but nature soon supplied their places, and with cocoa-nut shells as culinary vessels, they made a very jolly meal; and at 9 A.M. proceeded to look for the paddler, knowing she ought to be somewhere at the north end of Pemba. In the meantime weather-eyes were not unmindful of passing dhows.

They soon saw one with bulging white sail sweeping down on the wings of a slashing fair wind—joy of joys! Already she is looked upon as their first capture; they are soon alongside, and find her unfortunately possessing the necessary clearance papers and without slaves; so like a huge hawk away they go after other prey.

The second night found them on *terra firma* at the north end of Zanzibar, consuming a heavy supper and as jolly as any Zingari; at night wisely showing their knowledge of the Arabs around them by setting the watch.

"The following morning they looked," as one of them said, "like rashers of bacon;" the effects of a longing imagination for the reality, or from half-closed eyes which only just enabled them to see each other; they were simply the remains of mosquito repast, swollen and swelling, pimpled and red, and glad to leave the camp of the enemy at the sacrifice of breakfast; preferring to discuss their morning meal elsewhere to being made one of by the annoying insects.

The only thing that relieved the monotony of the vast expanse of blue ocean was a dhow, the second chase, but a legal trader—still welcome. For making fast to her stern they were carried along at the rate of



eight or nine knots an hour; but, dissatisfied mortals, they were not sorry on being cast off, having been well towed under a cross jumping sea; after swamping over thirty miles they let go the anchor.

On the 7th the boom of guns announced the paddler, and soon her clumsy-looking hull appeared at anchor in a bay off Pemba. They were not sorry to exchange their uncomfortable quarters for the comforts of the old cruise water, already wishing for the shades of evening that they might test her sleeping quarters, and stretch their cramped legs to their fullest extent. The intermediate time was not badly spent in bartering with the natives for the benefit of the inner man, and eight dollars were freely exchanged for a fat bullock and some noisy fowls. Sunday dawns upon them, but not the Sabbath, for dhows will sail on this as on any other day, and very often with slaves. One heaves in sight, and finding her fitted for the slave trade, they experience the greatest satisfaction in applying the torch to the combustible matter within her noisome hold. The dark night interposes between them and another craft, or they would in all probability have marked capture No. 2.

The old paddler's capabilities are not of the best, and she finds much difficulty in battling with the dangerous typhoons and monsoons of the Mozambique, and instead of finding themselves well to windward next morning they are far to leeward, and out of sight of their intended second victim. But all is for the best; they have now two other dhows in sight and are about to test their papers when a brig appears on the horizon. She has all the appearance of a regular slaver, a first-class clipper, the dhows were therefore neglected,

and all interest was of course centered in the latter. Sail was made, guns loaded, muskets bulleted, revolvers charged. In the meantime imagination, ever busy, fills her with slaves and pirate Arabs; a pretty little skirmish is expected, the Arabs overboard, and they hoist the "flag that's braved a thousand years" to the peak, liberate the niggers, and on the wings of a fresh breeze return to the old "Gorgon." They swarm over the brig's side, cutlass in teeth, pistol in hand, and alight on the deck of an Arab "man-of-war," and are received with silent astonishment by her officers and a *Prince of the Blood Royal of Zanzibar*, who is being conveyed to the seat of his governorship in his brother's dominions.

His dirty, dilapidated Highness is wonderstruck at the impudence evinced by their firing at his ship, at their audacity in boarding, at their being minus of the bump of respect in covering his decks with red night-capped piratical-looking British mariners. The first lieutenant apologized by saying that the mistake was occasioned by the very un-man-of-war-like appearance of the ship; perhaps this increased his Highness's wrath, for he scowled tremendously at them as they once more clambered over his vessel's side. *N'importe*, they regained their boats, a drizzly rain descending, hid the clumsy old brig from view, and at the same time refreshed the external man, being the first fresh water souse they had had since leaving the ship. For a week they were half pickled, the skin becoming briny and tight from the effects of salt water ablutions only.

On the 13th they effect a junction with the second division of boats, and found they had captured six dhows.

After commemorating the meeting in the manner peculiar to naval officers adrift, they weighed for Mombaza, arriving there about midnight.

At daylight, there appeared a very extensive African village, one of the few on this coast that have withstood the ravages of time and plundering northern Arabs; in fact, the place looked so tempting that the party landed to procure water, &c. The natives—pure Africans—received them in a very friendly manner on learning their peaceful intentions towards themselves, and hostility towards the northern pirates, for many of them showed ugly wounds and scars got in protecting their offspring from the kidnappers.

Taking leave, they were returning to the beach, when thirty or forty armed Arabs made their appearance, with the evident intention of cutting them off from the boats, sneaking behind bushes, disappearing, then emerging, when least expected, just ahead; doubtless they were very wrath at the capture of their dhows, and were intent on inflicting summary vengeance. They, therefore, felt the awkwardness of their position, as they were without even a stick for defence; so there was no chance left but to exert their pedestrian powers, which ultimately saved them; and on seeing their boats had the satisfaction of performing the schoolboy trick, called “taking a sight,” which they were not sure the rascals understood.

## CHAPTER IX.

The start for Melinda—A sharp encounter—On our way to the Seychelles—Running short of coals, &c.—General discontent and illness on board—Arrival at the Seychelles—Mahè and its imports—Immortality of its Inhabitants—Society at a high premium—The curious leaf-fly—An expensive trip.

ON the 15th they were *en route* to Melinda. On rounding a reef within a few miles of that place, the foreyard of the paddler went over the side, and the boat became unmanageable. Between two reefs their situation was awkward; the surf roaring, curling, and breaking on both sides rather astounded them. The anchor was let go, and in the watery gully, with breakers in front and in rear, all but within reach, like angry dogs at the length of their chain, foaming and howling impatient to swamp them. At one time leaving them in the dark valley, and rearing their crested heads high above, then descending with the greatest fury, each succeeding one apparently more powerful. But the chain held on; the boat being shallow-bottomed rode over the waves. Had the anchor dragged even but a few feet, the fierce breakers would have soon demolished them, and then howled a requiem over them. But that good little cherub that Dibdin speaks of, kept the middle watch,

stilled the waters the following morning, and sent them away full of thanks at their escape.

All provisions were spoilt; everything was, of course, wet and soaking; but they were soon all right again, a glass of Romeo and a little sun soon restored them to their usual spirits, and they were soon on their way to Melinda to look for a fleet of dhows.

While they lighted their fires to brew a little tea for the men, the whaler and pinnace were sent ahead to reconnoitre the town. On rounding the point, they were somewhat surprised at seeing the natives banging away with rifles. A little more sail soon brought the other boats into the field of action, and they then saw four dhows at anchor, one (the largest) already in charge of the whaler. Armed Arabs soon filled the others, and in conjunction with their villainous friends on shore, opened a sharp fire. The boats returned the fire in earnest, closed in, and after a few rounds of grape and canister within pistol shot, drove the Arabs overboard. They are wonderful divers, few rising until the shore is gained, and some not at all. Attention was next occupied by the mob on shore who, having a small gun, and many old muskets, were not so easily silenced. They were treated to what they call devil-fire, consisting of two twelve-pounder rockets, which went hissing and capering about, round corners, through windows, and out of doors; setting on fire and knocking down all in its path. At last, the people were scattered and driven from their ambuscades, and four dhows were taken, all fitted for the slave trade. On board one was found a poor negro lying at the bottom of the hold, his hands lashed behind.

Strange to say, not one of our men was scratched,

although at such close quarters, and not a few bullets disturbed the equilibrium of the atmosphere in the vicinity of their heads; several plumped into the boats and whizzed through the sails. After this little brush, and burning the dhows, the squadron made for Lamoo, hoping for a repetition of the last affair. During the night they narrowly escaped a dangerous reef, and arrived in the morning. The officers paid a visit to the governor, and to their astonishment were ushered into the presence of the very prince they had so unceremoniously boarded. Naturally enough, His Highness was rather wrath on the second appearance of the hated English—the cause of the destruction of his profitable slave trade; especially when our first lieutenant told him he wanted to examine all the dhows within the harbour. The governor first scorned the idea, then reverted to the late attempt on his brig, but was assured that it was *quite a mistake*—the effect of ardent zeal for the suppression of the slave trade; but the potentate would not be appeased. A few dollars they thought would most likely quiet him, and acting upon the thought, which proved correct, the band of rovers withdrew and returned to their boats. They then blockaded all the inlets to the harbour, showing their determination to stop the export of slaves from this port; having heard that thousands of the unfortunate creatures were awaiting embarkation.

The only dhow boarded was one under French colours, the master of which, illegally under French protection, considered himself (though having on board a cargo of slaves) quite beyond the power of English cruisers: he little knew the temperament of John Bull. The Frenchman thought we had not the moral courage

to board him when under the French flag, on which point we quickly undeceived him; and had he not been in possession of a *bonâ fide* Sultan's pass, would have consigned his dhow to the flames, and himself to an ignominious discharge to the shore.

Our little squadron were rather short of the necessities of life, but on the 24th found the crew of the French barque "Vidalle," shipwrecked and tented on a small island near Lamoo; with them they fraternized, and fared sumptuously, having for the first time since leaving the ship felt the invigorating effects of a good dinner and unbroken rest. The islands abound in the fierce brutes of the forest; but our people slept in safety guarded only by their watch-fires.

On the 26th a message from the governor arrived, inquiring why our boats blockaded his port, and inviting them to search the dhows and be gone. So on the following morning another visit was paid to his Highness, but nearly all the dhows had vanished, evidently knowing their harbour better than we. The governor magnanimously pointed to the remainder, and said, "If you still doubt, go search."

This shabby potentate is well-known by Colonel Rigby, who expends his vocabulary of adjectives on him with great asperity. To hear him called Prince is to touch the gallant colonel on a sore point, who at once tells you fiercely that he is not a prince, but the son of a low, black concubine slave.

*24th October.*—This, the 24th day from Kwyhoo, finds us using our last ton of coal to gain an anchorage at Seychelles: if we fail, woe betide us! Notwithstanding the long and constant knocking about off the barbarous coast of Africa—the heart-sickening work in boat-

cruising, the constant exposure to rain and sun, the bad provisions and water, the bad-smelling dhows, slaves, and Arabs, the long, monotonous sea-journey across hither, the scarcity of necessaries, the utter want of comforts, and with a debilitating fever—who would not stagger to the deck, from a sick bed, to gaze on the blessed land? the dear mother earth from whom we are so estranged, cut off, and banished! The sunken eyes of our first lieutenant (who is ill with fever) brighten up with thankfulness.

Two-thirds of our officers and a fifth of the men are sick. How they must look forward to the fresh provisions, cooling fruits, and the quiet rambles to be had when they are convalescent! Hurrah! there is a pretty little white whale-boat coming to meet us.

The little town looks very small; but the houses are overshadowed, and so close to the foliage that few are to be distinguished; but there is something we do see, something very gratifying to an Englishman 9000 miles from home—something that adds so much grace and virtue to the little town—a mark of the civilization, of the good sense and Christian feeling of the inhabitants—a something that gives a tone to the place, and makes one's heart rejoice. We see it peeping from amidst the thick tropical foliage; its white turret-shaped steeple and gothic body proclaim it an English Protestant church.

The entrance to the anchorage is very intricate, marked with a kind of barbers' poles of beacons. It is a narrow channel through coral reefs. These deposits with the white sand give the sea a pretty emerald tint, which added to the high mountains on the right, the tree-fringed, fresh, green-tinted islands on the left, backed by others blue in the distance, and the bright blue sky above, make a pretty picture.



The fast-sailing whaler is now alongside, having brought the Medico of the town, also another gentleman, who, for our edification, kindly sketch the Seychelles with the crayon of experience, and, as true artists, putting the lights and shades where they actually fall.

We find that the little town of Mahè is inhabited by about 10,000 French Creoles and Africans; the former the descendants of the French colonists; the latter the offspring by their slaves.

Although the Seychelles is really English, it is apparently French. French schools, French language, French education, consequently divine service is read in the Protestant church in French. All the merchants, and in fact almost the whole island is French. A French man-of-war visits the island periodically; an English one rarely, and then only in case of necessity.

Concerning the history of the group of islands called Seychelles, I know nothing. The probability is they were discovered by the Portuguese, about 200 years ago; that they have been colonized from that time, first, by the discoverers, then by the French, and finally by ourselves, in name only.

The government of the islands is vested in a civil commissioner, whose word is law, and who is generally appointed by the Mauritius Government. He is the magistrate of the islands. There is a respectable body of Creole police; well disciplined, neatly dressed, controlled by a superintendent and inspector, and supervised by the inspector-general of police at the Mauritius, who visits periodically.

All land is, of course, disposed of by Government; but of late very little has been sold, although many persons

are anxious to buy. A good deal of the soil is already bought, and in the hands of people who expect (as all colonists do) great things to turn up, and will not sell it at any price.

Until within a few months, the Seychelles has been insignificant; but lately, in consequence of the P. and O. mail touching on her way to and from Mauritius, &c., it has become more important.

The imports of Mahè are but domestic goods, brought in little trading schooners from the Mauritius, for home consumption. Its exports are more considerable; being rum, sugar, sago, and tapioca. Its manufactures are chiefly confined to straw; there is also a peculiar tree called *Cocoa de Mer*, known only at the Seychelles, which yields the most delicate, beautiful straw, from which the native girls make pretty fancy articles, fans, baskets, hats, bonnets, &c., by which they derive a tolerable living.

The islands opposite, in the distance, the largest called "Frigate Island," all yield their quantum of rum and sugar, which passes through the customs at Mahè. The rum is good, but it is never allowed to get sufficiently old to be palatable; it is sold, retail, at about eleven shillings per gallon. The sugar is also good, but not of a tempting colour—it is dirty-looking.

All the islands show signs of departed industry; the wrecks of old sugar-mills may be seen scattered about the country and covered with vegetation, the abode of owls and other birds, and rapidly falling to decay.

This is all the trade, and it is not very extensive.

The island has a few advantages from its isolated position in the Indian Ocean. Its soil is so rich and prolific that it would almost grow one's walking-stick if

stuck into it. In a short walk, almost within a space of a hundred square yards, can be counted an endless variety of fruits: limes, pine apples, oranges, bananas, plantains, lychoe, the noble bread-fruit, alligator pear, and mangoes, all growing wild, the two former choking the hedges and emitting a delicious fragrance of herbs; clove, cinnamon, castor oil, balsam copaibæ, manise, tapioca, sago, and cassava; trees of all kinds, india-rubber, palms of every description, cocoa nut, traveller's rest, which, tapped near the root, yields a refreshing drink; cushew, cocoa de mer, baisnalt, from which, being so hard, they make tiles for houses. The cocoa de mer, as the name implies, grows by the sea side; it is peculiar to the Seychelles, and, as far as we know, grows nowhere else in the world; it is valuable for its fine straw; also it has a large nut which contains a kind of blancmange which is very good.

Every roadside, garden, hill and valley is covered with the most odoriferous and charming flowers; the rose, the delicate souvenir of our own dear shores, blooms freely. But the Seychelles has its disadvantages. There is no harbour, and no artificial means can make one.

In consequence of the abolition of slavery, and the inherent laziness of the inhabitants, labour is scarce.

Twice our men-of-war have lately brought slaves here; the "Lyra" about 200, and ourselves 63. Directly these are landed they are ticketed and numbered, and taken under the wing of the magistrate; the males separated from the females; shortly, a day is named for their distribution; we attend, and see our chubby little Topsy's separated; appointed to different families, who undertake to bring them up in the way they should go,

also to pay them certain fixed wages; thus all are divided amongst the inhabitants.

The climate is very healthy, diseases rarely known; but the morality of the place is frightful. The marriage ceremony is a dead letter. Incest is too common to be taken notice of. One case for instance: an official at the Mauritius (born at Seychelles) is the son of his grandmother by his own brother! Melancholy to relate, there are very few virtuous girls on the island. The female portion of the inhabitants are as five to one of men. With all this, as might be expected, the population is rapidly decreasing. If the islands had been a little more anglicised, how different would be the results! French morals are lax enough, but here they run wild; having all the grossness, without a particle of French polish, and making it a paradise lost. Compare the English settlement of Tristan d'Acunha, a little island in mid-Atlantic, populated by about forty-three English, who for virtue, industry, and social happiness are immensely superior to the inhabitants of the Seychelles.

The natives have not succeeded in rearing cattle of any kind. Pigs of course flourish, but little or nothing is produced by artificial means; nature is expected to do everything. Provisions are excessively dear: beef, 1s. per pound; eggs, 2*d.* each; dry provisions not to be had; sardines, 2s. per small box; wines and spirits inferior and dear; and all other articles the same. To aggravate matters, our blue-jackets, having been granted leave, have, like a swarm of locusts, eaten up everything. All the beer (although 2s. per bottle), eggs, &c., &c., are consumed, at the expense of the little fortunes they made in the dhows; and not only so, but also at the expense of their officers.

Of course there is little to be said of society in such a place as this, the Commissioner and the Doctor; the only lady at Mahè is the Doctor's wife, a very agreeable and genteel person, of Greek parents, born at Zante. Sometimes for a whole year this kind creature is without a single female companion, without even a piano to disturb the stagnant atmosphere; and even worse, sometimes the Doctor, her only solace, is absent on professional duty for a week at a time. She at all events knows the value of companions and friends, and will no doubt appreciate them. How glad they are to have us to tea every evening! and we always make it a point to drop in on every occasion; in the evening taking her ladyship for a walk, returning at dusk to a refreshing cup of tea. There are some of those truly good creatures, French Sisters of Charity here, who possess the only piano on the island, and that is a most melancholy instrument.

The land at Mahè rises almost perpendicularly, fronted by a few miles of flat land whereon stands the town. The heights, some 7000 or 8000 feet, are of solid rock, and at the top covered with luxuriant vegetation. The houses are built à la Swiss, and only want the pretty little bridges and rumbling streams to make the comparison perfect.

There are about half-a-dozen roads: one running round the bay, the others at right angles to the hills in the background, gently inclined towards them. These are lined with hedges of the prettiest flowers; the graceful palms and weeping bamboos rendering them refreshing cool retreats. At evening these walks are delightful, especially on a moonlight night. The aroma from the myriads of pine apples, limes, and roses, is truly delightful; and in the morning, before the sun has

taken up the dew, a little walk before breakfast, besides exhausting one's eulogistic vocabulary, leaves one in a good temper for the remainder of the day.

One of the greatest curiosities to be seen at this place, and of the insect world, is a kind of leaf-fly. I was asked to look at a bunch of fresh green leaves, and told to point out any living thing on it; after looking in vain for some time, I was astonished to see one of the leaves move, and found that this leaf was the insect itself. It is a mere leaf, with the most delicate legs and head; its body is quite green, with veins, fibres, &c. These leaf-flies are very rare, and very difficult to keep, requiring a bunch of fresh leaves daily. The ant and other insects perforate and devour them. When hatched they are like small dried leaves, but they soon astonish one by walking, and we were much more surprised to see them turn green.

The females are largely employed in plaiting straw; and they sell the plait, enough to make a mat, for about 2s. 6d. They pride themselves on this kind of work, and will rig up a "chapeau" in a few hours, *à la mode*, "pork-pie" or otherwise; not, however, forgetting to charge. The smallest little doll-basket, made of cocoa de mer fibre, is a dollar. The males do very little; in fact, the natural order of things is reversed.

There are about twenty shops in the town, a kind of general stores, owned by French creoles; flimsy French things are the chief articles retailed.

Altogether, Mahè is naturally a very beautiful looking island; its walks and rambles almost unparalleled, especially to us after a long sea-voyage. Its beauties, however, would be acknowledged by any one. There is one drawback however to all this beautiful scenery—the

excessive heat. At Mahè, the high land being crescent-shaped and rocky, the heat is retained long after the sun has dipped, thereby rendering the atmosphere somewhat close; otherwise, the Seychelles are a little paradise.

Canoe after canoe, schooner after schooner arrive with our wood. All cedar! and this to be burnt! We set our wits to work calculating how many pencils we shall consume. It certainly appears extravagant, but necessity leaves us no other choice. It is consumed quickly, and the smoke plays the deuce with our funnel and sails.

The next consideration is water, which is easily procured from one of the many mountain-streams, most of which are mineralized; so we must be careful.

I am enlivened by a little scuffle between two Kroo men in the water-boat alongside; the scuffling, punching, squeezing, and jabbering savagely carried on is amusing, because almost harmless. The Kroo boys in every ship are, on account of their general good behaviour, allowed to go on shore every evening, if possible. Appreciating and enjoying the privilege, and the whole body being fearful lest the imprudence of one or more of them should lead to the loss of it, the head Kroo men have full power vested in them, both by the authorities and the Kroo boys themselves, to come down upon a delinquent, very severely. To-day these two combatants have doubtless taken a little too much, and are moved by the infernal spirits; but Tom Peters, the head Kroo man, sees them. This black Hercules jumps into the boat, plies a rope's-end most unmercifully to all, and then with the slightest effort throws the brawler across his broad shoulders, carries him up

the gangway as if he were a child, and deposits him upon the hard deck, pitching him over sack-of-coals' fashion. The water-boat leaves for the shore, and the *sack of coals* without hesitation jumps overboard, and after a little difficulty is saved. But the hour of retribution is at hand. The very same night Jack Ropeyarn, the chief Kroo boy, tells the commanding officer that he is obliged to give Jim Will (the culprit) a licking. "All right," says the commanding officer. The following morning Jack reports in the most formal way, "I lick 'm, sir;" and no doubt it was a most severe castigation inflicted with nothing smaller than a two-inch rope. For a little time after this event poor Jim Will, having done some work for me, actually refused a glass of grog offered to him; and, considering the value of the precious liquor when the "Long Boat" is in, I cannot help concluding that the licking in question made a more lasting impression on his mind than body.

Talking of Kroo boys, we have a most peculiar one, named "Bottle of Beer;" he is always laughing, and looks like the reality of his name in the shape of porter, just opened and frothing over. In this hot weather, without a bottle of the reality on board, this frothy fellow is always before us; his name is being constantly dinned into our ears, while our palates are reminded of the absence of this invigorating beverage. Yes! I must say, Bass stands as high in my estimation as a minister of the interior; as the inventor of Baltic shirts does for the comfort he has provided for the exterior—both deserve to be almost deified by wandering man.

In consequence of the very active service in which we have been of late employed, our defects have become so formidable as to require the assistance of the Sey-



chelles artificers. These Creoles are accounted good workmen; report says that a ship need only bring nails and tools to this place, but to us experience proved otherwise.

Their hands were soon full of our work. We found them very slow, independent, and expensive; their work, however, was tolerably good.

*17th November.*—Our rigging having been set up, and stores and provisions replenished, we, to-day, find ourselves ready for sea.

This little trip to the Seychelles has cost Government about £1000, and although we are all excessively sorry at this expenditure of public money, still I think we should be even reconciled to this, if Captain W—— would only wait for the mail due to-morrow. Our petition is selfish, no doubt; but if the reader will only condescend to make our case his own, and suffer the deprivation of letters and news for five months with a prospect of being, as it were, dead to the world for double that time, and without any news from home if the present opportunity be missed, our request will appear within the bounds of reason. But it is not to be, the anchor is weighed, and we find ourselves, minus the wished-for letters, waving our handkerchiefs to the cluster of friends, standing in B——'s balcony, returning the salute.

We now move sluggishly along with the merest apology for a breeze.

## CHAPTER X.

A Journey of 900 miles before us, and at present no wind—Hoping for change of the Monsoon—A long course of "Salt-horse"—Gun exercise, to while away the monotony—The "mumps" prevail—Christmas-day on board—Expressions of regret in the loss of our late Commander—At last we arrive at Zanzibar—Increase of the Slave trade—We visit the Slave market—The Nautch dance—A Yankee friend—Preparations for Johanna—Johanna is incomparable for its beautiful scenery.

18th *November*.—This day brings us less wind, soon none at all, consequently less patience; and now we are in a dead calm, about eight miles from the Seychelles, and our cup of bitterness overflows, for there goes the very mail we have longed for, and dreamed of for the last month!

How shall we endure our disappointment; no wind, and a sea journey of 900 miles, and with little pleasure in anticipating our arrival among the detestable Arabs. There is one consolation for us: if we reach Zanzibar we get coal, a very scarce commodity, and in obtaining which our success in the prize way depends. But we have about 900 miles to get over, and our supply of water and steaming depends on about three days' wood. Our holds contain only six weeks' provisions, and the S.W. monsoon being nearly ended, we may expect

variable winds and a long passage. A long course of "salt horse" is likely to increase the sick list, and decrease the small quantity of medicines in possession of the "Faculty."

For the last few days we have had nothing but calms, our men think they will continue for some time, at least until the change of the monsoon; in consequence, it is rather amusing to see the long face of our Chief. Unfortunately he calculated on shortening the journey to Johanna by going *viâ* Zanzibar, thinking to have a leading wind all the way across, to take in coal at that place, and then, with greater certainty and speed, make our way to Johanna, under steam during the light winds, and be in time to catch the great slave ships hurrying off with their yearly human cargoes; instead of which, here we are in the very light winds, which have arrived just a month earlier than usual. But the time could not be better employed; our men are very much behind in their evolutions, and the present opportunity has been taken advantage of to rub them up.

The great guns are being rattled about all day, spars and sails in the evening; light infantry drill, scientific field evolutions, and field-piece exercise often varying the course.

The blue-jackets take to the former naturally, but the field evolutions they appear determined not to manage. The colour-sergeant is nearly out of patience, his awkward squad increases in awkwardness. Jack is obstinate, he won't learn soldiering; he considers himself an injured individual. Occasionally a little badinage is exchanged between them, such as "I say, Jack, d'ye hear the latest order, all hands have to go to the shoemaker to be measured for stocks!" and the very

idea appears to them so ludicrous, that all laugh heartily; but if they *could* be brought to think what glorious results may accrue to the country by their becoming *per mare—per terram*, what an immense advantage would be gained!

Our boys are picking up their drill very fast, several have been promoted. Captain W—— studies their interests much more than the Circular, which forbids them to be rated until eighteen years of age, he doing so at sixteen.

*5th December.*—The very same sight every morning; the glassy, greasy sea, without a catspaw; not a bird or a fish to be seen, the whole space void—nothing breathing the breath of life around us. There appears no likelihood of a change, the heavens an azure blue, unblemished by a cloud, the sun hot, intensely hot, its rays piercing our very skulls, for there is no awning spread. The first lieutenant has long since suffered from it, and is now in his cot; the second lieutenant has succumbed, yet our chief paces the deck at noon in the glaring sun, I dare say, without the slightest idea that any one could be affected by the heat, as if sunstroke were a mere idea.

Experience has no effect on us, day by day we see the "white horses" bowling up, and exclaim, "hurrah! here's the north-easter!" but it turns out to be a mere tidal ripple, a "meeting of the waters."

*10th December.*—Not a breath of wind, the sun as hot as ever; and, to make matters worse, all our Seychelles water has vanished. Some of our precious cedar-wood is therefore burnt to condense, which not only makes us ten times hotter, but half blinds us. No more baths, no more quarts of water in the morning,

no more washing twice a day, for we are limited to one quart a day for washing; but every shower of rain is caught and stowed in tubs for our use by marine domestics.

If we had no masts, nor sails, we should be devoured with *ennui*, as it is we are continually boxing about to catch the faintest breath. There is a disease setting in, vulgarly called "the mumps," consequent on the departure of the good things of this world—I mean the "mental mumps," not the physical.

24th December.—Not a drum nor a fife disturbed the night, not a song nor a dance can be heard. All is silent. My only pleasure is the thought of "England, home, and beauty." The men appear to be tired, they have been drilled until late, and have no heart or *spirits* to make them merry.

S—— and I sit lonely on the hatchway combings, he smoking his cigar and recounting his first loves and youthful frolics. After diving into the past, present, and future, we dive into bed.

25th December, Christmas-day.—Hail! glorious day! Though unattended by thy gay courtiers, mirth and good cheer, thou art truly welcome! What have we to-day in the shape of good cheer? For the last week we have been on a pint of water a day (for washing), and half allowance of biscuit. There is not wherewith to make a pudding. Salt meat is almost the only article of food of which we get our full quantum, and five weeks on salt junk, without even rice as a vegetable, brings one to the verge of scurvy (especially when there is no lime juice); but with a little more water we should get on a great deal better. We have to be very careful with the little we have; in the morning my servant

measures the pint in a pewter—old measure, not imperial,—and seems to chuckle when, on pouring it into my basin, he sees my discomfiture. I begin with the face, and work nearly all the way down to my toes with this mug full. I have tried various ways to smuggle water, but it being kept under vigilant eyes in the wardroom, I was of course bowled out, and was therefore driven to the not very honest resort of calling for a glass of water, ostensibly for the interior, and dedicating it to the exterior. Thus I secured washed hands before dinner.

The men have fared far worse, for we *have had* our bottles of pickles and chutnee to render the junk palatable. They have had bad coffee instead of their staff of life—chocolate; half allowance of biscuit, no tea, no flour, raisins, suet, rice, peas, or lemon-juice. They have had a pint of water, and as much drill every day as if on full allowance. One-fifth of the ship's company are on the sick-list; scurvy has made its appearance, and we have boils innumerable: three-fifths of the officers are sick; our first lieutenant has been very ill, once despaired of, and nearly every officer has gone into dry dock for a time. The worst of it is, as in the case of the first lieutenant, just when he requires nursing and strengthening, we have nothing to give him, except port-wine and salt food; but, worst of all, the eminent doctors report their medicines nearly gone, so that, if we are out another fortnight, our case may be rather serious. The solitary shark that followed us so long, has given us up as a most economical ship, no scraps being thrown overboard. Our blue-jackets are rather partial to young sharks.

Well, we must hope for the best, and give Jack a

glass of grog, although that exhilarant is prohibited; and by this means on Christmas-night we do manage to drag a song out of some of them. We are, indeed, in luck's way: instead of the usual salt junk we find upon the table some preserved meats, the welcome surprise of our steward, who has doubtless had great resolution to secrete them, resisting our pitiful looks day by day with stoic firmness until the present occasion.

Dinner over I manage to infuse a little joy into the bodies *impolitic*, by hauling out the *Illustrated London News* of last year, which, with its Christmas jollities, by an extraordinary stretch of the imagination, we transfer to the present time. In the evening, in spite of contrary orders, nearly every Jack gets a gill from the officers. One of the petty officers said to me, "I don't know whether you miss Captain P—— aft, sir, but we do forward." So passes Christmas-day of 1861.

*29th December.*—To-day we have the land in view, and consequently look forward to the blessings of harbour. Luckily the fresh breeze continues and carries us to the anchorage of Zanzibar, for otherwise we should have to be content with a quarter of allowance of everything. We find at anchor here a French corvette, and an addition to the Arab navy in the shape of a merchant barque, bought in, decorated, fitted and mounted with guns. The ship herself has rather a nice hull; her guns are of different calibre, consequently necessitating several sizes of shot; but, I suppose, this has not entered the Arab mind: the chief point was to get the guns on board to constitute her a man-of-war, never mind powder and shot—quite a second consideration!

There is also a little merchant-schooner that has undergone a similar conversion. It is gratifying to see

that Jack Arab is on the march, however slow. It is a step in the right direction; and, besides, we hear the Sultan has been remarkably wise and honest, paying some arrears of tribute to his superior at Muscat, like a man. But we are not a little surprised that advantage has not been taken of his shortcomings to force a wedge under his tottering throne; the force of the simplest lever would have effected the object, I think.

We are rather struck with the increase of dhow trade. Almost hourly these primitive vessels arrive with crowded cargoes of slaves, crossing our bows with the greatest impunity. We once more visit the slave market, and there find fresh vigour; the traffic seems to have gained new life since our last visit. The market is full: fierce Arabs, Turks, and Abyssinians are busy with their bargains. Negroes are trotted out in a business-like way; the women are felt and squeezed. Their legs, ankles, and teeth are examined most disgustingly and unfeelingly by the dealers. They are far dearer than ever, and more bought and sold. The purchasers are continually walking off with files of blacks, no doubt taken to the general depôt, whence they will be carried northward in the dreadful dhows.

And why this fresh impetus? Our new Consul has arrived, and advantage is taken of his inexperience. His predecessor was a man who thoroughly understood the Arab character, could speak their language fluently, was up to all their intrigues and dodges, and knew all the languages along the coast. Altogether the right man was in the right place. He had emancipated 1000 human beings with his own hand, and was loved by the respectable part of the community of Zanzibar, feared and hated by the slave dealers, who



vowed to deprive him of his valuable life, but they lacked the courage to do it. The gallant old colonel cared not a straw for their cowardly threats, but took his morning and evening walks with only a clear conscience and a trusty revolver. He peeped into the dwellings of the emancipated negro, and was blessed by their occupants. His heart and soul revolted at the barbarity and cruelty of the slave trade, and strove to abolish it. He assisted us with all his great energies, lent us his informers, put us on the scent of the slave dhows, and gave us the benefit of his vast experience of Arab character, all for the same end. He compelled the Sultan to respect treaties and exercise humanity. The consequence of the aid he rendered was that we captured eighteen dhows, and entirely stopped the northern slave trade. So efficient was our blockade of the slave ports that not a single cargo of the persecuted creatures passed northward this season; while generally at least 5000 escaped.

But a new Consul arrives, and the Arabs see their pet trade invigorated. They see a profitable future big with dollars, concubines and slaves, European luxuries, and an era of sensual dissipation, and they laugh at us.

Whoever has not seen a Nautch dance, has something yet to see. Some three or four sets of these had arrived here from Bombay; and having told our tall, gawky Arab conductor that we wished to see these peculiar beings, he made the necessary arrangements with them. In the evening we repaired to his house, and were ushered into a long, narrow room, covered with a Persian carpet and cushions, and in the centre a brass lamp with a number of burners. The spectators seated themselves at the farther end of the room,

leaving the divan for the Nautch girls—awaiting most impatiently their arrival, and filling up the interval by defending themselves against the fierce onslaughts of hungry, buzzing mosquitoes. A crowd of Arabs pour in, and squat down without invitation; others, less fortunate, manning the windows on the outside. Shortly, our tall Arab enters, ushering in some half-dozen creatures, clothed in cloth of gold, followed by half a dozen Indian musicians bearing their instruments of torture, consisting of a peculiar kind of drum, a guitar, and an instrument of the flageolet kind. The ladies divested themselves of their outer scarf of red silk and gold, and lounged on the divan opposite to us: their arms bare, bosoms nearly, and legs quite so. Their heads ornamented with wreaths of jewels; gold ornaments, studded with precious stones, hung from one side of the nostrils, pulling down the lobes.

One looked rather old, say twenty-eight, the others young, two under thirteen. All were of Indian cast of countenance, and very dark under the eyes. They lounged on the cushions in the most fascinating manner, as they apparently thought, gently puffing the cigars we had given them, every moment casting up their large black eyes to us languishingly, lovingly, enchantingly, and sorrowfully.

The musicians strike up a semi-dismal sentimental sound: one of them has a peculiar small, semi-circular drum, made fast to his waist, which he sounds by striking with the palm of his hand, obtaining the most peculiar, but not unmusical sounds. The others have instruments more common.

The girls now begin to cast off their outer garments, and bind round their ankles tinkling chains. This done,

they advance, tap the heels, then the toes, tinkling the chains to the time of the musicians. The dance is doubtless to follow. Wriggling about—coming close to us, throwing out their arms, and peeping beneath the scarf, advance and retreat. They then sing love-songs, conjointly with the musicians, who screech in their ears, gradually increasing the loudness of the music; the girls advancing and receding, their eyes alternately full of passion and sorrow, and their whirling away disconsolate, at length sit down almost exhausted. During the dancing and singing they frequently lift the nose ornament to wipe their streaming faces. This was continued by a succession of dancers, until we were tired, and were glad to pay and be off. They wanted eight dollars each for their performance, but only got as much amongst them. Right glad were we to leave the locality and get on board. Altogether it was one of the most curious dramatic displays I had ever witnessed.

Those we had seen were of an inferior class; the "Ariel" had some on board when at Zanzibar, and paid them about 200 dollars.

During this visit to Zanzibar I met my old friend, the Yankee naturalist, and the conversation disagreeably turning on the American war and on "Bull's Run," the indifferent Yankee said, "Well, sir, as to those fellows who took the right-about without orders, and left the battle-field to the enemy, their time was up, you know, and I guess they had lots of business at home." Having taken in 100 tons of coal, and sufficient provisions to carry us to Johanna, we hoist the topsails, and gladly bid adieu to Zanzibar; for the island, beautiful in itself, is made, by the vices of Arabs, a loathsome den, which one is only too glad to leave.

The N.E. monsoon blowing with great force, soon carries us over the 700 miles; and on the evening of the 8th, we are bowling along, putting on all sail to cheat the night. The land gradually becomes nearer, the sea foaming and bursting under our quarter, and we are all very joyful at the prospect of dropping anchor to-night. The sky becomes very dark, the thunder-clouds gather ominously, making the sea look darker and whitening the foam; and, just when we have our bowsprit end overhanging the very entrance to the harbour, all is shut out from us; the mists assemble; the thunder rolls; the lightning flashes; the rain pours down; navigation is too intricate for us to venture farther. The helm is put "hard a-port," and we are standing out to sea to avoid the shoals, but all on board are extremely disappointed. The good little doctor who has so fully hoped and expected to read his wife's letter to-night, must go to bed disconsolate; and such is the frame of mind of us all, that it would be useless even to offer us consolation.

*9th January*,—Buffeted by the waves all night, we rise early, looking for the land, fully expecting not to see it; for when a man-of-war makes the land at night, she rarely returns until noon next day, on account of the over-wise precaution of stretching so far away from the land. But there it is, a dark, towering mass, half-buried in the morning mist. Every one says we shall arrive by 7 A.M., and they are right, for we do arrive about that time. Huge sacks of letters are brought on board by our new lieutenant. Eagerly—almost frantically—they are torn open, and disgorged of their contents; the sweet epistles, clothed in fancy's garment, red, white, and green, &c., tumble out, forming quite a hillock of joy, a Primrose

Hill indeed! Fingers and eyes are busy deciphering their addresses, and pouncing upon those we recognise as most familiar, every additional one adding a fresh thrill of joy. Then, with our treasures, seeking the solitude of our cabins for sweet communion with our homes, making ourselves *once* more one of the family. Ah; yes! after being so long without letters, we *do* indeed prize and appreciate them!

For beauty of scenery Johanna is incomparable: from the Pomony anchorage it is more charming than on the town side; a flat plain about 800 yards wide covered with the greenest vegetation and graceful palms; then a succession of wave-like hill and dale, backed by majestic mountains, abruptly rising and towering to the clouds, covered with beautiful verdure and flowers, and watered by numerous silvery cascades: and higher we find the pretty dewy fern in all its varieties, velvet moss, and solitary pine; woody ropes to help the pretty creepers to climb to colder heights. The whole island seems blessed with a perpetual summer, ever charming and beautiful.

But nature is left uncultivated by the degraded, indolent beings she has smiled upon and favoured; she luxuriates here in the wildest profusion, but man regards her not. He burrows in the primitive, windowless, rude, palm-leaved shanty of the wild Indian, not dreaming of the beauties that surround him. No, there is naught but nature to admire! we turn to her for refreshment and consolation after viewing her degraded tenants.

12th January.—The anchor is weighed, and we record another departure, and this time our course is southward. We long for a colder and more invigorating

climate, and a little more civilized life; having seen enough of man in his barbarous state. Our orders are to proceed to Mozambique, there take in coal; then to the Zambesi river to look after the Livingstone expedition; then to Delgado on a short cruise, and afterwards to Natal and the Cape. So that we bid adieu to clammy Mozambique, to slavers and slaves, Arabs and Indians, ruined towns, haunts of vice, squalid misery, and relentless cruelty. Adieu! poor slaves, the hour of your emancipation may not be yet; but by the just and wise course of nature your very persecutors are building you up on their own ruins. Enslaving you they have enslaved and degraded themselves, and their consequent vices have, like a huge tumour, exhausted their very vitals.

## CHAPTER XI.

Mozambique—We fall in with the Zambesi Expedition—The “Lady Nyassa”—Mrs. Livingstone and her party—Hardships they met with—The two parties—Leaving for Quillimane in search of news of Dr. Livingstone and Bishop Mackenzie—Arrival off Quillimane—Preparing and provisioning a paddle-box boat for a three-days’ cruise—The start—News of the Doctor having gone to Congoni—A miserable night in the town of Quillimane—We leave for Congoni—Arrival of the “Pioneer,” the Doctor’s vessel.

*17th January.*—The fresh monsoon has soon carried the good ship hither (Mozambique); but to avoid the further desertion of slaves to us, we anchor in the roadstead, which is somewhat detrimental to one’s comfort, the journey to and fro devouring at least a precious hour.

Mozambique appears to have improved a little since our last visit; things seem to be better regulated, and the streets are cleaner. Portuguese soldiers dress smarter, the guard before the governor’s palace does not indulge in cigarettes and snoozes, there being no excuse for such unsoldier-like habits, as the guard is regularly relieved. Signals are flying from the fort, workmen improving the port and landing-places, the arsenal hastening to supersede the antique guns on the noble fortifications, three men-of-war—two of them steam gunboats—are at anchor in the harbour, moored equi-distantly and creditably. All this speaks well for the place.

21st January.—A small brig arrives, and anchors close astern. On boarding her, we are rather taken aback to find the most enchanting part of the Zambesi expedition stowed away in her small cabin, consisting of Mrs. Livingstone (a motherly-looking lady about thirty-eight or forty), and Miss Mackenzie, sister of the bishop, a pleasant, humorous, good-natured elderly Scotch lady. They are accompanied by two maid-servants, or lady's-maids, who are rather fond of dress, but a little steadied by being attached to the mission. There is also one of that fashionable sect styled high churchmen, and a member of the Kirk of Scotland, a manly-looking fellow, not thinking too much of himself to take a turn at the wheel, or anything else when necessary, knowing something of curing the body as well as the soul, and, in fact, one of those rare missionaries who like to see if the object likely to be gained is worth the risk of a number of valuable lives—a most sensible plan of the Presbyterian Church, a good example to our own Mackenzie Mission, which is not content to push a part of their people blindfold and almost purposeless into the wilds of South Africa, but adds to their distressing position by allowing a lot of helpless females in their blind devotion to accompany them. They have with them the pieces of a steamer (120 feet long), in charge of an engineer, who has the responsibility, first, of taking the brig and her cargo to Quillimane river (a place reeking with fever), crossing its dangerous bar, putting the steamer together (a work of three weeks), taking her to Congoni, steaming up the shallow and comparatively unknown river of Zambesi, unshipping her at the Murchison Falls, carrying *the ladies*, maid-servants, steamer, and gear, weighing 140 tons, through a country full of



obstacles, tribes, jungle, and brutes of the wilds, and to push his way to the Lake Nyassa, where, perhaps, he may find the mission located. If the engineer carries all safely to its destination, and floats the "Lady Nyassa," as his piecemeal steamer is called, on the lake, he will deserve a monument in the Institute of Civil Engineers; but I am afraid the obstacles will even overcome his energy, and that pieces of the steamer will be left here and there—small memorials, monuments of a great but wild endeavour.

All these difficulties, though great, men alone might be able to overcome, or if they failed they would meet death calmly; but when encumbered by helpless women, the case is very different.

Again, if they do succeed, what may it lead to? great scientific results, the emancipation of millions of negroes, the development of the vast regions of Africa, its junction with the civilized world, to the profit of all men, and to the glory of one nation in particular!

Yes; I pity the engineer, I pity the ladies. I admire the former for taking charge of them, I admire the latter for their devotion and fidelity; but I cannot speak highly of those who permit and almost encourage the latter to sacrifice themselves; or those husbands or brothers, who, either from ignorance or want of proper feeling, allow or invite them to undertake this death-march. The men might, at least, have waited until they themselves had overcome the hardships of the journey; and with their experience, and provided with better means, their deluded but devoted relatives would have some protection for their precious lives.

The passage so far in this dirty little brig has somewhat prepared the ladies for future hardships. Her cabin

was nominally given up to them; salt rations—and nothing else had they—they had to take upon deck when weather permitted, and in the close cabin at other times. The skipper chopped and served out the junk, and as mess utensils were scarce, one plate and mug between two was luxurious. The cabin, deserted all day, was resorted to at night. The ladies stretched their weary lengths on the deck—their first sleep generally disturbed by the midnight consultation of captain and mate laying off the distance, and arranging the course on the thumb-stained chart, the huge legs of the worthy skipper frequently spanning the tender forms beneath him like the Colossus at Rhodes, but the poor creatures even got used to this. I could never find out how they managed to accomplish their morning toilet.

The missionaries grumbled at the hardships they had to undergo; one poor fellow, unburdening his heart, with a very amiable, smiling face, told me that he had managed to get through them *very jollily*:—"The hay was stowed in the hold, the bits of the steamer on the top, and a few planks on that formed our beds; a leaky pump certainly threw a damper on our feelings, and left us 'cold' legacies, but this was *easily borne*." The smile suddenly relaxed, and gave place to a melancholy expression, no doubt a true indication of his *real* feelings on the subject.

But, as if these discomforts were insufficient, they increased them by separating into cliques—forming a high and low church party; and these two parties, so entirely dependent on the goodwill of each other for their only happiness, fighting like cats and dogs! Twice I have had demonstrated to me by experience, that the smaller the society, the greater bickerings and splits

there are—first, at Tristan d’Acunha, containing only forty-three inhabitants, and almost as many divisions; and now here on board the brig, amongst only five missionaries there are two parties.

I have known this high church schism to be imparted to the Kaffirs, and now perhaps it is to divide the negro converts. What a pity it is that pure, simple religion should be made such a laughing-stock of.

Well, we have invited the ladies to exchange their dirty old brig for the comfortable “Gorgon.” The high church party came, but the low remained where they were, thinking that the discomforts of mingling with the other party greater than those on board the brig.

*22nd January.*—Before proceeding to the Congoni, Captain W—— determines to call at Quillimane, to see if there is any news of Dr. Livingstone and Bishop Mackenzie’s party. Accordingly, once more we leave Mozambique, brig in tow, and paddle down to Quillimane. Supposing we hear nothing of the expedition there, the party to disembark, the engineer to put his steamer together, and then proceed up the Congoni and Zambesi.

I dread even their short sojourn at Quillimane, knowing how much energy, strength, and confidence has been overcome by the deadly fever. Seeing and fully comprehending the madness of their journey, every evening we stimulate the musical-box to play that mournfully happy air, “Home, sweet Home!” in hopes of getting the ladies to turn back and go with us to the Cape. I hope it will have the desired effect, every other kind of reasoning and advice has been unheeded, for devotion and fidelity has blinded the fair ones.

The coast is low, the water looking like bad ale, evidently the effects of a river; heavy rollers dip our ports under water, and therefore have to be closed.

*25th January.*—About 9 P.M. we anchor off Quillimane river.

*28th January.*—Up to this date we have been waiting for a calm day to cross the dangerous bar, and also preparing and provisioning a paddle-box boat, for a three days' cruise. This afternoon, the sea having fallen considerably, a party of four officers, including the captain, in two boats, make for the mouth of the river. They start from the ship with ominous visions of a capsize on the bar, the grave of many a boat's crew. About half an hour after leaving they find themselves in the vicinity of the breakers, and are soon overtaken and borne on their tops at a furious rate, buried in foam, now dashing down a valley, then uplifted and resting on the mere pinnacle of a crested giant wave, striking one with awe and wonder. Both boats behaved remarkably well, and it was a grand sight to see them successively on the top of huge rollers, and foam along at a rate of fully twelve miles an hour, occasionally rushing on one another at mad speed, and when the danger of collision and annihilation seemed certain, suddenly checked, and no harm done, excepting shipping about two gallons of water. All were very glad to get into smooth water, and the breeze being fair, they reached Quillimane (situated about twelve miles from entrance) about 5 P.M.

The town consists of a few straggling houses, mostly of stone, and well-roofed with tile after the Portuguese fashion. They are altogether respectable and comfortable, entirely separated from the native kraals,

which of themselves are well-constructed, and neatly put together.

They were met by Mr. José (Dr. Livingstone's agent), who speaks English fluently. He escorted them to the Governor, who received them most kindly, entertaining them with fruit and wine; in fact, his hospitality knew no bounds. Our news, though old, was fresh to him, and the papers of June were most welcome, he having heard nothing of European affairs for a very long time. Heard that "Pioneer" had grounded in the Shirè, but that Dr. Livingstone had floated her again, and was on his way to Congoni. A Colonel — had just returned from the Shirè, and had left the Doctor only a few days previously.

Our party bade the Governor good-night, and returned to their boats, where they passed a very miserable night, in consequence of drenching showers of rain, and very little sleeping-room. Early in the morning breakfasted in the boats, and, per invitation, took another with the Governor—a right sumptuous one, the most remarkable features of which were the very fine fruit, and the white wholesome bread made from native corn. The feast was far out of proportion to those engaged in it, and the Governor with much delicacy begged they would allow him to send the remains down to the boats, as they would very likely want more before getting back to the ship. The offer was thankfully accepted, and on reaching the boats the party found a small army of slaves loaded with all sorts of good things, in such quantities that it was difficult to make room for them; nor did the kind old gentleman forget to add a supply of wines, in which he was subsequently pledged.

After many attempts to get away they succeeded, but

too late to get down the river that evening, the tide being too strong, therefore went over to the other shore, and whiled away time in popping at hippopotami. The huge brutes would come snorting above water, and gambol about with much agility. After being fired at they would spring nearly out of the water and dive, coming up now and then and giving tremendous snorts, their heads just out of the water. As soon as the tide turned, the boats dropped down to the mouth of the river, and at daylight crossed the bar with the quarter ebb, without any difficulty, the water being perfectly smooth.

*31st January.*—Arrive off the mouth of Congoni (or, at least, about seven miles from it; merely a mistake of the current), and there find a little long paddle-wheel steamer painted white, with red cross on her paddle-boxes, which answers to description of the "Pioneer," Dr. Livingstone's vessel. Captain W—— tries to pass the bar, mistakes the passage, and gets capsized, but finally succeeds in boarding her.

In the meantime the ship lies at anchor about six miles from the shore, opposite East Luabo. At night both ladies sit in the gangway anxiously awaiting the return of the gig for information concerning their loved ones up country.

*1st February.*—Early this morning the "Pioneer" crosses the bar, and by 8 A.M. is alongside us. The great African traveller is on her paddle-box, dressed as usual in the consul's faded gear. He lifts his silver-laced cap to the ladies, and having passed us makes for something more interesting—the ladies in the brig astern.

Our gig arrives alongside and satisfies us on two

points: firstly, that a long sharp-bowed craft of her size is unfit for a heavy surf, and secondly, it is highly dangerous to cross under sail. She brings a fat young oryx, which was bowled over by a rifle ball on the first island on the left bank of the East Luabo branch of the Zambesi.

Anything in the shape of change or excitement is welcome. Meeting the "Pioneer" and her pioneers is a great pleasure. Shortly the whole staff of the expedition, including Drs. Livingstone, Kirke, Meller, and Mr. Charles Livingstone; and, in speaking of the expedition, we must not forget Ma. Robert, as Mrs. Livingstone is called, for she has aided it, though indirectly, in taking care of her husband—all these came on board and took breakfast with us.

I am not yet out of my cabin when a hasty raptap-tap is made at my door, and the voice of our jolly little second lieutenant demands admittance, and says that our captain has determined to conduct an expedition of fifty armed "Gorgon's" up the Zambesi,\* and a long distance in the interior, to the assistance of the O.C.D. Mission, who, having foolishly and conceitedly overturned the "hives" of natives around them, by endeavouring to stop slavery by coercion, have been driven within their settlement, and there stockaded themselves. Dr. Livingstone thinks the natives have attacked them, having heard the booming of great guns in the direction of the lake, near which the mission is. So, no doubt, the missionaries have been

\* In 1498, Vasco de Gama touched at the Zambesi, which he called "Good Signs." He found it the channel of considerable trade; on its banks he saw many persons dressed in silk and blue cotton vestments. How different now!

stopping the caravans; and when we think that these are sometimes accompanied by one hundred fierce, armed Arabs, &c., we cease to wonder at their being besieged. Our only surprise is that they have not been massacred ere this. In consequence of these reports the ladies are very anxious concerning the fate of their relatives.

The intentions of the captain in this expedition are, to assist Dr. Livingstone to transport the sections of the steamer "Lady Nyassa" to the Lake, to cut across country to the mission station to release the "church militant" from "durance vile," and to accompany the ladies in their perilous journey thither.

The thoughts of an adventurous campaign joys us excessively. I endeavour to discredit the news, but it is no good; every one thinks the captain will not alter his mind, and I therefore indulge my own wishes. I go as aide-de-camp, and at 4 P.M. we are all bustled into the boats. The ladies are hurried to the brig, and we cross the bar in the "Pioneer," brig in tow.

Of course all the members of the expedition accompany us. Our joy would be complete were it not for our inability to supply the "Pioneer" with provisions, for they came down almost purposely for this. But it cannot be helped; we have only just sufficient to carry us to Natal. They will, therefore, have to rely on the sterile generosity of the natives and their land for help, and to prosecute their discoveries on short rations.

As it is too late to cross the bar this evening we sleep on board the "Pioneer," in readiness for an early attempt.

*2nd February, Sunday.*—At daylight we are all astir, the usual confusion preparatory to towing. Soon the



brig is fast astern, and at 5 A.M. we are moving towards the bar.

Our two paddle-box boats are towing astern of the brig, and all the way in, swamping and swerving from one side to the other, having too short a length of cable.

The bar is not at all rough, and we glide over beautifully, anchoring one hundred yards up the river in about three fathoms. The least depth found on the bar was two and a half fathoms. We anchor here to transfer the stores in brig to "Pioneer," and when this is done proceed on our way rejoicing. The remainder of the day is spent unloading brig.

At one of these Portuguese stations, the officer in command, an ensign in the Portuguese army, is, if report does him justice, great in everything but goodness, and is fast going to the dogs. Report also says he is accustomed to whip his slaves, about half-a-dozen in number, with the utmost severity. This estimable gentleman has been on the coast upwards of twenty years. He receives a nominal pay of £60 per annum, but arrears leaves it equal to about £20; it is not, therefore, difficult to imagine the methods by which the deficiency is made up. He speaks English well, having been born in Plymouth.

The Portuguese Government seems very jealous of us, following our pioneers all over South Africa, hoisting its degrading flag on any newly-discovered spot. Its presence on our track is like a blight in a field of wheat; yet one cannot help admiring its perseverance in keeping to the old lands.

The entrance of this river is similar to others on the coast. A large delta divided into many parts, consti-

tuting many branches, so much alike that one is puzzled to know which one to take. The banks are fringed with endless varieties of mangrove trees; and there is a continual sameness in the thick bush and trees, and dense foliage. The current runs at the rate of three knots, carrying down patches of duck-weed.

Our days pass strangely enough. At 5 A.M. all are up and working. Ma. Robert and the doctor turn out in easy *déshabillé*, setting an example eagerly followed by us. After the morning salutations we take coffee; then buckets, basins, and washing utensils are sought for and made use of—some going into the paddle-wheels for a dip. This reminds me of a yarn told on board the "Pioneer." While Bishop Mackenzie was taking a passage, one Sunday morning the worthy prelate got into the wheels for a bath, putting cassock, &c. on the upper floats. By-and-by the force of current made the wheels revolve, and the right reverend gentleman was seen hanging on to the floats like a squirrel. After great exertion he gained a footing and rushed on deck, quite forgetting nakedness, shouting out, as his cassock, &c., floated astern, "Save my cassock! never mind the trousers. Save my cassock!" to the amusement of a party of blue-jackets, who, of course, were delighted with the bishop's fix.

*3rd February.*—The ladies are nearly buried in packages, parcels, &c.; and he certainly must be void of all fine feeling who can allow those delicate, hard working creatures to slave as they do. Luckily nearly all our fellows are continually around them, cheering and doing all we can to assist them; sometimes taking them on shore, putting them through a picnic, taking a quiet tea with them on board, and otherwise cheering and

helping them over the thousand and one difficulties that attend them at every step. The poor creatures have undergone many vicissitudes and discomforts; not the least of them being the salt provisions all the long voyage. Whenever my thoughts are arrested by these poor helpless creatures, I cannot help thinking how cruel it was on the part of their friends to allow them to come out here so unprotected.

## CHAPTER XII.

The little "Pioneer" and her cargo—Landing between Congoni and East Luabo on a shooting excursion—Amongst the Antelopes, Waterbucks, and Oryx—A successful shot—Fever amongst us—Amateur cooks—Mistaken expenditure of the Mission—We run short of provisions, but replenish by hunting—The troublesome Mosquitoes—A well-timed discovery.

*4th February.*—Day by day the mountain of iron-work gets higher and higher on the decks of the little "Pioneer." Coals are being got in, consequently everything is impregnated with the dust, and every piece of available space is being fast filled up, which together with our large party no way tends to increase our comfort; in fact we have given up the idea long ago as highly preposterous.

The Livingstone expedition is composed of really good fellows, who seem anxious to make everybody comfortable. The doctor himself is very condescending and good-natured, and always ready to spin a yarn about cruises in South Africa. We wind up the day's work with the usual evening grog; and, finding a soft plank, lie down for the night. Unluckily mosquitoes abound with a N.E. wind, and being particularly fond of me, are always acknowledging their affection.

Becoming short of rations a party of us are sent

“a-hunting.” Landing on one of the green banks of the river between Congoni and East Luabo we make the boat fast, and each take a blue-jacket to assist in tracking and stalking. The ground is one vast savannah, covered with long rich grass, occasionally dotted with trees, resembling an English park. Armed with Enfield rifles we expect some success, especially as we learn that there are plenty of buffaloes and water-bucks.

Suddenly out sprang a beautiful young antelope; the first I had seen in its wild state. I stopped to admire the graceful animal, and only thought of firing when too late, for soon it had quickly bounded out of sight.

We came upon another vast level expanse of savannah land, and my man took it into his head to have a little independent shooting.

Being left alone I rested on my gun, and looked round, convincing myself that I was in the land of Gordon Cumming, and, rather proudly, considering myself a humble follower of that mighty hunter. I only wanted the growl of a lion or tiger to test my capabilities, *and above all a tree for retreat*, to make the thing complete!

Presently a huge water-buck sprang out of the grass under my very nose, and stopped my reveries. Again I was stupidly entranced at the sight of the beautiful creature with its long flowing mane and wide-spreading antlers, and fired a little too late; but I heard my ball “thud” into him somewhere, as he bounded off; the noble beast suddenly struck off at right angles, then all at once turned and faced me with its large black eyes. I reloaded, and had only just capped when he was off, and soon lost to view.

For the next two hours I was walking, stalking, and shooting at water-buck and oryx up to my knees in water, scorched by a burning sun and highly excited. Several times I stood behind a bush to leeward, and waited the arrival of a herd of noble brutes, and when within shot singled out a fine specimen and fired, but was much surprised to find that my Enfield bullet had little effect on them, unless striking a vital spot; twice I sent the lead through their bodies, which appeared only to increase their speed.

At about 1 P.M. the hunters met, and with the aid of tremendous appetites discussed a lunch and the forenoon's sport. No one had killed anything, but several animals had been badly wounded. We all came to the conclusion that the vital spot had been missed, and determined to aim for the future either at the brain or behind the shoulder.

The more experienced hunters on board the "Pioneer" laughed at our chagrin, and related several cases in which beasts were seen to make away with many bullets, and even their bowels dragging after them, one with a hind and fore-leg shattered; of course these died shortly afterwards, but they could not be found.

After a siesta we sallied forth again in the afternoon, this time with more success. S—— soon bowled over a large water-buck, weighing about 200 lbs., a very fine animal; it was shot through the fore-shoulder, the bullet passing clean out at the other side near the off-hind quarter. After receiving the shot it bounded forward about fifty yards, a fountain of blood spurted out and it fell quite dead. Coming up shortly afterwards I had the most unpleasant task of butcher to perform. I dressed the beast, covering myself with

blood from head to foot, and voting it a disgusting operation; moreover the mosquitoes taking advantage of the blood, settled on my arms, and punished me most severely.

Taking off our belts we made them fast to the carcase, and making poles of our rifles pulled away in harness through the long grass; but it was a tiresome job, and we were glad to hand the whole affair over to a party of blue-jackets, who now joined us. While embarking the buck its mate approached, and would not be frightened *now* by our presence, but walked boldly into the centre of the plain, and with head erect she looked at us regardless of all danger, nor would she make off until I got within a few yards.

In the evening we returned to the ship, S—— in ecstasies at his success, and I rather in the dumps, not only from ill-luck, but being half eaten by mosquitoes, face and limbs swollen up to a jelly; a bathe in the sea, however, soon made all right. After a good dinner we all pronounced our first hunting expedition a success.

*5th February.*—By our excursion yesterday we have given the men fresh provisions for two days, which is highly acceptable and refreshing.

Another change of a less pleasant kind comes over us shortly after this Zambesi trip. We see every one around us in the “Pioneer” fever-stricken, although we had seen them daily taking their quinine balls as a preventative; we feel sure of being victims ourselves sooner or later.

We have got out of the brig nearly all the small stores; the stern frame of the “Lady Nyassa” is on the deck of the “Pioneer” turned up, forming a kind of iron house; and now we are working to get the other

compartments out, which operation reminds one of lifting a steamer's boilers. Our men are working all day long in the broiling sun, yet seem to preserve tolerable health.

S—— and I are busily employed collecting culinary gear for a gipsy encampment on shore. We put the ladies into a boat and land them; then with their assistance make preparations for dinner.

S——, clad in a fez with a white 'kerchief round it, and in shirt sleeves, is constituted head cook. I am flattered by being dubbed his steward; one of the ladies is cook's mate, "Sally." S——'s duties are to chop up venison, onions, and prepare a curry; mine, to superintend lighting fires and boiling rice. The cook's mate is armed with a spoon, and constitutes herself taster-general. Another lady is numbering and mustering the mission-gear landed, while the Rev. Mr. H—— lies upon his back as if the lady in question was better able to undergo fatigue than himself. *Our* services are declined as being more useful in the culinary department. Nothing can be done but place a white umbrella over her head, and leave her to pack away.

In the meantime two Kaffir boys have lighted the fire, the rice has been washed and placed thereon, the meat simmering, crackling, and diffusing a delicious odour. The remainder of the party are under a tent drinking weak claret and water; the ladies occasionally visiting the pots and commending the cooks. At last the onions are nicely browned, venison, ditto, then in goes the curry and salt, and, shortly, a little water and coconut milk, a little more frying, a great deal of tasting, and, finally, all is dished up and distributed by the cook and steward to the half-famished creatures within the



tent, who after devouring one lot clamour for a second, which is furnished forthwith. Beer, claret, &c., do their respective duties, and picnic biscuits flanked by figs wind up the feast. Then a chat and siesta, and afterwards a stroll, and finally leaving the ladies, the men saunter away for a bathe, returning in the cool of the evening.

Our fires were about two yards apart, and during our cooking operations the ladies insisted on taking their places near them to supervise us. In my zeal to seat one of them, I brought a small keg, and placed her ladyship thereon, midway between the fires. After sitting on it ten minutes, some one said, "Why, miss, I declare you are sitting on twenty-five pounds of gunpowder!" She turned quite pale, and some one snatched it from under her. Ever afterwards she was somewhat suspicious of my seats.

*6th February.*—Still unloading brig; the "Pioneer" is now drawing 5 ft. 6 in., and not half the gear is on board, but Dr. Livingstone expects to obtain six feet water up the river; most of his fellow-explorers opine that their vessel will never get up with so much on board, and that she is sure to take the sand-banks many times. The least sanguine even think she will capsize the first time she touches the ground.

The ladies are busy making mosquito curtains for us, and superintending the stowage of the gear on shore. It is found that the "Pioneer" will have to make three trips with the "Lady Nyassa," having taken on board a quantity of mission-gear. One of the explorers remains behind tented on the point, in charge of the remainder of the mission-gear; his billet is not an enviable one, for he will have to bear up against rain, mosquitoes, and no

companions, perhaps, for many months. Luckily he has no idea of the hardships in store, or he would not take it so philosophically.

It is impossible to look on the mass of goods strewn on the shore, belonging to the O.C.D. Mission, which we are obliged to leave behind, and the quantity which has to be disposed of at considerable loss, without wondering at the short-sightedness of the people who have had the direction of their affairs. Nearly every conceivable kind of goods, wearing apparel, household furniture, provisions, agricultural instruments, cooking utensils, nick-nacks of every kind, including necessaries and luxuries lavishly furnished by the mission, are to be seen half-buried in sand, lying about in every direction, exposed to chance and weather; indeed, like goods without an owner.

I never saw people so superfluously provided. They are gorged with luxuries "regardless of expense;" and it is distressing to know that all, or, at any rate, the major part of the general goods must be lost, or, at least, suffer deterioration from the want of the means of conveyance, merely in consequence of not having a business-like man as manager at the outset. There seems to have been an utter want of geographical knowledge. The goods were to be conveyed up the Zambesi to the mission station; but some one appears to have bundled them on board a brig with orders to carry them to "*Africa.*"

S——, encouraged by his last success, makes another excursion to Deer Island, and returns towards dark rather disgusted, scorched, tired, and disappointed. There being no wind the whole day, even his cautious stalking was heard. Moreover, two Johanna men ac-

accompanied him whose foolishness and thick-headedness nearly tempted the enraged S—— to mistake them for water-bucks. It must have been very annoying to see them frightening the game that he had taken hours to stalk. As usual, numbers were wounded, but through the want of dogs, they not only were lost to us, but must necessarily have ended their lives slowly and miserably. S—— declared that he smelt carrion very strongly, no doubt the effects of our partial success the first day.

On turning over some sand along the banks of the river, I found it charged with mica, and was told that at Senna gold-washing was carried on by the natives, from which they manufacture gold chains. Very little gold has been found of late years even up country, as the natives never bore, and only dig chin deep; a few nuggets have been found lately, which indicates that the land of "Ophir" is still rich.

The people on board begin to cry out for provisions, chiefly bread. By the time we descend the river, they certainly will be hard up, and I do not know what the captain intends doing. We on board the "Pioneer" have been kept going by the results of the chase principally, and are all anxious to start; for, *en route*, we expect to live upon the country, and so save the ship's provisions, which are getting so scarce.

Everything on board the "Pioneer" is in the height of confusion, we are in shirt sleeves all day, and from want of sleep feel grubby and seedy. The commencement of the voyage is far from satisfactory, some of our party already begin to think seriously of asking permission to return to the ship; but it had now become a matter of duty to stay: perhaps affairs will shake down, and be more comfortable when we start.

We once more take the boat up the river in quest of bucks to replenish the commissariat. Going up we met several hippopotami frisking about like porpoises, leaping out of the water, and raising huge waves. They are very cautious monsters, generally only showing their huge, long, ugly noses above the water, disappearing on the slightest noise. The Livingstone people have had little luck in shooting them; one, after receiving two bullets turned up next day. The only sure place to strike them is in the eye, which is, of course, very difficult. Their hides, cut into strips and dried, make fine riding-whips; besides the hide when boiled down yields very good glue.

We saw flocks of wild geese and ducks on the beach, the former like the red-legged partridge, take to the tree. We had scarcely debouched into the park-like plain (our usual shooting-ground), when a nimble oryx leapt up; S—— let fly and broke its leg, leaving me to follow. I was unsuccessful, the poor brute having made off on three legs, occasionally appearing in the distance as it shot past the shrubs. In the plain we separated by the directions of our leader. S—— took his place behind some trees; I becoming impatient of this slow work, went off determining to trust to my own skill, and had scarcely advanced 100 yards when a herd of six oryx came down with the wind. Lying down in the long grass, I breathlessly awaited their nearer approach, and selecting the leader, a very fine graceful animal with a pair of perfect antlers, pulled the trigger; the poor creature gave one bound and dropped. Finding the poor animal still struggling I shot him through the brain, and then left it to the Johanna men to finish, for I had had quite enough of butchering. The animal

weighed about sixty pounds. The marine that accompanied us saw a small oryx bounding along the beach, and shot it through the side at fifty yards, which only tended to hasten its speed; but a subsequent shot went through its heart.

The sun was hot and mosquitoes voracious, but we enjoyed the day mightily, at least I did, being successful; returning to the boat at 11 A.M., taking coffee (brewed with brackish water, but not bad), and the heart of the oryx, which being grilled in "sardine oil," for want of something better, was rendered unpalatable. Nevertheless, sardines, coffee, biscuit and claret made a nice tiffin; and having enjoyed the mid-day siesta, started again in the afternoon to renew the chase.

This time the game was very abundant, but so wary that constant stalking soon tired us; we were in good positions in single file down the valley. Being the last of this file, I dropped in the rear of a magnificent water-buck and wounded it; three more shots were fired into it, shattering its hind leg, yet it made off. Later in the afternoon the marine came across it and gave chase, keeping within twenty yards of it; at one time trying to catch hold of its short tail, he was capsized and lost his ammunition (which rolled out of his unbuttoned pouch) and eventually the beast. It was lucky for him the enraged animal did not give him its antlers. S— put a Jacob's shell into a buck's side, and witnessed a most distressing but ludicrous sight; the shell burst inside the animal, and as it galloped away panting, the smoke from the wound puffed out just like the steam from a locomotive. Nevertheless, with this damage to its interior, it got off.

Just before sunset we made for the boat, somewhat

tired with nine hours' stalking under a tropical sun. Walking steadily down, I saw something moving on the beach, for all the world like an alligator or hippopotamus; it was a large black mass occasionally moving to and fro; twice I hesitated to fire, being unable to make anything of the mass, but still it gradually moved; so creeping behind a bush, and taking deliberate aim, was just about pulling trigger, when a hand was uplifted, and at last I saw the figure of one of our Johanna men, who began shouting lustily for his life. I dropped the muzzle of my Enfield, and found the black mass to consist of four Johanna men who had strolled from the boat, and, not seeing me approach as I had crept so stealthily, they had not the slightest idea of the danger; and had it not been for one of them casually turning round, I should doubtless have fired.

*8th February.*—This is supposed to be the last day here; it is impossible to say how glad all will be on starting. I long to hear the thump of the paddles, but there is still a great deal to be done; all the machinery of the steamer is to be landed and stowed. Our whale-boat communicates almost daily, and, to the wonder of every one, not a single accident has happened to her on crossing the bar; although, from the roughness of the sea, our second master has been obliged to return to us twice in consequence of the breakers spreading right across.

To-day S—— and I land; pay H—— a visit, find him under tent, surrounded by creature comforts; not the least of them a cask of Cape Pontac and English beer. H—— shows us some proof-sheets of a work written by Bishop Colenso, calling in question certain parts of the Old Testament, and which, it is thought, will create a greater stir than "Essays and Reviews."

S——, only too glad to get rid of some of the Old Testament, agrees with the sheets, but I cannot; although I have my doubts on many parts of the Books of Moses, yet I will not allow the foundation of my faith to be shaken by every wind, not even by the breath of so clever a man as the author of this work. To exercise our reason on these points would be to disbelieve all that we do not understand, which would lead us into the errors of the great philosophers of France in the eighteenth century, and so desecrate our religion.

It is strange how hungry this hot weather makes me; I always imagined the contrary, and that cold weather only produced that effect. On second thought, I do not think it is the weather so much as the occupation, for in the West Indies, where the climate is as hot, I had no such appetite; here we have a continual craving for animal food and drink; even now we have this feeling, so once more S—— and I take our place as cooks, and, with the great assistance of an American stove, concoct an excellent curry, which, with the assistance of English potatoes, beer and Pontac, makes a good dinner, and we wind up with guavas mashed with sugar and soured with Pontac—a very good substitute for strawberries and cream.

We are obliged to place a sentry over the goods on shore as a safeguard against Portuguese dishonesty; during our first picnic, a bottle of port disappeared very mysteriously; since then other articles of greater value appear to have gone the same way. The *commandante* is very wrath at this insult, as he calls it, but has himself provoked our captain by selling our men bad liquor, making them drunk and necessitating severe punishment.

## CHAPTER XIII.

We start—Ascent of the River—Its Banks and Varied Scenery—The "Pioneer" aground—Bartering with the Natives—A Description of them—Query, shall we ever get the "Pioneer" afloat again?—The Negro and the White Ladies—Poor old "Log" and his Misfortune—The "Pioneer" again in trouble—A Hunting Excursion in the Jungle.

9th February, Sunday.—"The better the day, the better the deed," is an old saying; but, like many such, is liable to false construction; for instance, every one eases his conscience in this way to-day on our getting under way. I think the reading should be, "The better the day, the better *should be* the deed."

Everything betokens a start; two of the mules and "Alice," the donkey, are brought on board, the last things have been taken from the brig, the ladies are transferred to the "Pioneer" and located in their iron house; final orders are issued by the commanding officer, hawsers are let go, cables weighed, but with great delay and difficulty, and at last, freed from the embrace of the brig, our little ship staggers along full speed under her weighty and awkward burden of iron work, &c., the slightest roll impressing every one with the idea that one briny wave more would capsize her. Just before we started two handsome saloon-chairs for the "Lady



Nyassa" were unpacked and brought on board; however luxurious and handsome, they struck me as being very unfitted for the lake steamer. They would be admirably adapted to the Cunard line of passenger steamers. I believe all the finery of the "Lady of the Lake" is just as costly. These things will be lost on the negro mind, and it is a pity the money wasted on them was not expended more immediately for their good, on things more essential.

We are now fairly off, taking the extreme left hand branch of the river; both shores are very low, and consist of slimy mud densely covered with mangroves and other common tropical trees. The water is of a dirty beer colour; the river winds very considerably to the northward. We occasionally pass vast flat clear savannahs covered with long grass, having a park-like appearance, sometimes fringed with trees. The scenery frequently disappoints us; it is at times beautiful to behold, looking like some delightful country made for some favoured race, and only waiting to be occupied; but in a moment all is changed; our beautiful picture is superseded by tall rank grass, dense varieties of mangroves line the low slimy banks, forming an impenetrable barrier. Everything looks unhealthy, and only the fit abode for hippopotami and alligators.

Occasionally we pass native huts, some supported by long poles, evidently for protection against inundation; then small shanties thatched with the palmyra leaf, others again are like look-out stations, consisting merely of four poles, a roof, and an upper storey; but these huts in general are better built than those at Johanna. Frequently we see a gathering of naked negroes on the banks, lolling listlessly in canoes on the beach, or

assembled before their huts, shouting and grinning as we pass. In one of these assemblies I observed a little girl of yellowish hue, evidently partially Portuguese; now and then a canoe sweeps by with the current.

As far as we have gone, the river averages about half a mile in breadth; but very often diminishes to a narrow channel of fifty feet wide, the water shallow and deep in extremely short distances, varying from six feet to almost as many fathoms.

About 4 o'clock P.M., bump—bump, then a dead stop. Captain W—— scrambles upon deck, and, as we are at dinner, every one drops knives and forks to divine the cause. There cannot be any mistake about it, we are on shore; the vessel draws five feet six inches, and we have a little less than five feet under the bow, with five fathoms under the stern, so that it is not very serious. The old stagers take it quite as a matter of course, and talk about being used to laying out kedges, straining capstans, hawsers, and four-fold purchase-blocks. "If we get off in a few hours it will be quick work," and so forth.

Dr. Livingstone is the only one of the expedition who has sanguine expectations of getting to the "Murchison Falls," all the others (good authorities) think there will not be sufficient water; and if we do ground badly what will become of the "Lady of the Lake," of the live ladies, *and all their baggage*—is dreadful to contemplate.

It is a beautiful moonlight night, but Dr. Livingstone never goes ahead at night, however light; so the anchor is dropped near to the right bank, ten miles from our starting point. As forewarned, the mosquitoes take us by storm, flying and buzzing around us in the most disagree-

able manner; and the cry is now, "O! for a mosquito curtain!" These necessary articles are sought for and suspended, some in the saloon, others on deck; the former place is very hot, and filled with sly mosquitoes, who lie in ambush for their victims; but the deck is cool and less tenanted by our enemies, but exposed to heavy dew, and offers but hard planks. Nevertheless the latter is preferred by the younger hands, the former by the more elderly, the more experienced, and the fever-stricken.

Several of our men have been prostrated by intermittent fever (symptoms, headache, shakes, and vomiting), but have generally shaken it off in a few hours.

Being a great martyr to mosquitoes I seek my curtain, and there being a bunk still unoccupied, take possession; pay particular attention to the sewing up of all holes and crevices, and then creep under; but it will scarcely be credited, that one unmerciful, hungry, blood-sucking, tiny rascal, concealed in one corner of the curtain, utterly deprived me of sleep or rest, and finally left me in the cool of the morning as if I had just returned from the P. R. dreadfully punished. Towards morning the wind blows cold, and one is glad of a blanket.

10th February.—Again under weigh at 6 A.M., paddling along at the rate of four knots against a two-knot current. I found the ladies had slept in their novel iron cabin very well, thanks to good curtains.

After the usual morning salutations our toilets are made, and although unextensive, not without difficulty; for being minus servants we do all the work ourselves, unless some good-natured blue-jacket (*a rara avis*) so far opens his heart as to condescend to assist his officers.

On these cruises Jack becomes pointedly and vulgarly independent, and generally considers it a great hardship to do anything for his officers. Our chief trust is in the marines, who seem to experience great difficulty in shaking off a wholesome respect for us, and so will always assist us.

We miss the luxury of a bath, which we got at the mouth of the river. We have an objection to bathing with numerous and hungry alligators.

Yesterday a canoe came alongside with a very fine leopard's skin, which we bought for a common sailor's knife.

The features of the land are just the same as yesterday. About noon we stop opposite to a few huts to repair the engines, and having an hour at disposal, land to procure stock.

On doing so we found about half-a-dozen natives (not negroes) quite naked, having better features than the true negro, thinner lips and longer hair. They saluted by clapping hands, which of course we returned. In our peregrinations we found several large lime and orange trees crowded with fruit, from which we filled our haversacks; the natives brought only one fowl and some guavas, bananas, and a kind of green tea, obtaining in exchange about two yards of common American cotton stuff.

One of our boats pulled higher up, in hopes of obtaining more stock, but returned even less successful than ourselves, getting only a few melons. The expedition relied on obtaining abundance of vegetables and fruit here, but failed in consequence of the country having been lately flooded.

About 11 A.M. proceeded, and at 3 P.M. two canoes

came alongside with a small supply of onions and melons, for which we gave about two yards of clouty (American cotton). The natives in the canoe wore their hair long, the outer part plaited fantastically, and smeared with grease and other dirtiness; the inner part appeared untouched. Their bodies were not so muscular as those of the true negro, but they were better formed. I believe they possess very little strength, for they live almost entirely on vegetables.

We once more take the ground in five feet under bow, four feet abeam and four feet and a half astern; boats come around; this time we appear lodged for the night, and so we were.

*11th February.*—Until a late hour last night all hands were employed laying out and heaving in anchors to get the ship off the bank; but with little success, as the water continued falling. About 9 P.M. found only two feet and a half under stern; the vessel lay on her port side, seemingly in a helpless plight, and rather a peculiar sight, being so piled up with iron sections. Prophets began to look knowing and black, prognosticating further evil, and making our chance of reaching the Falls small indeed. From the present position we were distant from the mouth about thirty-five miles.

A canoe with fine strapping natives came alongside with three buckets of onions and a few pumpkins; for which we gave about two yards of clouty, Mr. Charles Livingstone doing the bartering. These natives are very fine-looking fellows, of no particular tribe, but called slaves; one of them had his hair plaited, and had a great broad laughing face and high cheek-bones, all naked, save the merest apology for clothing. They came on board, climbed over the iron work, and

looked with wonder at each huge section. We told them that the funnel was a large gun, at which they were awe-stricken; but what struck them most forcibly was the white ladies, at whom they never ceased staring, being the first they had seen. The chief, an intelligent looking fellow, was asked what he thought of them. After eyeing them with profound respect, said, "beautiful, very beautiful!" and called one of them a queen. We told him to pick out the one that he had the greatest desire to possess, and he chose one of the maids, and on being asked what he would give for her, replied, "she is priceless, I have not sufficient cows or goats to offer; and, besides, were I to buy her, the Portuguese would kill me." We told the poor girl all that the chief said of her, also that he expressed himself quite in love with her, and offered no end of cows and goats for her. Sarah blushed, and eyed the gaunt savage, and I really think she felt highly flattered; this was a sore point with her ever afterwards.

At 6 A.M. floated off the bank, mainly by heaving up anchors, &c., the tide doing a little towards it.

We steam about three knots against a three-knot current. The little vessel's engines are somewhat out of order, in fact she is not at all adapted for shallow river work, drawing nearly five feet, with cumbersome paddles, and having insufficient speed, stowage, ventilation, and accommodation. We appear to have no notion of building the proper kind of vessel, and think the model of our Thames' boats are the very things for such rivers as Zambesi, &c.

I think we ought to take a hint in this matter from the Americans, they must know much better than we. One of their stern-wheelers, drawing a few inches, with

house on deck, is just the vessel we want. Moreover, they cost about half as much as vessels of the "Pioneer" class; how much more efficient they would be, and how much healthier for the explorers, who, above all things, require a saloon on deck.

There is no change in the scenery; the same muddy river, low banks covered with mangroves and long rank grass, occasionally relieved by open savannah land. The tall palmyra is the only tree worth noticing. Flocks of wild black geese occasionally fly within shot, and a few noses of hippopotami are seen.

We had rather a nice dinner-party to-day, although sixteen made the little saloon very warm. Dr. Livingstone spun some amusing anecdotes of his cruises in South Africa, adventures with a lion, &c., illustrated in his book of travels. Standing behind a rock he fired at the savage brute, which crouched for a spring, and in a few seconds the doctor was rolling over and over in the embrace of the lion, the latter getting the top place; the doctor then became stupified, and his powerful antagonist took him by the arm, crushed it, and shook him as a terrier would a rat. Fortunately a native, whose life the doctor had saved, came up with a flint musket, and fired a ball at the lion, which immediately left the doctor and turned on the new enemy, and shook him by the thigh; a third native, attempting to spear him, shared the same fate, and ultimately died of his wound, and the lion then fell dead from the effects of the wounds he had received. The doctor set his own arm, and, very unfortunately, a few years afterwards broke it again, and now it dangles by his side rather helplessly. The doctor has greater dread of attacking a buffalo than any other wild beast.

Up to this time we have only done about forty miles; to avoid the shallows we are obliged to steam against a four-knot current. The river is now about 500 yards broad; its depth varying from six feet to as many fathoms.

We see neither canoe nor boats to-day, nor a vestige of a living thing. At about 7 P.M. we are about a mile to the southward of Expedition Island, nearly fifty miles from the starting point. The "Lady Nyassa's" whale boat delayed a little, being swamped alongside by bad steering, and her gear washed out. A boat had to be sent to pick them up, and took some time in pulling against the current.

Our two paddlers, with five tons of iron-work each, have towed astern very easily, making sail when practicable to diminish the strain. Our people on board are getting dissatisfied on account of our snail's pace; therefore, in the evening, I brew a stiff bowl of punch, and warm the hearts of the ladies therewith, who like it so much as to demand a second supply; so I brew again accordingly, the result of which is driving all into a good humour.

We have on board a remarkable animal of the canine genus, a phlegmatic old Portuguese bull-dog, called "Log." He is a peculiar sort of animal, of rather unprepossessing appearance, but a very amiable, good-tempered old dog, having sufficient instinct to make friends with every one. In facing a bigger dog than himself he makes use of his legs, and his size and looks are sufficient to make the smaller fry treat him with respect, so that he is always at peace with the world; but Mr. "Log" fell into sad disgrace to-day, and I'm afraid made a few enemies. We were all crowded below in the saloon, getting over dinner as fast as pos-



sible, the table covered with plenty of crockery-ware and good things, conversation had just dropped, when one of those unpleasant pauses was relieved by a sudden crash. We had spread the Portuguese flag over the skylight to keep out old Sol, poor “Log” innocently trusted to the frail bunting and was instantly precipitated below, his left fore-paw falling into a glass of wine, his right into a dish of mashed pumpkin, his hinder ones respectively into the plates of Mrs. B—— and Mrs. Charles Livingstone, crushing a dainty slice of something good; and while every one was for a moment convulsed with laughter, there stood poor “Log,” a most pitiable sight, as if very, very sorry for the accident; but the people had no mercy, the poor old boy was bundled out neck and crop; and I am afraid fared badly on running the gauntlet of the stewards.

*12th February.*—At daylight anchor is weighed, and we commence another stage. The current is so strong against us that our progress is extremely slow, not averaging more than fifteen miles per day. The further we go the broader the river appears to get, in some places quite a mile; and the mangrove-trees give place to open savannah country, covered with rich grass some eight feet high; thermometer 90° in shade, 110° in sun. The land is dotted here and there with large ant-hills, and tall, gaunt umbrella-like palmyras; occasionally a swarm of naked blacks issue from the jungle and gaze full of wonder at us. No villages can be seen, but some great fires in the distance proclaim that cooking-animal—man.

The current is so strong (five knots) that we are obliged to take to the shallows, and nearly the ground also (the uneven depths and constantly shifting sand-

banks making the navigation difficult); but a few turns astern, and a little rolling of the vessel soon floats her.

A few wild geese, pelicans, and storks, are the only living things in view. As usual, the evenings are cool and pleasant; the air in the first part of the night charged with mosquitoes, in the latter part with heavy dew. The morning sun rises on the tops of the clouds, throwing its golden halo in fan-like proportions around, gradually spreading over the sky, tinging the savannah with its splendid colour, and peering through the palm-trees, throwing its golden shadows over the river.

The morning is the most remarkable part of the day: the confusion of getting under weigh, coffee, quinine wine, and washing brings us up to 8 A.M.; then breakfast, and after that a lounge, anywhere to avoid the sun—over the engine-room is the chief resort.

Patches of duck-weed are continually carried down by the current, giving us a good estimate of its strength.

The great top-weight on the "Pioneer's" decks greatly retards her speed. Lurching over on one side she remains in that position for some time, one paddle almost stopped by being so much immersed, the other quite out of the water.

Masses of the banks of the river have been carried away by the swift current, making fresh bends, bights, and banks, all tending to puzzle the navigator.

For half an hour at noon we are stopped to repair a defect in engines, and then proceed; but later in the afternoon have a much more serious accident, the feed-pipe of boilers burst, and scattered the hot water in all directions, quickly emptying the boilers, and rendering it necessary to quench fires. The stokers were obliged

to make rushes into the stoke-hole to draw the furnaces. This was a dangerous undertaking, and very hot work, they could only remain down two minutes, while buckets of cold water were thrown upon them, and then rushed up to breathe; but the furnaces were drawn and quenched, and, shortly afterwards, preparations made for repairing the defect and re-lighting fires, which we soon accomplished.

In the meantime, taking advantage of opportunity, we all pulled on shore (ladies included), the younger hands forming a hunting party, armed with various rifles. The land was pronounced excellent for savage beasts, and we all prepared for fierce encounters. The ladies were left in charge of our little doctor. Dr. Livingstone took care of Ma. Robert, and the rest of us started off, separating as judgment dictated. Our party walked about a mile, and scrambling through dense long jungle grass, about eight feet high, came across the spoor\* of many huge beasts, and, mounting a high ant-hill, obtained a good view of the surrounding country. We found the real game-ground, a woody district, situated about five miles distant, and the intermediate land swampy, and so thickly covered with long grass as to exclude everything from view, and as it was within half an hour of sunset we turned back and rejoined the ladies, first frightening them by creeping behind and roaring lustily; Dr. Livingstone carrying out the joke by representing the noise as proceeding from a wounded king beast, making towards them, and bringing the affrighted females under cover of long grass.

The other party returned about an hour afterwards, quite worn out, especially Captain W——, who declared

\* The track of wild animals.

African jungle-walking the most fatiguing of all, and vowed never to land again on a shooting excursion. They had walked towards the wood in the distance, wading through water up to their middles, and grass above their heads, and had shot at a buffalo, which sprung out of the grass about two yards ahead. The animal was scratched only, and rushed at a mad, head-long speed, cracking the reeds, dashing aside all impediments, and was soon lost to view; this was the only sport they had. We went on board with fisherman's luck, took tea on deck by light of moon, talked over the day's proceedings, joked with the ladies, and finally heard prayers from Dr. Livingstone; then laid down with determination to wage war on the mosquitoes.

13th February.—Thermometer in shade 97°, in sun 121°. This is the hottest day we have experienced; one certainly might fry a beefsteak on any part of the iron-work, and having continually to climb over it my hands bore witness to the fact.

At 10:30 A.M. we are stopped by want of fuel; a party of men are sent ashore to cut wood. This morning we passed a large tree of *Lignum vitæ*. It is this kind of wood that is mostly sought for and burnt by the "Pioneer," and we expect to find sufficient of it for our purpose. We are now placed in rather a disagreeable position: here we are without the means of proceeding, unless able to procure *quantities* of wood, and having left the "Gorgon" with only three weeks' provisions; so that if we proceed as slowly as we have come, which is more than likely as we have no coal, we must return without accomplishing our object, and leave Dr. Livingstone to transport his forty-five tons of

gear as best as he can—with our assistance most difficulties could be overcome.

Most of our party have their regular monthly attack of fever. Up to this time our men have kept tolerably healthy, but I fear the mosquitoes will ultimately drive many into the fever if nothing else will.

Captain W—— tries a patent of his in the shape of a harpoon for firing at hippopotami, &c.; it is a rod of iron with two barbs, with a line fast to a travelling swivel on it, and is fired from a musket; on the first trial with a common charge of powder it shot about fifty yards, but on a second one only thirty yards; it would do very well if the animal were alongside, but I think there is insufficient force to penetrate its hide, which varies from one to two inches thick.

A large hippopotamus passed within 100 yards of us this morning; and, with the exception of numerous black wild geese, we have seen nothing else.

Having now passed Expedition Island, our progress is likely to be delayed, for beyond this no soundings have been taken.

Our men have had very hard work cutting wood; they felled and cut up a large *Lignum vitæ* tree, measuring six feet in diameter, and eighty feet high, the largest branches measuring three feet in diameter. This huge tree was cut up in about four hours, but two men were prostrated by the work, and were with difficulty got on board, both in a dangerous state of fever. Captain W—— and the other officers returned on board thoroughly exhausted, merely from the walk, a distance of two miles; I think Dr. Livingstone was the only one not affected by it—one man fell down and cut his head. But with all these casualties at our first wood-cutting

on the banks of Zambesi, our men fairly beat the black Johanna men of the "Pioneer," who sat down on the way fairly done up; our men, though greatly oppressed, passed them with a song, helping down their fallen shipmates, showing how much more endurance is possessed by the whites.

The one tree cut down would be in England a small fortune, considering it is worth 1s. per pound.

Our wood lasted about three hours, during which time we steamed about four miles, and were obliged to anchor very close to the right bank of the river at 7 P.M., being then about eighty miles from the entrance.

As usual our proximity to shore invites myriads of mosquitoes. I rolled about restlessly all night, hoping for daylight, and felt somewhat consoled by hearing all around me groans, moans, and ejaculations of all kinds, and wishing confusion to Zambesi cruising, its hot sun, and infernal mosquitoes.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Our party maimed by the Mosquitoes—Natives eager for barter—The lock of hair—Difficulty in navigating the Zambesi—Recipe for making beer—An interview with Señor Marima—An apology for a farmyard—He prepares us a feast—A project in view—The result—The valuable donkey “Alice”—The gig’s departure with the ladies.

*14th February.*—Daylight exposed the havoc done to my poor body by the wretched mosquitoes. Miss McK. put in an appearance with left eye shut, and others were more or less maimed, and complaining of no sleep.

We are now waiting for wood. Instead of beginning the laborious wood-cutting when the sun is up, I think, after the experience of yesterday, we should have been at it by daybreak; twice the work would have been done in half the time, and with none of the ill-effects; but the powers that be are supposed to know better. These four men are not yet recovered from the effects of yesterday’s sun.

There is a large village just opposite, consisting of some twenty huts or kraals. The natives are so eager for barter as to pull down their dwellings to sell tons for firewood. We buy a lot of this wood for some blue clout, and also purchased from them two small baskets

of calavances and four of onions for six yards of clouty, which quite enriched them.

According to the opinions of the majority of those who "know all about it," our chances of reaching the Falls become daily less, being unable to obtain sufficient fuel; and as usual every one says, "Why did we not bring up more coal?" without thinking how we have been deceived by the current and the bad state of our engines, to say nothing of our want of stowage.

At noon a canoe came alongside, and I gave one of the natives a trousers' button for a lock of his hair. These locks are frizzled, tarred, greased, and finally wound round with a small band of straw, leaving a tuft on the top unbound. Fancy one of them with two hundred of these locks, looking very much like a porcupine's back. The native valued his locks very much, and no smaller temptation than *a button* could induce him to part with one. Some only wear them on one side, others on the top of the scalp. Their bartering is often not for the sake of getting a little more, but merely to exercise their cunning on the whites; and amongst themselves they very often sell again at a loss.\* They immensely enjoy the palaver; in fact they will not barter at all without a great deal of talking. A quick bargain was, however, made to-day by one of our men. Seeing a native wearing a small skin as a garment, Jack whipped it off him, and gave him a strip of white rag, which the native substituted with great joy,

\* The natives measure a fathom by length of arms. One of our men talking of the natives and their mode of bartering, says, "At one place I was done, for they brought down a man with the longest arms I ever saw, and would only barter by his standard; he stretched nearly *half a yard* more than I could, and I was obliged to give in."



chuckling and laughing the whole time, viewing his prize with great glee and satisfaction.

Being entirely out of coal we have to send boats ahead to procure wood. Sometimes our men cut it; at other times the natives procure it, and when they do so it is rather amusing to see them, each hurrying down to the beach with his faggot, two or three carrying a trunk of a tree, in haste to claim the reward of their labours, which is given to them by the doctor in the shape of about half a yard of clouty, with which they immediately cover their nakedness, I think more with a sense of modesty than for the show of finery.

After procuring these little supplies of wood we up anchor and away at full speed, when practicable setting sail to get to the next station, where we hope to find plenty awaiting us, the results of S——'s endeavours.

There is a great scarcity of provisions on the banks of the river. Occasionally we are lucky enough to get a few fowls, bananas, and calavances, but always in very small quantities.

The navigation of the Zambesi is exceedingly difficult; the banks continually shifting and settling in nearly the same form render all former experience useless. Shallow water is our only guide, and were it not for the careful and vigilant pilotage of Captain W——, who has taken charge, I think we should have grounded many times. I feel confident that Dr. Livingstone, with all his experience, is not so fit to navigate his vessel as an experienced naval officer. In looking at the "Pioneer's" log. I find that in November and December last she touched the ground every day for thirty-seven days. Since Captain W—— has taken charge, without any former experience of the river, we have grounded only

once; and this is not in consequence of the river being deeper, for if anything it is lower than last year.

About 10 P.M. anchored somewhere near the left shore. No one knows exactly where we are. Some say we have taken the wrong passage; but who knows? The stillness of the night is disturbed by the constant howling, roaring, and screeching of the creatures of the jungle. Sometimes the roar like that of a lion is heard above the din, and the mosquitoes arrive for their usual supper.

*15th February.*—We find we are about two miles off Mariama's, and that we have taken the wrong passage.

Boats are detached for wood, and at an early hour canoes arrive with their small loads.

Up to this time there has been little or no change in the topographical features of the land—low open plains, covered with dark long grass, occasionally dotted with the palmyra, *Lignum vitæ*, and other trees, and generally swampy. The river is about half a mile broad, from six feet to two and a half feet deep, and running at the rate of four knots, carrying down quantities of grass and duckweed.

For the last two or three days I have been making beer by the following receipt; it is now fermenting and seems exceedingly good:—

To each gallon of water take three-quarters of a pound of sugar, hops at the rate of one and a half pounds to every ten gallons. Measure the water into the boiler, putting in the hops while the water is cold, and when brought to boil, let it do so for ten minutes. Place sugar, weighed out according to quantity of beer required, in a tub, with a coarse cloth over it, through which strain the hot liquor. Let it stand till it cools

to about the temperature of new milk. Then add at the rate of a pint of leaven to each ten gallons; cover it with a cloth to keep out dust, &c., and in two or three days skim it off, and then the beer will be ready for the cask. When placed in the cask leave the bung-hole open for three or four days, until it has done working, when you may close it, and the beer will be ready for use. If you wish to make it stronger, add more sugar.

Thanks to the better arrangement of their mosquito curtains, the ladies are in better spirits to-day, with the exception of Miss McK. who is anything but well.

4 P.M.—While the ship was taking in wood, Dr. Livingstone, Mr. Stewart, Ramsay and I started in the “Pioneer’s” gig for Mariama’s to prepare a supply of wood, setting the oars and spreading every inch of clouty in our possession, as well as we could on a temporary mast, to “woo the freshening wind;” we sped along finely: but after a little time had to turn back, having overshot the proper branch. The ship now got under way, the paddlers preceding under sail. About 5 P.M. we landed where a crowd of women were standing. They had numerous brass rings on their legs and arms, their loins covered with a cotton cloth. Directly our boat touched the shore, they scampered off pell-mell, being, no doubt, the concubine slaves of some chief, perhaps Mariama himself; but we caught a little nigger boy who told us that Mariama’s was a few hundred yards higher up. So after a little pull, landed, and were received by a short, stout, podgy, blubbery fellow, two-thirds negro, and one-third Portuguese, named Mariama. This is the man that has occupied our thoughts for many days past, his huts have been to us a sort of half-way house. We expected

to find food for our engines, if not for ourselves; why I don't know, except that the expeditionists were continually talking of old Mariama. So every one looked forward to reaching it, expecting to find it a large village, and I believe it would gradually have been elevated to the dignity of a considerable town as remarkable as Timbuctoo.

The potentate himself received us very graciously, and led the way, through a crowd of slaves, to his house by a regular pathway. We passed several patches of cultivated land, here and there covered with manure.

Sweet potatoes, maize, and guavas were in a forward state; and our pleasure increased on suddenly emerging into a kind of apology for a farmyard, in the centre of which stood a fine-spreading chesnut-tree, most refreshing to behold. We preferred, however, the little flocks of geese, herds of goats and sheep, and broods of chickens, all frisking about and enjoying themselves, while a huge "dennis" wallowed in the mire. Señor Mariama's habitation I call a house, because it is solidly built of hardened clay, thatched with good straw, has a verandah, doors, and windows, though no glass; also sundry rooms furnished with *bonâ fide* chairs, a table, and civilized implements for eating and drinking. Moreover, it is a hospitable house, for Señor Mariama had got a great feast prepared for us, and would not hear of any excuse, such as having dined, or any such poor pretences; so we were ushered into a large dark room, and there seated. A black friend of our host's, as drunk as Chloe, was introduced with all becoming solemnity: this black fellow was named Joachin, and was the happy possessor of an island of that name. He was expensively got up in fez,

light coat, and checked trousers, and also wore drawers; the latter I could not help discovering, for on our way hither a playful dog running behind, seeing a piece of white cloth sweeping the ground from beneath Joachin's trousers, made a rush at it, and, to our amusement, pulled away one leg of them and made off with it.

Unfortunately Joachin took a great fancy to my straw chapeau, but having only one, and the Zambesi being an unlikely place for procuring another, I could not indulge his whim, but Joachin looked wistfully at it every now and then, and with a hickup and a slobber uttering the word "hat" in his lingo. Luckily I did not comprehend his jargon, for if his words tallied with his looks, they would not have been pleasant to hear.

Our dinner consisted of a kind of Mulligatawny; stewed fish; pork, boiled, roasted, and stewed; rice, plain and ground, and made into little dumplings; fowls, stewed with cassava and other vegetables. This was indeed a sumptuous repast, and Señor Mariama did the distributing part with great celerity and skill; and, measuring our appetites by his own (ignoring our previous dinner), was somewhat astonished at our crying "peccavi!" after we had tried every dish, and, as we thought, done justice to his spread. Shortly afterwards we took our leave, thanking him for his great hospitality.

The land around appeared very rich, and only wanted cultivation to yield extraordinary crops; but Señor Mariama is a type of every one out here. He only thinks of the present, is without enterprize or energy, and given up to concubines and sleep. There were two large shanties in the settlement, the other dwellings were mere wigwams.

The "Pioneer" arrived and anchored, bringing up in

a heavy shower of rain. A boat-load of wood was immediately sent off, but Mariama would not receive payment for it. The squall of wind and rain lasted the whole night, to the great discomfort of all, especially the ladies, who lingered in the saloon as long as possible. They then had to plod through the rain to their iron-house, which was close and disagreeable. All our bed-gear was wet, and some fared so badly as to have a great number of valuable things partially destroyed, for the decks were lumbered with baggage of every description, exposed to all weathers. What with the rain while it lasted, and the mosquitoes when it ceased, we spent a very miserable night.

I fear our progress will be very slow, our journey may last a month; for against all prospects and sanguine anticipations, our supplies of wood are few and far between; in fact, Captain W—— contemplates following the whaler with the ladies in his gig, leaving the "Pioneer" to her fate. But this will be a great undertaking with nine men, two ladies, and their provisions and baggage, huddled and crammed into his small gig; and for a journey up such a river for 180 miles, and depending mostly for daily food on the country they pass through, and then an overland journey of sixty miles, certainly may be called an undertaking, but I have no doubt that English energy and determination will overcome every obstacle.

16th February.—Daylight finds us all huddled together in the wet saloon; some sleeping upon the deck, others on chairs, but all more or less unrefreshed, mosquito-bitten, damp and tired. Around us are clothes, bottles, jugs, scraps of food, and heaps of confusion. The rain has certainly made great havoc on our unpro-

tected baggage. The shore-going fellows, from their utter helplessness, suffer most.

The project of preceding us in the gig, as contemplated yesterday, is to be carried out; Captain W——, Dr. Ramsay, and the two ladies start to-morrow evening. Since hearing of it, I have thought over the whole matter seriously, and I think, first, that Captain W—— is wrong in going, for if he can do no more good to Dr. Livingstone he ought to return to the ship, where provisions are running short: he is wrong in leaving Dr. Livingstone in the lurch, with his steamer top-heavy with the "Lady Nyassa;" for considering that his assistance was really the primary object of our journey, however chivalrous and gallant may appear his giving up all to the escorting of the ladies to the mission, it is letting fall the substance for the shadow. He leaves us now in confusion to trust to chance, to fortune, to anything, depriving us of his moral support, as well as the hands he takes with him. Again, I ask myself, can he have weighed judiciously the responsibility he has undertaken in this project? Has he fully considered the welfare of the ladies? Are there no hardships to encounter in an open boat, with rain, fever, and mosquitoes, and, who knows, perhaps shortness of food? This is bad enough for hardy men, much more for two women, one of whom, as our blue-jackets say, "is dead already." I have a knowledge of the difficulties they will have to contend with, having myself ascended a river in Central America some 150 miles in a small canoe; and I fear, in his zeal to meet the views of the ladies, Captain W—— has for once lost his usual foreseeing head. If my anticipations prove correct, he will be exceedingly sorry

he has rushed into the affair; but if my wishes be realised, they will, indeed, prove successful.

The afternoon is expended in packing stores, &c., for the gig, and taking in wood. Señor Mariama dined with us, and hearing that Miss McK. was the owner of the donkey Alice, and mules, asked her, with great gravity and thorough business-like air, what would she take for one? obtaining in answer only a smile. The question was of the utmost concern to him, as shown by his countenance, and the podgy man offered her double the original cost, whatever it might be; a very liberal offer, no doubt, but not tempting to her. Mariama would not be put off, mistaking the lady's smiles as a playful artifice in bartering. At last the doctor came to the lady's relief, and put the Señor on another scent—the value of cotton; and he appeared wonderstruck on our telling him what his cotton would be worth in an English market, he having but a very humble notion of its value. He said he could collect almost any quantity of the finest cotton at a very low price. The members of the expedition confirmed his statement, saying that the country was literally covered with the finest sort; they had sent specimens home to the Society of Arts, who pronounced it only inferior to that grown on the South Sea Islands. But nothing can be done in the way of trade while the Portuguese flag flies here; they are very jealous of us, and so determined to cripple our trade as to put ruinous dues on both imports and exports. This country would do more than any other to supersede America as a cotton-producing country, but we must first find a way, up the Rovooma, free from Portuguese influence and without their dominions; and then introduce our goods into the country, even at a



loss at first, and afterwards teach the natives that they have wants other than they themselves can supply, and by our fair dealing induce the chiefs to trust in the Anglo-Saxon to supply these wants, to develop their country, and raise them to the position of a nation. The Portuguese have no interest in their civilization, but are intent only in impoverishing them, for the sordid profit of their own country.

The Portuguese possess all the seaboard and rivers along the coast as far as Delgado. Their flag flies also some distance in the interior, as far almost as Lake Nyassa. They own most of this land by right of conquest, but in the interior have to pay tribute to some of the chiefs, so that in the latter case their tenure is very precarious. But they are gradually getting possession of the whole country, and when given an inch always take an ell, so that by-and-by they will lay claim to the whole continent of South Africa from Delgado bay to the equator.

All the natives long for our rule, being ground to the earth and enslaved by the Portuguese. So now is the time, Mr. Bull; give up the Zambesi and spend a few more thousands sterling on the Rovooma, then send your bales of Manchester and Birmingham goods, accompanied by a body of commercial men, to precede your missionaries, and more good will be done for benighted Africa than by all the present projects, and more gained to the scientific world.

*17th February.*—Great preparations are made for starting the gig, stowing away gear in the smallest possible space, &c. Unfortunately I had to stow the little compartment allotted to the ladies, and, consequently, had to steel myself against their insinuating and

earnest requests to arrange to "get this in;" then, when I thought all had been put away, when the box was already full, and I had encroached on Captain W——'s share, found there was yet another "wee, little thing," and then "only this one, *please* do," and finally, "now, dear Mr. D——, can you manage to get this very last article in, I shall want it *so much*. I would rather have it in than all the other things, if you could only just contrive," and who could resist? but, at last, I was obliged to close the box and rush away, as if running from a swarm of bees. In the morning, Captain W—— told the ladies that he intended to drink, at least, a pint of the sourest vinegar to render him savage and proof against all entreaties. It did, indeed, require great resolution to resist the little demands of the poor creatures, they had such a small compartment and such a long journey, and so many difficulties before them. Well, we take our farewell dinner together at 3 P.M.; at four, wish them farewell; and at five, the gig dashed away in fine style, burying her lee gunwale under water, and nearly capsized, in consequence of making sail with awning spread, but she is soon righted and lost to view. And so the ladies have started on their uncomfortable and perilous journey. Since they have gone I am glad; for women are at all times out of place on board ship, especially a craft crowded like the "Pioneer."

We are to go as far up the river as Dr. Livingstone can accomplish, and to land gear from paddlers at the most convenient place, somewhere between the dates 26th and 28th of this month, and not to proceed further, but on the latter date to return to East Luabo.

Just before sunset the "Pioneer" gets under way, and

having no fuel proceeds under sail, but cannot stem the current, and is drifted, broadside on, to a small island, and there rests; by the help of an old hawser and a few stray logs of wood, she is got off, is carried within a mile of Masaro, and there anchors. There is a little gully or opening alongside the village, at right angles to the true Zambesi, which great men in England, supported by Portuguese statements, said was the only outlet of the Zambesi, and running to Quillimane; but Dr. Livingstone proved by an old survey, that the true outlet was at Congoni. How experienced people could have taken this diminutive opening, which is nearly dry, to be a great branch of the Zambesi, I am at a loss to understand; except that it was, perhaps, the crochet of some old geographer, and he was loth to give it up, although the gully had ceased to become even a water-course.

Masaro was the scene of a pitched battle between the natives, under Mariama, and the Portuguese; wherein the latter were disgracefully beaten, and driven across the river to Chapanga. The Portuguese have constructed a rude, weak stockade on the spot, to provide against future defeats, but I fancy it is a very vain idea, being anything but a good military position, and as if the natives would go to their stockade and attack it when they could so easily starve them out.

Here the current is very strong; it was this place S—— spoke of when he said, “the current appears to get stronger and stronger as we struggle onward.” By-the-bye, he has been foraging in earnest, having already procured us many canoes full of wood and plenty of provisions. He fell in with the gig last night, and proceeded with her up the river. I am glad he has

accompanied the ladies ; having many resources he will be an acquisition.

Wood seems very scarce in this part of the river, if it were not for the sea breeze, which we get about 3 P.M. until 8 P.M., I know not how we should get along.

## CHAPTER XV.

Mismanagement of the Mission—A Mosquito hunt—A Canoe expedition in search of wood—Our arrival at Chapanga—Chapanga house and its host—The Morambara mountain—A contrast—The huge Barbara tree—Poor Mrs. Livingstone's resting-place—The Maccoondah Coondah—A Hornets' nest—The village blacksmith—"Scissors"—A good night's rest under a mosquito curtain—A visit from two Landenes—A novel way of bringing down cocoa-nuts—A glorious sunset—A disregard of orders, and punishment.

*18th February.*—Leaving the ship at anchor off Masaro, Dr. Livingstone, K——, and I jump into the gig and pull to the estate of Señor Vierina, distant about four miles. Vierina is a Portuguese by birth, and is one of those reckless, restless beings for whom the world is too good. For many years he was the master of a slave ship; he rapidly made a fortune, but as quickly squandered the devil's money in gambling and other vices. Once his vessel was boarded by the boats of the ship in which our captain was serving, and having on board a large sum of money for the purchase of slaves, and his ship being known as a slaver, it was captured; so that Captain W—— has some recollection of him. After leading a piratical life for many years, he bethought himself of trying his luck in some out-of-the-way place where he would be hidden from the civilised world, and in the society of slaves and concubines indulge his

sensual passions, and relying in the simplicity of the natives, perhaps be enabled to scrape together another fortune. He now owns an estate of rich land, a large shed, a dozen small huts constituting a village, and no end of slaves and concubines; he trades in slaves and ivory, &c., but lacking energy and perseverance, makes nothing of his rich land, preferring to trade, whereby he can exercise his cunning and roguery. He gets his ivory for a mere nothing, exchanges for American cottons and other trumpery, and disposes of it at Quillimane at an enormous profit. He is one of the most repulsive-looking men I have ever seen, rogue being stamped on every feature of his countenance. His figure is short; he is blind of one eye and has a speck in the other; his face is deeply marked with small-pox, and covered with short, bristly, black hair. His voice is cracked, and used principally for bullying his slaves. His morals I need say little about. He keeps a black wife, and half-a-dozen concubines. The former, having been treated badly by him, fled, and lived with another man; but Vierina repenting of his evil deeds, recalled her to his *affections*. Señora returned, but presented him (before the time) with a black pick-aninny, which the enraged husband threw into the river as food for alligators.

Here we find the provisions contracted for by S——; and charged as follows:—Bullocks, £5 each; sheep, 4s.; calavances, 3s. per half cwt.; rice, 5s. per half cwt.; gin, 4s. per bottle; fowls, 2*d.* each. Vierina possesses a number of large canoes, which can be hired for very little.

Anything might be grown in the land around his dwelling. I saw *bonâ fide* potatoes, mint, chilis, bananas, pine-apples, plantains, guavas all growing intermixed in

a very small space; the variety struck me as peculiar, indicating great richness of the land and a favourable climate.

Captain W—— and the ladies had stopped here for dinner, and had (with S—— and his boat) continued their journey about two hours ago. We found R——, the engineer, here, waiting the arrival of the "Pioneer." In the evening, shouldering half-a-dozen goats as an immediate supply, we got into the gig, and were soon carried by the fast current alongside the ship.

Little wood could be got at Vierina's, but having received a canoe-full from Chapanga, a house about three miles up, we got under way, in the evening, and steamed for Vierina's. Dr. L. had come to the determination of disembarking six sections of the "Lady Nyassa," to lighten the "Pioneer," and increase her speed; but after getting in a good position for hoisting them out, he speedily renounced the idea as an unprofitable waste of time. I begin to fancy that there is great want of a managing head here, as well as in the O.C.D. Mission. I never saw such constant vacillations, blunders, delays, and want of common thought and foresight as is displayed on board the "Pioneer."

19th February.—Being moored close to the bank, our old friends the mosquitoes pay us a visit, bringing the whole family. Towards dark, I observed several of our men emptying the lamps, and smearing their legs and arms with the oil from them; others were putting on gaiters, wrapping themselves up in kerchiefs, swaddling-clothes, great-coats, blanket-frocks, &c.

It must have been rather an amusing sight, and I cannot wonder at our fellows laughing at my midnight mosquito hunt. Finding several of these tormentors

within my curtain I lighted a lantern, and crawling about inside commenced a regular hunt, not ceasing until I had destroyed the very last. Although a tedious job, it greatly added to my comfort, and I lay down with confidence, sleeping soundly until daylight. Our men were growling and moaning incessantly. At daylight I awoke, and laughed heartily at the peculiar positions in which their enemies had left them; they were lying sprawling in every direction, feet bound up with coloured kerchiefs, gaiters, and boots; heads in worsted caps, coats, and blankets; bodies in blanket-frocks, &c.; they must have suffered, indeed, to prefer semi-suffocation to the bites of their tormentors. But it was no joking matter, some of their legs and arms were covered with bad ulcers, and want of sleep was telling rapidly on them.

In order to provide wood for the ship, Mr. Charles Livingstone and R—— are to take a canoe and proceed to Chapanga, P—— and I accompanying them for the sake of a change, provisioned, as was supposed, for two days away.

Our journey up river in the canoe was very, very slow, in consequence of the laziness of the canoe-men and the strength of the current, and we did not reach Chapanga until after sunset, doing the journey of about nine miles in nine hours.

On the way up we kept the right bank until in a line with the western end of the island, opposite Chapanga House, then stretched across the current, running at the rate of from four to five knots.

The Egyptian and black geese were the only things in the bird way we saw worth noticing; only one hippopotamus, and nothing in the shape of a beast on shore.



The land gradually became higher and more woody, and the Morambara Mountain, with the smaller hills at its base, stood out in bold relief, affording us a great treat, putting me in mind of mountain home and dear old North Wales; one's spirits seem to rise on gaining elevated ground, mountain scenery has always this effect on me. This mountain is about 4000 feet high, and only eighteen miles from the mouth of the Shirè, so that we might reach its base had we been disposed to make the attempt.

During the last two hours of our journey we have been soaked with rain, and are therefore glad to find ourselves at Chapanga House. This is the last of the substantial old Portuguese stone buildings on this river; it stands on the left bank, on a gentle elevation, about 200 yards from the water's edge. It is only one storey high, and without chimneys, but tiled in the most civilized manner and fronted with a convenient portico. The Landenes, a superior tribe of Kaffirs, have endeavoured to burn it, but, fortunately, have failed. The old place is surrounded by quaint timber; one tree, a Barbara, measures seventy-five feet in circumference.\* We have a little respect for the old place, one of Captain Owen's officers having died here about the year 1821.

This unlimited estate is at present rented by the Governor of Quillimane, who pays about 300 dollars per annum to his Government, and twice that sum a year as tribute to the Landenes, who make regular calls for the same. The land appears to have been once

\* Mrs. Livingstone is buried under this tree. Little did we think of this when we visited it at this time, when poor Ma. Robert was in perfect health, taking a walk with her husband near the spot.

highly cultivated, but no care has been taken of it for at least thirty-five years. There are orange, lemon, and mangoe trees still standing, but the latter are growing so densely as to weaken them considerably, many of them bearing very little fruit.

The estate is valued for its giant timber and precious trees of ebony, *Lignum vitæ*, iron-wood, teak, a kind of rosewood, and the Maccoondah Coondah, the latter from ten to twelve feet in diameter, with which the natives make their large canoes, to carry from four to six tons, and which is excellent for ship-building purposes.

It is rather pleasant to find oneself in a solid stone house in this land of miserable wigwams; it, moreover, marks the track of Portuguese enterprize, and leads one to think of her once truly enterprizing pioneers. I believe the house is at least a century old, for most of the rafters, though of *Lignum vitæ*, are rotten, but the beams of iron-wood are quite sound.

Altogether Chapanga estate is a noble one, I should think unsurpassed for extent and richness. In the hands of a party of Englishmen or Scotchmen it would yield fortunes, but it is rapidly being *reclaimed* by the brute creation.

After a change of clothes and a cup of tea we turn into one of the rooms, a bare interior, having nothing but four stout walls and an earthen floor. We hoped for a night's rest, but were soon reminded that we had reckoned without our unbidden guests—the mosquitoes.

20th February.—After breakfast we sally forth in quest of old trees, and employ the forenoon felling them, raising blisters and appetites; the former more easily got under than the latter, for, as bad luck will have it, we find that the steward has only packed suf-

ficient rations for one day instead of two or three, so we have to study economy. Unfortunately, in consequence of a late visit of the Landenes, the little village has been denuded of everything in the shape of animal food; in fact we cannot buy anything, I only wonder how the natives manage to live; what we see is principally millet-cakes, a most sickly kind of food.

The village is very clean and orderly, the huts neat little reed buildings, surrounded by square high fences. The inhabitants appear rather industrious, as compared with those we have recently seen. We found the village blacksmith, with his primitive goat's-skin bellows, "under a spreading chesnut-tree," converting his native iron into implements of daily use, actually making a pair of scales. Nearly all the male population were eager to assist in the wood cutting, and worked well for a long time, so that by noon we had filled a large canoe with logs of ebony and *Lignum vitæ*, and despatched her to the ship.

A peculiar native arrives and volunteers his services; he is well known to the "Pioneers" by the name of "Scissors." He is a sharp fellow, and deserves his name, doubtless, from intercourse with Europeans. His coal-black hair is the most remarkable part of him, and seems to be his peculiar vanity, as he plaits it with great taste. I open two fingers to him, which he understands, saying in answer, "Oh, yes; Scissors here, Scissors there, Scissors everywhere," running his two fingers up my coat.

In the evening P—— and I walked down to the side of a decayed village, about two miles to the eastward, where we found the remnants of an estate owned by Vierina's father. We found only one hut standing, but

an extensive, half-wild orchard containing mangoes, lemons, oranges, papaw, and guavas in great numbers, nearly all heavily laden. They appeared to be the remains of a very fine orchard, that had once been taken great care of. Several orange-trees had on them signs of grafting. After filling our kerchiefs and havresacks with fruit, we strode back; numerous wood-pigeons in the trees calling our attention to their roosting-places, and giving us the prospect of a dinner to-morrow, at least.

21st February.—Last night P—— and I slept well under one mosquito curtain, taking great precautions on entering: our bed of *terra firma*, with sundry awkward holes in it, was not one of down, but being under a mosquito curtain and hearing the enemy buzzing *outside*, was sufficient charm of itself to lull us to sleep.

Not forgetting yesterday's hint of a pigeon dinner, P—— and I shouldered our rifles in the absence of fowling-pieces, and walked into the wood near the house; but after shooting one our attention was drawn to a tree laden with luscious mangoes. With vivid recollections of schoolboy days and sunny orchards we mounted to the highest branches, and thence showered down the delicious fruit on the head of R—— below, who did nothing but devour the choicest. As we expected—for robbing a fruit tree would be void of interest if it were not forbidden—the sour Portuguese in charge of the house got scent of our doings, came down upon us unawares and began to growl. I don't think we should have stayed to argue the point if he had been an English proprietor armed with a stout whip, but as he was unarmed we tried to impress him with the idea that being strangers in the land and his guests (that is, we had

taken possession of the house in the coolest manner), he ought to have placed a dish of the said fruit before us every morning, but having failed in this act of hospitality, and not wishing the house to have a bad name, we had taken the liberty of helping ourselves after the fashion of English schoolboys. The stupid fellow could not be persuaded to look at it in this light, so we offered him some of the spoil, which had the effect of driving him away very wrath.

Two Landenes came to look at us this morning. One was a fine strong, manly-looking savage. His dress consisted of monkey-skins hanging about his loins. A feather was stuck on each side of his beard and one in his hair. Round his wrists and half way down his elbows he wore rings of burnished iron. Round his neck, his ears, and over the top of his head and round his loins he wore hair from elephants' tails. He carried three or four assegais. His companion, or servant, was not quite so fantastically got up, and was evidently of negro blood, taken when young into the Landene tribe—a common occurrence with these warriors. When attacking other tribes they kill the aged and preserve the very young to invigorate and perpetuate their own tribe. The Landenes are but Zulu Kaffirs and inhabit the country from Natal to Zambesi, and are lords of the soil on the left bank of this river, exacting tribute from the Portuguese and others with great regularity. When beside the negro they offer a great contrast, showing a great superiority; in fact the Landenes are as warlike as their brethren further south, and have given the Portuguese as much trouble as the others have given us.

A negro boy appeared this morning with the “merry-

thought" of a fowl through one ear, and a common iron nail through the other, by way of ornament.

We have despatched another canoe-load of wood to the ship, in hopes of getting her up thus far, but she seems disinclined to move. Her progress appears to become slower every day, and I have with great regret given up all thoughts of reaching the Falls. Soon I shall think of our journey back, but with much sorrow, for as yet we have seen nothing compared with what we expected.

The natives, old and young, cut and carry our wood, many bringing bundles from some distance. They appear very good-natured, for whenever given anything, even the smallest trifle, always share it with those immediately around them. I have seen a mouthful of brandy-and-water sipped by five or six. Moreover, they are very grateful, and acknowledge a gift, however small, by drawing the right foot back, and when very thankful press the left side.

In the morning we take the names of the men who volunteer to cut wood, and at noon and evening assemble them to receive their reward. Coin is no good here, coloured cotton stuff is its substitute. Dungaree, white American, and the commonest handkerchiefs are liked best, and of these not the gaudiest but generally the thickest. The manufacturers of these, retailers at Manchester and elsewhere, cheat these poor simple creatures by thickening the cotton with starch and other such stuff.

For one day's work we pay them about a yard of cotton (equal in England to about  $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ ), for one load of wood half-a-yard. They enjoy haggling over an inch, and appear perfectly satisfied when they oblige you to split the difference, which is pure vanity on their part.

P—— and I essayed to measure the large Barbara tree measured by Captain Owen in 1825, and then found to be about sixty feet in circumference. After tying several strips of cane together for this purpose we separated to circumnavigate it, but accidentally turning over a hornets' nest, were soon surrounded and driven away by them. I strongly objected to return, and so did not ascertain if the tree had increased in bulk, but left this to be determined by future travellers less sensitive to hornets' stings.

The "Pioneer" has not shown herself yet, although we have sent down sufficient wood to carry her over the dozen miles between us. Her engines are in very bad order, and appear to have been very much neglected. She is supposed to steam ten knots; against a three-knot current she certainly ought to do five or six knots: instead of which she does not do one, and that only with a fair wind and sail set.

Situated at Chapanga House, in the land of famine, our provisions all out excepting one pot of preserved meats, ours is not a very enviable position, especially as there is no beating a retreat. Mr. Charles Livingstone and the others propose returning to the ship overland. We could possibly get opposite to her, as she is on the other shore; but then the river in that part is quite a mile broad, and we should neither be seen nor heard. I don't mind trying what hunger is, but, I dare say, after two days I should cry *peccavi!*

22nd February.—The natives bring us seven eggs; this, with our only tin of preserved meat, is the last of our stock, and on which we make a hearty meal. After breakfast pay another visit to the mango tree, much to the disgust of the proprietor.

The natives have a nasty habit of taking snuff, which they carry in a little calabash made fast to their loins.

This morning I bought a necklace of scented roots, worn by the young girls as a token of virginity.

As there is but a vague chance of the "Pioneer" reaching this place to-morrow, still less of our having anything to keep the inner man in a tolerably satisfied state, we packed up goods and chattels, and having luckily espied a canoe engaged it to carry us down; so bidding adieu to Chapanga House floated down with the strong current. We met the ship struggling up under sail and steam, and tried to cross to her; but owing to the thick-headedness of the black coxswain and the frail nature of the canoe, which could not be paddled against a strong current and wind, we were drifting past, our signals unnoticed, and with every prospect of a night at Vierinas, some five miles to leeward, when luckily we met the gig, which had been despatched for wood when the ship got under way. So getting into her we were soon across the stream and on board the little ship, which was now at anchor. We were better for the change, and had a more grateful sense of her comforts.

*23rd February.*—Last night with our arrival, having received a little wood by the gig, we got under way and made another effort towards reaching Chapanga, and after the most strenuous efforts again anchored, 500 yards ahead of our former position. What with the current, the want of fuel, and the bad state of the engines, our hopes of reaching even the mouth of the Shirè are at their lowest ebb. The ship has been four days doing eight miles, and is now only about 100 miles from the entrance, not doing our seven miles a day from starting.



Sunday on board the "Pioneer" is not observed quite so strictly as I expected; taking into consideration the semi-reverend title and profession of her captain, his former clerical life, missionary professions, &c., I cannot account for it. Whether I am considered uncharitable or not, I think Dr. Livingstone's feelings have undergone a change, and his fame as a traveller has eclipsed that as a missionary.

I could not imagine the Doctor to be the author of "Travels in South Africa," but from his appearance I could well imagine him to have accomplished all therein stated. He has the appearance and knowledge of a practical, hard-working man; he speaks slowly and with some difficulty, not possessing much fluency of speech, perhaps from long residence in Africa. To obtain his attention and to see him really at home, we must talk of Africa, we are then edified and amused, but this is the case on scarcely any other subject. In fact I call him a persevering, resolute, hard-working pioneer.

In the afternoon we get under way, and in consequence of reefing the floats about four inches, which was of course equivalent to decreasing our draught of water, we steamed much better, getting within 500 yards of Chapanga House, and there anchoring. At this place the current runs at the rate of about five knots.

*24th February.*—Last night Dr. Livingstone, by the advice of R——, determined to unload the paddlers and load their boilers, as the trees, from their proximity to the water, offered great advantages for rigging, &c. The place was also an excellent one to re-embark them; we had also the advantage of using our boats for carrying fuel; all very wise reasons, in which we concurred, especi-

ally as it opened to us a prospect of reaching the mouth of the Shirè after all our disappointments. So, early this afternoon, a large mango tree, growing close to the water is used as a derrick, the boats brought under it, and by sheer hauling the boilers are lifted and rolled out of one boat, which constitutes a day's work. Some of the natives willingly assisted in the hauling, while others made the forest resound with strokes of their axes to provide wood, eager to earn the trifling payment, namely, some pieces of American cotton. Our men are as pleased as the natives at the novel mode of paying our labourers; the latter are overjoyed on becoming possessors of the gaudy cloth.

Two of the maid-servants landed for a stroll, and held formal court in the forest; the natives coming before them and doing profound homage, considering them wondrous beautiful, goddesses or queens.

*25th February.*—Since yesterday morning we have disembarked both boilers and sections from the boats and filled the latter with wood, which appears to be a far more suitable cargo than the iron-work.

About 4 P.M. raise steam and pick up another heap of logs lying on the bank directly opposite to Chapanga House, the result of our labours before we were driven away by famine. I land and pay a visit to my old friend the semi-Chinese, who, after stretching his mouth from ear to ear and closing his tiny long eyes with laughter, mumbles in his outlandish lingo something like "Mango j'acabo" (mangoes finished).

Our men, desiring some cocoa-nuts, astonish the natives by their method of procuring them; for instead of performing the monkey-like operation of climbing such a giddy height, they quickly knock down above

forty with an Enfield rifle ball. I must own that shooting cocoa-nuts was a novel kind of sport to most of us.

One of the loveliest sunsets I have ever seen occurred this evening. The sky was a delicate magenta, and tinged the river and the trees on its banks with its beautiful hue. The many eddies and ripples sparkled, the neutral-tinted hills stood out clear and well defined, and finally the magenta colour changed to a mellow orange, which, seen through the graceful palm-trees, made up a most enchanting picture.

We have very great difficulty in weighing the anchors, on account of the rocky bottom. The current is only running at four knots, and yet with full power we cannot take the strain off the cables. By the persevering efforts of Mr. Young, our gunner, who has volunteered to take charge of the "Lady Nyassa," we managed to lift both anchors, but not until it was too dark to proceed. So after dodging about and no end of "hard-a-port," "hard-astarboard," "starboard," "put," &c., we drop our anchor amongst the long grass on the left bank of the river, about 500 yards to leeward of our former position.

Nothing disturbed the stillness of the night, save the muffled bellow of some thirsty old buffalo approaching the river for a drink, and smelling danger.

*26th February.*—Our energetic gunner has been up at daylight, and by breakfast has brought from the shore our last heap of wood in six boat-loads; and so at 9 A.M. we are again trying to stem the giddy swift current; first trying the left bank, then the other, and lastly the centre. Finding the first deep, but current strong, the second just the contrary, and the last as bad as the first; and, to make matters worse, the poor neglected engines, after struggling hard, almost come to

a standstill; and finding ourselves losing ground, we drop the anchor about 700 yards ahead of Chapanga House.

I was not at all surprised to day to see the head Johanna man of the "Pioneer" coolly disregard Dr. Livingstone's orders, but it was too great a breach of discipline for us naval fellows to witness; and one of our officers jumped down from the bridge, took three marines, singled out the mutineer, and while the marines held him, took a thick rope's end and belaboured the rascal soundly. He at first cried out, "I wish to be licked! Go on, I'll get Johanna men to kill you!" and such like; but the officer's blood was up, and he did not rest until only cries for mercy were heard. The other blacks, cowed by this example, immediately went to work, and we heard no more of mutiny.

At 4 P.M. once more, but with little hope, the anchor is weighed; and after an ineffectual effort to stem the current, which is not more than  $3\frac{1}{2}$  knots, we anchor again, not one inch farther on our way.

I cannot help thinking that with a little perseverance we might have got more forward, especially as in the evening the gentle little sea-breeze is not always taken full advantage of.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Felling timber against time—A visit to a village through a forest—The natives' amazement on seeing a female European—The "Lady Nyassa"—Disappointment in not finding game—Great joy amongst us at the prospect of returning to the old "Gorgon"—Our last dinner with the pioneers—The adieu—We anchor off Vierina's—The old fellow's hospitality—The wish for his half-caste son—The blue-jacket's disgrace.

*27th February.*—I have rarely, if ever, seen a man so easily led as Dr. Livingstone. He has been persuaded to disembark a number of the sections to lighten the ship, and without considering why and wherefore: so at six this morning we drop down with the current, giving up the little we have gained at a cost of so much fuel, time, and labour. Again, at 9 A.M., when the ship has been got alongside the bank, and everything in readiness to rear shears, &c., the doctor is again advised to change his mind, and thinks we had better not get anything out; and, finally, an hour afterwards, determines to land as much as possible.

In the forenoon we are unloading the ship, cutting down trees, &c. I have rather a tough job in felling an awkward tree which I am bound to do in two hours, but which I accomplish in a hour and a half, and am bathed in perspiration. I send for soap, strip at the water's

edge, and wash all the things I had on, and while they are drying in the hot sun, have a good wash myself. I shortly find I am breaking out in the Zambesi rash, a lot of nasty little sores, which speedily become blisters and burst.

In the evening, Jessie (a servant attached to the mission), and several officers trudge through a forest to a village about three miles distant, in all respects similar to that at Chapanga, only smaller. We expected to find it inhabited by Landenes, but found they had gone a little farther inland, and to have prolonged our walk that far would have been too much for us. At the appearance of Jessie, the women, some with children on their backs, others crushing millet, &c., shouted and fled in every direction, and it was not until some more courageous male (who had evidently seen her before at Chapanga) called to them, that they returned and, gaining confidence, crowded around her, and stared with wonder, awe-struck when we explained that our women had hair reaching to the knees, and comparing it to their short grizzly wool. This little village showed signs of industry in its fields of millet, its maize and melon plantations, and patches of cassava.

The country round about was very woody; we recognised the ebony-tree amongst others. The scenery was pretty, for being a rising ground we saw far down into the plains beyond; forest after forest appearing in the distance. The cool of the evening, the songs of many musical birds, the homely coo and burr of the wood-pigeon, and the sweet fragrance of the herbs around, refreshed and delighted us, and made us glad we had walked thus far. The natives had nothing to sell; in fact, the Landenes had walked off with everything

good, and it was rare to see more than one hen and a few little ones at a hut. Millet and maize appeared to be almost the sole support of life, and on which the natives seemed to thrive as far as outward appearances went, but they were all really very weak. Although not understanding a word of each others' lingo we got on famously, they having great knowledge of signs. Moreover, they are so easily amused that even to fail in pronouncing one of their words will convulse them with laughter. So after distributing beads we parted good friends, bidding farewell by clapping of hands; and having refreshed ourselves with numerous water-melons, strolled back like young bucks, arriving on board benefited by the walk, quite forgetting the mosquitoes.

*28th February.*—We have landed the large waggon and the funnel of the “Lady Nyassa,” which has a decreased draught of water an inch forward and one-eighth aft. Until afternoon employed taking in wood; and about 4 P.M. for once make a successful effort to move, steaming at full speed with sails set—thanks to the assistance of R——, who has devoted an hour or two to putting things square in the engine-room; had he done so two days ago, we should have been in the Shirè by this time; however, this only shows the “Pioneer’s” weak point.

Day by day the river has deepened, and consequently increased the strength of current, but at the same time allowing us to go over the shallows where the current was always weak. By dark we had accomplished six miles, and anchored.

Led by exaggerated accounts to think that the wilds on both banks of the Zambesi were literally alive with game of all kinds, I felt disappointed on not seeing

even one beast all the way up; and I am told that it is difficult to find anything even up the Shirè to the Falls. The shooting grounds appear to be many miles in the interior; but on the lands bordering the sea herds are to be found, as proved at Congoni and East Luabo.

While sleeping on deck at midnight the rain came down drenchingly and soused me well, bedding to boot, before I could pack up and rush below.

*1st March.*—Still at anchor about six miles above Chapanga. This being the day of our return, there is uncommon rejoicing among our men, who have visions of sound sleep and no mosquitoes; besides, numbers have had the river fever very badly, brought on by exposure to the sun by day, and mosquitoes by night. It is really great fun to see with what alacrity they pack up their traps. Our boatswain is particularly glad to return, jumping about like a madman for very joy; and having heard from K—— that we start at 3 P.M., vows to give us only an hour to dinner, and at the end of that time to ring peals of six bells until we rise.

Our last dinner with the "Pioneers" passes very jollily, for although we have been disappointed, all have been exceedingly kind to us, which has sown the seeds of friendship, and therefore makes us sorry to part. No end of pretty speeches and toasts are made: K—— proposes Dr. Livingstone, who returns thanks, saying he is much obliged for our assistance, without which he would have been "up a tree." With my usual ill-luck, I am let in for proposing the health of Mrs. Livingstone. Coming so suddenly I was very unprepared, just thinking what a jolly fellow Dr. Meller is, and having little really to say, began with stupid flattery and high com-



pliments, holding her up to a giddy height for so devotedly following Dr. Livingstone; but, beginning thus, towards the middle and end I found myself spluttering and talking a great deal of disconnected nonsense, and when too late remembering the old saying of "When you've nothing to say, don't say it." So I sat down rather ashamed of myself, and thinking what a great ass I must appear to all, more especially to Dr. Livingstone—for the lady in question of course did not pay attention to it. I felt I had been insincere to speak in such a manner, and regretted I did not show better sense by saying half-a-dozen plain, manly words to the point. "*Experientia docet.*"

All the "Pioneers" assemble on the paddle-boxes, and on our pushing off loudly respond to our thundering cheers, which we keep up until beyond hearing distance, catching the last faint sound of a cheer from the intrepid "Pioneers" on rounding a point, when we entirely lose sight of her, and are borne down the river at a rapid speed.

Although glad of having been up the river thus far, I am not at all sorry to return: the scenery is so uninteresting, and the whole cruise so barren of excitement and amusement, that I feel glad to be on my way to the dear old "Gorgon," to have the comforts of my little cabin and books, complete rest, and enjoyment of order and quiet thought.

The joy of our men on returning is great; they sing as if they had just had a glass of grog, and were in sure expectation of another.

We find the river risen at least three feet since the journey up.

Just before dark anchor off Vierina's; land, and par-

take of the old slaver's rough hospitality, which never extends further than a cup of bad tea, and we are not long in collecting the wherewithal for a good supper.

Rather amused at Vierina's anxiety to launch his little half-caste son into the world, wishing Captain W—— to take him on board the "Gorgon," to teach him to be an Englishman and a useful servant; for, says Vierina, by-and-by he will return and be made *English Consul* in the Zambesi. Having thus an object in view, the Señor became more hospitable, placing his cups and saucers and cooking-utensils at our disposal.

*2nd March, Sunday.*—Vierina sold our men gallons of liquor in the shape of bad port-wine, the consequence was they got rather the worse for it, and Vierina's house was clamorously stormed for more to drink. Two elephant's tusks were missing from beneath the shed where we slept, and were found concealed in the bow of the star-board paddler; of course, the thief could not be discovered, because, I believe, the majority of the boat's crew were accomplices; but it is to be hoped that all will be punished most severely on arrival on board.

Last night before turning in, feeling sure (from my experience of the blue-jackets) that such a disgraceful act might be expected, I expressed an opinion to that effect, which was good-naturedly unheeded.

Vierina sent down to Masaro, and at nine this morning a Portuguese officer arrived with a dozen soldiers, "booted and spurred," and our men were assembled to hear the commanding officer's opinion of the robbery (the Portuguese looked very much frightened on seeing themselves amongst so many stalwart English sailors), and for once I felt sorry I was a "Gorgon," and wished myself miles away.

Vierina wrote to Dr. Livingstone, detailing these disgraceful proceedings, so that by this time the news has travelled far up the Zambesi, and the simple black will learn to close his hut against any one wearing the garb of an English sailor for the future.

During our absence up the river, Vierina has been busily employed procuring stock for the ship, and we find that we have to take down two fat bullocks, twenty goats and sheep, two dozen of fowls, thirteen bags of calavances, thirteen bags of rice, and fifty-five pounds of bees'-wax. We had great difficulty in securing and embarking the bullocks, our men appearing very much afraid of them, to the great amusement of the niggers, who ultimately shamed them.

During an experience of six years and a half, the character of the blue-jackets never fell so low in my estimation as on this cruise. From the British seamen of the Black Sea fleet of 1854, our men are as different as black and white. The majority of them, though well fed, and cared for, and indulged to a fault, have been a mutinous, growling, swearing, discontented, disrespectful rabble, having as little regard for each other as for their officers, always quarrelling most venomously with their shipmates; like great bullies, threatening each other continually, but never carrying their threats into execution. They stand and look at their officers working like menials, yet never volunteer to assist.

Not speaking Portuguese, we were very disadvantageously situated with regard to the elephants' tusks; but, nevertheless, arranged matters so far, that Vierina laughed and said it was his own fault for making the men drunk; and the Portuguese officer, while breakfasting with us, joined with him in considering the

whole a blue-jackets' spree, which, although pleasant enough for us, was only throwing a veil over the affair.

We found two canoes of coal waiting here *en route* to the "Pioneer," so that we can now wish for her success in reaching the Falls with some probability of our hopes being realized.

Having got the bullocks, &c., on board, accompanied by the Portuguese officer, who accepted a passage to Masaro, we left Vierina's at 10 A.M., and were once more wafted along with the current towards East Luabo, much to the joy of every one. On our way, meeting the Governor of Quillimane's boat, and also Señor Mariama, *en route* to pay his respects to the potentate, we told the former—the podgey man before-mentioned—of our *intention* to occupy his house for the night, in which cool proposition he kindly acquiesced ; but on reaching his settlement in the evening, found his servants faithful enough to refuse us admittance, having evidently an eye to their master's interest. So after looking round the place (in the absence of Mariama), we regained our boats, and pushed off from the shore, coming to at dark in mid-channel, and there sleeping under the canopy of the starry heavens.

Our faces were moistened by heavy dew, but the injurious effects of this we counterbalanced the following morning by a dose of quinine. We have three men with fever, and having no doctor, have to administer to the best of our knowledge.

At midnight, P——'s boat was carried down the stream by a huge floating island, and we picked him up the following morning somewhat amazed at his change of position.

*3rd March.*—At daylight we all awoke very much

refreshed; and, finding the river swollen at least nine feet since our ascent, waded about the inundated shallows after wild geese, ducks, &c. I shot one of the latter with a bullet at about sixty yards. There are numbers of Egyptian and black geese, the former are very peculiar, being of a greyish-brown colour, and having long legs, and as graceful as one of its family can possibly be. One of our fellows, regardless of alligators and the ugly monsters of the river, waded up to his middle, had a shot at a flock, and wounded one, but not mortally; so his labour was lost, for if these birds are left with a spark of life, it is only vexation of spirit to attempt their capture.

There is no controlling the hasty spirit of our boatswain, who, having the phantoms of mosquitoes for ever haunting him, takes undue advantage of being coxswain, and carries us rapidly over the water, regardless of our taste for shooting, or the appetites of our goats and bullocks, which look most wistfully at the rich tall grass on the banks.

Our passage down river must be rather a novel sight to the natives: huge ensigns flying, fiddler playing, and accompanied by a canoe full of native musicians.

On Saturday night, our coxswain, in bodily fear of mosquitoes, took one of the boats out to mid-channel, and towards midnight was awoke by the loud grunt of a hippopotamus, who put his ugly head over the boat's gunwale and stared at him, which made him quake with fear, and deprived him of further rest and peace of mind for the night.

We continued under way until late, imagining every opening of a branch of the river to be the sea. Going close to the bushes, mosquitoes punished us terribly

and to avoid them we anchored out in mid-channel about 9 P.M., our men very much fagged. We left P——'s boat amongst the bushes, as his men were too tired to pull out; but in the night saw him drifting down at a great pace. This was the very worst night we had experienced, the mosquitoes were voracious and innumerable. K—— at first joked, but afterwards changed his tone, continually turning over from side to side, saying, "I wouldn't mind if there were only thousands, but there are millions!" When all was still, we distinctly heard the monotonous but welcome sound of the rolling surf on the sea-shore, and felt very glad we were so near our journey's end; for, until this moment, we were not certain of being in the right branch of the river.

*4th March.*—In the morning nothing could be seen of P——'s boat. Although our men yawned incessantly from want of sleep, we got under way with the first appearance of daylight, and pulled for an hour, when we suddenly discerned the sea,—the welcome sea! and at the same time got up to the other paddler; and learnt that the mosquitoes had deprived the men of all power to make any exertion, and that they had allowed the current to take them down the river. We now dressed and piped to breakfast, serving out to the men an allowance of grog, preparatory to crossing the bar.

After a very hasty repast, we bent to the oars, our only fear being, that when in the middle of the huge breakers, our bullock would rise from the bottom of the boat, and so render useless at least two oars.

When halfway across, from the unsteady manner in which the boat was steered, the sea began to tumble in, and coats, shoes, and stockings, were taken off in

readiness; but we soon put them on again, the bar being very smooth as we gained the green sea.

There was an exciting race between the boats, and on getting alongside there was only half a length difference.

“Once more on the deck we stand of our own devoted craft,”

and were very glad to shake hands with our messmates, who looked as pale as ghosts, and as thin as rooks; while we were as brown as berries, and as fat as possible.

Our short absence had capsized our ideas of the old “Gorgon;” for some time my eyes were bewildered; she was newly painted, and looked quite gay. Our men looked more like the crew of a phantom ship than of a man-of-war, they being very much emaciated. And no wonder! they had been on half allowance of provisions: only four ounces of biscuit a day for the last fortnight. And did they not look wistfully at the fat bullocks and goats that we brought on board? These gave them about nine days’ fresh provisions, and by dint of a little thought, I was enabled to make the daily fare much more palatable; for, in the absence of the paymaster and myself, little thought seems to have been given to this important point. Every one supposed the biscuit would last, even at the very reduced allowance, for about three days; but by sifting our bread-dust, I made it last eleven days.

But we are, indeed, in an awkward and uncomfortable predicament; and it appears a perfect riddle to me, why Captain W—— (knowing the state of our provisions, &c.), should have prolonged his journey for no substantial reason, and so increased our difficulties. Here we are, 800 miles from Natal, 280 from Mozam-

bique, a stormy season, having on board only five days' full allowance, about three days' coal, and little or no medicine, with a sick-list of *eighty*, waiting for our captain; should it come on to blow we must leave the anchorage, and expend our valuable coal in gaining an offing.

H—— seems to have gained flesh; he had a narrow escape the other day, went into the river for sand, came out towards dusk, and was carried to sea by the current. He had a compass, but no means of procuring a light, and the night was pitch dark, the ship's lights could not be seen, and, to crown all, the wind blew, and the rain fell heavily. By lowering two buckets full of sand, and keeping the fore-sail on her, H—— thought to keep her stationary, and so passed the night.

In the morning there was *nothing* in sight, but two sticks a long way off, for which he steered; and how glad he felt when they gradually turned out to be the masts of the "Gorgon!" Had he not resorted to the expedient of lowering the buckets and keeping sail on, his would have been an unenviable position, being without water or food. After great exertions the exhausted crew got on board in the afternoon.

I had forgotten to say, that in consequence of the differences between Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Geddie, the latter had left the "Pioneer," and accompanied us in the boats for passage to the Cape.

Our hopes now are that our worthy captain will make his appearance.

*7th March.*—The wind having risen to a small gale, and the heavy sea sometimes taking all the water from under us, we are obliged to lift anchor and away. Expecting something of this kind to take place, I was



talking to R—— last night, supposing it to be, and suggested our going to Mozambique if the wind allowed, and there provisioning, in which he concurred. Now our anticipations having come to pass, and the wind blowing a gale from the S.W., a council is held, and R—— decides on taking advantage of the fair wind to run to Mozambique. Natal is out of the question, for we have only five days' full allowance of provisions, and to remain dodging about the offing would be to expend our coal and provisions for no advantage; for should this gale subside by Monday, the bar will be impassable for at least three days, when we shall not have sufficient provisions to carry us anywhere, and in the meantime we could run to Mozambique and replenish both provisions and coal, and so save ourselves a trip to Natal and back, for Captain O—— (our senior officer) left orders for us to make this journey as soon as the captain came on board, in order to supply the Livingstone expedition. And to return thus full of everything, the ship's company no longer hard up, would be highly satisfactory to our captain, who on the way down must be haunted with visions of a starving ship's company. So taking all these matters into due consideration, Lieutenant R—— steers for Mozambique; in the meantime the gale increases, driving full on our quarter.

Our sick-list has not diminished, and poor M——, our assistant-surgeon, is at his wits' end for medicines; we have not even the commonest kind, and he is all but driven to salt water as a purgative. Most of the cases are boils covering the whole body, and fever; the great impediment to the cure of the latter is constipation, for which we have no proper remedy.

Poor P—— has the fever, and all the boats' crews

that ascended the Zambesi have to a man succumbed, excepting the captain's steward, K—— and I. So in this gale we are very short-handed, and can scarcely provide against casualties.

10th March.—The gale gradually increased to a storm, blew our main-sail into ribbons, and washed away the whaler; the latter casualty a great calamity, for she was a good surf-boat, and sailed beautifully. The ship was knocked about very much, her port-paddle grating, round-house and signal-cupboard entirely washed away. I never saw the old ship behave so ill in bad weather; doubtless in consequence of being so short-handed we could not make her snug, but I must say we were *totally unprepared* for anything like such weather. While it lasted there was not a dry place in the ship; the steerage, poop, and lower decks flooded.

12th March.—This morning arrive very ill with fever at Mozambique, and there find the "Pantaloons" almost a wreck. It is very unfortunate, she has just arrived on the station, and her commander, Captain H——, was promoted and appointed to her for services in the Arctic. It appears she suddenly took the ground at Pemba Bay, while steaming half-speed close to the land at night; and the most unfortunate part of the affair is that she had no business so close to the land, as there is a strict Admiralty order against making the land at night. But they were deceived by the depth of water, here being plenty within a few yards of the beach. At all events she grounded, and was driven on a reef, and there remained for three weeks; her false and main keels knocked off, her rudder-post completely carried away, many holes in her sides, and her screw-shaft hopelessly bent. A Portuguese steamer helped her to

Mozambique, where she now lies, obliged to keep the engines going at half-speed to keep her afloat.

Our first object is to take in provisions and coal; in the former service I am assisted most kindly by a complete stranger, Mr. A——, the paymaster of the "Pantaloons," who knowing how sick I am, has so very kindly proposed to include our purchases in his own, and so render my presence on shore unnecessary. I shall not forget him, certainly.

However, being very anxious on our arrival the first day, I get up, go on shore to engage about victualling the ship, but the next day suffer very much from it; in the night being in a dangerous state, almost unconscious. So I did not venture on my legs again for some time.

We found Mozambique in much about the usual state—if anything, improved. Strange to say, one of the slaves that deserted to us some time ago, returned the same way to his persecutors. No one could account for it, as he was well treated on board; but I think it was in consequence of being left alone, his brother having been drafted into the "Ariel."

*19th March.*—This morning we leave Mozambique, and I am sorry to say minus poor H——'s clothes, some one having sent them to be washed; but no one looked out for their return, and perhaps he will never regain them. We have often had great difficulty in regaining our clothes at Mozambique; once I had to go from hut to hut and rummage out mine just before sailing.

We are now *en route* to Johanna, where our letters are; it is now nearly seven months since we received any. The distance, only 280 miles, is soon passed over with the assistance of a fair wind, the S.W. monsoon, and we arrive on the morning of the 21st.

21st *March*.—Here we find the "Orestes," a long powerful corvette of about 1800 tons, commanded by Captain G——. K—— immediately runs on shore for letters, but sends off to say that they have been sent back to the Cape. It is impossible to describe our disappointment; or our joy, when half-an-hour afterwards we saw the long wished-for bags come alongside in one of the boats of the "Orestes." They were soon slit open and the contents sorted. And Captain G——, pitying our emaciated bodies, sends orders for us to go direct to Congoni, then to the Cape. He came on board one day, and remarked that our crew looked more like spectres than men.

I do not mean to say that we were really used up, but nine months in the Mozambique, with river and boat-work, has seriously affected our constitutions.

At Johanna the cholera rages; twenty-eight natives have already died. The "Orestes" has lost two, and a little brig alongside one. Some say the former ship brought this dreadful epidemic here. Under these circumstances we provision and coal as quickly as possible, not forgetting the wants of the "Pioneer."

23rd *March, Sunday*.—Some time ago I mentioned that there had been a political split at Johanna between the present Sultan and a cousin named Said Omar, who paid us a visit on our first arriving at Mozambique, to induce the captain to intercede with the present Sultan for permission to return to his native country, from which he had been banished ten years. At that time the Sultan would not hear of it; but now, since the cholera has visited the island, has allowed all political offenders and exiles to return. So that Said Omar is now at Johanna living the life of a peaceful citizen.

To our surprise we found our old roguish interpreter, Bullhead, and his companion Abdallah here. They had both narrowly escaped losing their heads, and had been half-starved in the prison at Lamoo, having been incarcerated by order of our Consul, Major Pelly. The Sultan of Johanna having written to his fellow-potentate at Zanzibar requesting their release. they were set at liberty accordingly, after having been denuded of all their worldly goods. Both are heartily disgusted at English man-of-war protection. They had been induced to become informers, and they consider that they have been handed over to the Philistines to be tortured. Nevertheless, both seem very glad to see us. I put a few dollars into Bullhead's pocket by buying from him three bullocks for the ship's company.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Leaving Johanna for Congoni—Our arrival there—We meet with our little "Crusader," and welcome the return of our Commander—An adventure—Our cruise up the Zambesi ends—Arrival at the Cape—The "Gorgons" are lionised—The Cape Town races—The Malays and their holiday—The lawyers and the prize-money.

*24th March.*—Having taken in provisions and coal our head is once more turned southward; but a foul wind and current have an objection to our proceeding without some expense of coal, so we are obliged to steam and make the best of it.

Every one is now improving greatly in health; the sick-list reduced to about forty, mostly fever cases, but none dangerous. Some of the men from the Zambesi brought down rheumatics and fever, and both combined.

The wind still continuing foul, we are obliged to use steam, but very reluctant we are to do so, for we shall get no more coal until our arrival at Natal.

*2nd April.*—We have been making the best of our way from Johanna to Congoni, all longing to see our absent messmates once again, to hear their adventures up the Zambesi and to relate our own. The winds have shortened our journey. Our late supply of letters has helped to pass the time, and here we are this afternoon

off the Congoni. The "Pioneer" and brig are within sight. We fire a gun to attract their attention, and then let go the anchor.

Thoughts and hopes are now centred on our Zingari. We feel they have returned, for our signal is answered with *bonâ fide* code flags; and, besides, by the aid of glass we see the "Pioneer" endeavouring to collect sufficient "breath" to run over to us.

Shortly the good little "Crusader" crosses the bar, brig in tow, and towards evening passes under our stern, and we are hailed by the well-known voice of our chief, Captain W——.

It is now dark; the boats have gone for our mess-mates, and we crowd about the gangway and hammock nettings to catch a glimpse of the returning boat. About 8 P.M. they arrive with bad news, that all of them are in a sad condition. Captain W—— first arrives, and shakes our hands cheerfully; he appears a mere skeleton of his former self. Next, two dark objects are borne on the crossed arms of two blue-jackets; not a word comes from them. The men carry their loads gently and mournfully, and deposit them carefully in the captain's cabin: they are the ladies, not dead but next to it. Then comes my poor friend S——, clad in tattered flannel shirt, red fez, and worn inexpressibles. His face pale and careworn, and overgrown with hair; and with a monkey-skin havresack slung over his shoulder. He looks the very picture of an unfortunate but noble beggar as he limps along towards us, and it is pitiful to hear him greeting us with the words, "I'm a cripple." We bear him below, and soon learn how much he and all have suffered. Our little doctor comes next: strange to say, far healthier-looking than

when he left us. He has borne a full share of the hard work, yet has escaped fever and the other ills of the Zambesi. And next comes old H——, who was left behind in the paddle-boat; he, too, has had a narrow escape. The boats' crews bring up the rear; pale, thin, and worn out, some of them too weak to walk. All these "hospital patients" (for they have this appearance) having now got on board, the boats are hoisted up. Jack walks his sickly chum off to the fore-castle; and we with ours, rejoicing on their return, are full of curiosity to hear their yarns.

It will be remembered that Captain W——, Dr. Ramsay, and the ladies left us on Monday, the 17th of February. S—— left us some time before to collect wood for the ship. I dot down his yarn; he says:—"After much labour we reached a place called Masaro, where a half-caste Portuguese resides, named Paul Mariama, who gave us a hearty welcome, and furnished the boat's crew with provisions. From this I went on to Mozarro, a little further up, and was met by the owner and only resident (except slaves), a Signor Vierina, a Portuguese. Here we got wood and sent it to the ship. At the next resting-place we witnessed a native dance. About a hundred natives were assembled, standing or sitting in a semi-circle, about a dozen of whom were beating 'tom-toms,' some playing on a kind of clarionet, which produced a distressing sound, much resembling the bagpipes; others clapping their hands and singing, while ever and anon up would start a couple of men dressed in wild beast skins, and marked most grotesquely. These would go through many wild manœuvres; while others would imitate a bow-and-arrow engagement, advancing, retreating, and dodging imagi-



nary shafts. They would now and then rush up to us most fiercely, as I thought, to shake our nerves. While this was going on a tiger crept out of the jungle, and walked off with a good-sized pig; and in spite of poor Porco's squeaking, aided by the darkness, made good his retreat.

“From this we pushed on to Chapanga, about ten miles off; and after collecting wood enough to bring the ship so far, retraced our steps; but had not gone more than fifteen miles, when, to our joy and surprise, we met the gig containing Captain W——, Dr. Ramsay, and the ladies. ‘Come along!’ shouted Captain W——; ‘I’m off to the Mission Station with the ladies; the “Pioneer” can’t get any farther. I have ten days’ provisions for both boats, and I am told we shall reach our destination in four.’ Our first night was spent in the boats; and in spite of discomforts, the ladies looked pretty fresh the next morning. My boat’s crew and I had not the most cheering prospect in view, for they had not a change of clothing, and I had but another shirt and trousers; but there was nothing to do but to grin and bear it. Early next morning we got up to Chapanga, landed, and pitched a tent under the shadow of some mango-trees, which was very delightful. Made and discussed breakfast, and afterwards prepared to enjoy a little siesta to fortify us for the night’s work, when we were visited by a Kaffir chief and about twenty of his followers. The latter were very good-looking fellows, intelligent and manly, but most uncouthly dressed, having but some wild quadruped’s skin tied round their loins, but their heads were ornamented with feathers and gewgaws. Each carried the warlike assegai and club-like hand knob-kerrie.

“With the most becoming modesty and gravity, they all seated themselves opposite to us in a semi-circle, and with the aid of Miss McK., who spoke a little Zulu, we had an interesting palaver. They were highly amused at our (to them) barbarous habits; but were not a little surprised when we showed them several articles of European manufacture—such as watches, glasses, compasses, &c., which they beheld with wonder and awe, as they did us. But when one of the ladies very kindly and good-naturedly let down her long hair, which almost touched the ground, nothing could exceed their astonishment. They at once rose, set up a whoop, calling out ‘Haw! haw!’ We tested their skill in throwing the spears at a piece of meat set up both as a target and prize. Though with their favourite weapon, their practice was not good; at a distance of twenty or twenty-five yards not one could hit it; the nearest, however, was awarded the mutton. After this we decorated them with pieces of coloured ribbons, and were much amused at their extreme vanity; they marched off headed by their chief, who was garnished with one of our old waistcoats, in Indian file, with their noses far above the level, not deigning to look behind at their benefactors. They were a fine set of men, with intelligent features, manly carriage, and well-proportioned limbs, offering a great contrast to their fellow-countrymen, the negroes, whom they keep in fearful subjection, levying from them a heavy tribute; never failing to come for their ‘little bills’ the moment they become due; and if the tribute be not forthcoming, they do not hesitate to walk off with anything they can lay hands on, and not unfrequently kidnap the people themselves.

“The same afternoon we left this place, and pushed for

the Shirè. We had great difficulty in steering against the strong current; however, a heavy squall of wind helped us along; but, unfortunately, it was accompanied by rain, and we were soaked thoroughly. All hands being wet through, we passed a most uncomfortable night. To the male portion of the party it mattered but little, for we were all pretty well seasoned; but the ladies fared far worse, unsheltered as they were from the inclement weather, and nothing but hard boards to lie upon. They bore it all bravely, and at daylight they were tired but cheerful.

“To-day I shot some fine black geese, and a huge fish-eagle measuring seven feet from tip to tip of wings, with black and white body, and chocolate-colour under the wings.

“The country around is not over captivating; before us nothing but marshes, extending for nearly thirty miles, covering the entire flat which separates the Shirè from the Zambesi; but a day or two after, the scenery became at once very fine, the whole features of the land being different. Mountains could now be seen in the distance, like giant sentinels guarding the vast uninhabited land, up some two or three thousand feet.

“One night we took a wrong passage, and found ourselves in the *cul-de-sac* of a large lagoon; and after fruitless attempts in the dark to extricate ourselves, we anchored, hoping that the mosquitoes would have better manners than to molest weary benighted travellers. But, alas! we had not been here very long before they swarmed off in myriads, laid siege to and penetrated the outworks, finally took possession of our bodily citadel, and began to bore holes into every conceivable part of the same, entering therein their sharp

proboscis, and, like young vampires, drawing off our life's claret. I never saw anything like it. Our faces were quite veiled by them, all sucking away most cruelly, and when brushed off, would return to their feast with a daring and perseverance 'worthy of a better cause.' We had a sleepless weary night, and in the morning our faces were like plum-puddings. Our men were nearly driven mad, suffering tortures indescribable; and but for the alligators would have jumped overboard, anywhere to avoid the pest. The poor ladies were much to be pitied, but more to be admired, since they bore it so bravely, much better than the men. The biting of the mosquitoes was only a part of the annoyance; their continual buzz, resembling fifty hives of bees let loose in a small room, kept me in continual terror, and made one's flesh shiver.

"Along these marshes no natives were to be seen; it was not until we got clear of them that villages came gradually into view. It was rather difficult to get the natives down to us, for they were the most timid race I had yet seen. So shy, that when our boats touched the bank, they ran away, as did the Indians in Granada on viewing the first locomotive pass by their wigwams, over the Panama line. It was only after dilly-dallying for a while, and thus thawing the ice of their fear, that they would venture near us. They then approached with great caution in pairs, until a number gradually collected, when they acquired confidence. All were armed with bows and arrows, spears and knives; they appeared to be a fine race, and quite dandies in the matter of hair, every one appearing to be his own *coiffeur*, and having his own fashion. Some tying it up in innumerable small knots, others introducing grass of

all kinds. The womenkind were but lightly clad, with single loin-cloth; both men and women tattoo considerably all over the body, signifying the tribe they belong to.

“ We had to endure the torment of another mosquito worry, which, together with the long confinement in the boats, began to tell very much on poor Miss McK., who has been an invalid for a very long time. She became so weak that I despaired of her reaching the journey’s end. On the 28th we managed to reach the junction of the Ruo river, where we were led to believe we should meet both the Bishop and Burrup ready to receive the ladies; for it was their intention to be there in January last. However, we could hear nothing of them: all the questioning of the natives was useless; they pretended that no white men had been there, and knew nothing of the existence of the Mission station, though only sixty miles off. This was most disheartening to us, having already taken twelve days instead of four, as previously calculated to reach this place; and we were out of everything. All our stores were exhausted, and nothing procurable but a few fowls and calavances. Not meeting these people, the difficulty of feeding both boats’ crews, and the knowledge that the ‘Gorgon’ had barely a week’s provisions on board, even at half allowance, induced Captain W—— to order me back to collect all the provisions I could; whilst he pushed up the remaining forty miles to deposit the ladies at Chibisa, and then himself with Dr. Kirk to communicate with the station across country. I accordingly went about on the 29th with my boat’s crew much done up. We had not been long under way when first one and then another of the crew fell sick, until at

last there were only the sergeant of Marines and myself fit for duty; all the rest were in the bottom of the boat with fever, and we had 150 miles to accomplish. There remained but a poor choice—of plenty of hard work and little food, and accomplish the distance, or to starve and remain in the Zambesi as food for alligators. As Englishmen we chose the former, so took each an oar, and tugged away cheerily all day. Our strength would not admit of nightwork, so we always anchored at dark, and furnished our old enemies, the mosquitoes, with many good suppers, in the morning returning to work with a will. Owing to the strength of the current and having no coxswain, we had much difficulty in keeping the boat clear of the numerous reeds and eddies. Our men were in a sad state with fever and dysentery. Quinine there was none, and no comforts or stimulants. Tea, coffee, sugar, spirits, and rice were in imagination only. It was becoming time that we should reach our destination, for the men's sake and for my own, for it was distressing to hear them groaning, and yet unable to afford them the slightest relief. Just at this time, thank God! we found ourselves at the entrance of a river, and landed at a small Portuguese station, where an officer and about twenty men were stationed. By these we were treated most civilly, the officer produced a *real bottle of sherry* and some biscuits—ambrosial food indeed! and duly appreciated by famished men. I felt weak and done up, trembling all over. This good fare, and the meeting of civilized beings gave us new life and energy. So we bid our hospitable host good-bye, and the day after fell in with the jolly little 'Pioneer' (of happy memory), hard and fast on a sand-bank, and there both crew and myself received all the

kindness, hospitality, and attention that man could give to a fellow-creature, and this came only just in time to save one of the men. In this bed of roses we soon forgot all the little troubles of the Zambesi, and that morning ate as hearty a breakfast as I ever remember enjoying.

“The excitement over, fever stalked in and took possession; however, thanks to a good constitution and kind friends, I was all right again in four or five days. The fever does not generally last very long, and is pretty readily cured if taken in time; but it is sharp and prostrating while it exists, and is given to paying periodical visits in the shape of relapses. Leaving the invalids on board, I took a canoe down the river to a place where I knew wood could be procured for the ship.

“The gig returned on the 15th, bringing the ladies back, and also the melancholy intelligence of the death of both the Bishop and poor Burrup (the brother and husband respectively of the ladies). The state of these unfortunate ladies can be more readily imagined than described. They were like thirsty travellers in a great desert, who journey on to a certain place where they are sure to find water, but on arrival find the spring dried up. They arrived at their journey's end full of hope and joy, and found nothing but sorrow. Poor Miss McK., an invalid, and nearly sixty years of age, was much to be pitied. She had dragged her weary bones over 9000 miles of rough sea, and had during that time encountered uncommon vicissitudes. She had made her way up the unhealthy Zambesi into the desolate regions of Africa, regardless of all difficulties and discomforts, such as few of her sex can even imagine.

She left her dear native land, 'Bonnie Scotland,' and all her friends and connections, and all for one object—her brother (the Bishop-missionary in Africa), to tend him and cherish him until death; for he was her all in all on earth, and now he is gone, and she has no one left.

"Such a trying disappointment was hard indeed to bear; and not one of us but had a tear in the eye as we looked upon them in their distress.

"The death of the Bishop was known to those natives we questioned at the Ruo, but they were afraid to tell us. The night we stayed there we anchored as usual in mid-stream, which brought us within 100 yards of where the good man actually lay in his grave. It was well his sister did not know it then.

"After leaving me, Captain W—— went on to Chibisa, situate about seven miles below the Murchison Falls, and the nearest habitable place to the Mission station; there he left the ladies in charge of Dr. Ramsay, while he and Dr. Kirk of the 'Pioneer' tried to get overland; but when within two days' march of the place Captain W—— was attacked with fever, which nearly carried him off, being so far gone that his companions looked out for a grave for him. Shortly afterwards Kirk himself succumbed to fever, and both he and the captain had to be taken back to Chibisa. A messenger, however, went on to the station; and some of the gentlemen of the Mission came down. They reported that the Bishop and Burrup had gone to the Ruo in January, and that on their way their canoe was upset, and so they lost all their medicines, clothes, &c., and had to remain all night in wet clothes, which brought on fever, of which the Bishop soon died, and was buried



in a cane-brake under a large tree by Burrup, who himself returned to the station very ill; in fact had to be carried across country, and in four days he died.

“ We all liked little Burrup, and are sorry to hear he is gone; both he and the Bishop were fine specimens of manhood. In them their friends have lost a great deal; but the O.C.D. Mission, uncivilised Africa, and the world in general, have lost more.

“ The Zambesi, so far, is very tame. Nothing but banks of long rank grass, with here and there a tall, gaunt, solitary, umbrella-like palm-tree; but the Shirè is very different, having good scenery all the way. We found the marshes full of elephants and hippopotami. Many shots were fired, and some legs of the former broken, but owing to the nature of the ground and our limited time, they could not be followed. In some parts of the river, the hippopotami are very dangerous, and not seldom capsize large canoes. We were one night chased by a huge bull, he came roaring after us at a fine rate, fortunately, a fine breeze helped us along, and so enabled us to outrun the monster; but the gig following close behind narrowly escaped what we had expected, for the huge brute dived, apparently with the intention of rising under and smashing her, but, thanks to the fair wind, rose just astern somewhat disappointed.

“ Captain W——’s party descended the river in the ‘Pioneer,’ and on arrival at Congoni were, of course, much surprised not to see the old ‘Gorgon;’ but H——, who was left behind in the paddle-boat, explained matters. Poor H—— nearly lost his life trying to cross the bar, his boat capsized in the surf, about three miles from the nearest land, and he and another man, being unable to swim, sunk, but were fished up by two of

our faithful Kroo men, who placed them in the boat and kept them there for three long hours, until the tide returned them to the shore."

Thus ends our cruise up the Zambesi. We are glad to have our fellows once more amongst us, and for the sake of all, are happy that we are *en route* to the Cape; for all are more or less fever-stricken and weak. Every day now brings us better air; gradually we lose the sickening, clammy Mozambique climate, and gain better spirits. The ladies are getting better, although they are yet mere skeletons. Poor Mrs. Burrup, amongst other ills, is covered with boils and ulcers; but, with all these misfortunes, she has still a smile for those who seem down-hearted.

The following lines are from the pen of our doctor, who thus gives vent to his feelings on leaving the hateful Mozambique, and the prospect of tasting the sweets of Cape Town after the bitters of the other place:—

#### ON LEAVING MOZAMBIQUE.

BY M——.

Nine months since June we've been in Mozambique—  
 We all of us detest this Mozambique :  
 We hate its coast and channel, isle and creek ;  
 And any other station fain would seek.  
 Cursing it day by day, and week by week,  
 Altho' we're serious men, not apt to speak  
 Strong language; but we *do* curse Mozambique—  
 Curse it with pale lip and with hollow cheek,  
 For want of fresh provisions worn and weak ;  
 Because we can't get anything to eke  
 Perpetual " salt junk " and " bubble and squeak "—  
 Or squeak without the " bubble," which is leek  
 Or onions, and don't grow in Mozambique.  
 Therefore we hope the Admiral will speak

Strict orders, which we should not dare to break,  
That we at once return and get "pratique;"  
And in the Court at Cape Town to the beak  
Display our prizes—figure-heads of teak—  
And get the author of this rhythmic freak,  
His leave of absence for at least a week,  
After his misery at Mozambique—  
After hard lines at hateful Mozambique.

Now, having completed provisions at Mozambique, we are not intimidated at the prospect of a lengthy passage to the Cape; and in consequence of this timely supply, both officers and men are fast gaining flesh and spirits. The breezes now are invigorating, the thermometer gradually falling on nearing the Cape, this day at 64° Fahr.; to us rather cold!

All the way the breezes continue favourable; and until within a few days of our destination, not even a gale of wind discomforts us; now, we are visited by heavy winds, to us a great nuisance. The dear old ship struggles and wrestles with it,—dipping, rolling, creaking, and wallowing about in the trough of the sea, occasionally receiving a severe buffet from a big wave, making her tremble. The next day is unusually fine, and the old craft shakes herself. She bears marks of the encounter, viz., in much bruised sides, her head-gear damaged, and her flappers jagged.

I had an unpleasant duty to perform for Miss McK., that of making a fair copy of her brother's will, wherein the good man had fortunately made provision for sudden death, by appointing a successor to the Mission, and by charitably disposing of his little effects.

26th April.—There is always great joy on arriving at a port after a long cruise; for we gain, besides "news

from home," a fresh supply of mental as well as bodily food; we gain healthy thought and feeling, and a change of companions.

Simon's Bay always appears to me a deformed place, crippled and stunted—why, I don't know; except that it is a naval station without the least excitement: no society, poor and miserable people, surrounded by volcanic, rocky hills, without a sign of vegetable or animal life.

We find the old place just as we left it. Nothing seems to have been done, nothing attempted. The small mercantile community lies dormant. The patent slip—the only sign of speculative energy in the place—is almost rusting and decaying for want of use; and the railway so much talked of, the fond idea of the speculative, is still but a dream.

A lighthouse has been *thrown up*, it is true, and is a great acquisition to the mariner, far better than the old Roman Rock light-ship; but the engineer only warrants it to stand for three years, when it is expected to burst the iron hoops which surround it; it already shows signs of doing so. But the greatest effort of industry and labour is the breakwater at Table Bay, which, like some mysterious monster of the deep, has really shown its head above water; therefore the many thousands which have been expended in this work are at last yielding fruit.

The old ship is now snugly moored; and those who can obtain leave run up to Cape Town. Among the rest, I go, but on duty; no less important a matter than putting our prizes into the Vice-Admiralty Court. So, loaded with no end of data of our dhow transactions, I take my place on board the mail-cart at 7 A.M. on a

fine morning, and am painfully bumped and shaken over the deep sands to the colonial city ; and to the firm of F. and H., of Admiralty proctor notoriety. But before I deliver myself over to the legal brethren to be dissected, I must, for one day at least, surrender to the pleasures around me, in order to frighten the Zambesi fever from my bones.

At the city nothing is talked of so much as the news brought by us concerning the Zambesi. The "Gorgon's" name is in every one's mouth ; we are all looked upon as great and distinguished travellers, the helpers of explorers, promoters of science, and champions of missionaries. Being a "Gorgon," it is scarcely comfortable to be seen in the streets, for a number of men in black coats and white neckties stop me, and, amidst half-a-hundred questions, proclaim themselves editors of papers and periodicals, anxious to obtain an account of our cruise and of the general intelligence that we have brought ; for it would appear that the Zambesi, connected as it is with the African Mission and Dr. Livingstone's expedition, is a subject of deep interest to the colonial public.

It is hard if we cannot find some one who can give a lucid account of the said cruise ; S—— takes up the quill, and in a short time nearly every paper has his account, with additions, subtractions, and multiplications. But I am sorry to say that owing to the remissness of the person to whom he gave it, his account appeared in some of the papers just as he had hurriedly extracted it from his journal, more in the off-hand style of a sailor than like polite literature. One would have thought that the editor would have taken the trouble to read it through before committing

it to the printer, even for his own professional reputation. To cut a long matter short, this subject lasted the Cape people a long time, during which the "Gorgons" were lionized.

As usual, I put up at Parker's hotel, but this time unfortunately; several Indian ships having put in, *en route* to England, with numbers of lady-passengers, their train of attendant ayahs, &c. &c., and innumerable "small fry," the latter of the crying age. I shall never forget their little infantine voices, their babbling tongues, playful antics, their squalling, crying, screeching, and perpetually distracting noise, my room being in the corridor where they were located. At early dawn, when one loves to indulge in the blissful, half-dreamy, wakeful sleep, and when senses were being softly wafted into the regions of semi-insensibility, a baby-voice from No. 1 commenced a fretful cry, taken up by No. 2, continued by No. 3, followed by No. 4, and so on up the whole length of the corridor, and returning down the other side, changing only according to the passion of the crier; and amid the din, motherly voices could be heard comforting and scolding; but the little things would not be comforted however they were scolded. Having sought my bed after midnight, and being, for the first time for many months, in a cosy "four-poster," my peace of mind was seriously disturbed by being located so very near to the nursery of so large a family.

Cape Town is quite gay. There are races, regattas, the circus, and the theatre going on together. In the former I was rather disappointed: the course is not very good, being a circumbendibus one, and badly kept; the horses are ill-looking, and the jockeys—ragged Hottentot boys—disgraceful; having more the

appearance of May-day sweeps, they are so grotesquely got up.

However, it is a great occasion with the colonists: all go there, as Londoners go to the Derby. There is a grand stand and a Tattenham Corner; but here their likeness ceases. The winner is scarcely greeted with a cheer, and there is no busy hum of voices. There might have been shillings and pence lost and won, but I should scarcely think pounds; however, turfites booked their small transactions with the greatest gravity and sportsman-like knowingness. Nearly every male wears big boots and jockey-like breeches—the young swells being certainly faster than their horses.

To add to the fun, two of the “Cossack’s” officers rode in a scratch race, one of them getting an awkward spill and the other being nowhere. Naval officers on horseback always put one in mind of horse marines. But the best sight of all was the Malays and their mode of holiday-making, in which I can scarcely imagine their equal—no, not even our merry Hampton Court van-folks. They all turn out dressed in every colour of the rainbow, all so well contrasted: the women were without bonnets, their black hair drawn tightly back, and knotted behind; their boddices white and dresses splendidly coloured. I saw three such seated on the back of a car, the centre one wearing a skirt of bright yellow, and the two outsides a similar garment of the most beautiful magenta. They were so thoroughly enjoying themselves too, although so soberly.

Being the whipper-in of the dhow evidence, I break ground by telegraphing for certain “Gorgons” concerned in the capture of the prizes, who have been anxiously awaiting the message—a holiday on shore

being far pleasanter than refitting ship. I place before the proctors a fair statement of the captures, the time, the place, and the mode of seizure; all reports, &c., both from the prize officers and the captain, together with an affidavit from the latter swearing to the seizure, identity, and tonnage of the vessels; which, after duly considering, the lawyers call before them the witnesses, and from them obtain the most *suivable* evidence. They then make out affidavits, file the same, and put up a challenge, outside the Sessions House, to all men desirous of entering the lists against the "Gorgons." Having hung there a week without answer or acceptance, the said proctors take down the challenge and place the affidavits before the judges who, like sensible men, merely open their eyes widely, ask no impertinent questions, and finally, suiting both themselves and us, condemn the vessels, and there is an end to the matter. Next comes the cash, which is partly collected from the "Friends" who subscribe for the suppression of the slave trade, and the rest made up by Parliamentary vote, the money being finally pocketed by naval officers with much gusto.

The only thing in this whole transaction that puzzles me is, how the lawyers manage to collect such extraordinary facts from such small sources. They are wonderfully shrewd, almost magicians, judging by the suddenness with which they transform the most trifling deeds into acts of humanity, and the slave-coffin dhows into huge ships. However, this is not our business.

The best act of the farce was the swearing in of the "Gorgons," those furies of the Mozambique, whose ideal dress is made up of red worsted caps, huge belts, and larger buckles, high-topped boots and murderous



pistols, and with ferocious countenance, not at all like the meek little fellows here assembled. We are all at a stand-still for the Sacred Book—the learned lawyer looks on complacently—our proctor has failed to discover one; but at last, with a very grave face says, “Ah! here is a ‘Nautical Bible’” (which really was a “Walker’s Dictionary”), on which we were all sworn accordingly.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Thirty-six days in harbour—The "Narcissus" leaves for the Mozambique—Salutes exchanged with the vessels in harbour—Rumours as to our destination—Orders for the Mauritius and Madagascar—Farewell to Cape friends—Arrival at Algoa Bay—Kaffir Kraals—Nearing the Mauritius—Port Louis—The high peak "Peter Botté"—The Mauritius and its city—A pleasant walk to the Botanical Gardens—The Tombs of Paul and Virginia—Our Queen's presents to the King and Queen of Madagascar at their coronation.

*1st June, Sunday.*—We have now been in harbour about thirty-six days, during which time much has been done. On arrival the sick were sent to hospital, chiefly fever cases, the results of our Mozambique cruising. Many of these men have been invalided, others have exchanged into different ships, so that a little change has been made in our small community. Altogether, both officers and men are recovering their health; the latter though but slowly, in consequence of their having been allowed long leave before the better climate had sufficiently prepared them for the usual quantum of dissipation consequent on leave.

It is strange how the fever clings to our men. At times they are so well, then so ill. In the midst of robust health, in the very act of duty, suddenly legs and head give way, cold shiver sets in, and they become helpless.

Our good little doctor who weathered the Zambesi so well is at last fever stricken, and is therefore sent to hospital to be nursed.

Although the men have been constantly on leave, we have not been altogether idle; for the ship has been refitted, her defects made good, and the old craft cleansed, ornamented, and beautified. Old age at last begins to tell on her, however, and she has quite a venerable appearance.

We have a large fleet of foreign men-of-war in the bay: two Russian corvettes, two Prussian frigates, a French liner and two frigates, most of them homeward bound. All draw considerably on our dockyard for stores, &c., especially the Russians and French. The former found it difficult to get out their mainmast, and sent for the boatswain of the yard to do it for them. Our engineers are repairing the engines, &c., of the French frigate, and seem much disgusted with her rattle-trap machinery—holding the French engineers in contempt for being unable to make good their own defects.

This morning the "Narcissus," with Admiral on board, leaves the bay on a cruise up the Mozambique, and we witness rather a pretty sight. The day is unusually fine, scarcely a breath of air, the bay like a mill-pond, and, being Sunday, the ships are neatly dressed and quiet. Precisely at 9 A.M. the noble frigate steams ahead, and on passing the foreigners the band plays their respective national airs, in answer to which the first Prussian crew man rigging, and cheer, the first Russian fires a salute, hoisting English flag at main, and the French man the rigging and cheer, their bands playing "God save the Queen." But, to crown all, the last Prussian man her rigging, gives three hearty

cheers, her band playing "Rule Britannia," most merrily, doubtless, much to the disgust of our jealous neighbour "Johnny Crapaud." The prettiest scene yet remains to be sketched: the "Narcissus" returned the salute in fine style, with her Armstrong and other great guns, their loud report echoing amongst the mountains far away, the smoke curling round and hanging about her sides until everything below her topgallant yards was enveloped in a warlike veil, and there she lingered for a moment, until a slight breeze rendered her visible again.

So we are left alone in the bay, soon our turn must come; already we hear rumours of our projected departure, some say for the Mozambique, others, on a special mission to Madagascar. May the last turn out right!

In the meantime our men are busily employed unloading merchant-ships, building piers, &c.

Simon's Bay becomes very dull after a little time; we soon feel quite ready to bid farewell to it, for there is no amusement, and the fair sex (I hope to be forgiven for saying so) are not charmers.

*18th June.*—Now we are once more preparing for sea, being bound for the Mauritius and Madagascar, to deliver to the new king of the latter place, Radama II., sundry tokens of goodwill from our beloved Queen. The potentate is to be carried to Tananarivo, the capital, from Tamatave, a distance of about 250 miles, in palanquins, like a true Oriental nabob.

The usual amount of hurry-scurry is experienced; farewells are spoken and waved by many handkerchiefs, and towards evening bounding billows and howling winds remind us we are at sea, and that the land lies far behind.

“A strong nor'-wester's blowing now,” and a tearer too, for our main-topsail has been split into many ribbons; the sea begins to gambol and jump most wickedly, and soon the elements conspire to make us very uncomfortable; the wind increases to a gale, but, fortunately, subsides the following morning.

*22nd June.*—After a tolerably good passage, averaging six knots, we arrive at Algoa Bay. This roadstead has a number of ships in it, all dressed out gaily; it being Sunday, the merchant-skippers delight to show the names and numbers of their ships at the royal-mast-head. There is a variety of ships, from the clumsy bluff-bow'd, obsolete “tea-chest” to the taut Yankee clipper. All speaks well for the port, indicating its growing export trade, principally in wool.

As usual, a strong nor'-wester is blowing, which from the unsheltered position of the bay, roughs up the water, and renders a wet jacket unavoidable to those who land.

The good people, evidently a majority of the population of Algoa Bay, are at church, and therefore we find the streets empty, no one to be seen but the “Gorgons.” Everything appears to be quiet and English Sunday-like. At 1 P.M. the church doors are thrown open, and out flow many streams of rosy-faced, fresh-looking, neatly-dressed, Sunday-clad, men, women, and children, redolent with church goodness, and hurrying home to their dinners.

I was very much gratified on seeing this little branch of “John Bull's” family making their way in this nether end of the globe, and spreading civilization far and wide to the glory of old England.

The pier has been much increased in length since our

last visit, but even now it is not more than one-half finished, and £30,000 has been sunk; apparently by the time it is finished it will require rebuilding. The town-hall, which was in course of building when we were here last, is a fine large *idea* of a building, but remains in *statu quo* from want of funds. We notice nothing new in the shape of improvements, although commerce has wonderfully increased during the last year.

Once more I climbed to the top of the hill overlooking the town, and read the inscription on the pyramidal monument, dedicated to the most perfect of her sex—"Elizabeth," after whom the town below is named; and I could not help admiring the loving husband who thought so superlatively of his, doubtless, *better half*. The rude Kaffir kraals still stand like so many ant-hills on the top of the high land or plateau, and just as dirtily swarmed as ever, saying much for civilisation, by contrast. In the vicinity of the town the land appears but little cultivated; partly, I believe, because the furious north-westerners uproot everything in the shape of herb or flower.

In comparison with the Cape, articles of food were cheap, though rain has been scarce, and consequently pasture somewhat dried up; but the meat wants flavour. We paid 4*d.* per pound for bread, and only 6*d.* per pound for mutton. We make but a short visit this time, remaining only until 2 P.M., nor should we have touched here were it not that Captain W—— expected to meet his brother.

Day by day we feel a change in the climate, our bones are being gradually dried, and colds are melting away under the thermometer, generally at 67°. The

wind blows directly from the S.W., and there is a bright blue sky above, cheering us greatly, and bidding fair for a good voyage.

In a dumb world of sky and sea, apparently void of animated nature, excepting ourselves, there is little to note; yet, somehow, people occupied on the "deep" generally take to diaries and journals much more than their brethren on shore. The sea seems to set a man thinking, and fills him with sentiment. The mighty greatness and perpetuity of the ocean and sky remind us of our *pigmy* selves, our short existence, our valuable time, and so on; to reflections on past, present, and future, especially at solemn night, when our loneliness, the thought of being alone with our Maker, wraps us in profound meditation. But I am wandering.

*6th July.*—This is the 6th of July, and at daybreak land is reported from the mast-head; our hearts therefore rejoice, strange how they leap at the thought of mother earth! as a child to its mamma. About 7 A.M. we are close enough to appreciate the smiling beauty of the bountiful mother. Hill upon hill, valley after valley stretch away on both sides, the hills beautifully purpled by the morning light, the valleys freshly green and shadowed here and there by passing clouds. Serpentine rivers and silvery streams wind their way, swerving to the right and to the left, broadening and narrowing, but resolutely struggling downwards to the great sea.

The sight of land delights every one. Far happier faces appear at breakfast this morning than yesterday, beaming forth good nature, and radiant with joy; and how pleasant is our chat this morning! we are no longer bored by trite subjects, the scene before us is an ample

resource, reminding one of former happiness, of travel in our youthful days, and cruises on the delightful Mediterranean, studded with its Grecian and other beautiful isles, its azure sea almost reflecting all that is interesting in ancient and modern times.

On hearing of the Mauritius, I had pictured to myself some semi-civilised sugar emporium in the Indian Ocean, fast decaying, like its sisters in the West Indies; but, to my utter astonishment, and as if by magic, there opens before me Port Louis, a fine harbour guarded by a strong fort bristling with guns on each side, crowded with shipping, and lined with docks and quays. A large mail steamer lies in the fair-way ready for starting. Ships of all sizes up to 2000 tons are closely packed; the wharf-sheds are full of merchandize; boats are plying everywhere, and to judge by appearances it is one of the most busy places we have seen.

The harbour is very prettily situated, being backed by a high, romantic-looking, grand, mountainous semi-circle, commencing at the Flagstaff Hill on the right, suddenly running up to Peter Botté and to the clouds, and as suddenly falling, pursuing its rugged course far to the left. Its almost perpendicular front is divided into great ravines and clefts, its base gradually sloping down to the fine, open, grassy plain, called the Champ-de-Mars, and ending in the city and harbour. The vast mountain front is clothed in Nature's best, to the sight both grand and picturesque, romantic and refreshing.

The highest peak—Peter Botté—a huge piece of rock balanced on a conical pinnacle,—but this stands on the second range: there is a huge cavity in the first resembling a stupendous port-hole for Heaven's artillery.



The Champ-de-Mars is the exercise ground, and the race-course of the Mauritius; it is railed off circularly, and a more healthful place can scarcely be imagined. As a race-course it is well situated, being a huge natural amphitheatre, the hills behind a "grand stand" indeed! where every one, for the trouble of going there, may witness the races to his heart's content; but the course itself is far out of the level.

Horses and cattle are very scarce at the Mauritius, in fact, no regular breeding is carried on, so the people depend on the Cape for the former, and on Madagascar for the latter. This scarcity, I fancy, can hardly be accounted for by climate, or bad soil; the real cause is, I think, that all the available land is used for the growth of sugar, the staple commodity of the island. However, the turfites manage to import a few good horses, and get up tolerable races every year.

The city, with its suburbs, occupies nearly the length and breadth of the valley. From the Signal Hill there is a very fine bird's-eye view to be had of it and the harbour. Down in the centre we see the city wrapped amongst the foliage, the streets and walks regularly intersecting it. On the right, the grand mountains; on the left, the harbour with its forest of masts; and far beyond sea and sky. Over the valley, as far as the eye can reach, the little hamlets struggle amongst the trees, the whole valley teeming with vegetation; the dark patches of green offering a pretty contrast to those of emerald hue, the sugar plantations.

As I said before, the streets run parallel and at right angles to the sea, about 500 yards apart; the roads are very broad and long, and macadamized; the pavements

are not quite so good, but are nevertheless creditable, and the cleanliness of both is striking.

The houses are mostly built of wood, very rickety and old-fashioned, generally having high gates and flower gardens before them. The governor's palace is a huge madhouse-like building of wood, with much accommodation, but no external beauty whatever. It is not at all badly situated.

The college is a great institution, well provided with professors and masters, teaching the higher branches of knowledge. There are about 300 scholars educated here, who are divided into three parts, forming three schools. Two of the head collegians are sent yearly to Oxford and Cambridge; their passage to England and back is paid by the colonial Government, as also the annual sum of £200 while there. There is also a prize of £1000 to be tried for annually.

On landing on the quay, we find ourselves within the dock-gates—the keepers of which, clean, English-looking policemen, already favourably impress us. Passing through the gates, we debouch into the open square, in the centre of which stands the full length statue of the first governor; behind it, the carriage-stand ranged on both sides of the avenue of trees leading to the governor's house. On the right of this avenue is the main guard and commissariat offices; on the left, many shops and general stores, with the Oriental Bank at the corner. Going behind these shops, and a little to the left, is the market-place: this is certainly a treat to see; a Leadenhall, Covent Garden, Burlington Arcade, and bakery under one roof forty feet in height, enclosed with iron palings.

To see this market to perfection we arrive there by

6 A.M. The natives are dropping in with their "first fruits," &c.; and while they are arranging them for sale, we stroll about and admire.

The market is paved with boulder stones, is divided into sections and sheds, and separated by pathways. On the extreme right, a shed is devoted to the sale of bread, the white loaves arranged on whiter cloths, sweet and wholesome. Between this and the next shed almost any kind of vegetable can be bought from wild gipsy-like Malay and Cutch women; but it is scarcely time to buy yet. Now to the next shed—Leadenhall—which appears to occupy each side of one of the pathways: on the right almost completely occupied by Chinese salesmen, and on the left a few cleanly-looking Frenchmen intermixed. Here we see large quarters of healthy-looking beef, white well-fed pork, the most tempting festoons of pork sausages, fine legs of mutton, all laid out and wrapped in white cloths—the butchers themselves giving the tone to general cleanliness. Moving to the left we come to a section of Covent Garden, with its variety of fruits, vegetables, and flowers all prettily arranged; there are also bananas, citrons, pine apples, strawberries, oranges, and other tropical fruits in profusion; and, in the way of vegetables, French beans, green peas, Jerusalem artichokes, asparagus, potatoes, and so on, almost *ad infinitum*. The bouquets consist of English roses of every hue, and other flowers as homely and familiar, and as sweet to the smell as to the sight. The fish exposed for sale on sloping slabs of white marble, continually refreshed by running water, look as everything else—all one could wish. Then the bazaar, wherein are arranged many things for household use and ornament. On

the borders of the pavement all round the market we see stalls of vegetables, fruits, and flowers. And now, at last having gone the entire round, we come again to the entrance, on the right of which is an old woman selling new milk and butter; and we can vouch for the excellence of the former, having quaffed a pint of the delicious morning nectar.

At the other end of the market there is a lodge, wherein reside the overseers and regulators of the market, a staff of military men, most likely two or three non-commissioned officers, their windows wide open, overlooking the market like the overseers themselves, dressed in clean white frocks, ready even at this early hour to hear any appeal, to settle all disputes, and regulate the prices.

This market is superior to any I have seen for commerce. In ten minutes one might make the day's purchases of fish, flesh, fowl, bread, vegetables, &c.; and for cleanliness and good order it is scarcely to be surpassed. There is no bustle, all is quiet and well regulated. The Chinamen are the majority of meat salesmen, but the Indian women are the vegetable, fruit, and flower dealers. The former, with their sallow faces and little almond-shaped, cunning eyes, do business quietly, systematically, and 'cutely. The latter, with their gipsy complexions and jet black hair, their naked feet, their mantles and shawls of swaddling-clothes, and their trowsers of many colours, green predominant; with rings on their fingers and rings on their toes, and jewelry hanging from nose and ears and every conceivable part of the body. With what wild gestures and playfulness and commanding deportment do they strike their little bargains, or quarrel with their fellows:

now all smiles, then so black and fierce! The many colours worn both by men and women frequenting the market adds to the variety of the scene.

We now see a demure black-clad, ugly, pinched-up Madame Française, basket on arm, making her purchases, with a Chinaman servant behind: the latter, shrewd and business-like, collecting his necessaries, refusing some offers to save the veriest fraction of a cent, but nevertheless getting all he wants in a few minutes. By noon everything but the bazaar is cleared away.

Every private house, great or small, seems to have its piano and number of fair musicians. For the sake of coolness the drawing-room doors generally open on the front garden, and in the evening are thrown wide open: so that mademoiselle may often be seen on her music-stool in her glory; and, better still, her music may be heard the whole length of the street, the passers-by halting to imbibe the wavy harmony. The French ladies have a barbarous custom of hiding themselves in *déshabillé* all day, and only come forth at night like moths; they resemble theatres, being seedy by day and beautiful by night. All calls and visits must be made in the evening, or we cannot get the fair sex to ride or walk, or in fact do anything: they even receive their music lessons at night. There are two respectable hotels, the "L'Europe" and "Maurice." Everything is remarkably dear. Billiards one shilling a game of twenty-one, and one dollar per hour. Two dollars and a half for an ordinary dinner. There are good confectioners' shops, much to the joy of the midshipmen's berth, who may be seen doing their ices and cakes—one of this, two of that, three of those—with great gusto.

The shops, in general, are not very good, opening

late and closing early, selling few things, and charging exorbitantly for them; scarcely three English shops can be found, they are almost all French. They seem to take every opportunity of showing their dislike to us, charging us doubly for everything, and using as little civility as possible. The Chinamen do a good deal of the business of the place. These peculiar fellows make money rapidly, but lose it much more so, being great gamblers. There is a story told of one who arrived here without a sou, took to bumboating, in twenty years made £30,000, and gambled it away in a few days; then followed his chattels, and finally himself, at least his services, for five years.

We trace English management in the municipal arrangements; and in the shops every one is regularly numbered; and even every pedlar, every stall man or woman, has his or her number and license. The police, about 700 strong, are excellently managed under Captain Anson, R.A. Most of the men are old soldiers and sailors; but men of any colour are admitted, provided they come up to the standard: their pay is about 3s. per day; but as one man told me "we never see half of it, for they take it away in stoppages, and regarding these stoppages, I believe they don't do it for the welfare of the country, but for the sake of the money."

Their dress very closely resembles that of our own police at home; it is very neat, but rather too hot for this climate.

Police courts and stations seemed to be very numerous, all well conducted, and beautifully clean; and every village in the island has its own, just as cleanly and well regulated as those in town.

There is no doubt that the police are well looked

after, and, *par consequence*, they look well after their duty, but at the same time, they detest their chief for his severity.

There is only one place of amusement here, the theatre, near to the Hotel l'Europe, a large building and pretty well managed and fitted. There is also a Literary Institution, of which I know little, except that naval officers are considered honorary members.

The military establishments are extensive, especially the barracks. We have two regiments on the island besides artillery and engineers, viz., the 5th and 24th, the former in the town, the latter at Mahébourg, some twenty-five miles distant.

In the day-time everything is quiet enough, but at night still more so, even in the early hours.

The French are the principal landowners and sugar planters, spending their money as rapidly as they made it. The English are the only solid capitalists; their sugar estates are better managed, and yield far greater return than those of the French. I think there is very little doubt that in a short time the English language will be spoken here; although by the treaty of 1810 we guaranteed their language and religion to the French on their capitulation.

There are three or four very fine dry docks building by companies. All the machinery is excellently fitted, and looked after by English engineers, who are paid about £500 per annum.

There is also a patent slip, which after making many fortunes has to succumb to the docks. We accidentally dropped our anchor on this slip, and did about £3000 worth of damage to it. The risk was the owners, but we sent engineers and divers to repair it.

After visiting the market one morning with Dr. Meller, we walked out by the Pamplémousses Road, some six miles and a quarter to the Botanical Gardens; and I enjoyed it exceedingly, not only for the exercise, but also for the variety of pleasant sights. The road itself is well macadamised and broad; but we are more struck by the continuation of the houses and shops on each side; for six miles and a quarter there is no end to them; village straggling into village; little shops, farriers, wheelwrights, and smiths; and as we get along a succession of long avenues leading to pretty little cottages and fine mansions; others again close to the road covered with twining creepers and carmine roses; their little front gardens tastefully laid out with many of our delicate hot-house flowers, from the daintiest white rose to its deeply blushing sister, all perfuming the air most fragrantly. And so they continue, cottage after cottage, mansion after mansion, a never ending variety; besides which there is a constant procession of vehicles going backwards and forwards. It seems a regular holiday road; nearly every person we meet has a different coloured dress, nearly always brilliant; especially those worn by the Lascar women; we observe a crowd of them coming towards us, clad in red, blue, green, pink, mauve, yellow, purple, scarlet, and every possible colour.

Above all to be admired is the scenery; where the mountains lift their heads up those luxuriant slopes to the top of Peter Botté, all is beauty; at every break of the road we have a fresh view, every succeeding one better than the first, until at last we gaze rapturously but silently, our vocabulary expended.

At each village we notice the police station with the



name of the village inscribed on it; the policeman in keeping with the whole well-dressed, clean, and neat, and generally Englishman.

My companion being a botanist, we have taken advantage of every "Rhodum Sidus," and thereby increased the pleasantness of our walk. Many times the temptations were so great we did not hesitate to collect from some of the pretty gardens themselves; every now and then stopping to place our prizes between the botanical brown paper. Thus we have trudged along this six and a quarter miles, and now we are at Pamplemousses village. On the right there is a large church, surrounded by trees, literally crowded with globular white blossoms, a Madagascar importation, nowhere else known. This is a Roman Catholic Church, and worth seeing, were it only for the marble altars and bronze pulpit. Close by is its cemetery; and here we linger for a short time, rambling amongst the graves, reading their inscriptions, admiring the flowers—the *jardins petit*, immortelles and bouquets, little tributes of the living to the memory of the dead. This cemetery, fragrant with flowers, is certainly a sweet resting-place; the flowers ever tender and beautiful, performing the last mournful task of nature's sweet shroud, covering and entwining around the last resting-place of humanity.

The gates of the Botanical Gardens, of cast-iron, are yet building. On the right there is a pretty little lodge springing up under the hands of builders. I entered these gardens full of expectations, having heard that they took high rank amongst places of the kind. Taking the centre pathway, we walked on, expecting every moment to see clusters of the rarest flowers, but

found only dense groves of tropical trees, of every variety known on the island. Dr. Meller, being a judge of these matters, was quite content with the trees; and I may say, on his authority, that there is a fine collection. The palm, with its numerous family pre-eminent, side by side with the graceful creaking bamboos; and these were seen to great advantage on the small islets in the ornamental waters, on one of which we sat, listening to the sighing of the wind amongst the trees, and almost lulled to sleep by the gentle rippling of the waters. Here would be a glorious place for a picnic.

In half an hour I think we had traversed one side at least of the gardens; and I am ungrateful and ignorant enough to say, that on the whole I did not think much of them. Dr. Meller, however, was much pleased, his only objection being the apparent neglect, and the consequent growth of tufts of grass and weeds on the pathways, and the accumulation of dead leaves.

We only met two persons in the gardens, and these were keepers, one of whom had a badly-wounded hand. He had lately lost the first joint of his forefinger of the right hand by a crush. The wound had evidently been dressed by an Indian native doctor, for we observed it bound up with green herbs. The poor man said there was no free hospital on the island, the erection of one, I should have thought, ought to have had a prior consideration to the gardens.

Pamplemousses is situated on very high ground, and has a good view of the surrounding country. It has the look of an English village on a holiday. The flowers, gardens, and fields round about, the old church, the cleanly little cottages, the gay dresses of the people,

and the quiet of the place, add to its rural charms. Being somewhat hungry from our walk, we went into one of the little inns, and heartily enjoyed some biscuit and cheese, and lemonade—the absence of beer being the only drawback.

The tombs of the Paul and Virginia of romance, are about a quarter of a mile from this. A small stream divides them, and bamboos and other trees overhang them, so that one cannot be seen from the other for the intervening foliage. Abundance of flowers grow round about, and altogether they are most romantically situated. The tombs are mere pedestals, having an iron rod on the top, evidently once passing through and supporting a column. Of course we found men near ready to chip us off a piece of the stone for buckshish, which we took advantage of. In the afternoon we walked back to Port Louis, highly delighted with the day's ramble.

Our chief motive for coming to the Mauritius is, as I have said, to convey the Madagascar Mission to Tamatave, where they are to land, and make their way to Tantaranivo, the capital, to be present at the coronation of King Radama II.; and we are to present to his Majesty the following presents from our Queen:—An English church service, a state uniform, a complete set of brass musical instruments, a large portrait of Queen Victoria, about 10 feet by 8; a field-marshal's full dress, and a set of gold goblets for the king; and for the queen, a gold crown, a splendid red velvet mantle richly embroidered, and a parasol of white satin with pink fringe and long ivory carved handle.

It appears that the Governor has been expecting us for some time, therefore we shall soon make a start. Unfortunately, there is a little disagreement concerning

the mission : Captain W—— was to have gone as first commissioner, but it appears that Captain A——, R.A., the junior of the two officers, is chosen to fill that appointment, and Major-General J—— accompanies him. The Bishop of Mauritius, who is really the head of the mission, also goes to present the church service.

The coronation is expected to take place in a few days, and both the English and French Governments have sent embassies to do honour to the occasion.

To-day the Bishop of Mauritius, with his wife and children, came on board to look at the internal economy of the "Gorgon," and to prepare for their passage. The hale old gentleman appears used to ship life, finding his way about without assistance. His *impedimenta* (including her ladyship and daughters) are soon ready for embarkation, the whole process carefully superintended by his lordship.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Embarkation of the Members of the Mission—Entering Tamatave Harbour—A description of Tamatave—Salute and landing—The procession—A medley of uniforms—Native palanquins—Love of music—Women and their grass-work—Rev. Mr. E—and his good seeds—The Malgashes' system of currency—The Bishop and his couch—A bath under difficulties—Midnight procession—The arrival of our Consul.

*12th July.*—This morning the Mission embarks, and in a short time we are lost in a chaos of new-comers and their baggage. By 10 A.M. we have got them all on board. We seem to be taking a whole regiment to sea, instead of only a general and five or six officers; there are sufficient to throw all of us on our beam-ends. Old soldiers are like old women on board ship, and young ones like girls, they carry so much luggage that we know not what to do with them, and they won't do anything for themselves. A number of strangers, especially soldiers, on board ship, are worse than a house-full of visitors on a rainy day, only our visitors stay with us many days, sometimes weeks; and our house is void of anything like amusements. To make matters worse the weather is bad, and we have little expectation of its clearing up.

We have a very nice set of passengers, however, this

time—the General and Bishop especially amiable and the rest very much liked. There is a dinner-party in the captain's cabin every evening, at which one of our mess is always invited, and which the invitee thoroughly enjoys, as the potentates talk benignly, sensibly, and charmingly. The Bishop is a general favourite—the ship's company take a great fancy to him—I suppose from finding out his nautical inclination, and his being well up to the ropes.

Every morning he reads prayers ; and on Sunday, in full "lawn," with a covered grog-tub for a pulpit, reads the service very impressively, winding up with a clever, simple, remarkable sermon, and adapted to his audience—the blue-jackets listening very attentively. Sometimes in the afternoon he finds his way to the lower deck, distributes a few kind words and tracts in a manner very pleasing to the men.

*15th July.*—Since leaving the Mauritius, we have unexpectedly had very beautiful weather, much to the joy of our passengers, who declare the old "Gorgon" a wonderful sea-boat. This, the third day, finds us steaming into Tamatave harbour by the eastern channel ; just before anchoring we bumped a little on the very edge of the reef ; but going at full speed, it could scarcely be felt ; doubtless we shall find a sheet or two of copper rubbed off as a consequence.

Here we find the French frigate "Hermione," lately arrived with the French Commissioners, consisting of Commodore D——, two deputy governors, two lieutenant-colonels, and two civilians, all of whom left for the capital just before our arrival. There are two or three merchant vessels also at anchor.

Tamatave is situate on a low spit of land running

east and west, about a mile long and half a mile broad. The town consists of a number of huts, well built and thatched with the leaf of the Traveller's Tree. There are also some very large barn-like wooden houses well built and strong—only the tops of which can be seen from the anchorage, the rest being hidden with dark green (I think mango) trees. A dazzling white strip of sand, and then the azure sea, add much to the look of the landing-place, which is under the lee of the spit of sand; near to it, there are some remarkable palm-trees.

We see the white flag of Madagascar flying above and behind the trees over the fort, which reminds one of the tragic defeat of a party of English and French in 1845, when some two hundred captives lost their heads, which were placed in Indian file on the tops of poles, and until very lately were still to be seen—a grim dismal sight.

Looking over trees, we see about twenty miles of tolerably flat land, green and fertile; then a succession of blue mountains rising one above another, the range forming the vertebræ of Madagascar, stretching far away to the right and parallel to the coast; the highest towering amongst the clouds some eight thousand feet, their summits partially concealed by a thin misty veil. Seen by the help of the sun's rays, and a clear atmosphere in the foreground, the scene is beautiful—truly beautiful! The bright blue sky above, the natural tints of the misty mountains, the green hillocks and valleys undulating to the sea-shore—all is wondrous fair.

There is a great reef running out almost semi-circularly, extending from Point Ironda; and were it not for this reef, I fancy the anchorage would be bad; it is open to the N.E. Owing to the humidity of the

atmosphere sometimes the whole island is enveloped in mist, and therefore when approaching it from sea a ship is nearly on the reef before land becomes perceptible. At present there are two sad wrecks of gallant ships on the edge of this reef, illustrative of the danger.

Immediately on arrival we borrowed a white flag, with Radama II. in red letters on it; hoisted it at the foremast head, and saluted Madagascar with twenty-one guns, which were shortly afterwards answered by the fort with twenty-three guns. The natives fired very creditably; although, of course, as might be expected, there was a long interval between each gun. We are rather surprised to find many Europeans here; already we have had some five or six on board; among others, a Mr. C——, of the Mauritius, who has transit charge of the Queen's presents. Through the mild sway of the present King, speculators and adventurers from almost every nation under the sun, are seen here to-day, desirous of securing the first benefits. As yet there are no consuls; but our representative (Mr. P——) has arrived, and in a day or two will hoist his flag under a salute of guns from us.

All the news we can gather, is, that the French have done their best to have the first presentation at Court. However, they have not succeeded this time; for although their commissioners have arrived, their presents are only *en route*. Hurrah for John Bull!

16th July.—To-day, at 9 A. M., all Tamatave are on the beach, with their Governor and troops, ready to receive the mission, who are to land in state. At the precise hour they land. I will not attempt to describe the scene, as I did not witness it; but having been present on the re-embarkation, I will endeavour to de-



scribe that. Having landed and marched up to the fort, they were there banqueted right royally—the health of Radama II. and Queen Victoria being drunk *most solemnly*, after which the party returned. I met them in procession; a continued strain of wild melancholy music heard in the distance—presently they appeared. I will introduce them as they pass: first, two lines of Hova soldiers, carrying spear in one hand and something like an old Tower musket in the other; uniform, white frocks and trousers, no hats, shoes, or stockings; coal-black hair, dark eye-brows; faces, yellowish and dark; very, very ugly, and as solemn as “parish beadles.”

The officers of companies nearly all wrinkled old men, wearing long black hats, black and brown tail coats, short coloured waistcoats, shorter trousers, and old shoes; each has his rusty old drawn sword without a sheath, in one hand, and his pocket handkerchief in the other.

Next, a band of reed instruments; some twenty men, clad in the native white lamba (or toya), resembling a white sheet drawn round the body and thrown over the right shoulder, and with peculiar big-topped straw hats. These men are also Hovas. The musical instruments consist of flageolets, trombones, clarionets, cornopeans, flutes, &c., big drum and cymbals.\* Sometimes wild and plaintive, always loud; sometimes comical, but always solemnly played, and the tunes strangely intermixed; somewhat in this order—their own national anthem, British “God Save the Queen,” “St. Patrick’s

\* Some of their musical instruments are very peculiar; their violin, for instance, a piece of bamboo, about five feet long, the fibres cut, raised and supported by bridges *all round* the barrel.

Day in the Morning," "Hoky, poky, winky, phum," snatch of an opera, the Old Hundredth, waltzes and polkas *ad infinitum*. The musicians are a *wind* band indeed, never appearing tired, but continuing to play tune after tune—walking or at rest, it is all the same to them.

Next in procession come high officers of state, two and two, some walking, others in palanquins or chairs, each borne by four naked natives. First the Governor and our general; the former a black (Hova), with grey hair, and wearing cocked hat and general's feathers, athwartships, long scarlet broad-tailed coat, striped and covered with gold lace, similar to that worn by General Bombastes on the stage; blue plush gold laced trousers, and patent leather boots; high shirt collars, large cavalry sword. This is the Governor of Tamatave, Rainferinghae, brother of the present king, in all his glory. Our general's plain uniform is quite thrown into the shade. It is amusing to see our veteran doing the procession business so correctly, his face lighted up by a serio-comic, good-natured smile.

Then follows a motley crowd of palanquins, two and two; in them native officers of state and our officers side by side—the former dressed somewhat similarly to the governor, but in varieties of colour apparently, according to individual taste; some in blue coats, others in red, and lavishly decorated with gold lace; some with cocked hats and feathers, and even caps and common wide-awakes; also various coloured trousers—red, blue, and green.

The officers of army and state are a queer, comical set; their dress is so grotesque, their look so absurdly and solemnly important. There was a strange conglo-

meration of dresses! Here might be seen old English and French naval and military uniforms from the earliest ages to the present time, old and new civilians, tail and frock coats, swords of all kinds—from the Court rapier to the cumbersome cavalry cabbage-cutter—very few with sheaths. They looked as if they had just been turned out of some theatrical wardrobe in Bow Street.

Thickly packed behind, before and beside the palanquins, there marched a comical crew of the inhabitants; sometimes a half-clothed individual, arm in arm with a splendidly clad officer of state, &c., but all keeping excellent step.

The Malgashes have a very good idea of music, and are largely moved by it; on this occasion, as on all others, they show their susceptibility, thus adding to the comical appearance of the procession. The bearers of the palanquins, as well as all others, kept time with the music by bobbing; consequently, cocked hats and feathers, borne aloft in palanquins, might be seen bobbing to the tune of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

The palanquins are made of two short poles of the Traveller's Tree, kept apart by two straining pieces of eighteen inches each, and upon the frame thus formed is worked a sort of basket, or cradle, about four feet long, of raw bullock's hide cut into narrow strips, and closely plaited; another light frame worked at the bottom, keeping it in shape; some of the commonest kind of palanquins resembled the rude chairs whereon the English "Guy Fawkes" is carried.

At last we arrive on the beach, where our boats are waiting for the general, &c. The spit of sand is covered with a great crowd of English, French, Swiss, Americans,

Hovas, and Creoles—the latter invariably dressed in the white lamba.

All the potentates have been set down—the general and staff stand aloof. The Governor forms his troops into two lines, commanding in person (some years ago an English sergeant drilled a troop of Hovas; since which time all but a few words of command have been forgotten). Troops are formed, about twenty in each line, with band behind them. Governor, waving his sword, shouts, "Rear rank, take open ordeere—march!" (troops remain perfectly still.) "Shouldere arms!" (done well.) "Right about face; presenten arms for King Radama!" (all turn with face to capital and make low obeisance—band striking up Malgashes national anthem—a wild plaintive ditty.) Governor—"Right about face; rear rank take open orde-e-e-re; quick march!" (immovable as before) "Presenten arms!" (to general and staff) all hats off, band striking up "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning;" then Governor advanced, shook hands with general, other high officers of state doing same; the former escorting the general, arm in arm, down to the boat, where they once more shook hands and parted: troops, officers, Governor, palanquins, and band then returned *en masse* to the fort.

I have not intended to ridicule the people in this description, but have merely set down what I saw. With all their faults, I think the Malgashes are intelligent, and fast acquiring the habits of civilised life.

Tamatave is a very good illustration of this. We see here many really large houses—the judge's for example—a large building, the inside of which is covered with exaggerated paintings of battles, *supposed to have been fought* by the French in the Crimea.

The ground attached to the houses is nicely fenced off; and even in some cases we see attempts at floriculture.

The people are excellent musicians, showing great skill in composition. I have heard that their national anthem is grand and beautiful, and that the people sing well in parts; that one congregation of 1200 sing some very difficult music of the oratorio kind. As yet we have only judged of them by those residing at Tamatave, but I am told they are much more refined inland.

Many of the women wear European cotton dresses, and take great pains with their external appearance; lately there has been a great importation of crinolines.

The inmates of every hut seem to make their quantum of grass matting. We see both men and women industriously engaged in this work daily.

The streets run parallel to the beach, are about eight feet wide, and consist of deep loose land, bounded by good stake fences about six feet high.

There is a market in the suburbs of the town, held at night. Articles of food are the principal commodities. I saw heaps of dried locusts (grasshopper tribe) sold for consumption as food; at present, the principal export of Madagascar is "live stock." Every one has his flocks and herds of geese, ducks, turkeys, chickens and bullocks, which are sold at about the following prices: fowls, 6*d.* each; turkeys, 1*s.* 9*d.*; geese, 1*s.* 6*d.*; ducks, 8*d.*; Guinea hens, 1*s.*; bullocks, 60*s.* (equal 300 lbs.); pigs, 4*s.*; sweet potatoes, 1*d.* for four lbs.; eggs, 4*s.* for seventy; mutton (goat), 4*s.* each; rice, 7*s.* per cwt. Besides these things, there are many curiosities in zoology. The lima, with its fox-like head, black, flanked with white; with its beautiful black and white body,

covered with downy hair, and its long bushy tail. Some people call this animal the "lawyer;" for what reason I know not, except that it looks very knowing.

The timber of the country is wonderful and excellent. From woods unknown before, a great collection might be made. One rose-coloured wood, with black grain, in particular merits attention.

There are ships belonging to Mauritius solely employed in this "live stock" trade. I scarcely know how the former place could exist without the latter, as in Mauritius people do not breed cattle nor grow grain.

The women work very pretty grass-boxes of all sizes and colours. The grass is very fine, some of it like silk; but I have observed that to make them look white the natives put a kind of flour over their surface.

I bought some of the finest grass mats, containing three yards, and so fine that I thought at first they were made of cotton. I paid 2s. for them, and intend to make a coat and waistcoat of them. Coarser mats for the floor may be had at 5*d.* per two yards. Others for covering mattresses, &c., thirty yards for 8s. In fact, everything in the shape of mats was very cheap.

The women are anything but prepossessing, and their licentiousness is extraordinary. Nearly every evening boat-loads of them, young girls from eleven years of age, may be seen going off to the ships in the harbour to the seamen, literally swarming the ship—never asking and rarely taking money from the men. I have seen the boats so crowded of an evening that the water has rushed in and wetted them; but still they pushed off and managed to reach the ship, though in a sinking state. A little time ago, a whole boat-load were drowned returning to the shore, and were devoured by

the sharks : in one case the boat was so loaded that the scullers refused to pull until the women threatened to throw them overboard.

The good Bishop beheld this with pity and disgust. One evening he called on a M. X——, a Swiss merchant, who kept a native woman as wife and to manage his business. The Bishop asked if she were his wife? "To all intents and purposes," answered the Swiss. "You see, my lord," continued he, "being in a strange land, not knowing the language or customs of the people, we find it profitable to keep such a woman to look after our interests." The Bishop, however, dumbfounded him by saying, "What profiteth it, sir, if you gain the whole world, and lose your own soul." This woman died about six weeks after this event; at the particular request of M. X——, who wished to do all he could for his departed and very excellent mistress, the good Bishop actually read prayers over her body at the house—not at the grave; but not before giving X—— a very long lecture.

The Bishop is fully alive to what should and can be done for Madagascar, he has already told off six missionaries for the work here, and who are to begin their work at the capital.

The missionary who above all has done so much for this place is the Rev. Mr. E——, who has spent many years in the country, doing all in his power to christianize it. In the late queen's reign, he, with others, was expelled; but on the accession of the present King, seizing the opportunity, although now seventy-four years of age, he left England with all its blessings, his home, family, relatives and friends, returning to the scene of his early labours, and in the face of many dangers,

made his way to the very capital. He applied to the King, who happily understood and appreciated him. Mr. E—— is now at the capital hard at work in his vocation, and is much liked by the King.

A few days ago when taking an evening ramble just outside the town, some of our fellows came across the dead body of a man with a rope round his neck, evidently strangled: here the body was left, although many people must have passed it during the day.

The Malgashes have a peculiar system of currency, they will not take any coined money under a dollar or a five-franc piece; they cut the Spanish dollar in pieces, which are weighed against iron weights representing respectively the half, quarter, eighth, and sixteenth.

The Hova soldier is rather badly looked after, I think; he is obliged to serve for a fortnight, and receives neither pay nor rations; he is then allowed a fortnight to earn his daily bread, and so on alternately. Sometimes he is allowed a small plot of ground to cultivate for his own purposes.

Our sailmakers have been making the Bishop a travelling couch out of one of the ship's cots, on poles, with a hood over it to keep off sun or rain; it is a comfortable affair, the only drawback being that it will be too hot from the close texture of the canvas sides; however, the Bishop was delighted with it.

We shall be almost sorry to lose the old Bishop, he has made himself so agreeable, having always a kind word for every one, from the captain downwards. He is physically active as well as mentally so, taking no little trouble to do all the good he can; even sea-sickness did not prevent his giving us service morning and evening, and good sermons too! And since we have



been here he has held four services in the course of the day at Tamatave, in Malagash and French; at the former there were many sable faces seen—old converts, and in whom there still existed the seeds of religion once sown by such good men as Mr. E——, and which was only waiting its proper season to spring up: this the Bishop knew, and did not let the opportunity slip.

I was rather surprised to find the Bishop at six o'clock one morning having a cold bath under the tender mercies of the quartermaster. The stout-hearted and able-bodied prelate was standing on the bottom step of the ladder alongside, while the quartermaster deluged him with buckets full of water over his devoted head, evidently much to his enjoyment.

18th July. — In consequence of the French having taken nearly all the palanquin-bearers, our party was much delayed. Unfortunately there are no wheeled carriages in the country, not even bullock teams, therefore the only mode of travelling is by the palanquins. For this we require four bearers for one person, and if going a long distance, at least eight; each of whom we must pay at the rate of sixpence a day, and provide him with rations. They trot gently at the rate of five and a quarter miles an hour, but I believe it very soon tires the passenger, the movement being something like that of the camel. These bearers are very particular and independent; they object to carry a very stout man, and if at all put out will, even when half way on the journey, drop the palanquin, and run into the bush, leaving the “fare” like a pelican in the wilderness.\*

\* It is said that the natives never wind round a hill, but always go right over the top of it, and descend on the other side.

Captain A—— and an officer went on shore to superintend the hiring of bearers, and to make provisions for the journey, both having already caught the malignant Malagash fever. They occupy the chief judge's house. Some of us spent an evening with them; the Malagash band was in attendance outside, playing, as usual, unceasingly a strange medley of music. A native chief joined our convivial party, and we had great fun with him. The old fellow was as solemn as a judge; several times we toasted him in bumpers, also his King, to which he solemnly responded, giving in return our Queen. After each toast the band played the most absurdly inappropriate tunes. For a long time we could not break the barriers of his dignity; it was not until he had mixed his liquors that he was persuaded to dance "a jig" with S—— and O——, which was truly ridiculous. Our fellows preserved the gravest countenances, occasionally whisking the native and his lamba round, almost off his legs, in fact we almost threw him, but still he always came up again most gravely; and, once his blood up, we found it as difficult to stop him as to induce him to commence.

We broke up at a late hour; O—— and I, with a lantern bearer by our side, and with our native friend resting on our arms, marching at the head of the band keeping very correct step, and trying to beat time with a boat's brass tiller, much to the wonder of the people, who left their smoky huts and smouldering fires to see our midnight procession pass. After putting up our friend for the night we returned, just in time to save the boat, for our fellows had been waiting some time for us, not knowing where we had gone; luckily I had the boat's tiller, which prevented their going without us.

22nd July.—The Bishop and the General, &c., left us this morning for the shore. At an early hour they were to start on their journey, but in consequence of the scarcity of bearers were delayed; they had engaged 200 only yesterday, and now only 150 could be mustered.

There is a great crowd in the Chief Judge's yard to-day, the long-winded band is in the centre, occasionally bursting out into wild absurdities. The Hova troops are standing in readiness to head the procession; the interpreters are busily employed appointing the bearers to their several packages, boxes, &c., which are supported on poles, the largest carried by sixteen. The quantity of gear the Mission takes is marvellous to behold, one would think it was the baggage of a whole regiment or a caravan by the number and size of the packages.

About 10 A.M. the General and Bishop enter their palanquins, we wish them good speed, and they are off—the troops and band preceding. The Bishop wears his black cloth coat and apron, hat, and gaiters, to keep up his dignity, but wisely intends to put on a “better working suit” when out of the town. M—— nearly lost caste by preferring to walk; by dint of great persuasion we got him to undergo the inconvenience of being carried, just for the sake of preserving his dignity. At length they move on two and two.

The expenses rather astonished the Mission; Captain A—— had only brought about £300 with him, which was all expended at the time of starting, and he had to borrow more.

In the afternoon our Consul hoisted the British flag for the first time in Madagascar, as our Queen's repre-

sentative. No other flag is yet flying, and we salute it with seven guns. It is satisfactory to look at that "time-honoured buntin'," and to think of the object for which it has this day been hoisted.

To-day Madagascar is declared open to the world, for the benefit of herself and mankind.

*23rd July.*—Having arranged to return for the Mission by the 1st of September, we leave Tamatave this afternoon for the Mauritius. On our way thither we experience very fine weather, thermometer about 76°, and the heat is tempered by a nice cool breeze.

## CHAPTER XX.

Off Bourbon—Quarantine—Bourbon and its advantages over Mauritius—At St. Louis—We go into dock—Mauritius and its society—The Race-course—Amusements and visitors—“Coming events cast their shadows before”—Preparing for a ball, &c.—The fun commences—A wedding—Leaving Mauritius for Tamatave—The Bishop and party join us—The description of the country they pass through and the inhabitants—The “Father of Great Thoughts”—Our party is serenaded—Curfew at Tamatave.

*27th July, Sunday.*—At 10 this morning we find ourselves off Bourbon, where lay at anchor the French transport “La Gloire,” the vessel bearing the Madagascar presents, Mr. L—, and also the English Peninsular and Oriental mail-packet.

Unfortunately there has been so much cholera lately at the Mauritius, that the authorities at Bourbon take the precaution of giving twenty-one days’ quarantine to every vessel from that port, no matter how clean its “bill of health;” this, of course, precludes our anchoring. Having a mail for the island, we dash the contents of a bottle of vinegar over the parcel, throw it to the quarantine boat, and steam a-head.

The island of Bourbon seems to consist largely of a range of rather high hills, the north-eastern slope of which is so beautifully gradual, that almost to the

summit the plough is used to advantage. Apparently there is scarcely an acre of ground uncultivated, it is all of the richest green, and seems to have an advantage over Mauritius. The situation of the cultivated land, the healthiness of the climate, and the freedom from "ticks" and other noxious insects, so hurtful to cattle and horses, are all in favour of Bourbon; but it can never be made a great commercial place. The two islands started in the race of cultivation together, but even with its disadvantages Mauritius has far outstripped her French sister, for the latter has no harbour, scarcely a sheltered cove; the anchorage off St. Denis appears but a roadstead, entirely open to the north-easters. The day we were there, the few ships at anchor were almost plunging their bows under water with two anchors down. But as far as the cultivation of the place goes, its sanitary condition, its public buildings, &c., I should say Bourbon is entitled to the palm; but for a commercial port, or for a naval station, it is next to worthless. The north-east side of Bourbon very much resembles Funchal, Madeira.

*28th July.*—Once more we are steaming into Port Louis, Mauritius; everything as usual looks beautiful, even more so than before.

In consequence of our having touched the bottom twice at Johanna, when last in Mozambique, and at Tamatave, the other day, docking is considered necessary. We are at once warped into the Albion Dock, which is in course of building, but sufficiently finished to admit us; there is plenty of space for us, and to spare.

The dock was pumped out in four hours and forty-five minutes, which would have been done much quicker had the fifty-horse power engine been in proper order.

We were in this dock until the 31st, and found the ship's bottom rather foul, the sole piece of the rudder gone, and about two or three sheets of copper rubbed off. The repairs cost us about £320.

*31st July.*—Hauled out of dock, and warped to man-of-war moorings off Cooper's Island, near the entrance of the harbour and Fort William; here we are to lie until starting for Madagascar. The first business is to coal. Thanks to the system of large lighters, proximate coal depôt, and numerous coolies, in eight hours and thirty minutes we took in 160 tons, sufficient for present purposes.

This afternoon the tug-boat takes us out to the man-of-war moorings off Tonnelier Island, where we expect to remain at least a month.

This visit to Mauritius is an oasis in our desert life. Enjoyment comes on board, and says we must be her guests during our sojourn here, and is determined to introduce us to her society, and we indulge in walks, drives, parties, balls, dinners, soirées, picnics, &c. Plain clothes are hauled out of their musty abode, uniforms are put on the shelf, and with the determination to do full justice to the sweets of the Mauritius we plunge into society.

*3rd August, Sunday.*—This day is rendered more interesting by the attendance at our church of two or three ladies from the shore. The Rev. Mr. B——, of the Mariner's Church, officiates. As the blue-jackets' parson he is in the right place; they like him, and crowd to his floating church. He is a rough-spoken, demonstrative, homely speaker, which suits Jack well enough, and, indeed, most other people; but we had critics amongst us, who did not fail to find fault.

11th August.—Up to this time every one has endeavoured to enjoy himself; day by day our usual monotonous routine is enlivened by visits from the shore, and amongst the visitors are many fair demoiselles, who please us with their merry laughter and incessant but amusing chatter.

The 12th, 14th, and 16th are the race days, the Champ-de-Mars the course; all Mauritius is there. The centre plain is crowded with myriads of human heads—principally Malabars. Men, women, and children in holiday attire of all the colours of the rainbow—a picturesque, motley crew indeed. The women with their numerous massive silver ornaments; their legs and arms girded with them, and with nothing else; their noses, lips, and ears have to bear their weights of jewelry, and their coal-black hair, twisted behind in a huge knot, shines with grease, their wild dark faces glistening in the sun. Both men and women are clad in the brightest coloured cottons, scarlet and yellow predominating. They are divided into little parties, some enjoying greasy cakes and sweets on the grass. Nearly all are half drunk with bad liquor and wild excitement. There are not fewer than 30,000 people present. In the very centre is a tall, greasy pole, on the top of which is a white hat, with gaudy ribbons streaming from it, the Malabar crowds looking wistfully and longingly at it.

The race-course is regularly and circularly roped off—the judge's box and weighing enclosure complete; opposite, rows of two-storied boxes, whereon sit the *élite* of Mauritius. The turf club-box was very kindly placed at our disposal. The band of the 5th Regiment attended, playing lively airs between the races; a bugler



of the same regiment called to assemble, clear course and saddle. The judge started the horses fairly and well—the jockeys, mostly Hottentots. The whole arrangements of the races were good; the horses ran pretty well considering all things; the *tout-ensemble* was beyond our anticipations. There was also a regular Greenwich Fair, which was patronized largely by the Malabars and their “Cara Sposas.” There were booths filled with bottled stout, sandwiches, pork-pies, &c., to tempt the hungry, and roundabouts and swings for the venturesome. The sable African, with his long black hat, white gloves, and patent leather shoes was there—the Sambo family, mother and daughters as stiff as “buckram;” hair frizzly, and faces of polished ebony—the mother wearing a dress of one pattern; the eldest daughter, a skirt of the same stuff; the next eldest, a boddice; the next, a tippet; the smallest, a pair of drawers, all of the same pattern—an economical and unselfish distribution, for which the poor mother was to be admired, as she has provided all these things at the cost of many months’ labour and preparation, to allow all her chickens to participate in the pleasures of the races.

The dresses worn by many of the females—especially the darkies—were rich and well got up, and doubtless great sacrifices had been made for these three days’ display; but then the people enjoyed themselves and seemed in the very zenith of happiness; courting, strutting, eating, drinking, and merry-making. How similar to some scenes in Old England after all! Of all sights I have beheld, few surpassed that on the Champ-de-Mars this day—its situation, a giant amphitheatre—the beautiful hills rising semi-circularly, and

covered with the greenest verdure—the many little gatherings of gaily-dressed spectators scattered on their slopes—the dense, variegated, motley crowd beneath on the plain; the beautiful azure sky above with its fleecy clouds, altogether formed a picture to be remembered.

The occupants of the grand-stand boxes must not be forgotten. There were Madame Française and her doll-like daughters, with their bonbons and ices. Mamma as young as her children, and as gaily decorated as the bonbons, flirting with a young gallant, and ready to acknowledge a smile or a wink in any other desirable quarter; then *les jeunes gentilhommes*, with their little faces, white hats, puckered coat shoulders, long skirts, small waists and smaller waistcoats, eye-glass, small cane and cigar, great counts, so exceedingly French, all enjoying themselves vigorously.

The houses of some of the wealthiest residents were opened to the public, their tables groaning with good cheer; all owning a card could go in, eat, drink and be merry, and talk about the races. After all came the turf club ball, which was excellently arranged, and at which the ladies make a deep impression on the soft nature of many of our people. Some of us ran away for a week, others longer, returning only to go again.

“Coming events cast their shadows before!” Sudden change of manner, thoughtful silence, loss of appetite, &c., foretold garlands and orange blossom; a couple of mids nearly duelling about a pretty little doll in short petticoats.

21st August.—Last night we were up to a very late hour decorating the upper deck, for this day we give a ball to our friends.

We have two supper-rooms, one on each side of the

deck between the booms and sponson, covered in and lined with flags, decorated with evergreens and chandeliers; pretty evergreen archways form the entrance, through which may be seen a long vista of plate, glass, and good cheer, beautified with bouquets. Then, again, we have two other archways abaft the wheel, forming a quiet and secluded retreat, the interior covered in, lined with flags and festooned with flowers. On the mid column of the archways, we have a huge painting of Britannia ruling the waves, executed late last night by our naval artist F——.

While we have been busy decorating, others have had their appointed duties—such as mixing punch. The doctor, *par exemple*, is sitting over a large cask, deeply interested in filling it with the insinuating concoction; S—— is master of the ceremonies; the captain and first lieutenant the ways and means of bringing the guests off, &c. So now at noon, having placed the largest bouquet in the standard compass, and the band having arrived, the guests assemble and the fun begins.

First, we have a regular regatta, open to all the boats in the harbour; sailing and rowing; yachts, cutters, gigs and whalers, each in its own class: this lasts until 4 P. M. Several of our men entered, and might be seen girding up their loins for the struggle, unfurling their little silk flags given them by some dear little creatures ashore, and planting them in their boats' bows, the fair donors promising smiles if they win, but frowns if they lose. Others without such incentives also take their places with their respective boats, anxious to win for the credit of the old ships. All these races went off well, most of the prizes being carried off by our boats.

Dancing was carried on during the intervals that

elapsed between, followed by lunch. Afterwards various amusements, including the greasy pole, formed of our lower boom, elongated and elevated; and at its end a noisy pig. To see the sanguine blue-jackets crawling out slowly, gradually turning round, losing hold, and falling with a great splash into the sea, was laughable. This little fun was presided over by a comical ex-actor—a captain of after-guard, who, being well versed in funny, droll sayings, added much to the amusement. After many efforts, poor "dennis" was captured, his bonds cut, and he fell into the water, his captor in his wake. Then ensued a ridiculous chase—the half suffocated squeak of the poor animal, his final capture, &c., convulsed the ladies with laughter. After this, we had a duck hunt, winding up with more dancing, Roger de Coverley, supper, speech-making, singing and cheering. All the people departed very much delighted, coupling the "Gorgon's" name with very endearing terms.

It was very pleasing to know that this little enjoyment was thoroughly appreciated by the 250 persons on board—purchased at the small cost of £100—a trifling expense, considering the entertainment was continued for ten hours.

27th August.—Last night I was busily employed making a great globular garland, about six feet in diameter, covered with evergreens, flowers and streamers; a right royal garland it is, and worthy of the occasion—K——'s wedding day. With him, the first of "ye Gorgons," it was indeed "veni, vidi, vici," for all was settled in three days—his *inamorata*, a wee Dora of 16 years, a Miss R——, of Bagatelle.

We all go out to Bagatelle for the occasion, and are

rewarded with white satin favours; thence go to the little church at Maka, which is prettily bedecked with evergreens, wreaths and flowers, and radiant with orange blossom. This little country church looked pretty in its bridal array, and brilliant indeed it appeared with its aisle crowded with gay naval and military uniforms.

Soon the happy pair arrive, alight from the carriage, pass through the avenue of uniforms to the altar, where the bride is supported by her sisters, and the bridegroom by the "Gorgons;" the ceremony over, away we go back to Bagatelle to congratulate and toast them in bumpers.

On the 30th of August we start for Tamatave, very glad to get away from the gaities and dissipation of Mauritius for a time, at least, and to mend our hearts and *pockets*.

*5th September.*—From Mauritius to Tamatave is just a pleasant little voyage—about 400 miles. On starting, we shaped a course N.W. by W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  W., and thanks to a constant south-easter, have not deviated a quarter of a point the whole way. The weather has been very fine, the breezes balmy, just enough to temper the heat, which is now  $75^{\circ}$ ; the days, therefore, are enjoyable; the nights, without much dew, lightened by the full power of moon and stars, tempting one to avoid bed until the first hour of the middle watch.

Having had a current in our favour, about thirty miles a day, we have arrived a little before the expected time, and, therefore, last night had to heave-to to avoid the land. Nor could we make sail this morning until the sun had withdrawn the veil of fog, with which Madagascar is generally enveloped in the early hours. This

vapoury veil seems to be symbolical of the state of Madagascar, as if, like a naughty girl, she had retired from the world and "taken the veil."

The French frigate, "Hermione," is still here, awaiting the return of the mission party. At first one would think her Commander unwise to have remained at this monotonous semi-civilized place, instead of whiling the time away as we did at Mauritius.

This afternoon the good old Bishop, Dr. Meller, and C—— return on board, all the healthier for their trip to the capital, full of the novelty of everything seen and heard; the former enthusiastic about the regeneration of Madagascar, and overflowing with strong hopes of her bright future, built on the present Christian appearance of numbers of the natives. The Bishop's language is too copiously eulogistic to make much impression on our minds. In the natives he saw nothing but good; he peopled Madagascar with angelic beings, but we know too much of them to partake of the good man's hopes. The late martyrdom of the natives seems to have overcome him; he has been taken to the spots where the good Malagashes suffered, and he thinks that there are yet many in the country who are ready to test the sincerity of their religion by an equally terrible ordeal. I should of course like to believe all this. I feel pretty sure the people are progressing fast in everything.

Dr. Meller is full of his scientific gatherings, in natural history, &c., and highly delighted that so good a chance has fallen in his way, and, therefore, has made the most of it. C—— has devoted himself to the soil of the country, with reference to its capability of producing grain, animal food, and fuel, principally for the sake of

our regiments at Mauritius, which so thoroughly depend upon Madagascar.

The journey up—about 200 miles—occupied sixteen days of easy travelling, going about seven hours a day. They divided the total distance into sixteen stages; their course ran due south for sixty miles; west, seventy, and then to the northward of west. The greatest distance accomplished in one day being twenty-seven miles, which was rather smart work, for there are no roads anywhere on the island, and the Malagash instead of circumnavigating a hill go right over it.

The land was marshy and low to the south, then to the westward their way was through wood and jungle and ravines, and to the northward, up-hill, steadily ascending to the capital.

On striking to the westward all admired the beauty of the scenery. As far as the eye could reach they saw thousands of cattle browsing on the hills, which were covered with verdure and wood. The rivers, numerous and broad, were almost alive with fish and alligators, and the air with birds of all kinds, including many flocks of beautiful green parrots, and others of even brighter plumage, and the earth lavishly clothed with vegetation, bedecked with rare, delicate, and fragrant flowers. Tobacco, cotton, sugar-cane and rice were seen growing in abundance.

The closer they got to the capital the colder was the climate, and, consequently, more enjoyable. Many villages were passed, some of considerable magnitude; they found the inhabitants civil and obliging. In many places they noticed a scanty proportion of children—a disproportion even more remarkable at Tamatave than at the capital. The women attribute the fact to a

frequent change of husbands, which often renders them ignorant as to the father of their children. Unlike most of the coloured race the people were not marked or tattooed. Modesty is not ranked amongst the virtues of the tender sex.

In many of the villages they saw oxen's horns stuck on the tops of poles, and the same peculiarity was seen over the catacombs and graves of Hova families. They seem to consider the ox a sacred animal. They have various other superstitions; for instance, the wearing of charms as a defence against evil spirits. For certain diseases no medicine is given; they are supposed to be the visitation of God, and the poor victims are left to chance; to do otherwise would be a sacrilegious striving against the unseen powers.

Betsimasaraki were the original settlers, but the Hovas landed on the east coast, and made their way to the centre of the island. After a time, having grown numerous, and the neighbouring tribes weaker, they held a great khabar, or consultation, in which it was determined to slaughter their enemies; so they invited the neighbouring Betsimasaraki to an entertainment, and killed them all. After this, they made war in different directions, and gradually acquired their present supremacy.

In the time of Radama I. the Betsimasaraki chiefly occupied the east and south-east coast; and the uncle of a man now resident at Tamatave, and who occupies a fine sugar and rum estate across the Hivondro, was chief at the time when the Hovas took the ascendant. Radama met the chief at a river near Tamatave, and they "cut blood," as the term goes, in token of the King's supremacy, and in ratification



of oaths taken previously by the chief, and reiterated during the operation.

The "blood cutting" was in this wise: the King and chiefs met and saluted, they then bared their breasts, and a puncture being made in the skin, a pointed stick of a tree in repute for its medicinal virtues, yielding a very bitter juice, was then dipped in the blood, and each touched with his tongue the blood of the other, swearing at the same time never to depart from the bond they had entered into.

Generally the Hovas are a fine race, full-chested and strong limbed—extraordinarily so, considering their meagre mode of living. Dinner, their principal meal, consists of rice taken in spoons of Ravanelle (Traveller's Tree), on each spoonful of which attendant slaves pour chicken broth; sometimes the chicken is boiled separately, but is always eaten with the rice, and sometimes boiled with it.

Few were seen with hair on their faces, none with beard or whiskers, and few with moustachios—the effects of a law in the late queen's time, which prohibited the wearing of hair on the face; therefore all Hovas tweezed out their whiskers and grey hairs from their head. This custom was abolished by law after her Majesty's death, but continues to this day, from force of habit, and the pleasure derived from tweezing out the hair. Every alternate Tuesday is the general "tweezing day."

They wear their hair brushed up in a perpendicular heap. In the style of hair-dressing the females differ but little from the males. Both sexes are very even tempered; they study to suppress all kinds of passion and excitement.

Another of their peculiar customs is to change their names on birth of a child, thus: suppose the father's name be Smith, he names the offspring Jones, then assumes Jones himself, with the addition of Rami (father of), Rami Jones, and Smith is gradually discarded.

Names commencing with Andria do not change, because it is the title of nobility and blood royal.

In this way the former governor of Tamatave acquired the name of "Father of Great Thoughts," having had a son born he called him "Behevitra," signifying great thoughts.

Several times the people serenaded our party, singing the praises of King Radama, the joys of peace, and the happy state of their village; and with not unmusical voices, generally accompanying themselves on the bamboo harp.

At Tamatave there were frequent midnight carousings, mostly by slaves, who, after their evening meal at nine, take to bamboos, Jews' harps, &c.; they idle through the day, and keep up these midnight orgies until 2 or 3 A.M. The Hovas made laws to prevent this, but have only partially succeeded. At Tamatave at 9 P.M. the gun fires from the fort, at which time every one must be domiciled, and the police are on the look out for law-breakers.

## CHAPTER XXI.

A Native wake—Arrival of the Mission in the capital—Their procession to the King's palace—The reception—The King's banquet—The "Jaka"—His Majesty dances a "fling"—Festivities—The city of Tantaranivo; its Market-place and bazaars—The King's presents to all his male guests—The dress of the native ladies—Madagascar martyrs—Queen "Jezebel's" cruelties—The "Prune" tree—Governor of Tamatave; his house, &c.—The Order of Radama II.—We leave again for the Mauritius.

AT Tamatave Dr. M—— witnessed a wake on the death of a woman, which partook of the Irish in some degree. All the mourners got gradually drunk on *betsibets* (grog); a lighted candle was placed over the corpse, which lay in state, clothed in *lamba*, and gracefully arranged. The fiddlers, drummers, and clarionet players, marched round and round the house with appropriate funeral action. A chief mourned, and a toper sat at the door, with white calico bandage round his head, and waved his hands to and fro with excessive gravity, uttering from time to time such guttural sounds as his grief and *betsibets* permitted. This went on all night, with a great crowd in attendance, composed mainly of the old lady's slaves and those of her relations.

Our party were met at every village by the "*veloomas*"

of the people; indeed, many times dancers came and performed before them. The dancing of the women is peculiar, being a slow shuffling of the feet backwards and forwards to periodical stops, at which *danseuse* claps her hands, all performers change tune and *danseuse* her measure, and after two or three turns she salaams.

Several poles, with forked heads, were seen at the different villages; they appear in commemoration of the rite of circumcision. They are stuck up on each occasion of the ceremony, and prayers are made beneath them that the patient may do well.

On nearing the capital everything appeared more civilised, houses better built, with doors and windows; stairs, chairs, bedsteads, and other civilised household appliances. Several were two stories high, and well furnished.

Lady Hovas were met with, their servants carrying their mistresses' umbrellas; but, strange to say, though otherwise well dressed, they were mostly shoeless.

In the evenings the mission party were frequently entertained with singing by Christian women, who accompanied their voices with the bamboo harp, and sung from hymn books; not that they were really more religious for so doing, for many, when opportunity offered, showed great looseness of morals. Many of these ladies were fashionably dressed, having, besides other finery, frilled skirts and patent leather shoes. When sick, they have a strange custom of painting their cheeks white.

At last the Mission reached the capital, and were received by the king's officers with great ceremony, and next day were presented at court, where the King and Queen received them most graciously. The next

day they were invited to the "Arena," to see a pig and ox fight, not merely against each other, but against men—altogether a horrid and cruel exhibition, for the animals were almost tame. Afterwards a grand procession was formed and marched through the town. Each gentleman took a lady of the court, the latter flaringly and grotesquely dressed, marvellous head-gear, &c., &c. One lady wishing to arrange her under-linen, which had become entangled, coolly turned up her clothes, showing a pair of stockings of bright vermilion, patent leather pumps, &c. Their hair was frizzled and piled up, and decorated with artificial flowers. The procession walked in pairs, band in front, a long line of guards on each side, and lastly came King Radama, (dressed in plain black) and his consort. A great crowd of women sat on the top of a wall by the road side, and chanted their national anthem and praises of the King as he passed.

The bandmaster leads his musicians on a large long shell, through which he blows, and brings forth the most monotonous sounds. The procession is swelled and elongated by apparently all the tagrag-and-bobtail of the place, from the circumcised slave to the silk lamba-clad Malagash dandy. Thus they move on to a small cottage, and there have a picnic on the grass.

After this picnic they fall in again four deep. There are some 200 or 300 people present, marching very slowly, and occasionally drinking from bottles of water. On passing a sentinel-box, troops present arms. They arrive at the palace, where a great halt is proclaimed, the national anthem again sung, after which they adjourn to the King's private house, and there sit down to a great spread, which is orderly and well managed.

But one peculiarity was observed in it, the King took up a large piece of edible stuff, soft and oily, bit a piece of it, and passed it round to the company, who followed his example. Afterwards they were told that this meat was called "jaka," or meat of last year, and was used on great festivals as a token of amity, each person taking his bite very solemnly and silently. On this occasion every one turned to the westward on biting, bowing three times, in respect to the King.

After dinner there was a dance, during which his Majesty got, what we sailors call, three sheets in the wind; the ladies seem to have been willing to go farther, and do worse. Finally, the king danced a "fling" with a young officer of the Mission.

The city of Tantaranivo is situated on a hill. The houses are closely built, mostly of wood, and thatched with palm-leaf. Nearly every house has its great magazine just outside, marked by a large stone, in which they keep their rice and other food. These stores are frequently side by side with the sewer.

Each district appears to have a market; from one salient point as many as five markets could be seen at one time; the largest are at the north-west end, and are held on Friday. The smaller ones, or bazaars, are open every and all day.

At the latter, eggs, ironmongery, poultry, soap, horn spoons, calico and vegetables are sold.

At the larger market there are some five or six hundred vendors selling native salt, palmyra starch, spade-handles, native medicines, ribbons, lambas, knives, &c. Each vendor has a square of earth, on which he places a mat and all his stores. Many of the party bought locks of Hova women's hair at sixpence per lock.

On the 16th of August the King ordered his chamberlain to give a grand dinner to the foreigners, at which however, according to custom, he could not be present.

The King presents to each European young man who has attended his gaities, the young lady with whom he seems to have been smitten. Usually this strange present came very unexpectedly, for instance:—In one of their evening rambles our party met near the palace a young lady of noble birth, who was on her way to the British embassy, attended by her slaves and handmaids, for the purpose of presenting to Lieutenant O—— a present of fruit. This young lady was not at all ill-looking, was probably of Sakalava or Betamina caste, as her hair, unlike the Hovas', was frizzly. It was frizzled up, however, to the best advantage, and would have been with great difficulty pressed into a moderate-sized clothes-bag. She was dressed in a well got-up white muslin dress, with rather a short skirt, beneath which the dimity seemed scanty. Her feet were cased in patent leather shoes, evidently tight, and not quite suited to the rough broken boulders and chalk over which she had passed. The ungallant lieutenant gracefully accepted the fruit but not the bearer, to the great disappointment of the fair creature.

The ladies dress in a fashion acquired in the first Radama's reign (contemporary sovereign to George IV.); two of his officers having been sent to England and educated at the Borough Road British School, and, returning, brought back the fashions of the period, to which the ladies have adhered.

The Bishop and party visited the spots where the martyrs suffered in the late "Jezebel" queen's reign; it is said 100,000 people were killed. One of these places

is an overhanging rock near the palace with a fall of 200 feet, from which the martyrs were made to leap. It is said that the cruel queen usually witnessed these murders. On one occasion there was a young girl whom the queen liked, and who professed herself a Christian, for which she was to die; but the queen, hoping to convert her by a terrible example, ordered several men to be thrown off the rock at one time, in the sight of the poor girl; but even this did not daunt her, for she was the more enthusiastic and ready to follow them, and tried to make the leap, but was prevented; the executioner hit her a blow on the head, and then persuaded the people that she was mad, had her removed to a prison within the city, and thus saved her. She survived the queen, married, and died only a year or two ago.

There is a prune tree at the bottom of the valley where the martyrs fell, some of whose mangled remains were caught by its branches; a part of these branches the Bishop and party carried away, in memory of these poor glorious Malagash martyrs.

At another place, where the martyrs were crucified, a part of the upright of the cross was still standing, and one arm of it was decaying in the ground.

Beyond this, and in the south incline of the city, is the ditch and bank where the others were killed; this was especially set apart for the slaughtering of *men*. The poor wretches were ranged along the bank, and made to incline the head downwards, pointing to the ditch; while two men with assegais stood behind; and on the word being given, drove the spears through the victims backs, in the region of the kidneys. At the north-end of the city is a place where many were burnt, and the remains of some can still be seen. It is said



that many enthusiasts wished for death, and had to be prevented immolating themselves.

Up to the last month of the late queen's reign, many of the martyrs had to go through a strange and inhuman ordeal: a vessel containing poison, and another containing rice-water, in which was placed three pieces of fowl's skin, were prepared. The accused drank the former, then the latter; if the victim vomited the three pieces of skin, he was innocent; but if not, more poison was given until death ensued. Poison was so much used in the queen's reign, that the people in the present day have a custom of always tasting the drink they offer their guests, to satisfy them. The sites of martyrdom have been bought by the London Missionary Society, on which they purpose building chapels, &c.

In consequence of the liberal spirit of the present King, Christianity is gradually progressing. Strange to say, many Bibles have come to light after being buried twenty years. The Christians are remarkable for their cleanliness in person and habitation. On the return journey, our party passed through a village of them, and were much struck with their happy condition.

The Jesuits are doing all they can to establish themselves, but our missionaries are preferred. While our party were at the capital the latter held a service at church, at which 1000 people attended.

Dr. M——, to whom I am indebted for most of these particulars, has made a good collection of birds and plants, and very valuable specimens of the various kinds of timber growing in Madagascar; giving the names, localities, habits, use, &c., &c., of many woods on the island, all of which he has sent to the Foreign Office. He has in his own opinion produced greater results here

in six weeks than he would have done in the Zambesi in as many years; and as Madagascar is a far more prolific field for scientific research, and more interesting to every one, and above all more suitable to his health, it would be a good thing to let him take up his quarters here for a time, to enable him to open up to the world the natural history of this wonderful country.

The Bishop brings news that the coronation of the King is to come off on the 23rd of September, so that General J—— and party cannot be down until the 5th of October; therefore Captain W—— determines to return to the Mauritius to take back the Bishop.

In consequence of the forthcoming coronation, the natives, desirous of attending the ceremony, are greedily seeking every kind of ornamental apparel, or even cloth garments of any description, and paying fabulous prices for them. We have a Jew Arab on board continually (a great rascal), who endeavours to buy up everything in the shape of uniforms; for very brilliant things, such as epaulets, &c., he gives very high prices; but for other kinds of clothes he seems to know about the value.

On our arrival on the 5th I took some despatches to the Governor of Tamatave; a marine carried them in a box, and also a bag of letters. For nearly an hour we were kept waiting outside the house. This house is situated within the fort; but like most of the others at Tamatave, only standing on posts, and connected to another barn-like place by a bridge at the top back window or door of each. I soon saw the cause of my being kept waiting; the Governor was rigging up for the reception. Many half-naked men, women and children passed and re-passed across the bridge with various articles—a green flowing coat, a pair of goloshes, a shabby

cavalry sword, dirty pillow, &c. At last he was full rigged, and I was admitted. Ascending three wooden steps I found myself in a bare, barn-like room, void of all furniture except two chairs. There was a staircase leading to the loft above, and at the top a brownish, sallow-looking man sat, clothed in a long, green, slightly-embroidered coat over a crumpled cotton shirt. He wore a grey wide-awake hat, and his legs were cased in white panjamas, or drawers; feet in goloshes and socks. This is the Governor of Tamatave, a soldier of forty years' standing, a high functionary of state—of thirteenth honour! Descending from his daïs of three steps he gave me a very cold clammy hand, which he suffered me to shake, and then returned to his chair of state. On his right stood three Hova soldiers, in straw hats and white lambas, each having a rusty old cavalry sword unsheathed; they leant against the wall, occasionally laughing and talking to the Governor—these were his guard. On his left stood a broad-shouldered, intelligent-looking Hova, without hat, shoes, or stockings, but wearing a white lamba reaching to the knees; he also had an old cavalry sword, and occasionally chatted with the potentate on “three steps.”

I was desired to be seated, having on my right the marine with the mail. I intimated that I had brought despatches, &c. After much delay the Postmaster was sent for; in the interim (about an hour) the Governor alternately looked at the box, his soldiers, and myself, with a semi-solemn smile, occasionally enjoying a laugh with his guard concerning them; doubtless, wondering how so much could be written concerning so little. At last the Postmaster arrived, a very dark Hova, clad in European black; *he also* grinned at the mail, it being

the first time, I believe, he had been called upon to exercise his high office. Seeing there was but little chance of further movements, I asked for a receipt, but the Governor smilingly said that the Postmaster first of all wished to see the contents, so I had to wait a little longer. In the meantime, the European inhabitants dropped in, anxious to get their letters. At last a hatchet was sent for, and having once secured this means of "breaking the spell," the lusty marine soon broke open the huge mail-box, and displayed its contents—"a little bag of letters." This was carefully handed to the Governor, who looked at it wonderingly, half incredulously, holding it out at arm's length, smiling complacently the while, and reading proudly, but ludicrously, and in tolerable good English: "*To His Excellency the Governor of Tamatave;*" for his good English I could not help complimenting him. The Europeans could stand this no longer; one gentleman quickly assisted to open the bag, and to sort the letters. In the meantime a bottle of beer was brought in and some ale-glasses. About half a gill of this beer was poured into each tumbler, and handed round with much ceremony; we all touched glasses with the Governor, saying, "Velooma!" After a little more delay I got my receipt, signed by the Postmaster in large English letters "*Postmaster-General.*"

While we were waiting for the Postmaster the Governor asked me "if I had a cocked-hat to dispose of." I had much difficulty in keeping a grave countenance in explaining that each officer had only one; that if, unfortunately, he parted with it, he could not replace it, as we were so far from England.

6th September.—In the afternoon we started for the

Mauritius, where we arrived on the 10th, the time on the voyage passing pleasantly enough, hearing the adventures of our Madagascar travellers, especially that of the Bishop, who generally of an evening was surrounded by a lot of us, asking him no end of questions, and hearing the most interesting yarns from the good old gentleman, who was enraptured with Madagascar and the Malagashes. Last Sunday he preached a sermon from the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, and related his visit to the spots where the Malagash martyrs suffered, and dwelt with much feeling on the subject, on the noble sacrifice which these poor unenlightened coloured creatures had made for their Maker, how great must have been their faith and their reward, &c.

10th September.—Now, once more at Port Louis, we have scarcely dropped anchor, when an invitation is brought off to a ball this evening. Cards begin to pour in, and so we may be considered once more launched on the sea of gaiety.

Things were flowing on in this pleasant way, when an affair occurred which has quite clouded our enjoyments, and affected the happiness of every Englishman on the island, especially the military. A ball was given by the young French gentlemen—few military officers have generally mixed in their society, or gone to their gatherings; in fact, only three officers of the 5th Regiment. This time, these three, together with S—, went. Everything passed amicably enough until nearly the termination, when a young Frenchman, *en passant* in the dance, very rudely pushed one of the Englishmen, who, on again meeting, returned the insult with interest. The dog of a Frenchman then coolly went close to him and spat in his face; and then, like a

coward, made off—his countrymen pressing round the Englishman to hinder his movements. It was strange the latter did not at once knock the Frenchman down; he was taken unawares, and let the opportunity slip; but stranger still, instead of getting up early the next morning to thrash him, he let the time slip until late in the day, when he asked the opinion of his mess, who, one and all, colonel at their head, said he (the Frenchman) must be thrashed, and they would bear the consequences: pay all civil law costs for the assault; and, if necessary, the £2000 for the restoration of the officer's commission. But the Englishman placed his honour in the hands of his four companions, who, I believe, advised "calling out." S—— very generously volunteered to be his second, sought out the French *canaille*, and delivered the challenge. The Frenchman and friends wishing to get clear of the serious result, apologized. So it was settled.

The Frenchman got off to Mahéburgh, a distance of thirty miles, to hide himself; while many of the best principled of his countrymen called on the regiment, condoled the English officer, pronounced the insulter "no countrymen" of theirs, and vowed to resent the insult.

I think these protestations were hollow, and that secretly they were glad that we had been humbled—no matter the means—Frenchmen are not generally particular on this score.

It is well known that the French, as a body, have been jealous of us ever since the conquest of the island; they have held aloof from, and cherished their dislike of us. Unluckily, when the island was ceded to us, we agreed to preserve their laws; and most of the capital being in their hands, they have had pretty much their

own way until lately. However, thanks to the energy, steady perseverance and diligence of our countrymen, capital and property have gradually changed hands, and commerce has flowed our way, which has increased the ill-feeling toward us.

Were it not for the cholera, something more serious than mere ill-feeling might be the upshot; no less probably than a petty revolution, or some other such little "Faubourg St. Antoine" excitement; but the cholera has stepped in, and is gradually frightening many of the richest French families away to France and Bourbon. May they go, I say, and never return; for two elements—English and French—will not amalgamate.

*21st September—Sunday.*—The good little Dr. R—— and I take a carriage and drive out to Marsh's Cottage, about three miles on the Maka Road; and there put up until this morning. This afternoon we walked down the "railway cutting," and saw the part of the Grand River, over which the Government purposed throwing the railway bridge; it is about 106 feet deep, and 400 across, and will cost about £30,000: there are to be about three of these bridges. The railway is to run through the island, and will doubtless increase the wealth of the inhabitants.

*26th September.*—The mail having arrived, and there being nothing to delay us longer, we leave the Mauritius this afternoon for Tamatave, in order to re-embark the embassy, who are expected to be ready about the 5th of October.

On going out of the harbour the old ship created quite a sensation, astonishing the officers of the Peninsular and Oriental mail packet "Nepaul," by her active movements.

*3rd October.*—After a pleasant passage of about seven days we arrive at Tamatave, in spite of an aggravating south-west current, which did all it could to delay us. Here we find the French frigate "Hermione," and her tender, "La Perle." The French brought on board an absurd report that the members of our embassy have been massacred.

On leaving this port on the 6th ult., we left N——, the assistant colonial-secretary, and M——, of the Artillery, on a shooting tour. We now find them well pleased with their trip, having each bagged and stuffed over seventy birds, which they shot about seventy miles inland to the northward.

M—— is quite ready to rejoin the "Gorgon;" but his fellow-sportsman is not yet tired of Madagascar.

*6th October.*—Two lieutenants arrive to-day from the capital, having preceded the rest of the Mission a day's journey; both are in good health and spirits, and delighted with their expedition; their dress appears to be the only thing that has suffered—one looks very much like a seedy "turncock" or New River waterman, and the other like a "navvy."

The general, and the remainder of the party arrive, and come on board immediately, fresh from the road. The fort salutes the former with eleven guns, which we return.

Most of the party appear to have lost flesh—the general especially; all are highly delighted with their trip, but exceedingly glad to be once more on board the "Gorgon."

From what I can gather from them, the Mission has been very successful, although the French were there to divide the honours. The King's preference for the



English was almost too marked. For instance, the French embassy having drawn up a treaty to suit their interests, presented it to the King for ratification, who showed it to General J—— for his opinion, and, in consequence, one or two objectionable articles were struck out, much to the disgust of the French, who remonstrated ; but were told by the King that so weighty an affair gave him full right to consult his *friends*.

The King got up rifle matches, at which the French seem to have been beaten by our officers. This is not much to occasion triumph, certainly, but such small events make a deep impression on such a nation as Madagascar.

When both English and French were on a visit to the King, the former were invited to outstay the latter ; and as soon as the latter were gone the King threw off all reserve.

Again, every member of our embassy was presented with the Order of Radama II.—a kind of Legion of Honour only newly instituted and for the first time conferred—while only two of the French received it.

The Order is worn as a medal on the breast ; is a kind of Maltese Cross of white enamel over silver gilt, the centre part black, surrounded by two gilt circles, between which are the words “ Radama II.” in gilt letters, the whole surmounted by an imperial crown, and suspended by a red ribbon ; a button-ribbon is also provided. This Order was manufactured in France, and was evidently brought out by the French commissioners.

Nothing could exceed the kindness met with by our embassy, both on their journey to and from the capital ; and at Tantaranivo all classes of Malagashes, from the

King and Queen downwards, treated them most hospitably.

A great deal is said about the spread of Christianity, and progress of the people; but civilization has brought with it a great amount of vice, especially amongst the female sex, from the ladies of the court downwards. I believe this does not arise from mere sensuality, but from extreme admiration of the white man. The King, like all classes of his subjects, is voracious after knowledge; he is sensible, generous, humane, and liberal-minded; in fact, they say he carries his humanity too far, not permitting even a murderer to lose his life; this feeling, doubtless, is the reaction after the tyranny of the late queen.

On reading Mr. Ellis's book on Madagascar, one would suppose that Christianity had thoroughly taken root, but from our travellers it appears to be used as something ornamental.

The quantity of gear the embassy have brought on board is marvellously great. Madagascar must be represented in all its branches of arts and sciences—with the useful we have no end of trash. Our little cockpit, our parlour and bedroom, is thoroughly taken up with this chaos of luggage; the upper deck is a large menagerie—a kind of Chaplin and Horne's, or Pickford and Co.'s depôt; our cabins and messes are filled likewise.

*7th October.*—Having at last shipped all the baggage of the Mission, we start for the Mauritius; where we arrive on the twelfth (Sunday), land the mission and their belongings. Half the day has been devoted to them, the other half is a peaceful contrast; the hubbub and labour has ceased, and we remember it is hallowed Sunday.

Up to the 15th (Wednesday) we are employed coaling and provisioning, in the meantime our people are gathering in the harvest; they are all over the country, bidding farewell to all their friends who have treated them so hospitably and kindly.

The gun-room officers had acquired such a reputation in "pudding eating," that while we were at the Mauritius two invitations were sent to them to "*duff*" on shore.

There are many of us who leave the Mauritius much changed. Three months of the genial society of the tender sex has done much to soften our hard natures, and to expand those tender feelings and susceptibilities which had shrunk to the narrow compass consequent on such a secluded life as ours usually is. I can say that even the ugly name of "Gorgon" has become dear to many at the Mauritius; and on leaving the following day, the number of people who assembled on board to say farewell, and their sincere manner, testified that we had employed our time most profitably, viz., in the promotion of goodwill and fellowship. Yes, we are sad; for we leave our doctor, the good R——, the kind, gentle, even-tempered soul, favourite of every one—the lame, halt, and blind in particular. This was fully shown to-day, for we gave him three cheers, and felt deeply for him, affected not only by our loss of him, but by the melancholy interest excited by his sickly appearance; we seemed, indeed, to be parting with him for ever! The poor fellow stood up in the boat, and with a faint voice did his best to return the heartfelt farewell; and I am sure he is as sorry to leave us as we him. But he must go, his life being in great danger; consumption has already reduced him to skin and bone,

and another cruise in the unhealthy Mozambique would kill him ; if anything can restore him, it is the society of his wife and child, the comforts and joys of home, and the summer of England ; therefore I am glad he is gone.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Arrival at Johanna—We meet with our old friend the “Pioneer”—A chat over the past—Preparations for another cruise—Off Cape Delgado—Departure of the boats—The “Penguin’s” troubles—We revisit Zanzibar—Our interpreter, “Bullhead,” again turns up—The Arab informers—We go in search of the “Penguin”—Arrival at Lamoo—Thoughts on the Slave Trade—To Brava—A dhow in sight—Brava, the “Brighton” of the coast—The “Penguin” turns up here—Dodging about the “Line”—Insubordination of one of the crew—His trial and punishment—*En route* to Zanzibar.

24th October.—After a very fine passage, carried along by the fresh S.W. monsoon, we arrive at Johanna, springing leaks in three places on the way, which combined and made eighteen inches of water daily. To our great surprise, we find our old friend, the little “Pioneer.”

Immediately on anchoring, Dr. Livingstone and the “Pioneers” come on board, looking far better than when we left them in April last. Since that time they had put together and launched the “Lady Nyassa,” surveyed the Rovooma for about 100 miles, found it impracticable for navigation, on account of its shallowness, visited Johanna, returned, and now here again.

They all dined on board, and we chat over old times, our perilous boat-cruise up the Zambesi, &c., they tell us that the missionaries have been forced to beat a retreat about sixty miles down the river, and that

having done so, their prestige is lost. Mr. Stewart, the Scotch missionary, intends returning to Scotland, convinced that it would be madness to establish a mission station in this part of the country.

For one reason we are sorry to have met the "Pioneer," for thereby we lose Dr. Meller, a companion of nine months, and who in that time has endeared himself to us, and we cannot afford to part with him either professionally or privately.

The "Pioneer" is rather hard up for men, formerly she had hired Johanna men; but she having lately run off with some of the King's slaves, that potentate not only ordered his subjects on board the "Pioneer" to flee to the mountains, but forbade others joining her. I believe Dr. Livingstone ascribes this misfortune to Mr. Y——'s bad treatment of them, but this officer convinced me that it was not so.

Letters from our senior officer, Captain G——, of the "Orestes," inform us that he is at Zanzibar; we therefore get in provisions, endeavour to stop leaks, and then away to find her. It appears that she has made no prizes, that neither the captain nor the officers wish it—considering anything under a *bonâ fide* slave ship unfair game. On our meeting her, she goes to the Mauritius to give her crew a run on shore and the officers a little civilised life, and then rejoins us. We also expect to meet the "Penguin" at Zanzibar, when she will go to the Cape.

Day by day the weather gets excessively hot, overcoming us with languor and debility, the old stagers seeming to feel it more than the others.

The great topic of conversation and thought in this small world of ours is the detaching of boats. Our

midshipmen being entirely new to it, are for ever asking questions, making preparations, and thinking of it by day and night, in the daytime thoroughly engrossed by it, in the night possessed with horrible dreams, suddenly starting up as if engaged in mortal combat with some pirate Arab; thus fired by our having received news that the "Ariel's" boat's-crew were beaten off on one occasion, the officer wounded, and the men nearly all drowned. Indeed, of late, several boats'-crews have shared a similar fate.

Our midships long for the roving life of boat cruising; but there is one calamity, generally the most serious with them, which they do not think, or know of, viz., almost a certainty of deficient food.

*27th October.*—Great preparations are made for boat cruising. Once more we hear the busy clang of the blacksmith's hammer, and the incessant noise of carpenters fitting the boats for detached service; it seems like the opening of another campaign. Red rover-like caps once more make their appearance in the night-watches in anticipation of boat-work. This time we are better off in many respects, but worse in others, for dhow catching; greater support from Foreign Office; more favourable treaties; Americans can be boarded; Zanzibar limits are really ignored; and greater attention has been given to fitting the boats. But on the other hand, we are late in season; all the old cruising officers with all their experience, are gone, and scarcely one of our present officers knows anything of the service. Colonel R—— is no longer at Zanzibar, and the orders are more stringent against destroying dhows captured and for taking them to Zanzibar, which, of course, will cripple our power. And the boats, though better found,

so far as provisions and tackle are concerned, are not built on principles to render them more seaworthy; and, lastly, the officers themselves do not go away so willingly or zealously.

About 9 P.M. we got pretty close to the coast, near Cape Delgado; and the watch-fires blazing up along the coast reminded us of the last campaign; however, this time, it cannot be that Johnny Arab has seen us and given notice to his fellows, for night has long closed in. We look on the scene not without pleasure, though it reminds us of hard times.

The second cutter and second gig go away immediately, K—— in charge, F—— his companion. Marriage seems to have made a little difference in the former, for, contrary to his old custom of seeking adventure, he is no longer merry on going; greater responsibilities, more to live for, &c., at the bottom of it; however, I think he will be all right to-morrow, sailing along the refreshing land, with smooth sea and a blue sky, with perhaps a dhow or two in sight to chase; this will surely animate him.

It is a beautiful moonlight night, the southern cross shining brightly over our stern; a nice fresh breeze, just sufficient to invigorate us, and to disturb the clouds' shadows and blow the sea into ripples. The boats are ready, and K —— is only waiting for the master, who is doing his best to shoot a star for its latitude (benighted man!). At last all is ready, the officers jump into their boats and shove off; we give them good-night and best wishes, and then turn ahead with the paddles, and soon they are dingy specks on the distant sea.

30th October.—Last night we came to, off the south-east side of Zanzibar, having too little daylight left to



complete the journey. However, early next morning, we are again under way, and at noon arrive at Zanzibar, fully expecting to see both the "Orestes" and "Penguin" here, but found neither, nor was our consulate flag flying, which was accounted for in this way: the former ship left on the third of September, with Col. P——, with the intention of taking him, on account of broken-down constitution, to Aden. The "Penguin" had not been heard of since the 15th of September; but her cutter came alongside directly we anchored, in charge of the second master, and having on board, besides her own crew, the men of the "Penguin's" second whaler, which had been swamped. These two boats were detached from the "Penguin" about 300 miles to the northward of Zanzibar, with orders to rendezvous the latter port in about fourteen days. Now, they had to beat this distance against a strong current and S. W. monsoon; consequently, after losing her consort, the officer in charge of the cutter, after great difficulty and hardship, managed to fetch this port in seven weeks; his men of course worn out by incessant toil, bad weather, and hot sun, to say nothing of getting and cooking provisions. On arrival at Zanzibar no "Penguin" was to be seen, and so this boat has been awaiting her arrival a month; the men in the meantime living on the generosity of the Hamburg Consul, but are much distressed for clothes.

This illustrates one of the evils of this coast work. Some captains look too much to the "baubees," and too little to the health of their men; showing, besides, selfishness and want of adaptation to this service; for they might, with due thought and consideration, gain both ends.

What could Lieutenant M—— have been about, when he sent his two boats away to batter against the strong S. W. monsoon and current for 300 miles? The real object of their cruise was nullified; for they had quite enough to do against wind and sea, without any energies to spare for suppressing the slave trade. Of course the result was, one boat lost, the other damaged, the men worn out and left to the generosity of foreigners. It was by a miracle the lives of the swamped boat's-crew were saved; and not only did the lieutenant endanger the boats, but by sending away the only navigator on board—the second master—he endangered his ship as well, for she has not been heard of for a long time; and, being anxious for her safety, we are now going to search for her. In so doing we will expend, I dare say, 200 tons of coals at £3 per ton.

Zanzibar appears to be much the same as when we last visited it. I notice one building completed; but as to trade and the condition of the people, it has gone back greatly. Asking the reason, the indolent Arabs tell us that Zanzibar is rapidly decaying in consequence of the gradual loss of its slave trade; but on being asked why they don't provide against such a frightful future by cultivating their rich land, they impotently fold their hands upon their breasts and look helpless.

The island of Zanzibar, as I have said, would produce almost anything; but I believe it is willed that the slave-dealing propensity of its people shall be their destruction. The accursed traffic has absorbed all their energy; and they deserve to perish, even were it alone for the misery which they have and do entail on at least 50,000 of their fellow-creatures yearly.

Previous to this year the "Lyra," "Gorgon," and

“Ariel” had almost stopped the traffic, and had established a wholesome dread of us on the coast; but in one season this work has been all undone.

Many captains have gone to extremes when prize-money has been the sole motive, and captured every dhow with even a shadow of a slave on board, thus doing as much damage as good—destroying legitimate trade, which we should of course endeavour to encourage.

It will be remembered that last season we had an interpreter or informer, named Bullhead, the “monocular,” whose head has often been in jeopardy, but who seems to have as charmed a life as the “Nana” of India. At Johanna we heard *for certain* that he had been beheaded by the Sultan of Zanzibar; but, on our arrival, he once more makes his ugly appearance in the “Penguin’s” cutter, as interpreter. He spun a long woeful yarn of his misfortunes, including starvation; but I am afraid excited but little sympathy, for he is a great rascal, and richly merits hanging. We cannot induce him to go forward amongst the men, for too many of them have old accounts to settle with him. After all, we are glad to see the poor wretch alive, after so many hair-breadth escapes.

Strange to say, the Arabs do not detest and shun these black sheep of their flock who inform the men-of-war of their slave dealings, but seem to treat them as the most honest of their species; the fact is, their morals have got to so low an ebb that they cease to distinguish the difference.

There are many informers at Zanzibar; in fact, there are few who will not give information on being asked and offered a price. Occasionally they come off to tell us of a dhow that is going to take in a cargo. There is

one of this kind to-night, and our cutter is sent to the appointed place, at the north-end of Zanzibar, there to await her prize, and to return *before* daylight the next morning if unsuccessful; but if otherwise, to remain.

*1st November.*—This morning, just *after* daylight, the cutter returns, with "*Fisherman's luck.*" We are sorry she did not get back half-an-hour sooner, for most likely the cunning Arabs have seen her. I cannot think it is wise to be guided by these informers. I feel sure they play a double game at our expense. I think it far better for a captain to depend on his own sagacity, and never to let even his right hand know what his left is going to do.

As Captain W—— has determined to search for the "Penguin," about noon we get under way and steer for Lamoo. I think our chief's real intention is to "kill two birds with one stone"—to search for the "Penguin" and for dhows. I hope sincerely he will find both.

Just as we are leaving the harbour our nasal organ becomes offended. On looking over the side we see the dead body of a black floating by, putrified, and with the head and shoulders covered with matting—a most loathsome and disgusting sight, in keeping with all things at Zanzibar.

*3rd November.*—This forenoon we arrive at Lamoo, without having seen anything of the "Penguin." The first gig and cutter communicate with the shore, and return in the afternoon without news.

This is as bad as being on the moors after the season. Scarcely a dhow can be seen from one week's end to another, consequently I am afraid this cruise will be a very monotonous one. Last time many incidents helped to make time fly, as we were here in the height of the

season: all our boats were constantly going and returning with their captures. The whole service was new—our trip to the Seychelles with our slaves, then two months up the Zambesi, and, lastly, as many months at the Cape. These changes made time fly swiftly, but we have nothing of the kind now. Then, again, having only just left the gay Mauritius the difference is very much felt.

Before leaving Zanzibar we left ten days' provisions for K——, with orders to come after us to Lamoo. Unfortunately no chart was left, and, putting all things together, I can fancy K—— is not in the best of humours.

*4th November.*—This afternoon we get under way, leaving the first cutter behind just off the mouth of Lamoo harbour, to pounce upon any unfortunate dhows that may come that way.

This is no very enviable billet for a boat's-crew. The island is inaccessible, lashed by roaring waves, so that landing is out of the question. A heavy swell continually rolls towards it, so that the boat's motion will be anything but pleasant, especially if there be a little rain in addition, for the cutter was sent away without her awning, although earnestly asked for by D——, who well knew how exposed to scorching sun, rain, and night dew his men would be without it.

Thinking over the state of the people on this coast in reference to the slave trade, I came to the conclusion that it might be superseded by legitimate commerce; and that, to accomplish this, the land must be cultivated to hold the negro to his own soil, and by free labour. But it has been proved in the West Indies, and elsewhere, that left to himself the negro will work only sufficient to supply his own few wants, and must be

actually compelled to work, which after all is slavery, although it might take a very mild form and be made instrumental in promoting his own welfare and that of his country to future generations. A negro nation should, I think, be governed by whites. Now, supposing I were king of such a nation I should endeavour to secure England as my ally or protector on the faith of my abolishing the slave trade. I would get her to support me with a West Indian regiment or two. I would divide cultivatable lands in certain proportions amongst my subjects, and require a certain rent for the same, so as to necessitate their cultivating it. The non-payment of this rent I would treat as a crime, tending to impoverish the land and enslave the nation, and punish, not by confiscation, but criminally. In the course of time, I think, I should generate trade, make my lands valuable, and my subjects necessarily industrious. I could thus gradually abolish even this compulsion as they get more civilised, and more prepared for entire freedom. This is, doubtless, a foolish, simple, vague thought; but, nevertheless, I must own it, and, moreover, admit that I jot it down here merely because everything is so monotonous.

Having despatched our cutter we sail away for Brava to look after the "Penguin," with a strong current running, sometimes three to four knots, in our favour. Luckily every day is accompanied by a fresh breeze, and we do not feel our proximity to the line.

*6th November.*—We are in  $0^{\circ} 29'$  at noon to-day, but the thermometer only stands at  $84^{\circ}$ , quite cool weather to us.

A little excitement is got up by the sight of a dhow ahead making for Brava. We are too close to that

place to get up steam, for by the time we did so the dhow will have anchored.

About 6 P.M. we arrive off dilapidated Brava, and find our old friend the dhow, which turns out to be a "legitimate" trader. The Governor of Lamoo is staying here for the recovery of his health, for this miserable place seems to be the "Brighton" of the coast. Colonel R——'s enemy is spinning out a miserable existence here, being but skin and bones, from rapid consumption. He very civilly sent us off a bullock as a present, which gives the ship's company two days' fresh meat, and which is a handsome present, considering the no small evil we have done him.

We found that the "Penguin" had been here on the 6th of October, and we left in search of her boats, of which she had *four away*. Fancy sending all her boats away, *to battle strong winds and currents*, and for no other earthly purpose, with a great chance of their loss!

The natives brought off a few fish, fowls, and goats; the first, a kind of John Dory, two for 1s.; the second, about as large as pigeons, ten for 4s.; and the third, little things, 4*d.* each; also a few tigers' skins and ostrich eggs. One of them showed me a good lever watch, which would not go, and was anxious to know the reason. I felt its pulse with due gravity, and found out that the owner had been in the habit of winding it up the wrong way, in consequence of having a key which unscrewed if used the right way. He seemed to be quite satisfied, on knowing the reason—the mystery was cleared up.

As at this time last year when we were here, the nights are all but day, we have all the light of the sun

without the heat; indeed, the blue sky can be seen throughout the night, and the horizon is clearly defined. We have no twilight; as soon as the sun dips, up rises queenly Luna in beautiful effulgence, but accompanied by a heavy dew.

*8th to 13th November.*—This afternoon left Brava, and in consequence of the strong current stood out to sea, to make the best of our way to pick up the boats at the rendezvous off Lamoo.

For four days we dodged about in the vicinity of the "line," and were it not for the breeze should feel rather warm. Thermometer stands about  $86^{\circ}$ , very temperate, considering old Sol's position. As it is, the day's occupation tires every one: rising in the morning only partially refreshed; gaining strength at noon, but towards evening, utterly strengthless, ready for a turn in.

*14th November.*—This morning the first cutter joined us from Kaneka Rock, where we left her on the night of the 3rd, to look out for slave dhows. They have only just had time to go to Melinda and back, and their cruise is void of interest; a few dhows were boarded, but had the proper papers. The results of this cruise agree with our expectations, for the season has passed for dhow-catching.

D—— has had a difficulty with one of his crew, one who disobeyed orders, insulted the Arabs of Lamoo by running after a crowd of them with a piece of pork, and in other ways behaving most insubordinately and defiantly to his officer, threatened to, and did actually, lay his hand on him with intention to assault. The only point in the affair I regret is that D—— pointed a pistol at him; considering that it was a case of mutiny



in which it was necessary to act promptly and determinedly, he would have been justified in thus doing if his boat's crew had not been near, but having them to support his authority he was not justified in pointing the pistol at the man, or collaring him as he did; the issue of which was that the man collared him in return and offered to fight him.

To-day the case was investigated, first by three officers, and afterwards by the captain. Both found the prisoner guilty. But the whole boat's-crew behaved dishonourably, kept back the truth, and showed clearly that their object was to protect their shipmate. Most of them contradicted themselves, not even the coxswain stood by his superior officer with the truth. It is a great pity that blue-jackets think themselves bound to protect their shipmate against all odds, even at the sacrifice of their honour and the perversion of truth; but so it is.

This case has led me to think that our petty officers are not properly managed, that they are led to think too little of themselves, and to hold their dignity at a small price. And why is this? They are made to do menial work, to clean guns and scrub decks, and so are brought to a level with the ordinary seamen, the only distinctive mark being a semi-visible badge on one arm; the smallest boys in the ship take liberties with them, and their authority is nothing. Why not avoid all this, by increasing respect towards them, by making them supervise menial work—not to do it; by supporting their authority, and by distinguishing them in dress, at the same time holding them responsible for the well-being of those under them? If the latter system were adopted, we should not see the humiliating fact of a

petty officer, coxswain of a boat, deserting his officer, and perjuring himself for the sake of a worthless ship-mate.

The matter has ended in the prisoner being sentenced to receive "four dozen" on Monday next. I can only say he has not half his deserts.

We now make for Zanzibar, to pick up K——'s division of boats, and to meet the "Penguin." I am very glad we are *en route* thither, more especially for the sake of getting an anti-scorbutic, in the shape of luscious mangoes, pine-apples, oranges, &c.

17th November.—In the absence of anything else to talk about, I revert to our topic of thought yesterday—the seaman H——, for he is one of the many bad Jacks in the service. He is about twenty-four, and has been in the service about eight years. He deserted from the "Narcissus" in 1861, was re-captured, conducted himself as badly as possible, and was discharged this year, minus a corner of his certificate, and, consequently, in the second class. Since that time he has been twice guilty of gross insubordination; once of breaking leave, and drunkenness, twice been nearly convicted of theft, once flogged, and, to the belief of every conscientious person on board, has had a share in nearly everything bad that has been going on in the ship, and now he stands convicted of some of the greatest crimes in the service, viz., gross insubordination, disobedience of orders, assaulting his officer, and resisting and defying his authority. On the lower deck he cannot be liked, for he must be what is called "cock of the walk," and by tyranny and tact maintains his position. Yet, strange to say, last night the petty officers came aft, and asked the captain to let him off the corporal

punishment. Now, I would not think this at all strange if he were not an old offender, if the crimes were not so heinous, and if there were any extenuating circumstances in the case; but the facts are all against him. The request, therefore, shows a morbid insensibility to crime, much to be deplored, and which really brings more men to the gangway than they think; for as long as a criminal has the sympathy of his fellows, half, or the whole, of the moral effect of his punishment is lost—unconsciously his shipmates injure him, and, perhaps, ruin him.

Not content with this, the prisoner himself went to D——, while he (the prisoner) was under the sentry's charge, begging and imploring him to get him pardoned, volunteering to run away from the ship, or to do anything rather than suffer the pain of four dozen; but D——, of course, could not interfere, the affair had passed out of his hands entirely.

The man was flogged to-day, but before being made fast to the gratings, he wanted to speak, but was stopped. He took his punishment as all great bullies do, whining and crying throughout, and afterwards preserved his consistency of character by talking as mutinously as ever. At the termination of the punishment the captain lectured the petty officers about their request of yesterday, telling them that it showed they were not made of the right sort of stuff.

I wish we could get rid of this man: it is easily done; but somehow captains seldom dismiss in such cases. I think, when a man comes to the "gratings" it is time to get rid of him.

And, while I think of it, I must say that corporal punishment, from hanging downwards, when admi-

nistered publicly, is injurious to the spectators; especially in cases of hanging, which also brutalize them. If the punishment were less public there would be something much more awful and impressive in the punishment.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

On our way to Zanzibar—Longings for home—The cocoa-nut trees—Amusements of Zanzibar—The “Penguin” brings sad news—Punishment of the murderers—Chasing dhows—Arrival of letters—Orders for the Seychelles—The islet of Silhouette—A midnight surprise—Port Victoria—The effects of a fearful hurricane—Our Christmas-day—We purchase a whale-boat—Preparing for a campaign—Opening the new year—The kindness of the Sultan of Zanzibar—The “Royal Stables”—Somali Arabs—A street in Zanzibar—Slaves waiting to embark.

18th November.—We are now *en route* to Zanzibar, very strange to say, for we had arranged to meet K—— in the second cutter about the 15th, and, though it is only two days over that time, we desert the rendezvous. A nice little breeze from the N.E., with the help of steam, soon carried us over the 200 and odd miles, and once again, this afternoon, we anchor in the Arab harbour.

The monocular Bullhead once more makes his appearance with many of his Arab brethren, to tell us the news, and to make as much money out of us as possible. We learn that K—— arrived here about the 7th with a small slave dhow, and on the following day left for the rendezvous at Lamoo; thus we have missed him, and now only await his arrival.

The "Penguin," has not been heard of; so we receive on board her cutter's crew, which gives us an additional messmate in the second master in charge. Every day we are supplied with the most delicious pine-apples, oranges, mangoes, &c., fabulously cheap. Fruit is the order of the day; it is a wonder that so much can be eaten with impunity. But nature seems to yearn for it, and our health does'nt say Nay.

We are, for once, unanimous on one point—that of wanting to get home. Home is the leading topic of thought and conversation; no matter what subject we converse on. It is a persistent and steadfast longing, not adding to our contentment; but it is a nice little patch of perpetual green grass, on which we can always take a nibble when everything else around is barren and unfruitful, flat and unprofitable.

There is very little to amuse us at Zanzibar. So I often contrive a little walk—sometimes along the beach to avoid the narrow streets, and at other times penetrating the slums, and diving into the country through the villages. The latter is a nice stroll; beautiful vegetation on the right; the white, sand-bound, emerald sea on the left; cocoa-nut trees gracefully inclining towards the ocean, their plumes but slightly disturbed by the evening breeze, rustling and waving to and fro most solemnly musical. We pass under a large clump of huge, deep-shading mango trees; their fruit hanging like immense jewels, and their foliage so thick and shady they are quite refreshing to look at.

We paid a visit to Col. R——'s garden; a little plot of ground covered with wild shrubs; once the favourite resort of the old colonel, who found pleasure in leaving

the dirty town and its people for a while, and burying himself in these shady solitudes.

The shades of evening prevented our going further, and we were obliged to return, having enjoyed the walk much, the air being pleasantly scented with the cloves and cinnamon in the plantations by the wayside.

There are two other ways of obtaining amusement at Zanzibar: donkeys may be procured; horses from the Sultan's stables also take us away into the country for a picnic, but we must return by dark; for though the country is pleasant in the day, at night the air is sickly and feverish from the dew, rank vegetation and decayed vegetable matter. There is an island about a mile distant where the sportsman can find enough to do amongst the gazelles, which are numerous and wild, and make an excellent substitute for venison. I think this is about all we can squeeze out of Zanzibar and its vicinity in the shape of amusements. Nor are we very much inclined to take advantage of these; the climate seems to destroy all one's energy.

*24th November.* — The "Penguin" came in, and brought us very sad news. She had detached two boats to the northward with an officer and fourteen men. One boat was swamped, and the crew being saved, got into the other boat, a cutter. This boat chased a dhow to the northward, and was carried by a strong current as far north as Cape Guardafui, where they lost sight of the chase; but being short of water, put into a village called Broeda, about fifteen miles to the westward of Guardafui. Like the rest of the coast from Magadoxa northward, it is inhabited by an independent, piratical tribe of Somali Arabs, who are known as cruel wretches. These murderous rascals attacked the boat's crew, and

murdered every one on board, afterwards burning the bodies and the boat. This accounts for the absence of the "Penguin," which was searching for these boats up and down the coast, and at last met the Indian steamer "Semiramis," from which the "Penguin" obtained information of this horrible massacre. Both ships proceeded to the village where it occurred. The "Semiramis" having on board an Indian magistrate, sent from Aden to investigate the affair. On arriving at Broeda they found it nearly deserted; but on searching the huts, &c., they found many articles of the murdered men's clothing and property covered with blood, besides their rifles, bayonets, &c., and part of the boat still burning in the bush.

After much difficulty, some of the chiefs were found and examined, and threatened with instant death if they did not immediately give up the murderers. Their evidence was only "hearsay," and as there was no Englishman left to tell the sad tale, the vile Arabs had all their own way. The evidence tended to show, that the English boat had put in there for water, and that the natives procured them some; that the boat was made fast by her painter to a log on the sand, and her stern anchored. One or two of the natives went into the boat to claim payment, and one of them was thrown down and injured by a bayonet of one of the boat's crew; the natives then pulled the boat on shore by her painter, and attacked the crew with spears, killing five of them; the rest jumped overboard and were drowned, with the exception of one man, who swam to a cape close by, where he was protected for a time, but finally, after a gallant defence, was murdered, together with his protector, by the same tribe that massacred the others.



By an intercepted letter from a resident at Broeda to his son at Zanzibar, it was afterwards found that when the boats put in for water many of her crew landed, and began to pelt each other with sand; while so employed the natives sprang from ambush, fell upon and murdered them, and then burnt their bodies and boat; the whole affair was over in five minutes.

Of these two stories it is impossible to say which is true. I know that our men are in the habit of *demanding* all they want along the coast, and in case of difficulty holding out half promises of payment until they receive the supplies. They then think it a good joke to refuse payment, little thinking how dangerous and impolitic it is to exasperate semi-savages, on whose mercy they are often thrown in the course of these "dhow hunts."

Eight natives were delivered up as part of those concerned in the massacre, and in the presence of the magistrate they were decapitated on the beach by one of their own tribe, who, with terrible skill, whipped off each head with one blow of a sharp scimitar. The chiefs asked for one month to capture fifteen others, which was granted, and, after burning the village, the ships left, with the determination to return in a month to punish the rest of the murderers.

This is, indeed, a solemn example to our cruisers, and to the captains on this coast, showing how important it is that officers should attend more to the discipline of their men, and make them deal honestly with the natives. It also indicates the necessity of not leaving the boats so long to their own slender resources. There are many captains who send away their boats quite unprepared and unfitted for this work. I have seen boats

leave a ship in quite an unseaworthy condition; her stores heaped up like the contents of an ancient mid-shipman's chest, and her gunwale only two or three inches clear of the water. It is a common practice to send them away without awnings of any kind, without the slightest protection from rain and sun, and with only half allowance of provisions; leaving them to depend on the natives for the remainder.

*29th November.*—Yesterday morning our second gig returned from the northward, having parted company with K—— near Waseen, about 100 miles off, five days ago; and to-day K—— himself made his appearance in the second cutter.

During his month's cruise, he has boarded thirty-five dhows and captured two; one of them to the southward, which was sent to Zanzibar for condemnation; but although a legal prize, she was subsequently released, as a sort of "sprat to catch a mackerel." The other, K—— chased for three hours to the northward, when she ran into a small creek, drove between seventy and eighty slaves out of her into the bush, and totally deserted her to be burnt by our men.

Of the thirty-five dhows boarded, about five were legal captures; but, unfortunately, K—— felt himself too much bound down to be able to act as he wished, and therefore released them. He was victualled for only twenty days, and for some days had lived on a little bad rice and worse water; and having to beat against the monsoon to join us at Zanzibar, had been thoroughly sickened with the cruise. Unfortunately he received both public and private orders from the captain, and so was thrown into doubt, and led a Will o' the Wisp's chase after us to Lamoo, and back to Zanzibar.

30th November, Sunday.—To our agreeable surprise, the "Ariel" arrives, bringing our letters from England and the Cape for August. We look on this ship as an old fellow-campaigner and rival, as she last season shared the toils of the station with us. We ran to the Cape in April with our eighteen prizes, leaving her less lucky. However, a new captain of great experience on this coast, made a grand *battue* amongst the dhows, and wound up the season with two dozen brace, and therefore beats us. At first, the two commanders don't agree, but, thanks to a bottle of champagne, amicable arrangements are at length come to. We are to go to the Seychelles, to recruit the health of the ship's company for the ensuing season, afterwards to cruise between Mozambique and the equator.

Of course we are highly delighted with this arrangement. Instead of spending a monotonous month about Zanzibar, we pay another visit to the evergreen Seychelles; and instead of being poked into an outlandish corner of the Mozambique, to get pale and par-boiled, and without making any prizes, we have the best cruising ground; and, as a natural consequence, Captain W— talks sanguinely of catching all the dhows on the coast, and entirely suppressing the slave trade—getting his and every one's promotion, making a fortune, and I really don't know what else.

S— is to have charge of a matapè and dingy, to cruise between Lamoo and Pemba; R— with paddler and gig between Brava and Lamoo, and K— with the other paddler and whaler to the southward from Mozambique to Zanzibar; thus sweeping the whole of the station. Every dhow, with even the shadow of a slave, is to be captured. But there is one thing forgotten.

How are the officers to dispose of their captures? The ship herself is to drop her boats and go on to Johanna, there to remain for six weeks; and will, therefore, be a few hundred miles away from them. The station orders are very strict, namely, that all captures must be taken to Zanzibar for condemnation. The time it would take to beat a dhow up to Zanzibar from the northward, against a strong current and monsoon, would leave no time for other captures. The only remedy I see under the circumstances, is, to establish a depôt on an island centrally situated between Zanzibar and Brava, say, Kaneka Rock.

*3rd December.*—About 10 A.M. we are steaming from Zanzibar through the English Pass, along the land, about two miles off shore; in the afternoon rounding Mona Island, north point, and then standing to the eastward. The evening of the 10th finds us at anchor in north-west bay, Mahè or Seychelles; having got over the 900 and odd miles in about seven days, with the aid of gentle breezes and a little steam. This passage has been very pleasant; the weather fine; the days sunshiny (therm. 85°) and breezy; the nights cool, starry, and clear.

Nearing the Seychelles is, to us, approaching England; the distance between them, *viâ* Suez, being only twenty-one days, and the homeward mail calling at the former place once a month.

It is strange how much we expect on arrival in the shape of news, we have been so cut off from the world, and know nothing of what is doing, or what may turn up. We are yet about eight miles from the proper anchorage, having insufficient daylight left to make it; and, besides, captains of men-of-war rather prefer going

into harbour about noon, in proper trim, than just at dark.

The sun was just set, leaving these islets, the sky and the water suffused with a pretty mauve; the green, foliage-clad islands, with their borders of white sand, seeming to be like jewels set in the sea. S—— and I lie on the top of a paddle-boat admiring the scene, enjoying the gentle influence of the calm evening. The islet just before us is "Silhouette," about four or five miles by one. It is a precipitous hill, covered with cocoa-nut trees, and owned by a Creole of the Seychelles, whose principal wealth in it consists of the cocoa-nut trees, each worth a dollar a year.

A ship is a strange place; after a residence of a few years in one we cease to be astonished at anything. Last night, when wrapped in profound sleep, my peace of mind was disturbed about midnight by a thundering noise—no less than the firing of all our guns on the upper deck. The captain had suddenly drummed the men to night-quarters to fire three rounds—quick firing with shot. I can imagine how astonished pater-familias at home would be if even one 68-pounder gun were fired with full charge at midnight in the room above that in which he slumbered! This sudden drumming up is the most effectual way of teaching the "young idea how to shoot," and preparing them for the dire calamity of a night-surprise. The results showed that we could soon be ready for an enemy; the men awoke from a deep sleep, armed themselves, cast loose the guns, and fired the three rounds in six minutes and thirty seconds.

11th December.—This morning we paddled into Port Victoria, and after threading our way through the intri-

cate reefs and shoals, dropped anchor in the old place of last year, about two miles from the pier-head.

The beautiful hills of this port seem shorn of their beauty in several places. We see great land-slips rolled down to the sea, as if by an earthquake or other sudden convulsion; however, we soon learn the facts. Dr. B——, looking as well as ever, arrives on board and admits us to pratique. We hear that the islands have been visited about six weeks ago by an awful hurricane. Amid the thunder and lightning, the wind and the roaring waters, the land split, the earth rolled down like an avalanche, giant rocks came tumbling down with the earth and water, and rushed madly into the sea, crushing houses, filling up valleys, killing seventy-six human beings, and wounding many more. I landed the next day, and found the once rural embowered streets now a heap of rock and soil jumbled together. Houses were smashed to atoms, others had entirely disappeared, and left nothing to mark their site but huge boulders of granite; the once pretty, neat gardens are all swept away, the cocoa-nut trees are crushed, mangled, and seem to be weeping over the sad desolation around. The people never had much, for they only just cultivated sufficient for present wants, and this little is completely swept away.

The community is so small, that nearly every one has to lament some lost relative. Many strips of black crape tell the tale.

Subscriptions have been opened at the Mauritius, under the care of our good old Bishop, who came to the Seychelles immediately on hearing of the news. I believe about £500 has already been collected, besides various comforts. The old "Gorgon's" crew put in

their mite, amounting to £21, and I dare say more is forthcoming from other sources; so let us hope the sufferers will be enabled to rebuild their huts, cultivate their fields, beautify their little gardens, and be happy once more, all the better for the teachings of adversity.

We spend ten days very merrily here. The hotel, generally closed, is now re-opened; S—— takes up his quarters there, of course; in fact, we all make it a “house of call” to take our glass of grog before going off at night to the ship. On the 20th the mail arrives, but brings little news.

We have encouraged the hopes of remaining here until after Christmas, being licensed to stop until the 23rd, which might easily be spun out till the 25th; but many little reasons prevent this. Unfortunately, our men are not to be trusted, they would get gloriously drunk and uproarious; and besides, our chief, coming from north of Tweed, ignores the good old English festival.

*24th December.*—About 8 A.M. we leave the Seychelles, improved in health and spirits. Christmas-eve goes by almost unnoticed, and the following day comes and goes similarly; no sign of Sunday in it; no general mark of respect shown to it; indeed, many men may be seen scrubbing the paintwork, and doing other common work that might as well be done on another day. For my own part I like to keep up old Christmas-day, more for the sake of the past than the present, as the birthday of all birthdays, hailing it with joy and gratitude; but we will look forward to enjoying the next in dear old England.

In the evening we try to exhilarate the men (privately) with a glass of grog, and the poor fellows try

to get up a song on the upper deck, but the rain soon quenches this spark of jollity, as no awnings are spread for their convenience.

Some captains act in this manner on the plea of being strict disciplinarians, but I think it only shows great selfishness and want of feeling, and very much tends to break the bonds of discipline, by making the men discontented; the moment they see a captain careless and unmindful of their little comforts, they very soon cease to respect him.

This cruising between  $0^{\circ}$  and  $10^{\circ}$  is not pleasant. I feel as if I were parboiled; a clammy moisture oozes from the flesh, and we get pale and flabby; the muscles and nerves are like damp fiddle-strings; and we look forward to some veritable cold weather with great pleasure; longing for the fall of the next year, when we hope to be muffled up in monkey-jackets in old England.

At the Seychelles we bought a whale-boat. This the carpenters are busily fitting for a cruise, and when she becomes finished, our boats will be ready for the campaign. Both paddlers are now fitted with false keels and stems, which, giving them greater hold in the water will doubtless improve their sailing qualities. Huge sails are being fitted for them, similar to those used by dhows, which little deceit may somewhat disguise them.

Our plans for the campaign are, I believe, as follows: starboard paddler and whaler are to have a short cruise between Quiloa and Cape Delgado, port paddler and second gig between Delgado and Ibo; both divisions to be picked up in a week or so, and we then steam away to northward, and drop all boats between Zanzibar



and Lamoo, or Brava, in pairs. We shall have six boats away at one time, and about seventy men, and we ought to do good business.

*1st January, 1863.*—The old ship has not been idle the last quarter of a year. I find she has gone over nearly 5000 miles, with an expenditure of 397 tons of coal. We are now in lat.  $4^{\circ} 49'$  S., long.  $51^{\circ} 31'$  E. The old year has dragged out its weary length, and died very quietly, but the new one comes in most uproariously. About midnight we are all disturbed by an infernal noise; K——, at the head of a legion of fiends, rushes down into the steerage shouting and singing, beating pots and pans, a Chinese gong and a drum most discordantly, sufficient to wake the dead. It was some time before we could muster our senses to oppose the idea of the ship being overboard. However, this is the manner in which we announce the year 1863; and over two bowls of punch we bid him welcome, and do him honour, according to the custom of our ancestors.

At midnight the ship's bell (instead of being struck only eight times) is struck thirty-two times by the mid of the watch, and round go our paddle-wheels, and we steam ahead.

*2nd January.*—A monotonous sea-voyage is not prolific of events. In a passenger ship we might get up a clique or two and scandalize our fellows, but somehow we have not even this amusement, for having to remain together for such a number of years we cannot afford to be enemies. I must own that I have not a new thought, the brain is like a watch run down; nor can we profit by exchange of thought, for all appear to think alike, reading and doing much about the same things so invariably.

11th January, Sunday.—About noon we are running along the land to the southward, from one to two miles off shore, through the English Pass to Zanzibar.

The island, covered with cocoa-nut trees, is very refreshing to look at after our dull voyage; and though Zanzibar is not a very civilised place, we feel quite glad to return to it. I think, after all, it is about the liveliest port on the coast, for here we can at least get the Sultan's horses to ride, our clothes washed, and plenty of good fruit and fresh provisions; and now that the nor'-easter blows, dhows arrive almost daily from Bombay, bringing both needs and luxuries.

Though we are in the first of the monsoon, many northern dhows have arrived. I counted no fewer than forty-five of these piratical slavers, with their remarkable high rudder-posts. Each of these dhows has a crew of about twenty ruffian-like Somalis; so that the people of Zanzibar have already begun to quake in fear of them.

There is a large Bombay dhow also at anchor, her masts snugly lowered; this vessel measures 250 tons, and could carry fully 300 tons; she is commanded by an European merchant, who intends settling here and opening a store—a great desideratum to us, for we have had to get everything from Arabs and Portuguese, not over-honest people, who charge most exorbitantly for nearly everything. I have heard something regarding this dhow, and many others of her class, which I should not have expected. It appears that there is a little slave trade carried on even by those who are supposed to be only *bonâ fide* traders on the coast. Many of them get slave crews, of say forty men, at Zanzibar on a merely nominal pay of one dollar per month; after disposing

of their cargoes at Muscat, &c., they dispose of the crew to the highest bidders.

The "Penguin" has at last filled her maw. It will be remembered that lately she went to Aden to make further inquiries about the massacre of fifteen of her crew. Fifteen more Somalis have been given up to appease her; their heads have been struck off, and justice cries "enough!" I cannot help thinking that this extra-decapitation is more than sufficient; the first eight should have sufficed for example sake, for the chances are that, where many of the chiefs must have been implicated, these last fifteen are poor miserable niggers without friends, wholly innocent of the horrid crime for which they have suffered.

There is a standing order at Zanzibar, given by the Sultan to the "groom of the stole," that all English naval officers be supplied with saddle-horses at wish. On first going to the "royal stables," I was much surprised at the state of affairs: there were about fifty Arab steeds, some under a shed, standing on the roughest of stones and kicking their poor unshod heels to pieces. The whole place was anything but wholesome or clean; other horses were tethered to rings, standing exposed to the sun, their legs being weakened thereby—in fact, spoilt. An Arab, gorgeously dressed, is supposed to look after them, but he only seemed to look *at* them all day; there he sat, doubtless admiring his favourite beast, content to see them follow his own race to degeneration. I was much disappointed, for instead of the Arab steeds of my imagination, this royal stud of an Arab Sultan consisted of about fifty horses, out of which not more than three would have been fit for Rotten Row. Most of the others were

scarcely fit for harness ; and, after taking many rides, we found they were really worse than they looked—generally very weak in the knees, and addicted to stumbling. It must not be imagined that our cavalcade on setting out was mounted on noble, fiery steeds, ornamented with rich trappings ; many of us had pieces of string for bridles, one minus stirrups, the others minus other things, and all seedily arrayed. I do not wish to detract from the kindness of the Sultan, for he provided his best ; it is, however, a thousand pities to see such a good breed spoilt. The Sultan rarely uses his horses—the exercise is too great. Not many years ago Arabs were as fond of riding as Englishmen are of cricket.

This evening we sauntered through the streets of Zanzibar, and found the Somali Arabs in strong force, strutting about in twos and threes, crowding the streets, assembling in small parties, and taking charge of the slave market. They are a thin, yellow-visaged, greasy, black-haired, rascally-looking set, each carrying a crooked dagger, a spear, or a two-handled sword, and some with rhinoceros shields. They are much feared by the wretched people at Zanzibar, and consequently are overbearing and impudent, but cannot look an Englishman full in the face.

In another month or so, I dare say there will be above 2000 of them at Zanzibar. At present they are employed buying up slaves, intriguing and stealing, lying and slandering ; and at the turn of the monsoon will embark their slaves and make off, pillaging and kidnapping as they go northward.

As usual, we find the slave market astir—adult men selling for from ten to twelve dollars ; women, nine to ten ;

boys, seven to eight; and girls, fifteen dollars. During the months of August, September, and October, upwards of thirty dhows carried slaves to Lamoo, and the other ports between it and Zanzibar, each carrying about 160 slaves each; and in November last slave dhows were running at the rate of a dhow every three or four days.

While lying at Zanzibar we saw a gang of about 180 slaves chained together, marched along the beach to some dhow waiting in some out-of-the-way creek to embark them.

Until very lately I was not aware that so many slaves were required in the Sultan's dominions as labourers. The large cocoa-nut plantations of Zanzibar and Pemba, the preparation of gum copal, orchella weed, gathering and shipment of cloves and sesami, I dare say require 10,000 constantly; which, after all, is but a mere fraction of the real slave trade!

I have been again led to think how the slave trade should be stopped. I think the large and expensive men-of-war should be taken off the station, and about eight or nine of the small gunboats of the "Penguin" class put into their stead, to be stationed at Lamoo, the island of Socotra, and at different parts of the southern coast, extending from Quiloa to Inhambane. Headquarters to be at Mozambique. Of course all dhows found with slaves outside the limits, under any circumstances, should be captured.

We should have agents on the coast, residing at different parts within the limits; and all dhows should be obliged to have uniform and regular papers from the last port sailed from, signed by the British agent at that place, certifying to the cargo, the number of slaves, to whom consigned, &c.

If the degraded Mahommedan potentates plead that slavery is an institution of their country, borne out by their religion, and sanctioned by the custom of their ancestors from Mahommed downwards, we say neither Mahommed, nor any man either dead or living had, or has, a right to bequeath the freedom of their fellow-creatures. No matter if they say, "Slavery is our chief support, without it we should perish." We answer, "Better you should be snuffed out of existence, and make room for a better race than to live on such an infamous traffic."\*

We consider ourselves highly fortunate in getting Lumma as informer, as through him both the "Lyra" and "Ariel" were very successful. In these ships alone, Lumma, getting nine shares, has made £400 prize money. As this is the man who saved the lives of the "Lyra's" officers at Angoxa; and as he is to be with us for some time, I must say a little more about him.

He is a native of the Cormo group—more Arab than negro; short, stout, his skull shorn and like a polished cocoa-nut; whiskers dark and grey. He is half a century old, and has been connected with our ships in the position of informer for the last twenty-three years. He is paid, as a non-commissioned petty officer, £36 10s. per annum; and, of course, shares as such in prize money. From his father being a chief at Comoro, he has some little influence in his own land; at Zanzibar he is a great swell. When dressed in red flannel cap, garnished

\* Until now I was not aware of the fact that Sudha (a Banian and British subject), the customs-master at Zanzibar, farms the slave tax—that is, has bought from the Sultan the revenue of two dollars a head on every slave shipped from or brought to Zanzibar. Consequently it is to his interest that the slave trade shall flourish!

with a naval officer's left-off gold band and ornament, and clad in long Arabic white dress girt with red leather belt curiously wrought in gold and silver supporting a highly-mounted crooked dagger, he thinks no small things of himself. The Sultan pays him 15 dollars, 1 bag of rice, 19 lbs. of ghee, and 3 lbs. of curry every month as a pension. Lumma cannot account for this liberality. Some say it is a stroke of policy to save the Sultan's dhows; but I think the real reason is a feeling of gratitude, for Lumma tells me that some years ago he did the Sultan signal service. Besides being in favour with the English and the Sultan, he has increased his importance by marrying the niece of the King of Angoxa, lately deposed by the Portuguese.

Having served us so long, and being in expectation of a pension from our Government, his interests are with us, and therefore the chances are he is as free as an Arab can be from a suspicion of treachery in serving two masters, although really I doubt even him.

We had legitimately engaged Lumma, but found that during our last cruise, although in our pay and engaged to us, he was asked to join the "Ariel," return our pay to the Consul and receive theirs; he was even threatened if he did not comply. For once, Arab honesty exceeded European.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Our travelling guests—Account of their hardships—We stand for Iboo—A dhow chase—The capture, &c.—A disappointment—Picking up our boats and dropping them—A monotonous time—Cruising between Port Durnford and Lamoo—Orders as to captures—Commissariat duties—A description of Lamoo and its people—The Banians—A Visit to the Governor—Summa and the matapè—A present to the ship's company—Searching for night quarters—Sharpened appetites—A civil war at Lamoo—Guarding the native sailors—The escape—Fitting the matapè—Arrival at Johanna.

*22nd January.*—Under sail we get along very slowly, the weather becomes close and clammy. Some of the old fever cases begin to break out afresh. I have noticed that the brain is very much affected by this fever. Two of our men have lost their senses, they lie child-like, talking and gazing foolishly. Many of our men feel this brain disease slightly. I feel it occasionally myself, being frequently light-headed, losing my thoughts in the regions of space. Another attendant on this fever and climate, is great irritability; and, as each day drags its weary length along, the feeling increases.

I had forgotten to mention that on leaving Zanzibar, a Prussian traveller came on board; purposing taking a trip with us as the captain's guest. He is the Baron von Decken, who is travelling in Africa making scientific



researches. His hobby, as a traveller, appears to be ascending all the mountains on the east coast. He seems to be entirely devoting himself to this part of Africa. He has been out nearly three years, and, amongst other things, determined the height of Kilman-gura (near Melinda) to be about 10,000 feet higher than was previously supposed. We also receive on board two emaciated, dark, swarthy, military-looking gentlemen lately arrived from the interior, more dead than alive, from Captain Speke's expedition. They belong to the Cape Mounted Rifles, and accompanied the latter traveller and Captain Grant with ten others of their rifle corps, 200 niggers and forty Arabs, on their great journey to find the source of the White Nile.

Starting from Zanzibar, travelling for two years towards the Equator, their numbers gradually melting away under the hardships which they had to endure, until there were only three of their corps and twenty Arabs left. From sheer exhaustion the three were obliged to be left behind to get to the coast as they best could, while the others, nothing daunted, journeyed onwards. After unparalleled hardships and losing their companion, who was taken off by a lion in their sight, supporting life by whatever turned up—sometimes eating putrid lion carcase, drinking muddy water, once eating mud for its moisture, at other times getting nothing—they managed to regain Zanzibar. And here they are, still living, but the mere shadow of their former selves. They are going with us to the Cape, to claim the reward of their labour—£80, twenty acres of land, and a free discharge. Poor fellows!

*23rd January.*—We stand in for Ibo, pick up R—and his boats, and then to sea. R— scarcely saw a

dhow, having only just sufficient time to make the rendezvous at the appointed time.

In the evening we sight a square-rigged vessel, standing to the northward; and as she is seen to alter her course we go in chase. Unfortunately night closes in, and nothing is left but to out-manceuvre her—a little game to be played between the captain of the stranger and our own chief: the former having many points of the compass in his favour, and everything to lose; the latter dropping two boats, decreasing the former's chances of escape, and everything to gain by the capture.

When last seen, the chased was evidently rushing away under all sail to windward; and we go bowling along under three boilers right in the wind's eye, after dropping R—— with two boats to take the passage to leeward in-shore. Soon the fourth boiler makes the old ship spin along; and the little excitement of the chase quite invigorates us. After staying up until late, straining my optics to the fullest extent in peering through the darkness, I turn in quite tired. All I know of the rest of the chase is, that we altered our course, and dodged about all night, dropping steam about 2 A.M., then waiting for daylight. Turning out at 5 A.M., I looked for the first streak of the morn. It came, but disclosed nothing.

A little after 5 A.M. the low coast-line gradually showed itself. We steamed ahead towards it, and, to our surprise and gratification, we saw the object of our chase lying snugly at anchor under the land, her sails flapping to the masts, and apparently only waiting for a breeze to be off. Of course, now we sang the praises of our chief, eulogising his tactics, abilities, &c. exultingly,

and calculating the forthcoming prize money. On boarding we found the chased to be a French barque from Zanzibar, bound to Ibo for a cargo of ebony and ivory. However, there was no help for it, and we left her, knowing that she was every inch a slaver, her nominal cargo of ebony and ivory really black heads with teeth. The same day we picked up our two boats, which had boarded the same vessel a few hours after us, to the combined disgust of themselves and the French skipper, the former growling at his want of civility, the latter doubtless much irritated at the second visit.

*26th January.*—This morning came to Toughy Pass, and in the evening, seeing a dhow, were again doomed to disappointment by finding her to be under English colours, commanded by a Bombay man. However, to make up for this, K——'s division rejoined us, with the good news of having captured and destroyed three dhows; making four in all, and beating the "Ariel" by two. They have had a pleasant short cruise occupying a week; they had enjoyed good health, with the exception of one man, brought back very ill—another case of old fever and madness.

*27th January.*—Having now picked up all our boats, we make the best of our way northward to Lamco, and to drop them between Zanzibar and Brava, before proceeding to Johanna. We have a hard tug of it, with a strong current and fresh monsoon wind against; the chances of our getting northward within the next three weeks, without the assistance of steam, is very uncertain. We have nearly 200 tons of coals still in the ship, but this being our sole strength, which cannot be recruited—there being no more to spare, either at Zanzibar or at Johanna—we husband it accordingly.

The days get more monotonous the slower we go, and we begin to miss the good things of life. Salt junk sours the temper of our shipmates and messmates, and now, the 30th January, the evening of our discontent has come.

I am not in the best of tempers myself; during the day, while writing in the office, I look out at the door; little meets my eye but two poor imbecile men, lying alongside each other, gazing foolishly, mumbling like toothless, stupid old women to each other. And in the evening, having got through the misery of the day, I go to my cabin, but not to rest, for the two idiots are still close to my door; I shut myself up, but still hear them and their wanderings. Lights are kept burning near them all night, nurses are kept on the watch, and what with the lights and the wanderers I do not get much sleep. On opening my door at night, to go upon deck, with a view to getting rid of the heat, lights, noise, and restlessness, the same pitiable objects meet my view, lying before my door. They look most vacantly at me as I pass—mumbling—mumbling. But with all this to make me miserable, I do not think I should feel so utterly cast down if all around were not so melancholy. Every one seems to be possessed of a devil; every day seems to make this diabolical state of things worse. Some are malicious and selfish beyond all precedent; envy, hatred, and malice seems to reign supreme. It appears strange, for I believe the very same persons would really do anything to serve each other under a change of circumstances. I could not have believed that any amount of old fevers, bad climates, monotony, and hard living would so change men; they seem to do everything to add to each others' misery.

We long for home : I never had such an acute longing ; but at least eight months must be passed before this wish can be gratified, and four of them on this weary, weary station.

*8th February, Sunday.*—Another week has passed, but not quickly enough for us impatient, dismal, fretful, unhealthy, white-gilled fellows, for ever lamenting our hard fate, daily losing colour, and even hope. This monotony seems to have eaten up all friendship ; sociability has migrated to a more genial climate and society.

To-night we drop the first division of boats to cruise between Port Durnford and Lamoo for forty-two days ; and to-morrow we drop the gunner with the other paddler and whaler off Luba Islands, to cruise between there and Port Durnford for two months. All these boats will be on a reduced allowance of provisions, there being but little in the ship.

*9th February.*—This evening, being off Port Durnford, we drop the second division of boats under the gunner ; they are to rendezvous at Lamoo on April 10th. All our cruising officers have orders to *detain* all captures, unless stranded by the crew. This is all very well as a provision against illegal captures, but it cripples the power of the officers, and benefits the slave trade. If captains would only give clear and decisive orders, with no half-compromising verbal ones, but make the officers understand that they shall be held responsible for all illegal captures, no such detrimental results could occur.

*10th February.*—The next thing to be done, is to procure the metapè (our “ decoy duck ”) ; also we must get some sugar and spirits, being short of both. We anchor off Lamoo ; the master and self being sent in

the cutter—the former to look out for the dhow, I on commissariat duties, the Baron accompanying us.

Our preparations for a day or two's absence having been completed, away we go under sail; a good rattling breeze driving us through the Shella Passage to the town of Lamoo, the second city in the Sultan's dominions.

It is situate on an island, and consists of about 150 stone houses, for the most part Arab-like, half-finished buildings, together with, I dare say, some 300 cocoa-nut thatched huts lining the beach. Standing on the landing-place—a dirty locality in the heart of the town—we see it is nearly equally divided; facing us is a long Moorish fort, flanked by towers, that to the left, circular, that on the right, square, both turreted. This is the residence of the Governor, a near relation to the Sultan. Before and round about this vice-regal palace lie in great confusion unmounted guns and building materials. On the right is a shed, the custom-house, and most of the store-houses; on the left the aforesaid mass of rude, dirty huts, stretching along the beach, on which is the market.

The balcony of the fort is always filled with a motley crew of semi-soldier, ruffianly-looking Arabs; and on the space in front, on the right and left, there are crowds of northern Arabs from Muscat, fierce, dirty, greasy-looking as usual; armed with long sword, assegais, and small rhinoceros shield; dressed in long robes, girded with red belt, and the invariable crooked dagger, their heads turbaned with a yellow-striped, fringed, red cloth; all either strutting about like great warriors, or assembled in crowds, swearing, and speaking their loudest.

The Banians—ever where business calls—like so many

fire-worshippers, are assembled under the custom-house shed, receiving and selling the merchandize brought from Muscat and the Red Sea by the northern Arabs, who are more like Bedouin robber Arabs than peaceful traders.

There is such a noise and hubbub that it could be heard at the distance of three miles.

Lamoo, I dare say, contains about 10,000 inhabitants. Its trade is very small, even compared with that of Zanzibar; the former being principally with the latter, the latter with Europe and the north. But much more is done in the slave trade, for being just within the licensed slave limits, slaves are taken thither from Zanzibar and the south, thence smuggled northward by the Somali Arabs.

There were, and usually are, about two dozen dhows in the harbour, but little merchandize was exposed for sale, consisting chiefly of a few bags of dates. One or two merchant houses at Zanzibar have agents here, to buy up the goods (principally hides) brought from the north while cheap. By these, and the Banians, most of the legitimate business is transacted.

On landing, we went to the fort, and called on the Governor's son, who seems to act in the stead of his father, doing all the hard work. We were shown into a room running the whole length of the building, and studded with a few windows, the platform and embrasures where the guns ought to be, its only furniture a grass mat and a few chairs. A crowd of dirty Arab attendants sat on the mat. The Governor's son, dressed in a chocolate-coloured long robe and turban, sat in a chair beside his counsellor or friend close to us.

After the usual salutations, we made known our wants

in the matapè line, which we were at once promised; and, after coffee and sweet water, took our departure; afterwards visiting the Governor himself, a very good specimen of an Arab gentleman—clean, sage-looking, white-bearded and venerable, redolent with *Otto de Rose*. After the usual salutations, Lumma, our interpreter, opened the subject of the matapè; and while this parley was going on, I was looking about, highly amused with the peculiar furniture and decorations of the room. This room was in the shape of a cloister; the roof and sides stuccoed with pink and white; the walls covered with many-coloured china saucers, suspended by strings, fancifully arranged in the shape of huge stars, &c., and covering quite two-thirds of the walls. Against the buttresses were huge, antique, black-framed chairs, inlaid with whitish woods, their backs and seats wrought with string instead of cane. The body of the room was filled with small skeleton mahogany bedsteads, on which we sat.

On being told by Lumma that we wanted the matapè to carry provisions to a division of our boats off Pemba, the Governor very craftily offered to send the provisions by a dhow then on the point of sailing thither; but Lumma, equally cunning, said that as we did not expect to find the boats at once, although when last heard of they were off Pemba, it was necessary to engage a dhow for some time to search elsewhere. This seemed to satisfy the Governor, who immediately ordered his secretary (an old man who spoke both English and French well) to supply our wants; and, further, to send off to the "Gorgon" two bullocks as a present to the ship's company, and also presents for the captain.

Leaving the secretary to procure the dhow, we sallied



forth to secure quarters for the night; the master and the Baron putting up at a French merchant's house, who also kindly offered me a similiar privilege, which I declined, and returned to the boat. We then pulled up the stream to a spot on the beach favourable for cooking, and landed the cook and his chattels, while S—— and I, prompted by sharp appetites, fell to on what we had brought from the ship, backed by a good sardine omelette. Towards night hauled the boat out to mid-stream, to provide against the men straggling. The men piped up many songs, and when tired each picked out a soft plank and fell asleep.

At the first streak of dawn we were up and doing, and had a refreshing bath. I walked to the town and did my sugar business; luckily finding a lot of fine loaf sugar at 7*d.* per pound, of which I purchased 235 lbs. for the ship; fancy, Jack getting fine loaf sugar with his cocoa! (but even this did not compensate for *no rum*—Jack's staff of life.)

We found a civil war on the eve of breaking out at Lamoo; the people at Patta and Seewy on the main having risen against the authority of the Sultan, and threatened to attack the island; to resist which, the Governor had 340 soldiers, such as they were, no money, or provisions, or other *munition de guerre*. Such is the apathy of the Arab race, that though the Sultan of Zanzibar knew of this insurrection, and that unless assistance arrived, the second city in his kingdom would be lost, he made no effort to send reinforcements or to avert the danger by his personal presence, though a passage in the "Gorgon" was offered him.

It appears that up to this time, the civil war has been carried on by words only: to-day, however, the

Governor, taking the advantage of the "Gorgon's" presence, and thinking to intimidate the Patta chiefs, sent a letter to them. The Governor was anxious to send the answer to the Sultan of Zanzibar by us; which accounts for the delay in procuring our matapè. Seeing this to be the case, and time being precious, as we have to rendezvous at Johanna on the 14th, we send in an ultimatum to the Governor, saying, that we should go on board and back to Zanzibar, and tell the Sultan how unfriendly his lieutenant had been to us. This had the desired effect. We were told to choose the best dhow in the harbour, and the Governor's head man was sent to secure to us our choice. Little time was wasted: a fine new matapè of about forty tons was secured, and an Arab captain and four black sailors to assist to navigate her. Articles were then drawn up as to the payment for both dhow and men. The master had this unenviable job, which nearly exhausted his patience; for no sooner had he finished the agreement when some venerable Arab, who supposed himself to have a voice in the matter, proposed certain alterations; others proposed provisos such as this: in the event of the crew *deserting*, thirty dollars should be paid for each (a premium for them to desert, and thereby both return to their masters and gain them thirty dollars)! But, at last, the agreement was signed, sealed, and delivered; the bargain closed; both dhow and crew hired for an unlimited time, at the rate of two dollars per day, and to be returned at the termination of the service to Lamoo.

The same night we managed to get the dhow out in mid-stream, in readiness for an early start; but as yet only two of the native sailors (slaves), instead of four,

had been secured; and these being unwilling to go, had to be strictly guarded. However, on being put on board the dhow, they implored permission to say farewell to their wives and sweethearts, which being denied them, and seeing that further talk was of no avail, appeared resigned to their fate, unfolded their turbans, wrapped them round their bodies, and laid themselves down in the bottom of the dhow to sleep, a blue-jacket keeping night-watch over them most vigilantly, as he declared. But in half an hour's time his birds had flown; not a vestige of them remaining; and Jack was outwitted, singing out, with a rigmarole of adjectives, "Well, I'll be hanged, if they're not gone!" So they were, and no mistake, and deserved every credit, too, for having got off so neatly.

The next day, however, we secured the two "fly-by-night's," and also two others and the Arab captain, making up the complement; and, lest we should have more trouble, made sail and got to the ship about 9 A.M., glad to get clear of Lamoo, and rejoiced at our success in getting both dhow and sugar. We also took out with us a good supply of fresh provisions.

On crossing the bar, finding some fishermen with their lines down, the Baron eagerly bought up all the fish in their canoes; but, when nearly on board, was much disgusted to find that said fish were of yesterday's catching: the fishermen, failing to sell them in the market, had brought them out to take them in again as *fresh*, but were relieved of them by the Baron. The fishermen chuckled at the idea of "catching a man."

12th February.—Directly on arriving on board, our carpenters were set to work fitting a 24-howitzer on the matapè's forecastle, and by 1 P.M. forty-two days'

provisions, ammunition, and our dingy had been put on board; and, being so far complete, we sent her away for six weeks, in charge of K—— and F——, eleven white men and five blacks, including Lumma, the interpreter. As we saw her sail away, with her huge grass sail right in the wind's eye, our hopes of her success grew greatly, for she was well manned, armed, and provisioned, and sailed well.

We now put our best leg foremost for Johanna, speculating on the treat in store for us, in the shape of letters. Our blue-jackets are in the dumps, for there is no grog in the ship—I dare say the *first time* this has occurred in the oldest "salt's" experience; ships are very often short of biscuit, and even "salt horse," which is bad, but seldom short of the "aqua vitæ," Jack's elixir; this certainly is a misfortune! With the "Gorgon's" crew everything seems reversed, the men are like fish out of water; even the ship's name is reversed, "Gorgon" spelt backwards!

It is somewhat remarkable that this is the third time in two years that we have been on reduced allowance, a fact which says very little in favour of the arrangements of our commissariat. But it is too well known to surprise us, that Johanna, as a depôt, is always at a low ebb; a ship with stores is scarcely ever sent thither until everything is exhausted.

19th February.—At noon this day we arrive at Johanna, and, after passing through the narrow entrance, take up moorings inside the harbour. With our arrival, the little Mozambique squad, the East African cruisers are assembled, by order of the senior officer, the commander of the "Ariel."

As fully expected by us, the "Gorgon"—dear old

creature!—even in her declining years is envied, she yet creates jealousy, and no wonder. All the other ships, the senior craft, have all their boats on board, they have not a single “iron in the fire,” while we have only two boats to show, the others being up the coast, far away, and hard at work; at least we hope so, and this is what our rivals think. Already two of these rivals are in league, the “Ariel” and “Rapid,” covenanted our destruction. We hear that had we arrived with our boats we should now be minus two, for the benefit of their rival sisters; but both have miscalculated our chief. The one, “Ariel,” soaring too high, the other, considering her tender years, too fast, too “Rapid!” Yes, they were going to shear the poor old “Gorgon” of her strength! knowing it to exist only in her boats.

Now the great talk is how *wrong* Captain W—— was to have left his boats behind; how angry the senior officer is that we should have rendezvoused so *inefficiently*, when we might have been wanted for particular service.

But let this pass. How went the time at Johanna during our short stay? We coaled and provisioned the ship (that is to say as far as possible) by day, and in the evening walked up to Lumley’s Brook and bathed, rambled about in the heat of the sun, and shot flying foxes. The Baron made for the mountain-lake, to see the water-birds, *without* legs, but did not get quite far enough. The “Ariels” sometimes came on board, apparently as friendly as ever; dined, sipped grog, and smoked cigars; called us “old fellows,” and so forth.

Talking about provisioning, what a mess they do

make of this at the Cape. Knowing how short the ships must be of everything, a Danish vessel was chartered to Johanna with coals, provisions, and clothing, but she brought so little of the latter two, that there was insufficient for our *present* wants; and the "Gorgon" had to go to Zanzibar to buy rum, and raisins, &c., in the shape of provisions, the price of which we say nothing about, so long as we get the necessaries; but clothing, so much needed, is not to be got at any price, and the men have to do without shoes and soap as best they can. Why this state of things exists is inexplicable, when we know that both the "Ariel" and "Rapid," lately arrived from the Cape, might have brought up a good deal, at a great saving to Government.

We are rather surprised to find a Danish naval lieutenant in command of the merchant barque from which we coaled; finding his half-pay insufficient for home support, he very wisely accepted the present command for the voyage, combining pecuniary with travelling interest, and, after all, having with him a companion, after his own kind, a brother naval officer; he is jolly enough—his is but an *interesting* yachting cruise. The latter officer dined with us, and we found him more like an Englishman than a Dane, both in sentiment, manner, and conversation.

## CHAPTER XXV.

A "Black Monday"—A white nigger: a freak of nature—Price of articles of food at Zanzibar—Off Chula Point—K——'s matapè and the dhow he captured—A mistake—The gig's arrival—All loot to be disgorged—Great disgust thereat—A diplomatic errand to Lamoo—The reception—The governor's visit to us—The slave season—The gunner's division picked up—Their adventures—The semi-barbarous Somali—Off Port Durnford—Compensation—Keomboni, or "Dick's Head"—A shooting excursion—Bad luck.

*23rd February.*—The "Penguin" and "Rapid" both went out of harbour to-day, the former to Natal, with invalids and for despatches; the latter to Mayotta and the Seychelles. This is a "black Monday" with us, for we lose another old "Gorgon." Poor R——, who has been ill some time, leaves us to-day, even under more melancholy circumstances than did our doctor, at the Mauritius; for the former, besides total loss of health, has nearly lost his reason; he is but a wreck of mind and body, and though we hope, still we cannot help thinking that we look on him for the last time. Indeed, it makes one very melancholy to look at him, and also to turn to those left, whose faces and figures also bear the mark of illness and weariness; it certainly makes one heave a deep sigh for home.

*24th February.*—I saw one of those strange freaks of nature, an Albino—a "*white nigger.*" This oddity

possessed a perfectly white skin, blue eyes, bushy white eyebrows and eyelashes, and white, woolly hair; it seemed strange to think that both this man's parents are black, and, stranger still, according to physiologists, the issue of two Albinos would be black!

The "Ariel" herself leaves the anchorage to-day; the senior officer sending us our "sailing orders" the last thing, while she is under way; to wit: that she is *en route* to the northward, that we are to send down our boats to Melinda, where we are to pick them up on the 10th of March, after touching at Zanzibar; that we are to cruise between Melinda and Zanzibar, and with all boats to rendezvous at the latter place on the 20th of March, thus quashing our plans. Of course, we are rather wrath at being so disappointed.

28th February.—The last day of another month is a source of congratulation to us; and though one of our officers, when convicted of hurraing, defended himself by saying it was because he *had lived so long*, I believe he gloried solely in the flight of time. This afternoon we leave this anchorage for Zanzibar.

6th March.—After one week's voyage (580 miles) we find ourselves once more at Zanzibar, nothing remarkable occurring *en route*. Having anchored late in the evening we enjoyed a quiet night; rather surprised at finding the "Ariel" here, having imagined her to the northward.

In the morning, as usual, Saaifs, Radchids and Buckets come on board with their questionable yarns and commodities; the former with most horrible accounts of the doings of our piratical boats: one Arab had been killed and another mortally wounded by them. The boatswain was indeed suppressing the slave trade with a vengeance, blazing away grape and canister on the slightest provo-



cation; burning and sinking, killing and wounding, illegally capturing, and such unboatswain-like conduct; blockading the second seaport and city in the Sultan's dominions; making Arabs tremble, and himself terrible.

All this and even more we heard. That the whaler had been swamped; that a matapè belonging to our acting Consul, laden with cowries, had been illegally detained by the Governor. All this was enough to send Captain W—— into a fever to find and bring them to book; in fact their doings appear to have even aroused the general officer, who orders us at once to proceed in search of them. We have, therefore, only just time to run on shore, to replenish sea-stock, and go away under steam, leaving S—— and the Baron behind; the former taking up quarters with our acting Consul in preference to monotonous ship life.

The "Ariels" have added another dhow to their captures made off Pemba, having six slaves on board; and have dropped six boats off that island. It appears that the duties of the station are now finally divided by the senior officer. The "Ariel" taking between Brava and Lamoo; "Rapid" thence to Melinda Sound; then the "Gorgon" from the latter place to Zanzibar; and these limits are really to exist in the strictest sense of a long memorandum.

PRICES OF ARTICLES OF FOOD, &c., at ZANZIBAR.

Coffee . . . . .	7 <i>d.</i> per lb.	Bread . . . . .	4 <i>d.</i> per lb.
Fowls . . . . .	4 <i>d.</i> each.	Mangoes . . . . .	30 for 1 <i>s.</i>
Flour . . . . .	2 $\frac{3}{4}$ <i>d.</i> per lb.	Oranges . . . . .	40 for 1 <i>s.</i>
Fish (salt) . . . . .	1 <i>d.</i> „	Beef . . . . .	4 <i>d.</i> per lb.
Raisins (Muscat) . . . . .	2 $\frac{3}{4}$ <i>d.</i> „	Vegetables . . . . .	$\frac{1}{2}$ <i>d.</i> „
Potatoes (English) . . . . .	2 <i>d.</i> „	Mutton . . . . .	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ <i>d.</i> „
Onions . . . . .	2 <i>d.</i> „	Rice . . . . .	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ <i>d.</i> „
Yams . . . . .	$\frac{1}{2}$ <i>d.</i> „	Eggs . . . . .	7 <i>d.</i> per doz.
Sweet Potatoes . . . . .	$\frac{1}{2}$ <i>d.</i> „		
Milk . . . . .	6 <i>d.</i> per bottle.		Fruit, nearly out of season.

*Sunday, 8th March.*—About noon, being off Chala Point, we pick up K——'s matapè and a huge dhow captured by him this morning in Waseen Reefs in this manner. Three dhows were there at anchor, their crews assembled on board one of them, evidently making up for the day's fast—it being Ramazan time—by feasting tremendously. They formed an aggregate of 121 war-like sons of the Prophet, well armed. K—— thinking discretion to be the best part of valour, merely went in the dingy with Lummo to reconnoitre; the latter arming himself, hailed the dhow, and, with true Arab cunning, told the revellers that he had made a mistake in taking her to be a slave vessel, seeing so many people on board; but adding that, as we had more boats outside, the captain of the dhow had better provide himself with an English pass, which he might get by going on board our matapè. The next morning the Arab captain, dull-headed and corpulent from last night's overgorge, fell into the trap, came on board, and was there kept; and finally, by the light of day, when his friends had dispersed, was escorted back to his dhow by a strong party of our men, and, as they expected, found her fitted for the slave trade. K—— took charge, and brought her to Chala Point to the ship. It appears that the other two dhows had proper papers, but that this one had none.

K—— and F—— both return to us as jolly as possible, their clothes the only part of them the worse for wear. They dissipate many of the bad reports concerning our other boats, making our boatswain less piratical and terrible than we expected.

We invigorated K—— with a bath, clean shirt, a bundle of letters, and a good dinner; then pack him off

in his prize to Zanzibar for adjudication, and proceed to pick up the other boats.

Numerous dhows pass deeply laden to the southward, proving that there are legitimate traders on this coast as well as slavers—*of course* every one was of opinion they were of the latter species, and ought to be boarded at the very least.

10th March.—Just before arriving at Lamoo we see a dhow full of human beings running to the northward. Now there is great excitement on nearing her: we see swarms of swarthy-looking fellows crowding her bulwarks. No colours are yet hoisted, and all of us say, surely this is a regular *bonâ fide* capture—the first proper one we have taken! but, unfortunately, there are two sides to the question: the dhow is within the slave limits by about ten miles. Supposing she has papers from Zanzibar, and that she is taking her slaves to Lamoo, she is free! On the other hand, if she were to run on for ten miles, then, papers or no papers, she would be ours. However, we are now close enough to see that the swarthy crowd is principally composed of northern Arabs: up go the Arab colours, we sheer close on board, and find she has the Governor of Quiloa as a passenger, and, therefore, we go our way far from rejoicing.

Towards evening the gig rejoins us. All is solemn on board; our chief paces the deck with measured strides, grim and gloomy, as if preparing to sit in stern judgment on the new arrivals. On the gig's coming alongside, her crew, dressed most grotesquely in semi-Arab style, with big beards and in rude health, are ordered to tow a line on deck; and, after being invited to disgorge all money "looted," are rigidly searched by

the police, much to their disgust, as shown by the petty officer who exclaimed aloud: "After being shot at like dogs, we're to be pulled to pieces like this!" However disgusting it naturally was to them, although very little was found, this severe search was necessary to enable the captain to disprove all false reports; but, of course, Jack did not see it in this light, and merely answered, "Ay, ay, sir."

*11th March.*—Early in the morning the master and I went into Lamoo in a diplomatic capacity. Our captain imagining that the Governor was wrath concerning the boatswain's proceedings—alleged to consist of seizing certain dhows inside his harbour—wrote a letter to him apologising for the acts of his disobedient officer; winding up with thanking him for all kindness, &c., shown to our cruisers, and promising to make it known in proper quarters. But this letter was not to be given to the Governor until he had promised to give one in return, accepting the apology, and admitting the legality of capture of the two dhows by our boatswain off his harbour.

On landing this time we found the town swarming with dirty, greasy, northern soldiers. The former Governor, the patriarch who received us on our last visit, has since been appointed Governor of Zanzibar, and has been succeeded by his son, who now received us at the top of the stone steps to the fort, and we preceded him to the reception-room—a common, narrow, brick and stucco room. The Governor took the centre chair, and we one each on his right; Lumma, according to Arab fashion, sitting abjectly at the potentate's feet, ready to interpret. After a little while the Governor's interpreter—a venerable, mild-looking Arab, who spoke

English remarkably well, having been brought up from the early age of eleven years on board an East African surveyor's ship, about the year 1825—came in and took a chair next to me.

Being beckoned by the Governor to crawl closer, Lumma opened by explaining the object of our visit. The Governor expressed himself sorry that our boatswain had been rather reckless, &c., boarding dhows and blockading his harbour without permission; nevertheless, he accepted the apology, adding, that he was glad the dhows were destroyed, the crews and owners of them being kidnappers, pirates, and everything bad. We told his Excellency that to show every respect to him, the captain would fire a salute to his honour if he would visit the "Gorgon;" and then (as pre-arranged) Lumma intimated to his Excellency that if he would give us a letter in answer to that written to him, expressing himself satisfied with the apology, and with the fact of the destruction of the two *piratical slavers*, we would hoist up our boats and be off, being quite tired and disgusted with this service.

The Governor was only too glad to have peace on these terms, his face seeming to indicate that he would accept "anything for a quiet life." He readily agreed to the proposal, and promised to have the letter written, and also to go himself to the ship in our boat at 2 P.M. Thus we had played the parts of diplomatists in true Arab fashion, with the success of which I did not feel proud; and thus it may be seen how dhows can be captured on this coast. I believe some of the captains used a great deal of blue cloth and other presents to legalize their captures.

At 2 P.M. the Governor went off to the ship, was

treated with all deference, and on leaving was saluted with fifteen guns. Doubtless he landed a bigger man. We rather wondered that he mustered up sufficient energy for the occasion, but he was certainly wise in his doing so, for he gained great power thereby; the moral effect of his being, as it were, thus favoured by an English man-of-war, and recognised by England, would not be lost on his rebellious subjects, who had so very recently kicked against his authority.

Lumma dined with the Governor the same night, and he told me how pleased the potentate was; how *gloriously drunk* they had made themselves with *eating*; it being Ramazan, they fast all day and feast all night. They had stuffed themselves until midnight, then slept awhile; then at 2 A.M. by beat of tom-tom and gun-fire they restuffed, and finally got drunk again on food alone. Poor sensual Lumma stroked his distended stomach with great happiness and complacency on spinning this yarn, showing how profitable it had been to him, though he was very unwell for several days afterwards.

And now, after having settled this little "pigeon," as Anglo-Chinese call it, we sailed northward, to look for the gunner's division of boats, the last of the "Truants."

It is plain, though just the season, that our dhow-catching is all over; our chief has collapsed like a balloon emptied of its gas; he seems to be thoroughly tired of the whole affair. Dhows now pass us in numbers with impunity, either north or south; no matter, let them go, we are tired of this disagreeable service. The married men now total up the captures, and make abstruse calculations of the forthcoming bounty-money.

The Governor's interpreter seemed wonder-struck on

hearing that we intended picking up our boats and going southward. "But surely another vessel will come here, for the season has only just commenced—the slave-dhows are only beginning to travel northward!"

The boatswain's division had kept in good health while away, and had grown fat. They had boarded fully fifty dhows, and *might* have taken many. Numbers of the dhows carried upwards of 150 armed Somalis as crew; fully determining this season, as before given out, to resist our boats. Some of the largest dhows measured over 300 tons; the boats had had one or two scimmages with them, but came out of them *so badly* that I shall say no more about it—suffice it to say they *gained anything but honour and glory*.

13th March.—Off Port Durnford we pick up the gunner's division, consisting of only one boat, the star-board paddler, the whaler having been swamped. After towing them clear of the land, she is brought alongside and cleared; and we collar our messmate, little C——, to hear his adventures after he has refreshed himself with a bath, he stipulating that he should be allowed to take six mouthfuls of food before the first question should be put, or he speak; but no sooner was the last between the teeth than a volley of the most various inquiries were made by five curious, eager youngsters.

Poor C—— stood the fire like a "brick," telling us all about their only and unfortunate capture—a miserable matapè, and its crew of women "cowrie pickers;" how they ran her on shore, the sable females fleeing to the hills. Youngsters will chaff, and poor C—— was oftentimes asked if he really had been so cruel as to make the "cowrie pickers shell out." Although invited to

repossess himself of his boat, the miserable master was too frightened to do so; and the women stood on the very pinnacle of the sand-hill, looking down with dread at the piratical Wasungo (white men).

C—— was placed in charge with the whaler's crew, the whaler towing astern. The paddler gradually got out of sight, and poor C—— was left to shift for himself, which he would not have minded so much if he had had fewer wants, or had possessed wherewith to supply the chief of wants—water. Sailing too close to the land, it being *neap tides*, he suddenly found himself on his beam-ends, high and dry, the setting sun witnessing his discomfiture.

There was no help for it; he had looked anxiously at the water to come up to assist him, but soon discovered that there was no hope. There was nothing left but to land and trudge it afoot: but whither? there was the rub. However, knowing the gunner had gone *south*, he went south, too; carrying a little biscuit and water, barely sufficient to take the rough edge off his appetite, and to keep moisture in his mouth. That night, with his boat's crew around him, being wearied walking so far without even a shoe, he stretched his five feet, three inches on the sand, and after counting all the constellations, *not forgetting "Aquarius,"* he fell asleep, and there slept until the sun peeped into his eyes, when he rose and walked onward; meeting on his way a messenger from the gunner with a calabash of the most precious and refreshing water. He then again trudged onward; startling a full-grown tawny tiger *en route*; coming across quantities of game—deer and blue-breasted guinea hens—until, towards evening, he found the paddler snugly moored in a bay *thirty-five miles* from where he left his matapè wrapped in flames.



He wound up by saying this was the longest, most fatiguing, famishing walk he had ever had ; and we all fully believed him.

After joining the gunner, they weighed, and beat up to the northward, not even *seeing* a dhow. On getting as far as Tola, turning back, and anchoring in Port Durnford, where we picked them up.

C—— has entirely lost the skin of his nasal organ ; but worst of all, he lost all the clothes he took with him in the matapè ; but he and I are going to put our heads together and to send a long list of these losses to the Admiralty for compensation ; not doubting that their lordships will do what is right in the affair.

I had almost forgotten to mention a little instance in the case of the semi-barbarous Somali, who claimed eighty dollars (as before related) for the goats lost with the dhow sunk by our boats off Lamoo. This half-naked, rude-looking fellow sat upon his haunches on our quarter-deck, while I counted the dollars into his lap. One would have thought the novelty of the scene around him—the upper deck, pomp and circumstance of a man-of-war, &c., a sight which, most likely, he had never before witnessed—would have slightly disturbed his equanimity and presence of mind ; not so, however, his mind being fully engrossed by the dollars. There he sat, coolly counting them one by one ; detecting one with a little chip, asking for another in lieu : and all in a regular business-like manner. After which he walked away with the money quite as if he had been used to receive such large sums, though the chances are he had never seen so much.

13th March.—On leaving Lamoo, it was the captain's intention of anchoring off Tola Island ; but the current

was so strong to the south-westward that, after nearly two days' effort, we found ourselves this day still off Port Durnford. We anchored; sending the cutter to that town. The captain and two or three officers made up the party, which I should have joined, but taking into consideration that they had to beat fifteen miles against strong wind and current in an open boat, I declined the invitation.

Our object in visiting this forlorn place was to gain intelligence of the matapè with cowries, destroyed by our boats; and to find out whether she was engaged in legal or illegal traffic at that time; if the former, to compensate the wretched owners, who lived at Tola.

*17th March.*—We had nearly given up the cutter for lost; but this morning she returned, having been left on a sand-bank by the receding tide all the night of the 15th and part of 16th.

Tola is described as a miserable habitation for man—a few small wigwams surrounded by barren sand-hills.

It was found that the chief was the owner of the matapè; that she was a legal trader, and the old man being poor the captain paid him 100 dollars, as it was found that she was only partially destroyed by fire, and that most of the cowries could be recovered. Thus we settled the matter with a good conscience. I cannot help thinking that it is very lamentable that we should have to go about the coast patching up our captures in this manner.

On the following morning we dropped down to a place called Keomboni, or "Dick's Head," for the purpose of beguiling the time with a little shooting; having learnt from our cruising officers that the land teemed with game of all kinds. Having anchored here late on the 18th, we prepared to start on the following morning early.

As usual, in all such cases, especially where a lot of rollicking youngsters are concerned, there are great and noisy preparations. There are rifles, ammunition, haversacks to find, and good cheer to be packed up for all; the youngsters dancing around the while like a lot of Chippeway Indians; their hearts gladdened by the sight of savoury pies, cold fowls, and other little items that make up the sum of their anticipated enjoyment. It is midnight before we get to bed; and the next morning we are up, and have nearly got through breakfast by daylight; only waiting our chief to start. At last he is ready and we get away; and, as the youngsters say, "off for Dick's Land."

The formation of this peninsula is very peculiar, apparently coral, as if the sea had receded and left it to be deserted afterwards by the insects, and exposed to the wind and weather for many, many years, during which it had become undermined and honeycombed in a strange manner; parts of it being extremely light and soft. The base of it was covered with small oysters, which afforded a dainty meal to our blue-jackets.

The little village of Keomboni, composed of a few huts, is situated on the neck of the peninsula, close to the sea. It is annually visited by an Arab agent from Brava, who is sent to gather in the produce of the land; for the soil being better than at Brava, it is used for the cultivation of maize and Guinea corn, which is annually gathered by the agent. This appears to be the time for the periodical official visit, for the agent is here, and the few villagers are busily employed making grass bags and filling them with grain.

On landing, we are met by the agent, an old man with a white beard, who very kindly puts us in posses-

sion of the most comfortable hut in the village for our picnic, giving us water and assistance, and afterwards guides to show us where the game is to be found.

All things being in readiness, we divide into three parties, each party provided with a guide. Of course, in making so great an arrangement, something is sure to be left behind. When about 200 yards from the village, the third party had forgotten the very necessary item—drink; and though so short a distance from the village, they would not go back for any: midshipmen-like declaring that we would be all in the same boat together. Though one pointed out that the boat could not go ahead without the necessary element it was no good, the majority decided to go without; so we went on, and were deservedly punished for being so foolish.

The country passed over was flat and open; flanked by a maze of small trees, scanty enough to be little or no obstruction to our passage, but crossed and re-crossed by so many tracks, and the trees so much alike as to puzzle us in finding the way either backward or forward. In this maze we saw a good deal of game; the gazelle, the blue-breasted guinea fowl, partridges, and a few pheasants; but the trees were so numerous that it was almost impossible to do any execution. A sportsman with a quick eye, and requiring only one glance at the game, might have made a good "bag." We were unaccustomed to the thing, fired often but as often missed our birds, either from waiting too long before firing, or the shot being half expended in the trees before reaching the bird. In the open, numbers of gazelles sprung up at our feet, or bounded over the plain at a fine rate; but in this we also failed, from many causes—chiefly our inexperience, not generally being on the alert,

irresolution in choosing our animal, and also the wildness of the game itself. And I am almost ashamed to say, that after walking for four or five hours and seeing quantities of game, we returned with only one gazelle amongst us ; and that shot by the youngest of the party, little C——.

Shooting in the tropics is certainly above a joke, it is not sport I am convinced. Of our party, the steward soon turned back exhausted, and others evidently did not like it, as shown by their faces, as red as turkey cocks', pouring with perspiration, and evincing decided disapproval. Very luckily, after four hours' walking we came to a well just when my companion declared himself giddy and too tired to go farther, and we were quickly restored. The well was sunk about twenty feet in the sand ; a little black boy stood in the centre of the water, naked, and baled out the precious (but dirty) nectar, which we imbibed with that mighty zest only experienced by extremely thirsty men who have walked for hours in the heat of the day near the equator. Little did we care about the mode of supply ; we got the precious fluid, and that was enough. After this great refreshment, very midshipman-like, we agreed to try our luck once more for two hours ; but being in doubt as to the time of day, we attempted to construct a queer sundial in the sand, by which we made it noon ; when the captain and party came up, and without much difficulty persuaded us to return to the village to dinner.

The picnic passed as picnics generally do, when there is a good store of good things, jovial spirits, and great appetites. After this, while some of us took a "siesta" others fired at target, and the captain kindly taught the chief's son our alphabet and numbers, which he acquired

phonetically, putting them down in Arabic according to sound. It was a pleasure to see the interest he took in picking up this knowledge. Our boats had been here for three days during their cruise, and in that time he could repeat the alphabet and count up to a thousand perfectly.

In the afternoon we again trotted out for three hours; but returned with "fisherman's luck." I separated from the rest of the party, and nearly lost myself in the woody maze; but, getting free again, I determined to make shooting a secondary consideration, a good walk the first, and therefore trudged along on the top of a spur of hills, to enjoy the fresh breeze; at the same time on the *qui vive* for anything that might be driven over by the other sportsmen.

In my ramble I found the land studded with ancient-looking Hindoo tombs, extensive, and strongly-built of coral and stone; some of the monuments with a few saucers stuck in the plaster in front. I concluded that these were the tombs of the first known settlers on this coast above 900 years ago.

Having been much interested in these remnants of antiquity and in the walk, the sun had set before I remembered that it was time to be at the village, and I was at least three miles from it. I walked along briskly, and wound up by a pleasant bathe in the sea; then we steered to the rendezvous, not surprised on meeting a man sent to look for me, every one thinking me lost, and on the point of sending out scouts. The boats were now only waiting my arrival, and therefore we shook the old chief's hand, thanked him for his kindness, and returned to the ship very much satisfied with our little picnic at "Dick's Head."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

The past and the present of Melinda—We anchor off Boobooboo—The Sultan of Zanzibar and the slave trade—His cruise with us—Difficulty in amusing his suite—We purchase nick-nacks at Zanzibar—A great feast—The Sultan's present to us—We leave Zanzibar for good—The friends we leave behind—Remarks on the slave trade—The feast of Ramazan—Mahomedan fast-days—Bibi Alla's presents—Slave girls and their ornaments—An Arab dance—A description of Mohilla—Visit to the Queen—At Port Mozambique—We stumble across a friend—Farewell to the Mozambique—On our way to the Cape—Algoa Bay and its gaieties—Festivities, &c., in honour of our arrival—At Simon's Bay.

*19th March.*—We now steer for Melinda, where we arrive on Sunday the 22nd. I cannot understand what charmed the good old navigator Vasco de Gama so much on arriving at this place about three centuries and a half ago. In the view of Melinda from the sea there is nothing to charm one now; there is not even a shadow of its past beauty; no "large, well-built, beautiful city surrounded by numerous gardens and forests of palm-trees crowned with perpetual verdure;" no "opulent natives clothed in silks and satins;" no "kingly barges crossing the beautiful bay with gay silken pavilion shading a king from the too splendid rays of the sun." "The light of other days is faded" indeed, for we have now but a few miserable thatched huts perched on

barren sand-hills, and the natives are a miserable lot of half-starved slaves, and sallow-visaged Somali Arabs, with scarcely sufficient clothes to hide their nakedness. A wretched man called a Governor, when called upon to provide us with food, uses his great authority in vain; for after many hours' search, his subjects can only manage to scrape together half-a-dozen fowls and a goat or two.

The only things that remind one of those bright days spoken of by Vasco, is the monument, or pillar, built by him on the most prominent extremity of the bay; about forty feet high; once of beautiful white coral, doubtless, but now black and weather-beaten, aged and crumbling; on which, however, like true Englishmen, we carve our names with the point of an Arab's dagger. An hour or two on shore sufficed; and we were very glad to get on board again.

The following day, the 23rd, we bade adieu to the old place, and steered for Zanzibar; where we once more arrived on the 28th, having been obliged to anchor off the place strangely called Booboobo.

And now began to assail us those many Arab exaggerations and falsehoods, so customary on arrival. All our dhow-captures were protested against; the Sultan swearing by his Prophet to acquaint our Government of our illegal proceedings, and piratical captures. The European slave-dealing merchants cried shame, and were shocked at our proceedings; lifting the voice of *humanity* with bitter cry, and howling a requiem over the sunken dhows, the carriers of their merchandize, alternately legitimate cargoes, cowries, and slaves. The poor nervous Sultan has been memorialized by these humane men to stop this wholesale destruction of his



commerce (in slaves), his legal traders. Their black tail coats, their forcible appeal, their threats of stopping certain royal allowances, actually made the poor Sultan assume a bold front on their behalf, but the poor man could not act it out; an energetic captain changed the Sultan's resolution on the first interview with him. He felt sorry he had gone so far; our dhows were all legal captures; oh, yes! anything for peace. At last the merchants gave in; the number of protested dhows became beautifully less; sinister crowds of villainous Somalis intent on prosecuting claims, dispersed like clouds on an April day, until there was only one in the field.

But our orders to leave the station on the 15th of next month have arrived, which makes our hearts rejoice, plucks the crow's feet from our eyes, and re-animates us. We can fancy how glad a convict must be to return to his native shore after a long transportation.

*3rd April.*—This is a gala day on board. The Sultan of all the Arabs is coming to take a cruise in the old ship, and embarks (the rain willing) with all his suite to-day. I believe his Highness's intention creates as great a degree of misery and discomfort in the palace, amongst his followers and menials, as it does in our little floating town, for there must be pretty nearly as much burnishing and cleaning there as here. Our preparations are scarcely finished and the yards manned when the potentate is descried in the distance. We on board are all rigged out in splendid apparel to welcome him, but his Highness rests on his oars until our salute is over, and then comes alongside.

After all, there is not so much grand ceremony as we expected. The potentate comes in the Arab com-

modore's boat, a cutter, pulled by about a dozen Bombay men, clad in fez and blue-striped cotton Jerseys. The boat is a good one, and might be made to do wonders in a regatta if pulled by a dozen of our best blue-jackets. It is without any decoration.

The Sultan is dressed like any ordinary Arab gentleman, in a loose dressing-gown-like Cashmere coat, a common turban, a pair of sandals, and has bare legs. He is about thirty-five years old, but is thin, pale, and careworn. He is accompanied by three or four brothers, and half a hundred other Arabs, all somewhat similarly clad.

Having made our salaam to his Highness, who was good enough to shake us by the hand, we deposited our royal guest and his suite on chairs on the upper deck, and got the ship under way.

We had a nice little trip, steaming close to the island to show the Sultan his dominions, and did all in our power to amuse him. His amiable character shone out often; for instance, he would never allow one of us to stand, and would sometimes rise and bid us be seated. We conversed through two Arab interpreters, who did their duty well, speaking and understanding English fluently. But we had greater difficulty in amusing the Arabs. They were seated in their chairs in single file, seemingly indifferent to everything; quite content to sit and think and admire, &c., showing no inclination to see the house we lived in, its stern realities and many novelties, though in all probability few of them had had the chance before. We met with partial success by showing them some large descriptive paintings of the late war in China; and I created a little surprise by spreading out before them a large *Illustrated London*

*News*' "Bird's-Eye View of London." The first question put by them was, "Where is the Queen's palace?"

F—— had a youthful portrait of our Queen which I showed the Sultan, and by his request left it with him as a souvenir.

Distribution of cakes, coffee, and sherbet filled up the intervals agreeably enough. About noon we return to Zanzibar, disembarking the Sultan and suite under a salute. The Arabs seemed very much pleased with their trip, but I think were glad to get rid of the formalities attending it.

I was rather disgusted to hear that Lumma, our interpreter, is a murderer; that he killed an Arab some years ago at Zanzibar, and in consequence was obliged to fly the land. It is very disgusting to be thus deceived, for we had treated Lumma very considerately, often inviting him into our mess-place, &c.; but we Zingari scarcely ever know with whom we shake hands.

We lie at Zanzibar until the 4th of April, filling up the interval by laying in such little nick-nacks and curiosities to be found here, for the dear ones at home, who always like these souvenirs of our distant voyages. The place is not very prolific in such things. Otto of roses can be bought, but the genuine stuff is very rare. The natives generally fill the bottles with rubbish, and scent the stopper and wool round it with the veritable essence. This deceit could be easily detected were one allowed to take out the stopper, and apply a little of the contents to a piece of paper and put afterwards to the fire to dry: for if good it would leave no stain, if bad an oily one; but the wily Arabs, knowing this, object to the good old privilege of "try before you buy."

Having been in the land of Otto of Roses before, I

was not at a loss for tests; and by shaking a bottle of it up smartly, and finding but very few air-bubbles on the surface, I prevented one of our mids from being deceived. Grass caps, mats, and fans made at Zanzibar, and many more things from Bombay, can be procured; but I think the Zanzibar manufactures are the only things worth taking, for, besides being curious and simple, they are inexpensive.

Before leaving we all dined with Baron D—— at the acting Consul's. The feast certainly astonished us, as we little expected that Zanzibar, with its rice-eating inhabitants, could provide so many substantial good things. We had, in fact, a diminutive Lord Mayor's feast: our bill of fare being soup, fish, beef, mutton, ham, venison, turkey, wild duck, fowls, *ad infinitum*, sweets ditto, a great English cheese and sardines, and salad de cocoa-de-mer (procured at the expense of a whole palm-tree); dessert good, wines excellent; winding up with Mocha coffee and fine cigars. My gun-room messmates were particularly delighted, and we all did justice to the Baron's good cheer.

The day before our departure the Sultan sent some handsome presents to the captain, consisting of a gold-embroidered Cashmere scarf; a kind of silken table-cover, handsomely embroidered; and another valuable lace-like Indian cloth. His Highness presented these things very delicately, saying that they were not for the captain, but for his wife; at which the captain laughed heartily, saying that he therefore felt bound to get one forthwith. To the captain himself the Sultan presented a diamond ring, a case of otto of roses, and, not least in value, a gold Persian coin, supposed to have been dug out of the earth at Zanzibar about three and a

half centuries ago ; a quantity of Mocha coffee, Bassara dates, fruits, sheep and goats of very rare breed. Vegetables, and two bullocks for the ship's company were also presented.

This was indeed a very handsome acknowledgment of the little service we had performed, more becoming the Sultan of Turkey than this poor potentate.

*4th April.*—We leave Zanzibar for good, and right glad we are. It is a place little worthy of remembrance, but there are a few Europeans there whose kindness we shall not soon forget, for we always found a hearty welcome amongst them, and a knife and fork whenever we were inclined to accept their hospitality.

Nor do we forget the French hospital, and its good father and sisters, who received and treated a British naval lieutenant and seaman so kindly when sick. We have to while away the time as best we can until the 15th, when we are to meet the "Penguin" at Pouna Point, to receive the despatches, letters, invalids, &c. of the squadron and then away to the Cape; heigho, tantivy!

*15th April.*—Here we are at the rendezvous, but no "Penguin," and sharp is the word, for we cannot afford to wait; hold on until sunset, and then, having fulfilled our part of the appointment, turn our stern on the north, and run for Johanna, where we are to call *en route* to the Cape.

I shall wind up our Mozambique cruising by copying a page or two of my friend S——'s journal, concerning our mode of suppressing the slave trade. When left behind at Zanzibar his attention was very unpleasantly drawn to the subject by the merchants of that place.

He says, "On the 8th March, the 'Gorgon' left for the north to pick up her boats; I remained behind and

took up my quarters with our acting Consul, whose hospitality was unbounded. During the ship's absence, which was until the 27th (Sunday), rumours arrived respecting the depredations committed by our boats along the coast; a dhow came in with two men wounded, reported having been fired upon by two of our boats off the Luba Islands, one died soon after his arrival. This caused great sensation amongst the northern Arabs, who have congregated in great numbers, with the intention of resisting by force of arms any opposition to their slave traffic; so that we anticipate some pretty tough work when the season sets in for them to run north. In consequence of the seizure of certain dhows, and in order to guard against any undue interference of our cruisers with the legal traders, the merchants of Zanzibar have held sundry meetings to express their disapprobation of our proceedings, and the manner in which the suppression of the slave trade is being carried on by the cruisers, and have had an audience of the Sultan, before whom they laid their grievances, requesting him to insist upon our men bringing every vessel they capture into Zanzibar, and not sanction their being destroyed indiscriminately, without any other adjudication than that of the captain. They pointed out that the treaty with Great Britain insisted on this point; but in this they were wrong. However, it is impossible not to recognize the reasonableness of their remonstrances, their commerce being very much cut up and interfered with by the doings of our boats on the whole of the east coast, creating such fear in the minds of Arabs, however legal the traffic they might be employed in, that they dare not put to sea. This naturally affects the interests of the merchants of Zanzibar, who carry

on by means of these dhows a lucrative trade in cowries, hides, copal, and ivory, and which, in fact, constitutes their whole trade; and for which they are braving the evils of a bad climate in an inhospitable locality, far removed from home and civilisation. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at if they should endeavour to alter the existing state of affairs. In the paper laid before the Sultan, his attention was drawn to the treaty with Great Britain, and it was pointed out that by it all vessels were to be brought to Zanzibar for his adjudication. Feeling doubtful on the point, I ransacked the treaties at the Consulate, extending from 1829 to 1845, but could see nothing on which they founded their argument. It is clearly laid down, that all vessels belonging to his Highness, or his subjects, are allowed to carry on domestic slavery between Kelwa and Lamoo, but that *all vessels* seized within his dominions are to be taken to a Vice-Admiralty Court for adjudication (this includes his Highness's vessels as well as any others, without exception), so that should any cause arise for the seizure of one of his vessels, she must be dealt with in the same manner as the others; but a clause exists, wherein it is stated that his Highness's vessels, or those of his subjects, *may* be brought into Zanzibar for adjudication, and on this clause the merchants have founded their arguments. Being for the most part foreigners—that is, Germans, Americans, and so forth—they have not shown themselves well acquainted with the peculiarities of the English language, and, in their desire to carry out these views, they have applied a wrong interpretation to the clause. They have not discriminated between the conditional and imperative moods.

"I came across a treaty entered into with the Sowhars, by which it is definitely laid down that they are not allowed to carry on either the import or export trade in slaves in or out of Africa; and that their vessels may be captured anywhere. So that the cruisers are perfectly justified in taking them even within the Sultan's dominions, as they are never by any chance employed in the domestic slave trade; and any slaves they may have on board are sure to be destined for the Red Sea or Persian Gulf.

"It has been the habit of the commanders of the cruisers to destroy the dhows whenever they have captured them, if they are certain of their being employed as slavers: the reason is, that it would be quite impossible to take them either to the Mauritius or the Cape, the only Vice-Admiralty Courts on the station; no other course is open to them, without causing great inconvenience to the service. Still the system of indiscriminate and careless destruction of these dhows cannot be defended. From my experience on the coast, I am sure that many a legal trader is unjustly captured; knowing such is the case, I have blushed at our doings, indeed I should be sorry to put on paper what I know.

"The name of the British sailor is sadly compromised by acts which can come under no other name than piracy. I believe many a man has been hanged for doing far less on the high seas than the boats' crews of our ships have been guilty of. The apathetic temperament and natural indolence of the Arab character keep much dark that might otherwise come to light. Along the coast, from north to south, we are looked upon as robbers."



S— goes on to describe the feast of Ramazan, which occurred while he was at Zanzibar :—

“On the 28th of March was to be held the feast of Ramazan, and the whole population was in a high state of excitement. Towards evening the housetops were crowded, the beach was lined, and the soldiers under arms about the palace. The fort was thronged, and nearly every Arab and nigger who could procure a gun had one on his shoulder, ready to pay his salaam to the new moon. Most anxiously, one and all strained their eyes, but her inconstant majesty would not show that night, so the Arabs returned disappointed, and, no doubt, doubly hungry, ready to commence the same vigil on the morrow, when they were rewarded about 6 P.M. by the welcome sight, on which loud shouts rung the air, and a constant fire of small arms was kept up all over the town, until the ammunition must have got rather short. From the front of the palace rockets were fired, and responded to by a party of us from the Consulate roof. Ours far outshone those of the Arabs; we played them to burst as nearly in front of the palace as possible; one accidentally struck a house, and exploded with a loud noise. At last, a message came from the Sultan, asking us to cease firing, as the ‘harem’ was on fire; and, as we had no intention of frying such delicate fish, we complied accordingly.

“This evening terminated the fast-days of the Mahomedans, when they make up for their previous abstemiousness by gorging all night long: the following day they occupy in visiting their friends, marching out by families, dressed in gala attire, and exchanging presents, very much in the style of our Christmas-time. Huge trays of sweetmeats and cakes are carried by day

through the streets on the heads of slave girls, decked out with great silver ornaments. One who came to the Consulate, with presents of cakes from Bibi Alla, the Sultan's sister, was quite weighed down by the mass of ornaments. Her hair was very tastefully arranged, as far as its woolly nature permitted, being raised on the top of her head, like a comb, from ear to ear; pendant from the extremities of which were head ornaments. Her ears were perforated to receive four sets of rings of about two inches in diameter. On her neck was a heavy silver chain, of tasteful workmanship, to which were attached sundry articles, the use of which I could not guess. A lighter chain, to which other nick-nacks were attached, also decorated her throat. On each of her arms she had heavy armlets, from the wrist to the elbow; and on her legs, heavier anklets reached from the ankle half-way up to the knee, where the gold was met by a red silk wrapper, which was festooned under the arms and just covering the breast. She was a fine specimen of her kind, and as she walked, her ornaments rattled like the bells on a line of Spanish mules.

"In the evening, crowds gathered on the level ground around the tombs outside the town, and there kept up their wild dancing to dirge-like music; others displayed their skill in sword-exercise, but I did not think much of their performance. Some Arabs continue their feasting for a week or two longer, but the generality resume their usual mode of living and avocations the next morning."

On the 15th we steer a south-easterly course for Mohilla, and arrived there on the 20th, having had fine weather all the way—current about two knots an hour from northward.

Mohilla, one of the Comoro group, is a fertile little island situated about sixty miles to the north of Johanna. It is populated by a semi-Arab race and governed by a sable queen—a member of the Madagascar royal family. It is a pretty little island, hilly and romantic; not unlike Johanna, but more mountainous—one mountain being 6000 feet above sea level. We anchored about a mile and a half S.W. of the Fort Flagstaff, the numerous reefs girding the island preventing a nearer approach. The water was so shallow at ebb that we were obliged to get a canoe for part of the way, and to wade the rest to get on shore.

While our chief went to pay his respects to the queen, who was ungracious enough to be “not at home,” or more likely “not in trim,” we small fry strolled about the town.

Mohilla has a more civilised appearance than its sister isle, Johanna; the huts being more comfortably built. They are surrounded by little gardens, and their interiors seemed more cleanly. The streets, if they can be so called, though not regularly laid out, are clean. There is also a little market, but very small indeed. I think I might have bought up all there for sale for a dollar. The natives are not so slovenly, so lazy-looking, nor so bestial in habits, as those of the other isle. A once formidable fort—now decayed—stands near the beach, still mounting about twenty guns, facing the sea. They are of brass, and apparently serviceable.

Provisions of all kinds were very dear; in fact, there seemed to be barely sufficient for the people; but I think we must have arrived at an unfavourable time, everything was so quiet. We called here merely to leave letters, and having now done all we wished,

returned on board, and got under way for Johanna. At the latter place, arrived in the afternoon, after a very pleasant little trip, having had blue sky above and blue sea below, reminding us much of cruising amongst the West Indian isles or Grecian Archipelago. At Pomony, we stayed but sufficient time to coal and provision the ship, leaving again the following day, taking with us the lumber of the station. We were very glad to turn our backs even on that lovely land, to bid it farewell, with hopes of never seeing it again; but wishing one could transport it near the coast of England, somewhere in the vicinity of the Isle of Wight. We now sail and steam onward day by day, picking up health and spirits, and getting more contented; but many of our fellows are still in a bad state of health from the evils of the Mozambique climate. S——, I believe, has had everything in the shape of illness to be had there: fever, boils, ulcers, rheumatism, toothache, &c., a miserable Lazarus indeed! Boils seem to be prevalent with every one; they spread over and cover the whole of the body, scarcely leaving a resting-place, and obstinately refuse to heal. The heat of the weather remains about the same, averaging about  $84^{\circ}$ ; but we have pleasant breezes to temper it.

*30th April.*—To-day we arrive at Port Mozambique, coal, and get in a few provisions, being in want of both from inability to procure sufficient at Johanna, our principal naval station on the east coast.

S—— and I met with a surprise here. Sitting in Domingo Ferrara's shop, we were suddenly tapped on the shoulder by one of our old Zambesi companions, the Rev. Mr. S——, who had been commissioned by the Scotch Kirk to test the practicability of establishing a mission

in the land. Since leaving him, in March last year, he had paddled up the Zambesi nearly as far as the lake; had gone into the interior some distance, returning by way of Tette to Chapanga, where he left the pioneers toiling in fitting up the "Lady Nyassa," and just about starting in tow with her up the river. Mentally and physically he appeared much the worse for wear.

The missionary business up the country is utterly discouraging, and the Zambesi fever had left him weak and fleshless. He described our missionary affairs as in a very low state. They managed to exist; but their only support—Dr. Livingstone's party—was about to be taken away, having been recalled by the Foreign Office. However, there is consolation in the thought that seed has been scattered; much of it doubtless falling upon very stony ground, but mayhap a little on good soil.

Mozambique seems improved even since our last visit. The present Governor General—an intelligent man—has given the place a fresher tone of cheerfulness. Gardens were being made fronting his Excellency's palace; this and other buildings have been re-decorated and the streets cleared. In the evening there was a grand dinner at the Governor's, and the Portuguese military band played outside; not so badly either, and much to our gratification. A crowd of little nigger boys, like their race in general, charmed by music, danced in great glee, keeping very excellent time.

Many of our fellows added to their stock of curiosities some rhinoceros' sticks, made from that brute's horns, giving about three dollars each.

Having finished all our business here, and embarked our friend, the Scotch clergyman, for passage to the

Cape, are got away under steam at last, *really* taking our departure from the Mozambique.

It would be but repetition to describe this voyage to the Cape ; our life is nearly always the same, and nothing more can be said concerning it. Of home subjects we know but little ; and as to foreign matter we are confined to the East Coast of Africa, the Arabs and their slave trade, of which our talk has been full. We have said all we can say, and I await a change.

The higher the latitude, the higher become our spirits, and the healthier our bodies. We feel quite braced up ; and the poor heads, lately half addled by *ennui* and sun, are once more vigorous and thoughtful.

On leaving Johanna we bargained for a short voyage, and kept in the ship only just sufficient provisions and coal to carry us to Natal ; but not caring to lose the benefit of a fresh gale we ran past that port, thinking perhaps to be carried by it to within the steaming distance of the few tons of coal left. The wind, however, soon left us in the lurch, and finding ourselves near Algoa Bay, make for that port.

*20th May.*—Find the people at this thriving place given up to merry-making, and doing their best to show loyalty to our Queen in commemorating right joyfully the marriage of the Prince of Wales. Luckily we have arrived just at the proper time to join in the festivities.

Algoa Bay has improved much since our last visit twelve months ago ; the end of the pier and breakwater has been turned, and is now completely parallel to the beach. The houses seem to have sprung like mushrooms up and round about the hill ; and in the business-like hum and bustle of the place there is an unmistakable sign of progress and prosperity.

Until the 28th all our time is occupied in gaieties ; we can scarcely accept all the invitations. One day to a tiffin, same evening to a dinner and dance, next day to a hunt, &c. Our visit is like a green patch of grass in the desert immediately after the Mozambique.

The hunt was good exercise ; the natives, led by a quaint old rough-and-tumble colonial, took us over their roughest ground, intending to spill the awkward "horse marines." The ground was not so bad as we expected, sandy hillocks and thick bush being the only obstacles. No such things as fences, rivers, or ridges to be seen. After riding an hour or so, the dogs turned up a small buck, which was chased for another hour in a circle, and ran down close to the sea beach, all of us being in at the death, to the surprise of our land friends, who wondered how we had managed to stick on.

The day after our arrival was the gayest day of all. Every one seemed to be in a procession parading the streets, with bands playing and banners flying, led by the municipal authorities, military, various societies, volunteers, and the town life-boat, drawn on wheels, followed by 100 of our smartest blue-jackets. After parading the town, the people assembled in the market-square, to witness the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the monument to commemorate the event. Then there was a grand tiffin in the town-hall, at which most of us were present. No end of loyal toasts drunk, and good things discussed ; and, afterwards, we trudged up the hill, whereon stands the obelisk dedicated to her after whom the port is named ; and here all kinds of sports were carried on—jumping, running, &c., for prizes, bands playing, and, in short, festivities prolonged until evening ; 1000 school children were fed in public,

and our blue-jackets joined them, but on a little more substantial fare.

In the evening, the town Dramatic Club gave a representation; and again the next night, when two of our blue-jackets helped them with a song and the horn-pipe, much to the delight of the people, who seemed determined to do Jack full justice. We are generally favourites in our colonies, they look upon us as the connecting-links to mother-country.

Again, on the 24th, there were similar rejoicings on the Queen's birthday. A grand ball was given at the town-hall, to which of course most of our fellows went, excepting myself, and I did my mite, *pro bono publico*, in decorating the ball-room.

We did not get away until the 28th, but, in the meantime, all of us enjoyed ourselves much, putting up at the hotel, and enjoying a full measure of liberty. We found Dryer's Hotel, on the top of the hill, the best for cleanliness, cheapness, good fare, and society; it is in connection with the club, to which, as naval officers, we were admitted as honorary members. Before leaving, many of our hospitable Algoa Bay friends came to lunch, and to look at the house we lived in.

The day of departure came at last. Such is our life, made up of comings and goings, more than any other civilised beings on this earth; we are here to-day and gone to-morrow. We all liked Algoa Bay much; for, putting aside the hospitality of the people, it is such a thriving, accommodating little settlement.

28th May.—Since leaving Algoa Bay the mean of the thermometer has been about 60°, almost freezing weather to us tropical birds used to 86° to 90°, but nevertheless most welcome.



*4th June.*—At Simon's Bay once more. Here we find the flag-ship and ancient "Seringapatam," and everything in the same inactive state as we left it eleven months ago; no change, no improvement; but we are glad to get to the old head-quarters, considering it our half-way house to England.

All the way down from Mozambique one thought above all others has possessed and cheered us, viz.: of receiving five mails, now due. Our chagrin can therefore be imagined on finding only one mail, the others sent to the Mozambique, although the people knew of our being ordered down. Goodness knows when they will be sent back!

THE END.







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A cruise in the "Gorgon."



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