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Glimpses of East Africa
and Zanzibar



Londispici

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SWAHILI WOMEN GRINDING GRAIN

THE

By

Robert Youngblood

With Fifty-eight Illustrations from
Photographs and a Map



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P R E F A C E

ON learning that we were to start for British East Africa in a few weeks, naturally the first thing to be done was to inquire, and read up all that one could about that particular spot, the climate and the life generally. All the books I managed to get were very old, and the advice in them was useless, for places and conditions of life change so rapidly that what was wise to do a few years back is no criterion as to what is necessary after the country is more opened up and the conditions of climate more studied.

As for making inquiries among friends, I found that practically useless ; people seemed most vague about the part of the world to which we were going, and what little they did know was a strange confusion of ideas, some even having no ideas at all. It is partly for that reason this book is written. Firstly, to interest my friends ; secondly, to help those people who, like myself, have to go out to British East Africa or Zanzibar, either for business

PREFACE

or pleasure, and who possibly have not the time to find out and wade through the numbers of books already written on this and kindred subjects, many of them of great interest, but most of them of little use to the intending traveller, who is generally in a hurry to make arrangements, say farewells, and get together his or her outfit. Those parts of my book which lack interest for the other people can easily be omitted by them. To know something, however little, of the places, people and native tribes to which one is going and with whom one comes in contact must add greatly to the interest of travelling. For myself, I found that many people actually on the spot could tell me very little, and sometimes knew even less, and stared in wonder that any one could be interested in anything other than the next event at the Sports Club, or which horses would win at the coming race meeting. The people who really know seem to hide themselves, or, if a lucky chance brings them on to the scene, they talk less than any one; their minds being occupied with the present and future, they have no time to recall the past.

Circumstances change so rapidly in a growing country, that even now some things I have said may be changed, and the places altered; for instance, Nairobi is much enlarged and not so nice,

PREFACE

. I am told ; houses have sprung up like mushrooms where I watched the butterflies flitting from flower to flower. Settlers still have their grievances and more, the native labour question is even now a subject under discussion. I only try to describe in simple words what I saw and found out for myself, hoping the reader will not be too critical, and that I may interest some.

I have to thank Captain C. R. Bacon, Captain J. P. M. Mostyn and Mr. P. de Lord of Zanzibar for kindly giving me permission to reproduce some of their excellent photographs; the rest I took myself.

GIBRALTAR, *September*, 1908

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CHAPTER I

ARRIVAL IN EAST AFRICA

Friends' prognostications—Mombasa—the King's African Rifles
at Maseru—unsuitable bungalows.

It was with something like awe that I first beheld the palms and other tropical vegetation growing with such profusion on the banks of the shore, as we entered Kilindini harbour. I had heard so much of dangers and death connected with our African Protectorates, as before coming out from home people take a curious delight in telling one all the horrors they know, or have heard, of that particular spot one is about to visit.

All the books I had read on that part of Africa we had to live in, that is British East Africa, were on an average twenty years old, and as even one year makes a vast difference to the knowledge gained about the best ways of taking care of one self, and the civilised methods of living, the circumstances were not at all the same, nor the danger from illness or death to be compared with what it had been. Others died in making the way clear but nowadays white people can live as healthily as

GLIMPSES OF EAST AFRICA AND ZANZIBAR

at home in many parts of East Africa if they suit their ways of living to the conditions of the country. All the same, I do not think people realise what a strain on their vitality it is to live in the "tin" houses, with little or no air-spaces between the wood and the corrugated iron, which Government so often provides for its officials.

Unfortunately the big boats have to anchor in the middle of the harbour, and we and our luggage were rowed ashore in boats.¹ I am always astonished that one's luggage does not tumble into the sea when it is being swung off the ship, or carried down the side by "porters," for it seems as much as we can manage to do to get ourselves down safely and into the small boat.

During the time we stayed in Mombasa we saw a good deal, owing to the kindness of the English residents, many of whom were most prompt in calling on us while staying in the hotel, and helping us to see what was to be seen, and enjoy what was going on. I shall never forget the kindness of Mrs. Walker, the wife of a doctor, who, although she had only seen me twice, asked me to come and stay with her while my husband went up to Nairobi, as there was some difficulty about quarters, and the colonel suggested my going home.

Of this kindness, however, I did not take advantage, as I was afraid if I separated from my husband

¹ A pier is being constructed now.



Photo by Capt. C. R. Brown
 1ST K A RIFLES CROSSING A RIVER IN NANDI



To face p 18 *Photo by Capt. J. P. M. Mostyn*
 ASKARIS (NATIVE SOLDIERS) READING THE KORAN ON SUNDAY

ARRIVAL IN EAST AFRICA

there might be a difficulty about my rejoining him. All the same, it gave me a great feeling of security to know there was a lady kind enough and willing to give me shelter in a land where I knew no one.

There is a very nice English club in Mombasa, where ladies may go in the evening to see the papers, after they have taken their exercise at the Sports Club in the form of tennis, badminton or other games. Mombasa itself is very hot, but the residents all have their private trolleys, the Government officials being supplied with one; these trolleys run on lines and are pushed by coolies; there frequently seem to be accidents, but I don't know that people are often hurt, though it is a little agitating to the nerves when the trolley is going fast down an incline and a dog walks quietly over the lines. We went over one poor dog, but he was more frightened than hurt, happily.

We had expected to join my husband's battalion of the King's African Rifles at Maseru; but, on arriving at Mombasa, we heard the soldiers had been hurriedly moved up to Nairobi a few days previously, owing to the very great amount of sickness among the officers and men. It was against a good deal of local and medical advice that those in authority picked out Maseru as a suitable spot for a camp; but as is often the case, no notice was taken of that advice, the lines were built, and officers' quarters put up, and then it was found out to be an impossible

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place to live in. A place apparently shunned by Indians and natives alike ought to speak for itself. Owing to the presence of, I believe, a great quantity of lead, the water was not good, and Maserus was altogether a fever spot.

The officers' quarters that were built were ridiculous iron and wood houses, absolutely unsafe for the tropics, the bachelor quarters were one small bungalow divided into two quarters for two officers, being small and very hot, and simply unbearable on the sunny side during the heat of the day. It did not seem to strike those responsible for their structure that the expense is much greater of having officers going home on sick leave, and at the same time lowering their power of usefulness, than if they had built decent quarters, suitable for such a hot climate.

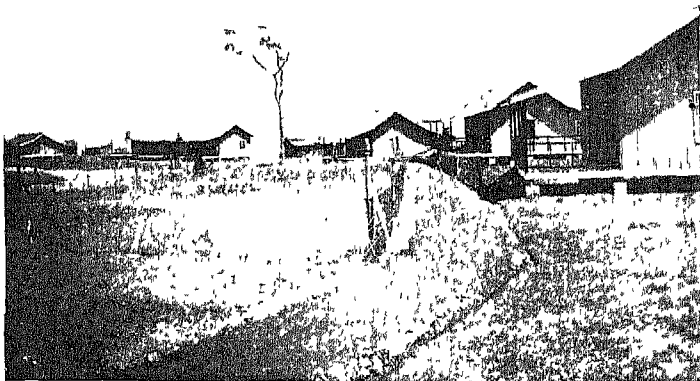
Even in Nairobi, those same bungalows were unbearable during the hot months of January and February, so in Maserus they must have been too terrible for words to express, to have to pass one's days in.

It caused a great deal of expense moving them all, and putting them up in Nairobi; and then when up they let in the rain, and dust devils blew parts of the houses down. The health and comfort of officers in the King's African Rifles seem of very secondary consideration.

When I was ill in one of them, two or three



OFFICER COMMANDING, ISUKA RIFLES



To face p 20

Photo by Capt C P Bacon

OFFICERS' QUARTERS AND MISS, NAIROBI

ARRIVAL IN EAST AFRICA

doctors told me that, if a board were held, they were all ready to condemn them as unfit, but—where was the money to come from to build others, or even to improve those already up? So the question was passed over.

CHAPTER II

MOMBASA

Early history—its harbours—inhabitants—shops—natives.

ALMOST the whole history of Mombasa, as far back as we have knowledge, is written in one word, and that the native name for it “*Mvita*” (Battle). In the fourteenth century Arabs visited the place, later in the fifteenth century the Portuguese.

Vasco da Gama is still brought to one’s notice in the names of the streets.

For some time struggles occurred between the old residents and the Portuguese, who took formal possession in 1508. At intervals Mombasa was besieged, burnt to the ground, built up again, razed to the ground afresh, and so on.

The Portuguese built the old fort in 1595 called Jesus Fort, in the centre of the town, and by its aid kept peace for a time. However, it was taken through trickery by the Arabs, who kept it for a while.

Another fort was built before this in 1588, facing the sea at one end of Mombasa, during the Turkish invasion, which the Portuguese turned

MOMBASA

into a chapel, but which was finally made into a fort again by the Arabs.

But to return to the Portuguese fort, it was repaired in 1635 by the Portuguese, and the inscription with date is still on it. However, by the end of the seventeenth century, the Portuguese and many natives took refuge in it, the town being occupied by the Arabs; they held out for some time till plague broke out among them, which killed most of the Europeans. After holding out for two years, the Arabs entered the fort and killed the few remaining members of the garrison. This was the last connection that the Portuguese had with the island.

Even now peace did not reign, for two parties of Arabs were continually disputing; and this went on till Seyyid Said Imaum of Muskat settled in Zanzibar, but after his death his sons quarrelled, and England was called upon to arbitrate. Zanzibar, including the African coast-line possessions, and Mombasa were made independent of Muscat and have been so ever since. However, later in 1887 the British East African Association leased the coast-land from Seyyid Barghash, but now it forms part of the British Protectorate, the Government paying an annual rental to the Government of Zanzibar.

But to speak again of Mombasa itself, it is an island, with two excellent harbours to the north

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and to the south ; namely, Mombasa harbour, and Kilindini (the deep place). The latter is by far the larger and best suited to ships of any size ; only a few of the smaller boats anchor in Mombasa harbour.

A strange cosmopolitan mixture of individuals lives in Mombasa, the old half-caste natives now called Swahilis, their old rulers the Arabs, Indians, including old Portuguese subjects from Goa, Parsis, Hindus and Mohammedans, and last but not least, the Europeans.

These last have built their houses, especially those belonging to Government, by the sea, so as to get a more or less continual breeze, away from the town and all along a fine road running to Kilindini harbour where also are the old quarters of the King's African Rifles, when the 3rd Battalion was stationed at Mombasa.

The Arab quarter is near the northern harbour, and is unhealthy, but is very quaint and pretty, threaded by little lines of trolley cars. The Indian quarter is more inland.

The water comes from deep stone-lined wells, dug about the island ; it is a pity it cannot be brought from the mainland, as in case of an epidemic the wells would be dangerous. Zanzibar is supplied with water brought in pipes two or three miles, though the natives still like using their old wells, thinking the water better.

MOMBASA

Mombasa can boast of a cathedral, a Parsi fire temple, Mohammedan mosques and a Hindu temple. When I first went to Mombasa, the private trolleys already mentioned ran along lines connecting all the outlying houses with the town and the Sports Club, but on a later visit there were public trolleys, for which one took tickets, and many more public rickshaws.

The shops kept by Goanese are the usual "stores" where anything can be bought, from a needle to a bath, and from a suit of clothes to French novels. There are some Indian shops, but not equal to those in Zanzibar. The former all seemed to bear the name of "de Sousa," preceded by different initials or Christian names, or else they were called the "English" or "Mombasa" or "Colonial Stores". This I found also in Nairobi and Zanzibar.

As I gazed from our hotel verandah on the bright scene of sunlight and colour and white buildings, I felt I had touched the East indeed, but at first, with my untrained eye, I could not distinguish a native from an Indian child, nor anything else coloured. There is such a medley of Somalis, up-country natives, Swahilis, Indians, Goanese and Arabs. However after a few months' residence up country, I could distinguish all these at a glance, and not only that, but one tribe from another of those with which I had come in contact, such as

CHAPTER III

OUR "BOYS" AND SWAHILIS IN GENERAL.

Engaging Baruku—the Swahili's descent—their characteristics—wearing apparel—the changing fashions—medicine-men—music and dancing.

BEFORE leaving Mombasa we thought it advisable to take on a good boy to attend to our wants; in fact it is necessary, as one's boy attends to one's wants even in the hotel. While in the hotel I demanded, when at dinner, bread or something, of a boy standing behind some one's chair. He only stared at me, thought me mad I expect, and did not move an inch. Then I discovered he was the man's private boy, not a hotel waiter, for your own private boy attends to your wants at meals.

A boy who had been in the service of a previous officer belonging to the King's African Rifles came to the hotel and offered himself to us. He appeared in the usual dress of kanzu and white cap, and wore a funny, sullen and rather nervous expression. It was not exactly a prepossessing face, but at that time I was not used to the Swahili type—afterwards I found you get very used to your servants' faces, and if nice boys, end by even liking their faces, and

OUR "BOYS" AND SWAHILIS IN GENERAL

thinking them almost good-looking, although it always seems as if other people's boys were hideous, until you get to know them well too.

This boy's name was Mbaruku,¹ and he knew a little English. He asked rather high wages, but we offered him eighteen rupees a month, which he agreed to take. If boys have once been officers' servants, they seem to like to continue being so, passing from one to another. They feel, I believe, that a little of the importance of the uniform descends to them.

From that day till the day we left him again at Mombasa, on our return to England, Baruku remained with us, proving to be a superior and faithful servant; and it was with great regret we said "Good-bye" to him.

We were very amused at Mombasa station on our way up. Baruku had left us to say "Good-bye" to his friends, including his wife, whom he was leaving behind; he asked for an advance of pay for her, which it is usually unwise to give, but we let him have it, and this time it proved all right.

As I was saying, at Mombasa station Baruku appeared fearfully hot, but quite a swell in appearance, in his travelling costume of white cap, white coat and trousers, stick (silver-topped) and cigarette. Boys like to travel in their best clothes, then they walk about at each station with an air

¹ We dropped the M of his name.

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of great importance, and talk to friends, and feel they are being gazed at with envy by their lesser dressed comrades.

Baruku was the son of an old Arab and a Swahili woman, but he certainly must have taken after his mother in features and colour.

His is a type of good Swahili servant, and before going any further it may not be amiss to say a little more about the Swahilis, from whom servants and porters are drawn.

The Swahili, or literally coast people, are descendants of a mixture of ancient Persians and ancient and modern Arabs, with the native tribes of the coast; and, like most mongrels, they seem to inherit the bad points and qualities of each, both physically and mentally. For centuries most of them have been slaves, so in some respects they ought to make good servants, having learnt to obey.

To their master's face they are fairly quiet. They are not remarkable for their beauty, having generally broad noses with expanding nostrils, and loose flabby lips; their hair, which the men keep shaved, would be woolly and curly if left uncut. As a rule they are not black, but dark brown in colour and sometimes much lighter, taking after some Arab ancestor. Some of the young women have pleasing, jolly faces, usually full of laughter, but they become very ugly indeed when old. The women are well



To face p. 30

SWAHLITS WASHINGTON

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OUR "BOYS" AND SWAHILIS IN GENERAL

formed, and some of the men are fine and tall, but not as a rule. Swahilis copy the Arabs to a great extent in manners and customs, including religion, most of those owing to a religion being Mohammedans of the Sunni Sect—but I could never find out where their religion came in, except to cause inconvenience to their masters. They never seem to pray, and they abhor dogs—when their master wants them to do anything for those animals.

I remember a lady's dog flying at mine, which I seized and held up high, but her dog still continued to jump up and bite mine, as I could not separate them alone. In the meanwhile, all her boy did, and she had had him some time in her service, was to flap her dog with a duster, which increased the difficulty. She explained to me that he was such a "good Mohammedan," he could not touch dogs. If she had known the Swahili Moslem as I did, she would not have put much faith in his goodness—for it does not prevent many being drunkards, nor stealing their master's wine and spirits either to drink or sell.

It is best taken for granted that they all lie, often when apparently it is quite unnecessary; and they will generally steal if they get the chance and think it safe. Although often they appear stupid, one is surprised to find how cunning and clever they are; when it comes to getting the better of

GLIMPSES OF EAST AFRICA AND ZANZIBAR

their masters it is impossible to be up to all their tricks. Also it is very difficult to get at the truth of anything, as their faces remain passive under searching examination even when the boy is well known to the inquirers ; as they seem to object to giving a straightforward answer, or a truthful one, the subject has to be given up in despair. Often in a court of law they will so blatantly contradict themselves that the judge can thereby tell within a little what the truth may be. One man accused of stealing something from another man will say, never in his life has he seen or heard of his accuser, and swears to that effect ; later he will say his accuser wanted the thing and came and asked him for it, and as he refused the request he now claims it as his own. One of the good qualities the Swahili has, is that he will stand by his master and not discuss him with other people, nor will he let other people wrong him, unless, of course, he himself thereby gets some benefit. There are some who make good and faithful servants ; and although they will take service with another person during their Bwana's (master's) absence on leave, they will always want to go back to him on his return, and perhaps stay with him for years.

Some firms in Zanzibar have had boys twenty years ; passing them on as the managers change. Other boys will meet ship after ship arriving in

OUR "BOYS" AND SWAHILIS IN GENERAL

Mombasa, hoping to find their officer master returning from leave. It is wonderful how they hear that their master has arrived, and turn up to greet him, and ask to be taken on again.

The Swahili is fearfully immoral, though it is a little difficult to tell where immorality comes in where Mohammedan ethics are concerned; he is also often an inveterate gambler. Their favourite occupations are eating, sleeping and loafing about the bazaars, with a stick, and cigarette in their mouths, both often belonging to their masters. Our boys took a great fancy to a heavy stick of my husband's, and, although they were forbidden to touch it; when he wanted it, it always had to be fetched from the boys' room. They are easily amused and pleased, and many are the domestic difficulties we have overcome by ridicule or chaff. Though their masters or mistresses may become fond of them, they never really return the affection, and they are well known for their ingratitude.

Of relations they have no end—mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters, who usually appear to die off rapidly when first they enter your service. One of my boys wanted to go home as his mother was dead. I let him go as it was the first time, next day I told my head boy to ask him if she were better or if she would die that day, he guilelessly replied that she was very bad and he thought she

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would die that afternoon, which of course necessitated another "leave". I replied that having already killed his mother, I neither recognised her ghost nor any other mother from henceforth. Without a smile he left my presence. Any friend may become their "brother," so it entails a long cross-examination to find out if a so-called brother really owns the same parents, or even one, or neither. Boys wear a cotton singlet, a loin cloth of "Amerikani" (unbleached calico from America) or if rich enough, then a "kikoi," a white longcloth with a native woven coloured border and ends, and a "kanzu," a long white shirt reaching nearly to the ankles, often sewn with red at the neck, and sometimes made of very thin muslin or tussore silk. On their heads either a red tarboush or white cap, the head is always covered. Very often a master gives his boy a livery of a coloured "kisibas," a waistcoat with his initials on the pocket, and braided with some contrasting colour. The Sultan of Zanzibar always uses the royal scarlet, but dark green or royal blue look well.

The women in East Africa simply wear two cloths or "kangas," one tied under both arms, and the other thrown over their necks and arms. But in Zanzibar they copy the Arab dress more closely, and often have one kanga made into a little tight dress to their knees, the other flung artistically over

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their shoulders, and almost skin-tight trousers with large-frills round the ankles, ornamented with embroidery; round their heads they wear a twisted oblong of brightly coloured cloth, set at an angle, and odd cords and tassels, a most picturesque dress, as they are most particular about the colours and patterns. A manager of an English firm that imported these kangas told me the material was made near Manchester; copper rollers for printing are made in London, one for each colour or shade; then all these things are sent over to Holland to be printed. The ladies are so fastidious they will not wear the kangas when the fashion has passed, several thousands of one pattern are ordered the first time, but it never pays to re-order. Patterns of flowers or dogs do not sell; generally their taste is good, but just now it is rather startling, brilliant reds and yellows mixed with black happen to be the latest style. Sometimes large patterns of trains or ships appear just spread over the broadest part of their bodies. Even in beads they are most particular, a light shade of pink was imported, but it was no good at all for sale. In their ears they wear circles of tightly rolled coloured paper in large holes made and stretched for the purpose, sometimes three or four in each ear. These ornaments either look smart by having two colours rolled alternately or else the women bead them

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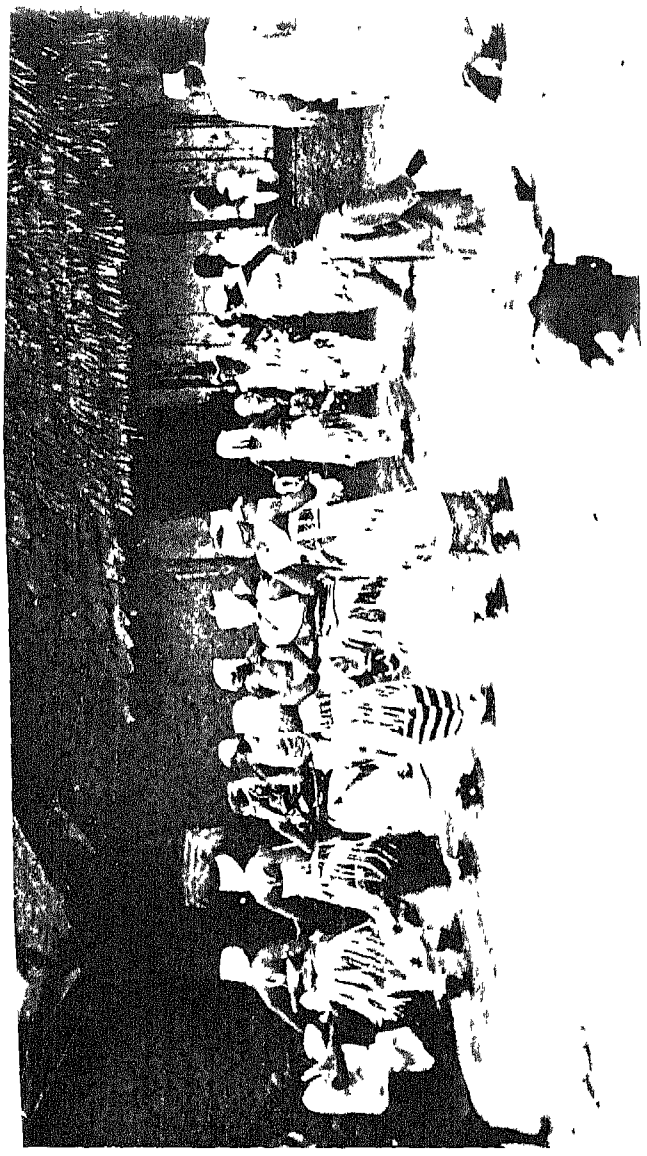
with twisted wire and sequins or bright glass beads. The rolls themselves are imported from Germany. Baruku presented me with a set of six he had asked a woman to make for me, he would not hear of my paying for them, although fond of money.

A Swahili woman's ornaments consist of either glass and gold-coloured beads or large red beads, silver bracelets, and nose buttons of gold.

The jewellery of the richer ones is described in another chapter.

Sometimes the boys will cover themselves with a strong penetrating scent, which makes the whole house smell most unpleasantly, and occasionally they contaminated my dog with it, and I in turn by stroking him got it on my hands, and several good washings failed to take it away. They have great faith in and fear of their medicine-man, and are entirely under him. It is a good plan when anything important is stolen to call in his aid, as he, when European and police help is useless, will often find both the object and the thief.

Both men and women love "Ngomas," literally drums to which they dance, any excuse does for an ngoma, which they will keep up half the night. There are several other musical instruments, stringed and made of gourds, hollow metal vessels beaten with sticks, and tom-toms of gourds stretched with goat-skin. One of the boys' dances seems



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most monotonous, they prance round in a large circle, carrying knobkerries, in time to the music, this goes on for hours. The women dress up, and stand and shake themselves and mark time, this also is monotonous after the first few minutes.

CHAPTER IV

JOURNEY UP FROM MOMBASA ON THE UGANDA RAILWAY

Views—vegetation—how we stopped for a lion—passing through
the game reserve — Nairobi — Kikuyu Shambas — honey
barrels.

THE journey up from Mombasa on the Uganda Railway is, to the traveller who undertakes it for the first time, one of unceasing interest. What does it matter to him that he arrives at his destination looking like a red Indian, from the red dust which covers him and everything in the carriage ; a dust that refuses to be brushed off.

Good views of the harbours and peeps of the sea which surround Mombasa are obtained as the train goes inland through Kilindini and over the Shimba Hills on which a fierce tribe, the Zimbwas, used to live.

A land covered with cocoanut palms, papaws, mango trees and bananas, with shambas of maize and manioc and other native vegetables and seeds are seen, and the train has a very steep incline to Maseru, where our battalion was originally quartered. It is very pretty up to Maseru ; I saw

JOURNEY UP FROM MOMBASA

plenty of weavers' nests, and a bird they call the "silly bird," because it seems to fly and flop about so aimlessly—the bird is very pretty, with red back, black tail and large wing feathers. A kind official visited us in our carriage, which we had to ourselves, and he brought his luncheon basket with him, so we had a very jolly lunch together, drinking though under difficulties, as the train rocks very much. This man, being a very old resident of British East Africa, could act as guide, and told me about the places we passed through, and later the animals we saw. We got out at a station for tea, served in a funny little waiting-room, but it was most acceptable. We saw some pretty yellow flowers, hanging like Chinese lanterns on their stems, and lovely blue water lilies, cocoanuts on the palms, and bananas growing in various stages, and various palms, young and small, which I felt would look so pretty in a drawing-room at home.

After Samburu till Maungu the land changes from the lower coast belt of tropical vegetation to country covered entirely with scrub, which consists of more or less leafless, spiky bushes and the flat-topped, umbrella-shaped acacia tree, which is neither comfortable to pass through nor beautiful to look at. As in South Africa, there is the "wait-a-bit" thorn, about three inches long.

At Maungu we had quite an excitement, our train came to a stop, for the engine-driver had seen

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a lion near the line, so three men got out their rifles and went down the line a little way, while the train politely waited half an hour. We heard that on the previous Monday the lion had got hold of a native, although it did not kill him. However, the three men returned, having only seen a hyaena, and the "pugs" of a lion, the latter animal having made off. I was very disappointed that they were not fortunate enough to get it.

At Voi we were turned out of the train, and we rushed to eat a dinner hurriedly, after which the only thing to do on returning to our carriage was to settle for the night. It was not at all uncomfortable, the bed-seats are long and fairly wide, and Baruku came in to make the beds. It was dark, so we could not see the snow-capped mountain of Kilimanjaro from near Kibwozi station as we passed, but on our return journey we had a glorious view of it.

Next morning we awoke early, to watch the country we passed through from the windows of our carriage. It proved exceedingly interesting as the train passed through the game preserve, which stretches for miles on the left side and one mile on the right side of the line. The game does not fear the train, the animals seem conscious of the fact that they will not be shot at, and also that they are not so likely to meet their old enemy the lion, for he has learnt that he may not come near the



GIRAFFE SHOP

Photo by Capt. C. R. Bacon



To face p. 10

Photo by Capt. C. R. Bacon

A MORNING'S BAG ON NGUASA NGISHU PLATEAU

JOURNEY UP FROM MOMBASA

line or he will be seen and shot at ; all the same, even now some lucky people can see a lion from the train as it passes through the game reserve.

Hundreds of zebra, many ostriches, jackals and various species of buck including hartebeeste, Grant's gazelle, Thomson's gazelle, little duikers and a big bison kind of animal called wildebeeste or gnu are to be seen in great numbers.

We were lucky enough to see a pack of wild dogs, playing about with each other amongst a herd of zebra. Later we came upon a large herd of hundreds of these animals all mixed up together, and a flock of about thirteen ostriches.

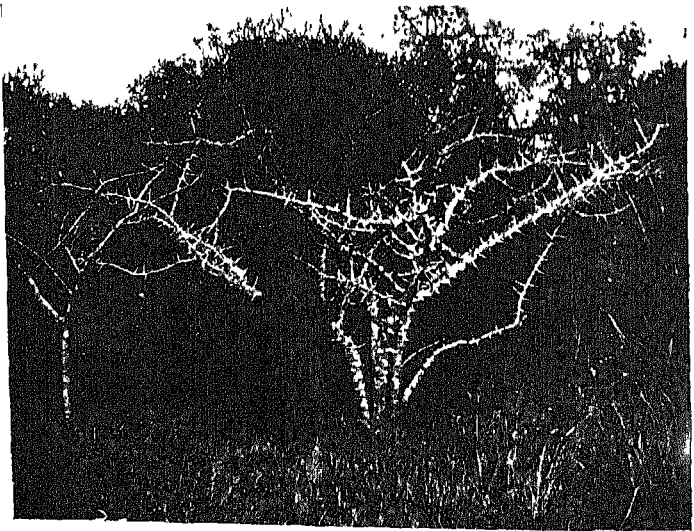
The train passes through a station called Simba, meaning "lion," which, as its name implies, used to be a place frequented by many lions. While the railway was being constructed lions caused a great deal of inconvenience by walking off with the coolies working on the line. The engineers and others connected with the making of the line, as also the early officials, reaped a rich harvest of trophies of all sorts, far beyond the wildest dreams of the keenest sportsman at home ; in fact it amounted to useless slaughter. Machakos at one time was the headquarters of the King's African Rifles, but as the camp was so far from the railway it was moved to Nairobi. Stony Athi is still noted for its lions, and many men take a couple of days' leave and go there to try and get one. On the left

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after leaving Kibwezi one gets a good view of the Kyulu Hills, a chain of old craters stretching over a lava plain. Nairobi is now a very large station, and anything and everything can be turned out from the railway workshops ; lines and lines of tin houses stretch away from the station to accommodate the workmen. The town is now the official headquarters of the Government and the Uganda railway ; it is built at the foot of some hills on a level flat, which affords no drainage, and when it rains, water is constantly standing under the bungalows in the railway lines ; these lines are perpendicular to the main streets, which are full now of stone buildings, Goanese and European shops, and a large new bank, nearly all of which have sprung up since our arrival in 1905. The native bazaar is parallel to the last of the railway lines and extends the other side of the main thoroughfare. It is full of little shops kept by Indians, who sell iron wire, beads, and tin utensils to the natives, also there are several large stores, which are excellently supplied now with most European requirements at a price less than in Zanzibar ; in fact it is easy to get any of the usual household necessities, as well as English-made boots, socks and ties and many other things, including a lot of cheap and nasty German-made articles. Shopping in Nairobi, I found far easier than in Zanzibar. The quarters of the higher Government and railway officials



Photo by Capt. C. R. Bacon
KIKUYU HONEY BARRELS



To face p. 48

A THORN TREE

Photo by Capt. C. R. Bacon

JOURNEY UP FROM MOMBASA

and of the soldiers are placed on the hills round Nairobi, in, mostly, very healthy positions with lovely views, looking over the town and over the plains around. This time our destination was Nairobi, but later we went farther up the line. The train winds at the back of the town below the hills where are the European houses, through the fertile shambas of Kikuyu. From the trees hang numerous strange-looking barrels, a tiny hole is made in them large enough to allow bees to enter, and when a swarm of wild bees passes it takes possession of the barrel. After the bees have filled the barrel with honey and wax the natives possess themselves of it. The native honey is unpurified and very strong in flavour and dark in colour. In Nairobi I caught a swarm and kept bees, but without much success. Dotted among the native shambas, every now and then a European has his land, which can be distinguished by the regular way in which he plants his crops, for the natives seem to plant without much order or system.

CHAPTER V

WE START HOUSEKEEPING

Arrival in Nairobi—hotel life—housekeeping—Ali's history—
Goanese cooks—plague in Nairobi—Baruku's presents.

At Nairobi station we were met by officers of our battalion, and again we had to sample an African hotel. This same hotel has been much improved, but when we were there it was very primitive. As it is a long way down the main thoroughfare, we hired and paid heavily for a curious rough cart to take us there from the station. The weather was quite chilly and dull, so different to Mombasa. We arrived in East Africa at the end of August, during the winter in fact. People were most kind to us. We were asked out to dine the first night, but the hotel rickshaw was broken, and no other procurable, I think there were only two in the place then, so we ordered a carriage, which, however, after much waiting on our part, did not turn up at all, owing to the fact that there had been a little rain; the Indian livery-stable man is very casual. Distances are very great in Nairobi, therefore we could not walk, but had to send a boy with a note instead,

WE START HOUSEKEEPING

explaining our absence, and then ate our dinner in the hotel.

Our bedroom was one of several, all exactly alike, and opening on to a covered way—people could easily look in as they passed along. When dressing for the dinner party to which we did not go, I was amused at the way Baruku stayed in the room, getting out my husband's clothes and helping him dress. Presently I looked up and saw a native watching us through the open doorway, as unconcerned as possible. To me his big black face seemed to fill the doorway, lighted up as it was by our candles. I asked Baruku why he was there and what he wanted ; he calmly remarked that the native was only his brother. As I was not used to *one* boy in the room while I was dressing, I suggested that my husband should shut the other out, which he did. This boy proved later to be Ali, a boy we had in our service the whole of our stay in East Africa and Zanzibar with the exception of the last seven weeks. His face, by-the-bye, was quite nice looking and small when seen under ordinary circumstances. Baruku, as a matter of course, called us in the morning and brought in our tea and hot water, and a nice quiet chamber-maid he made. He wore during the morning a very much ventilated singlet and a loin cloth, but later when he brought me the key of our room, and asked to go out and get his food, he wore an excellent kharki suit, some-

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thing like my husband's uniform. To get to the bath-rooms of the hotel most of the bedrooms had to be passed. One morning between five and six o'clock I ran along to see if Baruku was bringing my husband's tea before he went on parade, and on returning I hurriedly entered the room I thought I had left, the door being partly open, but to my surprise, instead of finding my husband dressing, a form lay in the bed. All the rooms are furnished the same and with as little furniture as possible, but it dawned on me I had made a mistake, so I hurriedly withdrew, and to this day hope and believe the form was asleep and knew nothing of my entrance.

Nairobi had sprung up during the previous four years, and when driving to a picnic the day of our arrival, we passed down a lane leading to Kikuyu, which two or three years before had been considered very dangerous. There we saw a lot of natives; women jingling with brass, copper and beads, hung on to the back of our carriage laughingly, and were encouraged to depart by the administration of the syce's whip.

Every day from the first onwards I had callers, and we were also asked out; everybody seemed most kind. I shall always remember how the kindness of the ladies in Mombasa and Nairobi made me feel happier and more at home in a foreign land. One night, or rather early morning, I awoke with a start and thought it time for my husband to

WE START HOUSEKEEPING

get up, because the dawn apparently appeared with rosy hue in the sky ; it took me some minutes to remember that our window faced the west, and another few to discover that it must be a fire. Nearly a whole street was burnt down, including shops and a hotel, to which at one time we had thought of going. Luckily for us, the fire stopped just before it reached a certain solicitor's office, as we were hiring a bungalow through him. We had the second offer of it, the only house to be got for love or money, and we got it by the first man wiring for it an hour or so after his time limit, but it was already ours, we had signed the lease. Happily, though small, it was fairly near the military lines. We moved in next day, a cook was lent to us, but on arriving at the bungalow we found no servants and no baggage. It looked serious, as we could not think where they had gone, and we were dining out. Eventually we found them all waiting in another person's house. We then fixed up our camp furniture and undid our boxes, but it rapidly grew dark, and our stores and lamps, already ordered, had not put in an appearance. My husband went out to a neighbouring bungalow and borrowed candles, which we stuck about, as we had to begin to dress ; certainly it was dressing under difficulties, with candles stuck on to bits of cardboard ! We returned after our dinner party to our still dark bungalow—the stores had not been delivered.

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The wonderful Indian cook we had lent to us, cooked our breakfast in the morning; he had no fireplace, but made his own of three large stones out of our rough unmade garden.

We made an excellent breakfast of porridge, tinned herrings (borrowed from the cook's master), eggs and bacon, with tinned milk and butter; our luncheon basket supplying the platters. Later on the lunch was equally good, and a dinner of five courses, eaten off a small camp table, was none the worse for being cooked on the stones, in fact the stones remained our only kitchen fire-place for a month or two. It was a very jolly little dinner, that first one in our own home, with two spluttering candles and a bare room, my husband seated on a packing case and I on the only camp chair, and Baruku to wait on us. Tea that first day had been charming too, on our balcony, poured from a little tea-pot we had already bought, with wedding cake and biscuits to eat. After we had finished it, we went shopping in the bazaar, as we had much to do.

The stores ordered on Saturday morning, the day we took possession, did not turn up till Monday. By the end of the week we were quite settled, and our sitting-room quite a pretty one. I made a cosy corner hung with four Swahili women's dresses, and packing cases to sit on covered with grass-stuffed cushions, then some Indian-made furniture and my husband's camp kit completed the

WE START HOUSEKEEPING

arrangements, decorated with photographs in silver frames and vases of flowers.

During the first day or two a strange boy appeared, who silently made our beds and helped Baruku. On inquiring who he was and why he was there, Baruku said he was his brother Ali, who wished to be our servant. We waited nearly a week to see how he worked before we finally arranged about pay and took him on for good.

Ali is quite a character also, as well as Baruku, and needs a description. He was not really Baruku's brother, but brother is a term generally used to mean friend. Ali was some years younger than Baruku, and a Masai by birth, but when a little chap he lost his father in a raid, or during the famine, and was adopted by Baruku's real and elder brother, who was an askari in the 3rd Battalion King's African Rifles. It was now time for Ali to earn his own living. He remained with us until seven weeks before we left Zanzibar for England, and for over a year and a half a better boy could not be found. He worked well and never seemed to want to leave the bungalow, was silent, thoughtful and clean, and as he knew Masai, Swahili, Kikuyu and Kikamba—no English however—he acted as interpreter on many occasions. My friends envied me my Ali, but how he came to leave my service will be seen later. Unlike Baruku he was very nice looking with the good and refined features of the Masai.

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It was rarely that I could get him to talk, and I had to ask a number of questions before I could elicit various details of his life as a little boy, or anything about his relations, the Masai. Certainly in his servant's attire he looked very different to his painted and befeathered brethren. We hired a Goanese cook who wanted forty-five rupees a month for wages, was extravagant in marketing, and cooked fairly well when we were alone, but was uncertain if friends came to dinner. The Goanese have a trades union, and none of them are allowed to go as cooks for wages less than thirty-five rupees a month. They are usually addicted to drink and are often found drunk on the evening of a dinner party, although the host may not know it, as the cook's boy comes to the rescue and finishes the dishing-up. In fact, most of the wine given out for the soup and sweets goes down their throats. As my cook did not talk English and I could not talk Hindustani nor Portuguese, Baruku had to stand and interpret when I gave the orders for the day, although the man knew very little Swahili either.

The cook had his "toto" or "pots and pans" boy, who did the washing-up, and when he went marketing this boy followed behind to carry the purchases in a basket on his head. I knew very little of him, beyond paying him, and finding him in tears on several occasions, when on making inquiries he said the cook had beaten him.

WE START HOUSEKEEPING

Some months later, when I got rid of that cook, I made it my business to know every boy personally, and to find out what they were like, and to what tribe they belonged.

Baruku took a great interest in my bungalow and was quite pleased when I bought anything to make it prettier. One evening we came home and found two egg-cups in the centre of the dining-room table, with a strange mixture of coloured geraniums and some yellow flowers terrible to look at, in them. However, we were grateful for the thoughtfulness, and bore with the flowers to the bitter end.

Very soon after our arrival in Nairobi, plague broke out in the bazaar and native villages near. We were not allowed to send our boys into the boma, and we talked seriously to them and told them to be careful where they went. My husband told his orderly he might not come out of the boma to our house to do his work, but nevertheless he would not forsake his master's brass buttons and appeared all the same. The orderly, having only lately arrived from British Central Africa, talked a different language to all our boys, which made explanations more difficult.

Some days later Baruku presented me with some flowers (I did not ask from where!), and he shyly said he had a present for me; it turned out to be a duck's egg, a thing I cannot eat, but still

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I appeared pleased, and ordered it to be poached for breakfast. While dressing I heard a voice outside my door, low and sad, sighing that the egg was bad ! A great relief to me, but a disappointment for Baruku.

There was an agricultural show ; Nairobi can be very grand, and everybody turned out in their best for it. The exhibits were distinctly of a mixed variety ; for instance, I was being driven round in a pony-cart which eventually took first prize for the best "turnout". The pony made a fuss every time we passed a certain corner ; then we discovered that there was a poor leopard in a cage near by. Hence the excitement of the pony.

CHAPTER VI

THE SIMPLE LIFE

Baruku's wives—dinner-party difficulties—my wild Masai groom—lion scares—Masai levies—our burning garden—baboons—a native dressmaker—King's birthday celebrations—Baruku's elastic religion—pets—oddities of the boys—tick fever—burglars and hyænas.

ONE morning I discovered a woman's head sticking out of Baruku's hut ; it did not seem to me quite right, as I knew his wife was in Mombasa. I asked Baruku who she was, and he answered only, "Ah ! Bibi !" I suggested that his wife would not like it ; again he only said, "Ah ! Bibi !" In the end my husband told him he might have one woman only, to cook his food for him, but only one. Later, when I understood Mohammedans better, I took it for granted that Baruku had a wife wherever we went, but he always referred to that one as the "Mshensi" (wild woman), and only the Mombasa woman as his wife. When I gave him anything, such as a long chain of beads I sent home to England for, I insisted that it was for his wife in Mombasa, and he, having been a good deal with English people, understood, although he pitied the poor

GLIMPSES OF EAST AFRICA AND ZANZIBAR

white man with only one wife. As a matter of fact he only had one real wife, as wives are costly affairs.

I had to give my first dinner-party very soon ; it passed off all right, the Goanese cooked beautifully that night, and Baruku and Ali waited well, but the former lost his head over the wines, handing them incorrectly ; when he met my husband's eye, it made him grow so nervous that the perspiration poured down his agitated face. Before I went out that afternoon, I rearranged the flowers I already had, they looked light and fairly dainty. To my horror on my return I found my table laid ready, but a number of geraniums crammed into my flower vases and the tablecloth covered with their red petals. It was Baruku's idea of table decoration, and how to get it altered without hurting his feelings I did not know. However with tact I managed it, but unless the greatest care was taken the petals left a red stain as they were taken off. At intervals Baruku used to present me with flowers, he said his brother (friend) brought them for him. I did not dare make further inquiries, as I thought the answer might be awkward, if I discovered they were taken from some one's garden. Added to my other servants was a half-tame Masai, who acted as syce to a pony which had been lent to me. The little cart had no seat at the back, so when I drove out the wild Masai, nothing daunted, jumped

THE SIMPLE LIFE

up and sat on the edge behind, with his thin body clinging to the cart, and hanging on chiefly by his big toe, and wearing a very small amount of clothing. It made me smile to think what I would have looked like, driving like that through an English street. The pony was rather too much for him, for it kicked vigorously when being led, and on one occasion the syce let it go and ran; the pony was off like lightning; I had to quickly call all my boys, who gave chase, for I was fearfully afraid the pony would run into the barbed wire of the boma; but after a time it was brought back, safe and sound.

One day a beautiful wild zebra galloped past our little gate, fearfully frightened because it was followed by a number of small boys. One "Toto," with a knife nearly as big as himself, made us laugh. The zebra was eventually caught in the commissioner's garden. I was told that most likely a lion had driven it into Nairobi during the night.

Talking of a lion reminds me that a neighbour had a big lion scare; when in her garden one evening with her husband they saw something moving, and found it to be a lioness; she quickly retired into the house, and her husband fetched a gun, not in time however to shoot the lioness, as it had walked off. This frightened the neighbourhood, and for some time afterwards we heard of lions

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having been seen. One morning our boys came to us, and said there were lion "pugs" in our garden; it must have walked through during the night.

Another day we heard of a sentry on duty seeing the lioness, which quietly sat near him, while he stood and shook in his "chuplies," not daring to move. The next night or two an officer sat up in the sentry-box, with a goat as a bait for the lioness, but he had no luck. Apparently it was a tame lioness, who found it difficult to chase food on the plain.

It kept the people in a frightened state for weeks, and then disappeared and was no more seen. I asked some people to dinner one night, including a girl, who replied that she could not come into my "lion infested neighbourhood" unless some man who was dining with me could escort her. Finally she came, driven by a doctor she knew always carried a revolver.

A number of Masai passed my bungalow one morning, on the way to be enlisted as levies for the Nandi show; they looked fine as they passed in single file with spears and shields, and lions' manes on their heads, or else their feather head-dresses. One or two looked very comic carrying an umbrella as well.

Presently several returned with one on a stretcher, and Baruku told me his friend had got

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over-excited and run amuk, and had stabbed the other before he could be stopped. It is a little way they have.

The grass fires are beautiful in the distance but not pleasant when too close. My bungalow was surrounded by high grass; neither the garden next door nor my own had yet been made, but they were covered by the same high grass. Some one had set the grass outside alight and the wind swept the fire in our direction, so our grass caught fire too. It was fairly exciting for a little while, to be surrounded by burning grass, the smoke was blinding, and the flames heated the glass in the windows, which I ran to shut. All my boys and those from next door turned out with pails and jugs of water, and they ran about brushing, beating, and stamping out the flames so the bungalow should not catch alight. I ran from window to window, watching and giving orders, while the flames rose to a greater height than I was.

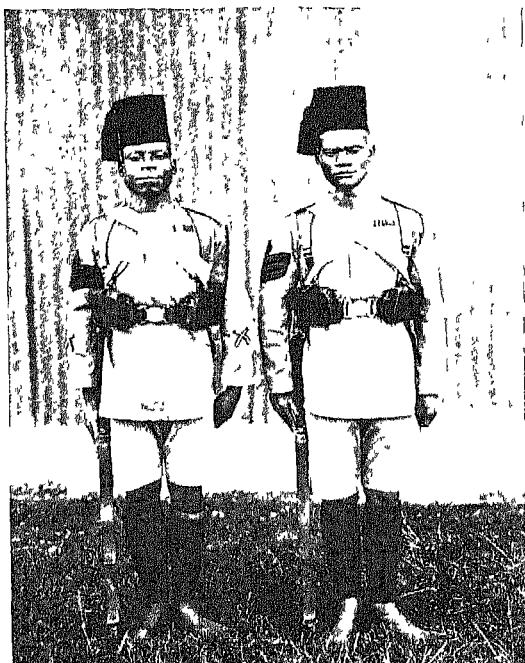
Luckily no damage was done, and the boys thoroughly enjoyed the excitement.

My husband took out a gun licence for birds, so very often we went for long tramps. At first I was fearfully frightened of the ticks and snakes, as the grass was over waist-high in places. I remember on one occasion feeling very nervous when walking single file behind my husband along a little native path, closely followed by two warlike Masai,

GLIMPSES OF EAST AFRICA AND ZANZIBAR

the front one carrying a spear pointed directly towards the middle of my back. Not being yet used to the country and its people, it gave me a most creepy feeling down my spine, and I was much relieved when they went down another side-path.

It seemed to me that horses were much more nervous out here than in England, partly on account of the roughness of the roads, and the snakes and wild animals, I suppose, which they easily smell, if there are any about. A horse we had lent to us, as well as the pony, had a curious habit, when quietly trotting along a cart track, of suddenly shying and turning off at right angles into the plain, and going off at a canter, with the four-wheeled cart bumping behind. It was in the habit of stumbling, and often went lame, yet its owner gave one hundred pounds for it. We drove it to a wood one day to have tea with an officer who was stopping under canvas there,—seeing some wood cut. As we entered the lovely shade of the big trees, it was a sight to see a number of baboons on the road in front of us, looking like so many Russian poodles; they slowly walked across the path and entered the bush as they saw us; they were quite hidden from our view, but were evidently watching us, for as soon as we were past they walked out again, and we heard their quaint bark for some time. We saw a lot of game that day quite near; they do not seem to mind a horse and cart, where-



COLOUR SERGEANTS OF ANCONI AND YAO
COMPANIES, 1ST KAR



Three pages

Photo by Capt. C. R. Brown

THE SIMPLE LIFE

as a man walking soon sends them galloping off. A large wild bush pig scampered away in front of us.

Our bungalow was on a hill above Nairobi Town, which is situated on the plain below ; through field glasses I used to watch storms come up. First a large storm of dust crept along and covered Nairobi, then came on towards us. With it we found a huge gale of wind ; it brought along a thick cloud of rain which fell in heavy drops ; sometimes, from being just on the edge of the storm we had a few heavy drops of rain only, and then, as it passed quickly over, we could watch it fade away.

During the first few months in a new country everything is of such great interest, so new and so different to what one has seen before. Little things which one fails to notice afterwards amuse one then. While walking one day we saw a lady busy dressmaking ; I suppose I must have looked curiously at her, for her friend sitting beside her held "it" up for me to see. "It" was a leather strap with two rows of beads run along it and a fringe of little pieces of chain. I said "Mzuri" (pretty), which pleased the lady, and she said, pointing to rolls of fat which surrounded her ample waist, that it was to be worn there. She herself was in Kikuyu attire, wearing rows and rows of steel wire and beads and a small piece of cloth.

In the colonies we are very loyal, and some *fête*

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is generally given on the King's birthday. On that one of 1905 the sub-commissioner gave a "book-title party"; all the rank and fashion of Nairobi were to be seen there in their pretty summer frocks. The garden belonging to the sub-commissioner is a lovely place, made chiefly by prisoners, with beds and beds of roses which seem to bloom all the year round, making the garden always gay. His wife was devoted to ferns and had a lovely collection on her verandah; lovely maiden-hairs brought from farther up the line, and several other sorts of ferns seemed to flourish under her care.

When the colonel went up to Nandi he left his boy behind, and the boy often stopped us to ask news of his master when he chanced to meet us. He would also walk along beside us and discourse on various topics, till we said "Good-bye" as a gentle hint. He was a very good-looking Somali, and Somalis as servants seem a superior breed. Poor boy, he died before we left Nairobi. One day he told us it was a fast day for the followers of Mohammed. On our return, I thought to catch Baruku, so asked him if he had had any food yet. His answer being in the affirmative, I replied that evidently he was not a Mohammedan. He surprised me by promptly rushing off as if mad to my meat safe, and pulled out our bacon, and explained that since he had been made our cook he splashed his hand while cooking the bacon, and was no

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longer a good man. He thought it a huge joke when I suggested that he must like being made a bad man, if he could eat on fast days. A day or two later we gave him a bird, but he would not eat it, because it had been shot and had not had its neck cut,—another Mohammedan rule.

During those first few months we had a large family of pets to look after, belonging to the officers in Nandi, as well as our own. The visitors included two horses, a pony, four dogs, four cats, and a black boy from British Central Africa,¹ who, I think, gave me more trouble than all the others.

I wanted to collect the lovely locusts and grasshoppers, but unfortunately was rather afraid to touch them. Some were so large they looked like little birds flying, with brilliantly coloured wings which glistened in the sun. The first I saw I chased, seizing my topee off my head, till I was soundly rebuked by my husband for uncovering my head ; in my excitement I forgot I was under a tropical sun. Ali every now and then brought me all sorts of insects, firmly clasped in his black hand. How he dared I cannot think ; one was quite as big as a small bird. Unfortunately I had to give up my collection, because I could not get over my

¹ This boy Tommy always appeared very black, till one day I made the others give him a bath under the tap, then, behold ! he was chocolate coloured.

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repulsion at touching them, nor could I with any pleasure stick pins into them.

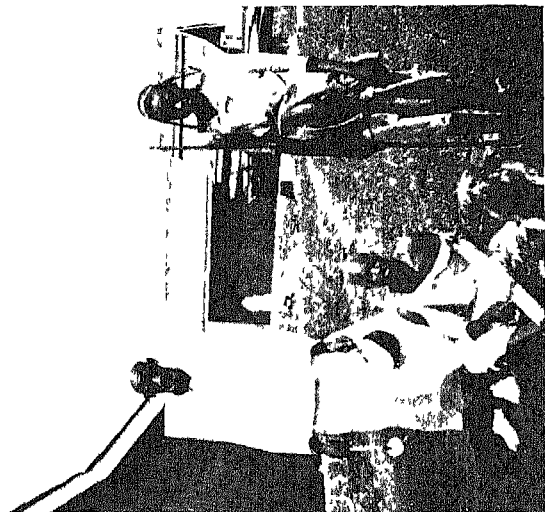
To show how quaintly one's "boys" sometimes behave, here is an instance. I bought, with Baruku's advice, twelve eggs of a man who came to our door, of which ten were bad. At dinner, just before the savoury, he and Ali kept coming in, and they stood with the eggs dripping on to our matting, to show me silently they were bad. A few nights later I had bought a turnip; it was not sufficiently boiled, so I sent it out. Baruku then appeared in his kitchen clothes, with a huge stick in the one hand and the vegetable in the other, and stood silently looking at me, with eyes full of reproachful inquiry, and Ali standing in attendance behind.

Above all things Ali loved cleaning knives; at the rate he went I soon found we should have no knives left. He cleaned them always just before meals, directly afterwards, and any other time when he felt inclined to sit and lazily do something in the sunshine.

My first introduction to the tick fever, I was afterwards to see so much of, was most tragic; Ali rushed in when we were at lunch one day to say Luke, one of the Irish terriers, was dead! It was a great shock, as I did not understand that he was ill. He had been languid for some days, and I had had to carry him when he appeared tired out walking. A few days later Matthew and Mark sickened,



BARUKU TESTING EGGS IN WATER, AND INDIAN
EGG SELLER



THREE "BOYS"—BARUKU, AJI, AND GOOGLY

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but under Mr. Stordy's (the Protectorate veterinary surgeon) advice I nursed them through, but only by treating them as carefully as human babies. It took months for them to recover though. Every day I saw that Tommy, the British Central Africa boy, took off the ticks they picked up from the long grass, and I myself paraffined them at intervals, regardless of taking off their coats. I made them, poor dears, half naked, but I felt desperate; afterwards I heard I ought to have mixed water with the paraffin. It is a fearful disease, and hundreds of dogs of all ages die of it, except those who are born of parents whose parents lived in the country too. I was to lose John, my fox terrier, from the after-effects later.

When we first arrived in Nairobi, all the ladies who called on me complained of the burglaries which had taken place. We too had a scare one night; we both woke up and thought we heard our sitting-room window being tried, but on getting up to look, the thieves, if thieves they were, had made off, or were hidden under the bungalow. An invalid lady, my neighbour, when alone in her house with a maid, was very frightened late one evening by having the feeling that some one was watching her, and on raising her eyes she beheld a whitish face in the darkness pressed against her window. Another night hyænas came under our bungalow, as they often do, and the dogs next door made a

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great noise. The following night my husband bounded out of bed, half asleep, and hit something from off the window sill. He thought it was another hyæna, but in reality it was Paka, one of our visitors, a tame wild-cat, who had been locked out from her kittens, and thought she would get in by the only window she found open,—a very high jump from the ground. But, poor dear, to her surprise she was sent flying, and I don't know which was the more surprised, my husband or the cat.

CHAPTER VII

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS AND OTHERS

Ali's greeting—our new quarters—wild animals visit us—fleas—
rains—our Christmas—my gardener—snakes.

THE day after Ramathan, or the month of fasting for Mohammedans, is their big day, "Siku Kiuu" they call it, and then they all make merry.

After our tea the Indian master-tailor of the regiment and the manager of the canteen arrived with a boy loaded with a tray full of fruit and vegetables ; oranges, mangoes, pine-apples, bananas, carrots, beet-root, cabbages, lettuces, and last but *not least*, a saddle of mutton, as a present. Later on Ali came to me and said a lot of Swahili which I did not understand ; I heard bursts of laughter from Baruku who was somewhere near, so I called him in to explain, and he said Ali wished "to make Christmas with me!" I was perfectly willing, and asked how we were supposed to do it. He then explained we were to wish each other a happy Christmas or the equivalent, and I added a happy New Year. Then Ali departed much confused. The little ceremony was rather spoilt by my not yet understanding enough Swahili.

GLIMPSES OF EAST AFRICA AND ZANZIBAR

In December we moved into our new quarters in the lines. The walls were painted according to the taste of the Indian decorator, and were horrible, our sitting- and bed-rooms being a bright yellow with a bright green dado. An officer came down invalided from Nandi, and when he entered my sitting-room he blinked a good deal in silence, and finally said : " No, it is not my liver, it is the colour of the walls ! "

But it did not take me long to make the place cosy and comfortable. When we were moving in the boys worked well and unceasingly, and would not stop till mid-day even for food ; I had to drive Ali out of the bungalow for his meal. Before leaving the little bungalow, our neighbours, knowing things would be upside down, sent us in a magnificent lunch of lobster salad.

There were no servants' quarters up near the new bungalow, nor kitchen, so we built a grass kitchen and the boys had to sleep in tents. Baruku was very much afraid of sleeping in a tent, because of the lion already mentioned. However we laughed at him and lent him a sword, and told him to whistle to us when one came, so that we might shoot it. As we were taking care of about a dozen rifles and guns belonging to the officers, including a '450, most of which we kept under the bed, we hoped the lion would come, but no such luck. Each night at first though I was awakened

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by some strange animal, first a zebra barking round the bungalow, and then on other nights hyænas, or jackals. I jumped out of bed quickly once to see a barking jackal running across our garden in the bright moonlight. My husband made kennels for our "visitors" out of packing cases so that they should be safe at night. Several of the cats insisted all the same on coming in by the window and sleeping on our bed. The animals soon settled in their new home. Paka's kittens were huge by now. When I had some people to tea one afternoon, I found one kitten sitting in the slop-basin on the tea-tray, trying to get its head in the milk jug. Just about that time there was a plague of fleas and our animals were covered with them.¹ I do not like insects at all, and one night I thought I felt one in bed. My husband woke up to find me sitting in the middle of the bed waving a large lamp about dangerously, but triumphantly holding a flea tight in my other hand. He told me I should set the bungalow on fire, and if I could not get used to such things (as fleas!) I had better go home. I replied that I had never been so near wanting to go before! However "it" was killed. I think the kitten the boys found under our bungalow, now grown up and named "Susie Weenie," left it behind during the night.

¹ The fleas leave the grass and enter houses just before the rains.

GLIMPSES OF EAST AFRICA AND ZANZIBAR

My husband shot a smaller bustard during one of our walks, and we much looked forward to eating it, but alas! Baruku boned, stuffed and rolled it as if it were veal,—a custom the Swahili cooks have! The next night only half our dinner appeared; when my husband went out to inquire the reason, Baruku was huddled up in the kitchen with fever. At first we were not sure if he were drunk, but I had never caught him drinking.

Some heavy rain in December soon found out the weak places in our bungalow, and we had to put basins and waterproof sheets in all our rooms; as it was, some of my clothes were soaked. Twice one evening I had to move the lamp, because the rain came through the roof suddenly on to it. That day in our garden, I had made some flower-beds with soil carted by Kikuyu boys. Alas! in the morning I found the rain had completely washed them away, as we were on an incline. This happened several times, till I succeeded in banking them up with stones.

My coolies gave me trouble, as they came to work for one or two days and then ran away. Baruku brought me others, they carried one load on their heads (about a small pocket-handkerchief full) and then wanted to be paid before going on. Great arguments ensued, and I thought one was going to cry. He said Baruku had struck him. It was difficult to converse with them, as they spoke to Ali in Kikuyu, and Ali translated it into Swahili

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to Baruku, who then put it into English for me. Finally I saw that coolie disappearing in the distance with his cloth flapping from his shoulder in the breeze.

When Christmas Day arrived we had a lot of presents from the shop-keepers and canteen men of each battalion; cakes very much iced and spiced are always sent at Christmas time, touchingly worded Christmas cards, and fruit as well. Our canteen man, an Indian, came again with a present. He was very nervous, but my husband said all that was required and I chimed in at intervals with "Salaam". I wished to improve the situation by saying in Swahili that the master was very fond of mangoes, but the effect was spoilt by my using the word "sasa" (now) instead of "sana" (very). The canteen man was much too nervous to notice my mistake, but Ali's head disappeared into his elbow, in a way he has when he wants to laugh but is too polite to show it. I knew by his shaking shoulders and gleaming teeth what he was doing, and I longed to join in too, but controlled myself. I gave the boys grand belts with pockets, so Ali ran about during the afternoon with only a clean loin cloth held in place by his new belt and his clean kanzu over his arm, to show off the belt. The days when Ali washes his kanzus at the tap he looks very quaint, with his shaven head, never otherwise uncovered, and a brown-black blanket around him.

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In January I took on a permanent gardener (a Kikuyu). He was very funny to look at ; his costume consisted of some beads round his neck, a chain round his ankle, and a little piece of Amerikani (unbleached calico), the same colour as himself, tied over one shoulder and flapping in the breeze. He carried the soil and I planted the flowers ; he took a great interest in it, bringing me weird looking weeds to plant, thinking them choice flowers. People were very kind in giving flowers and cuttings to those about to start a garden, so I did well, and had roses cut from bushes the roots of which had been sent out from home.

There are a fair number of snakes round Nairobi ; we found several in our garden, and one day I had a fright. As I was walking with a friend across the parade ground and was just going to put my foot down, I saw my back foot almost touching a snake and the other about to descend on to it. I managed to lengthen my stride and just escaped it. For a few seconds it lay under my skirts between my feet, and I expected it to crawl up my leg ; happily it slept on and did not move. It was basking in the sunshine, and I went back to have a good look at it ; we unfortunately had nothing with which to kill it. Baruku said it was a poisonous one, but I do not know. It was silvery green, with black Vs up its spine. Next time we found snakes on the parade ground we killed them. One was a horrid black one, that

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springs up and spits into a person's eye, causing temporary blindness, and makes the eye most painful for some time.

All sorts of boys come to one's bungalow ; Wakamba with chickens to sell ; Kikuyu for work ; sometimes even Masai, and even boys belonging to tribes farther off, such as Kavarondo and Nandi. I used to find out all I could about them with the help of my own boys.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MASAI

Mount Ngong and the first medicine-man—the three classes—
kraals—Masai of Nilotic stock—dress and ornaments—bad
eyes—customs—their dead—milkwomen—immorality—
weapons—woman's work.

So often I refer to men of different tribes that it might not come amiss if I said a little about those with whom I came most in contact, because, up to the present, they have been very different in manners, customs and appearance; although coming more into contact with civilisation will, in the future, alter that, levelling down their distinctions. They make a most interesting study. The old warlike tribe of Masai claim first attention, as so much has already been heard of them, and they used to be such a terror in the country, now calming down and becoming the most amenable of British subjects.

From the back verandah of our bungalow in Nairobi, looking far over the wide stretch of plain to the right, there is a range of hills, the Ngong Hills, to be seen. In certain seasons of the year, when the morning sun shines bright and clear, the hills look within easy walking distance, and one

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almost imagines, with glasses, men and animals could be seen walking up their dark brown slopes, whereas in reality they are about fifteen miles away. On their highest point, called Mount Ngong, the Masai believe there was found long ago one of their gods (of which there were four of different colours, but two of them were supposed to have been killed). He was taken by them and treated well, especially when they found him to be a medicine-man. He married among them and founded the family from which all medicine-men have been descended since.

Beyond these hills lies one of the present Masai reserves. These people are a well-known tribe, having in former times put much fear into the hearts of travellers and traders whom they often raided, sometimes in revenge for the ill-treatment they met with at the hands of the Arab-Swahilis. They were most warlike, and beyond tending cattle seem to have done little else but raid and fight their neighbours, even going hundreds of miles if they thought thereby they would capture many cattle from some less fortunate and less warlike natives. Even now they are divided into three classes, boys, warriors and old men ; the warriors, now that they are kept in hand by Government and restricted to their reserves, have little chance of fighting, except as levies to help the regular British troops when there is trouble with some other tribe. I saw them

GLIMPSES OF EAST AFRICA AND ZANZIBAR

go off with joy, in full war-paint, feathers and lions' manes, carrying spears and shields and, what was very comical in several cases, their beloved umbrellas, to help against their old foes the Nandi. I took photographs of them as they passed my bungalow, but the light is not good in Nairobi for instantaneous photography, so they were not a success.

We were in another of their reserves on two of our safaris, and I had a good opportunity of seeing some of their kraals. As their cattle eat down the pastures, they move their belongings on to another spot; consequently we saw on every high mound an empty kraal, it being in a fine position for watching their flocks, and seeing the surrounding country. Their kraals are built in a circle and are composed of oblong huts, several being joined together, about six feet high, with a small doorway to each. Inside there might be three partitions or rooms, in the first usually the stones and ashes of their fire. They sleep on skins piled on brushwood; the houses themselves are made of sticks and brushwood and covered over with mud and cows' dung, making them flat, even and water-tight. All this labour is done by the women, who have to work very hard.

The openings between the sets of huts are closed up with branches at night to keep out wild beasts. In the centre there is another circle, made by a

THE MASAI

"Zareba" of brushwood, in which the cattle, sheep and donkeys are placed at night. Near the huts I saw smaller ones made in the same way, and I was told they were used for storing grain, but as the Masai do not eat much grain, many were for the young lambs and kids, I think. When we were on the top of the Aberdare Range, it was a quaint and pretty sight to see the surrounding country covered with these mounds, rising from the grassy plains, surmounted by these brown kraals like caps.

On the sites of quite old Masai camps and kraals huge stinging nettles have sprung up, over six feet high, as strong in their sting as in their stems, which the orderlies with their bare legs and my dog "Mark" found to their cost. Poor Mark nearly went mad the first time he had the unpleasant experience of following carelessly through in our tracks; afterwards we always carried him if we could. My hands and arms hurt for some time after they were stung.

But to return to the Masai,—one must be careful to put the accent with decision on the first syllable of the word in pronouncing their name. They are descended from people of the Nilotic stock, a wandering pastoral tribe; they are tall and slender, with a free and easy bearing, which when dressed, or rather undressed, in their native manner lends much grace to their movements. They are not as a rule so ugly as many negroes, having well-

GLIMPSES OF EAST AFRICA AND ZANZIBAR

shaped noses and good eyes. Boys and old men shave their heads, and pull out the hairs off the rest of their body and faces, but warriors let it grow on their heads as long as it will ; it is woolly and they pull the cords, which are like those of a corded poodle, and braid leather in with them, forming one queue behind and one each side and another low down their foreheads in front (as illustration). From this last they are fond of hanging a triangular piece of thin iron by a small chain, which is rather effective, shining low down on their foreheads.

These queues they anoint with oil or mutton fat, mixed with the red clay so much to be seen ; they are not content with doing their hair alone, but smear their whole bodies, clothes, and ornaments with the same, looking exactly, as they stand at rest, often with one leg having the other foot resting on that knee, like a bronze statue, only slightly more red in colour. The women, unlike the men, are always well covered, except the chest and breasts. They wear a large cloth or piece of soft leather round their shoulders, under one and over the other, and another skin round their waist, meeting in front but allowing their knees and very often half their thighs to show at each step they take. This is important, as they then show their ornaments, which consist of heavy coils of iron wire wound round and round their



Photo by Capt. J. P. M. Mestyn
MASAI WOMEN



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Photo by Capt. C. R. Baron
MASAI WARRIORS AS LEVITES

THE MASAI

legs, often from the knee to the ankle. Their arms are covered in the same way from the shoulder to the elbow, and again to the wrist. Round their necks the married women wear the same coils of iron wire, huge and heavy, also they have smaller coils about four or five inches in diameter suspended from their ears, the lobes of which have been cut and stretched until the edge is as low as their chins.

Not content with all this, they add many fine chains and beads and other ornaments to their ears through holes in the top edge, and more over their heads and round their necks. The single girls do not wear the heavy neck and ear coils, but any number of strings of beads and chains. Some of them bead their cloths with white beads round the edges, or down the seams. Many wear no rings, others cover most of their fingers. The men wear strings of beads or fine iron chains round their necks, an assortment of ear ornaments, and armlets of iron wire or beads on leather, and the same round their legs.

Some of the skins they wear are most artistically beaded with small white beads, shells, or little hanging bits of the fine iron chain.

One horrid thing I have always noticed about the Masai, is the prevalence of bad eyes. Ophthalmia is very common, and from neglect blinds them in time. The little children I have stopped

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to speak to would be very sweet if it were not for their often bunged-up eyes, with flies hovering about and resting on them; the children did not seem to mind, but I did. It is by the flies chiefly that the disease is spread, as their kraals swarm with this pest, which follow the cattle.

In olden days cattle, sheep and goats were their only means of living, for the women and children live mostly on milk, with some grain they get from other agricultural tribes, only having meat on great occasions and when there happens to be plenty. The warriors live on milk, blood and meat, but their meat is not eaten in their kraals—they kill an animal some way away and eat it there. Before a fight they drink a lot of blood to make them fierce and strong.

Nowadays their cattle have so diminished in numbers from the rinderpest, and the warriors not being allowed to raid neighbouring tribes, that they are gradually learning to eat vegetable food like the Kikuyu. They themselves have suffered terribly in the past from small-pox and severe famines. About five years ago there was a fearful famine, and round Nairobi one is always coming across their bleached skulls as one walks across the plains and up the nullahs. If my husband and I went out shooting I generally returned with a whitened skull with which to ornament my front verandah, to the astonishment of my boys and the

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grinning surprise of other natives, who would stop and gaze at them. Some people think tetanus was very common among them, as they have a habit of pulling out the two lower middle teeth; by this means, when a man is suffering badly from lock-jaw, he can be fed through the gap thus made; another reason given is that it facilitates expectoration. But if you ask a native a reason for anything it is difficult to get a direct answer, and very often they do not know it themselves.

When on safari I have seen such impish, pretty little bright-eyed boys tending the cattle, with a funny little skin, rather like what the warriors wear behind, over their heads, and a skin cloak over their shoulders to keep out the rain. The cattle are nice tame beasts with the African hump. It is at first rather difficult for the new-comer to tell the difference between the sheep and goats, as the sheep have hair instead of wool and both have drooping ears.

The Masai carefully remove the ticks from their cattle; ticks, as I know to my cost, are a terrible curse to domestic animals.

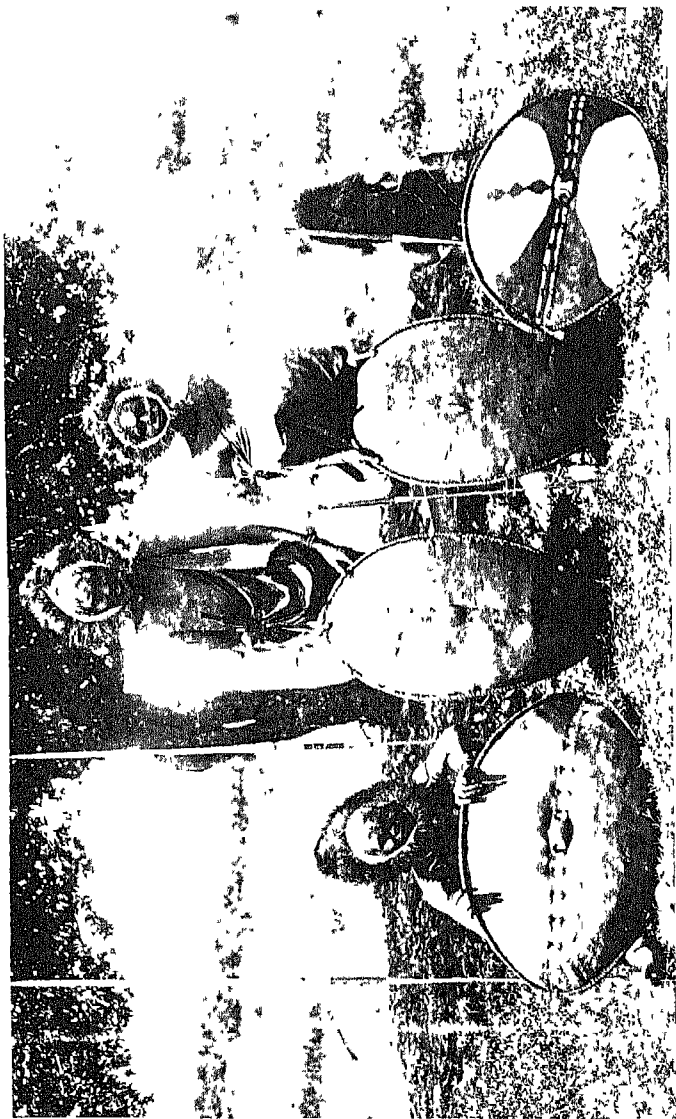
Some of the Masai customs are very peculiar. They do not bury their dead, as they think the bodies pollute the ground and spoil their beloved grass, but they throw them out for the hyænas and jackals to devour; nevertheless chiefs and important people like medicine-men are put into a shallow hole and

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covered with stones, and afterwards each man who passes adds another. I only came across one of these graves. Several times I have seen trees with stones put in all the branches, which, of course, often tumble off and form a heap round the stem ; then again near Naivasha there was a bank of stones which we passed one day, our Kikuyu porters added another stone ; we also came across numerous fallen trees covered with bits of grass and to which the first porter added a handful. I asked him why he did it and he said "Muungu" (God). So I asked why the second man did not do it too ; he only shook his head and pointed to the first ; then I added some grass and they thought it a huge joke. I afterwards heard when I asked about it, that the Masai reverence grass very much, as by it their beloved cattle live, and they think it brings good luck or success to an expedition to put a handful of grass on to a fallen stem. It may be the same with the stones.

They have a way of spitting to show their pleasure, and also as a form of greeting, which is not a very agreeable custom ; the latter however has, with Europeans, given way to the white man's handshake.

I used to buy milk of the Masai women for my cats and dogs when they were ill, or I wanted a quantity for them, as it was very much cheaper than that of the white farmers ; but we could not



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P. de Lucid Bros. Louche

MASAI WARRIORS

THE MASAI

drink it because it has a most peculiar taste, owing to the women cleaning out their gourds in which they carry the milk with cow's urine and ashes. These seem to be with the natives their primitive cleansers and disinfectants ; I have seen them use ashes for so many purposes.

I have never heard of any natives so immoral as the Masai, from early childhood up, and yet perhaps they are less immoral than possessing an absence of morals, for at least they are by custom polyandrous and polygamous.

The Elmoran are those Masai who have grown beyond the stage of Laioni or youths, and have reached the time they become warriors. In olden times, and until quite lately, they lived in villages with one or two young girls, with whom they cohabited, and their own mothers to do the work for them. This was not looked upon as wrong ; it was an old custom. When the girl reached a certain age she returned to her mother, till she married some man who on his marriage ceased to be a warrior, but became an Ol-Moruo, or elder—this happens when he nears the age of thirty. After her marriage it is looked upon as very wrong if she lives with any man other than her husband, without his consent.

There are generally a few small boy relations of the girls who live too in the warriors' villages, and who tend the cattle.

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The Ol-Moruo live in luxury, with their wives to cook and do the work for them, and they may eat anything they fancy. Before marriage the girls have not done any work, but afterwards their lot becomes harder and harder as they grow older; when quite old all the hardest work is given to them, that of carrying wood and helping to move camp and so on.

The Masai weapons of war are numerous and interesting. On their shields they wear, in colour, their coats of arms, that is to say, each district or family has its own, and also they have special marks for valour. Their shields are made of cow's hide or buffalo's hide, the last being the better, and are large and oval, painted in red and white. We bought some, among which one or two were very good.

Spears and swords are also used. The best spear we have, one with a very long steel blade and end, and very evenly balanced, we bought from a Masai who had killed a man with it, and to escape the vengeance of his friends he enlisted in the 3rd King's African Rifles, selling his spear and taking to a rifle. Some blades are over three feet long; boys and old men have small oblong blades. The Masai also use bows and arrows; the scabbards for their swords hang round their waists and are sometimes beautifully decorated with beads. They do not make their own weapons, but get another tribe of

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smiths, the Elgunoni, a tribe allied to them, to do it ; so also do they barter for colobus monkey skins and ostrich feathers from the tribe of the Wandorobo, who are hunters of game, which the Masai are not. The Masai women, by paying a small tax to Government, are allowed to collect firewood and bring it in to sell ; they carry a tremendous load on their backs, the load being supported by a strap which passes round their foreheads to keep it in position. I have often watched them staggering into my compound with wood which my cook bought. Baruku bargained, and then carefully counted every piece, and after that grandly handed the woman the money in payment, for was she not only an Mshenzi (wild woman) ? Babies of course are carried in a cloth on their backs, often with other things ; their little bald black bladder-like heads wobble over the edge of the cloth ; but, to my surprise, their necks never seem to break, and they sleep peacefully when being jogged along wherever their mothers have to go.

The young Masai women are quite nice looking, but their hard work soon tells on them, and they become perfectly hideous in their old age.

Masai men make excellent runners with notes, running at a trot for twenty or thirty miles. They split a thin stick at one end and always carry the letter in the slit ; their long slender legs soon cover the ground. They are not allowed to carry

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spears in Nairobi, and all natives coming into the town must don some cloth to cover themselves, but outside and on their reserves they are not so particular. My experience is that the less the native is clothed the nicer he is, and the more modest and well behaved ; they have not in the least degree that sense of decency or indecency which makes a white man cover himself ; their small bit of covering is usually to protect their lungs. Directly a native begins putting on garments of civilisation he gets wrong ideas with them, and smells infinitely more unpleasant. The semi-civilised native is a terrible person. This we found on our safaris with regard to our porters. I have no patience with the correspondent of one East African paper, who wrote a long article desiring to see the natives enveloped in many garments, and who said how uncomfortable he should feel if he met a more or less undressed negro when he was walking with a lady. If the lady were a decent woman and had any common sense, she would become accustomed to an African's way of dressing in a very short time, and not notice him unless it were to admire the grandeur and carriage of some well-formed young native, whose cloth, ornaments and body make a beautiful picture of a "study in brown". It is noticeable that the least dressed tribes always colour what they wear the same as the colour of their bodies, so there is no distinction between their satin-look-



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Photo by Capt J. P. M. Mostyn

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ing skin and the more dull skin or cloth they may be wearing ; with the exception of white or coloured beads and shell trimmings.

The Kivirondo are the most naked tribe, even the women wearing nothing but beads ; but they are renowned for their chastity and modesty, and are known to be the best of African natives.

CHAPTER IX

VARIOUS MATTERS, INCLUDING PETS AND INSECTS

Locusts and locust-birds—bees—Duke of Connaught's visit—a wild Masai war dance—more plague—my duiker—the mason hornet.

ONE afternoon a most interesting sight occurred, a large black cloud appeared in the sky, coming up quickly in our direction. When overhead we found it to be composed of millions of locusts, and the air became thick with them. In the lines the askaris ran about knocking them down to eat, a delightful chance of getting a free meal; Tommy our British Central African boy was very excited at the thought of filling his already fat little stomach. Even the cats and dogs rushed about and caught them, eating them as well, which astonished us. Winkie, one of our visitors, a huge Persian cat, and our own cat Susie Weenie, with Matt, an Irish terrier, braved the rain to give chase; the others contented themselves with catching them as they fell on to the verandah. We found (or rather the cats found) in all our rooms a number of locusts which had blindly flown into the bungalow through the win-

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dows. Somehow we could not summon up courage to eat any, to taste what they were like, though some friends had a few cooked for dinner; they were fried and were rather like whitebait they told us afterwards.

As the cloud of locusts passed over, and disappeared in the distance, hundreds dropped to the ground, either tired or knocked down by their fellows. These were eagerly eaten up by curious long-legged birds called locust-birds, which always follow in the wake of a plague of locusts; these birds have tremendous wings and equally long legs and neck.

In a bush not far from our bungalow there was a large swarm of wild bees, which I insisted upon taking, that is to say my husband and Baruku did the taking, while I looked on.

We made a box into a hive, and they settled down nicely after a good deal of fuss. A few were still left on the bush, so next day I visited them, and a bee grew very excited and followed me and my fox-terrier puppy John, which I had to carry for protection, whirling my sunshade round and round to keep the persistent bee off. Unfortunately, before we got any honey, during the heavy rains some months later, my bees came to an untimely end and were washed out. Often a swarm will settle between the tin and wood of a bungalow, which makes it unpleasant for the occupant, for they insist upon occupying the verandah, and on one

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occasion they even flew about in dozens in my bedroom, making hair-dressing a difficulty. It is difficult to expel them, as they are not easily got at. The askaris took some honey out of the regimental store, made by bees which had settled there ; but they were finally smoked out and expelled, as they stung the sentry when on duty.

At the end of March, 1906, Nairobi had a visit from the Duke and Duchess of Connaught ; they were received in state, and many presentations were made. The Duke inspected the King's African Rifles, and after that ceremony was over, the Masai, *collected from the surrounding district, gave a war dance in full war paint and feathers.* Of course while waiting before the dance some of the wild Masai went off their heads with excitement and ran amuk, but were promptly chased and caught by one of their own friends, or one of the tame Masai policemen, who knocked them on the head with a knob-kerry or held them down so that they should not spear any one. They begin this by dancing up and down, yelling and jumping the while, then run off ; but they are watched by their less excitable fellows, and when getting beyond themselves are held down by the shoulders. Five hundred Masai warriors gathered together for the dance ; some had very nice lions' manes for their head-dresses ; one or two had lovely leopard skin flaps behind, others only goat skins.

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The two battalions, 1st and 3rd, of the King's African Rifles behaved excellently ; many of the askaris of the latter battalion were tame Masai, looking so different to their wild brethren in their khaki uniforms. Our 1st battalion marched off from the review as if it were one man, no English regiment could have gone in better order.

Plague again broke out in Nairobi in March. A Goanese shop-keeper with whom we dealt died of it. First of all his assistant was suspected of plague, but died from another cause, then the Goanese himself grew sick. He had had a bad foot for some time, and he and his assistant lived in a little back room behind the shop, which was none too clean. He took the plague and died very quickly, as is usual. After this his head clerk became so nervous that he went off his head, and had to be locked up in the strong room in jail ; what became of him I never heard. So of course the shop was closed for a time. The widow came up from Mombasa, where she lived, as Nairobi is rather too cold for Goanese, to settle business matters, naturally she was too late to see her husband, who died a very rich man, having two lakhs of rupees.

Some of the askaris brought me in a young gazelle, a duiker, but poor little thing its back legs seemed paralyzed ; they must have hit it with a stick. It was only a baby, so I fed it with a fountain-pen filler, stuck through the cork of a whisky

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bottle, and it soon sucked it well. At first I feared I should have to have it killed as it could not walk, its poor little back legs gave way when it tried, but after some days it grew better, and finally, perfectly well. My wee kitten loved it and followed it about wherever it went—the two were always to be seen together ; sometimes I put them to bed in a whisky case in our bathroom, and they were quite happy.

A lady lent me a real baby's bottle, which was much better for the little gazelle ; of course I always had the milk diluted ; many little wild animals die because when caught people feed them on pure milk, which is much too strong for them to digest. The little thing would run anywhere after the bottle, and would come and butt one with its head if it were hungry. Later on I had to return the baby's bottle, but the mouth-piece put over the mouth of a medicine bottle did just as well. Eventually it had grown-up food, and lived in a kennel wired in under the bungalow, for it ate up my roses and carnations in the early mornings and evenings. During the day it was either in the bungalow or in the garden ; I could trust it not to eat the flowers while the sun was out. It grew very quickly and became so strong, kicking itself out of the arms of the boy who looked after it. Its friend the wee kitten never forsook it, and washed its face for it and followed it about ; wherever one brown thing was there was the other, for the kitten was the off-

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spring of Paka the wild cat, which, like most wild cats, was a light brown colour, to match the dried-up grass on the plains.

A curious thing happened ; the kitten took to eating the duiker's food of cucumber rind and so on, and the duiker began eating the kitten's food of maize-meal and gravy and chicken bones. I was always rescuing chicken bones out of its little mouth, which it would turn over and suck for a long time, but I feared the results if it swallowed them. I have since heard wild buck like sucking bleached bones.

The duiker I kept for seven months ; once or twice it went away for a night but returned in the morning, just when I was feeling very anxious about it. As I was planting flowers, I felt a little soft nose poke me behind, the duiker having softly run up the path. It had a little collar and bell round its neck later, as it was difficult to see to catch and put up for the night when once it grew dark and the duiker grew frisky. I could catch it, but it would not let the boys come near it, except with its bottle in their hands. One evening it ran down to the plain, and never returned, I think it must have met a little husband who induced it to leave me. For some things I was not sorry, as it grew rather unmanageable, coming into our bungalow and climbing up to the tables and pulling all the roses on to the floor to eat. At meal-times

CHAPTER X

SNOW MOUNTAINS, SOME SOCIETY, AND CLOTHES

Mount Kenia, Mount Kilimanjaro—other mountains—the plains
—wet and heat in Nairobi—race week—what to wear in
Nairobi—exercise and games—officialism.

I SHALL never forget the first morning I saw the snow-capped mountain of Kenia in its full glory. Several times already I have referred to the views across the plains which we had from our second bungalow. So often Kenia is to be seen with its top encircled by clouds—it is what other authors have called a “sky mountain”. But one day before breakfast I saw it from my verandah in perfect clearness, with the early morning sun shining on its snowy top; with field glasses even the glaciers could be plainly seen, with their dark-looking crevasses showing distinctly. One’s feelings on first seeing the mountain cannot be described,—they are beyond it. One has to just gaze and gaze and drink it all in. The supreme grandeur overpowers one till surroundings are forgotten. Kenia always affected me as no other mountain ever could. Most likely because it stands in solitary state, with no other mountain near to mar the

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effect. Months may go by without a chance of seeing the whole mountain, and weeks without seeing even the base.

On the particular morning to which I refer, I fear wifely duty was forgotten, and my husband, who was just off parade, had to call several times before I realised that to a healthy hungry man even Kenia was not satisfying enough.

On ordinary days the plain appears to melt into the clouds on the horizon, but very often in the evening the clouds divide like a curtain and a large brown mass appears with its top still enveloped in the mist. If the mountain is seen like this, there is a theory in Nairobi that rain is coming. It is only in the early hours of a bright sunny morning Kenia is seen in its full beauty. The mountain is about thirty miles from Nairobi and rises to the height of 18,620 feet. Dr. Krapf was the first white man to discover it in 1849. The natives around Kenia are not so friendly as others. While I was in Nairobi the 3rd Battalion King's African Rifles sent a patrol into the Embo country to impress the natives with our strength. The officer in charge was lucky enough to bag six lions, the skins of which he triumphantly brought back and hung round his verandah to dry. But, alas! Indians, and natives too, love the claws as charms against various evils, and many were stolen off his skins, thereby much spoiling them.

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Exactly in the opposite direction, and from the back of our bungalow 119 miles away, rises the well-known and much talked-of mountain of Kilimanjaro, the height of which is 19,200 feet or a little more. It is unfortunately claimed by the Germans; when the boundary between the English protectorate and German territory was fixed, the, until then, absolutely straight line curved north-east round Kilimanjaro, and then straight again to the coast, leaving the mountains on the German side.

The view we had of this mountain had none of the *ruined beauty of Kenia*; it rose like a birthday cake on the horizon when visible, a flat white top and rounded edges, with lower peaks rising beside it.

One felt a certain satisfaction in being in the tropics and yet gazing at its cold and snowy top shining in the sun, besides seeing the mountain itself, which is a sight more or less rare. On clear evenings it is to be seen, but the unknowing eye would not distinguish it from the white clouds around it. Unlike Kenia this mountain has been ascended to the very summit; it was actually seen by a ship on the sea in May, 1893, and for years sailors have been in the habit of looking out for it, but it is nearly always covered in mist. Donyo Sabuk, ten miles off, and Kinangop, directly in front of us, were also visible from our verandah. For the latter

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I had a great affection, as our safaris (journeys, camping) were made to it and over it; and when safely back in Nairobi to gaze at its brown heights brought back the pleasant days we had spent hunting round it.

Kinangop I know from every side, north, east, south and west, having camped and tramped around it. One develops a wonderful affection for the plains, their width and vastness fascinate one. And after having wandered about on them, and seen the animals who have their home there, they never seem empty, even when to the eye they appear so, as imagination fills them with the beasts who must be wandering about on them; but owing to the mimicry of Nature in colouring their skins they are invisible at a distance. During the velt fires hundreds of game come quite close in, and can be plainly seen as they feed in the evening from our bungalow. After the 1st Battalion King's African Rifles came to Nairobi the plains below the Lines were added to the game reserve.

March, April, and October are the wet months in Nairobi, and January is a very hot month—our bungalows with their tin coverings were well-nigh unbearable. At the end of the latter month one of the race meetings is held, the others in July and October. It must not be thought because Nairobi is in the heart of Africa that there are no social functions. Twice a year there is a race week;

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horse racing on two days, and cricket and football matches between Mombasa and Nairobi on the other days, with dances and dinner parties in the evenings. Then it is the ladies come out in their new frocks and prettiest hats ; the Nairobi ladies not wishing to be outdone by the Mombasa ladies. I have often heard it mentioned that, taking into consideration the small number of ladies, no place could boast of such a large percentage of pretty women, more than half being well above the average in good looks.

Men bring in their wives from the surrounding country, and all make merry ; in fact one lives in a social whirl, and it is quite with relief that one sinks again into the quiet humdrum life, when the greatest interests lie in the garden or the chicken run.

During the last year we were in Nairobi, another race meeting was tried in October, but only for one day ; it was not much of a success, the racing being poor. Every Saturday two of us ladies gave tea to the cricket teams which played on our hill ; it made a nice meeting-place, and any of our friends were welcome. Distances from house to house are so great in Nairobi that weeks might otherwise go by without some lady seeing the others.

At six o'clock there was a general movement to the club, where the men play bridge or billiards, and the ladies meet in the reading-room to look at

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the papers, or have a quiet chat while waiting for their husbands to escort them home. There were occasional "At Homes" and dances at Government House which were always much enjoyed, and provided other occasions for the wearing of pretty dresses. White linen is the ideal wear in the tropics, but the red dust of Nairobi robs it of its charm, as it so quickly soils, and embroidery or lace gets irretrievably spoilt, the "dohbi" having no idea how to wash the dust out. For the same reason white or light-coloured serges or cloths, except for special occasions, are useless, as they get dirty directly and cannot be properly cleaned. Blue serge skirts are the most useful things to wear for ordinary rough walking, except during the summer months. They should be made short, as it is so very tiring to hold up a dress in the tropics.

I mention this because walking or exercise of some sort is so essential in the tropics, to enable one to keep one's health, although I know many women rarely walk; but then perhaps their faces would be less mud-coloured if they did. Riding is not very general in Nairobi, owing to the expense of horses, and the danger of losing them from the troublesome horse-sickness, which may, during an epidemic, take them off without any warning. During the winter months of August and September, and during the rains, it is sometimes very chilly especially in the early morning, when a *delaine*

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blouse is very comforting ; the only drawback is that by twelve o'clock, if one is warmly clad, one is then too hot. It is always wise to have a wrap for the evening, as after sunset, however hot the day, it becomes chilly and damp, and then one is liable to take a chill, that forerunner of so many ills and even deaths. There was a golf course on the parade ground, but it was never used in our time ; polo they also tried, which must have been amusing owing to the scratch mounts and inexperienced players. All these games will be improved gradually. Tennis and badminton at the club were often spoilt by the gales of wind which blow down from the hills in the hot weather, though the courts are very good.

It seemed to me that society was kind and peaceful in Nairobi ; of course there are always some disagreeable people everywhere, who cause trouble and upset the rest, and Nairobi was no exception to the rule ; but putting that small minority aside, every one appeared very friendly, and kinder people I have never met. They all seemed so anxious to help each other out of difficulties, and whatever the circumstances, there always seemed some one at hand to assist. The women appeared to me kinder-hearted, larger-minded and less spiteful than in other Colonial places, and the men too, for as a rule men do not show off to advantage in a tropical British possession. Environment has a

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lot to do with people's character, and those people living with a wide expanse around them always seem larger minded ; also, spite is largely a matter of nerves, and when climate or conditions of life lower the vital system the moral tendency is lowered too. It was with the greatest regret (and shall I say it !) even with tears, that I left the good-natured women of Nairobi, whom I had liked so much.

Officialism is in evidence, and so is the list of precedence, that much laughed-at document. But they are not so overpowering as in some other places, where not to be an official—and an official, mind, fairly high up on the list—means utter extinction socially, however superior the position of that person may be at home over the position of others coming higher up on that wonderful list. Unfortunately, some of the higher officials suffer from a disease rather common in Africa as elsewhere ; it takes the form of an enlargement of the head, which makes them unpleasant people to be near, or have much to do with. If wise they remain abroad, as the English climate seems to irritate the patient, who finds the ordinary Englishman at home objects to him on account of his malady, and fails to recognise his importance to the extent of the patient's desire, especially as in the place from which he comes, may be, he was a little tin god !

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But to mention the races again, which really were very enjoyable, friends meet friends and there is a little excitement in modest betting. The regiment or private folk give lunches or teas in little places reserved for them and their friends. Just before sunset, in between or during a race even, one sees on the other side of the course, among the coloured on-lookers, the followers of Mohammed kneeling and bending at prayer, regardless of the passers-by. In another corner the Swahili boys will be having a dance, which consists of them forming a circle and stamping round and round in tune to the beating of knobkerries, in a most monotonous manner. For the native population makes merry as do the white people.

CHAPTER XI

THE WAKIKUYU AND WAKAMBA

Habitation—origin—dress and ornaments—teeth-cleaning—hair-dressing—mtama sellers—past and future risings—Wakamba—fear of Masai—chicken farmers—customs—witchcraft—medicine-men—Kinyolla—food.

From the well-wooded slopes of the snow-capped mountain of Kenia mentioned in the last chapter, where there are a great number of them, to the equally woody uplands north of Nairobi, live the Kikuyu tribe, on the Kikuyu hills and plateau.

Owing to the great famine of 1897, certain portions of this country are now bare of the old inhabitants, but they are decidedly on the increase again, in fact their number will soon reach 1,000,000. Their land is the richest and best suited to the needs of Europeans living in tropical East Africa, being more temperate in climate, and with excellent soil for cultivation and pasture, and also well watered by many streams.

They are a Bantu-speaking people, and their language is very soft and pretty after the hard-sounding Swahili. I tried hard to pick some of it

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up from the porters we had on safari, to their great delight, but found the pronunciation difficult and my memory bad. Squeals of delight would come from the one or two favoured ones who were allowed to sit round our camp fire and instruct me, when I managed at last to learn a word.

Some authorities say they are of pure Bantu stock, but I believe now it is universally acknowledged that they have a great mixture of Masai in them, the fighting qualities of whom they greatly admire, and they copy their manners and dress to a sometimes bewildering extent.

On one safari we got some dashing young Kikuyu braves to say they would help us as porters, but after they had their evening meal, two out of the three ran away in the night. They were dressed like Masai warriors, more or less, in pigtails, skin capes edged with white beads, and similar ornaments; these men were shorter and more round in build than the Masai, and did not carry the long spears.

During the famine of 1882 many Masai went to live with the Kikuyu, and settled down with them to some extent. Notwithstanding all this they have in the past been deadly enemies and were constantly at war with each other, and as late as 1894 or 1895 the Masai descended upon a caravan of Kikuyu porters and massacred 1,000 of them, a few only, including the headman, escaping with their lives.

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The ordinary men wear very scanty garments, generally only a cloth down their back, over one, and under the other shoulder. They like a number of bead necklaces, chiefly blue, white, and black, and fine iron chains with charms attached, particularly the tips of goats' horns, which they do not much care to sell, so I think they look upon them as bringing good luck. Among other Kikuyu charms suspended by chains, I have noticed lions' or leopards' claws, pieces of metal like coins, a rupee with a hole in it, and bead and wire ornaments of copper or iron made by themselves. They have brass wire twisted so tightly round their upper arm that I wonder their hands do not swell, for the flesh bulges over on the top and bottom of the ornament. On their wrists they wear bangles of the same. From round pieces of ivory they have small chains hanging through a hole in the middle; these are very fashionable, and they do not like parting with them. The richer ones smear their bodies in the same way as the Masai, with red clay and oil, and carry weapons made in much the same manner.

As I passed through Kikuyu station on one occasion, I saw two Kikuyu braves come to watch the train, dressed in brilliant red clay and oil, one with a small cloth hanging under one arm and fastened over the right shoulder, the other with a skin arranged the same way and beaded along the edge.

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Their round well-formed shoulders shone in the sunlight. A young Kikuyu beauty came to talk to them, which she did in a coy and amusing fashion ; one of the warriors had a small twig in his hand and she playfully snatched it from him. I watched with interest to see what the twig was for ; she broke it in three pieces and gave each one, then they loosened the fibres of the ends, making them form a little brush, with which they all proceeded to clean their already gleaming teeth, rubbing them this way and that, and up and down, continuing the whole time their animated conversation. They made a pretty group ; I was sorry I had not my camera handy.

The men do their hair in several fashions, one with it falling all round their heads and on their foreheads in thick cords, at other times their heads are like woolly mops, sometimes the cords are tied up in Masai fashion. On one occasion I thought we had a porter missing, till he was brought to me and it was explained he had let loose his cords, which so altered his appearance that I thought he was a different boy. Some men and most women appear to shave their heads all round the edge of a large central mop ; the women fix the leather of their burdens against this edge which seems to keep it from slipping, but I noticed our porters put the leather which supported their loads in the middle of the bunch of hair. Their ears are pierced and

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enlarged by gradually inserting bigger pieces of wood from time to time, till they stretch five inches or so, and when not filled with ornaments, or jam pots, they tie the loose bottom edge in a knot and put it over the top in a most weird-looking manner. One boy took great pride in letting us look at a heavy piece of wood like a marrow bone he constantly wore in the lower lobe of his ear, meanwhile pulling the edge round to his mouth and just managing to stick the tip of his tongue through it! The most common ornament is a hollowed-out piece of wood with concave outer-edge for the ear to fit in.

The women are dressed in roughly tanned skins like the Masai ladies, but without their heavy coils of wire. Instead they wear dozens of what look like bead bangles in their ears, and small pieces of cane in the top edge, sticking out at right angles; also innumerable necklaces of chains and beads, and other chains falling from their ears; and sometimes beautifully beaded leather girdles round their waists.

These ladies brought mtama (a native seed) and maize to me for my boy to buy as food for my chickens. I have watched the transaction, an unnoticed observer; a small half gourd was used as a measure which my boy filled and then overfilled by adding a little more to rest against his hand. Of course the woman would object and a great

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discussion would ensue, finally ending by my boy dropping some of the seed ; and both parties were happy, as the boy felt he had done the woman out of a few grains, and she had stopped him taking too much to please her. Once I entered into the bargaining, and laughingly told the woman she was very dear (*mtama* had gone up), so she took up a big handful and added it to my lot, then looked up, nodding and grinning, which *nods and grins I returned, and we were great friends.*

The women seem to do most of the hard work ; they work in their *shambas* with the men, and carry such heavy loads of sweet potatoes and grain to market. They seem now to get on fairly well with their white neighbours, although it was only nine or ten years ago the King's African Rifles had to go with the collector, the late Mr. Hall, to punish them for giving trouble. He took 400 cattle and 10,000 goats from them as a lesson.

All the same, while I was in Nairobi people were saying that there would be a Kikuyu rising before very long, and since we left they seem to be giving rather more trouble : but I should have thought they were too weak and indolent for anything serious. But it is in their great number that their strength lies, and one wonders, now that they are allowed to increase so much and are guarded from

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raids and famines which used to decimate them, what will happen in the future. Strictly speaking they are not fighters and are useless as regular (or irregular) soldiers, being purely agricultural in inclination ; and it is with surprise that I have read of the trouble they have caused to travellers in the past.

One inconvenient habit they have is to occupy land for a few years, plant out their shambas, build grass huts and live there until they think the land is somewhat exhausted ; then they move on farther, burn a clearing in the forest and plant on the fresh and fertile spot, and so on. Now, I expect they will be stopped from doing this and causing such waste of good land, for settlers are taking up land all around and among them.

South-east of Nairobi, stretching away each side of the Athi River, on a large tract of country live the Wakamba, an important Bantu tribe. Their fear of the raiding Masai was so great that they invariably lived hidden in the hills, a great number being around Machakos on the Iveti Mountains. Their total number is considerable, I believe it has been estimated at 1,000,000 in the Iveti Mountain district alone. Though they are an agricultural tribe, they have not dared, till lately, to cultivate the rich lands which lie at the base of their mountains, for fear of their enemies, and for

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that reason they never could keep many cattle on the fertile pastures below. They have a great idea of doing business, and now keep quantities of fowls and supply the Nairobi market with eggs and chickens. Boys often came round to me with baskets full of chickens, the small chicken of the country, for eight annas each. I used to buy four or five at a time and feed them up, as they never had much flesh on their bones, for they have usually to get their own living to a great extent.

Unimportant people when dead form meals for the hyænas, but chiefs and important persons are buried in their huts, and the wife in front of the door ; then the hut is no longer used.

The boys have their top front teeth filed into points ; it is said that the custom originated when they were cannibals, as most cannibal tribes file their teeth. Burton in his book says, "the Wadoe are reported by all to have learned cannibalism during their wars with the Wakamba".

However, I asked an Akamba boy why his teeth were filed and he said he did not know, so I told him it was because he ate "watoto" (children) ; this he denied amidst peals of laughter from the other boys. Though I tried several times, I never obtained a reason from him.

He was a dirty, wild sort of boy, with a tre-

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mendous appetite and a big stomach, and very black in colour. He looked quite decent, when, at intervals, I gave him a new loin cloth of two yards of Americani, but in a day it was as black as himself. If I said anything to him he generally stood looking rather like an idiot, with a wide grin showing off his filed fangs to great advantage. He was one of my outdoor boys and rather hopeless at anything, except what needed strength—he was thick-set and strong, so could lift heavy weights with ease and carry them on his thick skull. A Kikuyu I had at the same time, had double his intelligence and quickness, but not his strength.

They have a strong belief in witchcraft, and their witch doctor is supposed to be able to find the perpetrator of an offence. But, alas! it is always a woman who has to bear the blame, and bribery is resorted to to propitiate the medicine-man. When he has settled on a poor woman (whose relations, may be, cannot afford a big enough bribe) the elders are informed, and her friends fall away; finally all the people leave her and a man creeps back and pins her to the ground with his spear. Then she is left to wither and die; if not dead on the return of her neighbours they stone her.

This practice is called "Kinyolla," and in that way some innocent woman dies, because of sickness among the tribe, or failure of crops, or some such calamity that has befallen the rest.

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Their food is chiefly the grain they grow, maize, millet, dhurra, beans and bananas. They are rather good at metal working, and collect the iron ore from beds of streams; brass wire, however, they buy, which they make into ornaments, some of which are quite pretty. They also ornament stools with it; these stools are cut out of one block of wood, a round on the top of three curved legs. Most of the Wakamba boys who came to our house for work spoke or understood Swahili, at any rate enough for me to give orders. My Masai boy Ali could speak Masai, Kikuyu and Kikamba, so I made him translate when I wanted to hold a conversation, though he never cared much to do it, and always slipped away to his housework as soon as he could. Ali could not speak English, so when I was in difficulties with the Swahili, Baruku came to my rescue. I always liked to find out as much as I could about the tribe of any boy I had, but owing to a native's dislike to giving a direct answer, and the several languages into which what answer I did get had to be translated, it took some time to get one small detail.

In giving orders or rebuking boys I would tell Baruku what to say to the others, but he would say, "I don't know their language, Bibi," and they did not understand his Swahili—he mumbled and talked too quickly for them, so I would impatiently

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send him away and then talk volumes of my ungrammatical Swahili, which apparently the boy understood, aided by my gestures of anger, and he would go off to correct his work.

CHAPTER XII

OUR FIRST HUNTING EXPEDITION

Train to Naivasha—views—Lake Naivasha—a *contretemps*—porters—the start—Kongoni—Thomson's gazelle—a dead man—waterbuck—ostriches—on the track of a rhino—safari fare—an old character—elephant chase—head porter gets into trouble—an officer's escape from an elephant.

WE had been in Nairobi nearly a year without a change or a holiday, so it was with the greatest pleasure of anticipation and excitement that we made our arrangement for leave to go on a little shooting expedition. We locked up our bungalow, and our pets were sent away to stay with friends kind enough to look after them; one cat in one place, and another in another, and so on. "Pups" the fox terrier, the duiker, and the wee kitten were to go over to the lady in the other battalion. Pups found his way back, they told me, for several days, hoping to find us in the deserted house. The duiker proved difficult to remove; I led, and sometimes carried him over the grassy parade ground with a collar and string, but he insisted on dashing back home whenever he escaped my

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clutches. But at last he was safely installed in my friend's chicken run, where he was most happy with a dog's kennel to sleep in, and could amuse himself by chasing the hens about and eating up their food. I always speak of Toto Sing as "he," but really it was a doe. Mark was to go with us, I could not leave him behind. Our fat Susie Weenie (the black Tom cat, there is always a confusion of the sexes where my animals are concerned) disgraced himself in our absence by fighting with his hostess's cat, so that all the time we were away they had to be kept apart and fed in different rooms, occasionally escaping and having terrible fights on the roof. Ali and Googly were left in charge of the chickens and garden, which they looked after well, as on my return I found two hens running about followed by seven little white fluffy chickens each, out of fourteen eggs.

We took the mid-day train from Nairobi to Naivasha, and first of all passed through the pretty suburbs the other side of Nairobi, and over the hills to Kikuyu, seeing the Kikuyu shambas planted with maize and other grain. From the trees hung long barrels with a tiny hole in one end for the bees to enter; and in these they store honey, which the Kikuyu eventually collect. The train works gradually up and winds round and round, every now and then dipping again; as it climbs the Mau escarpment. Just before the station of that name, a most

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glorious view is obtained of the Great Rift Valley lying below, seen, as the train winds its way, from several points of view. Then there is a rapid descent down to Naivasha, passing the old crater of Mount Longonot, an extinct volcano joined to the line of the railway by a high portion called the Saddle. Lions are supposed to be found in plenty in its immediate neighbourhood.

Two or three miles before Naivasha station, and passing along the lake of the same name, we saw heads of game in vast numbers, zebra, various gazelle, jackals and other beasts. The country is beautiful and most interesting ; on the opposite side of the lake there is still a crater of an old volcano which gives forth smoke and flame at intervals. Hills line the lake of Naivasha, and it is believed to be itself an old crater basin ; the water is brackish and undrinkable, and I was told that there is supposed to be a subterranean river fed by its waters.

The little hotel is a most primitive affair ; the proprietor being an ex-officer of Hussars, comforts are few, but one does not think of that in the excitement of starting on one's safari. Breakfast was rather a failure, for I waited patiently for the inevitable country egg, the size of a pigeon's, while the men ate porridge, lumps of beef, and fish brought up country on ice, none of which do I care for as a tropical repast to start a hot journey on. Then I



SAIDI, MY HUSBAND'S ORDERIA



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discovered that there were no eggs, and with much embarrassment (for we breakfasted at the same table as "mine host" and other guests) I called for a lump of meat to be brought back, which I tried to eat while the men were having jam. It was not a good start for a long march.

Our first *contretemps* was a sad one, for between Baruku and the orderly Saidi, they let all our cooking pots and pans and candle lamps go on in the train. Although by wiring, we tried to get them, we failed, and had to buy new ones at the store attached to the hotel. We, of course, expected the first ones to be stolen, but they were found when the train reached Port Florence, and eventually were restored to us after our return. Having to choose out a new set delayed us, so we did not start next morning till ten o'clock, when the sun was already very hot on the plain by the lake.

We had wired beforehand for porters, and they were collected together and paraded in front of us, with one or two exceptions—the usual escapes. They were Kikuyu, and a funny-looking lot as they all stood together, though when I got used to their ugly faces, and could distinguish one from the other, I grew quite to like them. They each took their load, of anything up to sixty pounds, and a blanket, and off they went in single file, carrying tents, bedding, chop-boxes of food, and all the

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etceteras of camping. Saidi marched on with my husband, Baruku brought up the rear, to stop any who might become faint-hearted and want to turn back.

We had a long hot march over some plain, then up a little escarpment on which we hoped to find some wild pig, and down again and through a valley until we came to the big escarpment which rises behind Naivasha. Our faces seemed swollen with the heat and exertion, to which we were not yet accustomed. We halted and had lunch at the foot of the escarpment, then it was a pretty stiff climb up, the banks on each side of the path being covered with very pretty wild flowers. On reaching the top a delicious breeze met us and blew cool and bracing on to our heated faces, exhilarating us so that half our fatigue was forgotten and we tramped along with double the spring in our footsteps. The air was lovely after the close plains below; stretching in front of us was another long plain, a day's march across, to the foot of the Settima Hills, of which Mount Kinangop is the highest peak. Except for zebra and kongoni there was not much to be seen. My husband shot two kongoni with fairly good horns as specimens and also for food. Although we had thought ourselves very hot and tired after our long tramp all day in the sun, the excitement of bagging the kongoni put new life into us and the porters too.

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They had had to carry wood from the slope of the escarpment for this our first night, as there was none on the plain before us.

As soon as it was dawn next morning, in fact we were awake before, watching for the dark sky we could see through a hole in the tent to turn the faintest grey, Baruku brought us our breakfast, and we started off again, leaving the porters to follow more slowly.

It takes a long time to get them off in the morning, when meat has been killed the evening before, as they, having eaten it during most of the night, consequently feel sluggish and disinclined to move, and some are cooking joints which they intend to carry with them; others are still eating. We saw plenty of "Tommies" (Thomson's gazelle), kongoni (native name for hartebeeste) and zebra, and my husband shot a Tommy for our supper. They are excellent to eat, being much more tender than kongoni, and we kept the meat for ourselves, thinking it too good, and the animals too pretty, to shoot for the greedy porters. There were plenty of old elephant tracks and some fairly fresh ones, also we saw the tracks of a rhino which must have crossed our path that morning. But the plain must be crossed in a day, there being no wood and no water to camp by, till the trees at the base of the hills of the Kinangop Range are reached, therefore we could not follow up the tracks, which might

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take us miles out of our way, but had to push on. Also my husband had developed a very bad blister on his heel, which had been giving him a good deal of trouble.

That march was a long and hot one. I was very tired and hungry by the time we arrived at the trees we had been watching so eagerly as we tramped along in the heat across the plain. We did not reach them till two o'clock, but the beauty of the place quite made up for the length of time we took to reach it. I sank down in the long grass, exhausted, but delighted with what I saw before me. It was the prettiest spot we had seen in East Africa. We pitched our camp on a high bank; below us was a steep ravine, at the bottom of which rushed a clear stream, tumbling over stones, which could only be crossed by jumping from one boulder to another, at the risk of slipping into the fast-flowing water up to, and beyond one's knees.

Each bank of the ravine was covered with shrubs, trees and wild flowers, and along their sides ran numerous animal tracks, threading one into the other, tracks used by the beasts when they came down to water. I gladly drank the water, knowing it to be fresh and clean from the mountain tops ahead of us. The water in Nairobi, although it is supposed to be pure to drink, has a most unpleasant taste, and by the time it is boiled and filtered in

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that warm climate, it becomes, unless aerated, flat and unpalatable.

During our long hot march to this spot of enchantment, we saw something in the grass ahead of us on the farther bank of one of the numerous little streams we had to cross during the latter end of the day. We could not even with our glasses make out what it could be. At last our boys called out in Swahili, "A dead man". My husband and his orderly, Saidi, went to look, and judging by the way the former walked round the body with his handkerchief up to his nose, I was glad I had not followed. My husband said it was evidently the body of a black man, torn to pieces by some animal. The strange part about it was, that he had a white leg with black spots upon it, only just beginning to decompose, whereas his face was already dried up. He had on an anklet and wristlet of beads, but nothing else. Baruku and Saidi told me the man had died from "sun and cold," evidently exposure. They do not like crossing the plains alone, so perhaps, being overcome, his companions had calmly left him to his fate. That evening, owing to my husband's bad heel, we did not wander forth to see what we could find, but we saw from our tent, on the farther bank, some impala, such pretty red and yellow-ochre beasts. My husband seized his gun, but as so often happens, the buck disappeared at once in the thick

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bush, leaving the does to put the enemy off his track.

I often wonder if they know that a sportsman will not shoot does, or if it is the same instinct of unselfishness one sees in woman ; though a man would hardly follow the buck's example and run away, leaving his womenkind to face the danger. A porter came to me in great tribulation saying Baruku had beaten him, he even turned his glossy back round for me to see the exact spot. We revelled in the cool air of the evening ; in fact it was very cold at night and somewhat damp, as it sometimes rained a little. After looking around next morning early, my husband thought he saw three rhinos in the far distance, so we started to cross the bit of plain which still separated us from the hill sides. We descended our ravine and crossed it, then found on the other side we had to wade through very swampy rather high grass. We descended and crossed two more ravines, which also were exceedingly pretty ; the currents were strong and the water knee deep, but, nothing daunted, on we went. A third stream proved, instead of water rushing over rocks, to be slow and swampy and full of high reeds. I watched my husband try it first, and as he soon found himself up to his waist in water, he came back. I have a horror of swampy water, so we tried another spot, which was narrower and which we (even I) managed to jump. Fear of the water



TWO OF OUR KIKUYU POTTERS



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WATERBUCK

• Photo by Capt. C. R. Bacon

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lent me wings and my husband's stick managed to pull me out, as my foot slipped back into the water after I had reached the treacherous slippery bank.

When we reached the place where we had thought we had seen the rhinos, we crept along with our rifles loaded, and I know my heart was wildly beating, as I expected every minute to see a huge ugly beast dash out of a circle of bushes and high stinging nettles round which we were walking. My husband always tells a tale (much exaggerated) against me, how that all along that march he hurried to leave me behind, and I almost ran in the swampy grass to keep up with him, holding my handkerchief fluttering in the breeze while I stumbled along, telling him we were going the wrong way of the wind and that the animals would scent us and dash down wind after us. He always says that I and my handkerchief would have frightened any animal away he wanted to shoot. Seeing nothing, we left that piece of cover and went down to a fourth river; there I saw a beast I did not know the name of, though I knew it was not a rhino. I gave a note of warning and down we all fell on our knees, while Saidi called out, "Shoot! shoot!" My husband, in the excitement of the moment, and not having time to think as the animal dashed away, shot, and then to his chagrin discovered that he had killed a female waterbuck, the male having made off.

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But it had a lovely skin, and all the way home I was wondering whether I would put it on the floor or on the sofa in my sitting-room ; but, alas ! the native who skinned it settled that question for me by bringing the skin into camp cut into long strips for themselves to make leather straps of. That was the last time they ever cut up a skin without our permission, as we were so angry and very disappointed. We hunted for the buck but could not find him, evidently he and the doe and another young buck were the three animals we had mistaken for rhinos earlier in the morning.

We saw more elephant tracks. One had crossed a ravine when we did, leaving tremendous footprints behind. On our way back I had time to notice the pretty wild flowers, gladiolas in two shades, and other flowers, including some spikes of red-gold flowers we grow at home in our greenhouses. Returning, I waded our stream with my shoes off, but it was rather rocky, though the water was delightfully cold. We had a huge fire lighted outside our tent door, kept up by an old porter named Masharia ; after dinner we sat by it with him ; we presented him with a cigarette which he smoked with much delight to the bitter burning end, making it last a long time. I could not talk Kikuyu and he could not talk Swahili, but we managed to converse a good bit, and he enjoyed his evening, while the other porters sang round their fires. Next morning we

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were up and away and found it hard going, wet and swampy. We crossed several rhino tracks, and presently saw a cock and four hen ostriches. My husband gave chase for a couple of hours, and I watched him from a hill through my glasses, going miles in a large circle after them, only they out-distanced him and got away, their long strong legs covering the ground without any trouble. By that time we had reached the foot of the hills, and as our next camping ground was farther along we marched up and down the undulations, struggling up the swampy side of one and down to a stream which ran fresh and sparkling from the mountains above. As the crow flies it was not far, but having to keep climbing up and down and crossing the streams took so long a time that I began to despair of ever being allowed to halt. Suddenly we struck the perfectly fresh tracks of a rhino, in fact there must have been two, as in the open the tracks divided. In great excitement, with half our fatigue gone, we followed it up through a dense woody part, where if the rhino had chosen to stop and wait for us some one would have been done for, as there was no room to spring aside; the men might have managed it, but I with my skirts and topee could not have moved. However, at the time I did not think of that, I only felt my loaded rifle was an extra help. The orderly carried my husband's '303 and my husband the big '450. We passed through a small clearing which

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by the signs was evidently their lair, which they lay in during the heat of the day. It was one of the most exciting hours I have had, something like playing hide-and-seek as children in the dark, creeping along in the track of the rhino, trying to make no noise, and half bent as the bushes met again above the height of the rhinos. At every corner we turned we expected to see a huge black head waiting for us. The rhino must have been aware of us behind them, as in their nervous excitement they left steaming spoor behind, which showed us they could not be far ahead.

Presently we came to an open bit of ground, and all of us, I think, breathed more freely. The tracks took us down beside a river, sometimes crossing it after our having lost the tracks in the long reeds and grass. Several times we began to feel that we had not the strength to go on farther—we did not begin our hunt till we had already marched for some hours, and by that time it was nearly two o'clock and the sun was very hot and powerful. The river was leading us a mile or two from the place we wanted to camp on, so we reluctantly gave up the chase and slowly plodded back, just as the porters were appearing along a path at the base of the hills. My husband hoped he might get the old rhino on its return at night, as evidently it had followed the stream down to where the water joined another, a mile or two farther on, where I

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dare say the rhino rested by the edge in the cool. It was a great disappointment, but had to be borne. The spot we chose for our camping ground was across that stream and then another ; as we tramped along we came across numerous rhino tracks and some elephant tracks, all leading to and from the hills down to the plains. One track we followed must have been made by a very huge fellow, an elephant, who, as he crossed a stream and climbed the opposite bank, evidently slipped backwards again into the water. In fact, near our camping ground the place was riddled with tracks.

How can I describe the happiness of reaching camp after a very long, hot, and tiring march. We arrived at the spot at the same time as the porters and promptly stretched ourselves on the ground ; my husband, making a porter pull out a bottle of precious sparkling beer from one of the loads, sat on the luncheon basket, and drank and drank it as if it were nectar ; in fact I, too, did not despise nor refuse my pull at the glass. Then while some of the porters pitched the tents, others made off for wood or water, fires were built, and Baruku promptly began getting us something ready to eat. Oh ! how we enjoyed slices of saddle of "Tommy" with fried potatoes and onions, then water biscuits and butter or jam to follow ; sometimes even a savoury omelette of herbs which Baruku knew

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well how to make. Then if we were still hungry a slice of cake did not come amiss, with a cup of tea, as generally our lunch was partaken of about tea time, so we had them together one after the other, whereas we had eaten our breakfast about five o'clock A.M. After food, then to stretch ourselves idly on our beds and talk over the events of the day, hearing the while the buzz of the porters' chatter as they cooked their beans or meat a little way off. This particular camping place was most beautiful ; our tent lay under the shelter of a tree, as it had rained heavily at intervals—other trees and shrubs around us ; the former with the porters like monkeys climbing about their branches, to pull off the dead and rotten wood for fires, their red blankets making a pretty touch of colour amongst the green. At the back of us lay the mountains, first covered with trees such as were around us, then farther up a thick belt of bamboo forest, such as elephants love to roam in, towering up to the most perfect of blue skies. Below us and around us stretched for miles and miles the wide yellow-brown plain, here and there in the distance dotted with herds of kongoni or zebra ; and by patiently looking out through one's glasses other animals could be seen as specks moving, and it was only after watching for some time that we could distinguish what, whether ostriches or some gazelle. That evening my husband's heel was very bad, as he had not been

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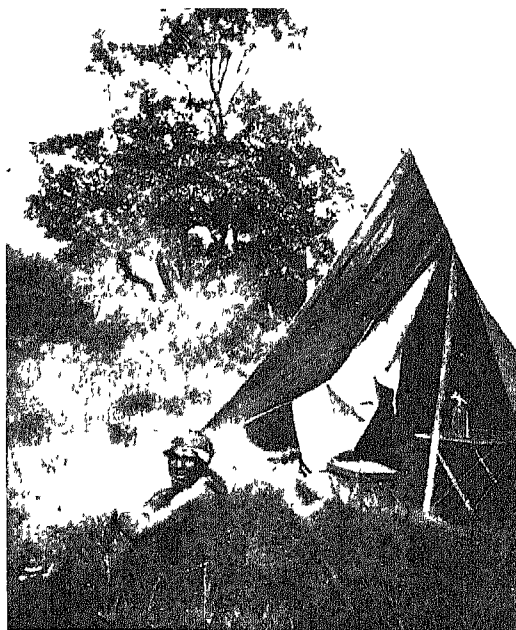
able to rest it, so we decided not to go out again, although we sent porters scouting round to see if they could follow up the rhino of the morning, or chance to find an elephant wandering about. In the evening as we sat round our fire, old Masharia joined us, with his boiled beans. I wanted to taste one, so took one of his and peeled it—they ate them with the peel on. Seeing me do this he took a handful and carefully peeled them all, then handed them to me in as courteous a way as any cavalier of old. He was quite an old character, and amused us a great deal on our safari, besides keeping up our fire, by which he slept all night, just outside our tent door. He dried our wet boots, and putties and stockings, hanging them on branches round the fire. That evening my husband showed him a picture of the Beecham's Pills advertisement of an old man laughing heartily. It amused him immensely; he rolled about with laughter and then got up and took it to show the others. We pulled it out of the magazine for him, and he kept it carefully, rolled up in his blanket, every now and then taking it out to gaze at and scream with laughter. It did not seem to matter to him whether the picture was upside down or not—very likely it was when he showed it to the others. He very much enjoyed my having a cigarette with him, round the fire, and would patiently hold a match till it burnt his fingers for me to light mine by and

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then for him to use. One day my husband put some water in an empty whisky bottle. Perhaps there were some dregs of the spirit left ; anyhow it seemed to get into the old man's head, for it made him very merry and he smacked his lips and much enjoyed taking a pull, then sticking the cork in again, as a child would. That bottle and the picture were carried by him for days as well as his load.

When we were eating our meals, or when I was dressing in the early morning, he always modestly kept his eyes turned in the opposite direction, although at other times they hardly ever left our direction. He and I held long conversations, and I began to think myself quite a wit, so well did he appreciate my feeble jokes.

The following morning we, as usual, went off early, still along the base of the hills, over numerous elephant tracks, some appearing quite fresh. Presently we heard an elephant quite near us, a most thrilling sound, as it howled an alarm. My husband, followed by his orderly, went after it, up a densely wooded hill, through jungle to the top and round. Evidently by the tracks looking smaller they must have changed and left the large elephant and followed a smaller. He took them up almost a perpendicular incline, close and stuffy among the trees. They had to rest, and so, evidently, did the elephant, and he fanned himself with leaves and



OLD MASHARIA ON GUARD OUTSIDE OUR TENT



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Phot by Capt J P M Mostyn

KIKUYU WOMEN AND MR HILL AT ESCARMENT STATION

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threw earth over himself. In his hurry getting over the fallen trunk of a tree he must have slipped a dozen feet or more. My husband had a glimpse of him at the top, and then lost his track among the others, but it did not matter, as he saw his ivories were too small to shoot.

My husband did not know, till he was nearly at the top of the hill, that the orderly had been following close on his heels with the rifle loaded and not on the "safe," and pointed straight at his spine; which, considering the branches and twigs which surrounded them, and the number of times the man had slipped up, was exceedingly dangerous, and it was lucky my better-half returned to camp alive.

They returned very tired indeed, and hot and much cut about by the branches. I had waited a long time for them, and then getting tired of so doing had gone on with my gun-bearer and the porter who carried the luncheon basket to the place I thought suitable for our next camp. The porters soon followed, and we pitched the tents by a stream just under the highest peak of Mount Kinangop, with old elephant tracks all around us and spur fowl in the valley of the stream. It was windy and bitterly cold when we took a walk down the stream, only seeing a snipe to reward us.

Next day, after striking camp early, we crossed several streams and a lovely gorge, and walked on for about an hour. Then to our surprise the fool

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of a head porter, who knew the way—the only one, by-the-bye, with any attempt at being clothed—said we must halt, as from there onwards across the plain we should find no more wood. My husband was very angry, as he did not want to waste a day there, for we had left the game behind us ; so we sent the boy back to tell the others to follow, bringing enough wood along too, so that we could camp half-way across the plain. Meanwhile, we waited by a stream for him to return. After we had started again, and gone on an hour or two, we waited for the porters, and when they came up found they had brought no wood with them. Then there was a scene ; my husband boxed the head porter's ears, and I can see the picture of him now, standing over the crouching, frightened native, longing to beat him, but restraining himself, while the other porters sat down by their loads. The wretch had disobeyed us on purpose, thinking perhaps we should take a day off from marching onwards. There remained nothing to be done but to march steadily on, and cross the entire plain. The head porter, instead of carrying my rifle, was made to take a load—a great indignity—and I had another boy with me.

We went on for another two hours, till we came to water, when we halted and had some lunch ; then on and on again till we came to the edge of the escarpment, only a long way from that part of it where

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we had ascended. We ran down, passing a lot of monkeys, nearly to the bottom, where we camped on a very pleasant spot, not far from an old Kikuyu encampment of about seven grass huts built in the shrubs and around trees. It was such a pretty place, I wandered off to take photographs of the stream running at the bottom of a cleft in the escarpment, and I came across a large hollow cavern evidently much used by natives as a resting place, when they were on the move, as it was absolutely black inside from their fires. Later on I took my husband to see the cave, and we found it occupied by a party of Kikuyu, with their fires already burning. Wandering back we came across another piece of rock, jutting out, with a heavy bit above forming a roof; this had also been used for the same purpose, and as we were looking down, a native came along carrying a bundle of firewood, and passed under the roof and over the wide stream below, by a fallen tree-trunk, after which he had a stiff little piece to climb. As we watched him in the stillness from our superior height of thirty feet, I suppose, although we were motionless, he must have felt our eyes, as he looked up, with however no surprise at seeing a white woman in that unaccustomed spot (for are we not all a little mad, according to them?) and we exchanged grins. That evening one of the porters came to me with a very badly scalded leg, which I dressed for him. Our old

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friend Masharia, not wishing to be outdone, hunted about and found a small and very ancient cut on his leg and came to me also for "dawa" (medicine); to please him I bound it up. He then brought an empty cartridge case for me to fill with the "dawa," which I did with boracic acid powder and explained its use; he was hugely delighted. We spent a couple of delightful days in this place, wandering about; although it was tiring, as the grass was long and we were continually having to step over fallen tree-trunks. Mark would never let us move out of his sight, and thoroughly enjoyed camping.

It was a curious thing, but after we had tracked our first rhino at night I used to be fearfully nervous, insisting on the tent being well fastened down in case a lion took a fancy to poke his head in, or more likely a hyæna (it would be all the same to me in the dark). I dreamed of rhinos charging us, and I woke up shaking with fear, thinking that in the morning I should never dare go after a rhino again. But as soon as daylight came, my fears disappeared and no one was more keen than I, and later, when we were lucky enough to get two rhinos, no one could have enjoyed it more.

Our last evening we climbed the escarpment again, to be met by the delicious fresh breeze we had noticed before on the top. We saw plenty of zebra, Tommies and kongoni; my husband shot a zebra, they have such lovely skins, although very

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expensive to have cured. They are not nice animals to shoot, being too much like our friend the horse; the one my husband shot brought tears to my eyes, as the others would not leave it, but kept neighing and calling to it to follow, going a little way then waiting to look back. We had wandered some way after the zebra and it was getting late, so we left Saidi and a couple of porters to skin it and bring in some meat for the others. We walked hard for about two miles, and reached the top of the escarpment just as it was dark. It was no joke clambering down, stumbling and tripping over boulders and loose stones, as it was very steep. Baruku and the head porter appeared with a lamp and burning wood, which by dazzling us hindered more than helped us; I know I came down more or less on all-fours. Midway my husband fell and twisted his ankle on a loose stone. My heart sank; however after a bit he could manage to crawl along, and as soon as we were in camp I bathed it with very hot water. We sent two boys back with a lamp, but presently we heard a shot and a shout, which made us nervous, fearing Saidi had missed his way and a leopard had gone for one of them, smelling the fresh meat. We anxiously sent off three or four more boys with burning logs up the escarpment, and shouted till we were hoarse, but could get no answer. We wondered what the colonel would say to us, if anything happened to

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the orderly. However, at last they all turned up, bringing the skin and the meat, and two hoofs for me which they carefully presented. Old Masharia and some of the others spent the night outside our tent, and had a huge feed of zebra meat.

Next morning was dull and rainy, but while at breakfast we were entertained by seeing a long procession of monkeys, baboons and others, all sizes, and some carrying babies. On the opposite bank of the ravine they passed along in hundreds, taking a full half hour to do so, among them, too, were some gazelle. Neither animals seemed to mind our presence, they stopped and inquisitively gazed at us, then playfully ran after all the others and passed on. We also saw some funny little burrowing animals with lovely coats and no tails, I believe they are a kind of rock rabbit. That day we walked back into Naivasha, passing several Masai kraals on our way—we were a dirty bedraggled looking couple, but healthy to look upon; and after another night spent in the hotel, back by train to Nairobi. Several of the porters came to see us off, and old Masharia seemed quite sorry to part with us, and to my disgust insisted on shaking hands with me. Several said they would like to go on another safari with us. I scattered a few pennies as the train moved off, and they scrambled after them like children.

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One of the officers came to our bungalow in Nairobi and was much interested in looking at our photographs, as it was the same route he had taken, only he had had a most exciting time after an elephant.

He was following one up in thick bush, when suddenly the world was darkened for him, and on looking up he beheld an elephant towering above him. He promptly fired into its face and blood flowed down its tusks. He managed to turn the beast, but with many shrieks four others came down towards him. He and his orderly fell on their faces, and the elephants literally passed over them; but losing their enemies' wind they returned. This time one passed, brushing the officer's sleeve with his foot. As soon as the elephants were past he and the orderly sprang up, not daring to risk another charge of the creatures, and ran, with the four after them, up a convenient tree, far, far up it too. And there they stayed till dusk. It was with some difficulty that they managed to get down, and when down, to get up looked almost impossible, but with a furious elephant behind and one's last hour seeming very near, it is wonderful what a man can manage. On reaching camp they found all the porters up trees (I happened to have a photo of the spot), as, hearing the shrieks of the elephants they thought themselves safer above them. Next

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day the officer wanted to try his luck again with the elephants, but no hunter would go, except his orderly, which spoke well for the native orderly. He was not successful, and has been rather unwell ever since, so I think the nervous shock induced by his danger was more than he at first realised.

CHAPTER XIII

BOYS, INSECTS, AND CHICKENS

Boys and their vagaries—caterpillars hold up a train—puff adders—butterflies and ants—chickens

IN Africa one develops an African temper ; it may be due partly to the heat, but chiefly I am sure to the constant annoyance of one's boys. One hundred and twenty Kikuyu coolies were engaged to work in the Lines, and by the end of twelve days hardly any were left of them—they ran away regardless of losing their pay. My Kikuyu outside boys had been giving me trouble in that way. I engaged a nice intelligent boy named Masharia and gave him a kanzu, vest and loin cloth, and some food as an extra, he appeared so willing and even anxious to learn table and house work ; but, without a hint as to the reason, he ran away after a few days. Next came Wareroo, who very soon made off, as I objected to his sleeping most of the day. The day I engaged Wareroo I engaged also the Akamba boy I mentioned in a previous chapter. His head was shaved, except for a little bit the shape of a tooth-brush on his forehead, and he was very like a prize

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fighter in the face. He introduced a Kikuyu to me, whom I took into my employ, and actually kept him for many months; he was perfectly happy looking after my chickens and the other animals, but did not like any other work. We nicknamed him Googly because his name Jirogi was such a mouthful, at the same time Monebe (the Akamba) was often called Golliwog because it suited him so well.

When Golliwog decamped after my generously praising him and giving him a vest, kanzu, and a rupee extra as a present, I took on one of Ali's brothers (*i.e.* friends). He had only one eye to see with, the other was usually shut, except in moments of nervousness or excitement, when it half opened, showing a gleaming slit in the sunlight. He ate my food and sugar, and the other boys' as well. At first he and Ali showed their friendship by wearing each other's clothes, afterwards they had quarrels (often about the sugar) when each would come and give me notice, which by-the-bye I accepted, knowing in the morning I should hear no more about it. One day I saw Kiranger (the one-eyed one) through the kitchen window; he had his back to me, one hand was clasping the back of his head, the other held limply at the height of his shoulder; he was stamping the ground with one foot, in regular time. I began to think, as this went on without change

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a good while, that he was having a sort of fit. Meanwhile Googly rolled on the ground outside in the garden convulsed with laughter. Suddenly I called out, "Bass, Kiranger, Bass!" (Stop), in a firm voice, as if he were an hysterical patient. He stopped suddenly and turned round, grinning all over his face with that horrid slit of an eye shining. Googly explained to me then that it was only his native dance.

I wanted some nails to nail my chicken run, so sent Googly to find some; he returned with two huge ones, six inches or more long, hanging from holes in the top of his ears, which he thought would amuse me. He was always a conscious actor for my benefit.

When my husband shot game he always gave meat to the boys, but Baruku and Ali would not eat it. Once Ali wished to explain to me that he only ate beef or mutton, and as I could not remember what cattle was in Swahili he said, "Bibi a Mazewa!" (The lady of the milk). But Kiranger and Googly ate venison. One day my husband shot a kongoni, the porters and Kiranger, who were out with my husband on the chance of getting meat, then and there cooked some while it was still warm. He also shot a "Tommy," some of which I kept for myself, reserving two legs to give away to friends, and the rest to the boys. Next day on making in-

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quiries I found Kiranger had taken all ; he had one large lump cooking on my fire, two huge lumps in his room, and he had also had the impudence to cut a good steak off one of the legs I reserved for giving away ! No meat had he handed over to poor Googly. The evening before he came to me, too, saying he was hungry and asking for an advance of eight annas, and he said Baruku would not give him any of the meat !

I do not know whether it was the result of the flight of locusts, but the tennis courts of gravel were covered about this time with little black-green hairy caterpillars. Behind the Lines there was quite a plague of them ; the grass looked as if it had been burnt. I was told that they were locust caterpillars, and that a year before they had actually held up the train as they covered the railway lines, making them so slippery with their squashed bodies that the wheels went round and round, but the train could not proceed.

Among snakes, puff adders are much to be feared. A man told me he found one in his garden and killed it with a stick which he then threw down. An hour or so later he took some friends to see the dead snake, and was picking up the stick when another puff adder hissed and struck at him. It was actually lying along the stick, and he did not notice it. Evidently it was the mate of

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the dead one ; so this one also he killed. Only a few days before, when he was picking violets, a snake rose from their midst and hissed at him.

Some people make lovely collections of butterflies, as there are some very beautiful specimens, but as it entails much running about in the sun or else chasing them in the close atmosphere of woods, I did not follow their example. Every sort of ant seems to find a home in Africa, from the tiny, tiny ants which will suddenly appear in a long line running up the leg of a table to get into the sugar basin, to the large fighting ant of a reddish-brown colour (siafu), which latter moves about in armies of millions, clearing the place of every other vermin ; they have even been known to kill a dog. Nothing will turn them from the direction they wish to go ; they send their scouts out, and big-headed soldiers with tremendous jaws, which, if they bite you, will have their bodies pulled off from their heads before they will let go. The siafu pass along in such numbers that they make a deep track, and an endless line ; I have followed one up backwards till I was tired, and then did not discover the rear. Sometimes they pass through a house ; the only thing to be done then is to quietly wait till they are all through ; they cannot be turned or stopped. A lady told me her dog made a terrific

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noise one night, when shut up in their bath-room ; they went to him and found him nearly mad with the bites of these ants and his body was covered with the little creatures. Before Mark understood what they were like, he sat down for a second on their trail but quickly jumped up, howling. I had to carefully pull each ant off his coat, and I counted thirty which had managed to get on to him in that short time. Afterwards he always avoided them or took a big leap over their path when we came across it, having a great respect for them. The other puppies used to poke their noses among them till they learnt their lesson too. I heard a tale of a woman being very ill in bed, when the little wretches came into her house and room and then swarmed up the bed. She saved herself by having the presence of mind to lie perfectly still till they had passed over. Then there are other kinds of ants, which eat your food and any dead insect ; I have seen about twenty of them busy taking away a dead cockroach, which is about four times the size of an English one. Then last, but not least, there are the white ants, which are blind and love darkness ; when they move from place to place they build little tunnels of earth as they go along for the others to pass through. They make these tunnels up the trunks of trees till they come to the dead wood, which they eat, beginning with the centre

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till only the outside shell is left. If they get into a house they spoil the furniture, or books or boxes ; and as they are always hidden, they may not be discovered till some substantial-looking piece of furniture gives way, though perfect to look at, being hollow inside. Paraffin is the most useful stuff with which to destroy them. They get into the flower-beds in the garden and destroy the roots, and the only thing to be done is to dig till you find the queen ant, as when she is taken they go. She is a very large size indeed, and reminded me of some one's bottled appendix more than anything else, and about the same size. At the top of the stone house in which we lived in Zanzibar there was a wood-and-tin room built on to the roof ; somehow, these little pests found their way up to the top, and in a night ate half my matting on the floor. When we raised the matting there were hundreds, and before they could escape we administered paraffin oil, which stopped them effectually ; but too late to save my matting. The natives of Uganda eat them with relish, mixing them with dough. The stick insects fascinated me ; their bodies, when still, were so exactly like dry twigs, it was difficult to tell the difference without a close inspection.

I went in for rearing chickens, but the native chicken is very small indeed, so a lady gave me

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a beautiful white cock Orpington. Googly's face was a picture when he first beheld it, never having seen a large English fowl before. He poked his head only out from behind the cook-house door; when he caught sight of it first of all his face expressed wonder and astonishment, then a big grin gradually spread over his face, showing his gleaming teeth. My boys always called that cock the "Bwana Mkubwa" (the great master) my husband was only the Bwana (master), so the cock ranks with his excellency the governor. But, alas! that cock's pluck was not equal to his size, for he allowed my little black country-bred cock to monopolise the affection of the hens, who obediently followed him about, while he chased my beautiful white bird and fought him; but the Orpington was too knowing, and ran to hide among the sun-flowers in lonely exile, or to his pen, when the black cock was after him, where he stuck his head under a big box, leaving his wings and tail only at the mercy of his relentless foe. He would even clamber in his terror into a box with one of his hens, who was trying vainly to bring out a chicken from a hard-boiled egg. That little black cock could get into or out of anything in his thirst for his big enemy's blood, so one day we had him for supper; it was not often I could bring myself to kill the birds I actually bought and kept for

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that purpose. So at last my Bwana Mkubwa was at peace and so was I, as Googly and I were always having to run out and rescue the giant when we heard sounds of strife in the back garden.

CHAPTER XIV

OUR SECOND SAFARI

Death of "Pups"—lack of porters—a mishap—impala—porters begin to give trouble—a five hours' wait in the rain—another safari—bamboo forest—we cross Mount Kinangop—view of Kenia—porters escape—elephant tracks—game traps—a Kikuyu chief—we capture men—bushbuck—the elusive waterbuck—porters mutiny—our first rhino—return to Naivasha—an old Somali—Crescent Island and the lake.

POOR little "Pups," our little fox-terrier, became much worse, the effects of his tick fever, for he developed acute anaemia and dropsy, and was most kindly attended by Mr. Stordy the Protectorate veterinary surgeon. My husband and I were up several nights feeding him every hour with port wine and eggs and his medicine, as he lay helpless in a large chair; then the day came for us to set out on another safari. Mr. Stordy acted the good Samaritan, and took the poor little weak thing away in his cart to be looked after in my absence by himself and his equally nice wife, although he thought the case hopeless. Poor little "Pups" raised his pathetic little head, belonging to such a weak little body and heart, to gaze with in-

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quiry and reproach at me as he was being taken away ; it made me feel very sad. Nevertheless the poor little dog got slightly better, and after three days ate a mutton chop, but on walking up some steps from the garden his little heart was unable to stand the strain and he fell dead.

Again we left Nairobi station for Naivasha, but this time porters were difficult to get. The acting collector wired to us that there were none to be had, but another man said he would do his best for us, and got twenty-two on Saturday, the day we arrived ; on Sunday only five of them remained, the others had run away. But owing to the kindness of Mr. Tew we managed to get twenty-two later, and started on Sunday morning, again in the heat at 12.30, going by a different route to the one before. We had another mishap this time, although our pots and pans were well looked after. On arriving at Naivasha, my husband discovered that Saidi had brought another officer's rifle in our case, instead of my husband's, and had sent his rifle to the other officer's house, as he also was going shooting.

It was most annoying, as my husband had tested the sights of his own rifle so carefully, and the strange gun being a Rigby-Mausser, we had no ammunition for it. We hastily sent back the other man's by train. My husband could of course use mine, but I did not like the idea of going into such

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dangerous country with no rifle handy. Finally, Mr. Tew lent my husband an old-pattern service rifle, belonging to a volunteer who had died at Moolo. But it was some time before he could make out the sighting, the animals he aimed at escaping unhurt; so for some days he used mine, a true and faithful servant, till he could try the other on a tree. It was really a greater disaster than losing our cooking pots, and might have meant so much to us.

Two other men came up to Naivasha on Saturday to go on a shooting expedition; but they did not get away till Monday, owing to the lack of porters.

After going a mile or two we soon saw a lovely herd of impala, looking so beautiful, their red bodies showing up in the sunlight against the trees. My husband soon bagged a good specimen and then we went on. We came across others, including a herd of about thirty does, which stood near enough to be photographed, then barked or snorted and ran away. Presently it poured with rain, but we trudged on, listening to the parrots chattering high up in the trees, and watching the spur-fowl and the pigeons.

By the time we reached the bottom of the big escarpment, miles from the place where we ascended last time, we were very tired, and coming on top of a long hot march the climb up was

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very trying. From the top we saw our porters tramping along the plain below, wending their way like a serpent as the native path turned and twisted. On reaching the top, however, our fatigue grew less, as usual, owing to the wonderful air. We tramped on about another two and a half miles or so towards the water we were told to camp by, then turned aside, and tried to make a fire, intending to camp there when the porters turned up. It became darker and darker and we became colder and colder, and even Saidi, the native orderly, could not induce any fire to come out of the damp grass. Presently we raised our voices and called aloud to find out where the others were; and finally, thinking something unforeseen must have happened to them, we retraced our steps in the dark, keeping Mark well to heel in case a leopard took a fancy to having dog for supper. Every now and then we fired a shot, but got no answer, so that we had horrible thoughts of the porters having refused to climb the escarpment. We had left the head porter below to tell them all to come on to the first water and bring firewood. But we noticed as we left that he was busy building himself a fire, which seemed useless for so short a time, but they love doing it, so we reasoned. It would have been exceedingly dangerous to try and climb down the escarpment in the dark, more so than at the other places we tried before, as there were parts of it

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where if we had slipped, which we easily might have done, we should have fallen down, down to the river below, which had looked so dark and uninviting as we climbed up, and been dashed to pieces; to say nothing of spraining our ankles in other places less dangerous. By this time we were very wet and it grew terribly cold. After going back over a mile we came on our porters, but Baruku was far behind with some stragglers. They all promptly sat down, and instead of helping us, thought of nothing but lighting their fires, leaving my husband and Saidi to pitch the tents.

Baruku told us the porters became very troublesome and declared that they were going back to Nai-vasha, and refused to climb the escarpment; one boy insisted that he was dying and feigned to faint. Baruku used our precious water to pour over his head, but he had only just cut his foot a little.

When the camp was pitched the porters dared not go in the darkness, even with lighted logs of wood, to fetch water to cook their beans in, so went without. Some ate of the impala, others did not eat what they call "wild meat". Baruku got us something to eat and then we gladly sank on to our beds and slept. We started early next morning, leaving the porters to follow very soon, which they did not do for three hours, as they insisted on cooking their beans and meat and refused to move. Evidently those porters intended to give trouble. We

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tramped on and on, and it was muddy and heavy going; there was plenty of the usual game to be seen, but nothing worth shooting. The bridges over the streams were roughly made by tree-trunks just thrown across, and were very rickety and slippery to pass over. One was a foot or two under water; another I took a photo of, and during the process Mark slipped in—it was quite deep too and his unexpected bath cold. We passed the place where we camped once before, and crossed the cut-away road which originally was to have been a high road to Nyeri, and came on a suitable place, intending to wait for the others to come up to pitch camp. Just then, about half-past eleven, the sun went in and clouds quickly gathered. We hastily made a fire, then a thunder-cloud came along and presently it streamed with rain, a real tropical down-pour.

Our bodies grew cold and wet in parts, or roasted; we were blinded by smoke from our fire, and empty, having forgotten to bring any sandwiches. For nearly five hours we waited in that discomfort, all crouched round the fire, before the others put in an appearance; and then we heard that Baruku had had more trouble with the porters, as some had put down their loads and run away. Baruku managed to get back all but one, and the safari appeared, twenty-eight in number, he having taken on six more in case of emergencies. As for clothes,

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their left shoulders were the only parts covered in any way and their bodies were dripping wet. Regardless of our feelings they promptly took possession of our fire, again leaving my husband to put up the tents with Saidi's help and that of about two willing ones. After tea my husband sallied forth with three Kikuyu, Saidi being too tired, and my clothes were too wet, so I stayed behind to dry them. Everything had got fearfully wet. As usual next morning we tried to get off early; the ground was covered with a white frost and yet we were not far from the equator. After going a mile or two we met another safari, bigger than ours, with over fifty porters, belonging to two Germans. Of course we stopped for a word or two, and they told us the road over the hills (Kinangop Range) was awful, so damp and slippery. They advised me to cut a bamboo as an alpenstock, which advice I followed. After a heavy climb through slush and mud, when we became hot and breathless, we stopped to look back, just before we entered the bamboo forest belt. We could see our porters like busy ants just starting, and the other safari was then passing our camping ground, which was plainly visible, a burnt patch a little off the track, as Hamisi had started a grass fire when making our wood fires.

On entering the bamboo belt we were charmed. The sun twinkling overhead between the feathery

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leaves of the tall bamboo trees, the pretty little wild flowers and ferns in the damp soil below ; and I saw an endless number of curtain poles which I longed to take back for my bungalow in Nairobi, to say nothing of other uses to which I could put the bamboo stems, in my imagination. After toiling and slipping up a zig-zig path, we thought we had at last reached the top, and Mark and I were photographed in the most unbecoming glare of the sun, in a small clearing, but the background gives some idea of the denseness of the bamboo forest. But we found after walking along the flat for a while and getting a beautiful view of the valley below, we had yet another peak to climb, and at last found ourselves on the summit, about 13,000 feet above sea level.

The fresh air was gloriously cool and refreshing as the forest was stuffy and hot, although delightfully shady, and panting my way up with a bamboo was a very great help. As we gazed in front of us, a magnificent view of Mount Kenia met our eyes, its snow-capped heights towering alone, above the surrounding country ; it was so beautiful in its grandeur that it took one's breath away.

Stretching beyond, too, we saw another portion of the Aberdare Range, sometimes called the Settima Range, across a hilly plain. It was a grand sight, that stretch of country that we saw ; one could imagine the elephants and other wild animals

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rain of the day before, very likely the elephant passed during the night, and our fires turned him from our direction again.

Through the bamboo forest we followed up many old elephant tracks, and some fairly fresh ones, and we came to a stream which was an old haunt of theirs, where they must have come to water; naturally it was pure and clear. The elephants when wishing to climb down a slippery bank just put their four feet together and slide down; later we saw a spot where an elephant had been busy digging up earth.

We rested on a mound just below the back of Kinangop, the other side from the one to which we were most accustomed; it was a grand sight and I made a sketch of its peaks. In the bamboos we saw some cleverly contrived animal traps; in one was an impala, freshly caught, but dead, poor beast. I took a photograph of it.

The Wandorobo set the traps. The traps are made by using a climbing plant as a rope noose, kept open and in place between two split bamboos. Then another piece of cord has a sharp little stick tied at one end; both of these are tied to a big bamboo bent horizontally; the two split bamboos are fixed in the ground, and the cord with the sharp stick fixed to the ground also, to keep the other growing bamboo horizontal. All is kept in place by pieces of bamboo covered with leaves,



A BUCK CAUGHT IN A NATIVE TRAP



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MY HUSBAND AND OUR GUN-BEARERS CROSSING A NATIVE BRIDGE

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then the poor beast runs his head through the nooze and treads on the faithless leaves and bamboo which bends or breaks, and lets loose the cord with the stick ; then the horizontal bamboo springs up straight, tightening the cord round the animal's head, and, dragging him up, practically hangs the poor beast.

We upset all we came across. Of course they are always made in a narrow animal track, leading to water or elsewhere.

After our return to camp in the afternoon a large number of Kikuyu passed ; they were porters who had been paid off after going on safari with the commissioner. Baruku appeared at our tent door with three men roped together, saying they would carry loads to-morrow. They looked very sullen at the indignity : I took their photographs.

Presently a young chief named Mboga (or something like it) appeared with spear and sword, quite a nice-looking young fellow with refined features and a very charming smile. He had gone with the commissioner to look after his men, so we told him how badly our porters had behaved. As he had no "bibi" (wife) I gave him a bead necklace for himself. He was delighted, but took it royally ; one could not mistake that he was better bred than the others we came across—even in a native breeding tells, in face and feature and dignity of bearing.

My husband had a long tramp far up among

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the bamboos after tea, and came back very tired and having seen nothing.

During the night Baruku slept one end of their tent with Saidi, and the head porter the other, with the new porters roped together in the middle, so they should not escape. So next morning we were able to start back.

The nights were very cold indeed, ice always on our water; the porters felt it very much, huddling together in their blankets round their fires. We tried a new way down, back over the other side of Kinangop, but as it led through elephant tracks and impassable bamboos, I was not anxious for my husband to go, as he would be helpless if he came across and wounded an elephant. Because I insisted on going if he went, he, being afraid for my chances, turned aside, and we returned down the way we came up. We saw several smaller traps of the same kind as before, but evidently set for spur-fowl.

My husband never shot an animal unless absolutely obliged; if he did not want its head as a specimen and we had any meat at all, the animal went free. So we had had one impala, roasted, hot, cold, curried, minced, and a dish of its liver and kidney, ever since it was shot, as it kept well in the cold of the mountain; but one rather tired of it, although impala is very good to eat. As we did not know we should get no more meat the



"BARUKU BROUGHT IN THREE PORTERS ROPED
TOGETHER"



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GRANT'S GAZELLE

Photo by Capt. C. R. Bacon

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other side of the mountain, we had only reserved one leg for ourselves, so it did its duty well.

When we reached the bottom of the mountain we struck across to our old hunting ground. We were very wet, having had to go through water ; and after waiting some time and getting colder and colder, it began to rain just as the porters turned up. A new lad appeared, to tell us that Baruku had commandeered two of his boys, whom he was taking to an Englishman at Nyeri, as we were still short of porters ; so he waited with us for the rest to turn up, then we found his boys had given Baruku the slip, and made off. Poor Baruku ! he had a lot of trouble in getting our belongings along ; two of the three lads he had kept roped, said if he let them off the rope they would not run away, but would carry the loads. However, on being released they promptly and basely put down their burdens and ran. Then Baruku and our head porter got hold of these other two who said they were returning to their homes. However, after taking the loads to the bottom of the hill they too made off, and then Baruku managed to get hold of three others passing along that way. This time they were rich young men, with well-oiled poodle-like heads, and great skins edged with white beads on their shoulders, and wire ornaments ; their glossy backs shining like an advertisement for furniture polish. They willingly said they would carry our loads for a lot of money ; but I saw later that

GLIMPSES OF EAST AFRICA AND ZANZIBAR

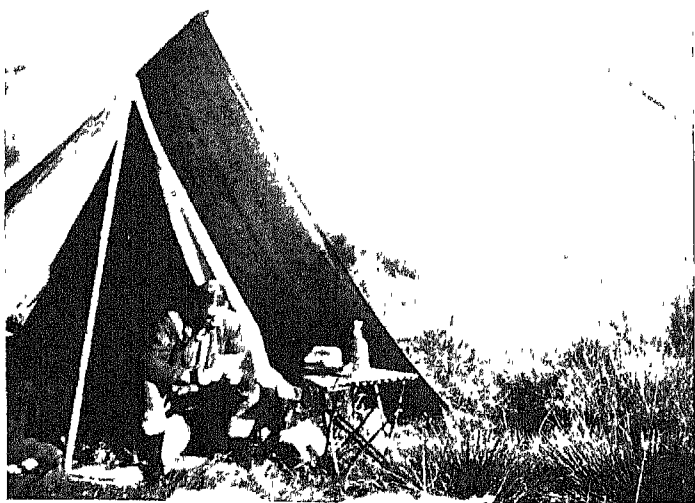
Baruku, distrustful of them all by now, roped them, even those gay young braves, together with the one remaining from the original lot he brought in on the mountain top. That poor youth had even to march with a rope round him ; I watched him as he came in, and as he looked so sheepish, I made Baruku take it off.

We came to the conclusion that the natives were not controlled as well as they might be by the worthy representatives of the British Government. We have to keep our contracts, and are bound by many laws in our treatment of natives, but the native is allowed to follow his own sweet will ; he is not made to respect a contract, nor is there any redress for us if they play us false.

The Kikuyu, especially, can never be relied on. Baruku kept the new porters around his particular fire, while he cooked our meal and I sadly watched them coughing on to our dinner. One of them particularly was a most dashing, good-looking young fellow. The head porter told us if we did not keep them roped they would run away as soon as they had had the evening meal with the others—but not before. The head boy's distinctive mark was a cap of goat skin beaded down the middle, like a wig, and tied under his chin, he was a very nice boy, named Kiboso, and served us well, and wished to return to Nairobi with us, but he had not the age nor dignity to keep the porters in order. He was never tired



A BUSHBUCK KILL



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EVENING REST IN CAMP

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and always eager to go out with my husband on the chance of finding something. The wretched one-eyed boy who came along to tell us Baruku had taken his boys, was sent off with a flea in his ear, as, when he found his youths did not turn up, he declared Kiboso had his knife and three rupees which Kiboso had already handed over to the runaways.

By this time we were quite friendly with the original porters who started with us, and they took a great interest in our vicissitudes, enjoying seeing us capture others.

Next morning, in spite of all our care, we found, after having eaten a hearty meal, two of the young braves and the boy I let off the rope had decamped during the night ; so we could not strike camp and move on !

Therefore we had to set the porters to waylay others, while my husband and I went to our old camping ground in the midst of the elephant and rhino tracks, and even beyond ; it was a long pull for us ! We got a bushbuck, which we sent back by three boys, a fairly good specimen. At first Saidi always seized the liver and kidneys of any animal we shot ; but finding those parts excellent, we made him feast on other portions of the beast, he had such a tremendous capacity for eating.

On our way back we came across a terrible smell, which proved to come from the remains of a rhino—from its nose, we judged a young one. We

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met some Kikuyu driving sheep on a new path leading to Kikuyu over the mountains, a way we did not know of before. We saw another string of boys coming down the path, and the porters with us grew very excited, and wanted us to commandeer them ; I believe they thought it great fun.

Mark thoroughly enjoyed his outing ; he sat by the fire in camp and the porters wrapped him up in part of their blankets ; he also got plenty of meat to eat, which he was not allowed in Nairobi, but it was very hard going for him, continually springing over wet grass higher than himself. He got so excited if he heard my husband's gun, and would dash away, making straight for the sound.

Mark slept on my bed well under the blankets, and in the morning when he got up the poor dog sat in the middle of the tent with his little eyes eager and sparkling, but his teeth chattering with the cold, although I had made a nice canvas and flannel-lined coat for him which he always wore when in camp.

On our return to camp that day, about two o'clock, weary and worn, Kiboso and two other porters came in with a new porter corded through the long holes in his ears, so he should not run away. Hamisi had beaten our one remaining "brave," so he was sullen and ill-pleased, and he too was brought up to us corded. However, we had them both released, and I gave the young brave

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some "dawa" to heal his feelings more than his back. It was carbolated vaseline, and when he came for it he opened his mouth to receive it, till I told him to rub it on his back, though there was no mark to be seen.

After tea my husband went out to follow up the tracks of a young rhino we saw that morning near the camp. Saidi, of course, was too tired to go, and the others said they were, too, although they had done nothing all day ; but he insisted on two of them coming, though unwillingly.

Four vultures sat on a tree above us a very long time, hoping to get some meat we had shot.

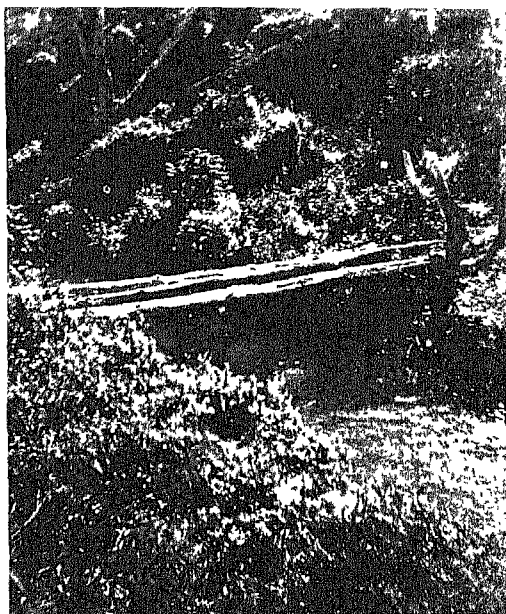
Next morning on our way we saw various animals we did not want to shoot, but finally we spotted four waterbuck. We spent a long time after them down by a stream, but they kept dodging away behind cover, and presently after a good climb, we saw them galloping far away down in the plain. We were very tired and disappointed. On our way back to camp we saw a wild dog and a curious young buck. I had to doctor some of the boys who had overeaten themselves during the evening, while my husband went out again. They have great faith in the white man's medicines. Just after my husband had shot a kongoni that evening, to his disgust he saw the old waterbuck we had hunted that morning so long ; too late, however, as it made off after hearing the shot.

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Next day we again tried for that elusive waterbuck; we saw the does and a young buck, but they always covered the retreat of the old one. My husband eventually shot the young one for its skin. It dropped, as we thought, quite dead, but we could not find it, although we hunted for hours, not liking to leave it. We told Saidi and a couple of porters to hunt the other side of the stream and they pretended to do so, but when we came upon them peacefully sitting down Saidi suddenly developed a big pain in his stomach as an excuse. Too much food, too little work, if it were real. Again I was done out of a skin I longed for.

I saw a young leopard or large cervical cat, but too late to warn my husband, who had only a running shot, and missed in the thick grass. In the evening again my husband went out to hunt for that waterbuck, but only saw a doe digging up the ground.

I was busy mending my boots with patches made of kongoni skin, as my stockings appeared peeping through the holes. The porters were much interested, as I sat digging a huge needle through the patch and my boot. Saidi came to me with a very big pain—I knew it was too much bushbuck, so administered calomel. A large amount of meat had been drying on a table arrangement over the fire, and then I saw it hanging in bundles from the tent. Baruku told me it was all finished; I was



NATIVE BRIDGE ACROSS DEEP STREAM



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NATIVE GAME TRAPS

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surprised that the porters could eat so much, but he said, "Oh, no! Saidi had eaten it all in twenty-four hours!" No wonder he had a pain.

We moved on past where my husband had chased his elephant, to our old camp. We found since the past safari an elephant had been where our tent was pitched before. There were other old elephant tracks, and one more recent—that elephant must have passed during the last twenty-four hours; but though we followed it up we saw nothing of him. We found the going pretty bad, as it rained for hours and hailed big stones on to us, making the paths full of water and mud. We passed a large number of native traps, not made of bamboos but other slender trees.

While in this last camp we decided to return the way we had come, as there were plenty of animal tracks; going back by short marches, instead of on straight to Naivasha by long marches, with no chance of seeing anything to shoot, to say nothing of getting back before our leave was up.

But the porters gave trouble again, they filed past our tent door, all looking very solemn, and sat down in a circle not far away, and had a "shawri" (talk). I could see something was up, so asked Baruku the meaning of it, and he said the porters wished to go straight back to Naivasha and not return the way we intended. This was annoying, as we were ready packed-up to start, my husband and

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I going first, which now we should not dare to do, in case Baruku could not induce them to follow us. Needless to say we had no intention of giving in to those porters.

My husband had wandered off, wondering what was best to be done, when I heard tremendous snortings coming from behind our tent. I dashed out, wildly excited, crying out to Baruku to know what it was. He said "Tembo" (elephant). However it was not an elephant, but two rhinos, who having got a little wind of us, less than one hundred yards off, were rushing about in a most unsettled manner. Baruku and I made for the rifles and I told the orderly to run and tell the Bwana (master); the rhinos meanwhile rushed backwards and forwards in an uncertain way as we were down wind. I was in an agony lest my husband should not return in time before they made off. I tried to load my rifle, but the stupid Saidi had half shut the chamber so that the cartridge jammed, and there I was left fighting with my gun, while I saw my husband disappear with his '450, Saidi with my husband's '303, and Baruku, who, in only a flannel shirt and with our large cook's knife, followed close on their heels. I felt vexed when I saw them vanish into cover after the rhinos, for it was no use following till I had my rifle loaded. Saidi, as usual, my husband discovered afterwards, followed close behind him with the '303 loaded and pointed straight at his

OUR SECOND SAFARI

back. I presently heard a shot, then went forty yards or so from our camp to wait to see where the beasts broke cover, with my '303 loaded by this time. Presently they crashed through, about ninety yards from where I was; I saw the gleaming shoulder of the big one, which showed me my husband had hit it. I waited just long enough for them to leave the cover, so that when I fired I should not shoot my husband, who might be close behind. In the meantime the beast shook his head and gazed about, and then made straight for our camp. I knelt and fired; then it turned with the second rhino and dashed downhill. I stood up and got in another round, in fear lest it would get away before my husband knew where it had gone. When I first went to watch for the rhinos' reappearance, one or two porters followed me, but after the excitement was over I looked round and all had forsaken me—not a porter was to be seen, till looking up, I found the surrounding trees full of them. When the rhino had charged our way, they thought discretion the better part and left me to my fate, even my gun-bearer. However, they were still watching our friend the rhino, in a most excited manner, so I thought if I climbed a tree I might get in another shot, being high enough up to see it and also to steady my rifle on a branch. I called out, asking them if they still saw it, and as they said "Yes," I handed up my rifle on the safe, and

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told them to pull me up, which they tried their best to do. But there were no branches for me on which to get foothold, and my wretched boots slipped down the trunk, leaving me dangling, just being held by the arms by several natives. However, the minutes passed and so did the rhino; it was too late, so I slipped to the ground again and took my rifle and started off down hill, in time to see my husband coming out of the spot where the rhinos had broken cover, and running for all he was worth in the gory tracks of the huge beast, which was snorting and making a terrible noise in the distance. I ran, too, and was just in time to hear another shot or two and to see my husband run up and stand over the fallen brute; the other meanwhile galloped off across my path in another direction. I came up panting and crying that the cow had gone off in such and such a direction, but my husband said, to my surprise: "This is the cow and the other is a nearly full grown young one".

The horns were an excellent pair, the long one being twenty-nine inches. My husband was very pleased, as it was well worth getting, and the record for size in the regiment. The other was not worth going after, and we heard its cry for hours, just like a human being's. We left Saidi and the head porter to cut off the horns, feet, and some hide, and porters turned up to cut off meat for themselves. That settled the question of moving

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camp that day, as we had to have the rhino cut up. I was very wet, and went back to get my things dry after a bit ; and my husband said he would go a little farther, on the chance of getting something.

By eleven o'clock he was not back, by twelve o'clock I began to be a little worried ; it was not till one o'clock that he put in an appearance, hot, perspiring, and very tired.

He had seen some ostriches several miles off on the plain, and went after them, and crept up to within five hundred yards of them ; he was for the moment in a dip, then after carefully climbing the rise between him and the birds, he found they had absolutely disappeared ! Near by there were several old Masai encampments, now overgrown with the huge stinging nettles ; most likely the birds had taken cover in one of them. It was disappointing after so long a tramp. Saidi owned a most capacious maw ; he came up to ask my husband for beans, having finished his rations for the whole of our leave already, *and* all the meat he cut and kept for himself. No wonder he was often more anxious to stay behind than hunt with my husband. The porters too had done very well, having had a lot of meat as well as more than their allowance of beans, and two days' rest in several camps, and four in another, and yet they grumbled. The rhino had put them in a better temper, but still the morning after it was killed my husband inquired of them if

GLIMPSES OF EAST AFRICA AND ZANZIBAR

they intended to return the way we wished. They seemed doubtful, so my husband said they could all return alone, with no rations of course, and he would send in a letter to the sub-commissioner telling him of their behaviour and asking for a fresh lot of porters to bring in our things.

First one said he would come with us, and finally all followed suit, so that little affair was settled. During most of that night the boys were eating meat in our new camping ground. But about the middle of it, I heard a great deal of talking by the fire outside our tent, and feeling angry at being disturbed I called out "Kelele!" (noise!) They excitedly replied that a boy had made off, the last of the three young braves in goat-skins; so in the morning the others captured five more to act as porters.

For one or two days we only saw does of animals, the buck of which my husband would have shot. We had another hunt down the stream after the elusive waterbuck, but after giving it up my husband bagged an excellent specimen of Newman's hartebeeste, with horns nineteen inches long. He was standing on guard alone, and after a little careful stalking my husband dropped the beast in very pretty style. Leaving the orderly and gun-boy to hand it over to the porters, we went on and my husband shot a greater bustard, also a good shot with my rifle, for our dinner—a welcome change.

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We reached the last river across the wide stretch of plain, and then waited for the porters to come up; but they, although they had had a very long march, wanted to go to the base of the escarpment, about three miles farther. We were nothing loath to do so, as it was not a very interesting spot where we were.

On the way my husband shot a Tommy, so that we could take some venison back to friends in Naivasha. We were rather sorry to do it, as it was the only buck among thirty does. Afterwards I wondered and wondered how long that desolate herd of does would wander about, before they met some companions of the other sex—it quite saddened me; but I was cheered up later by hearing that at certain seasons of the year the buck and does do separate and go their way apart, the young bucks keeping together, the old bucks banished to everlasting solitude.

But to return to this Tommy; the bullet had passed quite through it, and when Hamisi and I found it, for it dropped in the long grass and took some trouble to find, its entrails were outside, and it was quite dead, it must have died instantly. We called to my husband and Saidi, and the latter ran up immediately to cut its throat, as a good Moham-medan does not eat of meat that has not had the throat cut in a peculiar manner while the beast is still alive. On reaching camp I told Baruku to

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keep certain parts for some ladies, but he might have some if he liked, that is if he ate it, as he often said he did not eat game (when he could get mutton). He anxiously looked at Saidi, being a Mohammedan, and said, "Did you cut its throat?" Saidi promptly replied, "Yes"; I turned away and covered my face with my hand to hide a smile, as the cutting was useless, the animal being already dead. However, the animal would taste the same, and Saidi and Baruku had a good meal. As soon as the camp was pitched the porters began to gorge on the kongoni (Newman's hartebeeste) which had been shot in the morning; making soup, and many eating huge chunks nearly raw, after just putting them on the embers, gnawing it and eating noisily—the amount they and Saidi can get through and yet live is most wonderful. But they can also go much longer without food than we can. They cracked the bones and sucked out the marrow, licking their lips. On our way back into Naivasha, my husband got his second impala, and we arrived very hot at the station, behind which was a camping ground, which we preferred to the hotel. We had a couple of days still to put in before our train left for Nairobi. One or two ladies kindly asked us to their houses to teas and dinners, and we felt quite "in society" again.

Soon after arriving and pitching camp near Naivasha station, a Somali who had been hovering

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near with a flock of sheep and goats came up to my husband and asked him if he had not been in Somaliland. Then a mutual recognition took place ; my husband was his officer in the first Somaliland expedition, and he had been my husband's interpreter. The man was exceedingly pleased to see his chief again, and asked if he knew of another "show" coming off, as he would like to join him again. They talked of different officers and men either had seen since ; and the Somali told us he had gone in for sheep trading and was quite a rich man—like so many Somalis.

Finally he offered my husband a "ship" ; and as I had been wishing to go on the lake I thought it a pity when I heard my husband say he was not staying long, so would not require one. After the man had gone I rebuked him, and said I had been wanting to get a boat and explore the lake, but he explained it was a sheep the man offered to give as a present, not to lend a ship as I thought.

Nevertheless next day the sub-commissioner and his wife kindly asked us to go with them to Crescent Island, a fairly long island in the middle of the Lake of Naivasha. There were about two hundred goats running wild, which had all come from ten a man had put down two or three years previously. He bought the land of another man, then he and two or three choice spirits went across and built two huts, still to be seen, only infested

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with fleas from the goats. They, the men, had a huge drinking bout which finally resulted in his death at Nakuru; his live stock, to wit the goats, having lived on the island ever since unmolested. I had heard that there was a herd of waterbuck also living there—we saw nine does galloping about in front of us several times; then I was told that an A.D.C. of the late commissioner had shot the only buck; it quite saddened me to think that a man could be so unsportsmanlike, dooming those does to years and years of solitary state, finally to die out altogether, as it seemed to me unlikely that a gallant and solitary buck would venture to swim the long distance across the lake to reach the island, good swimmers as they are. At any rate no buck has done so so far. Why won't men be more generous as sportsmen and think a little of the animals who are harmless, and give them only a mild pleasure in chasing; for there cannot be much honour attached to hunting a beast as big as a waterbuck, which forms a fair-sized bull's eye at any range, and cannot be lost or escape as it circles round an island of that small size. The chances are all in the man's favour, therefore it amounts to butchery, not sport.

We saw none of the hippo which are supposed to lie under the island, but hundreds of birds of all sorts—it is a water-birds' paradise, and there is a

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close season for shooting them which was then in force—duck, divers, pelicans, and many others.

It was difficult to realise that this lake had once been the crater of a huge volcano ; all the surrounding country is of volcanic construction, like most of Central Africa. We passed through about a mile of water absolutely covered by lovely blue water-lilies, mauve-blue ones, and others of a soft mauve-pink, having their leaves coloured in many autumnal tints. The island itself was covered with large thorny mimosa trees and a few wild oranges and an everlasting amount of the horrid Bermudas grass, which tripped one up at intervals. I came to the conclusion it was not the place I should choose to live in. I heard some tale about a subterranean river carrying off the water of the lake, in which lived a large sea-serpent, but I only repeat it for what it is worth—though several people *say* they have seen the serpent.

CHAPTER XV

BIG GAME SHOOTING UNDER A BED

Boer encampment—Poison for arrows—A leopard under a bed—
the King's African Rifles go to Zanzibar.

ONE often heard the sound of a rifle on the plains below Nairobi. The officers were forbidden to shoot there, it was a Boer who shot.

A large number have trekked up from the South as they would not take the oath of allegiance after the South African War ; the Germans wisely turned them out of their territory, and now they were under canvas on ours—we are so generous ! (To every one but our own.) They shot the game without a licence, making it scarce and wild.

A lady I know took one of their girls on as a nurse, to try if they were any use as such. But the girl was one of few words, and soon got home-sick (?), and ran back to her waggon ; but evidently they did not receive her back with open arms, as she reappeared again in the course of a few days. One day she offered to take the children out for a walk, but my friend said she was too untidy, her hair especially,



Photo by Capt. C. R. Bacon
NANDI INTERPRETER AND GUIDE



Photo p. 179

Photo by Capt. C. R. Bacon
NANDI NATIVES

BIG GAME SHOOTING UNDER A BED

and asked her if she had not a brush and comb ; the girl replied that she had not. But nothing daunted, presently her mistress missing her, she hunted her up and found her doing her hair in her lady's bedroom, using her glass and brush and comb !

To return to more primitive people, we had some bows and poisoned arrows given us which had been taken from the Nandi during the small expedition. An officer told me that the natives brew the poison out of herbs ; it is so strong that if splashed in the eye, the sight is lost. When they are making it, to try its strength, they make a cut in one of their legs, and let the blood trickle down to the ankle, then they carefully wipe away the blood just near the cut and touch the end of the stream with the poison. If the line of blood immediately turns black all the way up, it is strong enough for deadly use, but if not they add more herbs. Happily for their enemies it is only when the poison is freshly made that it is so deadly—then a man dies promptly and in agony ; but when old it loses much of its efficacy. Before the Nandi expedition our officers were taught how to inject strychnine with a hypodermic syringe, with which they were supplied, to use as an antidote for the poison, but some of them remarked that they had reason to fear their friends more than their enemies, if, being struck by an arrow, every officer

GLIMPSES OF EAST AFRICA AND ZANZIBAR

who came across the wounded man hastily injected a dose of strychnine.

One day I made my boys build a fence of plaited branches to keep my chickens from the garden; Googly did his part much better than Ali, and I told Ali so, he replied that Googly had to help make his hut in Kikuyu. So I asked, "How about the Masai?" as Ali was born a Masai; he promptly answered, "Oh, the women do that, the men only fight". I am afraid he scored over me that time. What he said was true nevertheless.

Talking of things various reminds me of quite an exciting adventure we had just before Christmas of that year. I wanted to see a friend about some theatricals we were getting up, but on arriving at her mother's house, for some time no notice was taken of my "Hodi" (a Swahili word always used in East Africa to ask admission into a house, as bells are very scarce and the boys usually live at the back). Presently the girl came herself, and told me in tones of excitement that there was a leopard under the bed of a little room leading from the drawing-room. I could scarcely believe it till they showed me his footprints on the window-sill of the drawing-room by which he had evidently entered. They had discreetly shut the beast up in the room. The house stands in a road of houses surrounded by gardens, with another at the back of it, and half a

BIG GAME SHOOTING UNDER A BED

mile or more nearer the town than our bungalow. At luncheon the girl missed her little cat, and in looking for it passed through the little bedroom to the bathroom beyond. On her return she saw a long spotted tail sticking out from under the bed, and immediately went to call her father, who came and stooped down to look under the bed, and saw the large frightened eyes of the big beast shining in the corner.

They hurriedly withdrew and shut the door and were wondering what they should do next when I appeared. They had no rifle in the house, so I suggested sending for my husband to bring his rifle and shoot it. Meanwhile, when waiting for him we had tea, and the gentleman told lion stories of when he was first in Africa. His wife told me sadly that an Indian must have stolen her three half-grown turkeys in the night, as there was not a sign of a wild animal taking them, nor a feather lying about; also that another lady during the night had lost two prize-bred fowls from the other side of Nairobi. The police were taking the matter in hand to find the thief and prevent other robberies. At the same time (we were all talking at once!) her daughter was still wondering about the fate of her little cat, fearing that it was at rest in the inside of the leopard. On my husband's arrival he went to gaze through the window of the room to see the

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leopard—he was just tall enough to do so ; but by now the leopard was upset, and it sprang with a mighty roar at the window, which, however, did not give way. My husband then took a hammer to break a little hole in the window. Again the leopard sprang, we saw everybody scatter, my husband had to spring aside to avoid having the broken glass in his face. He could not hold his rifle and break the window at the same time, for no one offered to do the breaking—all the on-lookers removed to a safe distance, and we women were made to stay in the drawing-room. Happily for my husband, a rusty bar across the window held. We afterwards found the leopard had nearly cut off one of his claws with the broken glass. After picking up his rifle, my husband moved to the hole in the window again; the leopard had retired under the bed and was furiously lashing his tail, waiting for another spring. Just as the beast was going to do this a third time, he planted a bullet fairly in the middle of its forehead and it fell dead. All my husband could see as he shot were two green eyes, gleaming from out of the darkness under the bed ; it was a difficult shot, as the window was rather too high to enable him to take easy aim. The gentleman insisted on sending the beast up to our house, for us to have the skin, and I promised to try and find the cat, during a post-mortem examination of its body.



Totter, p. 183

P. de Lord Bros, Zanzibar

SWAHILI WOMAN OF ZANZIBAR

BIG GAME SHOOTING UNDER A BED

The little cat I did not find, but instead I discovered the remains of the three turkeys, feathers, claws and leg bones, so relieved the police of their trouble. We finally returned the skin to the daughter of the house.

On our return from our second safari in September, we found three companies of the King's African Rifles, including my husband's, had gone hurriedly off two days earlier to Zanzibar; they expected a fuss with the Sultan's Guards and police, who wanted more pay for doing practically nothing. They were somewhat badly trained, being slack and unsmart. My husband naturally applied to follow his company, but being married he was told to stay behind, which vexed him very much, thinking he was to miss a "show". It was not fair, but so are things run—out there. As it turned out all quieted down, the Sultan's troops were disbanded with the police, and the King's African Rifles did the police work for them, and the Sultan's Guards. At the time the officers of the King's African Rifles were much fêted and had a very good time, being put up royally in an old minister's palace; but things changed somewhat when it was found that two companies were to be kept in Zanzibar permanently.

Before applying for the second leave due to us, that year at Christmas, my husband asked if there

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was any likelihood of his being sent off to Zanzibar in the near future, and was told "No". So we prepared for our third safari. On Christmas morning, just before we started, the canteen man, an Indian, sent us a great deal of fruit, a very grand cake and a bottle of wine, which we took with us.

CHAPTER XVI

OUR THIRD SAFARI AND SECOND RHINO

Gilgil—a hot match—Lake Olbolessat (or Elhoglosat)—we hear of lion—an exciting rhino chase—hippos—eland—wild pig—my husband ordered to Zanzibar.

THIS time, instead of starting at Naivasha, we took our porters on from there and brought them in the train to Gilgil, a couple of stations farther up the Uganda Railway. At Naivasha the train stops to give us time to get out and have tea in a little waiting-room. I was rather amused while refreshing myself to hear a young woman say to her little girl, who with her had got out of the train for tea (the little girl by-the-bye was eating heartily), "You seem to be doing very well, Tommy, are you not, my son?" "It," the child, had long hair and was palpably a girl, the lady herself presently smoked a cigarette, which she could not possibly have enjoyed, as there was such a high wind blowing.

When we arrived at Gilgil at six o'clock on Christmas Day we had dinner and spent the night in the waiting-room, a strange Christmas dinner

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under circumstances quite out of the ordinary. It was a glorious moonlight night, and so peaceful as we sat outside on the little station platform ; our porters around their fire on the bank by the line. We arose before half-past four next morning and marched on and on over hills and down dales, till twelve o'clock. It was very hot and tiring in places, especially as we saw little or no game.

We camped about fifteen miles from Gilgil, our march was longer than we intended, as we did not recognise the dried-up stream which was the river we were supposed to camp by. The first day, one always feels out of training. The spot we chose was a pretty one, but so dried up and the water muddy. We passed parts of sheep which must have died on a march, and a dead hyæna, a rough mangy-looking brute.

This time our safari consisted of twenty-two porters, two orderlies, and Baruku, to say nothing of our old friend Mark.

So anxious were we to get off early next day, that I was looking at the watch soon after one o'clock. We called the boys at what we thought was four o'clock, and had breakfast a little later, then waited for dawn, which refused to appear ; we began to wonder why, till I found my husband's watch was wrong, and the boys had been called by us at three o'clock.

That march seemed terribly long and severe,

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across a horrid plain, bare of everything, running parallel between two ranges of hill. I remarked, as I perspired and panted in the hot sun, that I would not like to have to march to the hills which looked so far away, and my husband said, "No, they must be eight miles off!" I can see myself now—following along the narrow native path behind my husband with the orderlies and a couple of porters behind me, in single file. I had got to that state when I walked mechanically, with my big tropical sunshade between me and the tropical sun, at eleven o'clock in the hottest time of the year; a tussore sunshade, tussore sun helmet and khaki clothes, putties and boots. I did not mind if my sunshade frightened any animal away that my husband might want to shoot; I had ceased to care, and what animals we saw were miles and miles away.

Presently our path turned and we found ourselves gradually going towards the hills in an oblique line, and finally we camped beneath them, in their obliging shade. How I got there I don't quite know, except that the shadeless plain was no place to stop long in. We rested an hour and a quarter and reached the hills at one o'clock. Then to our joy we found Lake Olbolossat gleaming and shining before us, when we feared we had yet another march to reach it. An Askari, we found posted there to keep the Masai in their reserve,

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told us of hippos snorting in and along the lake, and rhinos farther on.

In the evening my husband indulged in a good bath, and was rather startled when enjoying it, by hearing the crashing of some animal in the bushes behind him. We both started up, expecting to see a rhino charge us; but the porters told us that there was "nyama" (meat) above us in the undergrowth. Evidently what we heard was a startled beast making off. My husband went out later and found, and shot, a bushbuck.

We went on next day along the foot of the hills. My husband tried for a waterbuck, but only found does. I saw five does which came to within thirty yards of me; the buck as usual hid himself. The two orderlies we brought with us this time were nearly equal to Saidi in the matter of eating. We had a piece of the bushbuck kept for us, and gave the rest to the orderlies and porters; the orderlies kept the two hind legs for themselves, and only gave the twenty-two porters the shoulders; and those two men managed to eat a whole leg in one evening. The orderlies kept very much to themselves, and the Kikuyu also; the latter built, each night, a nice little hut of branches and grass; the orderlies of course slept in Baruku's tent.

Some natives we met raised our hopes of getting a lion farther on, but we went on and on, and got very tired, as there was nothing but the hills on



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OUR THIRD SAFARI AND SECOND RHINO

the right of us and a huge swamp on the left, after we had left the lake behind. We saw little or no game, so our hopes of a lion were few. We walked on, however, till we could gaze at the Laikipia plateau, a Masai reserve, and the gleaming river, Guaso Narok, a tributary of the Gwaso Nyiro, in the far distance. We also had reached the end of the Settima Hills, so had to return to our old camping place on a little rising piece of ground ; it rained, too, to add to our other discomforts. We both fell heavily asleep after a late lunch ; but nothing daunted, at four o'clock my husband again tried for the elusive waterbuck. Next day, to give the porters a rest, we decided not to move camp ; and after another further search for the waterbuck, we mounted the escarpment to the plateau above, not half so easy as it looked and much longer ; it was a heavy climb, big stones and boulders making steps of different heights. The air was very keen and cold on the top and it quite took our breath away. Almost as soon as we reached the top, we saw a rhino sitting on the next rise : the plateau consisted of downs, or rises and dips of undulating ground. My husband proceeded to creep towards it ; meanwhile I was trying to make up my mind what I should do if it rushed on to our rise. There were no trees, not even a thistle for the ~~porters~~ who came with us to climb. The only thing to be done was to stand one's ground and fire at close quarters

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to turn the beast, or try and dodge it ; either rather hopeless, as great clumsy creatures though they are, they can gallop and turn remarkably quickly. So Moses handed me my rifle, and he, the porters and I crouched on the ground to watch and await events. Moses's finger itched to keep my rifle, I could see!

When my husband was within a hundred yards, a rhino-bird flew off the beast's head, shrieking, to give warning of danger ; so the huge creature rose up on to his feet and sniffed the air, throwing his head from side to side. Then my husband fired, and the rhino bounded off wounded, a good shot just behind the left shoulder-blade, but, alas ! a soft-nosed bullet .450 ; for Wilson the orderly had only brought that sort in the bag. My husband and Wilson followed over the brow of the hill and found the rhino waiting for them, head on, stamping and rolling its head about. My husband, fully expecting a charge, fired again and got it just in the centre of its neck, also considered a vital spot. The beast made a gurgling noise, and they thought it was done for, but it suddenly galloped off as fast as it could—too fast for the two men to keep up with it, down a hill and up another and over the top of that. We, that is Moses and I and the three Kikuyu, had changed hills, as we fully expected the wounded animal to circle round and charge down on us, as they often do, so we went over to the one he came from. On



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WILSON, MOSES AND TWO PORTERS

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hearing the second shot, two porters ran, only to see the rhino disappear over a rise. My husband went on and on, and we followed panting, up hill and down dale (it reminded me of my old beagling days), till we came to a Masai kraal, but lately deserted. I climbed on to the top of one of the mud-dung covered rows of huts to scan the country, making Mark follow. The Kikuyu crept into the huts to see what they could find and they got—fleas, by the dozens, and were kept busy like so many monkeys afterwards, picking them off.

Moses sat inside the boma and also got covered with fleas, and had to undress to get them off. Presently they lighted a fire—although fearfully cold I kept my seat on top, as I never was very fond of fleas.

Presently two warrior Masai came along; I wondered what they would say, but I commanded Moses to tell the men to look for the wounded rhino, and they should have money. Through my glasses, on a neighbouring rise I saw a rhino and my husband creeping on his stomach towards it; he got to within fifty yards, and fired, and then I saw it was not our old friend, but a cow with a young one. He shot her in the shoulder, the young one was hidden behind its mother, and off the two went like the wind, over the rise, and I saw them no more; nor did my husband, although he followed them up for a long time and hunted about in vain, but

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finally had to give it up, and return. We now think they must have taken cover in a wood. It was annoying having to return without either animal. The climb down the escarpment proved worse than the mounting up; I got blisters on my heels, and my husband was very tired indeed, and sick at heart. That evening, when about to get into my bath, I found my clothes and legs covered with *sia fu* ants; I hurriedly got into the hot water, and dressed in the tent most carefully afterwards, as they bite terrifically.

At five o'clock next morning we were up, and soon climbing the escarpment of the plateau above, by another route, then, after walking one and a half hours to where we had lost the rhino the day before, we saw one feeding not far from some trees in front of us. My husband went on, and we heard two shots and saw the creature make for cover. We thought he might have come over our hill, but happily he did not.

After waiting some time and hearing nothing, I stationed my Kikuyu on different rises commanding the country, and we waited nearly two hours till we heard two shots and then a single one. I told the orderly to go and see if he could find them, but he refused, being afraid. I was so angry that I jumped up and ~~seizing~~ my rifle said, "You afraid! then I, a woman, will," and stumped off towards, and round the wood, being followed meekly by Moses and the

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Kikuyu. A boy appeared and told us the rhino was killed, and that it was the old fellow of yesterday, which is always good news, as one likes to get the original, wounded animal. Apparently it was quite happy with a bullet in the middle of its neck and another in its shoulder, both yesterday's expanding bullets, which accounted for its being still alive. My husband had a most exciting time hunting it in the bush and wood. After his first shots, one of which missed, as a rhino bird gave warning just as he was going to fire, the beast made off and he lost him ; so went all round the wood to see where he could have broken through ; and finally had to take up his old tracks, which led into the wood. Deeper and deeper he went, until the tracks disappeared. As they went along noiselessly, suddenly a hare broke cover, and the one porter with my husband, whose nerves evidently were not of the strongest, turned tail and ran for all he was worth, while my husband and Wilson stood and shrieked with stifled laughter and called him back again. Neither Wilson nor the Kikuyu would go in front to find tracks, so as to leave my husband free to keep his eyes on the bushes. The porter wanted to make out that the rhino had gone on too far, so that they could return. But, by the tracks my husband saw it had fallen into a walk and could not be far off ; which was correct, as it had been shot

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in the hind leg as it galloped off, and consequently, dragged that leg a little.

A dozen steps farther on, they suddenly heard tremendous grunts, snorts, and breaking of bushes from one side, evidently the rhino had winded them and was charging, his great body breaking through the thick undergrowth. Unable to see anything of him, my husband and Wilson made for the cover of the nearest tree ; meanwhile, again the Kikuyu made tracks back, for his very life. The other two having run down wind, the rhino lost their scent, and passed close to them before my husband had time, or opportunity to get in a shot as it crashed through the bushes. Again they all silently took up the tracks, and not a sound was heard, till suddenly, in the thick bush they heard another tremendous rush ; seeing nothing, again they, for a second time, took cover down wind behind trees. Again silence. After this second rush my husband and Wilson were very careful indeed to go quietly and slowly, as well as it was possible in the thick growth, till they tracked him again to an opening, and found him on the old elephant path by which he first started. This time, unfortunately, the path took them down wind and the rhino scented them, for he was waiting behind a big tree, head on. Directly he caught sight of the men, he snorted, and at the same time, my husband raised his rifle and fired one barrel after the other, and hit him once through the lungs,

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and once behind the shoulder, as the rhino turned slightly. Wilson and the Kikuyu made off, the former, unfortunately, as before with my husband's second rifle. Then began a struggle for breath, snortings, crashing of boughs as the beast went to and fro, now hidden from sight. My husband again took cover, and waited. Still the sounds continued, until there were three long heart-rending groans, and all was silent. After a few minutes, my husband, creeping from tree to tree, came upon the huge beast lying dead ; so big he looked lying there, one does not realise how big they are till one is close to the animal. By breaking down a few branches to let in the sun, I took some photographs, but they were not very good, owing to the shade and shadows from the trees. When my husband killed his first rhino it was out in the open, with a lovely side-light, but, alas ! my last film had been used the day before, I have never ceased to regret it. The Kikuyu soon began to cut the rhino up ; the horns and feet and some hide for us, meat for them. The two orderlies took the giant's share and brought pounds and pounds—most of it, in fact—regardless of the extra weight for the porters. They intended to dry it to take back to Nairobi. They were so selfish and greedy (their meat took ~~four~~ porters with poles to carry it) that my husband had to put his foot down, and forbid so much. We had not the porters to spare. The walk back to the edge of the escarp-

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ment, and then down to camp was the worst I have ever had ; my heel was sore, and my boots without nails, slipped back every step I took on the dry grass. The midday sun poured down on to us, as we did not get back till one o'clock. I longed to sink down like a mushroom under my sun umbrella, and weep salt tears of weariness. Only the thought of what my husband and the porters would think, restrained me, and I plodded on.

While my husband was busy next day after a bushbuck, I waited half-way up the hill, and heard the strangest of grunts coming from the lake. My heart beat fast and I looked through my glasses in great excitement, to see a lot of hippos in the water. My husband went after them later, but the swamp was too bad, deep in water and full of rushes, to get near. He went in up to his waist, and then felt that he would be absolutely at the hippos' mercy if they charged him in their own element, no escape being possible ; so, as he could not get near otherwise, he gave it up ; although my imagination had already made a nice gong out of a pair of their tusks. Shooting hippos from a boat in the water is not great sport, as the shock of the first bullet stuns them and they go under water to drown, and after a few hours their body rises, and then one's porters drag it ashore. The poor beast has no chance. But on land it is a different affair ; there they are

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dangerous. It is a curious fact, but in shooting these huge animals it is the *first* bullet that counts; the shock to their system is so great then, and if in an absolutely vital spot, all goes well (for the sportsman), they can be finished off easily; but if the first shot is careless the other shots take little or no effect—unless happening to hit one of the very few vital spots; their system does not appear to suffer from a second shot, and it takes several to finish them off.

Several times again my husband tried for that annoying waterbuck, but he always separated from the does and escaped from view. In the night I heard a strange noise, a cross between a lion's roar and a cow's moo; I thought it was the former, but the porters told me it was a waterbuck crossing quite near our camp. Several times I heard the bushbuck—they bark rather like a dog; so do zebra.

On New Year's Day, 1907, we were both up very early indeed, back in the camp near the policeman's hut. My husband went out to try and find a hippo on land, as they come ashore at night, we knew by their many tracks leading from the lake, but without success. Meanwhile I watched the waterbuck return from the lake where they go at dawn to drink. Such clumsy, pretty, huge creatures, four does, one young one and a buck, sometimes galloping, sometimes stopping and looking fearfully

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around, the buck bringing up the rear, protected by the preceding females.

A Masai came by with a pass, which he showed my husband ; he had a lovely ivory ornament in his ear which I bought of him, made out of a hippo tusk and engraved. Then I presented him with a little rhino image, a mascot we had, which we had out of a cracker at our last civilised dinner on Christmas Eve ; I put it round his neck with a coral chain, also out of a cracker. He was absolutely delighted and as proud of it as anything ; his friend and he did nothing but burst into laughter for a few minutes. He would not believe we had already shot an original of the image till the porters showed him the horns, and he measured them with his stick in true sportsman fashion. When he had finished he came to me, like the most polished gentleman, and said, "Kua heri !" (Good-bye !) He told us that on the other side of the lake there were rhinos and lions and other beasts, so, as we felt it was no good staying where we were, we decided to go round. We tried to be very clever, and cut across the swamp along hippos' tracks, but, finding the water too deep, we had to keep skirting round long arms stretching from the main body of water in the centre of the swamp, a continuation of the lakē, making our march much longer. It took us from half-past ten A.M. till two P.M. to cross, in the hottest sun ; my heart felt sad as I dragged

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my poor feet along, being wet to my waist. We decided to camp under the first tree by a puddle, too tired to go farther for better water or wood. Later, my husband set out to get some meat for the boys, and bait for a lion. By great good luck he came across three eland, and as they galloped past in front of him, he dropped one with a beautiful shot; he was very pleased, as in that neighbourhood it was pure luck to come across them. It was dark when he returned, leaving the porters to cut up the animal, so we had to send more boys with a lamp, and as they too were so long, others with burning logs to look for them and direct them back. They naturally went one side of a hill while the other party returned by the opposite side, so we had a trouble to get in all our men safe for the night.

Next morning we found a hyæna had been eating the remains of eland, but no lion, as we had hoped.

We ourselves had enjoyed eland kidney for dinner. For the next few days we wandered about, but did not see much. I was interested looking at deserted Masai kraals, which topped every rise. They (the Masai) stay till their cattle have finished the grass, then wander on to fresh land and pastures. Whenever we saw game I always sank down in a heap under my tussore-coloured umbrella. It always reminded me of the undergraduate who

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was found in that position after dining well, and who declared he was a mushroom waiting to grow ; only I was even more like one, being nearer the right colour.

On our return journey towards Gilgil we took a higher road, meaning to camp in our old place. But after waiting for two and a half hours for the porters, we decided that they had taken a cattle track and gone on to the last water of all, so on we went for another couple of hours, and then we found them without even the tents up.

On our way back into Gilgil my husband shot a wild pig. Hyæna-like, Wilson of course took the two hind legs for himself ; he will eat anything and everything, that man !

I was surprised that Moses did not claim his share, but he saw its throat had not been cut ! I was very disappointed at not having had a chance of a shot at a lion, and the station-master told us at Gilgil, that less than three weeks before, one of Ali Dini Visram's (a trader's) porters had been taken in the night by a lion, two marches out on our road. I felt the lion might have had the decency to wait till we came along, instead of attacking an unprotected safari.

Our porters had behaved very well this time, as some days they had had long hot marches with heavy loads. We parted with them at Naivasha

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on our way back by train. We saw them joyfully going off with their money, before we left the camping ground at Naivasha. While we were there they still took a fatherly interest in us, and sold us their snuff-boxes, the buying of which was most amusing.

As we stepped out of the train in Nairobi Station, several friends, who had come to meet us, rushed at us and told us that my husband was ordered off to Zanzibar at once. It was true indeed ; before we had been home half an hour a note came from the colonel, saying he was sorry, but that owing to shortness of officers in Zanzibar my husband must go off immediately—for how long, he told me later, he did not know, but two and a half months at least. This was Saturday evening, and a major was going on the following Monday, but he would not hurry us (! !). He said we need not go till the Wednesday ! It left us with only two days to do everything, as Sunday did not count, and to get off ! As the date of our return was uncertain, the bungalow had to be left ready for another man's use, and our furniture all sent down to the auctioneer's to be sold, as the colonel would not give us the smallest little room or place to store it in. Even our best furniture had to go ; it was eventually sold by the auctioneers for practically nothing ; the boxes of stores were stolen, and other

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things lost. The cats went to stay, till our indefinite return, with kind friends. During those three days how kind I found my friends! Never shall I forget them, nor what they did for me. The chickens, both English and native, each one of them a pet, were sold to friends; the pigeons were given away, my flowers and ferns also, except those in the garden which I had planted and cared for so tenderly, my roses, carnations, sweet peas, chrysanthemums, and even the tuberose, which were just rewarding me for my labour by bursting into flower. I knew, after I left they would die for want of water. It was a sad three days. I should never have got off with my husband if it had not been for the kindness of two friends who slaved for me, counting and packing my personal clothes and belongings to go with me.

We packed, friends came to say "Good-bye" to us—we could not go to them, and still we packed. The cats wandered about unhappily and seemed to understand something was wrong, or near tea-time they sat waiting long for their milk, meowing and gazing round at all the muddle. The chickens ran for me if they saw me, and wondered why they had not so many tit-bits as usual. But everything has an end, and so had the packing. In tears I found myself in the train for Mombasa, with my husband and the ever faithful Mark, saying "Good-bye" to

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my friends ; Baruku and Ali, also faithful, followed our fortunes in a third-class carriage. On Mombasa platform I saw a dilapidated looking knife-board, and remarked to a man I wondered whose it was. I was not long in ignorance—Ali came to claim the treasure ; under his arm it went across the harbour in the small boat to the big liner. I wondered if he had a piece of bath-brick in his pocket ; I expect he had. I knew on arriving at our new quarters the first thing he would do, before looking round even, would be to clean our knives. But he had not reckoned on the hotel, where for a time we had to stay, so the knife-board got lost ; still he bore it very well, as I got him a new one. It might be that we should return to Nairobi in a few months, but somehow we all felt otherwise, and so it proved. The two and a half months went by, and my husband's company returned without him to Nairobi ; then it was rumoured that we were to return ourselves in four months ; then six, as the other officers did, but finally we did not return at all.

We found the officers in Zanzibar, after the Government found that two companies were to be permanently stationed there, had been so badly housed that they had nearly all been ill, two very ill indeed. However, the officer—my husband had been sent to relieve was nearly well, and doing his

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work, and he did not hand over his company for three weeks after our arrival, so we could easily have been allowed a few days longer, to see to selling our goods and chattels advantageously, or make other arrangements; it would have saved us a lot of worry as well as money. There were no quarters for my husband, even if he had been unmarried, so we had to put up at the hotel.

The Zanzibar Government's idea was to put two officers in a house a Goanese hardly thought fit to occupy,—two small rooms and a verandah for meals. The Ministers and officials of the Zanzibar Government themselves lived in Arab palaces.

By-the-bye I heard rather an amusing story. I mentioned that before our second safari we met two fellow-sportsmen, one of whom had come up from the Cape, where his regiment was stationed, for a shoot. It was his second; after his first safari his colonel also came up on leave to shoot, and took over his subaltern's stores and chop-boxes; but he forgot to pay for them, and the subaltern felt it would hardly do to remind his colonel of the transaction. But the colonel, careful man! on his return to Naivasha, where he started, suggested to the hotel proprietor (late an Hussar officer) that he should take over what few stores he had left, including such things as half-tins of sardines and half-bottles of sauce and so on, for he felt sure they

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must come in for his hotel! I was so amused that I forgot to ask if the sardines *were* served up at the hotel dinner, and if the colonel had eleven-pence three farthings taken off his bill.

By-the-bye he belonged to a Scotch regiment!

CHAPTER XVII

ADVENTURES WITH LIONS AND A RHINO

Wonderful lion story—officers' escape from lions—pig-sticking—
an exciting rhino adventure

It goes without saying that during one's stay in Africa one hears many lion stories, some unfortunately true, others grossly exaggerated. Naturally, when any one has a big adventure with a wild animal, it gets repeated any number of times and everybody hears of it, so that a tale very soon becomes general property. All the same, I will risk telling a "chestnut," to use a slang expression, as it is one of the most extraordinary lion stories I ever heard. My husband told it to me. The first time he travelled down the East Coast of Africa in 1901 he had as a travelling companion an Italian, one of three people concerned in the story, who told it to him.

It was in the days of man-eaters, when they were constantly making meals off some of the luckless coolies engaged in making the Uganda Railway; they caused an endless amount of trouble, and many were their victims before they

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were finally killed off. At first it seemed impossible to decrease their number, and rewards were offered for every lion killed. On one occasion they had been so persistent in their endeavours to have a dinner off brown man every night, that terror seized the hearts of the workers on the railway, and they struck work. I believe it was three weeks or more before those in authority could induce the men to return to their duties, and then, not until some of the lions had been killed.

In 1900 there still remained many lions near the line, among them a man-eater who had given a great deal of trouble; and had successfully carried off several men connected with the railway. One man tried to lie in wait for him in a large iron water-tank, but the beast managed to upset the tank, and then spent some time trying to get at the poor fellow, with its strong paw thrust through the aperture by which the man had got in.

As may be imagined the position was most unpleasant for the poor man, who could only squeeze himself into a corner and hope for the best. Luckily there was just room for him to be out of reach of the lion; except for some scratches, as the animal succeeded in touching him, he escaped unhurt, and at last managed to frighten the lion away—reports differ as to how, some saying he managed to fire his rifle and so frighten the animal; others that having a box of matches in his pocket he kept

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striking them and burning the lion's paw as it inserted it down the hole, till the lion got tired of the useless game and went away. Anyhow the man dragged himself forth out of his trap next morning, safe, but shaken, and distressed in every nerve.

The superintendent of the police was travelling up the line with two friends, in his special carriage, when they heard of this lion being in the neighbourhood; so they decided to try and get him, for he had been seen in a certain place near Makindu quite recently. They were to remain in the carriage on a siding, and each in turn was to keep guard and watch with a loaded rifle. The superintendent took first watch, while one of his friends got into a high berth, and the other, the Italian, made his bed on the floor. The latter thinks that the superintendent must have lain down on a lower berth and gone to sleep, thinking perhaps the lion would not appear that night. But one is told that the lion was so clever that, having watched them from the darkness outside for some hours, he mounted the two very high steps from the railway line to the carriage, and opened the door and walked in. This is not so wonderful as it sounds; it is easily explained by any one who knows how the carriages on the Uganda Railway are made. The doors slide on brass wheels from one post to the other, and unless the catch has firmly caught they can easily be pushed open, or the movement and rocking of the

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train flings them open. On this occasion the lion must have fidgeted the door about, and not being quite caught it would easily slide back to admit him into the carriage, and then, owing to his extra weight on one side of the carriage, would slide back quickly into place again.

He sprang at the superintendent lying asleep, standing with his hind legs on the Italian, who was asleep also on the floor. The man in the top berth was awakened by the commotion, and looking down, saw to his horror the whole carriage filled up by the man-eater's body. He sprang down on to the lion, and out by the second sliding door opposite to that by which the lion had entered; for he was scared to death, as who would not have been, and could do nothing to help his friends. Meanwhile the lion had seized his victim and jumped out of the window, crashing through and breaking the woodwork, and then made off, dragging the Englishman with him.

The Italian then jumped up and scrambled out of the opposite window to run to shelter, thankful to find himself still alive and unhurt.

The remains, that is to say what the lion had left, of the poor superintendent were taken to Nairobi and there buried. It was sad to see at the time I was in Nairobi what a number of the few men already buried in the little cemetery on the plain had been killed by lions. This lion not so

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very long afterwards paid the penalty of his crimes, and was killed.

Two or three of the officers in Nairobi had been mauled. After I arrived in Africa one went home with his arm very badly damaged, but happily clever doctors were able to set it right. This same man had been tossed by a rhino, and jammed by an elephant, but still he was an untiring shikari. After I left, I heard that another officer, when after a lion, fired, and when it charged him he got frightened and made for a tree ; the lion was just in time to scratch his foot, but no serious damage was done. However, it made an excuse for plenty of leave and more shooting. One officer was very keen on pig-sticking ; but, alas ! the day came when he was carried home eleven miles on a stretcher, having stuck himself in the stomach instead of the pig. I believe this was done by bringing his spike across from one side to the other when after a pig. Happily he was sewn up and quickly mended. There was some rather good pig-sticking to be had a few miles out of Nairobi.

One kind man in Nairobi, who offered us the use of his house while on leave, had had a very serious adventure with a rhino. He had gone to Lake Baringo (some miles farther north than where we went on our last sâfari) for some shooting, it being an excellent locality. He saw a rhino and shot it ; as it fell and lay motionless, he, believing

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it to be dead, ran up to it most unwisely, and as rhinos often do, even in their death agonies, on smelling him it jumped up and charged him, knocking him down and breaking his right arm and some ribs, in its wild anger; it then stuck its horn into him and tossed him twice in the air, afterwards falling dead itself some few yards off. The poor man lay alone, helpless and unconscious, for some hours, till finally his gun-bearer came across him, directed to the spot by vultures hovering overhead. For over a week he had to wait before a doctor could be found to set his bones. The doctor then superintended his removal, and he was carried slowly along by his porters back to civilisation. Unfortunately he had to lose his arm; but I think the thought of how near he had been to losing his life altogether must have partly comforted him. He, curiously enough, was the last Nairobi man I saw on leaving Mombasa for England.

CHAPTER XVIII

ZANZIBAR

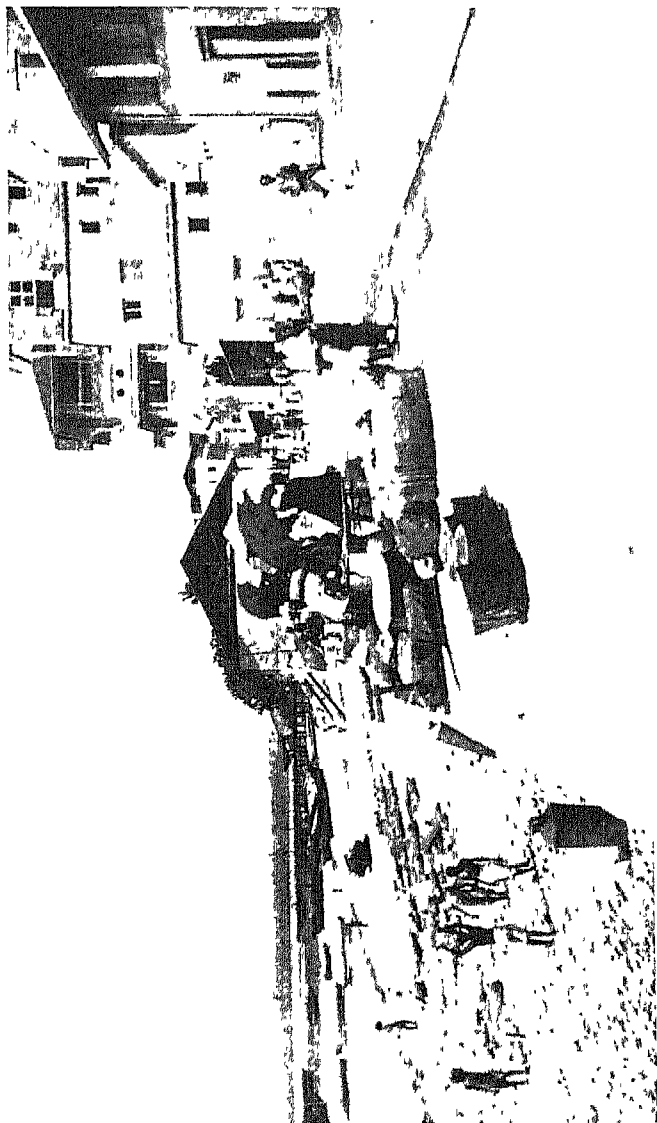
First views—boy divers—intelligent guides—houses—drives—
Indian bazaar—native quarters—Indian shops—Goanese
stores—vegetables and fruit.

WATCHING eagerly for the first glimpse of Zanzibar proper, we glided in the big liner along the smooth clear waters, seeing every now and then ruins of picturesque Arab houses, peeping from among the overgrown vegetation. Zanzibar Island from the sea is very pretty, with its rich vegetation and little bays of gloriously coloured water, sometimes a vivid green, other times a dark azure, eating into the land. Tall cocoanut trees stand up high, with their fringe of leaves silhouetted against the sky; then huge mango trees, dark and dense, throwing underneath a gloomy shade. Beside one with very dark and old foliage may stand another tree of the same sort in all its freshness of light green, leaning against its companion. These trees grow to a huge size; dense undergrowth and creepers fill up the intervening spaces.

A first view of the town is one of densely packed

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Arab houses ; white, with many of their flat roofs covered over with ugly tin, those by the shore being large palatial looking buildings. From the flag-staff of the Sultan's Palace, and houses of the English and foreign consuls, flags fly, giving a festive appearance.

Though we anchored some way from the shore many natives swam out to dive for coins (they do not care for copper ones!) thrown by passengers on the ship. They are very quick at diving, and clever at catching them, as the coins drop through the clear water. One boy may be in a small topply canoe, but he is more often hanging on to its side in the water, or else diving underneath it. Later, up the ship's side come numerous Cingalese and Indians with their wares for sale, at passenger prices, *i.e.* double what a resident would be asked to pay.

It is the passengers of the liners who make the shops pay, and eventually send their owners to their native land rich and happy. Indian jewellery, shawls and articles of ivory, ebony and rupee silver, to say nothing of the universal post-card, form the chief objects of their trade.

On landing, one is besieged by dozens of boys, offering in more or less broken English to guide one around ; they are mostly scamps, but clever scamps, and speak a number of languages. If you ask them their names, they immediately say some very grand

GLIMPSES OF EAST AFRICA AND ZANZIBAR

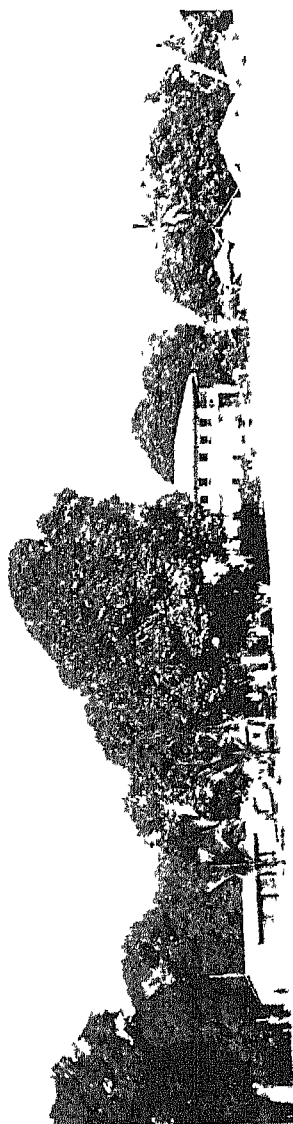
English name they have caught hold of—if you are English; or if German or French then it is a German or French name they announce. This amuses the passenger and he takes the boy on.

Many of the dusky scamps lie in wait for Jack Tar, and guide him to all sorts of places, good, bad, and indifferent. I have seen a sailor more than half tipsy being persuaded to come somewhere or other, for no good I felt sure, by one of these boys; somehow it was particularly disgusting to see the money-making black, alert and keen, with a persuasive tongue, leading astray what ought to have been his superior.

Unblushingly these boys will come up and say they are “intelligent guides”. But we got rid of their importunities by telling them in their own language we had no need of their assistance.

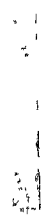
From the agent's house to the hotel seemed a long mysterious way, though really quite short, by narrow little passages winding in and out between very tall houses. I felt I should never know my way about alone, and I still think so, for after several months, I continued to lose myself. The houses themselves are made of coral rag and lime,—nearly all old Arab dwellings with an open square well in the middle and the house built round it, keeping the rooms cool. The rooms as a rule are long and narrow, the width being the length of the mangrove poles the floors are built of. The archi-

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CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, NEW YORK



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ture is distinctly primitive. The best feature of these Arab mansions is the heavy wooden door, with carving above and an inside shelf, being iron-work to look through, with large brass knobs let into the door itself.

The living rooms are on the first floor, and bedrooms above, as a rule ; kitchens and boys find places on the ground floor, or offices in the large houses of Government officials. When there is, as is usual, a suitable roof, it is much used, often being covered in with corrugated iron for protection against sun and rain. Europeans make their roofs very pretty with flowers and ferns.

Few people have gardens, as they encourage mosquitoes. The lovely hibiscus grows well, but dies by six o'clock the same day it is cut ; roses are poor, but very sweet smelling, and flowering acacias abound.

In speaking of Zanzibar, Sir Charles Elliot says in his book on British East Africa : " Zanzibar is the richest and most beautiful spot in tropical East Africa. In few parts of the world will the traveller who stays one day or even two, carry away such pleasant impressions of beautiful landscapes ; but whether it is advisable to spend more than two days is doubtful, for the climate is by no means healthy."

With regard to the first part of the above, I decidedly disagree, for I consider the highlands of British East Africa far more beautiful ;

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the fine spaces of open country, dotted with herds of wild game, enclosed on the horizon by dark hills rising sombre and shadowy against the western sky, with the glorious glow of the sunset fading behind them. Or again, at midday, when the sun shines strong and hot through the cool shades of a piece of bamboo forest, glistening on the shiny feathery foliage, and lighting up the moisture of the damp undergrowth. And yet again, the mountain streams stumbling along over rocks and stones, partly in the darkest shadow, and partly glimmering in a most dazzling manner with the afternoon sun ; and added to its lovely beauty, if one is in luck, a bushbuck may come down for an early drink, every now and then stopping and lifting its gentle head to inquire anxiously of the rustling leaves if all is peace.

When staying in Zanzibar there are only three drives to take, which grow a little monotonous if one drives often. But for the first time or two there is pleasure in noting the tropical scenery and native life as one passes along. From four to six miles the roads are excellent ; one, the Boo-boo-boo Road, passes through interesting quarters of the Beluchi, many houses with old-fashioned hand-loom on their steps, with which borders of colour are woven on to the imported cotton "Shukas," called then a "kikoi" or loin-cloth. Then picturesque native villages are passed. On the way out there is a pretty view of a narrow neck of land stretching into

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the sea, beyond the dhobi's washing ground, where they tear and spoil our linen, by rubbing it on stones ; on this piece of land grow a few solitary cocoanut palms and grass, and standing solemnly silhouetted against the sky are generally a few camels, led there in the evening to feed, and making quite a pretty picture.

About three miles out one passes a flag-staff flying the Sultan's red flag. This place is called Sherif Msa, after a pious Arab who took the journey to Mecca ; but on his return he died, and instead of being thrown overboard was brought to Zanzibar. However, near this point the boat was wrecked, and his body washed ashore in pieces. On the return drive a glorious view of Zanzibar town is to be seen, stretching out on the farther point of a bay, with Melindi and the dhows and native boats forming a foreground. The middle road, which leads across the island to Chwaka, has one or two pretty peeps of tropical vegetation, which include the tall palms which show up so grandly against an evening sky.

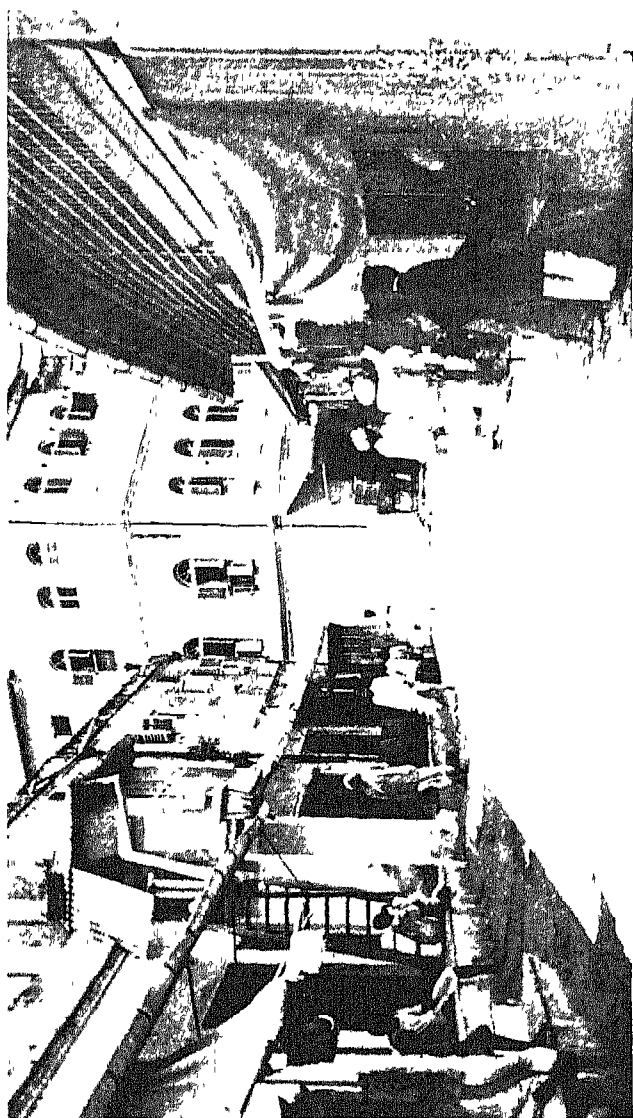
This vegetation decidedly needs distance to lend enchantment ; for at close quarters it is dull, dusty, and coarse and of too uniform a colour of dundy green. But one passes through the sweet-smelling woods of cloves which at certain times scent the air for miles.

The third drive leads to one of the Sultan's palaces at Chwani, the grounds of which are the

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most untidy I have ever seen. On the way back there is one pretty little bit, looking down into a little valley, over the green vegetation, with the sea shining below. But the best view of all is not *in* Zanzibar at all, but looking from Zanzibar over the sea to the sunset, which generally is gloriously coloured and changing, and ships at anchor in the harbour make a picturesque foreground.

The town of Zanzibar is nearly an island, for at high tide the sea rushes into a creek and almost surrounds the town ; in fact the Khoja burial ground just above the beach is the only piece of high ground which keeps the two parts of the sea from running into each other. This creek is quite dry and often smelly at low tide ; on the farther side of it is the large native quarter called N'Gambo, from which all the wretched little golf "totos" pour at four o'clock. But this part of Zanzibar is infinitely cleaner and better kept than the Indian quarter in the bazaar ; there it is hopelessly dirty and smelly, breeding plague and other horrible diseases. The streets are so narrow and overhung, that the sun in some parts can never penetrate with its disinfecting influence. However, they tell me the bazaar is beautifully clean now to what it was before the big outbreak of plague in 1905. The authorities insist on sanitary cleanings up, and in the European quarters the refuse from the houses is put outside the doorways, and taken away regularly.



INDIAN BAZAR, ZANJIBAR

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I heard that the crows were introduced by the Indians to act as scavengers, and so to help keep the place healthy, by gobbling up the festering rubbish that otherwise would harbour and breed all sorts of horrors. Wherever one finds the Indian in Africa, he appears so dirty ; in a working silver shop, one day, through the dark inner doorway a cow was to be seen munching her evening meal, as we inquired the price of some silver article. Dirty Indian men and women squat patiently inside their cupboard-like shops ; some with sweets, tobacco, cigarettes, matches, and rice and other grain cheerfully mixed with an assortment of wearing apparel, dear to the heart of a native. In one of the little narrow streets in the bazaar are seen a number of china shops, where is sold the Dutch earthenware of brilliant colouring, imported for the Arab and Swahili ; then another street comprises shops selling pottery, little incense burners, and the earthen pitchers or carafes for water, generally mixed up with other stores. Then one passes through another street of sellers of more wearing apparel, kanzus, kangas, beads, common jewellery and vests, also lace curtains and stuffs of all colours sold by the yard.

The furniture shops are generally blocked together, what little furniture there is to be had being bad. We had to buy what furniture we could, not what we would, although we expected to

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be in Zanzibar only a few months. The way to get furniture, really, is to wait, if you can, till some European goes home and sells his things ; most of the furniture has passed through many hands. Some little can be made if you are willing to wait months ; or a certain amount can be imported from Bombay. In the main street there are one or two excellent Indian shops with most fascinating things inside, from India, China, Japan and other Oriental places. A little light Japanese furniture can be bought there, pretty, but rickety, and unserviceable. The ivories are pretty ; Japanese worked silver is also to be had in lovely designs. Tea-sets and coffee-sets from Japan are always in stock. Two or three Cingalese jewellers invite you constantly to see their wares—the work is rough but not expensive ; they have plenty of pretty jewellery, but the taste is not always to be admired, and they rarely have anything very good—such things do not leave Ceylon, except through dealers.

I have heard that Zanzibar is noted as a place to buy sapphires, certainly they sell any amount, but of very second-rate quality. I only saw one really good sapphire, and for that they wanted an exorbitant price. It had already travelled to England, but the jewellers there had valued it at much less than what the Cingalese wanted for it. Tourmalines and opals can readily be had. They mount nearly everything in what they call fifteen carat

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gold. One of these shops sells excellently carved ebony and ivory animals, chiefly the favourite elephant, but also crabs, rhinos and pigs. Of course there are a number of Goanese stores, where they sell grocery, haberdashery, drapery and most things (more or less ; that is everything but the one thing you want !) all in one small shop. They are very dear, but as they always get their stores out through shipping and landing agents resident in Zanzibar, the buyer obtains his article after a good many other people have taken their profit. The Goanese have sometimes not the ready cash to pay for their stores at once to the English firm, whereas the agents will give credit, so the agents get their custom and grow fat, while the poor Goanese (sometimes) have a struggle, owing to the competition, to get along. Their prices are generally according to what they think their customers will pay, and many things I found in Zanzibar more expensive than in Nairobi, although to the latter place there was the heavy railway freight to pay.

There are two fairly good hotels, better than any others I have stayed in in Africa ; but ladies are at a disadvantage, as they do not provide public sitting-rooms, and it is not always nice to sit with the strange assortment of beer, and whisky-drinking men.

The daily bill of fare is a problem difficult to solve, as the food is of scant variety, and meat dear

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and very tough ; chickens infinitely more bony than their Irish cousins, as they take such a great deal of exercise in search of their daily food, and eat all sorts of horrid refuse, that their legs become long and full of muscle, like a race horse's !

Cooking vegetables, except in tins, are almost an impossibility. One is wise to make use of the native vegetables, what few there are, in their different seasons. There is one like spinach, called mchicha. It is quite common, almost a weed, but quite nice ; but it was long before I could induce my Nairobi boy to buy it, as he had been spoilt by the lovely English vegetables in Nairobi, and could not believe that I would willingly have eaten grass, if I could have made it into a decent vegetable with sauce over it. In July and August there are mbaazi—a baazi is a sort of a pea growing on a small tree somewhat resembling laburnum, and generally growing up intermixed with the manioc. Egg fruits, pumpkins, poor tomatoes and cucumbers can usually be had, rather dear—but one gets very tired of them ; expensive tough and dried-up lettuces for salad too. Best of all the salads is the cocoanut salad, a most extravagant dish, as for it a whole cocoanut tree must be cut down, costing about ten shillings. I believe one cocoanut tree brings in ten shillings a year. Just the centre of the top of the stem under the leaves is used for the salad and is

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delicious. It is also very good boiled as a vegetable with pepper and salt.

Zanzibar is noted for its fruit, but there is only a limited number of kinds. Early in the year there certainly are delicious mangoes, the large variety from Bombay being most luscious; the small red-gold one which grows in such an abundance, and is so cheap, is stringy and too strong with a turpentine flavour to be pleasant. Coming in the hot season they are most welcome. Then all through the cool season the oranges are excellent, of several varieties; the native oranges grafted on to a citron have a slightly acid flavour, the Portuguese orange being sweeter. Mandarins, Tangerines and Seville oranges are common, and lemons and large citrons, but the small limes are what are usually used for cool drinks. During the cool season there is a mango, called English mango or golden apple, which we found delicious eaten with pepper, salt and vinegar (though I was laughed at by my friends for eating it that way, as I had mistaken it for another fruit, till they tried it themselves!). In fact, though some people eat all fruits with sugar, I think most of the Zanzibar fruit is best eaten as a salad, with vinegar, pepper and salt, that is the way I could eat avocardo pears, papaws, melons and English mangoes.

A very large orange called shaddock, or the forbidden fruit, with a very thick skin and lovely

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pink pulp, is excellent eaten with port wine and sugar, but uninteresting otherwise.

Of bananas there are many kinds, but he only is wise who buys either the red variety (a Uganda kind) or the "sugar" banana; the others are dull and tasteless, but I sometimes fried them as a vegetable.

Cooks, Swahili especially, use cocoanuts for making curries, and boiling the rice in the milk. Pineapples are very cheap; and there is a horrible fruit, sometimes given one with a large present of fruit from an Indian, called Jack fruit, and much eaten and liked by the natives. It has a most offensive smell, the seeds have a certain amount of pulp round them, and the nut kernel is roasted by the natives, and the peel and other waste parts help to feed the chickens—the native chicken taking the place of the Irish pig. I tasted it on one occasion, but ever afterwards hastily presented it to my boys when any was given me. Early in the year leeches are in the market, and guavas, but loquats and melons do not seem to grow well. I had a present of some nice fruit like medlars; but they have only been imported and grown during the last few years, so there are still only a few on the island.

CHAPTER XIX

TIPPOO TIB AND OTHER MATTERS

His origin and work--heat--official etiquette--native diseases--
deaths--jiggers--plague--a remarkable story--Imatics.

WHEN first arriving at Zanzibar we went to the "Tippoo Tib Hotel". Of course my curiosity was aroused immediately by the name. I was told it was a house which until quite recently had belonged to an influential Arab named, or rather nicknamed, Tippoo Tib. It was a large Arab house, but as is usual, most of the space was given up to the central hall, and the rooms were small. Tippoo Tib died in 1905, possessed of many houses and shambas in Zanzibar, and about fourteen children.

For fifty years he was the leading spirit of Central Africa around Lake Tanganyika and the Eastern Congo, penetrating farther and farther with his large caravans in search of ivory and slaves.

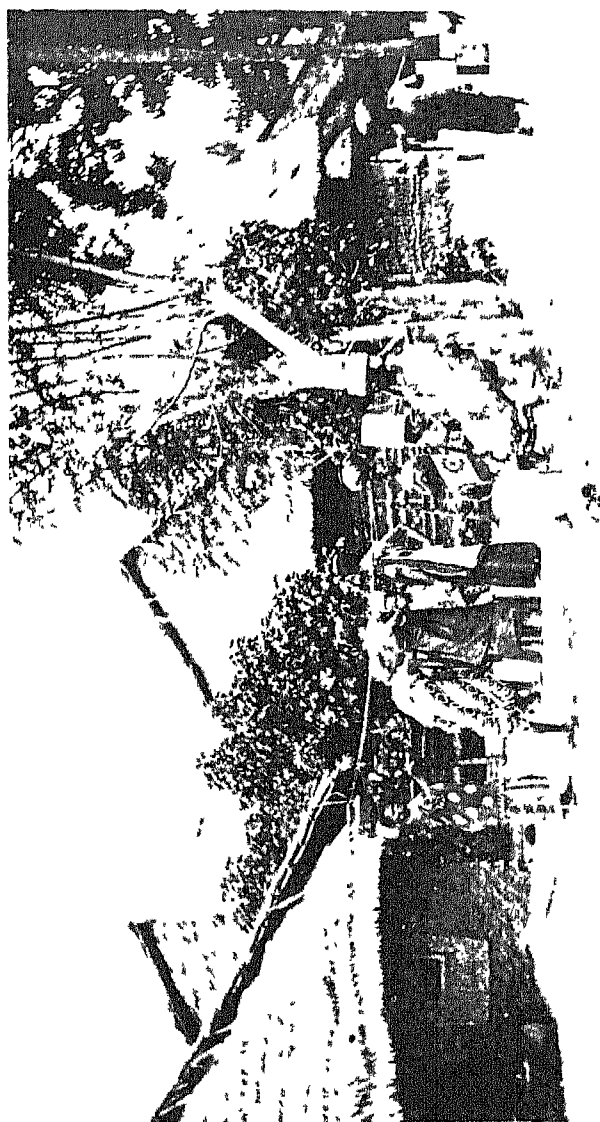
His real name was Hamed bin Muhammed. Tippoo Tib was a nickname given to him on account of a habit he had of blinking his eyes. He came of Arab parents, with a negro strain, his great-

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grandmother being a native. This taint, curiously enough, showed remarkably in his features, but he had the manners and grace for which Arabs are always noted. During his residence in Central Africa he acted as guide, and helped in other ways, three great explorers, namely, Stanley, Cameron, and Wissmann, and always showed himself most friendly to all Europeans. After his stirring and adventurous life, having amassed a large fortune, he settled for the rest of his life in Zanzibar; the lands over which he had once held undisputed sway except for continual native risings, passed to Germany and Belgium. At his death his hundreds of slaves became free; the women who are now the local water-carriers were originally his slaves or members of his harem, claiming only on their death one rupee for a shroud to be buried in from the executive lawyer of Tippoo Tib's estate.

Their business is likely to be stopped, however, as at the present time plans for laying on water in pipes in all the houses are under discussion.

The heat was simply appalling when we arrived in Zanzibar, January being the hottest month. I left all my big cases with an agent; so went rather short of clothes in the hotel, for my friends had packed all my bodices in my small trunks, but the skirts lay in one of the big ones at the agent's. I promptly developed every sort of heat bump and spot caused by over-heated blood, also prickly heat,



SWAMP WATER CATTLE - ZANZIBAR

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to say nothing of my wrists and ankles being double their size from mosquito bites. I began to wonder if I should like Zanzibar! At last we got a house. We were told it was "unfit for European habitation," but we had to have some roof over our heads, and when we suggested taking one of the pretty little bungalows in shambas outside Zanzibar we were told we would promptly die, as even Indians cannot live outside the town, only Arabs manage to do so. It took us a good time, and some money, to purify and cleanse our new abode, using whitewash and Jeyes' fluid; it was also very hot and very stuffy, as we were sheltered from each monsoon. How I grew to hate that house, and what I suffered there! so did my husband.

People are very kind and very hospitable in Zanzibar, many entertaining far beyond their means. A lady told me life in Zanzibar was simple enough ten years ago, but now the ladies dress more grandly, and the dinners are no simple affairs; it is rare to go out to either lunch or dinner without having champagne and other luxuries—every one spends every penny they have.

Like all small colonial places, the people are extremely punctilious about etiquette, ridiculously so. For instance, nearly all the ladies called on me very quickly and very kindly, but one did not, and she lived but a few doors off; I did not notice it, however for some time, as I was feeling much too

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miserable in the heat. Her husband was a local judge. Later the wife of another judge said that she had not waited for my husband to pay a morning call, in uniform and sword, on hers, which is the correct thing, but they called on me without; however, would he, my husband, pay the call demanded by etiquette on this other judge. My husband said, "Certainly not, for it might be correct for the members of the Zanzibar Government and other Zanzibar officials to do those calls, but it was not correct for an officer who was married to do so on joining the mess in Zanzibar, and would the lady kindly tell the judge so!" Afterwards my husband's O.C. said he was perfectly right.

All the same, after a few days my husband came to the conclusion that "Peace at any price" is best in a small place, and that if such a little thing pleased the young local judge he would do it; we also heard that his wife was exceedingly nice, and it was not her fault that she was not friendly to a poor young woman cast suddenly on the Island of Zanzibar. As a matter of fact I believe the judge was really nice too, only he had been bitten by that horrid African fly which enlarges the head.

So my husband buckled on his sword and left his card, the call was returned next day, three days later the wife called on me. Of course my husband also called on the other more generous-minded

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judge, who had early come with his wife to see us, both of whom were always very kind.

Again, woe betide the forgetful hostess who at the quietest dinner sent in number four lady before number three, and so on. I heard of one lady writing next day to her host to know if it were an intended insult that she was sent in second instead of first, although it was only a private, friendly dinner.

The King's African Rifles being sent to Zanzibar created a good deal of jealousy, and various petty slights were performed, officially of course ; they were rather amusing, one seemed to be living in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera.

But what would Zanzibar be without its little excitements, quarrels and jealousies ; it is full of them, especially between the two Governments, or members thereof, and after the King's African Rifles came, a third set was added to the lists, for the poor Rifles had to fight for everything they needed.

Still, I will say this of Zanzibar, the " fights " were purely official, and off duty every one seemed to get on remarkably well, especially the ladies. I saw little or no envy, spite and malice among them, such as one reads about, but they all got on exceedingly well together, or so it seemed to me, headed by Mrs. Cave, who was kindness itself to everybody. Perhaps in certain particulars their manners and

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ways were a little less conventional than at home, and certain things might shock dear Madame Grundy of a provincial town.

Indeed I was very sorry to say "Good-bye" to the ladies of Zanzibar.

Six-thirty is the hour for informal calls, people always come in for drinks at that hour, and that is when the ladies exchange visits, while their husbands play "Bridge" at the club.

Afternoon tea is not a great meal in Zanzibar, for it is too hot; and during the summer one takes it in one's bedroom, after a siesta, and before going out for games and exercise, as it induces copious perspiration. Still, most people take it, for it is so refreshing after a rest.

June is the best month, as then, if one has passed through the summer, it appears quite cool, and tournaments of games are got up, and matches of all sorts.

One is struck by the numbers of natives suffering from terrible diseases; the lepers now happily are kept in a village by themselves, and not allowed to roam about among everybody else. There is a horrid-looking skin disease I thought was leprosy, but is not; the natives' bodies, faces, heads or hands are covered with white patches, showing up against their dark skin. The number of natives suffering from elephantiasis is great, one so often sees them coming along with one or both feet enlarged and

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swollen enormously, looking in fact exactly like the thick foot of an elephant. A horrid little fawn-coloured mosquito is supposed to be the bearer of the infection. Shortly before our arrival, a European went home with this terrible complaint, although it is unusual for Europeans to get it. In like manner another European official went home as a leper. He is supposed to have got it from one of his boatmen, whom he did not know to be a leper. It seems such a sad, sad thing. The natives suffer a good deal from malarial fever, but the after-effects are not as bad as with Europeans; they recover their strength much more quickly. There was a good deal of fever in Zanzibar during the time we were there; it seems on the increase in the town, so a doctor told me. Dhobie's itch is a most unpleasant skin disease among the Europeans, and so difficult to get rid of. It is a sort of ringworm, and is spread by the dhobies washing the soiled linen without boiling it, and mixing the linen of people with and without the disease, it all being done in the same water. The disease is carried on to the next person in their clean linen. If only the patient would have his garments boiled or disinfected he would possibly save some one else a lot of bother and trouble. I did not hear of one woman having it, but many men in the hot weather took it. It is a curious disease in this way, that if the patient returns home to a cooler clime, the disease lies latent and apparently

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disappears, but if not cured, will appear again on his return to a tropical country.

A funeral of a white man is very depressing in that horrid climate ; everything is over and finished in so short a time, illnesses very often are so rapid, and people are buried the same day on which they die. I fear whisky has a lot to answer for in preventing what otherwise might have been a recovery. A death of a white person, even if that person is unknown to one, always comes as a shock, and casts a gloom over the community.

The jigger may be a formidable enemy. He, or rather she, is a nasty little flea-fellow who landed on the West Coast of Africa about 1872; now it has spread all over the tropical parts of the continent. The little lady attacks any warm-blooded animal, including man. An impregnated female burrows into the skin, usually in man either on the toes or fingers, choosing, if possible, the most sensitive parts under the nail. Presently her body expands with the growth of the eggs, till it is the size of a pea. This sets up inflammation round the little hole in the toe thus made, sometimes causing ulceration, then the jigger is expelled ; but if not kept clean the little sore may start many serious diseases, tetanus for instance, or ordinary blood-poisoning. Some people seem to have great ill-luck with regard to jiggers, being laid up weeks and even months with bad legs ; extreme cleanliness is a

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great preventative, allowing no dust to collect on the floor of a house and sprinkling it constantly with disinfectants and insect powders. Of course they can be picked up from the dust of the road, but we have always detected the few we gathered up ourselves at once. I am a great believer in a morning wash for the feet in *hot* water, sometimes with a little permanganate of potash in it; the jigger if she is there does not seem to like the combination of the two, and promptly wriggles and sets up a slight irritation. Then is the time to examine the place, and a wee dark spot may be seen, with a tiny swelling around. Next call in your boy with the cleanest hands (Baruku officiated with us), and hand him a big needle, previously put in a candle flame for a second or two. Generally very cleverly the boy will extract the flea, her bag of eggs unbroken; if broken, one or two might be left in the little wound and cause inflammation. All to be done now is to wash the toe in permanganate of potash and water, or a solution of weak carbolic acid; be careful to keep the little place clean and no further trouble ensues. If the flea is not discovered early the eggs escape, and much pain and inflammation may set up. The natives are very clever in extracting these little pests. Of course it is not wise to walk about your house bare-footed.

Prickly heat is very annoying, and every one

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swears by their own method of doctoring it. But above all avoid hot and long drinks, or much violent exercise, in fact anything that induces perspiration. Jeyes' fluid in the bath is a good thing, and powdering the body after careful drying with boric acid, oxide of zinc and starch in equal parts.

This is not a medical book, so why say more? Every one knows that *the* most important thing in the tropics is to keep the cookery pots and pans clean; in fact cleanliness in everything is most essential.

Plague always followed us; we found it in Nairobi and again in Zanzibar. I used to go about the bazaar when I knew there was plague there; but on returning it is wise to change one's shoes and skirts and carefully wash one's hands before eating.

During the first few days I was in Zanzibar, on three consecutive days I heard the bell of the Roman Catholic church tolling; I wondered what sort of place this was I had come to, where Christians died daily.

Afterwards I heard this story from the doctor. There was a family of Goanese, the wife, her husband, his brother, and an ayah for the children, all living in the house; apparently the husband ill-treated the nurse, for she was very unhappy and applied to be sent back to India, but did not succeed in getting much of a hearing. Eventually



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she grew ill and died, cursing her master and his family.

That night her ghost appeared to the Goanese, and seized him by the throat and otherwise frightened him, so that he and his family hurriedly left the house next day and moved six or seven doors farther up the street. That day he became ill, my informant was called in in consultation, but found no evidence of plague. Nevertheless that same day the man died. Next day his brother, who lived with him, was taken ill in the same manner, and he died; the following day a third brother who, though not living in the same house, had his meals there, sickened and also died—he alone had a swelling, but so have many people who have not plague, and he died. The doctor, who was the plague specialist, still could find no trace of plague, though the German doctor stuck to it that it was plague. The disconsolate wife immediately returned to India with her children, and I have no doubt was kinder to her next ayah.

There were several wandering, harmless lunatics that we often saw; one was a good-looking finely built Swahili woman, who having lost her baby appeared to go mad, and wandered past our house daily, shouting, singing, and laughing, which at first annoyed me, till my husband told me he saw her daily, and was told, poor thing, that she was mad.

There was a funny old character who thought he

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was a white man, and a certain major to boot ; he whitened his face, and smeared his arms, hands, and legs with whitening, and wandered about in a sack with holes in it for his head and arms, wearing the while a sickly grin. No one troubled about him.

A third creature frightened me somewhat—an Arab with a silly-looking grinning face, and very prominent “tummy,” on which rested a huge Arab dagger. One evening he would walk close behind my husband and I, and insisted on saying “Good-day”. When we went into a shop, he followed. I grew quite nervous, as my husband and I were parting company later ; but he told me the man was only a harmless lunatic they called the Sultan’s jester, so I went on home alone (a little hurriedly perhaps).

The Waombaji and Wamaskini (beggars, and very poor) are not allowed to wander in the town, but are all kept in a village by themselves just outside ; though some come in on certain days to collect money from the charitable Indians.

CHAPTER XX

HISTORY OF ZANZIBAR

Early history—Seyyid Said—a princess's romance—abolition of slave trade—Barghash's visit to England—improvements in Zanzibar—succeeding Sultans—British influence—efforts at suppressing the slave trade—the two Governments—matters leading to the bombardment.

As a place is doubly interesting to the visitor if he knows something of its past and present history, I think it would not be amiss to give a very slight sketch of the history of Zanzibar.

Zanzibar was originally inhabited by natives more or less like those of the coast, of a coarse black negro type. For 200 years, from the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Portuguese governed Zanzibar and the coast land opposite; their rule was succeeded by that of the Imaums of Oman, which however did not count for much till about 100 years ago. From that time onwards Zanzibar is entitled to a history of its own, at the same time interesting and intelligible.

Sultan bin Ahmed, Imaum of Oman and ruler of Muscat, died in the year 1804. His two sons,

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Salim and Said, succeeded him, but while under age their first cousin Bedr bin Seif acted as regent.

When Said was fifteen years old he became jealous of the power of his cousin, and treacherously killed him, at a time when he was supposed to be consulting him about fighting his uncle Kais, who disputed the succession of the throne with him. His brother Salim was a mild creature with very little personality, and did not count.

However, his Uncle Kais so applauded Said's treacherous but cunning act in killing the regent, that he settled the quarrels and disputes between them.

In 1832 Seyyid Said transferred his capital from Muscat to Zanzibar, residing there permanently in 1840, till his last voyage to Muscat in 1854; on the return journey, however, he died before reaching that island.

In 1841 Captain Hamerton was made British consul and agent, and ever since, England has had a good deal to say in the government of Zanzibar. Seyyid Said was a remarkably fine character and made the place what it is. He was always most partial to Europeans, and the English in particular, and did a good deal in helping to put down the slave trade, notwithstanding the fact that he lost hundreds of dollars annually by so doing.

After spending about two years in Muscat looking after his possessions there, which were under

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the governorship of his son Thuwaini—who, however was not the same strong man as his father, Said returned to Zanzibar only to die on the way, having reigned fifty-two years.

His son Barghash was on board, and he made up his mind that he should be the next ruler of Zanzibar, in the place of his elder brother Majid, who was already governor. But before we speak of their quarrels it is necessary to say that Seyyid (Lord) Said had had three wives, and had at his death seventy concubines, and according to Moham-medan law all children born of them are legitimate and might or could become rulers of their father's country. He had had 112 children altogether, less than a quarter being sons ; however, many had died before he did, so there were only thirty-six children living at his death.

He owned a large palace he had built at Mtoni, three miles out of Zanzibar, and one in the town itself, with hundreds of retainers in each. After much quarrelling and some little fighting, with the help of England, it was decided to divide Said's possessions.

Arabia was given to Thuwaini, and Zanzibar and the African Coast dominions to Seyyid Majid. Barghash and his little brother Abdul Aziz, whom he had always kept with him during the dispute, were deported to Bombay. Barghash soon was allowed to return. Abdul Aziz, a comparatively old

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In 1872 there occurred the well-remembered hurricane, which destroyed most of the buildings on the island and up-rooted the trees ; it also destroyed Barghash's navy, which was a great loss.

Five years after he became Sultan he paid a visit to England, on the invitation of the British Government, and then he must have seen much to astonish him, for the great idea in asking him to come was to let him know of the richness and splendour of his ally. On his way he saw the Channel Squadron, and he was taken to Aldershot and Woolwich Arsenal and several of the finest cities of England. His amusement consisted of visits to the Royal Family, some theatres, and the British Museum, to say nothing of many other parties got up by the nobility and politicians of the land. In fact he was fêted wherever he went, for over a month.

After this, he and his suite, including Dr. Kirk and his Prime Minister, returned, with much to tell, I have no doubt, to the more stay-at-home Arabs.

In 1877 the grand army of the Sultan was formed, Lieutenant Lloyd Matthews (later Sir Lloyd Matthews, K.C.M.G.) undertook to drill and control them, and four years later he was officially put in command of them and the police, under the local title of brigadier-general, having retired from the British navy.

Later on in Barghash's reign, his possessions,

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which up till now had only been vaguely defined, were settled. Arabs under his rule had penetrated far into the interior for slaves and ivory, and had made some settlements owing to the distance from the coast ; but the chiefs of the surrounding tribes were independent. Although later Barghash said they were under him, nothing had ever been settled, nor had Barghash ever really tried to possess and colonise Central Africa ; he was much more absorbed in furthering trade than acquiring land it would be difficult and costly to hold.

In 1886 Germany and England agreed that the Sultan should keep the Islands of Zanzibar, Pemba, Lamu and Mafia, all the coast islands and ten miles of land inland from the sea from Kipini in the north and the River Minuigani on the south. A few other places were to belong to Zanzibar, Kismayu, Barawa, Merka and Mogadishu, including land for ten miles round, also Warsherk, this with a radius of only five miles. Then the land question was settled between England and Germany, England taking what is now the East Africa Protectorate and Germany what is now their Protectorate.

During Barghash's reign he greatly improved Zanzibar and its town ; he built roads and even a railway leading to a grand new palace at Chukwani to which the present Sultan often goes. He also built other palaces. One important thing he did was to bring pure water from a spring behind Mtoni

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into the town by pipes, as till then the inhabitants had always used the somewhat doubtful water, often the drainage of swamps, which accumulated in wells they dug. They would always rather get water that way than put themselves to any trouble to get fresh pure water. Many other useful and important things were done in his reign.

Barghash died in 1888 and was followed as Sultan by two more of his brothers Khalifa and Ali, who only reigned two years and three years respectively.

The former had tried to get the rule in the place of Barghash, as Barghash had in his brother Majid's reign, but without success, as he was carefully watched by the English British consul and kept in confinement. Seyyid Khalifa did his best to help England in stopping the slave trade, but great difficulties stood in the way ; one, by France refusing to allow officers of the British vessels to search a dhow flying the French flag. This of course led to its being misused.

Then followed a great deal of trouble, over the ten-mile strip of land in German East Africa belonging to the Sultan, between the Arabs and the Germans.

Owing, too, to the continuance of slave-dealers still venturing about in dhows in pursuance of the trade in slaves, the Germans, English, Italians and Portuguese agreed that the coast should be block-



Figure 214

Men in the distance working in a field

P. de laud. Bios. Zen. do.

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aded from Pemba Bay in the south to Witu in the north, and Pemba Island was kept under close observation. However, events finally settled themselves, and Zanzibar receives annually from England £6,000, being interest on the sum of £200,000 which Germany paid to the British Government for Zanzibar, giving up the ten-mile piece of coastland next to the German Protectorate; also Zanzibar receives £11,000 from the British East African Protectorate annually, as rental for the ten mile strip of the coast next the British Protectorate.

In the old days the term Sultan was not thought much of by the Arabs, as nearly every chief of small districts on the mainland styled himself Sultan. The Arabs called their leader Seyyid, he was their chief, their lord, not their king; but when the English interfered with matters connected with the government of Zanzibar, the Seyyid became more solitary in his grandeur, and the other Arab chiefs had less and less to say about affairs in general. As a matter of fact all the members of the Sultan's family are styled Seyyid, and the Sultan is called by his people Es-Seyyid, the Bwana, or Master. It is the English who have made the title of Sultan more royal and imposing, I suppose to tickle the native vanity. The Sultan is entitled to be called His Highness, but not His Royal Highness.

During Seyyid Ali's reign, in 1892, Zanzibar was formally declared a British Protectorate, and

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the long string of British officials, so grand in their titles and uniforms, were introduced ; and one finds it is not only the Arab and native vanity that is so susceptible to the gentle tickling of fine feathers.

General Matthews was made First Minister of the Sultan, then followed Mr. A. S. Rogers, who used to be sub-commissioner at Lamu in the East African Protectorate ; for a few years he acted as regent to the present Sultan, but was recalled, and when I arrived in Zanzibar Brigadier-General A. S. Raikes, the officer commanding the troops (before the King's African Rifles came), had been made First Minister.

With Seyyid Ali bin Said, instead of taking all the revenues for himself and spending it how he liked with no account, Sir Gerald Portal arranged that he should have a stated sum as income ; the management of affairs passed into the hands of the minister and his Government, who are all under the Foreign Office. The officials of the Sultan's Government have good pay, good houses, and are well-treated generally ; the uniform they wear, even to men who are practically clerks, is most gorgeous, with gold-mounted swords, and buttons and badges of gold. They all work under most grand titles, and naturally, as they are mostly men who found it difficult to make a living or a good income in England, they come out to Zanzibar and their heads are turned, and to the other residents they appear



To face p 24b

P de Ford Bus, Zanzibar

ANOTHER MAIN STREET, ZANZIBAR

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overbearingly consequential. Their wives, who at home used the humble 'bus and looked on a cab as a treat, now have rickshaws supplied, and carriages allowed them a certain number of days a week, according to their husband's rank in the Zanzibar Government or Consulate; but this beautiful state of things is about to cease, as at the end of the year 1907 carriages were not going to be allowed, for one thing. It is a great jump from a suburban villa with only one or two maids to an Arab mansion and plenty of boys, and these material joys make up in a great measure for the temporary exile from England.

But to return to the Sultan of Zanzibar. Seyyid Khalifa made an agreement that all children of slaves born after January 1st, 1890, should be free, and all persons coming into Zanzibar should be also free. But it was not till Seyyid Hamoud's reign in 1897 that slaves ceased to be recognised altogether; after that time any slave might claim his freedom, and the owner was compensated by Government for his loss.

However, many slaves never claimed their freedom—they recognised that it was better, if in a wealthy family, to live a life of more or less idleness and have some one responsible for their food and shelter. If, however, the slaves could prove the cruelty of their masters they were set free, and those masters were not compensated.

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The transition stage was not a comfortable one, as freed slaves felt disinclined to work, and people who paid them for their services naturally expected some degree of return ; but it is difficult always to get much regular work out of a native, he so much prefers sleeping and gossiping.

Of course it goes without saying that the Government was often swindled ; natives would make an arrangement whereby they deceived the Government, by one claiming the other as a slave, who applied for his freedom, and the owner the compensation, after which they divided the spoil.

When General Matthews became First Minister General Hatch took over the Sultan's soldiers, of whom there were 860 not including a police force which was raised. The Sultan's troops provided guards for the palaces, and escort when he drove out in his wonderful carriage.

When Seyyid Ali died in 1893 Hamid bin Thuwaini of Muscat was the next ruler, after a struggle with Khaled bin Barghash, who wanted to be Sultan in his place. Three cousins all claimed the Sultanate, sons of Seyyid Said's sons. Hamid reigned till his death in 1896, then the third claimant, Hamoud bin Mohammed, succeeded him, after another more fierce struggle on the part of his cousin Khaled. As a matter of fact there still was another of Said's sons living in Bombay, the one already referred to, but none thought of making him ruler.

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In Mohammedan law, a brother succeeds a brother, not a son his father.

The popularity of Great Britain and the English rather decreased in Hamid's time, and Khaled, who had his partisans, gradually prepared matters so that on Hamid's death he could assert what he and some of the Arabs thought his right to reign. This he did by promptly, on hearing of Seyyid Hamid's death, occupying the palace, and filling it and surrounding places with his armed followers, in all about 2,000 men. Hamid had also increased his forces, from 200 to nearly 1,000 men. Then followed the bombardment, and final weakening of the power of the Sultans, which requires a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER XXI

THE BOMBARDMENT OF ZANZIBAR

Khaled occupies the palace—British warships arrive—the bombardment—escape of Khaled—Hamoud's reign—the present Sultan—the Sultana.

IMMEDIATELY after the news of Seyyid Hamid's death, Khaled rushed with some of his followers and took possession of the palace. Sir Lloyd Matthews and Mr. Basil Cave, then Acting British Agent and Consul-General, tried to persuade him to give it up, but that he would not do. In great excitement the Europeans flocked to the English Club, from the roof of which they could see how affairs were progressing. At that time there were only two British warships, the *Thrush* and *Philomel*, in Zanzibar harbour. But later these two, happily, were joined by another one, H.M.S. *Sparrow*.

Naturally business was at a standstill; everybody was awaiting the course of events. The European ladies betook themselves to the Consulate where Mrs. Cave looked after them, everybody's cook ran away, but happily Mrs. Cave's was an exception to

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the rule. Her sitting-rooms had to be used as sleeping rooms that night and the next, August 25th and 26th, 1896.

Next morning, luckily, two more warships, the *Raccoon* and the *St. George*, the flag ship with the admiral on board, put in an appearance. As on the day before, marines and blue-jackets were sent ashore to supplement the native troops, and to act as guards on the Agency and Custom House.

Next day all the ladies were sent on board the *St. George*. Seyyid Khaled was told to haul down the red flag and deliver himself up, if not, a bombardment would commence.

The outskirts of the town were watched to see that Khaled did not escape, and to keep order. At nine o'clock, three of the warships, the *Thrush*, *Sparrow* and *Raccoon* commenced firing. Everything was all over in about half an hour, the palace was in ruins, and dead and dying lay about the streets, 500 being wounded altogether.

The last remaining warship belonging to the Sultan, the *Glasgow*, was sunk, and its mast still sticks out from the sea in the harbour, and has lights on it every evening at sunset. Khaled, however, made good his escape; he fled first through some by-streets, and finally through the arms of some marines, who of course did not recognise him. He took refuge in the German Consulate, where

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he stayed a week or two, and finally he left in a German warship, which was easily managed, as the Consulate faces the sea and had steps leading down to the beach. When I had tea one day with the present German Consul, a very nice man, I gazed with interest from his verandah into his garden and out to sea, picturing the escape of Khaled ; I could see the Arab in my mind's eye slipping stealthily along. Khaled was taken to Dar-es-Salaam where he now lives at the German Government's expense as a political refugee. His home is over a tobacconist's shop and he must find the present a great change to the dreams of the past. I have heard that he is fearfully tired of the life ; he is not handsome, as his face was much marked by small-pox, which he, like hundreds of his compatriots, had had.

After the excitement of the bombardment was all over, everything and everybody settled down in a surprisingly short space of time. Seyyid Hamoud was proclaimed Sultan, and he ever remained a firm friend of the English. Zanzibar suffered great loss in the death of Sir Lloyd Matthews in 1901 ; for over twenty years he had worked hard in the interests of that place and the British Government. He was mourned by everybody, even to the lowest natives. He is buried in the English Cemetery, which is a little way out of the town on the way to Suwani. His was a strong personality, and he was

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thoroughly liked and respected by Europeans and Arabs alike.

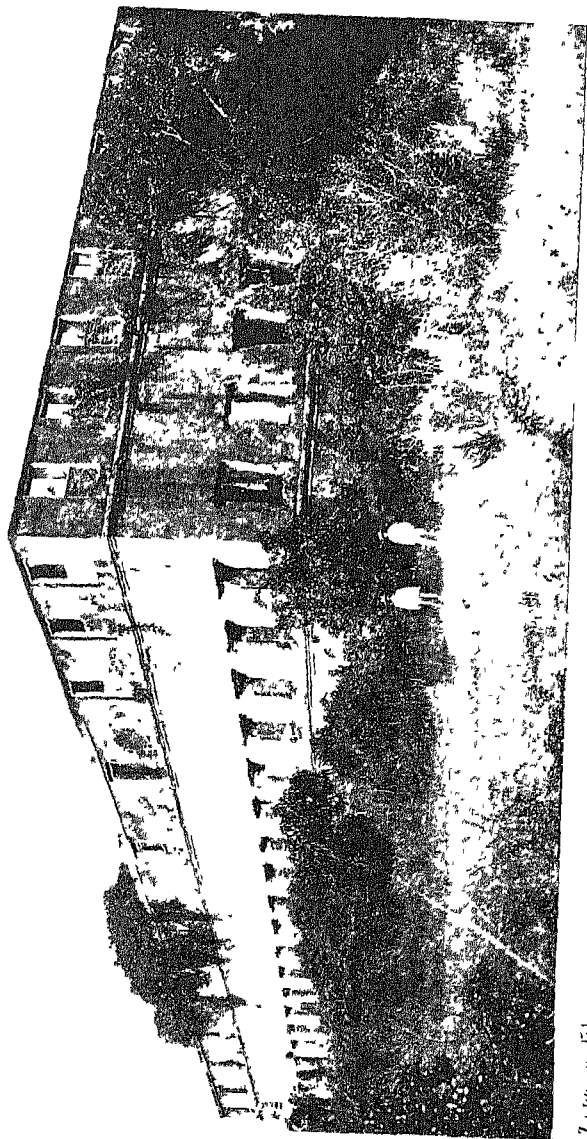
He, as the Sultan's First Minister, was the great man in Zanzibar; it was not till some years later that the British Consul-General took the first place.

Seyyid Hamoud died in 1902, not long after his friend; and his son, quite a boy, was his successor, by name Ali bin Hamoud. The First Minister, Mr. Rogers, who followed Sir Lloyd Matthews, was made regent. Things, however, did not work very smoothly. Seyyid Ali was not in Zanzibar with his father at his death, as he was then returning from England, where he had been as representative of his parent at our King's coronation. He had before then spent five years in England, where he was partly educated at Harrow, and went by the nick-name of "Snowball," and as I heard one of his school-fellows say, boy-like, was usually to be found in the tuck-shop. He is less Arab than his forebears, as his mother was an ordinary Swahili; his little children again, of which there are now two, a boy and a girl, the other little girl having died, are even further removed from the pure Arab, as they are the children of two of his Swahili women, inmates of his harem. He has only one wife, the Sultana, and our account of her being royal, a princess from Muscat, his number is restricted to one, although other Mohammedans

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may have four. But that does not interfere with the number of other additions to his harem, which is pretty considerable. Up to the present the little Sultana has had no children, one little girl born of a concubine died of consumption, the last child was a much-wished-for boy. The other little girl is often to be seen driving about, with two Swahili nurses, and her little aunt, the baby sister of the Sultan, dressed in grand Arab fashion of bright silks and gold.

The poor boy Sultan was not anxious to be married, when it was arranged that he should be; however, the Government wished it, and the boy was married in his teens to a little royal Arab maiden, the daughter of the Imaum of Muscat, of about fourteen years of age. However, no little child came to her, and when the Sultan's first baby girl was born she was very jealous and put out, and there was a terrible scene. The Sultan said he would beat her and divorce her. This is easily done if one is a Mohammedan, the man has only to say, "I don't want you! I don't want you! I don't want you!" in front of three witnesses, and the thing is done. This happened, and the British Consul-General and the First Minister were very perturbed, and told the Sultan his own people would not like it, nor the Foreign Office, and if he divorced his wife he could be no longer Sultan. So the Sultan very quickly said, "Very well I will re-



T. 100, p. 251

A RUINED PALACE IN ZANZIBAR

Published by the

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marry her!" They all hastened to get it accomplished again, but a serious difficulty stood in the way, for it was not right by Mohammedan law for them to remarry till she had married some one else. This was arranged though, by sending for the Sultan's brother-in-law, marrying him to the Sultana, and getting him to promptly divorce her again, so that then she could remarry her former husband. Now, happily, things have settled themselves all right. At first she was not allowed near the baby, but now the little girl is sometimes with her.

During our stay in Zanzibar, it was the correct thing for my husband to be presented to the Sultan, and for me to be presented to the Sultana. Mr. Cave, the Consul-General, went one morning, after asking His Highness's permission, with four officers of the King's African Rifles to the palace. They were received in a large bare room and afterwards adjourned into a smaller, when coffee and sherbet were handed round. In the afternoon Mrs. Cave, after asking the Sultana's permission, took a Vice-Consul's wife, who had only been in Zanzibar a few months, and myself, to be presented. We drove in the consulate carriage, and then were shown up by a fat but very grandly dressed attendant, to the top of the private palace; the eunuch was dressed in the royal scarlet and much gold lace. After going up many bare stairs, Her Highness received

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us in a small narrow bare room, with a few shelves on the wall on which there were some toys, and a concertina, and some brass things. She rose at our entrance from a red velvet and gold couch; Mrs. Cave made the presentations and then seated herself on the same couch, while we two found chairs placed ready, belonging to the same suite as the sofa. The Sultana was small and very young looking—she is only about twenty years old. Her head was bound up in a twisted cloth; a green piece of cord passed under her chin and was tied on the top of her head. Then there were gold chains round her head, holding an Arab mask hiding the forehead and the nose, but allowing the eyes to show—most unbecoming, it seemed to me. Mrs. Cave told us she did not usually wear the mask in the palace, but it was because we were complete strangers. Then she wore a bright green sort of blouse jacket with a collar, round which was rather common European lace; over this a sort of silk shawl to match, covering the most of her. Her legs appeared below in funny little white tight trousers, close fitting, with frills around the edge at the ankles. For jewellery all she wore were red bead bracelets, and a gold safety pin, like a man's, at her neck—nothing else.

The conversation was carried on chiefly by Mrs. Cave, in Swahili. We addressed Her Highness as “Bibi” only, the simple title accorded to us always

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by our own boys. Seyyid Ali's little girl was brought in for us to see, but the poor child was rather cross and fretful, because, the Sultana told us, she had a little fever. The child was very grandly dressed, with a lot of gold ornaments round her neck, a heavy gold chain with large gold coins, or such like, with extracts from the Koran on them, then a gold Koran text case with chain attached.

Presently, in came a smart Swahili woman bearing a minute silver tray, with three tiny but excellent cups of coffee on it ; when we had finished it we made signs, and she relieved us of the empty cups. After a short interval she appeared again, this time bearing some pink stuff in large tumblers for us to take ; it tasted like, I should imagine, hair-wash would taste, and clung for hours round one's mouth. It was called sherbet and is a sort of fruit syrup.

Mrs. Cave caught the maid's eye, after three sips, and replaced her tumbler on the tray. I, relieved to find we need not drink it all, tried to do the same, but could not, as she was absorbed in listening to Mrs. Cave's conversation ; so finally I made a movement and was successful.

Presently we were escorted downstairs again by the beautiful eunuch in red and gold.

I asked how one knew the difference between a woman of the harem and a servant, and heard that

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the women sat, as well as the Sultana, but the servants stood.

Another day we saw over the Sultan's stables ; there were about sixty horses, but none of much value. Some water buffaloes from India are kept there, and they were let out for exercise for our benefit ; we went on to a roof as they dashed about like mad in their joy at being out. It was interesting to see them. The cow buffaloes give a vast quantity of milk, which all goes to the palace. We also saw other cows, a bull or two, goats and chickens, all rather crowded in a yard together, and tied up under cover along the sides. Among them were some cattle of English brindle bull descent, without of course the hump of the native ox.

The coverings for the Sultan's carriage are most wonderfully made of Indian workmanship in silver and silver gilt, but as they are made of sequins they must be very uncomfortable to sit on.

On the occasion of the visit of His Royal Highness Prince Heinrich of Prussia to Zanzibar, Mr. Cave gave a big garden party. All of us ladies were presented to the prince, whom we found a young man of most agreeable manners who did his duty well ; his English was excellent, with a slight broken accent. After that was over Mr. Cave came up to me and said, in what to me seemed an amusingly official manner, " His Highness the Sultan commands me to present you to him, Mrs. Young-

THE BOMBARDMENT OF ZANZIBAR

husband," so I was taken up to where Seyyid Ali stood, a slight boyish figure in excellently cut English clothes, with the red tarboush on his head. Of course I had often seen him before, in his carriage, with his outriders clattering along to clear the way; some of his cavalry always escorted him. Also, when I was driving with a lady outside Zanzibar we came across the Sultan, with his motor-car broken down and standing across our path on a steep hill. While they moved it aside the lady offered him a lift, but our man had already received orders to tell his carriage, which waited for him just outside the town, to come for him. He never now drives through the town in his motor-car. After a little conversation with him, when I was quite pleased with his voice and manner,—his English, of course, is excellent—he said that although he did not know me he always bowed to me in the road when his carriage passed; so I answered, "Oh, yes, you are always so courteous in bowing to the English ladies," and then withdrew.

There were several sets of native dances going on to amuse the German prince. Their dress and band instruments were as amusing as they were wonderful. They go on in the same monotonous way of dancing for hours. Later in the afternoon a Parsi gentleman, a barrister, introduced to me some other Parsis, a lady and some lawyers, who had come from Bombay in connection with a big

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case going on at the time between the Aga Khan and some of his relations who are claiming certain money. They were interested in me as I bore the same name as my husband's connections in India, of whom they knew well.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PARSIS

Origin—settlement in India after Mohammedan invasion—tower of silence—dress—benevolence—we go to a wedding—religion.

By far the most superior of the natives of India who have come to Zanzibar are the Parsis, mostly from Bombay. They are a most interesting people, quite different in nearly every way from the other children of India. They are, to begin with, very much lighter in colour, most of them being as light as the people of Southern Europe, and some even lighter. None of them, resident in Zanzibar, appear to have any colour in their cheeks, and the children, perhaps from the climate, are too lead-coloured.

Their name of Parsi is taken from their original country “Pars” or “Fars” in Persia. It was after the Mohammedan invasions (the first of which began A.D. 633) and conquest, that the rich Parsis, rather than give up their own religion as followers of the prophet Zoroaster, left their homes, and after many vicissitudes landed in India at Din, A.D. 697,

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going later to Sanjan and being allowed to settle on certain conditions; *viz.*, that they adopted the language of the country, and that they dressed their women in the Indian manner, also to wear no armour, and to perform the marriage ceremonies of their children at night, as did the Hindus.

At Sanjan they built their fire temple, and lived in peace for 300 years. Their numbers increased, and many wandered off with their families to other parts of India. But later they were again to fly from their homes before the Mohammedan invaders, carrying always their sacred fire with them.

In later years they came in contact with Europeans, and it is probable some English merchants induced them to settle in Bombay, which has practically been their headquarters since. Wherever they settled, their first act was to build a tower of silence, a place for the disposal of their dead. It is a large round tower with a slanting platform inside, divided into three rows of receptacles, the top for the bodies of men, the second for women, and the third for children. In the centre of the tower is a big pit, into which, through channels, the rain water and other liquid from the corpses runs. Vultures, within one hour of a body being placed in the tower of silence, tear off all flesh from the bones, then the hot tropical sun soon dries and bleaches the bones. After that they too are thrown into the pit where they become dust. There are

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four wells sunk thirty and forty feet deep outside the tower—they are connected by drains with the pit in the centre; charcoal and sandstones drain and purify the fluid before it enters the wells, and at the bottom of them there is sand for five or seven feet. The building of a “dokhina,” or tower of silence is attended with much ceremony, both when laying the foundation-stone and on completion. Parsis then take the opportunity of seeing it and Europeans are allowed to do so too, but after it has been consecrated it is closed against both. It is really a most sanitary method of disposing of the dead—very much better than polluting the ground by burying, although I have heard it stated by Anglo-Indians that there is a certain disadvantage in the vultures eating the flesh, as they are apt to carry stray fingers some distance, and drop them into people’s gardens. It was not found possible to build a tower of silence in Zanzibar, so there they have a cemetery for burial of their dead.

Now many Parsis follow various professions, *viz.*, that of the law, medicine or engineering; most of them, though, are merchants and contractors, others clerks, many of these last in Government employ. Some of each have settled in Zanzibar. The barristers dress absolutely like Englishmen, but the others still retain their headdress, which reminds one of the mouthpiece of a flute, made of some shiny material, either of black or mauve spotted with

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white; indoors they always wear a velvet skull cap, neither the men nor women ever going with heads uncovered by day or night. Some of the younger ones wear a grey felt with brim rolled back to the crown. The women still retain their national dress in Zanzibar. They wear a white kerchief over their head and hair, in olden days showing no hair, now, showing half the head in front with the hair smoothly parted in the middle; it always seems nice, dark, shiny hair. Their dress consists of a bodice, something like a European's, and silk trousers, then an outer dress of silk, six yards long, edged with some pretty velvet, bead, or sequin trimming; it is folded round the waist, covering the lower limbs, then thrown over the head and down over the right arm. It is always a mystery to me when I see them walking in a strong wind how they manage to keep it in its proper place. They usually possess a number of jewels and are very fond of them. One sees them walking out in their court shoes; the richer ladies have satin ones to match their dresses for driving. The children of the Parsis of Zanzibar dress like Europeans, usually with a velvet skull cap beaded, but often with ordinary hats; or small boys and little girls wear a loose silk overall. Parsis generally are noted for their kindness, generosity, and benevolence towards others less well off than themselves; they build many public institutions and subscribe liberally to funds

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for any worthy object. They attain their position by hard work and good business faculties, perseverance being one of their strong points. Parsis do not now allow infant marriages ; on the occasion of their children's wedding, the parents give large parties and invite many people to join in the rejoicings. While in Zanzibar we had two invitations to a Parsi wedding. At first I wondered why two cards, then on looking closer I discovered the name of both families was the same, the happy pair were cousins, and we had a printed card in English fashion from the parents of each.

We were asked to attend at 5.45 p.m., and the wedding was held in a public garden and house used for those sort of occasions. On arriving we shook hands with the two fathers of the happy pair, who alone were receiving their guests. On these occasions the men wear their own national full dress, which is very quaint : over their white trousers they wear a long double-breasted coat of white cotton, hanging from the waist to the ankles like a full housemaid's skirt ; round their waist they wear a long piece of cloth about a yard wide and several yards in length ; this they fold carefully and wrap round and round. This dress they only wear at funerals and weddings or on state occasions. The women wear their best and most gorgeous dresses and their jewels. Some of the dresses are very pretty indeed, mostly cream silk.

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The priests dress like Europeans usually, but all in white, even to their turban ; at the wedding, however, they wore the same long coat as the other men, but they could be distinguished by their white turbans. It apparently was not correct for us to speak to the bridegroom ; he sat solemnly nursing a stiff bunch of flowers, tightly tied up, and a coconut, with red lines down his forehead like red wrinkles. He did not speak till some of the ladies smeared his forehead with something, and threw rice over him ; and later, standing in the doorway, they broke eggs, apparently on his forehead, which they then threw down in the doorway of the room where we were to enter to see the wedding ceremony. I could not help hoping for his sake they were quite fresh, and also that people would not drag their dresses unknowingly over them.

We Europeans were told to sit in front, which did not seem right to me, as the Parsi lady-guests sat at the side by the wall. The bridegroom took his place in a big chair facing us, then the bride appeared and stepped on to the platform, and sat also in a big and handsome chair facing her future husband, and back to us. She was not pretty, but dressed in a very nice white silk "sari". She also carried a coconut—a sign of plenty, I believe—and had also red lines on her forehead, which custom is borrowed from the Hindus and denotes happiness. The two fathers then held a curtain, the

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“pichori” or waist-band of one of them, between the happy pair to screen them from each other's sight, but their right hands were clasped underneath. Meanwhile the priest was chanting and put rice over them, then he took some raw twist and wound it round the pair seven times, all the time repeating short prayers.

The twist is then tied seven times over the joined hands of the couple and the curtain is dropped. They are married.

The bride moves to her groom's side and facing us, and for hours now the priest prays, blesses and preaches to the two. All these apparently little things have their meaning, the holding of the veil and sitting opposite signify they are separated; joining hands and sitting side by side that they are made one; raw twist twined many times is strong and unbreakable, and so must the love of husband and wife be; seven, too, is a significant number with the Parsis.

After the actual marriage ceremony, and before the recital of blessings and sermons, the brother of the bridegroom suggested to us English that we should have some refreshments, and as we left the hall the band played “God save the King”. We went to a building with a long table set out with ordinary English refreshments, including ices, biscuits, sweetmeats and champagne. We passed a row of chairs in the garden on which were odd-

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looking sweetmeats, bags of sugar and cocoanuts. Every Parsi guest took one of each I believe on leaving, including also a flower. A man was going to give me my share, but a Parsi stopped him, explaining that there were other arrangements made for us. We left after dark ; the gardens were lighted with lamps and lanterns ; but the other guests, I believe, kept the festivities up till midnight.

The religion of the Parsis is over 3,000 years old, and was founded by their great prophet Zoroaster. They are usually spoken of as Fire-worshippers, and people believe they actually worship fire, but this is not so. They worship one God, and fire is an emblem—nothing more, but held in great reverence, as they consider fire, on account of its purity, activity, and incorruptibility, and also brightness, as the best symbol of God, and for that reason they are ordered to pray with their faces towards it or the sun. Also they look upon fire as the most wonderful manifestation of God's creative power. I believe they never willingly put out any fire, but let it burn out. In Bombay there are several fire temples open day and night for the people to enter and pray, the sacred fire in which is never allowed to go out.

It is most interesting to follow the customs and methods of their worship before fire ; for instance, to begin with, it undergoes many ceremonies—the sacred fire has been ignited from the warmth of other fires, without touching, nine times to make it

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pure; but in this short sketch of the Parsis it is impossible to enter into all these details.

Naturally the ignorant and illiterate, instead of following the laws of their prophet with reason, introduce superstitions as in all other religions; and some may even worship the sun and fire themselves, forgetting that they are only symbols of the Almighty One. Unfortunately, very many of their sacred books were lost or destroyed when they fled from their native land of Persia; the present ones are of a later date. One more word though must be said about their religion, because it is an interesting point and peculiar to the religion of Zoroaster; namely, to account for the good and evil in the world, all of which is created by the one God, they divide his work into two, and through the agency of two spirits or causes he creates and destroys always. Spento Marnyush is the increasing or creative spirit, and Angro Marnyush the destructive spirit, but they are both part of him.

In the same way man has a good side and a bad side.

The Parsis, unlike their Indian neighbours, may only marry one wife at a time. With regard to the table of the degrees of consanguinity and affinity within which marriage is not allowed among the Parsis, it is rather amusing to see they begin with a man may not marry his great-grandmother, nor his wife's great-grandmother; one wonders why it

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is necessary to state the fact! They go farther than we do, in not allowing a man to marry the mother of his son's wife, for instance, nor his aunts (as on the Continent), but I see no mention of deceased wife's sister!

CHAPTER XXIII

SUBJECTS ORIENTAL

(SEEING SOMETHING OF MOHAMMEDANS)

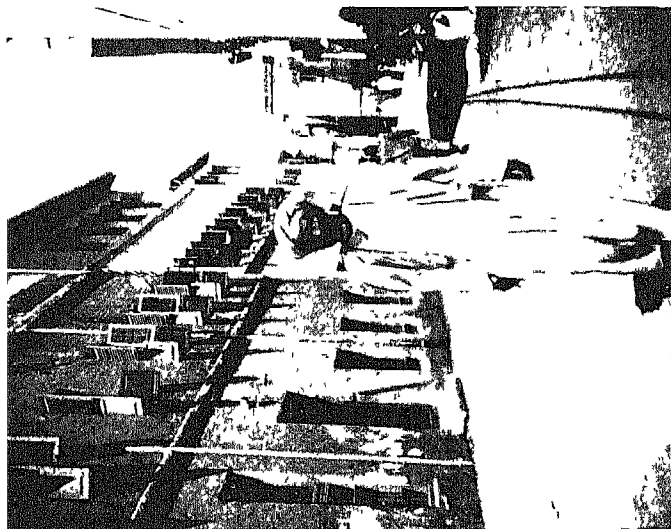
Tea-party with Parsis and Khojas—the Aga Khan's cousin—
opening ceremony of the new Jamat Khana premises—
Khoja burial-ground.

MR. BOYCE, a Parsi barrister in Zanzibar, whose wife and children were in England, so that the children should be well educated, told me a good deal about his people, but among other things more serious he told me an amusing story of a Parsi, an elderly and venerable-looking man, who was on board a big liner going to England. Some one wishing to make himself agreeable went up to him and said, "I hope, sir, you are a good sailor!" "Sailor, indeed!" said the elderly Parsi; "why I am a first-class passenger!"

Mr. Boyce wrote round to me one day to say the cousin of the Aga Khan, who was over in Zanzibar from Bombay in connection with the lawsuit his mother and family were bringing against the Aga Khan, was coming to tea with him and some of the leading Khojas, and asking my husband

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and I to come too, at the same time asking another leading Parsi gentleman and his wife. When I arrived I found several Parsis already there; later on came the Aga Khan's cousin and some elderly (and ugly) Indians, wearing their gold turbans and long coats, often trimmed with gold. I shook hands with every one as they were presented to me, but, alas! I knew no Hindustani and they no English. Then from the open roof we entered a sheltered part and sat round a table and had tea, all according to precedence. I was seating myself anywhere, but was requested to take the head of the table on my host's right hand, having the "cousin" on my right, the little Parsi lady being on our host's left. The "cousin" is a very stout pasty-looking man, light in colour and dressed in English clothes, with the exception of an astracan tarboush. He talked English perfectly and has travelled a great deal, and knows most of the capitals of different countries. He was quiet at first but later talked more. My host was charming, but embarrassed me a little by putting his elbow on the table and pointing to each Indian in turn who sat round the table with us, telling me their private history. Not understanding a word, some looked quietly at me, others, especially one with a tremendous squint, wriggled in their nervousness at being pointed out. My husband could not come with me, and it was a strange feeling being the only English



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MY HUSBAND ON THE GOLF COURSE, ZANZIBAR

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person among so many Orientals ; but I was very grateful to my friend and host for asking me, as he knew I took a great interest in Oriental subjects. After tea we withdrew to the open roof again, and had ices ; then my host asked if I minded some more Khojas coming up to see me, as they would like it. Each in turn was presented to me, and I shook hands and at the same time listened to whom they were, and their names, from our host. Only one or two spoke English, but one told me he had been in England and found it very cold, and felt very lost, till our kind host came across him, and dressed him up in more suitable clothes and showed him the ropes.

During tea the Parsis, the "cousin" and myself carried on all the conversation ; it must have been dull for the Indians, who were Mohammedans. (By-the-bye, the Aga Khan is supposed to be about the forty-second direct descendant of the prophet. Some Mohammedans, including the Aga himself I believe, think the descent stopped at the twelfth, hence two parties).

After a little I suggested leaving, but was not allowed to do so till six o'clock. I rather fancied in the name of one of the Khojas, I recognised a pawnbroker I intended visiting, in the hopes of adding to my collection of Arab silver. I thought I had better wait a few days.

In the *Standard* of August 11th, 1908, I

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found this note: "BOMBAY, *August 8th*. After a hearing lasting seven months, judgment has now been given in the action brought by Haji Bibi [the 'cousin's' mother], widow, against Sir Sultan Mahomed Shah, Aga Khan, and thirteen others, in which the plaintiff, a daughter of the late Aga Janghi Shah, who was a son of the first Aga Khan, sued as one of the heirs of Aga Janghi Shah to recover from the first defendant her share in the estate of the first Aga Khan, alleging that all the properties now in the hands of the first defendant were the joint family property belonging to the estate of the first Aga Khan, in which she was entitled to a share. Judgment was given for the Aga Khan on all points."

The "cousin" was evidently very well off, too, as he told me he had about 200 horses, forty of which were racing ponies. He described the delights of good Indian stations to me, and told me he knew some of my husband's connections, telling me I should well like India when my husband was stationed there.

Some Parsi gentlemen marry English women, but I should think it is attended by a good deal of risk to their happiness; the manners and customs of the two nations being so different.

One day we received an invitation card:—

"The Ismailia Council requests the honour of

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the presence of Captain and Mrs. Younghusband on Wednesday the 7th inst., at four P.M., at the opening of the new Jamat Khana premises dedicated by Alijah Kasam Damani to H.H. the Aga Khan for use of the Jamat.

“H.H. the Sultan has graciously consented to declare the building open.”

Again expecting to be interested and learn something of our Eastern friends, I went.

We Europeans sat together on plush seats. The Sultan and Mr. Cave came in, with garlands of flowers strung together and thrown over them by a little Indian girl; an address was then read by Mr. Lascari, a Parsi barrister, acting for the Council; a gold casket and address were presented to the Sultan. Next followed a presentation by the Sultan to Alijah Kasam Damani, of a stick, gold watch, ring, turban of gold and a red cloak, as he was the man who had given a lakh of rupees towards the building. A tray of 500 rupees was presented to the builder. After that the Sultan made a very good little speech in English, and up went a sliding doorway, and the building was declared open. Meanwhile the good Damani was struggling into his new fine feathers, with much fumbling and nervousness.

Next we all went downstairs into a large room and had tea, and ices, cakes and so on, the Indians

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having side-tables to themselves spread with their particular dainties.

It was a wonderful mixture of colour—black and tan and white, and, alas! yellow! Arabs, Hindus, Khojas, Parsis and Europeans. The Council all wear a grand gold and red cloak with gold turbans. They did not give the poor old man a new velvet cap, so in his nervousness he took off his old one with the old turban, and put on the grand new cloak and gold turban, and a funny nearly white comical bald head stuck out above, till some one, seeing it, gave him back his old velvet skull cap, which he hastily put on.

The Khoja ladies of course were conspicuous by their absence; a few grandly dressed little children came in with silk trousers and silk coatees and beaded skull caps. The Khojas, under their Arab-like cloak, dress as Europeans in white trousers and boots.

The Aga Khan came to Nairobi while we were there to see his disciples and collect money from them. During Seyyid Said's reign, the Sultan gave a very good piece of land to the Indians as a burial ground for ever and ever; it is on the Mnazi Moja, and would have made an excellent site for building houses along the sea-shore, and in a healthy position. All that could now be done was, with the Aga Khan's permission—he only could give it—to wall it in and restrict the growth of their ground by build-

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ing a wall all round. It was a sad mistake originally, as it is not healthy to live inland, but that would not have mattered for a burial ground, whereas now the growth of Zanzibar town on a healthy spot is stopped.

CHAPTER XXIV

ANIMALS AND INSECTS OF ZANZIBAR

Pariah dogs—lemurs—repulsive insects—domestic animals.

THE fauna of Zanzibar does not consist of many varieties. There are a number of pariah dogs, which live in the inland shambas, and pack at night when they come into the town and along the beach to scavenge. They do not bark, but howl more like jackals, and from my bed I often heard them coming across the creek and along the beach ; I rather liked the sound. When all together they may prove dangerous to meet, and have been known to attack and eat a domestic dog. My husband met some of them at midnight on several occasions when he was going to camp to take the guard ; his rickshaw boys were quite frightened of them, and I think a big stick or revolver would not be out of place if walking alone at that hour.

On another occasion a big animal crossed my husband's path, making the gharry boy hastily jump back, and nearly upsetting my husband ; he could not see well what it was, but it may have been the panther or cervical cat Burton speaks about. The

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boys told me it was like a "chui" (leopard) only not a "chui". I had a civet cat brought me by a boy to buy, which, however, I refused; they also bring lemurs. These dear little things live in the shambas, where there are many of them with their squirrel-like faces and tails, and on their toes are fingernails like a man's, with the exception of one long beast-like nail used for scratching themselves. They are great climbers, but unsatisfactory as pets, as they like to sleep all day and are very lively at night. I had one which was given me by an officer on a warship. He rescued it from the sea, where it was swimming near the ship; it returned his kindness by promptly biting him. It evidently had escaped from one of the crew, and jumped on to an iron pole, thinking it wood, and slipped, as it could not get a foothold, into the water; the man had not asked permission to keep it, so he did not claim it.

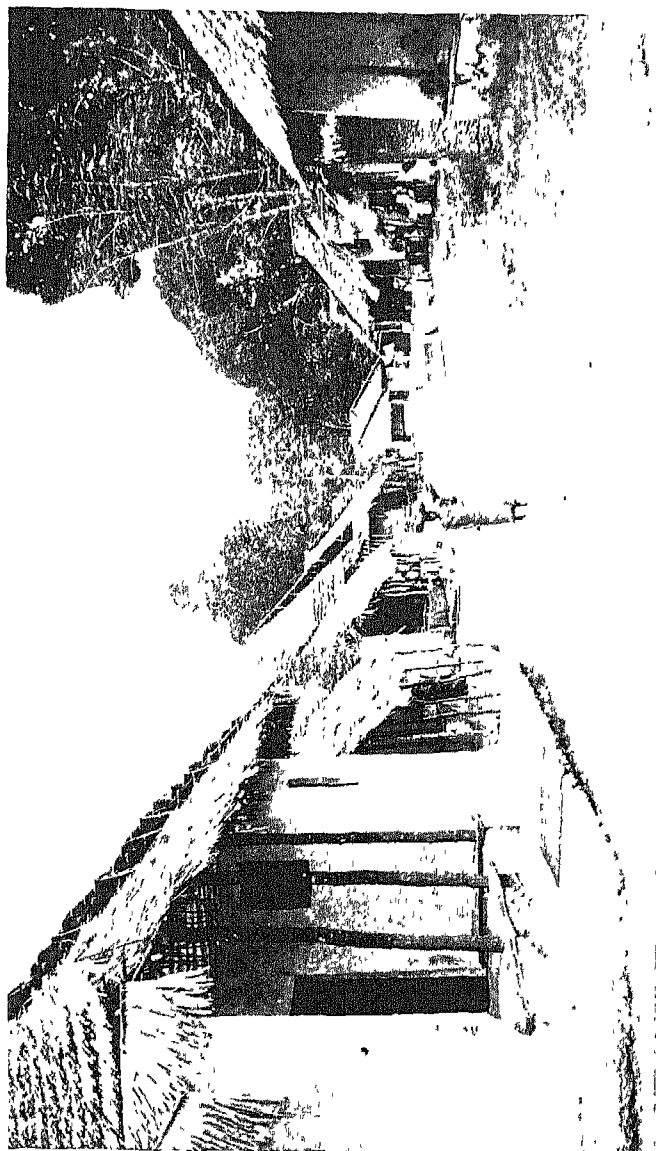
During the night it was tied up in its new master's cabin while he slept above, but, alas! it made such a noise and barked so loudly that it disturbed the rest of several other officers. All the same it had had a fine time in the cabin, jumping about as well as its length of string allowed, upsetting everything, including some pretty ivory animals. Its new master found most of his possessions on the floor. After distinguishing itself in other ways, it was thought advisable to hand it over

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to me. I always have been a refuge for other people's pets. It soon knew me well and was never afraid of Mark, running up to nose him in the most friendly manner; but it was frantically afraid of my "boys," and twisted itself and its string into knots round chairs in its endeavour to get away at their approach; but none of my pets like the "boys". At dinner it sat on a chair, or more usually mine, and ate fish, chicken and bananas in turn off a napkin, every now and then plunging to the back of my chair if it thought Ali, my table-boy, was coming near.

However, my husband thought it such a shame to keep it, as it could not have the exercise it liked, that one day I took it for a long drive, and left it in a bush some way from the road; and was haunted all the way home by its reproachful eyes, which watched me it seemed in a sad and inquiring way after I had left it on its branch. Somehow it looked so lonely, and the shade of a big mango tree made its shrub so damp and dark. I expect in reality it soon found friends and food; as just after dusk lemurs begin to move about and bark and call to each other.

Some twelve or more escaped from a cage a man had in the town, and these, and perhaps others, used to raid people's dining-rooms during the night, coming in by the open windows. Twice I had my bananas stolen in that way, and wastefully strewn



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GULIANI ROAD, ZANZIBAR

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about the floor. People very much object to the noise the lemurs make at night, but I like it ; there are few natural night noises I mind—it is only my neighbour's howling baby or tipsy songsters who worry me.

One of the officers of the King's African Rifles had a dear little tame mangoust tied up in his house. Its great amusement was to have a round stone which it took to be an egg, and which it held in its little hands with its back to the wall ; then suddenly the little thing gave a jump, and hit the stone on the wall quickly, and immediately turned round and hunted about for the broken egg he thought to find. Not finding it, he gave the stone a sniff and hit again, this time harder, and repeated the same process for some time. He made quite a long hole in the wall. Of course sometimes he was given an egg to encourage him, which he much enjoyed, but three halfpence for an egg the size of a pigeon's is expensive diet for him. There are monkeys inland and paroquets, and I have seen several snakes, including a python. The natives complain of the wild pig ; these were imported by the Portuguese. In the beginning of August I saw some swallows, but they only stop at the Island on their way to other lands. It felt quite homelike to see them flying low on a green as one was putting on the links.

There are plenty of little amedavats, but in the

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town only the Java sparrow—such pretty little birds who build in the holes in the walls. I had a pair I could watch across a narrow passage, as they built on the next house. They were imported into Zanzibar by a Captain Ward in 1857.

The Indians, I believe, imported, or perhaps encouraged only, the crow, of which there are any number, of two kinds, one, the “parson” crow with a white neckband, and another with a grey breast and neck. Everything has to be kept hidden from them, they are such thieves; they would come into my kitchen and steal my eggs even. Guinea-fowl are to be got on the east of the island, and some other birds near the water.

Up in the camp there was a large sort of lizard, about a foot and a half long, in the garden; there were several, till the men killed them; a lady told me one of the same sort attacked and killed her little dog. The insects of Zanzibar seem particularly repulsive. A few days after I entered my house, a centipede fell with a clatter on to a brass vase from the ceiling, and then ran away; it was quite near me, so I screamed to my husband to kill it. Happily it did not fall on me—one lady had footmarks for a long time on her back where one had fallen and walked along; if they are touched on these occasions, they promptly dig all their feet firmly into the rash person's flesh. Innumerable millipedes crawl about the shambas, large ugly black loath-

ANIMALS AND INSECTS OF ZANZIBAR

some creatures. Snails are of giant size, a shell of one I have, measures seven inches long. They are to be seen on the ground and climbing up the shrubs.

I was much startled by a large crab one day in the middle of a little footpath. I shook my sunshade at him, but all he did was to eye me firmly and shake his huge claws (or was it claw, many have only one), at me. However, growing bolder, for I was with another lady, between us we frightened His Highness, and he walked away with much dignity into the neighbouring bush; all the same we walked very carefully past the place. Hundreds of little pink and black crabs disappear into holes as one walks near the shore; and on the beach tiny ones the same colour as the sand rush about; sometimes I have seen hundreds, and they make a loud buzzing noise as they disappear into their little holes. All insects seem extra large in Zanzibar, the cockroaches who make their appearance at night are several inches long and so repulsive—too big to squash! One night my husband woke up and said a mouse, or something else, was biting his toe, although he was safe under the mosquito net; on hunting he found a big cockroach had gone to bed with him.

On my mosquito netting one day I saw a praying mantis, a large green grasshopper thing; when I moved he gave me a shock by solemnly turning

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his head about and following my movements with his large eyes and turning his neck round too, in a most human way. That one I dared not touch, but Ali took it away. After he had done it with no apparent evil effects, I ventured to try and pick up another I found on a plant ; he turned and eyed my approaching hand, and then kicked so with his strong hind legs, I left him there for the sake of my poor nerves, though the praying mantis is harmless. And spiders ! indeed the number of repulsive insects seems endless. All sorts of spiders, but one particularly large kind, on several occasions visited my bedroom. Sleep was impossible till it was expelled—by Ali and my husband and some of the other boys. Of ants, too, there are any number ; white ants destroying the houses ; maji-a-moto ants which built large nests, dozens of them on one tree, and insisted on making large trails, over which thousands ran backwards and forwards, during the tournament week, on the croquet lawn and badminton courts at the Sports Clubs. They are a reddish ant, with large big-headed black ones as soldiers. Several of us got one or two up our ankles, and then we knew why they are called maji-a-moto (hot or boiling water) ants. Words cannot express the annoyance of mosquitoes ; somehow they find little holes in one's mosquito curtains by which to enter, and night after night we have had to light candles to hunt for one which had got in, spoiling the sheets with grease

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which never washes out. How poetical people can talk of the "soothing buzz" of a mosquito is beyond me; to me it is as good as a cup of strong coffee for keeping me awake. I heard a good way of stopping them from biting you, the other day, which out of the kindness of my heart I will tell the reader.

Carefully tuck your net well in under the mattress all round your bed, then sleep on the sofa. You may be sure the mosquitoes will spend their night trying to find a way into the netting.

Of domestic animals, horses will live if cared for in the town, but die quickly outside. Many of the horses from the Sultan's stables died when taken to his palace at Chukwani about six miles out. They all look rather poor creatures, and the syces drive them to pieces on the hard roads. Mules do better, but most valuable of all is the little Muscat donkey, often fetching thirty pounds or forty pounds each, ridden by the Arabs: sometimes I have seen two men on one donkey ambling along with no trouble. The sound of their little quick triple is most pleasant to hear, and they go along so easily. These donkeys are white, but usually coloured red-brown with henna, which makes them look curiously unnatural. The donkey is driven by one rein only, and a piece of cord round its muzzle and no bit; very often this simple harness is most richly adorned. Then there is the small common grey donkey with a

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stripe down its shoulders, used for carrying sacks of salt, cocoanuts, sand, or anything else in a large sack hanging evenly each side of the donkey. These donkeys are only worth two or three pounds. Many are turned off daily on the golf links to feed, where they look very picturesque. About four o'clock, coming down the Mnazi Moja, there are always carts drawn by oxen, with flat turned down horns and humps — such patient-looking beasts, generally driven by Indians; also I never ceased to admire the camels marching along with their slow dignified stride and upturned supercilious noses, holding their heads so high, as if they felt so vastly superior to the frivolous little donkeys trotting and jostling each other as they are driven along. The camels are driven by Beluchis, with dark and dirty, but sometimes handsome faces. Mark was very funny when he first saw a camel; he ran in front of it, and gazed up at its tremendous height. The animal walked proudly and steadily on, nearly planting his huge foot on poor Mark; nothing daunted, Mark ran on again in front, and stopped and gazed upwards a second time, his little face plainly expressing his astonishment at seeing such a curious long-necked beast of burden.

All cats in Zanzibar seem to be like those belonging to Indians in Nairobi—long, thin, and wild-looking, with big eyes and ears and long thin tails. To judge by their conversation at night and their

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shyness, they seem to have very bad tempers. The imported dog needs a great deal of care, and ticks are a never-ending nuisance where they are concerned ; they easily catch cold and do not care for the sun.

CHAPTER XXV

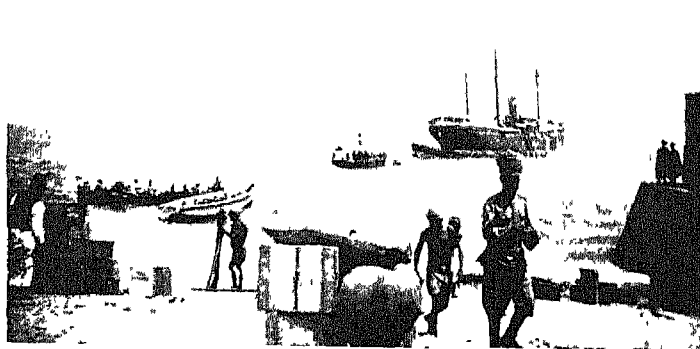
CHWAKA, DUNGA, AND THE WAHADIMU

The drive out—bathing—native fisher-folk—Mark and the natives—Dunga—the haunted house—history of the Wahadimu—an experimental garden.

AFTER my husband had been ill with fever three times in three months the doctor ordered a change. Prison Island, one of the health resorts, was occupied, so we went across the Island to Chwaka, which is on the other side facing the Indian Ocean, very much cooler and more pleasant than the town of Zanzibar. It is said that one of the Sultans was wrecked off the coast there and had a difficulty in crossing the Island back to his home, so he said it should not occur again, and built a road across. Now it is used as a health resort, with two or three Government bungalows, for the use of which one pays rent by the day, and a little palace for the Sultan; the rest of the place is a native village. A drive of twenty-one miles took us there, our luggage and boys started off early in a cart drawn by two bullocks. We started at 2.20 P.M. in a grand carriage drawn by mules. Carriages were changed at



BAOBAB TREE *Photo by Capt. C. R. Bacon*



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Dunga, about half-way ; and the fresh mules galloped the rest of the way on an uneven road, getting us in about 5.30 P.M. The first set of mules I thought got more than their share of beating—they either galloped or stopped altogether ; I think they had had a lot of work the day before. When we were going up a steep hill, walled each side, we saw in front a hand-cart full of heavy sacks, with several attendant Indians. One ran in front holding the guiding handle, as it, the cart, raced away with the man down the hill at a furious pace, with us at the bottom. During a moment of excitement when the man did not know which side to pass us, I feared it would plunge into us. Our syce waved him aside, and it dashed by us, quite near, the guiding man running off his legs, with a very agonised look on his face, as he had absolutely no power to stop the thing ; the other men followed more leisurely, but yelling their loudest. By the road, the farther side of Dunga, there were lovely primrose-coloured wild lilies, but as a rule in Zanzibar wild flowers are conspicuous by their absence. We passed huge grotesque baobab trees, which give us cream of tartar from their long pods. Directly we had passed through the native village we saw the lovely sapphire sea shining through the trees—palms, figs and other kinds ; we also smelt the fresh salt air, a thing one rarely does in Zanzibar. Our bungalow was on the sea front with only

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some palms and grass between us and the water.

Chwaka is a huge bay, as round as an orange and very smooth.

Soon after six o'clock next morning my husband, Mark, and I sallied forth to bathe, I dressed in a "nighty," as I had had no time to make anything else, and my husband's bedroom slippers and a topee. We took a long walk out to sea, as for some time the water did not come above our knees. When eventually I thought I might try and swim, it was of course very deep for Mark, who jumped on my back to rest, or else I let him stand up with his forepaws against me, but he *would* follow me and was hugely excited. It was glorious, the water cool but not cold, and so clear, with a sandy bottom, unlike the other side of the Island where we lived, where the sea is impossible to use to bathe in, being a general drain for rubbish.

Later on it poured with rain, the bungalow leaked, and our food was simply black with ants, many finding a salty grave in the tinned butter. The only things to be bought in Chwaka were chickens, eggs, fish and milk—no bread!

The native women go out wading with big nets or sheets, dragging the sea for fish, each with a turban of rags and a wooden dish either on her head or in her cloth across her shoulders. Small boys catch delicious tiny soles or "slips" with their

CHWAKA, DUNGA AND THE WAHADIMU

bare feet, and sell them. We had rather a shock on finding "big game" in the nice wide sofas on the verandahs. I anxiously Keating-ed our beds, they are one of the disadvantages of hot climates. Lizards, rats, bats, ants and beetles all shared our bungalow with us; we caught some of the rats with very smelly fish. Where plague may come, one has a horror of rats.

I hardly ever wore any shoes or stockings, and we took long walks along the shore hunting for pretty shells, and cowries, and even oysters, which we did not fancy after they were opened. Baruku went out each morning and bought the fish fresh from the dug-outs, in which the men go out to catch them. My husband went out with a decayed looking native in his dug-out, to try for fish, but they are not very fond of giving the "bwana" sport, although they pretend to do so—it spoils trade.

Mark in furious excitement enjoyed his holiday as much as we did, paddling and digging for crabs which he never got, and rushing at the terrified natives, making them scream and drop things off their heads, when he would suddenly stop a couple of yards off them and stare as if to ask why they made all that fuss. One Toto (small child) fell down in his anxiety to get away from Mark, who by-the-bye never touched them. He was in the sea and his cloth came off, but he got up and ran away

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screaming, amid the yells of laughter and pointing fingers of the other natives in their dug-outs.

There are several little villages around with huts of coral rag, poles and palm-leaf roofs, all occupied by poor fishing folk, the Wahadimu, a very old tribe, in fact the ancient inhabitants of Zanzibar; but more of their history anon. These natives often wear funny straw hats like a Chinaman's, and have their front top teeth broken and decayed,—from cleaning fish they told me. Though we were such a short time at Chwaka we returned to Zanzibar feeling quite different people, the air was so bracing, fresh and cool.

On our return we stopped at Dunga again to change horses; the man in charge, some minor Government official, took us all round the shamba which surrounds the house, in the stables of which our mules waited. The house has quite a history; it is a tall building and quite large, the usual flat-faced Arab style with a central hall. It was built by an old chief called Mwenyi Mkuu, and he is supposed to be descended from the ancient Persians. In 970 A.D. Sultan Hassan of Persia quarrelled with his son Ali, who then left Shiraz and came to the East Coast of Africa. He is said to have founded Kilwa on the coast, and Mombasa too is said to have been founded by his son Muhammed. It is strange to find that the Persians were on the mainland even before the Arabs, but little is known of

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them. Sultan Hassani came over to Zanzibar from the mainland and nominally was ruler of the old inhabitants, the Wahadimu, who were driven to the west of the island by the Arabs later.

He, Sultan Hassani, built a house at Bweni which has now tumbled down. These people for some time remained independent of the Arab rulers, and when Seyyid Said brought his court to Zanzibar, their ruler still continued to be looked upon as head by the original inhabitants, and received annual presents from the Arab Sultan.

Sultan Hassani was succeeded by his so-called brother, Sultan Hamadi, who became a man of more importance and had more influence with the Wahadimu. He built a stone house at Dunga, with a mosque, bath-rooms, etc., and had a large household of slaves and retainers.

He was tax collector for the Seyyid, and also supplied him with labour for the clove picking. His ambitions increasing, he began the present Dunga house, which took ten years to build ; however, he did not live in it long before he died. The house is supposed to be haunted ; some natives saw a black dog, and came running to the European then in residence, to know what dog it was. Also one or two Englishmen have said that on different occasions they have seen an Arab lady and an Arab man. Certainly times were primitive in those days, many slaves were murdered for slight offences ;

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but I should not think their "ghosts" were educated enough to "walk," nor is there any record of any Arab tragedy to account for the possession of the house by restless spirits; but it is lonely enough for anybody to imagine they see anything after a time, and also it is very unhealthy—Europeans cannot live there long, and it has a bad record, including two victims of blackwater fever. In the hall, by pulling aside some curtains, I saw the two great "war drums" and Siwa or horn of the Wahadimu, which are preserved there as curios; they were most grandly made and very effective. When this Mwenyi Mkuu (Great Lord) died in 1865, he was buried behind the palace by the Arab Sultan Majid, in the garden of what is now the German Club. I went to see the grave, but he must have been fertilising the shrubs for some time—nothing marked the place, no grave was to be seen, and a boy told me the ground had been dug up over him a long while since. His son was nominally his successor; but living away from his people, he lost the power his father had over them, and most likely there will never be the same little independent sultanate again. The Wahadimu breed cattle and goats, but do not till the land any more than is necessary for their private food supply; but they are great fishermen.

The Agricultural Department have an experimental garden round Dunga House, and the official

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kindly took us round and showed us the various fruits and spices growing there. The space in front of the house smelt strong of vanilla, and then we were shown trays and trays of the vanilla fruit under black cloths, put carefully in the sun to dry ; we also saw the vanilla, nutmeg, and cinnamon with numerous fruits growing. Before leaving in our chariot I was presented with a tightly tied up bunch of flowers, a brilliant mass of red and yellow, a delicate attention which I gratefully acknowledged. The vanilla is a quaint plant, which grows by clinging to some sturdier stem and has long green pods. We saw a quantity growing by the way-side, as we drove along.

It was very hot and close at Dunga, so it was with relief that we turned the corner of the long drive, on our homeward journey.

CHAPTER XXVI

MORE DETAILS OF THE ARABS AND ZANZIBAR

Characteristics—intermural burial—the Siku Kuu—curios to collect—Lamu—its china industry—the cocoanut—climate—neighbouring islands.

So far I have mentioned Arabs often enough, but said nothing about their particular characteristics. To begin with they do not seem to be made for the bustle of the everyday life of to-day, as they solemnly strut along, in their quaint clothes.

They are always spoken of as “gentlemen,” so courteous are they in their manners and very intelligent, but sensual, treacherous, and cruel. They lack most of the good qualities of the Parsis, their want of initiative, and the slowness of their southern nature is against their being good merchants. Arabs possess no commercial enterprise, now that they have lost their slaves ; only when they could run their shambas and clove plantations with many slaves and much waste of labour, could they compete with the wily Indian. In fact, now their land is heavily mortgaged to the Indians, and it is the latter people who are the moneyed ones in Zanzibar.

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The Arabs are very much governed by the meaning of two of their words, one is "dasturi" (custom) and the other "heshima" which is difficult to translate, but means something like respect, or honour, or kudos. They do not care to do anything contrary to "dasturi," and are very keen on anything that brings them "heshima". For instance, owning many slaves brought them "heshima," and again I was told no "heshima" attaches to the mother of one of the Sultan's children, it (the babe) is usually taken from her. In like manner the Swahilis copy the manners of the Arabs for the "heshima" gained by so doing.

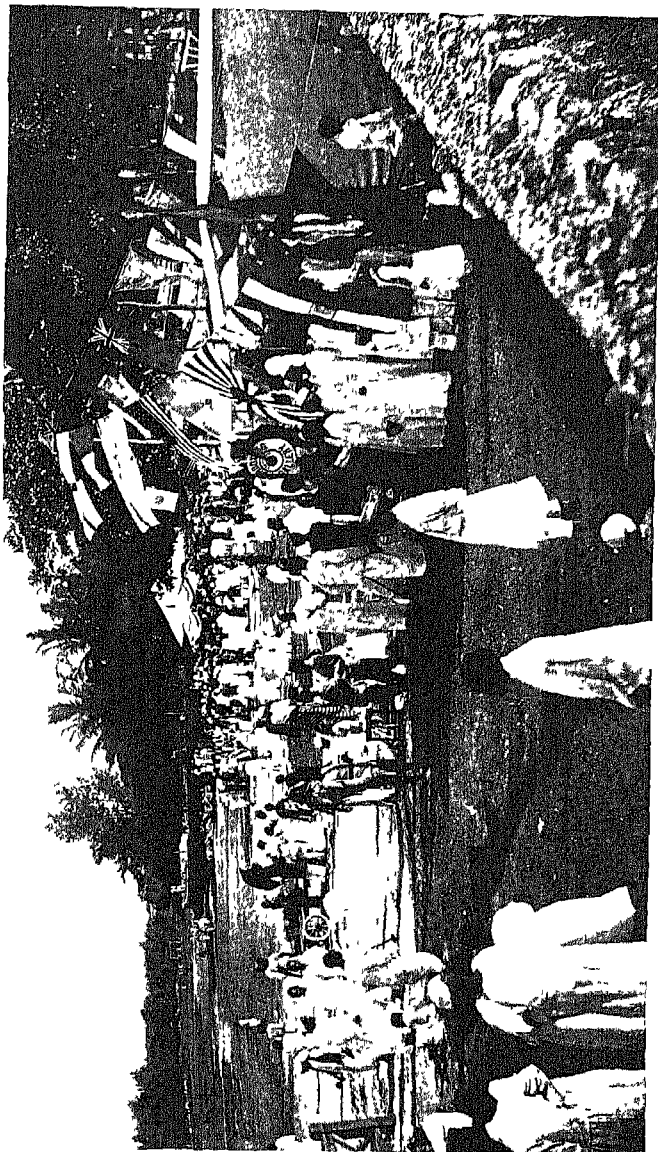
These two words alone are enough to make them the most conservative of races, and to keep them from going ahead with the times. In fact, in the past they were of a much higher civilisation, and one hears of them having made great advances in many sciences, most of which are forgotten, to be discovered again by a more modern people.

They had a curious habit of burying their dead wherever the fancy took them, sometimes in their houses, or the walls of them, usually in their gardens. The Sultans are buried in a place behind the palace called Bunda Abbas. One notices in Zanzibar the dead population seems to exceed the living, judging by the amount of tombstones; on every small space of ground there are graves. Along

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the shore one sees them ; on the golf links rest is obtained for one's weary body on a tombstone, while the partner drives off, though as a matter of fact, I think those particular graves belong to some Europeans. A card party of Swahilis will be found among the tombs, in fact the living and the dead are always together, and goats enjoy playing at being chamoix as they jump from stone to stone.

Soon after our arrival the Arabs and Swahilis had their *fête* day, "Siku Kuu" (great day), coming at the end of the fast of Ramathan, a month during which they are not supposed to eat from sunrise to sunset. If a man is really weak and old or sick, he may eat, but not otherwise ; however, they make up for it at night by simply gorging. The new moon is watched for at the end of the month, and if dull two days are allowed to pass, then the Sultan comes on to the verandah of his palace and gives the sign, and a *feu-de-joie* is fired, the fast is over and the feast begun. Then the Mnazi Moja is crowded with natives, there are swinging boats, and eating tents, like an ordinary fair at home ; it is a good-natured though noisy crowd, every one struts about in his best, and the ladies (Swahili) walk about in the brightest costumes and cleanest of ankle frills, laughing and flirting. The Arabs always wear a belt in which they stick a Jambia (dagger), which is curved, and most wonder-



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MAZU MOI ON THE "SILVER KITE"

P. de Lord Bros., Zanzibar

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fully ornamented with silver wire and sometimes jewels. Five pounds is a price they ask for a good one now.

The old Arab silver and brass are most fascinating to collect, the naval ships and the liners spoil the market by the officers and passengers coming ashore and giving any fancy price for Arab curios; prices have so gone up, it makes it almost impossible to be a serious collector. Some of the older official inhabitants of Zanzibar have beautiful collections, which cost their happy owners very little, prices being lower in the old days, and the Arabs very generous in making presents.

I wandered through the bazaar often, poking my nose into the pawnbrokers' shops, guided by Baruku, to try and pick up a few things. It was a fascinating occupation, and a great bond between us exiles, comparing specimens and prices. Some of the brass and copper are very well, though roughly made. There are an old Beluchi and an Arab who have a corner stand in the market, who sell ancient Arab and Indian things; the old Beluchi is as fair in his prices as any one. Brass and copper water-pitchers and ewers used by the Arabs are quaint and pretty; little boxes, both in brass and silver, for the areca nut, betel leaves, and lime they chew; long silver boxes used as inkstands; little cases for words of the Koran to hang round a Mohammedan's neck or waist by chains; boxes to hold

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just the lime for betel-leaf chewing, and a wee spoon can be picked up. Little pots to hold the antimony and paint sticks for blackening the eyes, bracelets and beads are among the ordinary silver things to be bought. The Arabs sometimes blacken their eyes with antimony and their nails or hands and feet with henna red. Baruku sometimes manicured his hands in that manner to my disgust.

Lamu on the coast used to be a centre of Arab industry, the best work in silver and brass came from there; also there used to be an old china industry which has much deteriorated and nearly died out, making their old china very valuable to a collector. I have a beautifully made writing-box or jewel-case, all the ornamentation of which is in the carved fitting inside; this was made in Lamu. I saw one other like it in an Arab's possession, but not in such good condition as mine, which contained sliding hidden drawers and boxes. Lamu is built on an island and is healthily situated because of the fresh breezes which blow over it from the Indian Ocean, and the soil is porous.

Personally I think the Arab silver work done in old Lamu much superior to the Indian work of to-day. They *appliqué* silver wire on silver things in a very pretty manner. Many of the things are silver-gilt.

The ladies went in for wonderful ear-rings, and nose knobs, and silver beads for neck and wrist, the

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size of which change according to the fashion of the moment.

Lovely old chests, coming from India, but used by the Arabs, are to be picked up sometimes, but whereas the prices used to be about twenty-five rupees, they ask anything now, and expect to get from forty-five to ninety rupees according to size. I got one with a little bell attached to the lock which rings as the key is turned. There are two kinds, one dark wood with heavy brass decoration, and the other with wood painted red with thin brass decoration and tinsel. Mrs. Cave has a record one for the heaviness and beauty of its brass work; that sort is by far the more handsome. Some people have the red cleaned off, but to me it spoils the character of the thing. One could go on mentioning these fascinating things indefinitely unless one makes an effort to stop, which effort I must make. I thought though, some readers might like to know what curios could be obtained in Zanzibar; only let them bear in mind that a lot of bargaining has to be done before the purchase is completed.

The Arabs have a horrid habit of spitting. They are constantly chewing this betel-leaf and areca-nut, and the lime with it turns the juice red in their mouths; after much chewing they spit, leaving nasty red marks everywhere.

The cocoanut palm is the mainstay of the native. They take seven or eight years to grow before they

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bear nuts, but go on for more than half a century ; from the milk of the nuts they make their tembo of two kinds, intoxicating and non-intoxicating, and vinegar ; and from the ripe fruit, oil (an excellent thing for cleaning furniture and stained floors) ; the meat is used for cooking curries and cakes. The cocoanut palm and its fruit affords them fuel, mats, ropes, roofs of leaves for their houses, water ladles from the shells, and so on and so forth almost *ad infinitum*. They have a variety of names for the nut at different stages and ages, which is rather confusing.

The hottest months in Zanzibar are January, February and March, but before the monsoons begin in November, December and April it is almost as unbearable. The place has a horrid damp climate, which is very enervating and exhausting. When it rains it does rain in Zanzibar, beginning the big rains sometimes in March, and again the little rains in November or perhaps later. Some years the rain considerably clears up at four o'clock P.M., when it is bright and soon dries to allow people to play their games ; but it is most unfortunate when it insists on raining during those hours of exercise.

At intervals the officials and their wives rush to gain renewed life at one of the few health resorts. Chwaka I have already mentioned, where weary people can rest and bathe and get a breath more

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air, also at Chumbi Island, and another place up the coast, Mangapwani, to which one has to go in a little steamer.

Prison Island is quite nice; we went over to spend the day with some young fellows seeking health, and my husband sailed us (that is Mark and I) over there. I feared being sea-sick, and some other friends who had gone in a launch, and wanted me to forsake my husband and go with them, waited anxiously to see the colour of my complexion when we arrived. The sea was clear but rather rough, the wind insisted on us taking a long round to make the island, and the sun blazed down on us, but I was not the victim, poor Mark succumbed; he was hopelessly overcome and willing to die, chiefly from the heat at the bottom of the boat, I fancy. I threw him overboard to recover before we landed.

The first thing to be noticed on stepping ashore was a board with the notice "No dogs allowed," why, I do not know, but it was a little late to warn one. Prison Island is used as a quarantine station at times of epidemics. We found it dreadfully hot in the inside of the island and everywhere but on the wind-swept shore. All the same, with plenty of books a few days can most happily and refreshingly be spent there, and there is excellent bathing to be had.

Other islands are to be seen off the west coast

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of Zanzibar, namely "Grave Island," used as a naval cemetery, and a very pretty little island, Bowie or Turtle Island, where the Eastern Telegraph Company test their ocean cables, and Chumbi Island with its lighthouse, all making places to go for pleasant picnics.

CHAPTER XXVII

LAST WORDS

The native askari—his games—respect for his officer—the last of Ali—Somalis—Tanga—Dar-es-Salaam—not a woman's country.

I AM afraid, now that I am among white soldiers again, I sometimes compare them unfavourably with their black brethren. Perhaps it is the khaki uniform; from whatever cause it may come they certainly are not as smart in bearing, dress and manner as the average British Central African native in the 1st Battalion King's African Rifles. Many of these men are the sons of chiefs coming from what is now called Nyasaland, and the battalion is drawn from various tribes, both from the lakes and hills—tribes descended from or connected with the Zulus. I always admired the manner in which a man came to speak to his officer, standing at attention and saluting, and marching off again as if on parade, head erect and shoulders well thrown back, whereas, the Tommy slouches along with his khaki anything but well arranged.

English games were encouraged among the men

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and they grew furiously excited over their game of football, and a well-trained team for a tug-of-war was a picture. I once saw a team of officers pulling against the native soldiers, I must say the former laboured under a disadvantage by pulling in boots, whereas their adversaries could cling to the dry slippery grass with their bare feet, pushing their strong useful big toes into the ground. It was a practice pull, and excitement ran high, for at first they seemed evenly matched. My terrier Mark, thinking he saw a "giving in" look steal over the officers' faces, ran to the end where my husband, being a heavy weight, was pulling, and caught hold of the seat of his trousers and pulled for all he was worth, causing yells of laughter to come from the interested and wildly anxious onlookers. On that particular occasion even Mark's extra weight did not make the officers' team successful, to the supreme joy of the natives.

At some sports, my husband's team, drawn from his company, kept the team of another company fifteen minutes on the strain, finally pulling them over, although for a quarter of an hour neither side appeared to give an inch. But just to show how difficult it is to manage native sports, one of my husband's men fell sick and could not at once pull the second time; he was given five minutes grace or so, and then the leader came to say the man was willing to pull again. This time it was

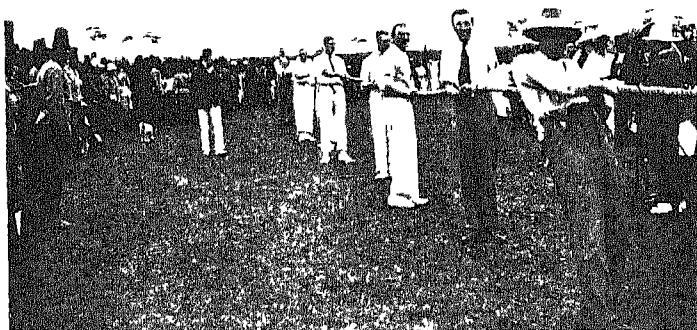
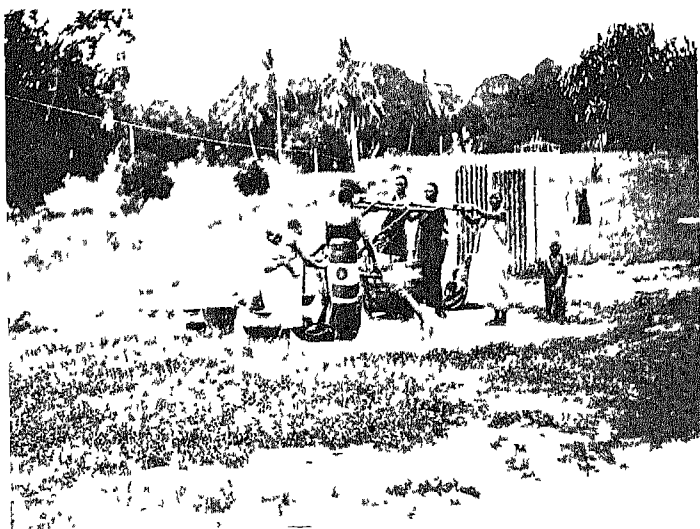


Photo by Capt. C. R. Lauer
OFFICERS' TEAM, TWO OF WAR



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WIVES OF THE ASKARIS AT A WLLI

LAST WORDS

not such a good pull, my husband's side walked away with the other team. After it was over the other side told the officers that at the last minute a fresh man slipped on to the rope instead of the sick man, no officer noticing it ; but one or two of the other team saw, yet waited till it was over before telling their officer.

My husband's team was disqualified and lost the prize, which was annoying, as it was really the better team ; they also received a lecture on honour in games, most of which was lost I expect on the native mind ; they cannot understand that it is right to play fair, but only that it pays better as a rule.

If anything happened to their officer in war they would be lost, but they will blindly follow him anywhere, and for their own officer will do anything, though they would resent the officious interference of any other. An officer who is both firm and yet kind they look upon as a lord of creation, and yet they have a great sense of justice, bearing their punishments calmly if well deserved. But the officer who gets up in the morning with a liver, and vents it on them in petty ways of temper and ill-nature, is intensely disliked by them, and he can get little good out of them. They are but children after all. One gets quite attached to their beaming, ugly faces, and the Saturday morning parade of the ladies and their children, all turned out in their best clothes for inspection, is quite a sight. The

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small children are chiefly clothed in modesty and smiles, and perhaps a girdle of beads if a girl.

One day I was much annoyed by seeing a woman coming downstairs from my roof kitchen in Zanzibar, evidently expecting an addition to her household in the near future, and carrying a still wee baby on her back, and a plate with a huge fish on it on her head. I asked who she was, and my husband's orderly said, his wife. I furiously rated him; but how could I continue to be very angry with him, when to everything I said he respectfully answered, whilst standing at attention, "Yes, Bibi"; "yes, Bibi," in his own language! The next thing I saw was the orderly marching off in a lordly manner swinging his cane, followed humbly at some distance by his family and food. Ali proved a disappointment after having kept him for over two years; the fascinations of Zanzibar proved too much for him. Among other things, by gambling he got into debt and the day after his wages were paid he wanted an advance,—a rupee perhaps just before pay-day being the most he ever asked for in Nairobi. Then I discovered he had been taking six out of every dozen bottles of whisky, not by the bottle, but by the half bottle, and small quantities, to sell; he also ate up our food, bread, butter, jam, or anything else, evidently having no money with which to buy his own. Lastly, he took some rupees of my husband, which was well proved, so I had

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him "run in"; but being a British subject (as we had brought him from Nairobi) it necessitated my appearing as witness in the court full of natives, which my husband and the other officers were against my doing; so the case was withdrawn, and I just dismissed Ali from my service. While his case was being heard, I was amused to see him return as if nothing had happened, and go on cleaning his knives as usual. I, now ceasing to trust him, did not care for him in the house. He lost his fare back to Nairobi, as we intended taking him back with Baruku and leaving him at Mombasa on our way home. The last I heard of him was that he, with other out-of-work boys, had been deported to Pemba Island to pick cloves. I was very sorry, as for so long he had served us faithfully and well, and I think he would have kept straight in Nairobi; but Zanzibar is such a den of iniquity that green up-country boys soon get led astray. I should think the native in Zanzibar can hardly be beaten for dishonesty and wickedness—they see so much of the scum of other nations. Ali also lost his "chit" or letter of good character, which would have been of great value to him, a reference of over two years; but these "chits" are easily bought in the bazaar forged by Indians, or lent by friends, so they are not always to be relied upon.

Some people think Somalis make the best hunters and even servants; they are, of course, a

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very superior race, coming originally from Arabia—tradition gives Sherif Ishak as their ancestor. Now they live scattered from the Red Sea, down south across the Juba to the interior of Tanaland, having looked upon most of that land as theirs for 500 years. They are much more intelligent than the usual savage and very proud, one might even say conceited.

Of German East Africa we saw Tanga on our way to Zanzibar; there is nothing much to be seen there beyond the usual Arab tombs, and the beautiful flamboyant trees in full flower, blazing in their red-gold glory against the perfect blue of the sky, with here and there the tiniest whitest clouds to add to the beauty of the scene. I think we went ashore chiefly for Mark's sake, as he, poor doggie, had to travel second class, and howled and howled unless he could see me on the promenade deck, when he would sit stiff as a rock, with ears raised, and a look of reproachful longing in his bright and beady eyes, not making a sound till I moved away; and then the concert began again. Alas! he upset the second class passengers so that he was banished for the night to the third class, because there was no fourth, and those passengers had to put up with him till next morning, when I smuggled him on to our deck, where he sat quiet as a mouse, but happy, on a chair beside me.

Before leaving for England we went south to

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Dar-es-Salaam. It is a town most beautifully laid out, full of well-built houses, gardens and good roads; but it is like a looking-glass, all front and nothing behind; for the place does not pay, and most of its money is spent on the show it makes. We had a painfully hot walk, and then were driven by little sharks of rickshaw boys, hot and perspiring, not to say smelly. It seemed much hotter than Zanzibar, because there was so little shade. We were not sorry to leave the place behind.

Our voyage home was not remarkable, except for the fact that at different times two men went overboard. One, in a calm sea, ran no risk, as he could swim till the liner was stopped and a boat lowered and sent back for him. But the second man threw himself overboard when tipsy, with a very rough sea, and it took the first officer and his crew over an hour looking for him, the officer standing up to scan the sea as the little boat topped the huge waves. Meanwhile the liner turned completely round in a circle and we ran into the man, who had been sobered by his plunge and was an excellent swimmer. He had a life-belt thrown to him and ropes by which he dragged himself on board. Then after several signals the other boat, now some distance off, was recalled.

Good-bye to Africa, a fascinating spot to visit, but not to live in. Men get the African fever, and leaving it, must return; the wild free life calls them

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again and yet again ; but for a white woman "No," however happy life out there may be, it is always a sort of exile, there is always the longing for "home". To visit, yes, and to revisit, but not to live in for ever, nor do I believe any part of East Africa healthy for a white woman to live in for years and years, without a change "home". Somehow, the conditions and the climate do not suit her for long. With men it may be different, but even then for the first generation I doubt its being advisable. Nor will settlers flock to British East Africa till the Government can arrange things more quickly and more comfortably for their benefit, and the native labour question is more satisfactorily settled.

THE END.

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