

Our Foreign Letter.

ON A GERMAN LINER FROM THE EAST COAST OF AFRICA.

A young nurse friend of mine has just sent me an account of a delightful trip taken by her from Durban to Flushing, which I think may be of great interest to others of the profession not quite so well off as to be able to manage such a long journey, the expenses of which must necessarily be very considerable. She writes:—

Coming from Johannesburg to Durban, we found the latter a very pretty place, milder and much more tropical looking than the former. We

esting, except for the unique sight of little tram-lines laid along the sandy roads, upon which trolleys shoved by natives seemed to be the only means of locomotion.

Mozambique, which place we reached late in the evening, seemed like fairyland by moonlight, and a large party went on shore for a tour of inspection, admiring the flat-roofed houses, and, dotted here and there tall lanky cocoa-nut palms.

The Portuguese band was playing in the Square on our arrival, so, as we had only two or three hours on shore, as our boat left at midnight, we wandered round followed by a cavalcade of yelling Arabs.

Returning to the landing-stage, we had an ex-



THE HARBOUR OF ZANZIBAR.

spent the first evening there, riding about in rickshaws, by the light of a glorious moon, which made everything seem fairer.

The boat was very crowded, so many different nationalities on board, but good-nature seemed to prevail among them, so all fared well.

Our first port of call was Delagoa Bay, where we stayed four days taking in cargo. It is a dirty little Portuguese town, with apparently only one redeeming feature, that being the pavements, which were all artistically arranged in different coloured stones.

Beira, the next stopping place, was also uninter-

esting time, as the tide had played us a trick by going out so far we had to be carried on the shoulders of these Arabs to our boat.

Two days later found us at Zanzibar, again arriving at night, when everything seemed fascinating. The Sultan's palace standing well on the seafront was brilliantly lighted up with electric lights, making us long to see the interior.

The town is very old and picturesque, with its curious narrow streets and massive doors beautifully carved, and the bazaars were full of lovely things, exquisite embroideries, ivory, Indian silver, and precious stones of all kinds. As we had to

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