

stay two days unloading cargo, we took a guide and did Zanzibar thoroughly, only missing the clove plantations. We did not like to risk the journey to them, as they were some way out. We left with a sigh of regret to go on to Dar-es-Salaam, a German port, but were soon comforted by the sight of this lovely tropical island with its masses of palm trees, beautiful residences, and all the charms of tropical luxuriance.

The next morning, chartering a special train about 70 of us went for a picnic 22 miles into the interior. The vegetation was wonderful. We passed miles of cocoa-nut plantations, and were close to thickly wooded glorious hills all the way. Stopping at a little way-side station, we saw some natives in the act of skinning a tiger that had been recently shot. After leaving Dar-es-Salaam we were back again at Zanzibar to pick up mails, and then on to Tanga, another German port very much like Dar-es-Salaam, with the same glorious tropical scenery that had so charmed us before. Our guide took us to a native dance, but there was not much to see beyond a row of Arabs in spotless white waving sticks in the air, accompanied by weird music in which three drums played a very prominent part.

Soon we were off once again for Mombasa. Sailing into the harbour of Killindini it was perfectly lovely, a forest of palm trees on the one side, on the other a tangled mass of tropical vegetation and huge mango trees.

Mombasa is an old Arab town, and they have the same kind of massive doors beautifully carved, as at Zanzibar.

We were taken in rickshaws from Killindini a distance of two miles into the town. The roads here are also laid with small tram lines, on which trolleys are pushed along by natives, and my surprise was great when I saw whizzing past me in one a most fastidious little man I knew in Egypt. Being ardent stamp collectors we tried to get some here, but they would not take English money, only Indian; we were very much disgusted. After leaving Mombasa the heat was so great that our cabins were unbearable, so all slept on deck.

We were five days at sea between Killindini and Aden, our longest time between ports, as the heat was terrific, only a few of the more enterprising and hardened men passengers landed at Aden, getting up at 4 a.m. to go on shore to see the old water tanks that are 2,000 years old. Aden is a rocky, barren place, very strongly fortified, no signs of vegetation whatever, but a veritable haven for camels.

Four days in the Red Sea, with a strong breeze blowing all the way, made the heat endurable, and then we reached Suez—that wonderful place where one sees more great liners of all countries in one afternoon, passing one by one, than one would see in six months elsewhere. It was such a sight to see a line of steamers with huge search-lights suspended in front, slowly steaming along; they seemed never-ending.

We had only six hours at Port Said to coal, so drove round the Arab quarters and had a peep at the fine big hotel, "The Eastern Exchange,"

where a friend of mine is staying. Then we were off again for Naples, with its lovely bay. We did not get in until 9 p.m., and it was after 10 before we were allowed to land.

We went for a drive round the town, which was gay and brilliantly lighted up and decorated with bunting and flags, celebrating some saint's day.

The next day several of the passengers were up before 6 a.m. on an expedition to Pompeii. We were feeling too tired to join them, but, later on, went off again with a small party, and saw still more of the town, visiting most of the fine churches, the museum, with its beautiful statuary and interesting relics found at Pompeii. We bought remembrances of our visit from the pretty shops in the Napoli Galleria Umberto—little coral trifles, such as tongues, hands, fingers, etc., to be worn to keep off the Evil Eye. Such a pleasant day we had in this sunny city; then farewell to it, and off to Marseilles.

So many of us know Marseilles, its wonderful harbour and quays, the life and bustle of the place. One meets all nationalities there, and sees their great liners in the harbours. We had two days unloading cargo, so determined to see all we could.

We visited Notre Dame, and were taken up in the curious hydraulic lift to the high rock on which the church is perched. We were so much interested in the pictures and models of ships hanging all around the walls and suspended from the roof of the church, tokens of veneration and thanksgiving from the sailors brought safely to shore guided by the protecting figure of Notre Dame in brilliant gold which surmounts the steeple, warning them of the dangerous rocks near those parts. Here we bought pretty little rosaries from the sweet-faced nuns in the porch.

We took the car for a drive around the Corniche. The view of the bay was lovely, and the pretty houses and gardens and the general aspect of the whole reminded us of Nice and Mentone. Then up that wonderful Prado, with its grand road and avenues of plane trees and pretty villas on either side. We had scarcely expected to find anything half so nice. A visit round the shops and to the Zoological Gardens, then farewell to Marseilles.

Leaving at 9 a.m. the following day, our next port of call was Tangiers, which is now in such an uncertain state. A truly Oriental town—dirty but picturesque. The Soco Gates are a fine bit of architecture. I loved to see the crowd of natives, in their quaint garb and brilliant yellow shoes, the narrow streets overflowing with laden donkeys, and mules and ponies, and the swinging, easy stride of the mild-eyed camels. Our holiday was coming to an end, and soon all these sights would be left behind. The houses were mostly white, or what had once been white, paved inside with many coloured stones. We had the honour of brushing against the Khalifa passing through the bazaars—a tall, dark man, with flowing black beard. We gazed at his harem, and were invited to enter, on the payment of 1s., to view his seven wives, but had to decline the honour, as time was pressing.

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