

PIONEERING
in CENTRAL
AFRICA 

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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Pioneering in Central Africa

BY
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“The Cape to Cairo Railway;” “The Development
of Africa;” “Among the African
Pygmies;” Etc.

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DEDICATION:

TO ONE NOW IN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.

PREFACE.

The expanding genius of the Caucasian race is the marvel of modern times. That the extension of the Christian religion accompanies this racial expansion is a significant and happy fact, whether that accompaniment be in the nature of a cause or not. On the frontier of this line of battle are representatives of many phases of racial life. There are traders, scientists, government officials and missionaries at the remote front of the great army of progress.

It seems to be taken for granted that commerce, science and government are the great agencies of advancing civilization. Whether the propagandists of religion rightfully occupy their place alongside these other three has been a matter of some debate. It is the belief of the author of the succeeding pages of this book that the Christian religion must always be not merely one, but the foremost, force in the development of occidental civilization.

This narrative, then, is an illustration to the point of the author's belief. The upbuilding of grand Christian civilizations, founded on the conversion of the individual natives, and on the Christian character of the individual settlers, in the tropical parts of the world, is the great task of the immediate future. What pleasure there may be in this labor of love the author has tried to indicate in these pages.

There is one thing which this book tries to do in a more peculiar way, than many similar works—to set forth the details of native life in a well rounded description, by which the reader can see things as they are, and can understand the fact of the common kinship of the human race, which residence among the aborigines of foreign lands so powerfully impresses upon the observer.

Finally, whatever the author could do in Africa was done with the effective help of good men and true, white and black, European, African, and American; to them all let the most heartfelt appreciation be given, and the most sincere desire for their future happiness and welfare be extended.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS VERNER.

Tuskaloosa, Alabama, September, 1903.

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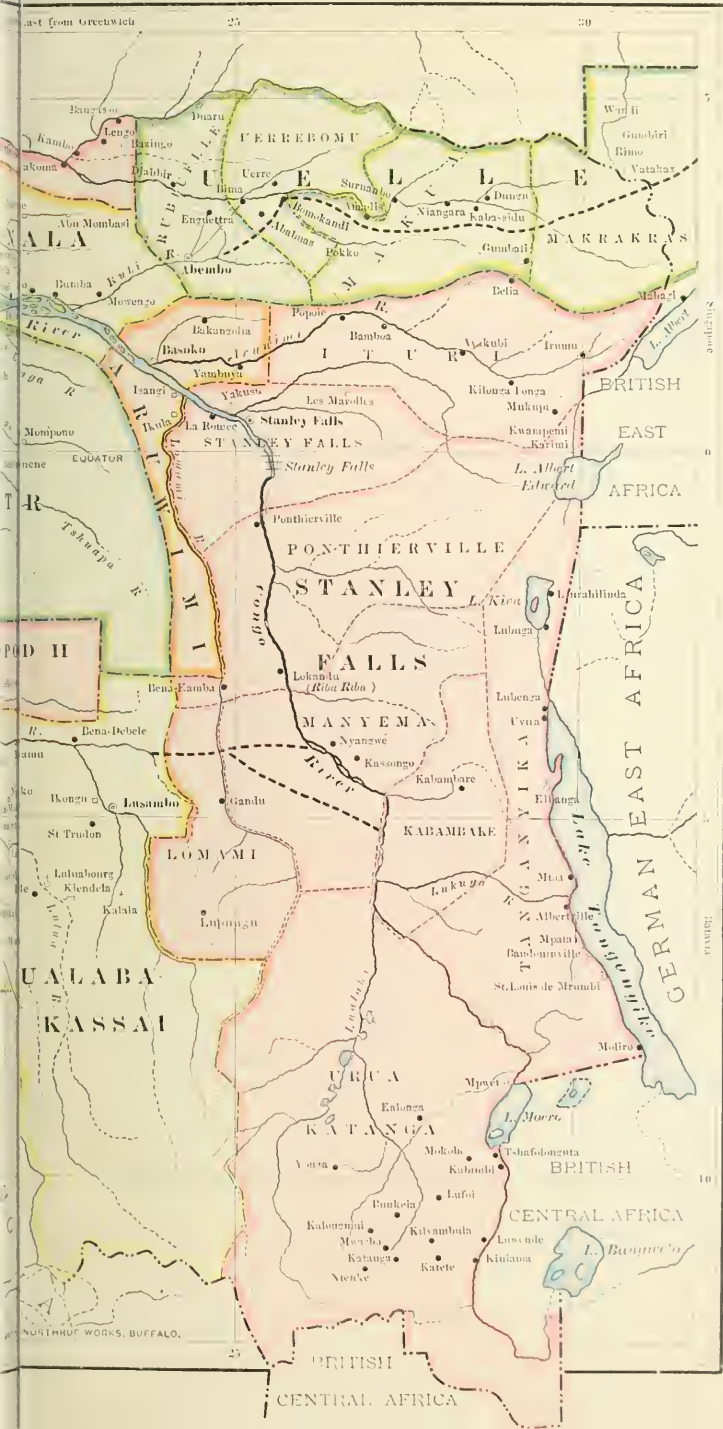
THE CONGO FREE STATE.

Scale of State Miles

1:100,000 METRIC 1:160,000 ENGLISH

- THE CONGO FREE STATE
 (Formerly the Congo Free State)
 (Formerly the Congo Free State)
- Capital (Léopoldville)
 - Principal Districts
 - Commercial Ports
 - Chief Mountains
 - Principal Rivers
 - Commercial Extensions
- Railway
 — River





ALA

POD II

UALABA
KASSAI

NORTHROP WORKS, BUFFALO.

Scale

Scale

Scale

Scale

Pioneering in Central Africa.

CHAPTER I.

To Africa via Westminster Abbey.

WHEN Tennyson wrote, "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," it did not seem probable that in fifty years Europe would scarcely keep pace with the progress of Africa. Yet in less time than that the Laureate's country is spending millions in blood and treasure for the possession of a land then so lightly esteemed—the cataracts of the Nile are pent up with a work rivalling the Pyramids, a giant road is marching the length of the land, beside which the marvels of Europe are commonplace, and the great forerunner of Caucasian dominion in the last stronghold of darkness dies with the words of the same poet on his lips, "So little done; so much to do!"

On May 1, 1873, David Livingstone, who showed a new continent to Christendom, died beside Bangweolo's waters. That same year Lieutenant Cameron began his journey across Africa. He reached the West Coast in three years' time, after almost insuperable difficulties. He passed through the same country I afterwards traversed. I made the distance that it took Cameron two years to pass, in twelve days, all the way by steam. This is progress at the

rate of a reduction of the time of communication of the most marvelous kind—one-sixtieth in twenty-five years.

When Livingstone's heart was buried at Ilala, there was not a church in three thousand miles; there was not a railroad in more than that distance. No white man was to be found in two million square miles of African territory. The geographers filled in the blank spaces on their maps with pictures of ferocious beasts and imaginary deserts, swamps and jungles. Arab slave-traders shot down scores of defenseless women at Nyangwe on the Lualaba. The Batetela cannibals had no graveyards because they ate their dead. Human sacrifices were offered up, slave caravans dragged their weary and bloody trail across a war-torn land, the Mohammedans trapped helpless girls into the harems of their masters, and from Zanzibar to Angola every form of diabolical superstition and heathenish cruelty prevailed. No organized government from the Sahara to the Zambesi, no ray of civilization, not one beam of Christian light from the Nile to the Kalahari, from the Transvaal to Lake Tchad. To the outside world Africa was still the same it had been to the Ancient Romans—a sort of polite synonym for hades.

Turn now the page for a quarter of a century, and inquire where in all history since the Pyramids and the Sphinx reared their heads above the mysterious waters of Ethiopia, has so marvelous a tale been told. The long-sought fountains of the Nile, unknown alike to Moses, Darius, Herodotus and Caesar, are seen issuing from the Karagwe hills; the Congo, second in volume among the rivers of the earth, has been traced from source to sea; six railways approach from either side the inner recesses of the land; one long band of steel crawls its length from Table Mountain at the

Cape of Good Hope toward Europe's classic sea, and a mighty pathway five thousand miles long, by which a tourist can shoot an elephant in mid-Africa and carry its tusk to the snows of Switzerland in less than a week's time; not one square foot of all its eleven million square miles remains ungoverned or unflagged; ten thousand navigable water miles are traversed by nearly forty steamers, and one may go from Siberian Vladivostok to Stanley Falls, two thousand miles in Central Africa, with not one mile afoot; three thousand white men now live and flourish over that same once untouched area; commerce has sprung from nothing to over thirty million dollars per year; Mission stations have entered in a line East and West, North and South; master and slave worship the same God and love the same Christ; those Batetela cannibals have sent two lads from their country to be accorded a reception by the government of the United States, and to plead the cause of their ignorant countrymen; one African Free State builds up a stable government by peaceful diplomacy, and another African Republic astonishes the whole world by its tremendous struggle for independence; an African Emperor defeats the successor of the Cæsars, and an African King sends presents to an American President, beseeching him, in the name of the God and Master they both worship, to give his land liberty and light. Truly indeed the land which all the nations of history could not conquer, at last has thrown open its doors, given up the keys of its treasure house, and over the crumbling dust of the heroes who died that it might live, the invincible Caucasian is marching on to add one more continent to his heritage.

Ten principal propositions concerning Africa were formulated before I went to that country, and they are

given, with some slight changes, here as I first framed them:

FIRST. The period of African exploration is over; the period of development has now fully begun.

SECOND. The vital welfare of a whole continent, the happiness of many millions of Africans and Caucasians alike, present and future, is at stake during this formative period.

THIRD. Africa's geography, position, its new fields, its open territory, all constitute it the strategic place for the construction of a civilization which will complete the regeneration of the Orient.

FOURTH. Africa must be made a stronghold of Caucasian power, of Christianity, of European and American civilization rather than the cess-pool of Asiatic vice and corruption.

FIFTH. The reservation of Africa for development at this particular time, when the power to develop is at such a high point, makes progress there immeasurably greater than ever before witnessed in the history of the world.

SIXTH. As America is an improvement on Europe, so Africa should be an improvement on America.

SEVENTH. Africa is extremely accessible by water to American ports.

EIGHTH. America ought to contribute largely to Africa's development, and that contribution ought to be commercial, religious and social, and not directly political.

NINTH. Africa affords a greater field of labor to talent to-day than any other land.

TENTH. The twentieth century means the crystalization of the form of African civilization for countless ages to come.

The real battle of the Pyramids is now upon us.

The march of events since I formulated these ideas on the subject of the future of the continent which can be no

longer called dark, has amply justified these conclusions. The time which I spent in Central Africa witnessed marvelous strides in progress, and the culmination of the rivalry to control South Africa has brought on a war which absorbed the attention of the civilized world. Europe is now keenly alive to the worth of the long-despised land of the Ethiopians, and both the Marchand incident and the Boer war show that the most powerful of the nations of the earth appreciates now the incalculable value of the territory for which so much blood and treasure has been freely poured out.

I reserve for another place a study of the interesting questions presented by this war in the Transvaal, for the future of the whole continent depends largely upon the final issue of the contest now being waged. When England possesses an unbroken right of way from Alexandria to Cape Town, and the United States a short naval highway to the far East, then the domination of the English-speaking peoples is assured for ages to come. Whether this comes to pass or not, the struggle to effect it is one of the most fascinating scenes on the drama of modern times.

That a young man born under the shadow of the home of Calhoun, the son of slave owners, and educated in the cradle of secession, thirty years after the Civil War, should go to the heart of Africa accompanied by a coal-black negro to labor for and with the children of Ham, has appeared to some people such a unique and paradoxical occurrence, that a short account of the history of the way in which this came about may be simply given before the author merges his personal identity in the story he has to tell.

After graduating at the University of my State, an institution which numbers among its alumni the names of

Hayne, Legare, Preston, Marion Sims, LeConte, Thornwell and Hampton, I was constrained to repair the health of a constitution severely taxed from hard study, by entering the carpenter shop of the Southern Railway at Columbia. I was graciously so favored as to make nine promotions in as many months, ending with the responsible task of taking the local stock of the railway where property amounting to about a million dollars was involved. I spent my rest hour after dinner in reading, repairing for the purpose to some empty freight car in the railway yard, where my pile of books was a source of many jokes from my companions among the laboring men.

At this time I was under the influence of a noble and beautiful young lady who had earnestly urged me to devote my life to some high ideal pursuit, rather than to the mere attainment of business success. I cannot write this book without laying this humble tribute to her memory; for she died on the very day that I landed at Matadi in Africa, January 7, 1896.

Among the books I read was an old original volume of Livingstone's personal memoirs. In the grimy atmosphere of the railroad yard I journeyed in the mind with that marvelous man, until South Africa became as familiar to me as my own blue hills of the Piedmont. When I came to his dying words: "May the blessing of Almighty God rest upon all—American, English or Turk—who will come to heal this open sore of the world," I seemed to hear nothing else but this appeal, seconded by all that my dear friend had urged upon me. So I resolved to be that American—or one of them—to whom the great Scotchman appealed, and to go to Africa, come what might.

The way was opened, when I chanced to learn that a

business manager was wanted for a missionary work in Central Africa which was endeavoring to use the American negro to elevate his sable kinsmen across the sea. I decided to go, and in the face of much opposition from some of my family and friends, volunteered for the place, to which I was duly commissioned, a West Indian colored man, Joseph E. Phipps, of St. Christopher's Island and Scranton, Pennsylvania, being selected to accompany me.

The work to which we were going was in almost the geographical centre of Africa, one of the most remote points in the continent. Mr. Samuel N. Lapsley, a talented son of an eminent Alabama judge, the law partner of Senator John T. Morgan, had founded the station of Luebo, about two hundred miles below where Livingstone had crossed the Kasai River, one of the principal Southern tributaries of the Congo. The work had been projected with a view to testing the capability of the American negro for elevating his savage kinspeople, and was now manned chiefly by colored people from Mississippi, Virginia and Alabama. I was to succeed a gentleman from Florida, Mr. Snyder, in the management of the undertaking, as Mr. Lapsley had fallen a victim to the dreaded fever, and died on the West Coast. Of the colored men we shall speak later.

In passing through New York on our way out, we happened to have an opportunity to hear Mr. Roosevelt, then Police Commissioner, make a speech which left a strong impression upon me, although I did not imagine that the political horoscope held such a phenomenal career before the young man who spoke with such force and determination then.

Our route to Africa was by way of London and Antwerp, Belgium. The only need for going to London was for the

reason that the financial agent of the church, through whom the business of the work was conducted, was a wealthy merchant of that city, Mr. Robert White, a gentleman of Scotch descent and imbued with the virtues of that noble strain. Through the cordial and efficient assistance of this gentleman—a perfect type of the ideal London merchant prince, courteous, dignified, intelligent, generous—we were enabled to secure the outfit necessary for the contemplated plunge into the depths of the Congo country, where stores were few and far-between, and the steamboats would give us a visit once in six months. This outfit need hardly be enumerated here; suffice it to say that it consisted principally of clothing, utensils, barter goods, food, tools, and some camping appurtenances.

A visit to Livingstone's tomb in Westminster Abbey was one pleasure I eagerly drank in. The location of the Abbey in the midst of a wilderness of great buildings detracted from the impression conveyed by its external appearance. The grandeur of its outlines and the noble simplicity of its form would have shown to greater advantage on a hill apart, with a park and trees about it. But when one stepped into its sacred interior from the noisy confusion without, the calm atmosphere of a holy and heavenly sanctuary enveloped everything, and the Abbey might have been miles away from its environment. Here history, poetry, war, conquest, religion—all were epitomized; they were stamped in stone, yet seemed to breathe, and live and speak, and have a sentient quality all their own. Asking no direction to the great missionary's tomb, I simply followed the dictates of a revelling mind, and wandered amid the piled up mementoes of England's glory, until it seemed I was in the spirit of other days and

scenes. There was the throne on which Victoria had been crowned; here were tablets, busts, carvings, to the monarchs, warriors, sages, poets, artists, heroes of a thousand years; my feet were straying over the floor, while my eyes feasted thus, when I looked down, and there read an inscription and a name. The name was David Livingstone; and my feet strayed no farther. There lay the body of the man who had been my inspiration, where careless feet might easily wander over the grave, no bust, no raised tomb, or even railing to apprise the stranger of its presence. But what of that? Would not every start of the reverent passer-by, when the name was seen under the feet, speak volumes of a world's homage, and that vital name move tens of millions yet when cathedrals should rise where his footsteps led the way in Africa's wilds, even after the Abbey and its glory had passed away? Earthly vainglory might rear a dome to a tyrant's dust; but heavenly immortality would guard the hero's fame in the hearts of men till the very stones should crumble and mingle with the ashes of the grave. Even now perhaps the reverent seeker in Judea may pass unheeding over the Savior's tomb; but an empire's neglect of that sacred place has led to a world's search for even its location. The cold pavement may be left above Livingstone's mortal remains by a careless nation, while its rulers seek to appropriate the soil his sufferings gave them the right to claim; but, as some one wrote just after his death, "Here lies Living Stone."

One other special pleasure was permitted me—a view of London from the dome of St. Paul's. I never had the impression of a wilderness more forcibly imprinted on my mind in any of the jungles or forests of the Congo.

At the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society I received

many courteous attentions, and much encouragement, as well as valuable information from the eminent scientific men who are associated in that famous society. The fact that I was going to a part of Africa in which little scientific work had been done, lent more than ordinary interest to my trip, and I received not only an abundance of advice from those specially interested in the collection of scientific data, some of whom had themselves been to Africa, but some instruments were placed at my disposal. I take this opportunity to return my thanks to all of these gentlemen, and to bear testimony to the practical usefulness of what they told me.

An eminent physician, Dr. Patrick Manson, who is the most experienced and widely reputed specialist on Tropical Medicine in the world, gave me an interview, which was of the utmost value. He directed me to the proper places to secure medicines and a medical outfit, so that to him I owe much of my ability to cope with some of the worst enemies one meets in the tropics. Dr. Manson has elaborated the theory that the mosquito is a prolific breeder and distributor of the malarial germ, and to him a great deal of the crusade against that pest is due.

We chose the steamer from Liverpool to West Africa, as it was the first to sail, and was the only line on which English was the official language. We were entertained in Liverpool by the veteran African explorer, Mr. Frederick Arnot, and were given much pertinent information concerning the part of Africa to which we were going. We embarked on the steamship *Roquelle*, of the British and African line, Captain Gibson, on the morning of the twenty-seventh of November, 1895, and stood out of the Mersey, whence centuries of slave ships had sailed for the Guinea coast and the ports of the South.

CHAPTER II.

From Liverpool to the African West Coast.

SO NOW WE are on the Irish sea—the cold, wet and dirty streets of the maritime capital of far-famed Lancashire give place to the deep emerald of the little bit of water which separates more hatreds than ever did the Rubicon; passengers begin to stare at each other, or the more polite to cast furtive glances, and wonder into what company they are thrown; and it soon becomes wofully evident that African travel has become only too popular, for the limited apartments are crowded to overflowing.

The “Roquelle” was primarily a cargo boat, and her passenger accommodations were slight at the best. On this occasion she had to hold five missionaries, three traders, one civil engineer, one surgeon, and a number of army officers on their way to the West Coast of Africa, besides a full crew and four famous Ashanti chieftains. I was the only American on board, as Mr. Phipps counted for an English citizen then.

It was just at this time that a serious difficulty had arisen with the black kingdom of Ashanti, over which England claimed the suzerainty, and to which she was anxious to insure her title, as France was very active on all sides of the territory, and it had long been asserted that quantities of gold were to be found in the country. This African kingdom is a famous one in the annals of the Gulf of Guinea.

It was the scene of Lord Wolsey's famous campaign against the rebellious Ashantees about twenty years before, when they had been reduced to a nominal subjection, and were governed principally from the fortified towns on the coast, Accra and Cape Coast Castle. The subjection had never been thorough, and King Prempeh still maintained his savage court at Kumassi within a week's march of the coast. Various accusations of sedition, cruelty, and barbarous practices had been made against him from time to time, until the vigorous colonial policy of the Colonial Secretary of Great Britain, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, determined upon the final conquest of the territory, and its reduction to a Crown Colony.

I had exceptional opportunity to observe some of the practical workings of the celebrated English Colonial policy. The army officers on board were members of the military expedition which had just left Liverpool before us upon the task of subduing Prempeh's people. At the same time, four of Prempeh's representative chieftains were also on board. These were gigantic specimens of the pure negro type, who had voluntarily gone to England to implore the Queen to alter her purpose toward their country. The effort had been a political failure, but the chiefs themselves had seen and heard enough of the land of the great white Queen. They had found a difference between Kumassi and London. They had found an iron-hearted and steel-handed man at the colonial office, who gave them a sight of the Queen and an assurance of justice. They were evidently enjoying their knowledge of the white man's ways, and showed it by their sumptuous broad-cloth suits, beaver hats, and complete toilet, as well as a vocabulary of English consisting of about a dozen words, besides the names of

every kind of liquor on board. Later I came to know them well, and enjoyed several amusing incidents in which they figured.

The *Roquelle* was loaded to its utmost capacity with the usual cargoes for the African trade. A heavy charge of rum was a conspicuous item. This came principally from Boston, whose rum and religion constitute a puzzle which Africans and philanthropists have tried in vain to solve. When I was introduced to the black Ashantees, they were informed that I was an American. "Ah, Melican man, eh?" said the chief, "Melican lum plenty good, you got Melican lum?" This was all he knew of America. I could not elicit anything more about my country from him, than this testimony to the far-reaching influence of New England culture. The rest of the cargo consisted of the multifarious merchandise required by colonists and the eager natives ever seeking something new. There were guns, powder, fishing-tackle, clothing, great quantities of salt, brass wire, crockery, beads, tools, and agricultural implements, especially hoes. The whole ship was a history lesson in England's commercial and naval supremacy, and one could get aboard an outfit for setting up as a colonist from the sailors themselves, who paid some slight tax for the privilege of trading along the coast in articles kept in their bunks.

In the dining-room, the Africans and the white men ate at the same time, and at the same table, and the principal topic of conversation turned upon the British policy in Africa, and Mr. Cleveland's recent reiteration of the Monroe Doctrine concerning its application to Venezuela, a salvo which had run round the whole English world.

Some of the passengers proved to be very intelligent,

especially the officers and traders. One could easily detect the all-dominant tone of their conversation, and the firm conviction that England must rule the world. Nothing in history is comparable to this sublime assurance except it be the attitude of the Roman soldiers after the victories of the Caesars. These gentlemen looked upon the lower races and weaker nations as designed of God to pay tribute, directly or indirectly, to England's power, and regarded Africa as destined to take the place of their lost and deplored America. London was the centre of the world. Their acquaintanceship numbered friends in every land, and Adelaide was a part of an empire which considered Bombay and Montreal as equally integral parts of a monstrous whole. My impression from their conversation was that England was like a noted queen ant among the insects of Africa—a little animal which bursts into a vast number of embryonic young, and gives up its life for the sake of the production of its children. England is an ancient hive, whose profound internal peace, undisturbed by foreign conquest for centuries, has bred a restless race whose warlike proclivities abroad furnish the theme of an ever-active debate at home. The aggressive expansion of the British Empire by which so many heterogeneous peoples have been brought together under England's rule, has occasioned much contention as to the justice of her ends and the righteousness of her means. I reserve this part of the question of England in Africa for another chapter, but it may be pertinent in this connection to say that, although it is certainly desirable that the British flag should be over the realms of darkness and misrule rather than that those lands be left to their fate, still let every Briton remember that his flag bears a Cross.

The soldiers aboard bound for the West Coast of Africa were all keenly alive to the possibility that they should never return, and to the dangerous character of their work, and yet their conversation was cheerful and soon became friendly. I tried to follow Paul's advice in my new relations, and it was not long before I was talking freely with them all.

Our first port of call was Funchal, the capital of Teneriffe, the principal island of the Madeira group, belonging to Portugal. This place was six days' steaming from England, and the stretch of water between gave every variety of climate. It was snowing when we left the Mersey—I remember that I spent most of my time next the great funnels of the engines on deck, as there was no provision for heating on board, since nearly all the voyage was to be made in a warm climate. The sea off the Spanish coast is traditionally rough, several steamers having gone down there in recent years; but our captain was a careful navigator—Captain Gibson, a man of middle age, and descended, as he said, from a long line of sea-faring men—so that we passed into the balmy region off Morocco without trouble. The transition from the angry channel to the calm and beautiful African waters, radiant with vast gleams of phosphorescent light was so sudden that a day seemed to take us into a different world. As we neared the Portuguese islands, the air became the most delightfully balmy I had ever known, and it seemed to me that the imagination could not conceive any thing more soothingly soft and delicious. It was the atmosphere, surely, of a paradise.

Very early one morning the vessel slowed up, a murmur of confused noises and voices reached me in my cabin and caused a hasty dressing and hurry to the deck. The sun

was just rising to the east of the steamer, and as he came up out of the sea, he sent his early rays along the rippling waves upon a scene I shall never forget. The boat was at anchor in a deep bay, while off to the west about a mile, perhaps, lay the far-famed Teneriffe; all the beauty and wonderful clearness of its grand outlines burst thus abruptly upon the eyes for a week without view of land, and produced a keen and lasting impression of this unexpected revelation. The bay made the land assume a crescent form; and from the water's edge the shore sloped up until it became an immense mountain over twelve thousand feet high, which thus appeared to rise miraculously from the ocean, while its summit lay hidden under folds of heavy clouds, upon which the crimson sunshine played, as they cast their restless shadows on the water. How that water gleamed and shone, and sparkled, danced and trembled under the light touch of a gentle morning breeze; how full of the air of the romantic tales of the wondrous Orient did the old Moorish city look, as its white outlines loomed up across the bay, and its walls ran along the slope of the mountain until lost in the maze of fields and vineyards beyond. All was white—cathedral, homes, fort, offices, stores, some stone, some brick, some adobe—built many years ago, and in an ancient style; one seemed planets apart from London and New York, and this bewitching scene showed plainly enough that we were back into the ages of a past which sought ever to perpetuate itself.

We were to pass more than a day here, so after breakfast I seized the first opportunity to go ashore along with Mr. Phipps. The water was alive by this time with craft seeking passengers ashore, or to make some trade in fruit, photographs, or other articles, and we had no difficulty in mak-

ing the beach. We were surrounded by aspirants for the place of guides about the city, but were obliged to disappoint the clamorous crowd, and went along drinking in the sight of all that was novel and interesting. This is the seat of the manufacture and wholesale dealing in the noted Madeira wine; and the wonderful richness of the gardens, the variety and quantity of the fruit, which was ridiculously cheap, and of every kind from that of the tropics to that of the temperate zone, make the place desirable as a health resort, its wonderful climate being salubrious and renovating. There are many Europeans there, as well as half-breed natives, the Africans descended from the slaves and the happy Portuguese. Some of the women were very beautiful, and dressed in gay attire, veritable birds of the clime in which they dwelt; and the people all seemed to lead the easiest life of complacent leisure of any in the world.

We ascended the mountain to a distance above the city, and happened upon a peculiar adventure. One of the streets of the town ran far up the steep mountain side. It was paved throughout with stones, and these had been worn by the generations of travel upon them to a smoothness which made the whole street a long slippery slide of over three miles in length, and afforded a chance for a custom unique anywhere, but there in the tropics, unparalleled—a veritable toboggan slide of stone. For the people had long been accustomed to ascend the mountain and then descend in sleds by the force of gravity to the seaside upon this singular course.

While standing near a fruit grove at the head of this street, Mr. Phipps and I were accosted by two of the natives who made known to us by signs and words, whose kinship

to Latin and French enabled me to divine their meaning, that they had a sled ready, and wished to give us a slide down. After some consultation, and not without sundry misgivings, having enjoyed the inspiring view of the town, harbor, ocean, shipping, and the diminutive aspect of everything at the distance below, we ventured to embark on the bit of land coasting, and experienced an adventure the like of which I suppose is rarely known. The two guides took their place behind and on each side of the sled, holding ropes attached to the vehicle, and ready to halt in case of danger, a precaution which was soon found to be a necessity. When we started down the steep incline, it was not long before the men were running at the top of their speed, yelling to all in front of us to clear the way, a mandate obeyed with alacrity, and we were flying down the mountain side like an avalanche. The speed seemed frightful; I gasped with dismay, and could hardly breathe for terror as we turned some sharp corner and found an unsuspecting traveler just in our path. But the guides regarded it with true Oriental stoicism, and laughed and sang snatches of song all the way.

The long slide carried us on to the end of the street in the lower part of the town, where our escapade ended. From this place we went to the home of two pleasant English missionaries, who gave us the never-failing cup of hot tea, a beverage which the poet's commendation was not needed to give as wide and permanent a lodgment in the homes of the Britons as it had in the Flowery Kingdom. Indeed, this universal practice of tea-drinking seems characteristic of the English everywhere; and the missionaries are truly given to it. These hospitable gentlemen, with the ladies in their home, entertained us with animated descriptions

of their work among the ignorant and destitute on Teneriffe, and I remember their kindness with the most grateful recollection.

The Portuguese are a mild race of gentle rulers, who seem to give their colonies little cause of complaint, and they have been noble pioneers in opening up distant lands in the days of by-gone adventure and romance. While vast realms have been lost to them, they still retain scattered possessions all over the globe, and these beautiful Madeira Islands are a veritable heirloom of all their former grandeur. It is to be hoped that commercial rather than political efforts will be made for the betterment of the islands, as I own to a sentiment of generous sympathy for the once great Portugal.

When the ship had been loaded with ample quantities of coal, fruit and provisions, up came the anchor, and we began our voyage once more, not to stop until we should touch Africa. I put my time in hard study of medicine, using the compact library I had, and made a thorough mastery of the subject of fevers as far as the books went. I had the good fortune to form the acquaintance of the surgeon mentioned previously, Dr. Thompson, with whom I had a good many profitable conversations. He was an exceptionally intelligent gentleman, a graduate of Edinburgh, and was delightfully free from professionalism, so that he made many matters clear to me which the books could hardly explain. I thoroughly studied the pamphlet which Dr. Aaron Sims, of Stanley Pool, had compiled on African fevers, and got the name of a bookworm among the restless passengers. I kept my health by regular and hard exercise, going through the West Point setting up motions twice daily, and I shall always remember my trip to Africa as most pleasant and agreeable.

Once an amusing incident broke the routine of our life. Some of the lively young soldiers got some boxing gloves, and instituted a series of sparring matches. The big black Ashantees came up to look on, and seemed to be enjoying the mock combats hugely. Soon one of the passengers suggested that the Ashantees be invited to a round. Nothing loth, the largest one ventured out, space was cleared, the passengers all gathered immediately, and amid breathless interest, a tall English soldier, versed in the art, stepped out. The African refused the gloves, and rushed in without any preliminaries and with no attention to rules. His immense long arms reached out, and before the white man could guard or strike, one arm seized his neck, and another hit him a fearful blow between the eyes, and ended the conflict with a rush of blood from the nose. The passengers had to shout "Stop," and interfere, for the chief evidently thought that fighting meant business, and was determined to draw first blood in the impending conflict.

His victory was not to go unchallenged, however. Among the passengers was a huge commercial agent, a perfect specimen of the middle class English trader, brawny and powerful, given to a curt aphoristic manner of speech, and a very Hercules in appearance. I had been amused at his table talk concerning his many adventures on the coast during his previous stay, for this was his second trip out; he was at once entertaining and instructive, being extremely well versed in his work. He entertained a profound antipathy for the government officials, accusing them of the responsibility for disturbing trade and provoking the natives to hostility. So that he rather enjoyed the discomfiture of the officer, but was not discouraged from himself walking out and challenging the big black chieftain.

This fight was more interesting, for it was man against man—not a trial of science or skill. The Ashantee rushed in as before, but received a tremendous whack on his nose, followed up by a wholesale shower of blows, staggering and blinding, and in hardly more than a minute the Ashantee took to his heels and ran below. So once more the “honor of England’s flag” was maintained, and commerce proved a greater victor than arms. The trader took his triumph as a matter of course—had soon had a bottle of beer on the subject. But the African was grievously hurt at his downfall, and kept well away from the chaffing which began. I almost longed for Brother Phipps to enter the lists, as his enormous frame and giant arms would certainly have more than redeemed Africa, and put missions at the head of the list. Mr. Phipps is a physical giant, and I have seen him wrestle in play with many an African, and he has vanquished all he ever tried.

It was the fixed policy of both Mr. Phipps and myself never to obtrude our religion upon any one. We waited the fit opportunity. Many of the men with whom we had to deal were the so-called men of the world, and their creeds were as various as their names and nationalities. It nevertheless always happened in some way or other that the unfailing subject of religion was brought up, and we enjoyed abundant opportunity to testify for our faith.

The big trader, Mr. Rieper, gave me such an opportunity soon after the fight. Observing that I had steadfastly kept out of the quips and retorts which sometimes garnished the talk of the table, he invited me to a seat on the deck to tell him the grounds of my belief. He had read the works of Herbert Spencer, of Darwin, and of other writers more boldly skeptical in their attitude toward Christ, and

seemed prepared for full inquiry. His tone and attitude were both friendly and respectful, and so I gladly assented.

He began by saying that he would not believe what he could not understand; that the Bible and most religious creeds required belief in doctrines which were incomprehensible mysteries. I asked him:

"Then if you found anything in which you had to believe, although you could neither understand nor demonstrate it, that objection would be removed, would it not?"

"Yes, but I cannot believe that any such thing exists."

"But, hold on," I said, "will you name to me the highest number that you can possibly think of?"

He stopped to think, but soon saw that whatever number he named, there would be one just above it. If he named a trillion, there was a trillion and one. This halted him. Then I said:

"But do you not know that up somewhere there must be that high number? You know it exists, although you can neither name the number nor demonstrate its existence."

"Yes, that is so."

"Well," I said, "so it is with the nature and attributes of God. We can no more comprehend Him than we can name that number; but we can conceive of His existence, and can imagine some of His attributes. We are as certain in this case as in the case of that unknown number."

Mr. Rieper then admitted to a belief in God, and to the possession of some idea of His attributes and nature, but stated that it was along the line of man's relation to God and of the moral law that he found special difficulty. He said that his trouble was that the standard of Christ and the Bible was too high for him, and illustrated the case practically thus:

“You see, Mr. Verner, I am a trader with native Africans. I have to sell them immense quantities of rum of the vilest quality in exchange for their goods, although I know the stuff ruins whole tribes of them. But suppose I stop selling rum; then my rivals keep it up, the company I serve calls me a fool for my conscience, I lose my position, and am thrown back on England without work, and drift into poverty. There are millions of cases like mine all over the world. What am I to do? As a missionary, you are not tried that way.”

This was an objection to the point. It pointed to the necessity of international governmental interference with commercial vices of the kind in the most practical way. The local dealers in opium—the agents of immense companies in Europe with rich church members owning stock in them—in India and China might make the same query of Christendom.

I admired his frankness, and told him I sympathized with his difficulties, and if I had my way, commercial companies should be organized to develop Africa, and give clean employment to young men, rather than that such tyrannous imposition should prevail. I assured him that I believed that there were sincere Christians enough in the world to employ all who desired honorable labor. Then I asked him whether he did not believe in Christ.

“Yes, I do; I believe the world would be happier and better if men tried to be like Christ. He was a great and good man, and I only wish I had power enough to follow Him as I see some few people do.”

I shall never forget that Englishman's departure into the darkness of Africa with such a tribute to the Master on his lips, and such a trade upon his hands. Surely the great

men who form governments, direct companies, and own vast colonial concessions, should think of the poor toilers in far off lands for whose souls God is holding them responsible.

One day it was reported that we should see Cape Palmas, and obtain our first view of Africa. I sought a position favorable for this long-desired glimpse, and stood, with a heart beating high, watching the eastern horizon. Suddenly, across the waste of waves a low line of some dim interruption to the unbroken blue could be faintly discerned, the cry went up: "Land, Ho!"—and then there loomed up two low hills behind the shore, and there before my eyes lay the real object of so many hopes and prayers, the veritable soil of the land of Moses and Pharaoh, of Joseph and Jesus, of Cæsar and Napoleon, of Hannibal and Scipio, of Livingstone and Gordon. Sixty long years before young Leighton Wilson had seen that place, and landed there to show Africa that he really loved her poor people; and now as my heart turned with my eyes across the sea toward Charleston and Columbia, and I saw the beautiful valley of the Savannah in my mind, and remembered the agony which that trip between had meant to millions of poor blacks and to millions more of war-torn white people, I prayed to God to help me to pay the price my people owed this dark land. It was a moment in my life that I shall recall in death. Here it lay—that dark mass of portentous immensity—land of fabled monsters, storied in the earliest records of mankind, the oldest and youngest continent of them all, preserved, as by a miracle, for the use of mankind at the very time when its power and progress are most capable of developing it; surely this is the day-dawn from on high to the darkness of its long slumbers, and the light

of a new birth is at last streaming over it. Oh, Africa, surely the waters of a baptized world can wash your tears away! But for the sins on your dark and bloody soil, naught remains but the blood of Jesus.

CHAPTER III.

Along the Slave Coast.

AFTER THIS sight of the continent, the next fortnight was to afford us many glimpses of her historic coast, the scenes of the old slave expeditions, when piracy flourished unchecked, and a voyage to Africa was little short of a journey to the "Inferno."

We had been steaming for about two weeks, and now began to stop at the most important towns.

The first of these was Free Town, the capital of Sierra Leone, that colony of Great Britain's which is like Liberia in being the site of a great refugee slave movement of about a hundred years ago, when Wilberforce and his confreres were fighting for the cessation of slavery in the British domains; but the English claim that Sierra Leone is an unqualified success, commercially and politically, while they lose no praise on Liberia, the similar American venture. Impartial judges, however, assert that both colonies suffer from the same troubles, and exhibit the same faults. The negro is supposed in these countries to have a freer sway than anywhere else in civilized lands; the Governors and officials being most frequently black men, while education and civilization are established on a firm basis. It is from these colonies that most of the skilled labor is obtained for other parts of the continent which are being developed; and the Congo Free State especially drew very liberally



MATADI.

upon Sierra Leone and its French neighbor Senegal, for artisans, railway employees, and the lowest class of clerks. These Sierra Leoneese vary greatly in the amount of their education; and every variety of dialect is found from that akin to the Carolina "Gullah" talk, to the stilted accents of some pretentious local rector, or the accurate and careful efforts of the pet of some English educational or missionary society. It is not just to compare the attainments of the black people in these countries with those of the favored sons of Shem and Japhet in Europe and America, whose advantages have been so infinitely greater and who have enjoyed them so much longer; and while it is true that the African race will always need the inspiration, guidance and control of the others, the happiness of the people in these free colonies is such as to encourage the governments of the world occasionally to afford similar opportunities to the negroes wherever they form the original basis and the overwhelming majority of the population.

When we stopped on what is known as the Kroo Coast off Liberia, I had the first sight of the unvarnished African savage. Moored in the offing, the ships awaited the coming of a large crew of the natives known as Krooboys, who were being taken aboard as labor for some ports lower down the coast. They came out from the land, where they lived in little grass huts huddled together into humble villages near the sea, in swarms, many of them stark-naked, surrounding the ship and making the air resound with their wild cries, as canoe after canoe crowded about, pushing and bumping against each other, while the seamen ordered them about, and the top space aft became filled with them, where they were to live and sleep on deck in a state of indescribable confusion. These Krooboys are very valuable

as unskilled laborers, and are found all over the coast at trading stations, although most of them speak only the merest patois of English, and resist all efforts at civilizing and educating them. Their language, or rather that by which they make themselves understood by the white man, is famous as "Kroo-English," and is the one medium between all colors and nationalities. Here is a specimen:

"Wi man, me no lak plenty wuk, sma pay, plenty flog, no chop, sma wata, one house fo ten man—no good." This is a complaint I heard one make, and means literally:

"White man, I do not like plenty work, small pay, plenty flogging, no food, small water, one house for ten men." The krooboys are greatly despised by the more advanced Sierra Leone and Liberians, who are so often put to act as bosses over them that the expression Krooboy on the Coast is now almost as offensive to all but its rightful owner as that most opprobrious epithet "Bushman," which excites wrath whenever applied to any African who understands the least of the English language.

One of the most memorable calls on the journey was that at Cape Coast Castle, the town which is the capital of the British Gold Coast Colony, the territory occupying the shore line of the Ashanti country. Here we were to part with our army friends, and with the Ashanti chieftains. The ship, as usual, moored off the shore, where the fearful surf was beating high, and the gentlemen who were shortly to be on the field of battle bustled about in hurried departure.

We could see the fort and barracks ashore and detachments of soldiers marching about. The sea about the ship was soon lively with small craft, among them some boats from the local government, and others sent out by

black friends for the Ashanti warriors. It was quite a revelation when these four gentlemen doffed their sober London attire and put on some magnificent and costly purple and blue robes, toga-fashion, draping them about their tall forms, and then coming thus attired, barefooted now and in regal savage splendor, to bid us farewell. This was evidence of "doing in Rome as Rome does" to an amazing extent, and it showed that these savages had some idea of the eternal fitness of things; they were not going to face their fellow-countrymen in a beaver and broadcloth, at any cost. These Ashantees found us at breakfast, when they came politely seeking us to say good-bye, and they came in to shake each of us by the hand before departing to face Prempeh's wrath or British bullets. We all bade them a cordial farewell, but one young cad was heard to remark that he must go wash his hands after the ceremony; whereupon Dr. Thompson boldly said that he questioned whether it was not rather the privilege of the blacks after such a remark. The dignity and native strength of character of these heathen coming from their bootless errand to England's throne had impressed all the better passengers and provoked sentiments of genuine pity and sympathy. Soon they were surrounded by their friends and passed ashore, and on into the darkness of the interior to announce the pending advance of the British expedition, and to await death or the heel of the conquerer.

I read afterwards that in the ensuing conflict the English won, Prempeh was defeated after considerable loss, his throne taken away and his country declared British territory. Gold was found in some quantities, and the Government stationed an officer at Kumassi to control the interior. So the lion once more made a meal.

We next called at Accra, a town similar to the last, famous for its native artisans, and the seat of a large ivory trade. After it, we passed on to the mouths of the mighty Niger and went through the Bight of Benin. The weather by this time had become terrifically hot, and only the motion of the ship with the sea-breezes rendered life tolerable at all. This part of the coast has been epitomized thus:

"Beware, beware, of the Bight of Benin,
For one that comes out, there's ten that went in."

The Niger country, for so long administered by the Royal Niger Company, has now come under direct Government rule under the celebrated colonial administrator, Sir George Taubmann Goldie, an irrepressible Scotchman who has brought order out of chaos, and promises vast quantities of rubber, ivory and palm oil to England's commerce from the famous land of Mungo Park and the Lander Brothers. This part of Africa was the seat *par excellence* of the slave-trade, when Bristol and Boston and Charleston and Savannah made Africa contribute to their wealth at the expense of her population; and recovery on this coast has been slow. Indeed there has been more progress in the Congo in ten years than in the Niger in a hundred; affording ample illustration that direct and organized government, and free labor with no rum and legitimate traffic, will do what the long years of commercial jealousy, of rum, and of governmental apathy have failed utterly to do. Joseph Chamberlain has seen the full meaning of all this, and means to profit by it.

Christmas Day found us off the Kamerouns, the German colony originally settled by English and Dutch, but secured

to their restless and ambitious cousins beyond the Rhine as a present from the diplomacy of Prince Bismarck. There is a tremendous mountain here, over sixteen thousand feet high, seen in full view from the ship, and it was a pleasant relief from our long sight of the low coast hitherto. We were now coming to the water-shed of the Congo, and the climate and country showed it. Our ship's crew had a holiday ashore. I took the chance to touch the soil here, and was glad that it was on this great commemorative day.

I went ashore and wandered through a maze of low huts of straw and mud, where the natives lived, until I found a wide avenue leading to the town where the ever-officious Teutons had the Government offices and post-office. These buildings were quite modern, and a number of German soldiers on holiday were about, drinking beer and clanking their sabres. My rusty German served me well here, for the national jealousy of England is great, and my tongue would have made me enemies but for the "Ich bin ein Amerikaner," with which I answered some curt inquiries. The Germans here are making a scientific attempt at colonizing; and the universities alone at home create a demand for tropical colonies where medical and biological research can go on to the professor's heart's content. Truly Professor Koch can demonstrate to the German youth the utility of colonies with as much eloquence as Bismarck or Von Bulow, since it has been asserted that mosquitoes convey most of the poisons from which the tropical sojourners suffer; and the discovery of a new toadstool in a German colony immortalizes an explorer as surely as the conversion of a new heathen glorifies the missionary. German exploration and colonization began late in Africa, but was vigorously followed, and Von Wissmann, Pogge, Nachtigal and Dr.

Schweinfurth have added greatly to our knowledge of Africa, and modern scientific exploration is modeled almost entirely after the standard set by the great scholars of the best educated country in the world.

To the genius of Prince Bismarck the world owes the conference which assembled at Berlin in 1884 to adjudicate European disputes concerning Africa. This was one conference to which only the council of Constance may be compared for importance and historic consequence. Around a few tables the powers of the world gathered and settled the fate of Africa for centuries. Germany dominated this conference, and from it has arisen Germany's enormous and increasing prestige in late years. The colony of Kamerons emerged from it safe in German hands, and the Congo was assured to Belgium. The Congo is an instance of the policy of the open-door and the Kamerons of the reverse. The Congo is already a great and prosperous state, while the Kamerons with its closed doors has admitted nothing but bureaucracy, and produced nothing but red tape. This comparison is perfectly just, and is recommended to the powers now grappling with the momentous questions in China.

When we all gathered together on the ship that Christmas night, the captain generously opened his cellar and his larder, and all hands assembled for the celebration. The officers and crew gave us some of the old English and Scotch songs and ballads, and then Mr. Phipps and I were called on for our contribution. Mr. Phipps' tremendous bass voice rang out over the sea in some of the circus songs which he had learned in his wandering life before he sat under Moody and Sankey and Torrey, followed by his favorite hymns.

The American negroes in the fore-castle joined with me in singing the "Swanee ribber," while the sailors answered this with "Marching through Georgia." We ended with "Home, Sweet Home," and turned in.

Our next stop of special interest was in Corisco Bay, off the island of Corisco, where our Northern Presbyterian friends have one of their mission stations; a few hours further down the coast brought us to Batanga, where there was still another station. While anchored off Batanga, I was delighted to see a number of genuine Americans board the ship, and to find among them some of our Northern brethren, Mr. and Mrs. Marling and the venerable and saintly Dr. Robert H. Nassau. I was invited ashore, where a delightful repast met me in the home of the missionaries, and where I had some bread-fruit to eat, and realized now how I was in the land of childish story books and the pretty pictures in the geographies. This mission was aggressively expanding toward the East, and I was shown a native hospital, and the foundations which our industrious Yankee cousins had laid for a new house. Mr. Marling made me a present of a nice little volume of Dr. Andrew Murray's writings. I felt a keen pang of sorrow when I heard some months afterwards that Mr. Marling had been called to his reward; he impressed me as a gentleman of distinctly pious and godly character.

Dr. Nassau and some of the ladies were bound for a port further down, and I enjoyed their company immensely. Dr. Nassau is the nestor of the mission, of over forty years' experience in that unhealthy clime, and had known the founder of the mission, our own Dr. Wilson. I sat charmed with the conversation and manners of this noble man of God, who ranks alone in my esteem with Dr. John G. Paton,

whom I came to know later. He told me much of the nature of his life and work, of what I might expect, and of his views on the great problems of our common work. He said that the industrial and educational features of mission effort had been too largely neglected by the Presbyterian Church; that he owed his marvelous health and longevity to his habits of personal physical labor and abstemious diet; that we in the remote interior of the continent on the Congo headlands would have an immense advantage in the future; and that he approved of our use of the colored American in our work and regretted that his church did not also utilize their large membership in the South in this way.

Dr. Nassau related a solemn and pathetic incident in his early career. He was about to leave New York for Africa, a mere boy. It was at the time when the noted Jubilee singers were starrng the country, and he went to hear them. One of their songs had a refrain which the singers rendered with peculiar and impressive force:

"Oh Lord, oh my good Lord, keep me from sinking down, sinking down."

"Many a time," said he, "in the long thereafter in the darkness of Africa's wilds, that sad appeal rang in my ears: 'Keep me from sinking down!'" "Young man," said Dr. Nassau, fixing his deep grey eyes on mine, "never forget that prayer." I never have. It rings still in my ears, and echoes of the negroes' cry will sound in those words ever and anon, when I feel the grim power of darkness upon me, and the influence of Africa grips my soul. At one of the ports I noted with surprise and deep admiration that two of the ladies ventured alone into a boat and started toward their home unattended, to live without any other

protection among their savage companions. Such courage and devotion as this comes surely from a Higher than any human source, and shows the stuff which shall yet set up the standard of the Cross on every hill in the dark continent.

Our ship did not go to Gaboon, because of the report of small-pox there, and we parted company with Dr. Nassau and our friend, Mr. Rieper, with his trader companion Mr. Whittaker, at a trading station below. So now Mr. Phipps and I, with a bibulous Portuguese old gentleman, were left the only passengers, and the ship made for the Congo.

It was some days before our notice was called to the yellow current below the ship, and we were informed that the flood below was that of our great river, whose volume deflects the largest steamers, and flows three hundred miles out into the sea. It was not long before we began to breast this current and to hear the monotonous call of the man with the line, as the stout seaman stood in his little box over the water and cast his heavy plummet into the sea, taking the soundings while the steamer made for the bar. Ere long we turned eastward, and found ourselves with land on either side, and began to ascend the river. Here it seemed about twenty miles wide, and the vastness of this enormous yellow flood beggars description. On the right bank of its mouth, a long narrow strip of sandy land is occupied by the town of Banana, and the site of a few trading houses, and of a naval station of the Congo Free State. Here the official pilot of the government takes charge of the steamer, and the captain willingly resigns to him; for the most perilous bit of water traversed by ocean steamers anywhere, lies ahead of us for one hundred and twenty

miles to Matadi, at the foot of Livingstone Falls. Here the navigation of the river ceases for a stretch of two hundred and fifty miles.

From Banana we go up the river for sixty miles to Boma, the capital of the State. The river is lined with beautiful groves of palms on the hills above, and impenetrable thickets of mangrove along the water. Vast floating islands, detached by the swollen river, heavy from the rains of the wet season, are borne down on the mighty current and must be skilfully avoided by the navigator, whose only similar experience had been with icebergs in the frozen North. These pilots of the Congo are among the most skilled and able of their profession, and to their indefatigable efforts a great part of the opening of these vast regions is due. The missionary must never fail to give all honor to these hardy and alert navigators through whose efforts his labors have been so greatly facilitated.

The river narrows as we approach Boma, and high hills appear on either side. At last the fort and the white houses of the capital of Central Africa rise to view on the left, and one realizes how law and order have begun to reign in the regions of night and chaos.

The capital city of the Congo Free State, made famous all over the world as the terminus of the great journey of Henry M. Stanley down the Congo and across Africa, was once called Emboma. It was long the site of some Portuguese and English trading houses, and had been the seat of a considerable traffic in slaves in former days. It was selected as the place for the administration of the government of the whole Congo Valley before the country had been opened and administrative stations established further inland.

The several departments of the government here have their offices, the most imposing being that of the Governor-General, besides those of the Secretary of State, Postmaster-General, Chief Justice and Commander of the Army, these officers having in charge affairs similar to those vested in like functionaries in our own country. The government is established on top of a high hill overlooking the river, flanked by the Roman Catholic Mission on the right and the American Protestant Mission further down on the left. Below these are a continuous line of trading houses, representing nearly every nationality and language. The English consulate stands off, characteristically alone, some distance up the river. The United States have no consul.

There are two railroads at Boma—one a little street line from the beach to the top of the hill, and the other a considerable line from Boma, extending northwards into the immediate interior to a locality reputed rich in rubber and palm oil. This last line is perhaps forty miles long, and must not be confounded with the wonderful Congo Railway further up the river. The streets are graded and kept in fairly good order by a force of ever-present natives. These natives swarm over the town—some soldiers in the bright array of a blue shirt and short pants, with a red cap and Albini rifle; some employees of the factories, as the trading houses are called; some in business for themselves—notably an African who is a local celebrity for his wealth, education and intelligence—a Mr. Shanu, who came from a British colony as a clerk in the employ of the earlier Governors, and is now a merchant owning considerable property and enjoying a wide reputation.

I decided to visit the Governor-General while the steamer discharged cargo, to transact some official business with

him, and to endeavor to cultivate a pleasant acquaintance. His Excellency, Colonel Wahis, was a gentleman of perhaps fifty years of age, of distinguished bearing and appearance, speaking English and exhibiting manners at once cordial and unassuming. He assured me of his interest in, and good wishes for our mission, particularly as it stood before the government in the peculiar light of a representative more especially of the American people and government. The United States in the person of Mr. Cleveland, then President, had been the first to recognize the sovereignty of King Leopold among the nations of the world; while Mr. Stanley had been an American citizen, and Senator Morgan of Alabama, besides General Sanford and Mr. John A. Kasson, had been active friends of the new State from its foundation. Mr. Lapsley had wisely sought the acquaintance of the heads of the government, and had made a happy impression upon them all; so that our mission typified to these Belgian gentlemen the effort of that great land which was itself so conspicuous an example of a glorious civilization, built upon a land which was lately only a wilderness such as Stanley had found a few years before in Africa. America meant to the African colonist and pioneer what Africa might yet become; and most of the men at the head of affairs in the Congo possessed enough of the ideal to cherish a broad and deep conception of the vast possibilities of this magnificent new region.

Governor Wahis cautioned me of the dangers of our country, and of the need of care and strict attention to the rights of the natives and the laws of the government; but assured me that he believed I would find it as safe at Luebo as in New York—a remark which I cannot only corroborate, but which some experiences in New York later amply

verified. I parted with his Excellency impressed with his courtesy, and determined to do my best not to antagonize the officers under him in any way. The Babel-like nature of the white population in the Congo makes this friction possible, and it has often engendered an unfortunate unpleasantness.

The American mission at Boma is one under the control of the independent preacher in New York, Mr. A. B. Simpson, who heads an association known as the International Missionary Alliance. This work is confined to the difficult and unhealthy region of the coast, and it has been the subject of many severe and rather unfair criticisms. What I have seen and known of it leads me to testify to the excellence of their work, and especially to the spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice on the part of the missionaries. Of course such efforts, not sustained by organized and continuous churches, are liable to the perils and perhaps ultimate collapse incident to their temporary and personal character; nevertheless they have done great good, and their zeal and enthusiasm might well be emulated by the great branches of the church, to whom primarily all missionary effort must belong. A fine school is conducted there among the native children, and this mission at Boma should be encouraged and assisted.

Boma is very unfortunately situated for the capital of the Congo State, as it is very difficult for the residents in the interior to transact business with so remote a point. It was this fact which cost Mr. Lapsley his life.

At last we clear the beach, and make our last day in the Roquette up the river past the Portuguese town of Nokki on the south bank up toward Matadi, our final port. The banks begin to rise higher and higher on each side until

they become precipitous mountains; the mighty stream is compressed within their narrow bounds, its velocity becomes fearful, the steamer is visibly struggling with the current, the course becomes as serpentine as any African footpath, so that every few hundred yards we appear to be moving up against a solid wall of earth, where the river must abruptly end—when, lo, we make a sharp bend, and find another stretch of navigation; while the eerie and grotesque effect of water, mountain gorges, cliffs, and whirling rapids near the shore, explains the fabled stories of dragon land which once adorned the works of early mediæval writers concerning the inner recesses of the dim unknown Ethiopia.

Toward the afternoon we pass under a frowning hill, when suddenly the steamer stops, and a boat with a white man and several negroes is seen making from the shore. The white man comes aboard, and we soon make the acquaintance of Mr. Lawson Forfeitt, a prominent English missionary, who has since been one of the best friends I have. This gentleman insisted upon taking possession of Mr. Phipps and myself with all our personal baggage, and upon carrying us to his station Underhill, or Tunduwa, best known as the place of the death of Mr. Lapsley. Mr. Forfeitt's big boatmen made quick work of our effects, and soon we breast the waters in the strong boat, land, and begin to ascend the most murderous hill I have ever climbed. We pass Mr. Lapsley's grave on the way. This hill is a mass of detached pieces of sandstone, with sparse grass growing in their crevices. The tropical sun, the latitude here being about 5° south, beats with unabated force upon it, the rocks are baked and give back the heat, and the ascent of over half a mile becomes almost a deadly struggle. When we arrive at

the top, I sink down in a perspiration which has wet my clothing through and through, out of breath, gasping, my blood feeling on fire, and my heart beating with amazement that any mortal being should place a large establishment on such a place. I warn future travelers to make no such climbs in the first months of their life in the tropics, for I am sure they are injurious. We are introduced to the charming and intelligent Mrs. Forfeitt, whose hospitality and housewifely virtues have endeared her to hundreds of African travelers of every class and degree for over ten years; and I am gladdened to see a lady looking young, cheerful and being energetic and happy, although filling perhaps the most arduous and disagreeable place in the whole mission field.

This mission was the business head of the operations of the great English Baptist Missionary Society, whose stations in Central Africa extend along the entire river almost to Uganda, and of which William Carey, of India, was the pioneer. Here all the formalities with the State were transacted, the cargoes for the use of the missions cleared through the customs, a considerable amount of merchandise kept on hand for shipment to them in need, and the incoming missionaries entertained and given God-speed. Mr. Forfeitt is a man of rare ability, and is one of the most eminent and useful missionaries in Africa.

The steamer meanwhile had gone two miles farther up the river to Matadi, and anchored in the eddy place afforded by a recess among the hills. We were soon busy in having our cargo transferred to the warehouse of the Swedish Mission near Matadi, to which we were carried in Mr. Forfeitt's boat; and we made the acquaintance of our sturdy friend, Mr. Strandman, who had come from the cold of the

hills of Sweden to work at this place. The pretty little station of Londe, where the industrious Swedes had made a garden of fruit and flowers from the unpromising soil of the rocky hill, now became our temporary home, while we prepared for the journey to Stanley Pool by land. We had hoped for a number of porters to carry our boxes and few necessaries, but a note from Mr. Hawkins, who was the sole member of our mission in the lower Congo, and was living at Lukungu, about a hundred miles above Matadi, apprised us of the fact that a large expedition of the government had lately engaged all the available porters, and that it might be weeks or months before we could get enough to make a caravan. We found all the missions suffering in a similar way, and faced a dilemma rendered the more perplexing because of the urgency of Dr. Snyder's situation at Luebo. The case was this: Dr. Snyder and wife wished to leave as soon as possible, and Luebo was a thousand miles away, to be reached by a land journey to Stanley Pool, and then by a river steamer which left Stanley Pool every two months. I saw at once that any delay might cause Dr. Snyder to be caught at Luebo during the whole of the next season, and so decided to write him at once, urging him to leave whether I arrived or not, and to send this by the special postal couriers of the State, so that my delay might not keep them longer in their condition of ill health and prostration. I saw that the congested condition of the transport service might require a complete change in our business affairs, as all the missions were preparing to move their stations from Lukungu, the base of operations then, to Tumba, which was to be the terminus of the railway for two years; and this would permit of the use of the railway for half of the distance to the Pool, instead of the fear-

fully hard and dangerous caravan road from Matadi to Lukungu.

This work would require immediately a hard term of service. As events turned out, the letter to him went on, when it would have been impossible in my greenness and ignorance, for me to have gotten through. Had I been then as I became later, so inured to travel as to know how, I would have taken thirty pounds of prepared food on my back and gone on anyway. But my youth and inexperience then made me fall back on the advice of my seniors, who did not know that my constitution would be proof against such efforts, as it proved later. The result was that Dr. Snyder did leave Luebo in Mr. Sheppard's hands, who managed it very successfully for six months under peculiar difficulties. I then set to work on our complicated and vexatious transport system.

The work, in short, consisted in the establishment of a house at Tumba, for which land had to be obtained from the Congo Railway; in securing African porters from the surrounding country to carry the cargo for the interior from Tumba to Stanley Pool; in making certain legal arrangements with the Congo government, securing our complete rights at this new station, and in having the property of the mission transferred from Lukungu to Tumba.

In this connection it may be interesting to note that the custom dues at Matadi are fixed by international agreement at only six per cent., and this fact makes Matadi one of the most important and busy ports in West Africa.

Before I left Matadi, I planted on Lapsley's grave a bit of Virginia creeper I had brought from his home in Anniston, Alabama; it took root and grew to be a large vine. So may the undying influence of that beautiful home ever grow and spread until Africa is enveloped in its sacred atmosphere.

CHAPTER IV.

West African Transportation—Negroes as Pack-Horses.

THE necessity of transporting merchandise into the interior of Africa arises from the fact that no money currency is available there, because the natives demand in payment for their services as laborers European articles, such as cloth, knives, hoes, salt, brass wire, or sea shells. Their labor is needed in building houses, clearing the forests, cultivating the soil, and housekeeping. Moreover, these goods are demanded in exchange for native produce, such as corn, vegetables, fowls, eggs, sheep, pigs and goats. It is true that after a good start of about three years is made upon a plantation, comparatively little of these imported goods ought to be needed by missionaries or colonists who pay large attention to gardening and agriculture.

But the traders who buy rubber and ivory, or plant coffee, the government officials who are engaged in military affairs, and the missionary who plants nothing must always need these imported supplies, the transportation of which to the remote interior has always been such a heavy item of expense and annoyance.

For this reason the steamboat and railway are tremendous forces for civilization, and add greatly to the efficiency of moral, religious and educational efforts. The average

settler needs about three thousand pounds of imported goods per year, for the first three years, and at least one thousand annually thereafter for personal use, until agriculture and manufactures are well established. The trader needs about ten tons, sometimes disposing of as much as thirty tons. Until the steamboat and railway came, all this transportation was done on the heads of the native Africans. It was a heavy burden for them, and was a potent factor in causing the slave trade, besides leading to the physical decline and premature death of the poor porters. Doubtless mules can be used for this purpose when an adequate effort is made to raise them, but as long as an African cost ten dollars and carried sixty pounds of goods two hundred miles in a fortnight, with a ration of fifty cents a week, no one saw fit to try the mule.

Until Stanley found that the Congo, with its navigable ramifications, made Central Africa as accessible as the Mississippi Valley, save for the stretch of two hundred miles in the river's course between Stanley Pool and Matadi, all that vast region was a sealed book to the world. As soon as he made known that fact to the civilized nations, a rush began to the territory opened up, covering the time from 1880 to 1890, when stations were built all along the interior, and steamers launched upon the upper river by means of this system of negro portorage.

As practically all the cargo for the whole interior passed along the route parallel with the Livingstone Falls, there arose an enormous demand for carriers there, and men were needed to transport as many as one hundred thousand man-loads per year for these two hundred miles. At Matadi there was a large shed near one of the trading-houses, under which native caravans slept during their stay. There one

could see the exhausted creatures, lying about in every attitude of worn-out carelessness, the ground around them strewn with the litter of hastily eaten meals, parts of broken rum-demijohns, the men droning out their monotonous camp-songs, while the little fires were watched by the small boys, and the nakedness, squalor, half-starved and ill-clad appearance of the whole assemblage showed that a locomotive was truly a God-send to them. I could not preach to them, but I could see that if the white man had the Gospel to the heathen on his heart, surely the black man carried his share on his head.

The route over which the cargo had to be taken may be described as the meanest in Africa, as far as my reading and experience go. It had been divided into two sections, one extending from the steamer landing at Matadi to the town of Lukungu, half-way to Stanley Pool; the other, the rest of the way. The route to Lukungu was usually traversed by one set of porters—that to the Pool by another. The path from Matadi to Lukungu lay over high, rough, craggy mountains, across stony hills devoid of all vegetation, with a few towns along the way, and some of those few hostile. Food had to be carried, and some of the mountain streams were well-nigh impassable in the rainy season, in the midst of which we had arrived.

The arrangements for the conduct of the transportation of goods for our mission had been made on the system of native portage. One of the colored missionaries from America, Mr. Hawkins, of Vicksburg, Mississippi, who had gone out with Mr. Sheppard on his return in 1894, had been stationed at Lukungu to secure porters for both routes, and to conduct the transport generally. His work was beset with peculiar difficulties, for he had to compete not

only with the government and trading companies, but with other older and better organized missions, who would, however, lend an occasional helping hand, and by whose grace a desultory transport was effected. The extent to which our missionaries suffered at Luebo from this slow transportation may be seen when it is stated that flour had once to be bought for the missionaries at fifteen cents a pound; the very necessities of life were almost denied them, as well as that there was a shortness of barter goods to purchase such supplies as were sold by the natives. Once they were without mail for nine months.

Just at the time of our arrival, the Congo Railway had been opened for the first time to public traffic for a section of forty miles on the way to Stanley Pool. In five months' time it would have a half-way station established at a place called Tumba, so that goods could be shipped there instead of being carried over the terrible route from Matadi to Lukungu. For this reason it would soon be advisable to transfer our station from Lukungu to Tumba, until the final completion of the railway two years hence. It had long been the natural desire of Mr. Hawkins to go to Luebo, which had been his original destination, and where he would have full opportunity to do what was uppermost on his mind—preach the Gospel, and exercise the spiritual gifts of which he was so eminently possessed. It was, moreover, a relatively unhealthy climate in the lower Congo and it appeared likely that Mr. Hawkin's health would improve and his ability to stay longer increase, should he go on to the needy field at Luebo.

Our plans then crystallized as follows: Mr. Hawkins was to effect the removal of all goods at Lukungu to the Pool, to close up the little station there, and to join me in the

journey to Luebo; Mr. Phipps to have charge of the new transport station at Tumba, until a regular worker sent out from America could assume full control of all our lower Congo interests. These plans I duly sent to headquarters in Nashville for approval, and then sought to get all the cargoes and property of the mission centered at the railway terminus, while every effort was being made to secure men to carry necessaries to the Pool from that point. While all this arrangement and consultation was going on, Mr. Phipps and I were engaged in the very trying task of assorting the cargo according to its desirability, opening and packing boxes for reshipment, and in making arrangements for the transfer of our whole system of transportation to the railway. This involved trips in the hot sun to Matadi, and considerable exposure to the malarial winds from the river, most potent causes of fever.

Soon I had my first case of the dreaded African fever to deal with. Mr. Strandman, our host, was an extremely busy man, being vested with the affairs of the International Missionary Alliance at this place, besides those of our mission and his own, the Swedish. He ran a large printing establishment, where a number of black youth were acting as his assistants, and he kept religious services daily, besides attending to all the domestic duties of his household. When we came, we had to assume a share in these duties, and so we took turns at the kitchen. One evening Mr. Phipps complained of a fearful headache, and it was soon evident, from his pulse and the clinical thermometer, that he had a chill, which developed into a regular case of the fever. He went to bed and was covered with all available blankets, and given a dose of jalap and calomel, according to the directions in a pamphlet by Dr. Aaron Sims, a missionary

physician resident at the Pool. The tremendous perspiration which ensued reduced the temperature, and a dose of fifteen grains of quinine was administered, so that in a day the fever departed, and he was up again.

This was my first experience as doctor and nurse, though by no means the last. One day a stranger came to the little station across the rocky hills from Matadi, a young man about twenty-four years old, who proved to be a Danish sailor, a runaway from one of the steamers. He was in a raging fever. He had no money, no friends, no house, no acquaintances even. Mr. Strandman consented to board and feed him, while I should nurse him. It was evidently a life and death case. For two weeks we fought the fever, until the climax came, and he began to recover. He got well, and a place as steward on a steamer was secured for him, so that he began his voyage to Europe, with many expressions, in his broken English, of gratitude and appreciation.

The Dane had no sooner recovered than Mr. Strandman went to bed with a similar case, and I nursed him also. These sicknesses were a serious interruption to work, and in the lower Congo and on the coast are prevalent and virulent. This was an additional reason for our desire to transfer all our headquarters in this region to Tumba, which was situated upon the ridge of the mountains crossed by the railway, and hence comparatively healthful. It was out of the immediate valley of the Congo, whose course is very crooked, so that the railway makes a wide detour from the river in its line to the Pool.

When Mr. Phipps fully recovered, it seemed best for him to go at once away from the unhealthy Matadi, so he made his home at the temporary terminus of the railway, Lufu,

about fifty miles above Matadi, where he received all the cargo for Luebo and attended to its further shipment, and I went daily to the railway to forward it. The little vans of the narrow-gauge Congo Railway were crowded with the cargo by which the whole of a territory about as large as the Mississippi Valley was supplied, so the demand was heavy, and every chance had to be watched to get anything through. As it was, several man-loads were gotten through in this way in a few months, and in the fall this hard work told by the complete relief of Luebo. Greatly as it was to be regretted that so much time had to be spent in this unsatisfactory work, still it was such as had to be done, and our arrival at this juncture providentially put it upon us. I wished to arrange all our affairs in that region in such a way as to effect the final and complete establishment of our business there upon such a basis as to ensure a minimum of such troubles as our mission had suffered from in the past. Once thoroughly established, our transportation service need give the laborers in the interior no more concern. I shall not dwell further upon this part of our life in Africa, for it was full of petty and uninteresting details, ending in the settlement of Mr. Phipps at Tumba, where he was to stay until the church should send out some one to take special charge of such affairs. The welcome news reached us that such a helper had been secured in Mr. J. S. Crowley, late a divinity student in the Southern Presbyterian University at Clarksville, Tennessee, and that he, in company with another missionary for the interior, Rev. W. M. Morrison, a graduate of Washington and Lee University, and of Louisville Theological Seminary, were coming to our assistance in the next fall.

Just as I was ready to leave for Stanley Pool to catch the

steamer for Luebo, word came that Dr. and Mrs. Snyder had arrived by the steamboat of the Dutch Trading Company, Mrs. Snyder in a dying condition, and that since she had died at Leopoldville from hæmaturic fever. The steamer on which they had been obliged to come down the river had been small, slow, crowded and malodorous, and this dreadful calamity came perhaps partly as the result of her sufferings on it. The need was emphasized of a steamer for our mission, following the precedent of other missions which operated their own boats, and this blow to the heroic and consecrated missionary, as well as to the little band of converts and laborers at Luebo, called for a fresh exercise of faith and energy and courage. Mrs. Snyder, at an age when few would have undertaken new ventures, had gone far out into these wilds, where she and her husband had been often alone with the natives, and the devotion, as well as the zeal and persistent fidelity, which she showed, had been crowned with a harvest of many souls. Her life was not in vain, and generations yet unborn shall rise up to call her blessed.

Soon after I saw Dr. Snyder, and had a brief consultation with him about affairs of common interest, when he departed for America, and I for his post. Of the steadfast Dutch stock of New York State, Dr. Snyder had lived a good while in Florida before devoting his life to Africa. The son of a Presbyterian minister, he was a druggist by profession, and combined with a bright and cheerful temperament a quick and lively perception, a turn for the practical, a taste for scientific pursuits of no mean order, and an earnest spiritual life. He has done great good in Africa.

When everything had been finally arranged, our property all concentrated on the line of the railway, and full agree-

ments made concerning the future conduct of our transport service, I was carried in a boat to the little railway station in Matadi, and boarded the car for Tumba, beginning now the thousand-mile journey into the interior. Imagine yourself on the small and partly level ledge of sandstone which juts out from the towering hills into the great Congo, just below which the first set of impassable rapids burst headlong from the mountain gorge, one hundred and twenty miles from the sea. This ledge is perhaps forty acres large, and on it the town of Matadi is built; long, low buildings, some of galvanized iron, a few of wood, fewer still of brick and stone, are scattered over the area. A little stream passes through a defile on the lower side of the town, and back of this rise the cliffs. Mountains, river, rocks and sun, all combine to write an indelible impression upon the mind. For the mountains rise sheer a thousand feet above the roaring flood: their sides gleam with the reflection from bare rocks and stunted grass: their silent heads stand sentinel-like over the passes to the interior, as if bidding grim defiance to the entrance of mankind. The river, sounded for six hundred fathoms and no bottom touched, is pent up by the confines of these hills to the width of barely a mile, and hurries in a mad race past the Devil's Cauldron, on to wider reaches near the sea. Rocks imbibe the heat by day, and give it forth by night, and the sleeper wakes in the morning in a profuse perspiration. The sun blazes and burns, hurling down on this valley a mass of heat which nothing but never-failing evening storms abate. This storm is at a perpetual war with the rocks and hills; in fury, the like of it is rare on earth. It comes from seaward, and gathers itself into a funnel shape as the gorge compresses it, until every loose thing flies before it, and no man dares

venture forth till it has hurled itself further up amongst the remoter cataracts of the inland hills.

The town of Matadi consists mainly of temporary store-houses, a machine shop for the railway, the headquarters of the local government, and the great Catholic mission. The most striking of all its features is a representation in wood of the Crucifixion, a group of statuary upon which the wondering natives gaze and pass endless comments and questions. The Catholic Church has placed this great cross boldly in sight of all the steamers as they come to the quay to unload. May that cross be no mere image, but a glorious symbol of an undying Gospel, by which all that vast land within shall be made happy, free and prosperous in God's good time.

CHAPTER V.

The Wonderful Congo Railway.

OF all agencies in bringing about that state of high development and complex social life which we call civilization, few are more potent than quick communication between individuals and communities. The lands about the Mediterranean were civilized early because that great sea afforded a natural highway for rapid transportation. But among all the marvels of modern invention, the annihilation of space and time by steam and electricity, and the close contact thus afforded to peoples living on the large land masses is certainly foremost. The railroad and the telegraph are revolutionizing the world far more effectually than ever the French Revolution and Bonaparte changed Europe.

The opportunities for railway construction in Africa are unique and splendid. The continent ranks next to Asia in size, its natural wealth is enormous, and no corrupt and moribund governments exist to impede or prohibit such undertakings.

The last fifteen years have witnessed the awakening of the industrial world to these great possibilities in Africa. Among the first railway lines in Africa was the one from St. Paul de Loanda on the west coast to the rich hinterland eastward. Then some lines were built from Cape Town northward to the gold and diamond fields in and near the

Transvaal, while one from Delagoa Bay to the same territory was soon built. Mr. Cecil Rhodes planned for the extension of these South African lines on through the whole continent, five thousand miles, to Cairo in Egypt. The British and Egyptian governments built a military line from lower Egypt to Khartoum, in order to facilitate their operations against the murderers of "Chinese Gordon." Then the British also built a line from Mombassa to Lake Victoria, and one in Sierra Leone to the hinterland of that colony. The Belgians undertook to follow Henry M. Stanley's advice by building a line to connect the upper and lower navigation of the Congo. The French built lines in Tunis, in Senegal, in Loango, and projected one across the Sahara. So the outlines of railway construction have been mapped out in a general way; it remains to execute these plans.

Some experience in the service of the Southern Railway in America had fitted me to enjoy the study of the railway problems presented in the construction and equipment of the *Chemin de Fer du Congo*, and the work in which I was to engage now brought me into close relations with the officials of that great engineering enterprise.

This railroad became a necessity to the work of transporting supplies for the use of the white men in the interior, as well as the goods to be used in trade, and the parts of the steamboats being built upon the upper Congo River. When Stanley came down the great stream, he found that a series of tremendous cataracts began at a point about four hundred miles from the sea, where the river left its calm upper course and wound through and over the range of the *Crystal Mountains*, which occupy a belt of country about two hundred and fifty miles wide, parallel to the sea coast.

In getting across these mountains, the river falls a great deal, and vast cataracts result, making navigation impossible. It will be remembered that the only remaining white companion of Stanley was drowned in one of these cataracts. The fall of the Congo aggregates a thousand feet in the course of the river across the Chrystal Mountains, and the tortuous course of the channel makes even canoe navigation impossible for these mountainous parts of the stream.

The hand of God seems to have built these rocky ramparts in order to keep the foreigner out of Africa until the right time, when the iron roadway and the iron horse should come to conquer them. Certain it is that many a ship had ventured up the Congo's lower current, the crew all in amazement at its tremendous size, until the impassible rapids so near the coast turned it back, and the interior remained unknown as before. To venture afoot through these bare stony hills, under a raging tropical sun, with bloodthirsty savages hidden in the valleys and lurking in ambush behind the rocks, was too much of an undertaking even for the hardest explorer in the early days. Hence it remained for the intrepid Stanley to discover the comparative shortness of this antagonistic territory, by coming down the Congo from the east, following the course of empire once again.

When the association which was laboring for the development of these regions found that the interior was so much more fertile and inviting, the utility of a railway across these mountains, connecting the lower ocean end of the free rivers with the thousands of navigable miles above the Falls, was apparent. Such a railway would accomplish steam navigation from London or Antwerp to the very heart of the dark continent.

In order clearly to grasp the geography of the situation, let the American reader imagine the whole flood of the Mississippi to be deflected through the Alleghany mountains by way of Tennessee and North Carolina, finding its way into the Atlantic at Charleston. There would then be free navigation from Charleston to the foot of the mountains at Charlotte, but from that point to middle Tennessee there would be immense shoals and cataracts. A railway through the mountains, parallel with the river would then be necessary. This is the case with the Congo. The largest African trading steamers can easily go up from Banana, at the mouth of the river, to Matadi, where the shoals begin. From Matadi up to the widening of the Congo above the Falls called Stanley Pool is, therefore, the distance to be traversed by this railway, about two hundred and fifty miles.

For about ten years before the beginning of the construction of the road, and continuing until it was completed, the rush to the central regions by traders, adventurers, representatives of European governments, scientists and missionaries was so great as to lead to the establishment of a system of human portorage, using the African natives as the means of transportation into the interior. The railway aimed to emancipate these biped mules, and truly every foot which the road advanced toward Stanley Pool, or Kintamo, as the Congolese called it, was blessed by these afflicted beings whose feet had trodden those stony hills until their hearts were as sore as their soles.

The route which the road must follow was one of the roughest, hardest, most devious ever surveyed by an engineer. It lay diametrically across the mountains. The prevailing stone was heavy compact sandstone and granite.

High mountain passes must be reached, and the gradation demanded a spiral course around the hills, making many horseshoe curves, loops and deep cuts. Tunnelling was too costly, the stone being too hard and frequent, besides the alleged fact that the sudden chill in so hot a climate would be dangerous to health.

The engineering difficulties may be imagined when it is understood that from Matadi to the highest point on the Chrystal range crossed by the railway there was a total rise of fifteen hundred feet in altitude, necessitating many curves and steep grades. The ties had to be of iron, because the insects would eat up the wooden sleepers. Many deep and swift streams must be crossed, with steep valleys. For two hundred miles the line had to run through and over broken and irregular mountains, presenting a topography as puzzling as any ever contemplated by an engineer.

My railroad experience stood me in good stead here. I made friends with the railway men by showing a knowledge of the mechanical details of the line, and the rolling stock, and my map made to obtain the concession for land at Tumba from Monsieur Goffin was pronounced accurate and complete. Once a freight car broke down on the line and blocked the trains: the conductor was about in despair, when I called for some tools and some negroes, and in a few moments the brakes were repaired and the block relieved. I succeeded in loading and chaining up a car in such a way as to receive the hearty commendation of the yard-master at Matadi; and I once induced the engineer, Monsieur Goffin, to allow me to ride on the engines along the advance line to Tumba, by showing him my familiarity with the locomotive.

I ought not to neglect to mention the name of the promoter of this enterprise in Belgium, the ind-fatigable direc-

tor, Major Albert Thys. This gentleman kept the European end of the business moving, and made periodical visits to the scene of construction. There were also two sub-officials of the railway to whom I owe my cordial acknowledgments, Messrs. Biermans and Lechantin. They made "The American" feel a debt of kindness he shall always carry.

The difficulties in the way had not daunted the stout-hearted Belgians, ever a clever people at mechanical and engineering undertakings. Their brilliant civil engineers had reported the construction feasible, notwithstanding the obstacles. A company had been formed in Belgium for building the road; the initial capital being at five million dollars, and the Belgian government encouraging the enterprise by taking stock to the extent of two million dollars. Some of the stock was taken in London, and be it said to the honor and credit of the management of this concern, the financiering was solid and honest, nor had any "promoting" or speculation been allowed. A machine shop was built, under galvanized iron roofing, at Matadi, and in 1890 the work of construction was well under way. So well have the projectors of this railway been rewarded for their faith and daring that the stock of the railway, at a par value of 100, stands now, ten years since the beginning of the construction, at over 4000 on the Bourse of Brussels, and the profits of the original investors have been enormous. The railway has practically a monopoly of all the transportation for the whole immense Congo Valley.

The principal officers and overseers in the work were white men, Belgians, Dutch, and some Italians. The laborers were Africans, Congolese, Sierra Leoneese, Kroo-boys, Senegalese, and a few Liberians. The method pur-

sued was scientific and practical. The corps of construction was divided into three sections: the surveyors, the makers of the road-bed and the track-layers. In the course of my work in establishing our new line of transportation, and in securing the use of the railway for the distance it had already been opened to the public, I saw into the details of the work in every department. I had the pleasure of meeting three of the chief engineers of construction, Messieurs Goffin, Espanet and Adam; all of these gentlemen were very courteous to me, and they were men of marked ability in their profession.

The surveying division consisted of the engineer in charge of the section, with a few sub-officers who marked the line selected, and oversaw the clearing away of bushes, grass, trees, and such superficial obstacles as had to be removed. This engineer visited the high points of the mountains with his instruments; tracked up water courses, and followed native trails. His maps were the basis of subsequent operations. Following him came subordinate engineers who indicated to the bosses the grades to be cut or built up, and the minor details of the work. Then came the joyous track-layers, followed by the conquering locomotive. There were over five thousand men employed on the work when I passed through, and their camps presented a veritable babel without the tower. Every nationality, language, religion and color were mingled there, all bent on showing those adamantine hills that God made man to subdue and rule the world. The white men lived in ingeniously contrived houses, built of sections of a material made of compressed paper, sized and waterproofed. Each house was about the size of a single room of twelve by twelve feet, and it was usually crowded with the ordinary necessa-

ries of living, together with various tools and instruments. The negroes lived in tents or huts made of straw and sticks.

The food question was a serious one. As the enormous portorage crowded the same general territory occupied by the railway laborers, the produce of this sterile and barren land could not support a fractional part of the population. The shipment of food supplies down the Congo from the interior had never yet reached sufficient proportions to affect the situation. Hence large quantities of rice, tinned meats and dried fish were imported to meet the demand. Quite a good deal of Armour's beef in this way reached the Congo and aided in the battle with the stony hills. A good deal of wine and spirits was consumed, but I was delighted to see so little drunkenness on the line of the railway. Indeed the order and discipline maintained were most excellent. The cosmopolitan character of the force sometimes produced friction, but on the whole the tremendous undertaking progressed with comparative little trouble.

The track was a narrow gauge, and the gradients were rather steeper than in most American railways. Water was stored in tanks at various streams, and I noted with interest on a large sign on a windmill, used for pumping the water at one place, the statement that the mill was built in Chicago, U. S. A. The existence of the mill there was surely an advertisement for that "hustling" city. The cars, both passenger and freight, were of about the size of an American street car, and there were not more than five or six on one train. A telegraph and telephone line was built on ahead of the railway, and this great convenience was truly of inestimable value in the general work of the road, besides its service in other ways.

The day I boarded the train for the interior, I was borne,

in company with some Belgian officers and traders, rapidly out of the yards at Matadi, upon the track built by the side of the mountain, past the commercial establishments of the "S. A. B.", the Portuguese and French trading companies, around the American Baptist Mission compound, until the train ran upon a shelf just over the mighty Congo's flood, two hundred feet beneath. This most eerie and dangerous portion of the track continues for about a mile along this terrible precipice, until we breathe more freely when it turns up the little Mpozo river, and the Congo, seen for the last time for a month, is left issuing from his chasms and gorges, guarded by immense silent rocky hills, one of the grandest and wildest scenes on earth.

All day long the engine puffs and labors, and we pass mountain after mountain, or cross some rushing torrent, or glide through little narrow valleys, and the eye cannot tire of the changing scenery, the fresh new grandeur of unbroken nature. One of the most wonderful freaks of geology, striking and bizarre, is seen on the left as we draw near the ascent of Pallaballa mountain. Across the sombre background of the dark sandstone which covers the wide mountain side, two lines of white rock, presumably limestone, quartz, or marble, cross each other, and the longer being the perpendicular one, the effect is a great white cross standing out in bold relief against the summit. There it has stood for ages; but now it looks down on a host marching on to establish in the realms of darkness and death the religion it symbolizes, to give to the land it overshadows light, and life, and liberty.

There were a few small stations along the line, but these were nothing more than the homes of the employees. There was nothing in the country between Matadi and Tumba to

justify any extensive town-building then. We reached Tumba in the evening, and I found Mr. Phipps waiting for me, while we rejoiced at the end of our most trying labors. Alluding to some of our special difficulties, Mr. Phipps exclaimed, "Be of good courage, Mr. Verner; 'one shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight!'"

Our next few days were busy ones, getting ready for the march of over a hundred and thirty miles to Stanley Pool. I had to be content with only a dozen boys for carriers, and I had to go every bit of the way on foot. The life in the lower and unhealthy Congo had given me several fevers, and I was glad to get away from Matadi and that deadly region. Among the boys who volunteered to accompany me to the Pool was a bright yellow lad of eighteen years, and an unusually—even unhealthfully precocious—intelligent face. This boy was Bundu, whom Mr. Phipps had found suffering from grievous sores at Lufu, and had employed and medicated him. Bundu earnestly insisted on going with me to the Kasai, and obtained Mr. Phipps' consent. He had one of the most pleasant faces I had ever seen in any one of his race—it was even spiritual. He was a professing Christian, a Baptist, a good cook, spoke French, English and Portuguese, was a splendid shot, and became as faithful and noble a friend and companion as any white man ever had. I have owed my life many times to Bundu, and most of all I did in the subsequent months was with his industrious and unselfish assistance.

I wish there was time to describe in detail the events of the march to Stanley Pool. I selected the comparatively little followed route which was to be used by the railway, the locomotive having just reached Tumba, and the final survey of the rest of the line to Stanley Pool being then in

progress. We marched as rapidly as possible, and I found the exercise pleasant, and the experience exhilarating. There were native towns along the way at which we could buy some food, and this part of the country was not nearly so barren and depopulated as the lower part of the country had been. I carried a small brass trumpet with me, with which I signalled to the little band of followers, as they struggled on after me along the pathway. I was generally in the lead, with Bundu close behind.

Bundu gave me a pathetic account of his personal history, as we marched along, which I have reproduced in the broken English which he used:

"W'en me vely small boy, me live for bush far away, behind San Salvador, in country of Portuguesa. My fader come sick, bymeby he die; den my mudder die too, nobody lef' but me and my sister. Bymeby my sister go mally man. Den my sister's man come vely bad. W'en me go sit down for fire, he say, 'go way, boy, me no want you heah'. Bymeby plenty sores come for my body, cause me get so little to eat. Den my sister's man say, 'Boy, you leave dis town; you make me sick too.' Me go for bush, me cly plenty. Den my heart say 'what's de matter you not go for de place of de white man of God?' Me hear some man say de white man of God live for San Salvador, and he give small boy work and chop. Me lef' de bush and bymeby me come for San Salvador. Mr. Lewis, he live dere for Baptist Mission. He give me work for put water on garden. Bymeby me come plenty strong. Me sabbe read book. Me go for school for mission. Den Mr. Lewis send me to live at Tunduwa (Underhill Station of the Baptist Missionary Society). Me stop for Tunduwa till white man go for England. Den me work for S. A. B. man

for Matadi. Me learn talk French and cook. Bymeby me finish for S. A. B.; den me go work small time for government man. Bymeby me go for Kintamo, an work for Dr. Sims. Den me say me want take palaver for God. Dr. Sims, he say all light; den me go down for Congo water, and Dr. Sims baptize me. Bymeby me want go back and look my country for San Salvador. Me finish dere, me come back for chemin de fer for find work. Me get sick. Bymeby me find Mr. Phipps plenty good. Me come wid him for Tumba. Now me fit to go for Kasai wid you, for tell my people in far away the palaver of God."

In the course of our journey, we crossed the Inkissi River in a canoe, and found a flourishing Roman Catholic Mission on the top of the hill across the river, which was called Kinsantu. This was an establishment fully in accord with the traditions and policy of that church. There were large substantial buildings of red brick, fine fields and gardens in cultivation, schools and industrial training classes, and an immense concourse of adherent natives. The Pere Superior saw me passing and invited me to a seat on his verandah, pressing me to partake of the refreshments which were placed upon the table. He and the other missionaries were very cordial to the Protestant missionary.

One night on the road was spent with an old gentleman of the Danish nationality, a Mr. Frederickson, who conducted a small mission for the American Baptists at a place called Kifwa. I was entertained by his reminiscences of his life in Africa, and of the early difficulties under which his missionary efforts were conducted. He was engaged in making brick, besides conducting a school and building up the station generally.

The last day of our march was enlivened by running the

gauntlet of a fire on the plains, as the dry season was now at its height, and the tall grass burned quite freely. The evergreen forests received us into their safe shelter, after escaping the hungry flames, and we were soon rejoiced by the sight, from a high hill, of the waters of Stanley Pool, radiant under the bright sunshine. It was a hard day's march which took us to the broad avenue which marks the commencement of the city of Leopoldville, the seat of government on the Pool. The evening breezes blew up from the water, the roar of the cataracts fell upon the ear, the subdued noises of the populace told of the end of our journey.

We passed up a street bordered with plantains, through yards thickly planted in fruit trees, to a low one-story brick building, from whose partially enclosed verandah a light was streaming; a gentleman of very striking appearance, tall, with clear cut features, and a most intellectual countenance was sitting upon the verandah. I went up to him with the query: "Dr. Sims, I presume?" He greeted me kindly, and had a supper placed upon the table at once, assuring me of a cordial welcome, and the worst part of my African life and experiences came to an end. The mighty waters which washed the beach at distant Luebo rolled at our feet; the real life I had longed for was about to begin; and soon with the tumbling waters of Livingstone Falls singing a slumber song, I was in a comfortable bed, and enjoying a rest from the weeks' unbroken marching.

CHAPTER VI.

Stanley Pool.

IMAGINE the whole mass of the Congo's flood suddenly arrested in its westward course by the great bank of granite and sandstone composing the hills of the Chrystal Mountains; the waters whirling into a tremendous eddy just before they make the first break over the rocks, and begin their course of two hundred miles through the mountains in a succession of what are known as the Livingstone Cataracts.

The widening out of the river on the eastern side of these mountains makes a large pool about the size of Lake George, which was made famous by Stanley when he arrived there after his celebrated descent of the Congo; and in honor of its discoverer it has been called Stanley Pool. At the point where the waters of the river leave the Pool on the southern side immediately overlooking the cataracts is an immense hill called Leopold Hill for the King of Belgium. From its summit one may obtain the best view of the entire surrounding country. Looking up the river toward the east, the yellow waters of the Pool may be seen stretching far away until lost amid the dimly outlined cliffs of white clay which mark the upper entry of the river. On the left and north are seen the rolling headlands of Congo-Francais, territory belonging to France. Southward is a level stretch of land formerly submerged in the previous geological age, and now

being fast converted into a vast coffee plantation, interspersed with villages and regularly laid off streets, with the railroad running at the base of the hills for the entire southern boundary of the Pool.

To the west rise the summits of the Chrystal Mountains, the highest points reaching about four thousand feet in altitude. The range extends along the entire west coast of Africa, and is about four thousand miles long.

Fifteen years ago when civilization first began its work on the shores of this Pool, where the eye of the prophet could mark the basis of a mighty emporium of trade, there was nothing there save a few huts of the last stand of the West Congo slave traders; no means of communication with the outside world save by the jealous and suspicious natives; and no sign at all of the great march of Christian effort. Now there are two towns on the southern, and one on the northern bank, the two former known as Leopoldville and Kinshassa, and the latter Brazzaville, is the site of the Catholic Mission and of the French Colonial Government. Leopoldville is situated within a mile of the cataracts, whose roar is in the ears of the inhabitants night and day; there being a small bay under Leopold Hill, where the boats and steamers land, and where a busy dock upon which steamers are being constantly built and repaired has been made. The railroad terminus is on the edge of this bay, and the town rises from the water to the top of the incline above the Pool. A number of well-built brick houses adorn the slope for the use of government officials, commercial agents, and the Roman Catholic Church. There is a statue of King Leopold in the centre of a square, and avenues lined with fruit and shade trees divide the embryonic city into regular parts.

The shore of the Pool south of the steamer landings at

Leopoldville is occupied by the principal Protestant Mission, founded and maintained by the famous Dr. Aaron Sims, at first under the auspices of the English Livingstone Inland Missions, then of the American Baptist Missionary Union, and later under the American Presbyterians. The grounds of this mission are beautifully laid off, sloping from the water's edge up to the railway, divided into broad avenues and lanes, planted in mangos, bananas, plantains, and many tropical plants and vegetables, the evidence of Dr. Sims' botanical researches and experiments. The grounds are dotted with houses. The church, whose construction was assisted by the liberality of Mr. Greshoff, the noted chief of the Dutch house across the Pool, is in the English Abbey style, of brick, with a seating capacity of about four hundred. Inside are charts and pictures upon the walls, and ample church and school furniture. The building is also used for a school. Then there are two brick dwelling houses, of three rooms each, very strongly and comfortably built. Besides these, there are two wooden buildings suitable for the residences of white people, and a brick office building, as well as an amply equipped brick pharmacy, and a few outhouses, with the simple dwellings of the natives, complete the list of the buildings.

This mission compound has been a famous place, the centre of the mission business operations as well as a gathering place for the laborers, for a longer time than any in the upper Congo. It owes its fame principally to the character and labors of Dr. Sims.

The personality of this interesting gentleman is so unique that a special notice is due him. He was a pioneer missionary whom Stanley knew, and who was contemporaneous with the earliest settlers upon the upper river. Born of

English country parentage, and blessed with a Hebrew name, as well as a large share of the appearance, and abilities of that great race, he showed many of its traits as well as suffered some of its universal persecutions. Dr. Sims' intellectual force was unusual, his attainments wide and varied. His industry was proverbial. He was an accomplished physician, a skilled botanist and gardener, a versatile and thorough linguist, and a most extraordinary manager of practical business affairs. At one time he represented the transport and business affairs of four different missions, besides being a physician to the government, a contractor for brick houses for the commercial companies, requiring extensive brick yards and kilns, and conducting his mission work all the time. Dr. Sims was eminently utilitarian in his views of mission work and methods, and his conversation was interesting and full of a most impressive erudition. He knew almost every white man in the Congo, and was the best informed of all the missionaries I have known. His experience covered nearly twenty years, and he saw the wild country which he found, become as civilized as many parts of Mississippi. Not a little of all the progress of that region was due to his efforts.

The town of Leopoldville consists principally of the offices, stores and residences of the government of the Congo Free State, beside the commercial companies, and the extensive quarters of the native laborers and troops. The principal building midway upon the slope above the landing is that of the Commissaire du District, the officers charged with the administration of the affairs of the District of Stanley Pool, which is perhaps as large as Belgium in extent, and his office is probably the most burdensome and important of any under the Governor-General. On either side of the

principal avenue are the houses of the other officials, offices and residences, mainly of brick, the postoffice, the very large and heavily-cumbered warehouses, where the goods and cargoes await shipment to the interior, and the products of the country await transportation to the coast by rail.

Down on the water's edge is found the railway terminus, ticket office, temporary dock and military fortification. Here the steamers are brought to harbor in a cove just above the great cataracts whose roar is always ominously in the ear, and whose warning voice is the first which speaks to the new captain who essays the perils of the great waterway to the distant stations above. Here there is always a busy scene. New steamers are in process of construction; old ones are being repaired; the machine shops give forth their busy hum; expert mechanics and machinists from Europe hurry to and fro, the sound of hammer, saw and steam drill are all around; native troops, uniformed in blue short pants and shirts with the red cap, are on duty like grim reminders of Pharaoh's ancient statues.

Perhaps a steamer is just arriving from the distant station at Stanley Falls. Her loud whistle wakes the echoes of the hills around, and soon a rush to the beach ensues. The pale captain, quiet, and with tense nerves, stands at the wheel, and watchfully passes other craft, avoids the gathering rush of waters towards the rocks below, and brings his boat to shore. A whirlwind of questions meet him on all sides.

"*Bonjour, M. le Capitaine,*" from everybody. The steamer captain is a kind of king of the river here. He is indispensable, and his authority practically absolute while aboard. But now he must report to the naval authorities

ashore. Very little of what is going on in the interior escapes him. The mails are delivered, and they are usually large and destined for all parts of Christendom. The State is already within the Postal Union, and the mail service is generally quite efficient and astonishingly regular, all things considered.

Then the cargo must be unloaded. A large squad of natives is ready to carry it to the warehouses. There is principally rubber, copper, canwood, ivory, peanuts and fresh bands of laborers and soldiers. A Babel ensues. A sick man may descend, pale, weak, worn-out, to be greeted by the physician of the government and carried to a house where he receives considerate attention. Very little time is wasted, for as soon as the steamer is examined, loaded, the mails and passengers aboard, they start back on their constant voyage. There is now a large fleet of these steamers upon the river, whose number is increasing. They vary from twenty to two hundred tons capacity, and from eighteen inches to three feet in draft. The crew is usually made up of a captain, a mate and an engineer—all Europeans, with about two dozen blacks to gather wood and handle cargoes. The number of passengers on the average boat of fifty tons is four, but the large steamers can now accommodate a score with comfort. The steamers are built in sections in Belgium and England, carried by sea and rail to the Pool, and there reconstructed for service. A good steamer ought to stand service for thirty years or more. A few have gone down owing to bad pilotage or unforeseen difficulties, but the voyages are surprisingly safe, and wrecks with loss of life are rare. The travel is as safe as that upon the Mississippi, and the voyage intensely interesting.

A study of the topography of the Congo shows that the towns on Stanley Pool are to be the centres of commerce for the entire valley, a region nearly as large as the valley of the Mississippi. The fact that the river with its ten thousand miles of navigable water-way will be for many years the exclusive highway of travel into Central Africa, and that all its traffic must converge at Stanley Pool, points to the growth of one of the greatest African cities there. It is already the site of the operations of France and Belgium; of over a dozen large trading companies, representing Belgium, France, Holland, Portugal and England, and the principal seat of activity of eight missionary bodies, so that the town on its shores was aptly named in honor of the King of Belgium, whose keen intelligence foresaw and provided for its vast importance.

The principal agricultural product to be grown in this locality is coffee, of which there are numerous plantations in cultivation under the auspices of the government, whose aim everywhere is to foster agriculture. Besides this, the usual tropical fruits, vegetables and produce may be grown, and cotton and maize will no doubt, along with rice, form the staples for the country.

The labor is supplied by the natives of the district who are called Bateke, some of whom have become partially civilized; besides numbers of the more intelligent and tractable natives from all parts of the Congo, who are brought together in response to the demand for labor. Thus the Pool is the meeting ground for many tribes and languages, some coming from the remote interior. This labor has proven wonderfully effective; on the whole, it is perhaps more satisfactory than the average black labor in the Southern States of America, as the natural intelligence of these

Central African natives is above that of their uneducated kinsmen across the Atlantic. They learn the manual arts and industries quite readily, and there are skilled artisans where a decade ago there were only cannibals and utterly uncivilized savages. As the natives live on the produce of the country entirely, and need only cheap shelter, the price of labor is low, and most industrial enterprises can be conducted on a very cheap basis after the installation has once been made.

It is a fixed policy of the government to encourage permanent colonization, and in this district agriculture ought to be a profitable occupation, to supply the needs of the large and growing population. The lumber business also would be profitable. Food supplies are so largely brought from Europe, the cost of transportation for such a distance being high, that all industries for maintaining the self-support of the colony will pay and should be encouraged.

There are so many commercial companies with places of business at the Pool that discrimination would be difficult. The two oldest and largest, however, are the "Societe Anonyme Belge", familiarly known as the "S. A. B." and the Dutch House, or "Nieuwe Africaanishhe Handels Venootskap," to give that old and respectable mercantile association its latest and full name. Most of them aim at any business which may prove profitable, but rubber and ivory at present are the chief articles sought, although coffee plantations are being rapidly planted everywhere.

The effects of missionary efforts among the natives at Stanley Pool is seen more in the civilization and industrial adaptation of the natives than in any marked spiritual and religious fervor. This arises from the commercial and business character of the settlement, and from the compara-

tively long settled establishment of Christianity in the region. The natives have assumed very largely the manners of civilized communities, and the early enthusiasm which so often prevails for the first few years has worn off. Nevertheless, it is true that so great an advance on all lines has been made at Stanley Pool that the locality is as free from any danger of insurrection or of native hostilities as any parts of Europe. The European is entirely safe from such dangers here.

The fact that the residences were all built so near the water, where a fog, dense and damp, prevails for a large part of the year, accounts for the ill repute the Pool enjoys on the score of health. There is no reason at all why homes built back a mile from the beach amid coves in the hills should not be healthful to a high degree, as the heat is moderate, and the prevailing winds could then be avoided. This remark applies to many of the stations on the Congo, where needless suffering has been encountered from just such lack of intelligent foresight on the part of the first settlers.

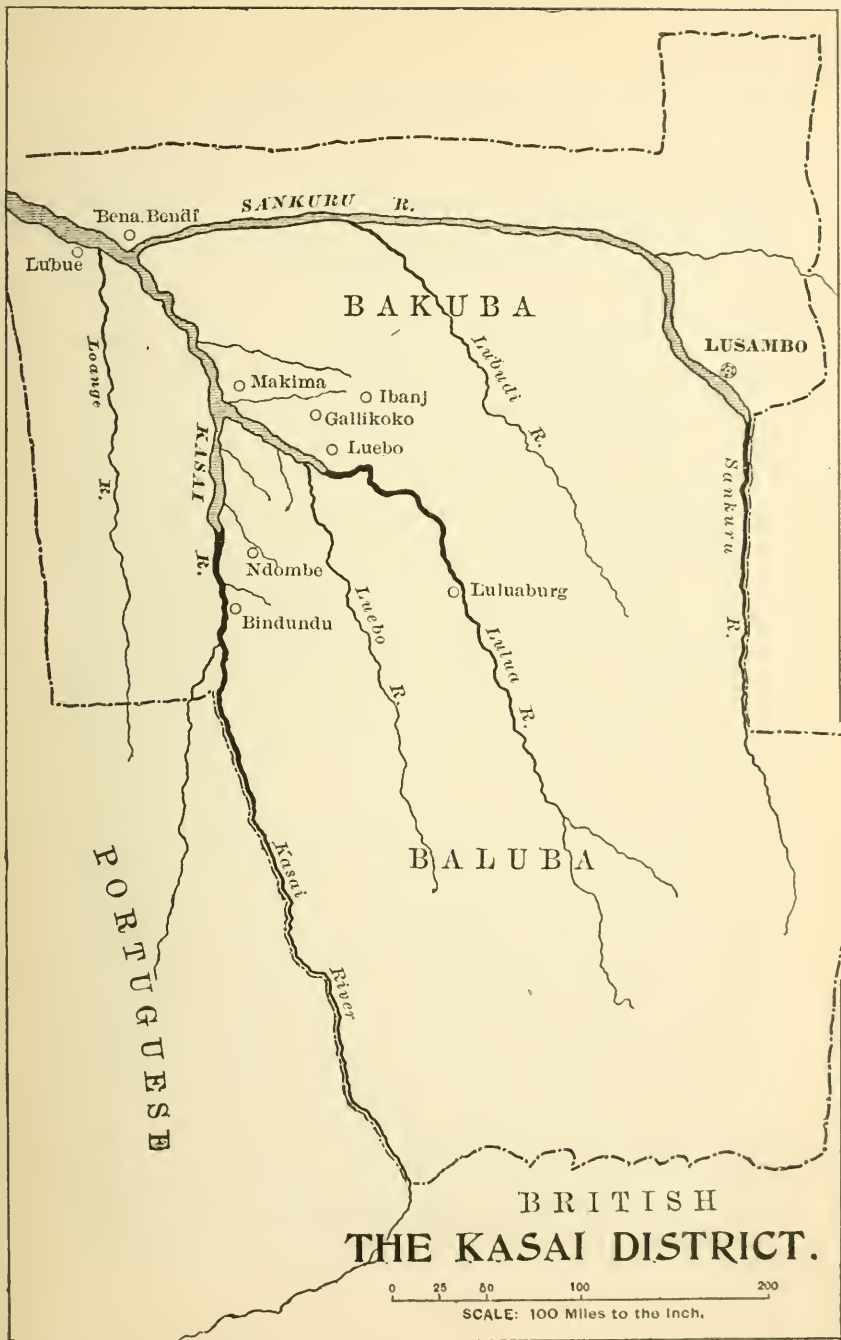
Most of my time at Stanley Pool, while waiting for the steamer, was spent in learning the details of the brick-making industry. I built one kiln under the direction of Dr. Sims, and watched the burning of the brick. After a little over three weeks the long expected steamer, the "Archduchess Stephanie," rounded the point and came into the bay. We were soon engaged in putting our cargo aboard, and with a cordial expression of gratitude to Dr. Sims for his hospitality, I boarded the boat on the appointed day, and we commenced our ascent of the river.

CHAPTER VII.

Steamboating Up the Congo and Kasai.

THE steamer upon which I was now to live for nearly a month was about the size of those which ran in early days on the Mississippi, or of those which still ply the Alabama river. It was about seventy-five feet long, by thirty wide, with a shallow hold, and a lower and an upper deck. The maximum draft was about six feet; the minimum, two and a half. The vessel was propelled by a single paddle-wheel carried at the stern; the two engine boilers being placed toward the front on the lower deck, while pipes conveyed the steam from the boilers to the engines placed near the stern to turn the large steel rods which moved the wheel. The separation of the boilers and engines was for the purpose of equalizing the weight over the lower deck, and thus maintaining a proper balance. The boat was of fifty tons capacity, besides accommodations for the captain, one first officer and six passengers.

The scene on the lower deck of one of these Congo steamers beggars description. A pile of wood is packed up between the boilers and the prow; a couple of half-savage firemen are kept busy throwing logs into the furnaces; a greasy cooking stove is jammed in between the side of one boiler and the deck, the chimney of the stove running into the smoke-stack of the furnaces, while the ever oily chef, with his officious group of assistants, huddle about the



PORTUGUESE

BRITISH
THE KASAI DISTRICT.

0 25 50 100 200
SCALE: 100 Miles to the Inch.

stove, around which pots, pans, dishes and utensils of every kind are hung up, stuck up, and kept out of the water in some mysterious way known only to the African race.

The black crew and native passengers are crowded on the lower deck, and sometimes as many as thirty or forty natives are massed together amidships. They lie, or squat, down, squeezed in like sardines in a tin, with their bundles of clothing and food, and perhaps a goat, pig, monkey or dog, so that movement among them when the vessel is in motion is with much difficulty. Meanwhile they keep up an incessant jabbering, laughing, singing, drumming, and occasional quarreling. Some of them strike their heads upon the heated steam pipes and set up a squall, which they soon learn to repress under the lash of the stern Bangala overseer, a ferocious giant who stands a grim sentinel over the rest, holding a fearful instrument of torture made of a piece of a hippopotamus hide, shaped like a whip, and called a *chicot*, like a policeman's club, ready for business.

The blacks on board are either the crew or passengers. The passengers are usually soldiers being carried from one post to another, or the employees of trading companies, and rarely a native traveling on his own account. Sometimes these colored passengers number as many as a hundred or more, when the crowding and confusion are indescribable. They live by day on the open deck, and when night comes must go ashore and camp. The crews of most of the steamers of the government are drawn from the numerous and powerful Bangala tribe of the upper Congo region, the same which so fiercely attacked Stanley on the occasion of his first descent of the Congo. These Bangala are usually of tremendous bodily strength, capable of

immense resistance, above the average in intelligence, and inured to rough usage. A crew of them consists of about twenty-five, including a number of their wives, who are permitted aboard with them. Their work is the cutting and loading of wood, the discharge and loading of cargo, acting as firemen, cooks and stewards, and very often they are needed to get the steamer off a sandbank. A few of them make excellent pilots, and upon the skill of the Bangala "at the wheel" has the fortune of the Congo Free State's navy not infrequently depended.

The upper deck is about seven feet above the water, and on it are the accommodations for the white men. The officers of the boat are usually a captain, mate and engineer. This steamer carried five passengers besides. The rooms were a captain's room in front, with the open deck space next, the steps leading below following, then a large cabin with two upper and two lower berths, then a dining-room of diminutive dimensions, and finally a cabin on each side behind the dining-room, capable of holding two passengers each. A small open space remained at the rear, and a railing ran round the deck. This whole deck was covered over with a light roof of teak to protect the head from the sun.

Captain Ussing was a Dane, of a good many years' experience on the Congo and its tributaries, and was good tempered and pleasant socially, so that my trip owed much of its pleasure to his companionship. He was a strict disciplinarian, a good sailor and a fine raconteur. I made a thorough study of the question of the needs of our mission for a steamer, as well as of the details of the kind required, the construction and management of it, and the cost involved. There was a growing demand for transportation facilities from all quarters. The traders, the government,

the Catholic Mission, were all increasing, and their needs multiplying faster than the means of transport. Dr. Sims had encountered repeated difficulties in securing space on the boats for our cargoes. We carried the first consignment for our mission in six months, and this was a little over a ton, but we could not get space for more. The charges on this were over ninety dollars a ton. We would certainly need fifteen tons of cargo per year, and this would cost over thirteen hundred dollars per year on the cargo alone. It would, therefore, be good financial management to operate a small steamboat of our own, not costing over fifteen thousand dollars, to say nothing of the better accommodations this boat would mean for us all.

The scenery as we ploughed the current of the Congo was grand and imposing. Towering cliffs of white clay presented a fantastic appearance, where the rains had cut them into tall monolithic columns, or fashioned narrow ravines and isolated mounds. The massive hills, bare and rugged on top, but fringed with borders of dark green forests extending down to the water's edge, seemed to close up the river above us, but ever opened and revealed long vistas still before us as we turned the corners of the winding stream. The Congo was some miles wide here, and many fathoms deep, its turbid waters rushing at a tremendous rate toward the Falls, and no sandbanks could withstand their impetuous violence. A few palms sometimes stood up against the horizon, each so starkly outlined against the sky that they are peculiar types of tropical scenery. Ducks and geese rose from near the shore, or flocks of parrots careened in the golden air and made the stillness resound with their cries.

Nothing broke the even course of our journey as we kept

on our way, turning into the Kasai after two days on the main river. The Kasai is about the size of the Missouri. A landing is made every night, when the blacks camp on shore, some under blankets thrown upon sticks in the ground, some under mats, some under hastily made brush huts. The headman sticks up a row of straight poles into the earth, thus indicating the height and size of each man's wood pile, and the Bangala must fill this ere they are allowed to sleep. The woods resound with their shouts, and the echoes of their busy axes; sometimes a scorpion stings one, or a snake bites another, or the cry of "crocodile" is raised; but all goes on until the wood is provided for the morrow's fires, and then every one is left to morpheus and mosquitoes. But for our nets these insects would make the journey an impossibility.

One day we were approached by a white man in a canoe, who proved to be Commissaire Jacques, of the District of Lake Leopold II, come down the Rufini to take a hippopotamus hunt and to meet the steamer. As it was evening, we soon drew up for the night, and that gentleman shot a hippopotamus on a sand bank. There was a rush of blacks to the spot, and the huge beast was attacked with sharp knives, and soon reduced to bones. The usual wrangling over the meat ensued, but the chicot liberally applied over the shoulders of the crowd reduced it to a semblance of order, and the pots were boiling in a trice. We had some hippopotamus steak, but it proved rather tough and leathery, like the beef from a hard driven old ox. I have heard it said that the meat of a young hippo is tender and palatable.

Some of the country along the lower Kasai is in sharp contrast to the mountainous regions of Livingstone Falls,

and the hilly uplands around Wissmann Falls. Along these lower reaches, vast savannahs roll endlessly toward the horizon, covered with high grass and tangled cane-brakes; the soil is a deep thick black muck; marshes, bogs and miry fens abound; deep sluggish creeks flow lazily toward the river; waterfowls of every description haunt the banks, and crocodiles and hippopotami are plentiful; native villages are rare, the land looks wild, the wide landscape lonely.

One by one we passed the rivers which pour their floods into the Kasai, the Rufini on the east, the Kwango on the west; then Mt. Pogge lifted its broad round head from the spreading plain, then the Loange poured its reddish waters from the hill forests on the west. Soon we began to pass a few widely separated trading and government posts on the river, and the Sankuru was at length seen coming through the eastern hills. All these rivers are navigable for about three hundred miles or more up their courses, and this fact may indicate what an extensive valley the Kasai has.

Our numbers began to decrease as the traders found their respective "factories". I was the only passenger to Luebo, which was the farthest point of the journey, except Lusambo, at the head of navigation of the Sankuru. The usual course was to go either to Lusambo or Luebo first, and then descend one or the other stream, and visit the other town. Captain Ussing decided to make for Luebo first, and then to descend the Kasai and go up the Sankuru to Lusambo.

When it became evident to the natives that we were going up the Kasai, they set up a great beating of the drums, and the crew began to yell as they rounded the point and drew up to the beach of a factory of the "S. A. B."

Then a dance was indulged in, which for sheer lascivious voluptuousness cannot be described. Men and women joined in; the captain laughed and humored it; the white traders roared; the steamer shook under the racket, and the wake ended in several broken heads, bruised bodies and sore limbs, but amid the noisy acclamations of the landsmen come down to see the fun, the one ridiculous feature of the whole affair was the way in which the natives on the shore joined in the hilarity, and set up a mighty singing of an air abominably familiar—nothing more or less than “Tar-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay.” The disgust which I experienced at this medley arises in my soul every time I think of that place and song. I had fondly believed that some of the nauseating practices of civilized life would be left behind when one was once safely buried in Africa’s wilds—but no, here we have the latest comic opera, carried there by the black laborers from the English coast colonies, who got it from Christendom along with rum, and Bibles, and clothes, and carried them together to the less learned tribes in the interior. Truly the world had grown uncomfortably small.

The comparative shallowness of the river at this season, near the end of the dry summer, made Captain Ussing decide to discharge all the cargo for Luebo at a place called Bena Makima, at the junction of the Kasai and Lulua rivers, sixty miles below Luebo. He feared he could not ascend the Lulua at that low water, and so I was confronted by a journey by land for that distance.

After the cargo was discharged, we were set down on a sandbank, and began immediately the journey through the thick and tangled bushes toward Luebo. Our steamer voyage was at an end, and I faced the wilderness which must now for several years become my home, a thousand miles in the heart of Africa.

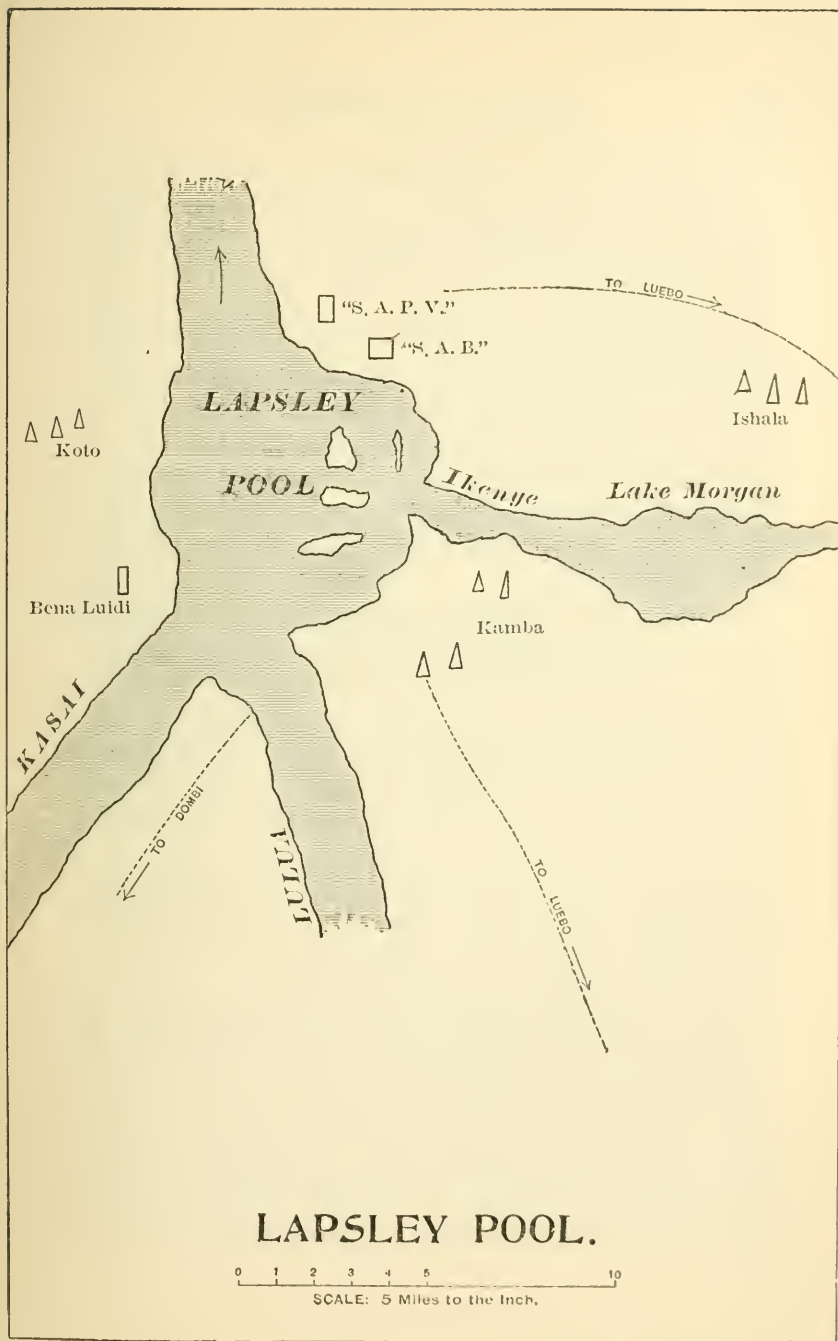
CHAPTER VIII.

Lapsley Pool to Luebo.

MY INTRODUCTION to the Kasai September 22, 1896, was surely a vivid foresight of future labors.

The steamer turned a curve with the river, and a partially cleared space in the woods on our left loomed up, dotted with half-completed houses of grass and wattle-and-daub. The river banks were steep, full twenty feet high, and of bright red clay; a very steep hillside ran up from the river on the east, and upon this hillside two trading posts were in process of erection. The traders had called this place Bena Makima, a misnomer, as the native town of that name was fifteen miles down the river, and two other towns were much nearer and more associated with the place.

As this place became the centre of a good many of my experiences and adventures later, a description of it may be of interest. These trading posts are on the east bank of the Kasai, exactly north of the junction of the Lulua and the Kasai, the junction being plainly in sight, and about three miles distant. The union of the rivers makes a considerable pool, which I have since called Lapsley Pool, as no other geographical memorial of the founder of our mission has been made, or any other name given this rather remarkable place. It is remarkable for its peculiar situation, and the beautiful illustration it affords of certain methods of nature's operations.



LAPSLEY POOL.

0 1 2 3 4 5 10
SCALE: 5 Miles to the Inch.

A study of the map in connection with this brief description may make it clearer. The Kasai comes from the south, the Lulua from the southeast, each bordered by a plain fully five hundred feet above the river level. Where these plains begin to descend to the river the trees begin, and a thick and tangled forest covers the incline, about two miles wide on each side. To complicate matters, a smaller stream, the Ikenye, comes into the pool on the north bank, flowing from the east and uniting about two miles below the Lulua mouth. The effects of these three streams and of the high banks of tenacious clay is very interesting. The waters of the Lulua and the Kasai are very swift, the latter, of course, being more than twice the volume of the former. The Lulua's waters rush past the sharp corner called on the map the "Leopard's Nose," and naturally would continue to flow in their northwest direction across to Bena Luidi on the opposite bank. But they meet the Kasai's yellow flood, and are sharply turned about toward the northeast, exactly in accordance with the laws of the resolution of forces. So then a large part of the Lulua's waters rush along in a sharp current close to the east bank of the pool from the Leopard's Nose to the mouth of the Ikenye. But several other curious results follow. Part of the Kasai's waters, recoiling from the shock of the encounter, rebound to the west bank, and cut out a bay just above Bena Luidi. Meanwhile the central mass of the uniting waters rush on toward the middle of the pool, when behold another effect. These rivers bring down large masses of sand; so does the Ikenye. Here these three sand flows meet; sandbanks form, and now actually three large and thickly wooded islands are in the pool, placed just where the contending water and

sand would put them according to well known physical laws.

The last effect is that the main stream recoils from these central banks and whirls along the west bank in a powerful current. Meanwhile part of the Lulua's waters have been steadily flowing along the east bank, behind the islands, where it receives Ikenye's volume, and then emerges just at the steep banks of the trading posts called Bena Makima. I have been greatly interested to see how, when coming down the Lulua, one may catch sight of the factories way off at the Kasai junction, and then wheeling around in the canal-like channel along the east bank, entirely lose the view for an hour behind the trees of the islands. One fancies he is running along a deep creek in a Carolina swamp. The river and the pool are completely lost to view.

One more interesting fact is that the sandbank at the mouth of the Ikenye has backed up its waters into a deep lake in the woods, a few miles above its mouth; a most beautiful and romantic looking place, the lake-side full of all kinds of tropical grasses, palms, ferns and creepers, and the waters abounding in fish.

The most ineffaceable impression of this place upon me—and I came to know it well—was wildness. 'Sitting upon the brow of the traders' hill one could overlook the whole pool, the eddy places, the swift rush of the mid-current, the green islands, the flocks of wild geese and ducks, the Kasai issuing from the far-away blue hills. There was a stillness, a solemn melancholy, which seemed to hang over and brood upon the valley, like the heavy masses of fog-cloud which covered the forests, and were hardly driven away by the blazing mid-day sun. Here was old Africa again—the same mysterious, silent, awe-inspiring land, which ancient

geographers devoted to the habitation of those mythical monsters who fled the approach of man to hide in her undiscoverable depths. There was a beauty in the scene, but it was the beauty of the savage unadorned; and with all that nature lavished upon it, the impression that fixed itself indelibly upon the mind was one of wild, gloomy sadness, of remoteness from mankind, of gigantic difficulties to be met and vanquished, of a fearful fog of darkness to be dispelled, forests of barbaric growth hewn down, channels of progress to be cut through the sedimentary mud and sand of centuries, ere the glad dawn of a new life should burst upon those savage wilds and all the gloom should vanish quite away.

There are several native towns near by, some of which it later devolved upon me to investigate. Bena Makima (more correctly NKimma) is down the Kasai fifteen miles from Lapsley Pool. Bena Shalla is on the path to Luebo, east of the traders' hill about four miles. Bena Kamba, divided into three sub-villages, lies on a plain upon the brow of the hill back of the Leopard's Nose between the Lulua and the Ikenye, about three miles distant from the traders' hill. These three are Bakuba towns. Across the Kasai, behind the abandoned factories at Bena Luidi, is a town of the Bashilele called Bashi-Koto.

A curious fact here appears with reference to the location of the trade posts on Traders' Hill. It is a good example of the folly which comes from precipitate haste in the first instance, and furious competition in the next. The first post had been placed at Bena Luidi on the west bank. This proving inconvenient and developing into a mistake, the next move was to the present place, which has never been much better. In the matter of the selection of sites for

posts and residences, I fear that the common sense of the foreigners has often deserted them. I recall very few well placed stations in the entire Congo, and those few chiefly of Catholic Missions. The case at Lapsley Pool is a typical one. The great mistake consisted, as it usually does, in not observing the native ideas. On one side of Lapsley Pool, between the Ikenye's waters and the Leopard's Nose, there is a large and well-traveled native path, a route from time immemorial from Lukengu's in the Bakuba to Ndombe via Bena Shamba; a post there would have secured all the trade, besides being near a town where food was procurable. Moreover, the natives select their towns with discretion, especially avoiding bad winds, insects, fogs and other disagreeable features. At the same time a good landing exists at this place. As a matter of fact, I found afterwards that the subject had never been investigated. This neglect or over-hasty hitting upon sites has been so marked that the Congo is dotted with deserted posts, where no little money has been wasted.

Another unwise—even criminally foolish—practice is the helter-skelter clearing off of the forests on the steep hillsides leading to the rivers. The newly arrived settler seems to have fallen upon a mad desire to slay trees. No selection is made—giants of ancient lineage must go down in the carnage. Then, when his axes are all broken, his people groaning with the sprains and bruises of the unremitting toil of months, the victorious hewer views his destruction with a complacent air, and expects high commendation for his indefatigable industry. Soon, however, the trees are replaced by hardly less gigantic mosquitoes; the blinding storms rage, the river-winds, unbroken by any sheltering woods, make havoc; the rain pours in torrents, great gullies

cut up the land, the top soil is washed into the river, gardens become ruined, the settler disheartened, the fog settles upon his clearing and on his brain, and soon he dies or goes home. But a useless station and wasted money are the mementoes behind him.

I have chafed with vexation at times to see the wasting of such glorious opportunities for wisely planting a work for centuries, as is evidenced at this place and many others. In Europe and America our farms, like ourselves, inherited the failings of our forefathers. I remember so well a couple of farms modelled on papier-mache, which I once saw at the Atlanta Exposition, illustrating good and bad methods of laying out a place, the clearing and woods, ditches and terraces, pastures and fields; and I saw that the bad was surely the favorite method. But remember that here we are at the beginning; we cut down a tree three hundred years old—it does not soon grow again. We lay off a farm, or “concession” badly—it is not easy to right it afterwards. In another chapter I have tried to illustrate this point very fully. When I arrived at Bena Makima the clearing was commenced; when I returned to America two posts were abandoned, and the other existing by mosquito nets and immense stone terraces. I write strongly on this matter, because this little question is one of the correlated issues in the overwhelming duty here of filling our new bottles with new wine.

There is no intention here to reflect invidiously upon any of the men who have braved the terrors of his name and bearded old Africa in his den. To me even the fact of daring to go to Africa, when the going is really voluntary, is commendable.

The trading posts on Lapsley Pool were originally placed

there for purposes of transport and trade. When the water is low in the rivers, from June to October, the steamers do not go up the Lulua to Luebo, and hence the cargo must be carried over land from Makima, three days' journey. Then there is a coffee plantation begun in the interior upon the Ikenye, several hours' march from the Pool, and this station must be supplied from these posts.

When the steamer finally stopped, two agents came down to meet us, Mr. Stache, the Agent Principal of the "Societe Anonyme Belge," and Mr. Cœl, Agent of the "Societe Anonyme des Produits Vegetaux du Haut Kasai". I was amused at the spectacle, unusual to me, although quite common among the Latinic peoples, of Mr. Stache warmly embracing Captain Ussing. Once more I went through all the woes of "cargo". Truly Christ's command to His disciples to go with no money in their purses, would have been doubly wise as well as considerate of their own comfort, had it been necessary to secure half a hundred people to carry the purse, as is often the case in Africa. As there was no place for me to sleep, and as Mr. Cœl, who spoke English well, offered to care for our goods, and to send them on to Luebo when carriers had arrived for them, I decided to accept his offer, and to push on with the traders who were going that same day. So I sent a letter to Mr. Sheppard by a courier sent ahead by Mr. Stache, who kindly placed him at my disposal.

The steamer soon moved up to Bena Luidi, a canoe put us across the river on a sandbank near the east shore, and so, struggling through water and morass, we reached the forest path and began our tramp.

An hour's march brought us to Bena Shalla, the first Bakuba town. There were three of these from Makima to

the "S. A. P. V." coffee plantation; first Bena Shalla, then, an hour's march, Bena Lupong, then Bena NKella. Night came upon us at this last town, and we betook ourselves to a large shed, where we made the most of discomfort, and stopped for the night. Mr. Fritz ordered his headman to scatter cowry shells on the ground, and soon the open space was crowded with the yelling, scrambling, grabbing mob, who then showed their gratitude by a dance. After our nerves had quieted down from this pleasant stimulus, and I had stretched myself out for a nap, a curious sensation attacked my feet; starting up I saw a large animal sneaking away from the foot of my mat. I seized my rifle and made ready, when "Ba, Ba," greeted me, and disgust made me fire anyhow. The long-bearded old villain had been trying to eat the boots off my feet. When you come to a town, either go into a house or make a shanty of your own, or else make the natives tie their goats. That persistent goat never ceased his attentions to my boots till morning dawned; and the sly, unconcerned way in which he would stalk innocently off when I stirred would have done credit to an actor on the stage.

On the morning we started to Gallikoko, as the coffee plantation is called. I had not gone far when I found something the matter with my leg. At first I was puzzled; then the similarity of symptoms reminded me of what it probably was—a curious and obscure attack of malaria which seizes upon the muscles of the lower leg. I suppose I was now paying for my long exemption from any serious fever—over three months. The steamer life was calculated to fill one with malaria. I hobbled on to Gallikoko, which the traders had already reached, and there I was hospitably treated, and had a rest, sending on word to Mr. Sheppard explaining any possible delay.

An enforced halt here gave me a chance to see what was an example of the effort to make a plantation in the new country. Gallikoko is the name of an adjacent Bakuba town. The station was founded by Monsieur Maerten, who had been engaged in plantation work at the State Post at Luluaburg (Malange), one hundred miles above Luebo. M. Maerten had formed a company whose capital in 1898 was about one hundred thousand dollars. The chief product to be raised was coffee. The station was placed on the south side of the Ikenye, about twelve miles above its mouth, and eighteen miles from the posts on Lapsley Pool by the route usually followed. A considerable forest grew on this water, though the place is really on the plains. Very great improvements have been made since I was there, but a few words about the commencement of the work may be of interest. A few houses of wattle and daub were put in a hollow. Since then these have been placed near the top of the hill, greatly to the improvement of the appearance of the place, and affording a very fine view, and I believe, better health. Long avenues half-a-mile in length were made and bordered with the never-failing pineapple. Garden beds, made by driving short sticks close together into the ground, forming a bed fifteen by four feet, and then filling in with humus, were covered over with grass six feet above the beds. In these the Liberian coffee was planted to be later put out in the fields. In 1896 the work had just begun—two years later they had about a hundred thousand plants put out. This work had been done wholly by Belgians under the superintendence chiefly of Messrs. Pointhier and Michels. M. Maerten was the first director of the company, and has been succeeded by M. Boudour.

One very great mistake—a woefully common one—was in

not providing adjacent fields of corn, manioc and plantains for the maintenance of the laborers. There were five hundred of them there, and the native trade was fast becoming inadequate to their support. It takes three hundred dollars per month to ration these people, a sum which may seem amazingly small to Americans, but when it is understood that this means four yards of calico and one hundred pounds of manioc dough for each man per month, it will be seen that the African is apparently easily satisfied. The judicious planting of fields in the beginning for raising food crops would have reduced even this item, to say nothing of the increase to the comfort and strength of the laborers.

These laborers were chiefly Baluba slaves of the Zappo-Zaps, who hired them out and took their cloth. Their terms of contract were generally for five years. There had been little other agriculture attempted besides coffee. A few plants from South America were planted as an experiment. A State officer perpetrated the *mot* that the "S. A. P. V." was supposed to plant coffee, but its coffee came up rubber—referring to the energetic way in which Messieurs Boudour and Leroux were making competition for the State in the rubber trade.

It need hardly be said that there are no religious services or other work being done for this immense assemblage of people. The harvest was plenteous, but more laborers went to plant coffee than to sow the seeds of the Gospel.

Soon a great crowd of clamorous darkies came swarming into the station, and I had my first sight of the fruits of Luebo. A letter from Mr. Sheppard, about eighty people, a hammock, and—Oh, me, felicissime—a beautiful loaf of bread, such as they make at home! The people filed into the house and almost suffocated me with their welcome.

There were Mukoli, Chitenge, the "elders," and a host of followers, among them many boys, all frolicsome and lively.

By the aid of the hammock, I started again. We passed through a country alternately plain and forest, past towns and across swampy waters. Near a large peanut field in a palm grove, a turn in the path brought me upon a boy carrying the American flag, and soon there were cries of "Sheppati," and a little further on I saw him coming. A large, well-built man came across the grass, and in the old familiar accent gave me greeting and welcome. When he told me how they had been blessed with such wonderful health, and were progressing so well, I thanked God, and saw another ray of hope for Africa's people.

A hundred different topics kept us well occupied, until, having passed two other towns, we came to one which Mr. Sheppard said was Bena Kasenga, and then I knew I was nearing the end of the journey of ten thousand miles. We soon came to a clearing, a cluster of palm-leaf covered houses, a yard filled with shrubs and plants, a long house with low verandah and large white pillars, and Mrs. Sheppard in the doorway. My first impression was how faithfully the place and surroundings reflected the old Southern home life to which they had been accustomed; one could almost imagine himself, save for a few details, in old Virginia again. My welcome was all that heart could desire. At last my weary feet had found a resting place in the wilderness.

CHAPTER IX.

Luebo.

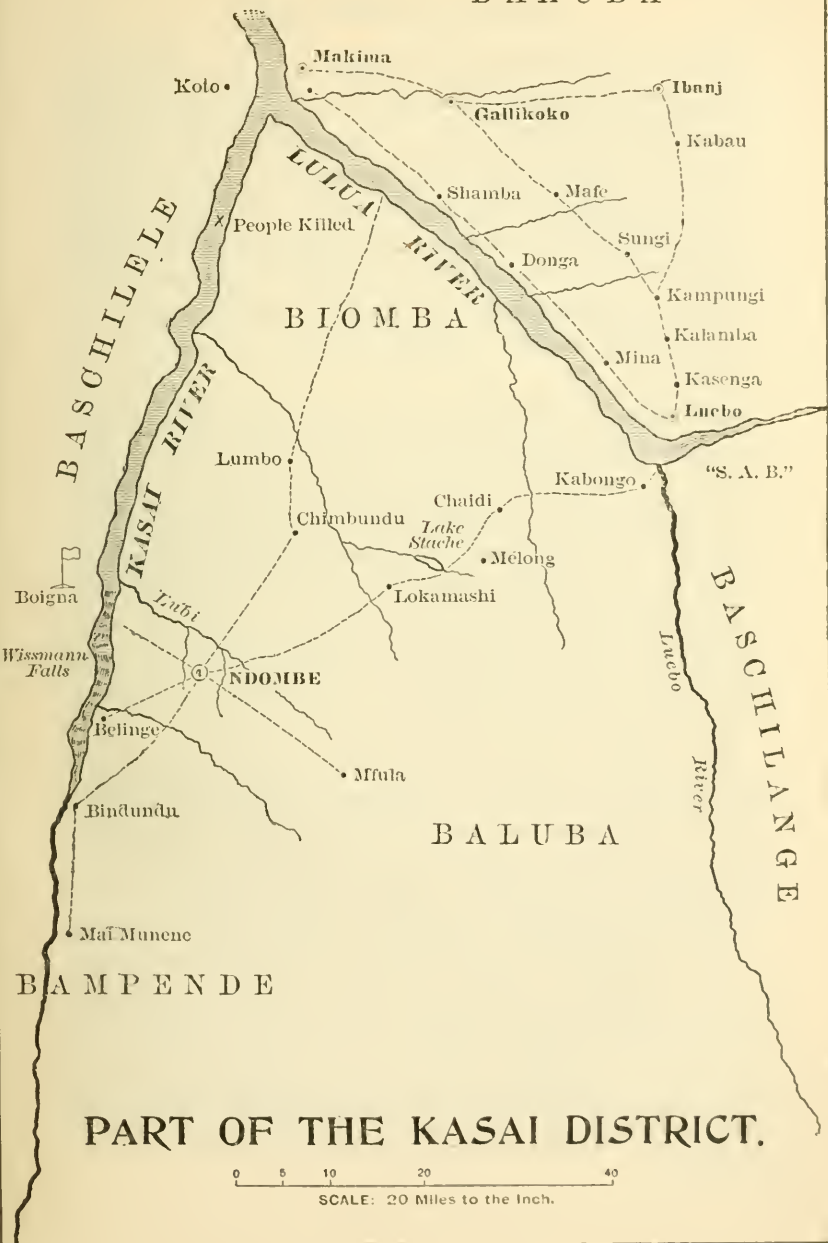
LUEBO is the name technically given to the settlement at the immediate junction of the Luebo river with the Lulua. Nearly all these upper Kasai rivers have this *Lu* prefix, which I think is the stem of the verb *Lua*, and means motion; for example, Lulua, Lubudi, Lubi, Lumi, Lukumi, Lubilash, &c. Sankulu (for the natives do not call it Sankuru), is even more a striking illustration of this fine etymology, for it means "mixed motion," being the large river which receives and mingles the waters of all these other streams. The name Luebo is in reality applied to the whole collection of native villages and white settlements grouped about the confluence within a three-mile radius.

The place is at the head of navigation of the Lulua. The great Kasai is divided into three portions, the Sankuru from the east, Lulua from the southeast, while the main stream comes from the south. Luebo is sixty miles above the Kasai junction, the Lulua being navigable for a two-foot draft all the year, and for five feet during the season from November to April.

Its latitude and longitude are about five degrees south, and twenty-one degrees east.

The Lulua valley is deep, steep, thickly wooded, and about five miles wide from the contiguous plains and level

BAKUBA



PART OF THE KASAI DISTRICT.



country. The valley from the plains to the water is perhaps five hundred feet deep. It seems to be divided into two clearly marked sub-divisions. From the banks of the river to about one hundred yards on each side is a level leading to a steep gradient, which is about a hundred yards wide, and leads to another and similar level, followed by the final gradient to the top. These gradients seem suspiciously like former river-bed sides, the levels being the former bottoms, a formation I have noticed in the case of some American rivers.

Just above the steamboat landing a bed of large rounded boulders extends entirely across the river, forming heavy shoals, the rocks being mostly visible in low water, and a few being seen at high water when the water has risen fifteen feet. They form a permanent barrier to navigation. These rocks are also found at Wissman Falls and Lusambo on the Kasai and Sankuru respectively, and this and other facts point to their forming an ancient shore line to a vast inland lake whose edge would have about followed the direction indicated by these points.

The valley is indented by numerous streamlets, which generally rise at the base of the upper gradient mentioned above. They are very lovely and interesting, their springs proceeding from a mass of confused rocks and boulders, affording very beautiful and clear water, which is usually quite cool, coming as it does from the depths of heavy forests. But here again foolish man comes in to kill the hen that lays the golden egg, for he must have the trees cut from about these springs, and soon all the hillside will wash down and choke them, and the hot sun pour in and ruin them. Sometimes the levels on the valley sides where larger creeks come to join the river, become terrible swamps.

The forests are, as usual, confined to the water valleys. They extend across the whole valley, and on up the Lulua and Luebo indefinitely. All the settlements have been made by clearing this forest, except that of Bena Kasenga, the original Bakete village which is wisely placed in a palm-grove just where plain and forest meet. But Mr. White Man must again cut the woods down, and build his house upon washable sand, having been careful to remove every obstacle which could keep the hillside from washing away to the river.

The plains adjoining the forests are lovely and unique. Short evergreen grass, with a few patches of long heavy glades, dotted with small woodlands, palm groves and pineapple thickets here and there; the stunted little trees with their large yellow mock-orange fruit, and their bark rendered impervious to fire from the hardening process of fires for uncounted ages; tangled thickets with almost impenetrable brambles, briars and thorny vines, and loveliest flowers, orchids and ferns scattered through the whole. This is a sober description of what I have seen in the plains on all sides of this country.

The geology of the country is most interesting. The boulders above mentioned vary in size from a foot-ball to a large hen-coop. They are composed of a dark rock of medium hardness, with occasional bands of matter different from the general body. They are rounded in shape, often striated and scratched, occurring in no particular order, though generally clumped together, and always down in the valley variously superimposed, and rarely occurring isolated. I thought them sandstone. There are also various pebbles, from a peanut to a baseball in size, quartz chiefly; but also apparently pieces of limestone and various irregu-

lar small bodies of every conceivable shape, some most beautifully marked, which I suppose to be fossils. Occasionally masses of what I believe are fossilized amber are found. The first soil under the humus is red clay; then a bluish-white clay used for pottery, and full of pebbles; then the sandstone. Under this I have had no opportunity of investigating. In the swamps iron-rust water occurs, and the natives smelt considerable quantities of iron.

In the forests about Luebo are not a few wild animals. Several leopards have been shot. Once a leopard killed seven goats in one night on the mission premises. One tried to get into my house through the chimney cracks. Sheppard and I dug a deep pit and baited it with a goat, but after we had arranged it a leopard came once and seemed to have "smelled the rat," for never a leopard came on the place again. Elephants are in the interior—gone there to avoid the guns; lions are to the south not very far away. Antelope, buffalo, monkeys, baboons, wildcats, hyenas, jackals, and many animals whose names I do not know are found. The ant-eater is a most curious and interesting creature. I secured a fine skin of one variety—the large manis. Wild boars are plenteous and afford good eating; the porcupine is also there. In the rivers are hippopotami, crocodiles, and numbers of fish, some of enormous size. Snakes are plentiful, including the tremendous python, one of which I once saw nearly thirty feet long. The choicest bird for the table is the guinea-fowl, and there are plenty near Luebo, though not so many as at Ndombe. Many beautiful and sweet-singing birds, of which I do not know the names, occur, as well as parrots, gray and green, and the African peacock; flamingoes and many large and beautiful birds are on the waters.



SHEPPARD'S AVENUE TO KASENGA.

Until recently, Luebo was the meeting point of two tribes, the Bena Lulua and the Bakete, and each tribe had a town on its respective side of the river—the Bakete in Bena Kasenga on the north, and the Bena Lulua in Bena Kashea on the south. But its being the site of the State and of the trading company, the ‘Societe Anyonyme Belge,’ soon brought other people to trade; so there was a constant stream of the two peoples above, besides Bakuba from the north, Zappo-Zaps from the east, and Bachoka from the south.

The history of Luebo is difficult to get, as I was not able to meet many of the early settlers, and they do not seem to have left any full record of their knowledge. The ubiquitous Portuguese seem to have been the first foreigners; before them there were only the two towns already referred to. Senor Saturnino came from St. Paul de Loanda perhaps more than a quarter of a century ago—about 1875—and established his trading post on the north bank between Kasenga and the river; he was followed soon after, if not accompanied by his partner, Carvalho. Then came Lieutenant (afterwards Major) Von Wissmann, the explorer of high rank, who in conjunction with Wolf and Dr. Pogge, explored the country, and founded the station of Luluaburg at Malange, one hundred miles from Luebo on the Lulua. Then posts of the Congo Free State were established at Luebo and Lusambo. Close upon this the “S. A. B.” took over the State post at Luebo, as a trading post, soon after the founding of the State—1884-’5. In 1891 Messrs. Lapsley and Sheppard came and began the work of our mission. In 1894 Mr. Maerten founded a post of his new company, the “Societe Produits Vegetaux du Haut Kasai” (S. A. P. V.), for coffee planting and

rubber buying. In 1895 the Dutch company—"Nieuwe Africaanische Handels Venootekap" (N. A. H. V.), was founded by Herr Vreezen. In 1898 Mr. Clotens came to establish his trading company.

Mr. Stache, who is mentioned in Mr. Lapsley's book, was the most widely known of the agents of the "S. A. B." at Luebo. He was quite a traveler in a small way, very popular with the natives, who called him "Chibuia" (Generous). He was especially friendly to the mission. Latterly Mr. Boudour, the director of the "S. A. P. V.", and Mr. Leroux, the agent at Luebo, came to make their homes there, and both of them showed signal kindness to us. The Dutch house was represented by Herr Von den Andel, once a soldier in the French Colonial Army; with him were two young traders, Messrs. Hohmann and Groen. In 1898 Herr Vreezen also returned. These agents of the Dutch house were very good neighbors and friends, and in many material ways rendered us constant assistance and courtesy. On the whole, all the representatives of the trading companies at Luebo were on the best terms with the mission, and we had every reason to be thankful for this fact, not always so prominent in the history of missions. The present agent of the "S. A. B." is Mr. Stevens, who will probably become their "Agent Principal," Mr. Stache having died in Belgium, and Mr. Chambier, who succeeded him, having been killed by the Bachilele further down the river in 1898.

At the mission our history has been checkered, and in its earliest stages, unfortunate. Mr. Lapsley died at Matadi in March, 1892. Mr. Adamson, an Englishman, and his wife came that year, Mr. Sheppard going to America in the spring of 1893. Mrs. Adamson died in 1892, soon

after the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Snyder and Mr. and Mrs. Rowbotham. Mr. and Mrs. Rowbotham returned home after a few months' stay. In 1894 Mr. Sheppard returned, bringing with him his wife and Misses Thomas and Fearing. Mr. and Mrs. Snyder left Luebo in May, 1896, Mrs. Snyder dying at Stanley Pool in June. Soon after I came, followed by Mr. Hawkins, and in 1897 by Messrs. Morrison and Phipps.

In our ranks we represented many races and classes: English, Scotch-Irish, Dutch, Ethiopian, Huguenot by descent, American by nationality, African by choice—we were truly a cosmopolitan aggregation. The ends of the earth seemed to meet on the Lulua. Luebo is also a remarkably cosmopolitan place—Belgian, French, English, Dutch, American. We had a veritable little Babel, except that all could speak English. It seems that the English language is destined to become as universal as the trading instinct in mankind.

In 1898 the State government granted local self-government to Luebo, and requested the ranking member of the mission to act as a local magistrate—a most happy and fortunate fact, and a great concession to our American ideas and institutions. The work is merely formal and occasional, but the principle is most important.

The most interesting features by far at Luebo are the native settlements. I have already referred to the original indigenous towns—Bena Kasenga and Bena Kashea. Kasenga is the border town of the Bakete, a small tribe of some twenty towns along the northeastern bank of the Lulua for about sixty miles. Bena Kashea is a town of a large tribe called Bena Lulua, along the southeastern bank, and extending far into the interior. These towns

exhibit the usual characteristics of the native life in the villages, but the native settlements at Luebo are different. When the white man came to Luebo he had to have laborers. The Portuguese had a lot of slaves. The Free State soon made it very uncomfortable for Senors Saturnino and Carvalho, taking their slaves away and liberating them, Saturnino and Carvalho taking leg bail and never coming back again. The slaves feared to return to their own country, because of the probability of re-enslavement there, and so they settled at Luebo on the hillside, making fields and hiring themselves out as laborers.

Then it became the custom of the State to allow the traders and others to engage workmen—slaves of freemen—for a seven-year contract, by paying their masters the price demanded, and at the end of the seven years these slave-workmen were to be entirely free. Soon a great many men were so engaged, and at the expiration of their services also settled at Luebo. Again a movement of free settlers started up toward Luebo. Mr. Stache had chosen a wife from among the great Zappo-Zap tribe. This brought members of her tribe to Luebo, as well as others of the same tribe coming for purposes of trade and service. Moreover, word went abroad among the friends of the liberated slaves at Luebo that Luebo was a very fine place, free from slave raids and petty wars, and a good living could be made there. Soon a veritable stream of immigration set in. The forest was cleared far and wide; immense corn fields were planted; the movement grew by its own momentum, until between three and five thousand people thus came to Luebo.

The people in the main are Baluba, though there are Bena Lulua and Zappo-Zaps also. Now these settlers

consider themselves "white man's people," and consequently endeavor as far as possible to follow the white man's ways. They try to dress in European style; not a few speak some French and English; they build their houses of wattle and daub, with large doors and windows—often have chairs and tables, and are eager to get our dishes and utensils; they attend our church services, and identify themselves with us preferably to their former tribes and chiefs. They afford a striking contrast to the Bakete of Kasenga, of whom none of these things can be said. Each settlement clusters about some principal man or woman. Thus we have the villages of Ngallula Mulumi; of Tambu; of Mukos; of Malangu; of Domingo; of "Mamma" Kapinga; of "Mamma" Chala; of Mukoli; of Tumba, and of Goma. The growth of Luebo in this respect gave rise to some remarkable events, as you shall hear later. The larger part of them took place after my arrival in 1896. Mr. Sheppard had largely inaugurated or encouraged it, and it is needless to say that I did all in my power to push it along.

By looking at the map you will easily see how the mission is located. A path now converted into an "avenue" runs from the steamer landing to Kasengo, nearly north. On the right going up we have the "S. A. P. V.," then just below the mission the Dutch House. The path originally ran to the east of the mission lands, and so the avenue on that side is the public or State road; but the mission also has an avenue running north through it, and crossed by one running east and west. The grounds are nine hectares—about eighteen acres—in extent, being a square of three hundred metres on each side. The four houses of the missionaries and the church face south, upon the east and

west avenues; and the people's houses are along the extreme eastern and western sides, the law requiring—note the continental arbitrariness—that employees shall live on the premises. The grounds back of each missionary's place are considered his garden; those in front constitute the common, soon to be planted in coffee. Some palm trees and a few others grow on the place. Since 1896 gardening has been followed with considerable success. I have always believed that it would have paid for us to get an agricultural concession, as the price is very low, and a good deal could then be done towards the support of the children by themselves.

From the corner of the mission grounds a path runs northeast to Bena Kasenga, a five minutes' walk. The mission is a ten minutes' walk from the river, near the top of the hill. The ground was formerly forest. The soil is chiefly sandy, a subsoil of clay occurring perhaps fifteen feet under. The place must be properly terraced or in a few years it will be washed badly.

When I arrived at Luebo the first converts had recently been admitted to church membership. The work went steadily on, until in 1902 the native church numbered over seven hundred.

Imagine yourself on the top slope of a high hill overlooking a deep wooded valley; the distant horizon banked with heavy clouds; the opposite hills embraced by masses of low-lying fog; the roll of tumbling waters in the ear; palm trees starkly outlined against the sky, shaking their matted top-locks under the morning breeze—a wind which swells as sun rays dart over the hill, chases the fogs over the summits, sets upon the lowering clouds and hurls them pell-mell from the face of the morning sun. The sun lingers



THE FIRST CHURCH AT LUEBO.

not in his rising. He pours forth a flood of blazing light on thatched houses, corn fields, manioc patches; calls forth the sounds of morning from beast and fowl; dances upon the waters of the little Luebo as they rush down the southern mountain's side, gets hotter with each moment, and wakes perforce the lie-a-bed, dreaming of snows and home. Then see coming up a long road path a line of thinly-clad people; hear their irrepressible shouts and laughter, as they scatter to their daily tasks, and throw over all this the air of the tropical far-away, a sense of things new and strange—a forest security such as travelers on the plains feel when woods shelter from pelting rains—and perhaps you can catch some idea of Luebo.

But the scene is not complete until you have “been to church”. The little mud-walled building, whitewashed and cloth-windowed, gives forth a peal from its belfry on a neighboring tree, and soon the people are coming. Here walks a hat and a fathom of cloth; there goes a pair of pants, and nothing more save he that is in them; or a great black coat; or perchance the happy possessor of a full suit and a pair of shoes marches in; but surely there are few who wear not something on this great day of the week. There are perhaps five hundred of them. Their attention is rapt, often to what they but dimly understand. They sit out the services with patience—now-a-days interruptions have ceased. But the singing—let a stranger be coming up the hill quite a distance away, what Sabbath sounds are these? For this singing—decently and in order, too—swells out upon that forest clearing in a solid volume, rolls in clearest tones out among the cottages and down upon the waters; to the stranger's ears it wakens harmonies perhaps long dormant—scenes and sounds of the old kirk

beside the farm; recollections of old folk long since sleeping in its quiet groves; and he wonders within himself whence come, what mean these songs in this wilderness? But the soul of faith has an answer. It means that a day of glad tidings has dawned upon a land hard in sins and old in sorrows; it means that even as those hymns ring out on that Sabbath air, so there is rejoicing in heaven over the lost sheep of this fold who have been found; over the sinners in this last untouched stronghold, who have found repentance.

CHAPTER X.

Life at Luebo.

GO SLOW IN THE EAST.

“ It is not good for the Christian pale
To hustle the Aryan brown;
For the Christian riles and the Aryan smiles,
And he weareth the Christian down;
And the end of the fight is a tombstone white,
With the name of the late deceased,
With the epitaph drear—‘ A fool lies here,
Who tried to hustle the East.’ ”

I HAD now an opportunity to look around me. Scenes upon which my imagination had dwelt for four years were here in the reality. I soon saw that I had plenty to do. Mr. Sheppard had held the fort without a murmur, and had been doing his best to keep things going. The new church had occupied much of his time, and soon I was called upon to participate in its dedication.

There was work enough for many more than for us two. The government had acquired all the steamers of the “S. A. B.”, with whom we had hitherto had a contract to do our transportation. Their needs were great, and we of course could expect to be provided for only after themselves and the traders. Three years before when there had been fewer houses to supply, our store had been plenteously stocked. It had now been reduced to the last dregs. All the houses had about reached their age limit, and new ones

were soon to be needed. The African houses of the first attempt, built of a frame-work of poles and sticks, with mud in the interstices, and covered with grass or palm leaves, have seldom a longer life time than three years—though well built houses of the kind have lasted ten years. The houses of the work people also were in need of repairs, and if we secured enough labor to do the necessary work, more people and houses would have to be provided for. I had the language to learn; the schools were in great need of books; the villages around were in a most apt state for evangelistic services; the demands upon the pharmacy were constant; letters from home for information were urgent; business accounts, intricate, because of distance and complications of many kinds—currency, different prices, varying needs, transportation—all these called for attention. Mr. Sheppard was warmly in favor of doing all we could to encourage the church to come to our rescue, so that we could go forward on all lines.

I stood aghast, but “pulled my coat off and rolled up my sleeves”. I shall never forget those six months; I hope never to be called upon to repeat their history.

The first steamer brought us no goods; the second brought us Mr. Hawkins, but no goods; but the third supplied us temporarily, and brought news of the success Mr. Phipps was having in his work. Everything went well, until things reached the Pool. Mr. Hawkins settled down to learn the language, and spent some months in the school, partly with this object in view.

In January we all determined to ask for the sending of the boat. We discussed it thoroughly first, and were chiefly desirous that the matter should be taken in hand at once, as the means of communication would probably

become worse and worse in the near future, and more foreigners to be supplied were coming in all the time.

In order to get acquainted with the people, to catch the idioms of their language more readily, and to learn one essential part of our routine labor, I took charge of the work people. Under the system in vogue then, one missionary paid special attention to all the manual labor, a task all sufficient in itself. Later on I adopted a system which I believed to be better.

The labor to be done consisted in building and keeping in repair houses, sheds and fences; in clearing the station of stumps and superfluous trees; in keeping down the evergreen and growing grass, and in planting vacant lots. Besides this each missionary had to have his water brought from a stream three quarters of a mile distant; goats had to be herded, and yards and gardens kept. You cannot order beef from the butcher, vegetables from the green grocer, water from the tap, or clean clothes from the laundry in Africa. A considerable establishment was, therefore, unavoidably necessary.

There was an average of thirty men and women employed. At the ringing of the bell at 6.30 A. M. they came up, forming into line beside the house, and there received instructions for the day's work. Suppose a house was to be built. The men must go into the woods for material—posts, bamboo and rattan vines. They carried large knives, the blade an inch and a half to two inches wide, and covered at one end with a wooden handle. This is called a "machete", and is the African vade mecum. These machetes must not be made of steel, because the rough work soon snaps or gaps them, and the native blacksmiths cannot temper them. The ignorance of this fact

entails considerable loss on importers, for the natives know what they want. The work they do with these knives is astonishing. They hew down large trees, clean fields, build houses, carve implements, and even use them often as hoes. The best and cheapest are "made in Germany", where they cost not more than five cents. They readily pass for barter trade also.

The posts of which the frames of these houses are made vary in size, of course, according to need and taste; but from four to six inches in diameter usually suffices, the length being according to the special use. There are many kinds of wood, it is needless to say, some soft and useless, some too hard to work. One remarkable kind will take root and grow after being cut off and put as a post in a house, and its surface covered with mud. Such a post grew in one of the houses at Luebo, and had a vigorous limb growing out of the wall, green and flourishing. The best kind for building is a yellow-red timber, rather hard and solid, and not much troubled by ants. In building, the bark must be peeled off without fail, it matters not where the stick goes; and if it can be conveniently done, the stick should be fully fashioned before it dries, then left to dry before putting up. It is hard to work dry wood without special tools.

The bamboo exists in many varieties. That used for building is usually one of three, called in the native language mbale, mambonda and makoddi, respectively. The mbale is the frond-stem of the oil-palm, sometimes fifteen feet long and four inches thick at the butt end, tapering toward the other extremity; it is the commonest, but the least desirable. Mambonda is the frond-stem of the palm from which most of the palm wine comes. It is especially grown

in villages, not only for its juice, but because from the embryonic leaves of the frond their cloth fibre is manufactured.

The mambonda stem is largely used in building, but is not so straight or strong as the makoddi. This is the frond-stem of the palm of the same name, usually growing in swampy grounds. This palm has no long central trunk like the oil-palm, but a few feet from the ground it divides into numerous stems which shoot many feet—sometimes over thirty—into the air, and attain the thickness, at the bottom, of a man's leg.

These palm stalks derive their utility from being easily secured, usually straight, devoid of knots, and splitting with wonderful ease and straightness. Their structure is like that of a cane, filled in the centre with granular pith, the woody tissue of the cane-body being hard and strong, without joints, and consequently splitting into any sized splits throughout its whole length. So strong is the makoddi variety, that it is generally used for making hammock poles, and I believe a good size stick six feet long would, in its centre, hold up six hundred pounds. This, too, when nine-tenths of the stick is nothing but pith. The bamboo, split up, is used to tie horizontally to the vertical posts, so as to hold the frame together, and give support to the mud. They should be about four inches apart—not more. They are also used to tie across the rafters of the roof, and sometimes whole bamboos are used as the rafters themselves.

But the most wonderful of the heaven-supplied building material is the rattan, kodia. This vine grows in damp soil in greatest profusion, is about as thick as the finger, and often many yards in length. Its fibre is porous, but

when the vine is split, and the outer bark portion left, but trimmed down, it affords a string of wonderful strength and pliability. With it the houses are tied together, baskets are made, chairs bottomed, and nearly every use to which nails and twine apply at home is in Africa supplied by kodia. But it must not be allowed to get too dry before being used. It will not lose its holding strength for two or three years.

The roof of the house is usually of grass or of makoddi palm leaves. A certain straight and wide-bladed grass grows in parts of the country, especially on the interior plains; this affords good thatching, but other grass is inferior. At Luebo the houses are covered with palm leaves, skilfully sewn together, for which their structure is especially suited. This work is generally done by the Bakete under special contract, as they are adepts at it. It is best to put on an additional cover each year.

While the men collected material, the women with their hoes and baskets piled up the red clay ready to be used as plaster. The hoe consists of a blade with an iron point at its top three inches long. The native smiths insert this point into a hole burnt through a knot on a stick, which makes the handle. These handles are not more than eighteen inches long, but habit seems to have so inured the women to their use that they do not care for long-handled hoes. Very good hoes are made in the country.

On the whole, the people worked cheerfully and well. There are bad eggs in most nests, and so I had to look out for these, but I consider the Africans good laborers, when under proper management and wise direction. They distinctly need this. It is folly to leave them to their own initiative, and one had better make up his mind to that

fact in the beginning. This is especially true if they are to do work which is not in the line of their native customs. Long usage has crystallized native methods, and they can do things after their own fashion unaided very well, and from the native point of view it will be a success. But when things occidental are to be done they must be watched all the time, and not to be counted on to learn too soon, although they do learn when well and patiently taught.

Our daily routine at Luebo was generally the starting of the people to work; then language study; school at ten o'clock; religious services after the mid-day rest at two o'clock; then a resumption of study and manual labor, with letter-writing and accounts at night. The mid-day service was inaugurated in preference to an early morning one to enable the surrounding natives to come. We had better attendance and livelier interest at that hour, for the people would straggle in cold and shivering in the morning, with the usual malaise of that hour. This service, conducted at first by myself, and then by Mr. Hawkins, has been going on now for over five years without interruption; the church is generally full, and I really believe it has been of very great benefit.

A night service was held, which I am sorry to say was never very well attended. Besides these, constant visits were made to the villages around.

One of the greatest sources of loss of time comes from the necessity of trading. Africans love to barter, and to chaffer about it; they will talk an hour about a trade involving a pound of salt, if you will let them. We had all the calls upon us of the retail dealer, and all the cares of the housekeeper, so time passed before we knew it, with no work to show for it. Moreover, we had a constant stream

of callers, visitors from far and near, who took no care of time themselves.

On the Sabbath, services were held at nine o'clock in the morning, and in the villages in the afternoon. Later, when the numbers in the church increased, a Sabbath-school was held at four o'clock, especially for these church members, though of course all were invited. The missionaries' prayer-meetings were held on Sunday and Wednesday nights.

A curious fact about the situation at Luebo is that the Bakete of Bena Kasenga have never responded much to our efforts. They certainly lacked not for hearing, but they seem to be a peculiarly stolid, insensate, selfish people, very unimpressionable and extremely unprogressive. A Baluba chief showed more interest, and evinced more intelligence about the Gospel in a month's time than any Bakete after all our work with them. The surrounding natives generally look down upon the Bakete, and they are extremely dirty and disorderly in their towns. If God means to bring them into the fold, He will, in His own time, but they hitherto appear to have resisted the Spirit. The attitude of all the other people—the Bakuba, the Baluba, and the Zappo-Zaps—is quite different.

One of the most delightful experiences in this new life was the process of the gradual unfolding of the different aspects, customs and ideas of the native civilization around. At first it all appeared peculiarly alike. The natives are all savages, and you can see little difference between them, but as your eyes open wider, your knowledge of the language increases, your observation is more particular; you begin to awake to the reality of a new world; you find the natives are men of like passions with yourself; they enjoy

a good joke; they have well defined laws of propriety; they distinguish between rich and poor, good and bad, beautiful and ugly; in other words, they are rational human beings.

One day a rather good looking middle-aged man came to my house from Kasenga, and quietly seated himself on the piazza without any of the usual noisy salutations, begging or self-assertion. He sat there some time, until I had finished some work, when I noticed him, and asked one of the boys who he was.

“Kangombe, the rich man of Kasenga.”

“Is that his wife over there?”

“Yes, she is a good woman, and often gives us something to eat.”

“Well, Kangombe, Moiyo.”

“Moiyo, Mukelenga.”

“Why have you come, Kangombe? I have not seen you before.”

“I want to eat friendship with you. You and I shall make good friends; I shall help you and give you things, and you will do the same for me. Do you see those goats out there? I have brought them for you.”

So then I understood one of their great institutions, the Balunda (Friendship). It seems to be a peculiarly strong and unique custom. When the relation has been firmly established, the “friends” will do anything in reason for each other. I had good cause to be glad of Kangombe’s friendship later. He proved to be probably the richest man, according to native standards, in Kasenga, in goats, slaves, houses, fields, wives, &c.

Another visitor came to Luebo, and I made good friends with him. This was Dumba, a Bena Lulua chieftain,

whose town of the same name was about a three day's march from Luebo to the southeast. On his return home he sent me six new people "to stop at 'God's Town' and learn the white man's ways", as he expressed it. These were Baumu, Mubingye, Kamwedika, Kadiebo, Chibwola and Kamwena. Only one of them has ever left the mission, and one of them, Kamwedika, remained away from home for two years. All are now members of the church, and a more faithful set of people I have never seen. When Mr. Hawkins came, and wanted a cook and some personal workmen, I gave him his choice, and with wonderful prescience he chose Mubingye, Kadiebo and Kamwena. The last ran away, but the other two I left at Luebo, and there are probably no stauncher Christians there.

Dumba quite frequently sent us presents and people to work for us, and he is now one of the strongest friends of the mission. He sent me an enormous hog, which I killed on the arrival of Messrs. Morrison and Phipps.

From the beginning of '97, a perfect stream of people—traders, visitors, settlers—began to flow to Luebo, and the interest increased to a white heat.

Meanwhile things were stirring in the adjacent Bakuba country. Their king, old Lukengu, whom Mr. Sheppard had visited, had died during the summer of '96, and was succeeded by a young tyrant. His succession was marked by the usual cruelties so often incident to such occasions in heathen Africa. Slaves were promiscuously slaughtered. The Bakuba must go into mourning, must not clean off the grass in their towns, build up fences, or erect new houses. No festivals or dances, except at funerals, must be held. Mr. Sheppard had asked permission to visit the king, but each time a procrastinating answer came back; the king

must first clean up his town, ascend the throne, or put the eagle's feather in his cap.

A child was born to Mrs. Sheppard on the night I arrived at Luebo. It was wonderful to see how well she attended to her domestic duties, even continuing to teach school, notwithstanding her maternal cares, and that with cheerfulness and a happy spirit.

After looking about, I decided to study the language of, and to cast my lot with, the Baluba people. My reasons were:

1. Numerically, it is by far the largest tribe in the Kasai, if not in the whole Congo.
2. The Baluba people are more responsive, more adaptable, and more serviceable than any other tribe.
3. Most of the members of the church of the people on the station and of the settlers at Luebo were Baluba.
4. The tribe adjoins Luebo on the south, its extensive territory spreading for hundreds of miles.
5. The slaves are all Baluba. Hence their tongue extends through many other tribes, and the people themselves may be found over the whole Kasai-Sankuru-Lualaba region. One speaking the Baluba tongue could go over a country as large as the whole of the Southern States and communicate with the people all over it.

I then began to study the language with diligence, and in two month's time was preaching without much difficulty. I accumulated a considerable vocabulary, and took copious notes, besides invoking Mr. Sheppard's assistance as often as practicable. I was up until a late hour at night in this way, and I believe that few men have ever been as laden with many and varied duties as I then struggled under. It was really too much, and the news that Mr. Morrison, of Virginia, was expected soon to join us came as a most welcome piece of information.

Meanwhile, the surrounding country was more and more roused concerning the question of the gospel. Delegations visited us from all quarters, and our own church people were aflame with an eager desire to carry the good tidings to the towns which lay in darkness around us. A stream of visitors poured into the station daily, and it was evident that our growth was beginning to warrant further developments. One day we admitted twenty into the church, and more came to inquire every day.

CHAPTER XI.

The Story of Kassongo and the Batetela Boys.

FAR AWAY in the very heart of the most remote centre of Africa, between the gently flowing Lomami and the broad Lualaba, on a plain bounded by nothing save the never vanishing horizon, stands the town of an African chieftain famed in history, and noble in character, known over all the Lualaba country as Lusuna, chief of the Batetela. The town has taken its name on the map from the name of its chief, and its long wide streets are well swept, leading out upon the grassy plains, where herds of cattle, sheep and goats roam at will, and bear testimony to the comfort and peaceful plenty in which the people dwell.

Among the swarms of scarcely clad little urchins who ran scampering and happy about the town, was one bright-eyed, merry-souled little African, then about ten years old, who was a nephew of the chief, and consequently a member of the Batetela aristocracy. The Africans have their notions about family pride and pedigree, and plebians and patricians, just as well as our own "four hundreds". This little fellow was called Kassongo Lutela, and as he, with another, went through endless adventures in Africa, Europe and America, the story of how it all came about will be told here.

The Batetela were the most famous warriors in the whole Congo regions. They had never been conquered by other

tribes, by the Arabs, or by the white man. Some of them were such terrible cannibals that they were reported to have practiced the custom of eating their dead. The country was exceedingly rich and fertile, being a level prairie land, with deep black soil, like that of eastern Missouri, so that the Batetela ate abundantly, and became men of great stature, while their numbers increased and made the district fairly black with people. Some of the men and women, however, were brave, hospitable and kind-hearted, and quite good looking. Not all were so very black, although that was the prevailing color; some were of light yellow, and where they got their color is a large study in African history by itself alone.

Kassongo's father was a well-to-do land owner, one of the members of Lusuna's family, and a man of consequence and influence. He had other sons and daughters, whose mother brought them up according to the best way she knew in that far-off savage country. Kassongo had learned to track the animals, to shoot the bow, to throw the spear, to swim in the creeks, to make cloth from fibre, to tend the cattle, and to fight for his rights when any one began to fight him. Of schooling, books, religion, or any of the things and ways of our civilized life, he of course knew nothing. Nevertheless, he was fairly happy in his own country, and was growing up expecting to be one of the warriors of his own nation, like the rest of his people.

Now there was in the country of the Lualaba in those days a class of men whom the Batetela had every reason most cordially to hate. They were the Arabs, or, as the Africans called them, Bangwana. Dr. David Livingstone was once obliged to stay with these Arabs for some months at their principal town Nyangwe, on the Lualaba river,

the main upper course of the Congo. While Livingstone was there, the Arabs one day shot down and killed in cold blood hundreds of inoffensive women in the market of Nyangwe. They scoured the country for slaves, set one tribe at variance with another, plunged the whole territory into war; and, in short, acted like the "sons of Satan", as the native Africans called them.

The Batetela had some few fights with the Arabs, but the slave traders were slow to attack such redoubtable warriors as they proved themselves. Meanwhile, the white men had been marching into Africa against these Arabs who had murdered Gordon at Khartoum, and caused the death of Emin Pasha, and were openly at war with the Belgian rulers of the Congo country.

The leader chosen to fight the Arabs was Baron Dhanis, who selected a small army of coast negroes, some friendly Kasai natives, and a few hired black troops from different places, and started into the country toward Nyangwe from Lusambo. He had a few white officers.

Now among the Batetela chieftains, who were of co-ordinate rank with Lusuna, was one called Gongo. This chief was notorious for his prowess, energy, cruelty and determination. Gongo had made an unwilling alliance with the Arabs, and in consequence was the first hostile chief encountered by Dahnis' expedition. He was sufficiently beaten to surrender, and to offer Dhanis to turn from his Arab alliance and to become the ally of the white man, and to fight on his side. Gongo's capital was called Gandu, and was situated on the Lomani river.

When Dhanis' force, now swelled into many thousands by the accession of Gongo's auxiliaries, continued their march toward Nyangwe, they passed the town of Lusuna,

who also volunteered to lend his warriors to put down the Arabs. In this way little Kassongo was sent along to the war to carry food and extra weapons for the older soldiers from his town.

The story of this remarkable military campaign is too long to be told here; suffice to say that the ultimate outcome of it was the complete destruction of the Arab power in Central Africa, while Baron Dhanis returned in triumph.

The Batetela proved such good soldiers that the State officers asked their chiefs to allow a number of them to volunteer in the service of the Congo government. To this assent was made, and a large force of Batetela warriors returned with the officers and became part of the regular militia stationed at Lusambo and Luluaburg. Some boys also left their homes to accompany the soldiers, to carry food and otherwise serve their elders. Among these adventurous lads was Kassongo, besides a good many others of the same tribe and language, who thus became settled at these military posts of the government.

When the State officers, however, found this number of these boys about their stations growing up in comparative idleness and ignorance, they concluded that, since the youngsters had voluntarily left their parents, and were now legally charges of the State, they ought to be placed under religious and educational influence, so they distributed the lads among the Catholic and the American Missions, with the consent of the missions, and with the understanding that the labor of the boys could be required to pay for their support and education, until they should come of age. Monsieur Paul le Marinel brought ten Batetela boys under these conditions to the American Mission at Luebo. Of these, Kassongo, already mentioned, and



THE "BODY-GUARD."

KASSONGO,

KONDOLA.

Kondola, a child of the Bakussu division of the Batetela tribe, were the youngest.

When these Batetela boys came upon the mission station at Luebo, they were given houses to sleep in, and then put to work along with the other laborers, mostly Baluba; they were taught in the school for an hour daily, to read and to write the Baluba language, the rudiments of arithmetic, to recite portions of translated scripture, some geography, translated hymns, and the Lord's Prayer, with the Westminster Creed. Misses Thomas and Fearing, graduates of a college in Talledega, Alabama, for colored girls, along with Mrs. Sheppard, who had been a teacher in Birmingham, Alabama, taught the school, and it was quite efficiently conducted, notwithstanding many difficulties. The Batetela soon took the lead among the boys for bravery, intelligence, pugnacity, mischief, and progress in school. They were somewhat difficult to control at first, but after a while became quite tractable and amenable to discipline.

While these boys were at Luebo, their fellow countrymen, the Batetela at Luluabourg, broke out into an open revolt against their white commander, and killed Captain Pelzer, the Commandant of the post, causing the other officers to flee for their lives. They then seized the weapons and ammunition of the arsenal, together with all the goods they could carry, and marched into the interior, where they had some battles with the white men who pursued them later, and then they became scattered throughout the country.

The boys at Luebo remained entirely quiet and faithful, although they were thus finally sequestered from their country and homes, until peace should be firmly established—a matter of years. The names of those remaining

at Luebo were Tambu, Bushong, Mudimbe, Madi, Kelonda, Shonga, Chitata, Kamelinga, Kassongo and Kondola. Tambu, whose name meant lion, a big, powerful fellow, whose name very well fitted him, was their acknowledged leader.

These boys, having come so far, and through so many varied circumstances and adventures, were well acquainted with the whole country from the Lulua to the Lomami, and gave the missionaries a wide knowledge of affairs throughout the territory they traversed.

When I arrived at Luebo, I had not yet spent my first night there, before Chitata and Kassongo came up, preferring a request to become my personal servants in the house and about the place. Some of the others had already become thus attached to one or the other of the missionaries, and these boys did not like to be neglected, as the post of butler, cook or assistant in the store, pharmacy, or carpenter shop, was quite a desirable one in their eyes.

Soon after, I had some rough bagging cloth sewn together into a drag-net for fishing, and went with all the boys, some twenty or more, down to the Lulua to see what fish we could catch. When some hesitated about carrying the net to the right place in the water, I noticed Kassongo make a plunge, swim out to the right place, dive down, and put the net into position, with a vim and energy, which decided me in the selection of him for one of the servants it was necessary to keep out there, where abundant labor is needful. Later on Kondola also came to me, and I organized the boys around me into a kind of working machine, assigning each a distinct duty, so that all the varied parts of my occupation should run along smoothly, and nothing should be allowed to lag. One was given a certain amount

of merchandise to trade for the food which had to be bought from the natives; another kept the house and premises scrupulously clean; another kept the fire-wood supplied; some guarded the goats and fowls, while others kept up the field and gardens. Their wages were one hundred cowries (sea-shells about the size of a bean) per week, worth about five cents, with which they bought their food, and a length of cloth equal to the distance from finger-tip to finger-tip across the body, called a fathom in African trade parlance, and about equal to two yards, costing out there about twenty cents per month. Thus the keep of these boys amounted to not more than fifty cents per month each. This may sound very cheap, but owing to the cheapness of produce, and the scarcity of cowries, it was really ample.

They became invaluable to me. I trained them so that I could trust my goods implicitly with some of them. I would send them on important errands which would generally be faithfully discharged; such as a warning to a chieftain about any dangerous rumors concerning him, and a message urging him to be quiet and peaceable. They sometimes went as missionaries themselves to the surrounding towns, and acted as pretty good evangelists. They kept me posted on the trend of affairs among the natives, and to some of their warnings I may have owed my life; while but for Kassongo, on one occasion, I would certainly have been killed. To these little henchmen, therefore, I owe a debt for faithful service, and patient endurance of many trials and hardships with me, which can never be fully repaid.

Every now and then these boys would get into some mischief and require straightening out with the rod. The principal trouble was their tendency to fight among them-

selves, and their love of gambling. This latter was indulged in by a circle of gamblers seated on the ground; a few sea-shells would be tossed into the air, and the point of the game depended on how they fell, each player taking his toss-up in turn. In this way men have been known to gamble away successively their cowries, merchandise, goats, houses, slaves, wives, children, and finally their own freedom. To break up this gambling was a hard task, but I succeeded with some of them, and kept up a continual war on the subject with the others. I have seen many a circle break and scatter on my unexpected approach. Some of the little scamps would go hungry for days in order to save money for the game.

The courting propensities of the boys was a subject I did not have much to do with. The girls on the mission station were jealously kept under the espionage of Misses Thomas and Fearing, in the houses built for them inside of the walls of their yard, and there could be only a few smiles and glances between them and the swains. But the boys had plenty of sweethearts off the mission grounds, and there was no lack of courting going on. Most of the odds and ends the boys could get went in this way to the girls, and as they grew up, some of them married and settled around the mission. Among the couples thus made happy were Bashong and his wife, Mudembe and Melandola, Tamba and Tumba, and Madi and Kapinga. The marriage age was about sixteen, and when a couple wished to unite, there was no peace on the subject until they fulfilled their wishes.

To keep the peace in so large and heterogeneous a family as was thus assembled at Luebo, was a task requiring delicate diplomacy and constant watchfulness. Many were

the squabbles over trifles, the petty quarrels and disputes which the missionaries were called upon to arbitrate; and all the male members of the mission occasionally resorted to the disciplinary value of a lively application of a piece of lithe rattan, in order to bring up the youngsters in orthodox Presbyterian fashion.

It was a pleasurable sight to watch the boys at play when their tasks were done, driving a rubber ball over the open field—a game like golf; shouting out madly all the time, and exhibiting as much eager interest in the course of the play as any American boys over a round of baseball, while little girls stood looking on and screaming their comments, applauding and hurrahing, as the boys rushed hither and thither waving their sticks in pursuit of the ball.

The hope for heathen and barbarous races lies in their children; and the marvellous progress made by these African youth in accommodating themselves to the changed conditions, in assimilating Christian ideas, and in adopting the Western civilization, was the most hopeful fact I observed during my life in Africa.

CHAPTER XII.

The Ludicrous in the Situation.

TO A STRANGER with any sense of humor, many of the earlier events upon his arrival at a Central African city have a strongly ludicrous side. The pathetic and the laughable are close together. The African natives themselves are quick to give expression to their feelings, and all day long the place resounds with their noisy demonstrations.

The matter of apparel is of course one of the most palpable sources of comment to the unaccustomed observer. There is nothing humorous about the original attire of the untutored savage; the foreigner's first emotion is either one of disgust or pity. It is only when the sable citizens begin to assimilate the foreign garb that the fun begins. The ordinary indigenous clothing of these Central African tribes varies from a full mantle of the wealthy chieftain down to the square foot of loin-apron of the slave, or the innocuous nudity of the swarming pickaninnies. In the native towns only the children of the very wealthy put on any clothing before about twelve years of age. The ordinary reason assigned for this by their parents is the scarcity of cloth. This is only a partial excuse, for a man can collect the material from the woods and weave it into a yard of cloth in a single day, so that laziness must bear its share in the explanation. Some of the trifling beggars from the village of

Bena Kasenga, early after my arrival, used to bring their bare-bodied little boys and girls down to me and exhibit them as an inducement for me to donate pieces of cloth. If I gave the cloth it was sure to be used by the elders in trade, or as a means to buy something to eat.

At the same time the average native never seemed to see anything ridiculous in his wearing a part of a white man's vesture, when he could not get a whole suit. It was a common thing for the men to go about clad in a long-tailed shirt and nothing else. Sometimes you would meet a self-important individual strutting up proudly with an old cast-off pair of shoes upon his bare feet, a battered old piece of a hat upon his head, a fathom of cloth fastened tightly around his loins, and the rest of his body without anything on it at all. Once one of the leaders of fashion came to church in a pink parasol and a gentleman's dressing gown.

The tonsorial fashions were ridiculous in the extreme. Some of them shaved off one side of the hair from the head, leaving the other side somewhat like the mountains in that country, which were verdure-clad on the northern, and bare on the southern sides. Others shaved off their hair in spots, leaving long isolated tufts growing up from the head like palm-trees on a desert waste. Some platted their woolly locks and matted the plaits together with red clay, castor oil and palm-fibres. Some wore tiny caps made of straw and fibre, fastened with ingenious iron hat-pins and adorned with bright feathers.

One day not long after I had begun to superintend the manual labor, a loud angry noise was heard from the place where some of the women were engaged in digging clay and carrying it to a house which was being built near by. When I arrived at the scene of the disturbance, two women

were clinched in a tight embrace, pulling at each other's hair, kicking, biting, howling, rolling over each other, and utterly deaf to all expostulation in their inappeasable fury. I shouted to them to desist, but they paid not the least attention, and continued to fight all the harder. I ordered two of the men to separate the Amazons, and this was done by seizing each by the waist-band and pulling them apart *vi et manibus*. Even then the viragoes struggled to get at each other, and made the air blue with their vituperations. In vain I plead and remonstrated. At last I called one of them to come and sit on the verandah of the house and get some salt, while the other one remained with the workmen. The woman who followed me was called Ngoya; the other was Jidibe.

Ngoya sat on the piazza and poured out her grievances, between angry sobs and sundry exclamations of wrath and indignation. It seemed that she was a widow, and her combatant, Jidibe, a married woman, the wife of one of the principal workmen, Mulumba. Ngoya's complaint was about this:

"Jidibe and I were digging clay together. Jidibe lifted her hoe up high and let some clods fall on my back. When I told her to stop, she said I ought to get out of her way. I said I had to work just as well as she. She said I was a good-for-nothing widow, whose husband God had killed because I had been wicked. I said I would rather be a widow than a childless woman like her. Then she threw dirt in my eyes, and said no man would have me anyway. Then I had to hold her hands to keep her from putting out my eyes. Oh my mamma, my mamma, my mamma!"

Meanwhile Madame Jidibe could not resist the temptation to come up and give her version of the quarrel. A per-



THE FIRST WATERMELON.

fect tempest of discordant disputation ensued, but I at last managed to stop their wrangling by threatening to cut off the supply of salt to the first one who spoke. This calmed matters, and I sent them back to their work. In a few moments the row had been resumed more loudly than ever. Their screaming voices pierced the air, and I hurried out to see the widow and the matron locked in a mad embrace, tugging and pulling at each other, and shrieking out every abusive epithet known to the feminine African vocabulary. Before I could reach them, a providential interposition occurred, and abruptly ended the combat. A pool of muddy water, accumulated from the rain, stood near by, about three feet deep, and several yards across. As the infuriated dames struggled to and fro, they got so near the brink of the puddle that a violent lunge threw them both under the water into the miry red clay beneath. There they separated and scrambled out, shivering, their eyes and hair full of mud, and their heated passions chilled. To my surprise, the fight ended then and there, whether because of the cooling influence of the sudden bath, or the roars of laughter which greeted the mud-covered antagonists as they issued forth, and changed the current of their indignation from each other to the chaffing bystanders. When I went up to Jidibe's quarters at dinner-time, there sat the redoubtable widow beside her, the two of them eating from the same pot and as amicable as any old cronies could possibly be. Such are the quick-changing passions of these mercurial denizens of the land of Ham.

I had set several small boys to work in my back yard cutting palings for a fence. A tempest of youthful howls and execrations suddenly assailed my ears, as I sat trying to answer some of the numerous letters the steamer had

brought. Hurrying out, I beheld masters Chitata and Kassongo standing up like two prize-fighters, striking out a whirlwind of blows, and vociferating their compliments one to the other, while the other little boys were standing by in a frenzy of delighted interest, urging the gladiators to the utmost, and shouting out encouragements to their respective favorites. My stern commands fell on heedless ears, when they were enforced by a lively application of a lithe rattan to both of them, which only made them fight the harder, until I dragged them apart and made each sit apart. As soon as my back was turned, the fight commenced anew, and the same process had to be repeated. When the little implacables renewed their contest the third time, I profited by my observation of the end of the row between Ngoya and Jidibe by seizing a bucket full of water and emptying its contents over them. Thenceforth I had a specific remedy in this method of peacemaking, for cold water certainly did exert a wonderfully counteracting influence upon the heated current of their passion. This row between Chitata and Kassongo came from their attentions to the same sweetheart, and their belligerent attitude continued for quite a long time.

Once, not long after Mr. Hawkins' arrival, a messenger came running quickly from Mr. Sheppard, saying that a big fight was imminent at Ngoma's place back of the mission, and asking us to come to help quell it. When Mr. Hawkins and I arrived at the scene of the *emeute*, each carrying a long walkingstick, with which to enforce our commands, or protect ourselves, the cornfield and grassy plain was swarming with a scattered crowd of passionate natives yelling out defiance one to the other, some armed with knives, some with rocks, some with heavy sticks, and

all making a most deafening racket. Mr. Sheppard was talking earnestly with Ngoma, who was raging like a mad bull, and nervously trying to escape the diplomatic colloquy in which he was being held. Sheppard cried out for us to send the natives from the station back to their homes, while he endeavored to pacify Ngoma. It seemed that a little settlement below the mission had gone up and made a regular attack on Ngoma's town, and the whole place was agog with the conflict. There was nothing to be done to keep from bloodshed and disaster, save to drive the assailants back until a judicial inquiry could be made into the merits of the case. When Hawkins and I commanded the attacking party to go back, they shouted out furiously their refusal, being so full of fight as to be beyond all reach of reason. We then charged them ourselves with our sticks, threshing out right and left, and created a panic, in which pandemonium reigned for a few minutes. But so much were they afraid of the dreaded foreigner, that they were soon in full retreat, followed by us in regular battle order, when an enormous woman, of most elephantine dimensions, who had suddenly espoused the cause of the peacemakers, rushed down the path flourishing a big grain-flail, and charging the retreating ranks. Some small boys unfortunately presented themselves across the path of her onset, when she stumbled and fell over them, and her huge fat form blocked the way most effectually. Amid the squalls of the mashed youngsters, and the laughing hurrahs of the escaping assailants, she picked herself up, dashed the sand from her eyes and cried out, "Master, are there any more to whip?" One of Ngoma's men climbed to the top of a shanty, drum in hand, and beat a lively tattoo of defiant satisfaction, answered by loud promises of "another day"

from the disappointed rabble in retreat. When we were able to inquire whence all this disturbance had come, we found that it had arisen from the fact that one of the women of Makoli's town owed a small debt to one of those at Ngoma's, and the pitched battle had grown out of this beginning. Indeed, many grievous wars are said to arise in this way from the most trivial circumstance; and men's lives are sacrificed to a dispute concerning the value of a chicken or a goat.

A never-ending source of amusement was afforded by a small motor electric battery which I had brought with me to try its value in rheumatic affections. When I first tried it on one of the numerous small boys of the station, he held on to the poles valiantly for a moment or two, then gave a terrific yell, as he begged me to let him go. The natives with one voice pronounced the instrument bewitched. Nevertheless they were all in a dance of feverish expectation to see its effect on a newcomer or bushman, when such a rash victim was brought up to be initiated. The wild look of blank astonishment, the scared anxiety as to the effect of the "magic", the jump and start of dismay at the extraordinary tingling sensation in the nerves, and the solemn wag of the head in protestation that this thing was a supernatural device, all combined to constitute the little battery an unfailing source of impressment to the savages. They divided into two parties of opinion on the subject—whether the battery came of God or the devil.

An occasion of hilarious merriment was the appearance of the new moon. The payment of cloth to the laborers was by the month, and this was in its literal and not its calendar sense. As the time drew near for Luna to show herself, the natives kept eager watch for her crescent form,



A MUKETE GOAT-HERD.

and when she was seen, a shout spread from hut to hut, and soon the night became jubilant with their joyful acclamations, and the cry "Gondo, Gondo," (Moon) arose from all quarters. When the moon became full, dances were indulged in, and rings of singing and playing boys and girls were formed out under the soft moonlight. I never saw the vicious side of these amusements, and rather enjoyed the sight of the merry children innocently disporting themselves under the plantain trees. They were not allowed to carry these dances to excess, and I am sure no one could begrudge the hard-worked little ex-slaves their most keenly-relished form of recreation.

It was a matter of gratification that the international prohibition of the importation and sale of intoxicating liquors in the Central African Zone was so effectively executed. There was therefore almost no drunkenness at all among the natives. The sap of the oil-palm, which made the famous palm-wine, was usually mild and innocuous, and only when fermented was it sufficiently alcoholic to intoxicate. The impatience of the natives to drink it as soon as possible prevented much of this fermentation, and the juice was very much like fresh apple cider. The absence of the "dew" which generally makes the Georgia cake-walk so dangerous an affair, and calls for an abundant provision of hand razors, is thus one of the happiest features of these African merry-go-rounds. Long may that happy prohibition continue! To turn Boston rum and Hamburg gin loose in Central Africa is to turn her people into devils, her rivers into blood, her primeval wilds into a terrestrial Gehenna. Happily, then, liquor did not make fun at Luebo.

Serious as the occurrences were, some of the thieving

was the source of a good deal of laughter to us all. The effort to inculcate honesty met with some severe trials. One night I was sleeping in the room at the end of the old ramshackle house left at Luebo by Dr. Snyder, with my head in such a position that I could easily command the view into the next room in which the goods were stored, through the open door. I was awaked by a slight rattling noise. It was a bright moonlight night, and I could see quite distinctly. The windows were filled in with white cloth, in lieu of glass. The noise was repeated. I looked cautiously around, grasping my rifle, which stood near at hand. Presently a hand protruded through a pane of the cloth which had been torn to admit it. I seized the gun and rose quietly, walking towards the door. When I reached it and threw it open, two forms fled precipitately out under the paw-paw trees, and one jumped the fence. The other was under my line of fire, and I shouted, "Halt, or I shoot!" The figure stopped, and exclaimed earnestly, "Don't shoot, master, don't shoot!" Imagine my amazement when I discovered that this one of the housebreakers was a woman! I marched her down to her quarters, and returned to my house with nerves decidedly shaken. Next morning a formal examination discovered the other culprit. The woman being too weak to bear any physical punishment, and there being no jail at hand, we made an example of the man by having a sound flogging administered to him, and delivered a strong lecture on the subject of such conduct to the whole assembled settlement.

The next piece of theft went further, insomuch that one of Mr. Sheppard's ducks mysteriously disappeared, and no trace of the thief could be found. In vain did Sheppard offer rewards, threaten, cajole and search. No clue could

be found, until one day a native told him that the missing bird was at a certain place. Watch being set near by, up comes Master John, Sheppard's incorrigible little protege, to continue his feast. Caught thus in the act, the boy confessed that he had stolen the duck, and was eating it as he got a chance. This boy John was a living curiosity. He was no larger than a seven-year old child, though he must have been twelve years old, and he did not seem to grow at all. His feet had nearly been eaten up by that most insatiate and pestiferous little insect, the African jigger. This jigger is not like its red American namesake, save in size, invisibility and power to make its victim think harsh words; it attacks the feet and toes, burrows under the flesh, eats its fill, gorges itself until it becomes the size of a cowpea, and oftentimes so many attack the feet at once that if they succeed in gaining entrance and make a night of it, when taken out, they leave the flesh like a sponge. This boy John's feet had been honeycombed by these pests, and they presented a fearful appearance. The child was one of the most inveterate little rogues on earth, yet Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard had taken pity on him, and were trying to reclaim him. I believe I noticed a good deal of improvement in John before I left.

The tendency to steal chickens was surely inveterate. It is no exaggeration to say that ten thousand fowls were bought annually at Luebo, but no one dared to leave a fowl without a watch, out of a yard or house. A story was current that one missionary once rejoiced in the fact of receiving a long-continued string of natives selling him a fowl, and he sent the fowls around to his coop; when lo, at the end of the day he discovered one fowl, and it dawned on him that he had been buying the same rooster all day!

Probably every man in the village had sold him that fowl that day. If a man once gets the reputation of being dull at a trade, they begin to take every kind of advantage of him. I had to build a special fence about my storeroom to keep the confederates out, as a favorite trick was to have one man engage the white man's attention, while the rest slyly did the stealing.

I cured some salt-thieves once by mixing some epsom salts with the precious sodium chloride, and leaving the thieves to try again. There was a rush for medicine next day, and thenceforth they let my salt alone.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Beginning of the March to Ndombe.

THE EARNEST desire that we felt for an opportunity to enlarge our borders, and to give an opening to the evangelistic fervor of our people was soon to be gratified. The Agent Principal of the "Societe Anonym Belge", Monsieur Emile Stache, on his return from a visit to the country of Wissmann Falls, informed me that he had made kindly representations to the chief of the district, who bore a name familiar to readers of Dickens, inasmuch as he was called Ndombe. M. Stache said that Ndombe expressed himself as greatly interested in the "Bakelenge Ba Nzambi"—"chiefs of God"—as the missionaries were called, and he wished very much for one of them to make him a visit.

The people of Ndombe's country were called Bena Bikenge, and M. Stache represented them as being a peaceable and intelligent tribe, who would readily respond to our efforts. The genial Belgian gentleman heartily recommended the town as a suitable place for a mission station, and assured me especially that he knew the territory in question was not in the district regarded as the "sphere of operations" of the Roman Catholic Church.

One day we were informed that an embassy from Ndombe had arrived at Luebo to make us a visit, and we sent them word to come up to the mission and make our acquaintance.

Soon the delegation of the Bena Bikenge came up—about two dozen men. They were commanded by Joka—meaning elephant—who held the position of prime minister to Ndombe. Behold now this elephantine Joka—a very Falstaff of an African—a whole hogshead of darkness—near two hundred and eighty pounds in weight, black as midnight, getting well on in years, a little gray goatee depending from his chin, fierce twinkling eyes set deep under furrowed and ridged brows, waddling sedately up, and resting his immense spear on the ground, as he began to deliver his message. His retainers crowded around—big stalwart fellows, armed to the teeth with bows and arrows, spears and knives. Joka said that his chief Ndombe sent his salutations to the white man, and requested a visit; that he and his men would form an ample escort and safeguard, and no fears need be entertained for the journey. This he said because Ndombe had a terrible name throughout the country.

I asked him to spend the night, and said I would consider the invitation. So, after much parleying, it was decided to make the trip. Meanwhile the Bakete of Bena Kassenga got wind of the proceedings, and resolved to enter their protest. For the Bakete had hitherto acted as middlemen in commercial transactions with the Bikenge of Ndombe's country, and did not relish the prospect of our having direct communication with these people, fearing thus to lose their profits. So a deputation of them came down and waited upon me, seating themselves with decorum upon their various mats and skins brought for the purpose, and beginning the "palaver".

Their spokesman, Queta, opened up:

"Fwela" (their way of pronouncing my name, the

word meaning a flag), "why are you going to Ndombe? Are not the Bakete your friends? Do not we supply all your wants? What is it you have asked that we have not granted? Now you mean to leave your old friends of Kassenga, and go off to a strange country. Do you not know what a terrible man Ndombe is? Have you not heard how he killed his people by witchcraft, and how all the people tremble before him? If you go into the Bikenge country you will be eaten, and your friends will look upon your face no more."

Then I rose and made my speech:

"My friends of Bena Kassenga, my heart is very white toward you all. I love you and wish you well. You have given me many good things, and have shown me always that you were my true friends. But why should you deny Ndombe to become my friend? Will you devour all the white man's friendship, and leave none for any others? Has not Ndombe sent many of his people to accompany me? As for my being eaten, why I have four big brothers at home, and they can take care of my father and mother when they are old; and I have no wife to weep for me, so if they kill me, I will go to the Great Spirit ("Fidi Mukulo"), and there will be an end of it."

"He says," said old Queta, turning to the others, "that he has no wife to weep for him, and he will go! Was it not always this way with these young men? Then let him go, and let him accept the results." So saying, the party went away, direfully shaking their heads.

It was no easy matter to make that journey. Everything had to be carried on men's heads; barter goods to buy native produce with, such as fowls, goats, corn, peanuts, peas, beans, eggs, cassava, potatoes, palm-wine, &c.,

bedding, tents, arms and ammunition, medicines, cooking utensils, tools, and presents for Ndombe and the minor chiefs. I gathered together a caravan of about sixty people—men, women and boys. Eight strapping men were for the “African express”—the hammock suspended from a pole, to be used in crossing marshes and streams, and when fatigued or ill. I carried a fowling-piece, a rifle and a revolver.

The people started joyously. In the afternoon we had to cross our first river—about the size of the Hudson at Albany—the Lulua. As we reached its banks a fearful thunderstorm arose. It was one of those terrific tropical squalls—come in a moment, gone in an hour. I do not remember a worse one. We had no shelter. The thunder rolled, the lightning played in thick flashes; a deluge seemed to pour upon us; a mighty wind arose; crash went huge forest giants; an immense baobab went plunging down on a goat house on the opposite bank, killing the goats; the waters tossed in angry waves; a tempest of wind and rain and hail beat upon land and water. The people murmured and implored me to return, saying that this storm was an ill omen, showing that God was displeased and meant for us to stay. I told them He meant it to try our faith, and we must go on. The canoes were unlashd and loaded, and we began to cross. The blinding rain almost obscured the other shore. But as load after load was discharged, the people shouted, and soon all were safe on the southern bank. Then we went on, wet but determined, till we came to a smaller stream not far away. This also must be crossed in canoes, but there was not one on our shore. A little village nestled amid the plantain trees on the opposite bank, and at its landing all

the barks were moored. We called to the people to bring over the boats, but there was no answer. After much shouting, a man came down and paddled across, coolly informing us that he refused to let us pass, lest he might be held responsible for any misfortune which might subsequently come upon us. Entreaty, expostulation, offers of pay, alike availed nothing. Fastening his canoe to the bank, and taking the only paddle with him, he positively denied us passage, and said he must go and consult his friends about the matter. After he had gone, I vainly looked far and wide for a paddle. It was growing dark. The people were wet and hungry; they began to murmur again. Moses never had a worse following in the Wilderness. At last I cut a bamboo pole from a load two men were carrying, and remembering old college days and outings on the Congaree and Black Warrior, stepped into the canoe, and refused to admit any others. Then I began the struggle. Creeping up one bank far enough for a headway, I guided the canoe and let it drift across. As I set foot on the other shore, the people gave a great shout, and made the forest ring with their cries. Going into the town, I made a call for men and oars. A great commotion followed. The women shrieked, the dogs barked, the goats bleated, the men yelled, the children ran (but not behind their mothers' skirt there!)—pandemonium seemed let loose. But I soon restored a semblance of peace, and secured the paddles, and in a few minutes the crossing of all the caravan was effected.

Then we encamped for the night. We were wet, tired, hungry and cold, but the fires and food and shelter soon restored the vivacity of the people, and the unpleasantness of the situation disappeared. Soon the voice of Kabonga,

the chief who had refused us a passage across the river, and who had now returned from his conference with his friends, was heard across the stream calling for a boat. He was amazed at the way we had turned the tables on him, and when he came across he tried to make amends by such civilities as he could show.

One man tried to desert, but I positively forbade any such foolishness, and gave him a lecture on courage, so that he changed his mind, and became a steadfast carrier. Before engaging these men, I had specially stipulated that there was to be no desertion, straggling or leaving before the time of their agreement expired; they were thus regularly under contract for a term of months.

At least one incident occurred to cause a laugh. *Kangombe* was a friend from Bena Kasenga who had decided to accompany us to Ndombe. *Nqalluia* was another friend who had come from Ndombe's country, and was loud in the praises of his town and people. He came up and said:

"Fwela, do you not know when you come to my country all the land is yours? Shall we not give you palm-wine, and goats, and sheep, and all your heart desires? Now why do you let your friend sleep hungry to-night, when there are fowls in plenty here?"

I could not resist that appeal, so I ordered Bundu to give him a chicken.

Presently up comes friend Kangombe:

"Fwela, am I not your old friend Kangombe of Bena Kasenga? Now why do you give your new friend, Ngal-lula, a fowl, and leave me to sleep hungry? Have I not given you goats, and sheep, and fowls, and all your heart desired?"

I did not know how far this might go—the stock of chickens was not unlimited. So I told Kangombe to tell Ngallula to share his fowl between them. Presently I passed Ngallula bending over a fire with the aforesaid fowl toasting whole upon a spit of bamboo. Kangombe was leaning disconsolately over against the side of a hut, eyeing the process with evident dissatisfaction. I asked him what was the matter.

“Why,” said he, “Ngallula has worked the charm of his town on that fowl, and if I eat it I will die!”

I suppose some of the Southern farmers might like to import some of that charm!

Next morning we began the march through the great forest. It was a typical African growth. Vast trees, over two hundred feet high, and fifteen feet in diameter, reared high their heads and laced their foliage together so that underneath was a perpetual gloom. Immense rubber vines, vast convolvuli, bamboos, thorny creepers, bright-leaved shrubs, canes, sharp-edged marsh-grass, twisted, curved, fought for air and space, and left hardly an inch of uncovered earth. Monkeys chattered overhead, flocks of parrots screamed as the leopard or wild-cat stole stealthily along the branches; wild peafowls called from the tree tops. It was an eerie scene.

Emerging from these woods, we passed over a lovely little palm-dotted plain, and toward evening came to the first large town—Tambu. Its outskirts were surrounded with cassava and potato fields. The town itself was at the base of a high and thickly wooded mountain. As the head of the caravan filed into the town, the scene of the evening before was repeated, except that it was a hundred times worse. But soon the chief came, and then all the

people crowded around, hundreds of them, with sundry ejaculations and exclamations. I could scarcely breathe for the throng.

“Look at his hat! Look out, he’s going to jump! Oh, my, look at those clothes! Where did he come from? Out of the water? No, out of the sky. Oh, look at his eyes! How white he is, &c., &c., *ad nauseam*.” So the excitement increased, and the commotion grew. Presently some of the people came running up, out of breath, and greatly alarmed.

“What’s the matter, Bundu?” I exclaimed.

“Master, Chitenge has thrown down his load and run away. All the boys go for bush plenty quick. Me sabbe big palaver; t’ink some fit to make fight; come quick. Me flaid big fight live behind!”

CHAPTER XIV.

Through the Biomba Plains.

THE NOISE and confusion beyond the town were of a most peculiar and nerve-racking kind; and while the strident sounds produced by many and various instruments pierced the darkness of the night, the ear was assailed by the terrific din at which a multitude of human voices can produce a far more alarming effect than any of man's inventions. The thicket of palms and low bushes on the right of the path up which I was running was the rendezvous whence proceeded those mysterious and awe-inspiring sounds; and my heart beat fast as I reflected upon the possible significance of those direful noises, and questioned whether they betokened a council of war, or the preparatory exercises before an attack upon my defenceless encampment without the village.

Several natives passed by quickly, without a word of salutation; indeed, as soon as they caught sight of the white man, they quickened their paces, and disappeared in a run. There were still no signs of the missing boys, and the hubbub continued on our right without abatement.

Peering into the bush on each side of the path, waving the lantern to and fro, calling to the reputed strays by name, and being repeatedly disappointed as each supposed human figure turned out to be a bush or a great ant-heap,

I was at last forced to the reluctant conclusion that the runaways had either gone back toward Luebo, or were hiding deep in the forest, and feared to run the gauntlet of the whooping savages around the town. One cannot describe the feeling of sinking at the heart, of a realization of utter loneliness, of a sense of dependence on God alone which such a situation brought upon me; and the tension on the nerves in the midst of all this strange, wild people, with a following of emotional, easily scared, and quickly mutinous natives, was such that every noise jarred, every shadow startled, every movement excited them. I needed all the power of self-control I could summon up to keep me from breaking down completely.

Retracing my steps, I came once more to camp, when some of the carriers crowded up, exclaiming that Chitenge and part of the missing rearguard had come up from another direction. Chitenge soon presented himself, rather shamefaced and sheepish, and explained that as he neared the town behind the other men, a number of natives came running towards him, heavily armed with bows and arrows, spears and knives, and their appearance so frightened him that he ran away quickly into the bushes beside the path to avoid being killed, as he thought. The real fact was that the men he saw were some of the excited inhabitants of Tambu's town who were themselves so alarmed by the entry of the white man and his caravan, that they had abruptly gone off to a neighboring village, and they had no hostile intentions at all, being indeed only too anxious not to provoke hostilities.

It was now discovered that Chitat only was missing. Chitat was the fat little chunk of a negro who was noted for his fighting qualities, besides his extraordinary strength,

courage, aptitude for dangerous undertakings, and resourcefulness in emergencies, whom I had first noticed when he applied to be my goat-herd at Luebo. All the men asserted his ability to take care of himself, and their belief that he was all right, probably hiding in the bushes, watching the chance to join us.

Tambu, the chief of the village, came to me, explaining carefully how none of his people meant any harm, and had not the intention of frightening any of our followers. He protested earnestly that I must not attribute the excitement to the hostility of the Biomba. I inquired what was the cause of the continuous racket going on in the palm-groves outside the town. The question brought out a lengthy explanation which revealed one of the most peculiar and unique customs of this people.

It turned out that we had come upon the town during the celebration of one of their most sacred religious festivals, that having special reference to the marriageable youth. When the boys come of an age to marry, that is, about fifteen years, it was the practice of the medicine men of the village, the "Hoodoo doctors", to retire with these youths from the village into a dense thicket, away from all scrutiny, and there to go through certain extraordinary ceremonies and absurd practices. All ordinary clothing was laid aside, and only a waist band of leaves and strings was worn. The bodies of the novitiates were unctuously covered with palm oil, and decorated in various fantastic patterns with paints formed from red clay, white clay, redwood dust, and some resinous vegetable gum. They then went through several severe physical tests, and were examined as to their proficiency in the science of warfare, and the arts of peace. All the time of

this African saturnalia, lasting ten days, a most unearthly noise was kept up in the secluded precincts, and woe betide him who broke in upon the sacred seclusion in which these solemn exercises were being conducted.

It was this festival which our arrival had disturbed, and the noisy demonstration was made by the budding youths in the adjoining copse which had alarmed my people and puzzled me. When chief Tambu had made all this plain to me, I was greatly relieved, and bade him convey my good wishes to the medical gentlemen and their confirmation classes, with the invitation for them to visit me and hear about a much more powerful and wonderful religion than that they were exemplifying.

When I had collected all my scattered retainers, I made them a brief address, explaining fully the assurance Tambu had given me of his own kindly feeling toward our enterprise, and the fact that there was no occasion whatever for any alarm. I urged them to deal fairly in buying provisions and in all their relations with the natives, and announced that any disturbance of the peace on their part would meet with a severe punishment; while all who proved loyal, brave and sensible, would be rewarded, and should enjoy a rest and plenty of food every day. We then sang some of the hymns in the Baluba tongue, which were known by many in the caravan, and had a prayer and thanksgiving service. The Biomba who gathered around were evidently impressed with this simple ceremony, and made comments of astonishment and wonder, mingled with hearty laughter and some grunts of disgusted amusement at so plain a method of addressing our God. They began a series of questions which kept me busy until a late hour, when the noises of the village subsided,

and I sought my pallet of blankets on the greensward outside the town, where I was to pass the night.

The indefatigable Baumu, in a way of his own, had produced a semblance of a supper, and placed it upon some boxes beside the blankets. In the plates of enamelled iron ware were some baked potatoes, a fried fowl, some battercakes, boiled plantains, and parched peanuts, while a cup of coffee supplied me with an antimalarial stimulant, and a refreshing beverage. The carriers and the boys were contentedly feasting upon the good things which cheap prices and a new market afforded them, and many were the jests and witticisms over Mr. Chitenge's abrupt flight, and the discomfiture of the rearguard; while these unfortunates in turn dilated upon the terrors of the way, and magnified the dangers they had encountered. The murmur of their voices grew fainter, as one by one they finished their meal, secured their goods, and sought a fire, to which they turned their feet, being soon overcome with the heavy sleep of healthy fatigue.

On my pillow in the open air, I turned my eyes toward the heavens, immeasurably grand in their golden-spaced glory, full of stars and worlds I knew not, which no man can name, and which would shine on in distant ages when I should be laid away; I drank in the silent beauty of the witching scene, and could not sleep at once for the solemn reflections thrown upon the mind. The Southern Cross was there, brilliantly glittering with celestial gems, casting its prophetic form over the heathen continent, and full of millions of turning spheres, whose light streamed over us and turned my thoughts to Calvary. I remembered how Gordon had lain many a time and watched those stars on that same historic soil; how Livingstone had knelt and

prayed under that blazing firmament, until the print of his knees was on every camping ground from Angola to Zanzibar; how Mungo Park had asked counsel of those heavens when lost and wandering in the mazes of the Niger; how Stanley had measured his steps by the constellations; and those stars in their courses now were guiding mighty ships and inspiring victorious nations from afar to the regeneration of this land of so many dreams and hopes. With what undaunted efforts had men wrought in the past, and with what zeal were they pressing onward in the present that Africa should blaze under the Cross, upon whose form the glorious beams of the Sun of Righteousness had left a radiance playing forever. Then up rose the full orb of the moon; the shadow of the mountain hung over the valley, but all else was lit up with a silvery gleaming, and the mind filled with a prayer for the missing boy, became enamored of the scene, until the eyes grew weary with looking, and the slumber of a tired body came upon me and carried me on the wings of dreams to far off Carolina and home.

When I awoke the next morning, the outer blanket was heavy with a dew which approached a rain in the quantity of its moisture, a heavy fog hung over the valley, and a chilly wind blew from the mountain. As soon as the hasty toilet was over, I sought the fire and roused our slumbering caravan. Goats were bleating, cocks crowing, pigs squealing, and the natives had begun to move cautiously from their huts. Soon our people were up and about, making preparation for an early start, since we had a long tramp across the plains before we could reach the large town of Chimbundu that evening. Tambu pressed us to remain another day with him, but I wished to accomplish our

undertaking while we were feeling the spur of excitement, and before the reaction had time to commence.

The caravan was drawing up into line, when Bundu informed me that he had heard Chitenge trying to persuade some of the men to turn back. I became convinced of Chitenge's fears, when he came up and informed me that the men were afraid to go on to Ndombe, and that they wished to stop here at Tambu's town, and build here a house of God. Chitenge's manner was such as to convince me that he himself was at the bottom of the trouble; his precipitate flight the evening before, and the jokes of the people at his expense, together with his evident nervousness that morning caused me to conclude that he would be a source of weakness to the caravan rather than of strength. Hence I commanded him to deliver up his rifle, and go back to Luebo, where he could dwell in peace. I wished no weak-kneed soldiers on this march.

This summary example I followed up with a short speech of exhortation and encouragement, after which the line of march was taken up, and we filed out of the town on the path to Chimbundu. Ere long the fog lifted, and the sun shone out brightly, the dew disappeared from the grass, and the crowd was inspired to songs and shouts of encouragement and gladness. This was increased by the news that Master Chitat had issued from the surrounding forest and joined the caravan. He had promptly dodged into the bushes on the first alarm, and sought the leafy depths of the woods, where he lay concealed all night, and then had arisen early in the morning before the village was astir, and the sound of the little brass trumpet had guided him safe into our midst. Chitat was thenceforth one of the

heroes of the march, and he rose in the estimation of the people, because of the adroitness with which he had dodged the natives and yet followed us, instead of beating an ignominious retreat to Luebo.

Our pathway led over a succession of rolling hills, with long shelving vales, and wide level stretches of thinly wooded uplands. There were large groves of palm trees every few miles, with tangled thickets of pineapples, growing so closely as almost to choke up the path. The boys said that these groves were the sites of former villages, now removed to other places. This custom of moving their towns I found to be a well established rule. The natives said that after a while the ground of their towns became bad, the evil spirits seek to overwhelm them, and they must build on new and holy ground. From hygienic and sanitary considerations, one would certainly approve of this unique African custom. When a town is deserted, the land grows up from seeds left about the houses, and its productive power is remarkable. The palms in these groves produce wine, oil, cabbage, and bamboo, beside the palm-fibre for making cloth, and the leaves for covering houses. The pineapples afforded us a generous feast, and but for the lack of water, would have sufficed for our lunch on the way.

This lack of water was distressing. Not knowing the road ahead, we had brought no water with us, and for fifteen miles we travelled along the crest of a watershed, and crossed no streams. The heat of the sun, the perspiration from the vigorous march, the unremitting exercise afoot, combined to produce a consuming thirst, and to make each valley as it showed no welcome brook at its bottom, a keen disappointment. This thirst continued

until it was almost unbearable, and I hardly knew what to do.

Presently the boys reported that my officious friend, Kangombe, had gone to seek water in a direction in which he knew it was to be found. That shrewd merchant prince of Bená Kasenga had been in this country on trading expeditions before, and knew the localities. We were descending a long gently sloping valley, when I noticed a remarkable line of abrupt hills running parallel with our path, whose geological formation was so striking as to demand scrutiny. They were out of all harmony with the prevailing landscape, and appeared to be intrusions in the harmonious plains. Immense masses of broken stones, loose cracked boulders, huge rounded rocks, lay in irregular heaps upon the summits and sides of these hills, on which the vegetation was little else than sparse grass and a few stunted trees. These hills had a definite meaning to the student of the geology of this region, and subsequently I made an examination into their character and significance.

The principal charm of this locality, however, in my recollection of the first time I saw them, was the fact that here Kangombe came back with a slave of his bearing an immense calabash of fresh water. When I had slacked my burning thirst, the surging carriers proceeded to have a rough and tumble fight over the rest of it; the picture they presented, as half a dozen mouths would make a dive at the hole in the gourd at the same time, and the bearer of the vessel fall to the ground under the press of the thronging crowd, being ludicrous in the extreme.

The hours of the afternoon passed rapidly as we swung along the path at a good rate, our gait being about four

miles an hour. From the brow of the hill I saw a wooded valley, not steep, but beautifully undulating, and swelling up to a commanding plateau on the opposite eminence. There, said the Bakete, was the creek Wedia below us, and over on the plateau was the town of Chimbundu. We hastened down the hill with joyous steps, and entered upon one of the loveliest little grassy dells imaginable—a bit of nature's own choice gardening.

Soon a great shouting was heard in front of us, and the sound of approaching footsteps on a quick run was followed by the appearance of a number of strange natives, elaborately dressed in the most fashionable African attire, which consisted of an abundance of palm-oil and red-wood dust, with a new loin-clout, and a head gear of bright feathers. At the head of these strangers was a tall and strikingly handsome African, whose features were remarkably clear-cut and prominent, although his skin was of the deepest ebony hue. He looked exactly like the Egyptians whose pictures had once taken so vivid a hold on my youthful imagination. This man came quickly up, and held out his hand with a charming grace of manner, while no European courtier could have worn a more pleasing smile, or given a more distinctly polite and courteous impression.

“Moiyo, Mukelenge,” said he.

“Moiyo, Mulunda,” I replied.

The African continued:

“You are Fwela, the white man of God. I am Kweta, the armorbearer of Ndombe, king of the Bikenge, chief of all the people of the country of the great Nzadi (Kasai River). Ndombe has sent me to meet you on the road, and to bring to you his word of welcome to his country. We are glad to have the white man come into our country.

Ndombe has sent you these presents to show you his good will, and that his heart is white towards you. Welcome, white man, to the country of the Bikenge."

As this spot was a day's journey—over twenty miles—from Ndombe's town, this act of courteous welcome was truly royal, and it warmed my heart to receive such an evidence of the existence of so gracious a hospitality in the customs of a savage monarch. Truly, if there were other aboriginal virtues as clearly marked as this, I was surely approaching good ground for the seed of the new influence I went to plant.

The presents consisted of many large gourds full of foaming palm-wine, baskets brimming with large clean peanuts, bunches of plantains and bananas, a string of fowls, and a basket of potatoes. These were put at my feet by the crowd who accompanied Kweta, each one saluting me in turn, and all of them beaming with smiles of pleasant greeting. Never in my life had I been made to feel so keenly the way in which the black people had so effectively turned the tables on this representative of the South, of the Anglo-Saxon race, of the prided hospitality of a land built up on the labor of slaves. Here was no race issue, no color line, no question of skin or ancestry. Here was simply primitive African nobility delighted at the chance to exhibit its best qualities. Here Central Africa put South Carolina to the blush by a hospitality never outdone, a reception which could not but bring up a painful comparison when I thought of the arrival of some of these same people on Southern plantations fifty years before. As Ndombe's town was still over twenty miles away, we spent the night in Chimbundu. I ought to explain here that it was a custom among these people frequently to

call the name of the village after that of the chief. The small stream near the village we easily forded, I being carried upon the shoulders of one of my stalwart workmen. This Wedia was a lovely little creek, here about four yards wide and two feet deep, running through a black loamy soil, with clear water and a pebbly bottom. Its banks were lined with ferns, mosses, tall grasses, canes, bamboos, small palms, and lovely flowers of many different colors. I found some exquisite orchids, white lilies, and a crimson-purple flower like a tulip with several stems on one root. Up the hill was now the cry, as the wearied people began to climb up to the plateau. The path showed signs of frequent travel, and as we arrived at the top, the usual fetish sticks planted on the ground appeared, the noises of the city of the Biomba were heard, and we came to a fearful sign, indicative of the grim and warlike character of this famous chieftain. Two posts were erected on either side of the path, and across these at the top was fastened a horizontal bar connecting the uprights. The bar was composed of several bamboos, into whose bodies a number of arrows had been fired and remained fixed, giving the structure an appearance of bristling with arrows, and causing the stranger who must pass under the bar to think well of the strong arms and great bows with quivers full of arrows, which were ready to defend their homes. A gruesome pile of bones lay on the ground near by, and I never cared to see whether they were human or not.

Chimbundu's city was vast, irregular, fearfully dirty (later there was a transformation in this respect), and crowded to repletion. The like of this reception I had never dreamed of. The people seemed to be there by thousands. The children especially were exceedingly

numerous, all naked and wild with excitement. They accompanied me through the streets—if such they may be called—yelling, howling, laughing, singing, commenting, enjoying what was more than any circus to them. I marched steadfastly forward, guided by my new friend, Kweta, who had evidently prearranged things with Chimbundu, until we came to a large open space in front of some rather pretentious bamboo and straw dwellings, where the crowd had held back and left a clear space. Here some mats were spread upon the ground; on one of these mats—the central one—was seated the most imposing looking of the natives, a copper-colored man of middle age, with a calm and serious face. In front of this man were placed some calabashes of palm-wine. Kweta accompanied me until I came before him, when he introduced me to Chimbundu, paramount chieftain of the Bena Biomba.

The usual salutations were exchanged, including the clapping of the hands, a method of salutation which I had recently learned. Chimbundu took up the wine gourds and handed me one. I filled a cup and offered it to him. He drank it, and then filled one for me, the utmost gravity and decorum being meanwhile maintained. After several copious potations, Kweta called Joka, who stood near by, to join in the refreshments, and to make a speech on the occasion. Friend Joka was nothing loth, and soon was in the full swing of an ordered discourse, setting forth at length to Chimbundu all the weighty matters of church and State involved in the entry of the white man into the country. He was heard in patience to the end, when Chimbundu arose, struck his spear in the ground, and proceeded to show his oratorical powers. He was generously applauded; his sentiments evoked repeated yells of

enthusiastic assent from the armed warriors ranged around and the conclusion of his speech was the signal for a furious demonstration lasting several minutes. The noisy fusilade was not meant to be hostile or to alarm any of us; it was simply to impress us with the power and might of Chimbundu and his people.

My reply was brief, but to the point. Joka had already covered the ground pretty thoroughly and left me little to say. I presented Chimbundu with some cloth, salt, and brass wire, which he received with unfeigned pleasure, and indicated to his followers to bring up a sheep and a goat, which he presented to me. Thus the preliminaries were over, and we were made welcome to a town famous for its warlike qualities. A spirited trade in foodstuff sprang up as our carriers came in. I bade Chimbundu inform his people that I purposed speaking to them all later in the evening, and once more was able to sink down to a happy rest with the best prospects for a successful termination of our journey upon the morrow. Chimbundu's town was furnished with several large sheds, under whose shelter it was the privilege of the traveling stranger to lodge; and one of these in front of the domicile of the chief became my quarters for the night. Our property, where there were any loose articles, was placed close beside me, while some of the carriers slept near the fire at one end of the shed. Except for an occasional foray from stray goats, our sleep was undisturbed; for when we had concluded the discourse and service as at the other towns, Chimbundu had strictly charged his people to keep the peace, and not to disturb the stranger's rest.

The morning dawned auspiciously, the sun coming up out of the low hills to the east with no mountains to delay

the dawn, and no mist or rain to give us an uncomfortable start. Chimbundu and his warriors were up betimes, and stood round watching our culinary preparations with intense interest and not a few curious questions. One of the onlookers wanted to know what it was I ate that made my body white; while another sharply informed him that we got our white skin like the fishes got theirs—by sleeping in the water at home; for, added he, did we not hear that all the white men came to our country out of the great water? This question is as fiercely agitated among the Africans as the descent of man is among our own “scientific” philosophers, and some of their profound conclusions are perhaps as well based as the dogmatic inductions of many of our religio-physico-hysterico heathen at home.

When Joka’s impatience had found expression in many vehement exhortations to our caravan, and we were about to resume our march, Chimbundu came forward to announce that he had ordered his body-guard to take the white man’s hammock and carry him to Ndombe. “For”, said he, “should not Chimbundu, chieftain of all the Biomba, show that he knows how to treat a great white chief, when he receives a messenger from heaven?” This was certainly piling Pelion upon Ossa in the way of royal treatment; and when my hammock was produced, and the stalwart warriors gathered round with stentorian shouts and acclamations, and I mounted into the Pullman palace car of the wilderness, I was borne out of the town amid a roar of whoops and hurrahs, while the excited children ran along beside the hammock for several miles.

Our progress that day was an ovation. Every now and then parties of natives hailed us, and came up with pleasant greetings. The hammock-bearers relieved each

other in rapid succession, and as there was over a dozen of them, they kept up an unbroken run all the way, singing as they went: "Nzambi Kua kwa n'Ndombe lelu, lelu" ("God is going to Ndombe to-day, to-day"). I endeavored to make them understand that God was already at Ndombe; but in their semi-enlightened minds all this big question involved God in some extraordinary and mysterious way, and that is all they knew about it. So God went with them to Ndombe that day, sure enough.

We were going now almost due south, across a succession of broken hills, deep wooded valleys, with alternate ridges of grassy headlands. We crossed a number of streams; the first a small tributary of the Wedia; the second a larger creek, said to run into a third. These last two were called Lubunzi and Lubi, respectively. The Lubunzi ran through an immense brake of mambonda palms, which were noted for the abundance of their sap and the excellence of their bamboo. Some of the inhabitants of Ndombe were seen coming out of this palm forest laden with vessels of wine. A few seashells made them happy, and they presented us with a most refreshing draught from their stock. Lubunzi flowed swiftly toward the west, and our people plunged in for a cooling bath, issuing forth with renewed zest to climb to the top of the last ridge which lay between them and their destination.

On the crest of the watershed between Lubunzi and Lubi, we halted under a giant baobab's shade, sitting upon the hard ant houses, of the smaller kind which abounded along the path. While resting here we enjoyed an inspiring view of the surrounding country, and nowhere had I ever seen one more promising. Forests, waters,

fertile plains, rich valleys, cool mountains, were all here in the same territory; it seemed that these friendly tribes had chosen a land blessed above measure for their dwelling place. Joka asked me to be ready when we arrived at the capital to go on ahead with him, so that we should arrive first, and thus observe the proprieties of the occasion, observing that Kweta had already gone on to act as the herald of our approach.

We descended into the valley of the Lubi, which we found to be a stream of about twelve yards wide, and over waist deep, running rapidly, with rocks on each bank, and heavily wooded on the adjacent hillsides. I had to mount upon the shoulders of the tallest carrier in order to cross, although the Bikenge informed me that a large foot-log spanned the creek half a mile above the ford. This foot-log became subsequently my regular means of crossing the turbulent little Lubi, which reminded me so much of our own Connerross in the Piedmont of South Carolina.

Near the top of the hill we came to wide spreading fields of cassava, through which our path led us in a serpentine trail until we descended and crossed our last rivulet, whose waters environ the hill on which Ndombe is built. We passed more cassava fields, proceeded along a far-reaching ridge, which gradually enlarged into a palmy plain, and at last came upon a small collection of huts, to which Joka paid no attention at all, but strode along, returning the salutations of the people, who were remarkably quiet and well behaved. We passed many such houses, and marched up a long street, when a walled town, with plantain trees waving in the breeze, and showing their tops above the walls and houses, suddenly burst upon the sight, and elicited

an involuntary exclamation of surprise. This was the finest town I had yet seen; and Joka broke into a broad smile as he said, "Here is Ndombe's home and mine."

An avenue about twenty yards wide, clean and well swept, with high fences on each side, ran through the town, and Joka conducted me up this avenue to his own place of abode, into which a gate in the wall admitted us. Several houses, in the most approved African style, were placed about the enclosure, which was a marvel of cleanliness and order; the yard was adorned with many plantain trees, some of which were weighted with the bunches of ripening yellow fruit. A shed stood in front of the door of the house into which Joka had gone, and under this shelter I sat down, eating peanuts and being cooled by fresh palm-wine. Joka left me for a few minutes, but soon returned with some one else following him, as I judged from the sound of a rich bass voice without the wall. Joka entered first, and the newcomer followed him through the gate.

CHAPTER XV.

Ndombe and Son.

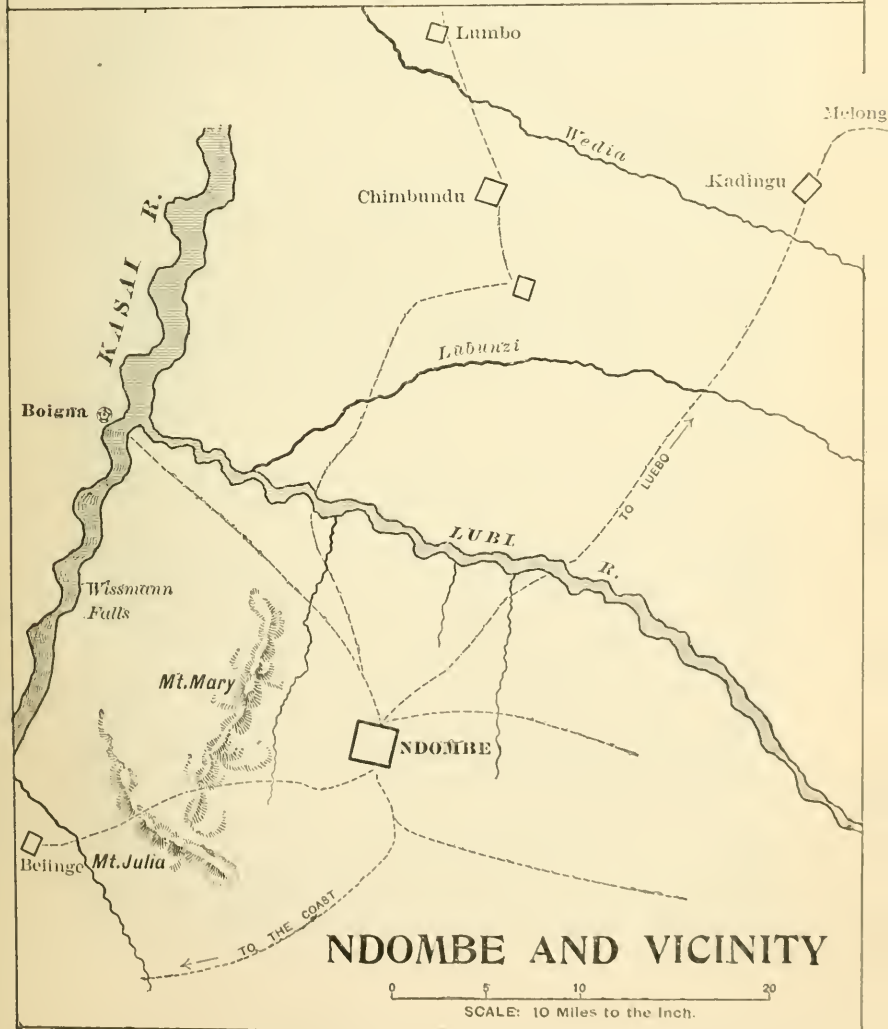
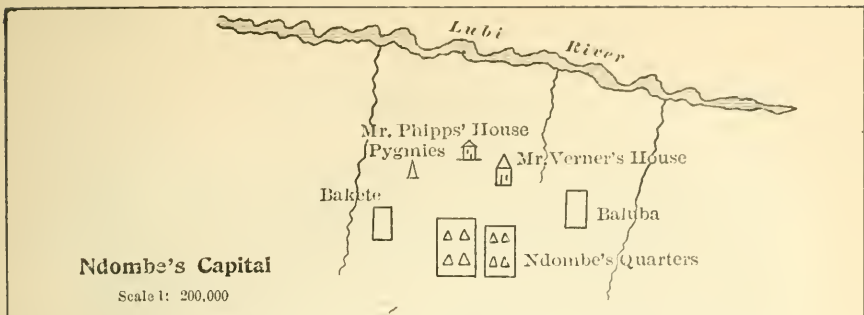
THE MAN whose gigantic form loomed up in the gateway of Joka's yard made an instantaneous impression of the kind that is never forgotten. He came alone, but he would have been a marked man in a thousand. I had never seen a man, white or black, of the *toute-ensemble* which he presented. It was needless to ask who this was; every movement and feature proclaimed him a king among men. This was the far-famed Ndombe himself, who came quietly up to the shed where I was sitting, and held out his right hand, saying, "Mukelenge, Moiyo!" ("O king, Life!")

I had divined that this was the chief as soon as I saw him; so I arose and gave him my hand, with the same salutation with which he had greeted me, looking him frankly in the eye, and as I did so, meeting a bold, fearless, calm gaze, the look of a man accustomed to be obeyed. Ndombe's appearance was such as can be described by the word *regal*: for in spite of all the garb of his simple savagery, the effect of a glance at him was to inspire an instinctive respect. He was nearly six feet and a half in stature; of a bright copper color; with broad square shoulders, Hereulean limbs, and massive statuesque features. The physical build of the man conveyed a distinct impression of great power; his weight must have been about two hundred

and fifty pounds, and he was as straight as an arrow, without the least of the abdominal ponderosity which so ridiculously characterized the person of old Joka. The king's face, however, was his chief charm. He had a broad, high forehead, a straight and slightly aquiline nose, a pair of magnificent brown eyes, large as a quarter of a dollar, and characterized by an artistic fullness and prominence; those eyes were restless and searching, and seemed to take in the whole horizon at a glance. His cheek bones were high, his mouth clearcut and rather mobile, without the usual thickness and sensuality; his chin firm and broad; while the whole face beamed with a kindly intelligence, and bespoke a character at once resolute and benign.

A complete silence obtained among the boys around me—for what made me respect Ndombe evidently inspired a wholesome awe in them. When Ndombe stooped to enter Joka's shed, they made way quickly, but a kindly word of greeting from him quieted them, and then Joka performed a little ceremony, the significance of which I afterwards inquired of him, when he made an explanation of its meaning.

Joka went into his own house and brought out a double handful of small blue beads and gave them to Ndombe before we had entered into any conversation, saying a few words in the Bakuba language. Joka told me that he saw that I did not know that it was customary for a stranger to thus acknowledge the chief's official position on first meeting, and so he himself discharged this act of court ceremony for me. I had presents for Ndombe, but it seems that this little act was a special token, demanded by the immemorial customs of the people. I found later



that there were a number of these special customs, upon the close and accurate observance of which the social standing of the individual depended, and white men were also judged as gentlemen or not by the natives according as they were careful upon the points of aboriginal etiquette, and exhibited continually the graces of good manners. Ndombe was certainly a gentleman according to all the rules of the best African society, and he never failed to show himself one in all my acquaintance with him.

His dress was unique, and not at all bizarre or unbecoming. He wore a heavy loin-cloth of palm-fibre make, creased in many folds, and reaching from the waist to the knees; besides which he was clad in an ample red robe of the same material, worn as the Romans wore the toga. Upon his arms, from the elbow to the wrist, and also on his ankles, were a number of bright brass rings, his sole ornament. He carried a large beautiful spear, his usual weapon.

Ndombe invited me to accompany him to his own apartments, where he would give me full audience. He led the way and conducted me through a broad street, kept delightfully clean, running exactly east and west through the town; then we passed down a labyrinth of narrow passages, walled in with fences of palm leaves laid on upright bamboo sticks, and finally emerged upon an open space, walled in on all sides, with a number of very large plantain trees growing at one end, and a well built shed of liberal dimensions in the centre. This shed is called the Chitanda; or, in the patois of the tradesmen, "palaver-house". It was Ndombe's reception room, where he held his daily audiences, received friendly strangers, and transacted public business. The way in which this shed was

so elaborately guarded, surrounded on all sides by the abodes of the chief's principal retainers, and approached only by the labyrinthine passages before mentioned, was suggestive of the state of armed peace in which these African chieftains dwell. A surprise was impossible, and a row raised by an intruder was extremely likely to end in his being entrapped in a trice.

Entering the shed, Ndombe called for a mat for himself, seeing that one of my boys had placed my camp chair ready for me. A mat was brought, and the king seated himself tailor-fashion upon it, assuming an attitude of earnest but reserved attention. I was struck with this manner. It was entirely different from anything I had ever met with in other Africans—as much as to say that he did not bind himself to any course before he had heard me fully, and come to understand all these matters aright. No judge upon the bench, no speaker of the House could have assumed an air more dignified, more noncommittal, less capable of interpretation.

The title by which Ndombe addressed me was the same as that which the natives told me to use toward him—"Mukelenge" (King). I shall henceforth use it without interpretation.

"Mukelenge," said he, "I am glad that my servant Joka has brought you safe to my town, as I instructed him. When I invited you to my country, my word went forth that all the people should take care to behave themselves properly so as to cause no offence to the white man when he should come. You see that my people obey my word, and now behold, I am ready to hear what you have to say. I wish especially to hear about the question of God, for that is what I heard that you are come to speak of, and it

is concerning that matter principally that I have sent for you."

Seeing that it was expected of me that I should now fully explain all the aims of my coming, and the requests I had to prefer, I began, and continued my speech to him for over an hour, in the Baluba tongue, with which Ndombe was perfectly familiar. I tried to make clear the peculiar character of our calling, showing that while we were neither traders nor representatives of the government, we did not conflict with, or antagonize either; that we came to preach and to teach the people concerning God, and the right manner of living; moreover, we were prepared to medicate their sick, and to teach them and their children to read and to write, and to instruct them in the arts and customs of the white man's civilization. We were men of peace, who came to advocate peace and righteousness, and to be their real and lasting friends. I did not fail to tell him of the story of the Cross, which was my theme in all my discourses, and ended by showing Ndombe the Bible I carried, and explained its great historic value, its immense practical importance, and how it was pre-eminently the Word of Truth. Ndombe had listened very intently, and now examined the Book with animated curiosity, turning over the sacred pages—alas, so sealed to him and his for unnumbered generations in the past—and was especially struck with the explanation concerning its essential truthfulness, and the truth-telling influence it had upon the people. Said he: "Oh, white man, I greatly desire this Book for my people, for in the many disputes which I am called upon to adjudicate, the principal trouble is that the people are so given to lying!" It seemed that Falstaff's char-

acterization of mankind met a responsive echo from this observant African sage.

Ndombe then began his response, and I was soon struck with the vein of genuine oratory which characterized his delivery, and the apt and striking figures of speech with which his discourse abounded.

“Oh white chief, your words have made my heart warm, and the speech from your lips has driven away the fears from my breast concerning you, because we have heard of the terrible guns of the white man, how they shoot men from afar with a noise like thunder and fire as the lightning in the sky, and because we have heard many strange things about the steamers which travel far upon the rivers bearing the great riches of the white man, our hearts were greatly stirred within us when we knew that a stranger from the Land Beyond the Water had come.

“But you speak good words, and your manner is that of a friend. Therefore I say to you now that when you will live at my town and do as you say, you shall have all the Bena Bikenge for your friends; behold the land, the waters, the fields, the houses, the people are yours. The heart of the chief is as your own heart. He that fights Fwela must fight Ndombe also; and when Fwela dies then will Ndombe die also. You shall stay here and all the people shall come together to hear concerning all these new matters.”

The speech-making over, I proceeded to make Ndombe the present of gifts which, according to established custom, I had brought for him. These consisted of an iron trunk, some salt, beads, cowry-shells, cloth, and brass wire, besides some pictures and a knife. These Ndombe accepted with-

out the least appearance of the childish delight which characterizes so many Africans on such occasions, and then led the way to where a white sheep was tied, and indicated that this was for my immediate use, and that other evidences of his generosity would soon be forthcoming.

Ndombe now gave command that the women of the town should prepare an abundance of food for all the people who had accompanied me from Luebo; that none of his people should molest mine; that all trading must be conducted on a basis of fair dealing and honest relations; that all his people should make the newcomers feel entirely at home.

I proceeded with my little coterie of boys—the personal body-guard, so to speak—to select a place for our camp for the night outside of the town. My reason in going out upon the adjoining plain was to escape the noises of the town, besides the confusion incident to close quarters, and the various objectionable features of the usual African village life. When Ndombe perceived this, he directed a number of his men to go into the town and bring me a house. This command was obeyed, and soon a palm-leaf and bamboo dwelling appeared, borne on the shoulders of the stalwart blacks, and was deposited on the grassy plain near the wall of the town.

I was amused at the ponderous dignity with which old Joka now set the example to the townspeople in clearing off the few bushes about my place of abode. Waddling about, knife in hand, he gave a few short orders, which were quickly obeyed, so that soon a delightfully clean open space was made for our temporary quarters, pending the selection of a plot of ground for our residence. The townspeople now began to visit us in great numbers; soon the

plain was thick with throngs of curious Africans, watching my every movement, making various comments and ejaculations, and scurrying away in great alarm whenever I made any quick movement toward them. Soon their alarms were quieted, however, and then they began to crowd around and to examine all the new things they saw, and to proffer all sorts of articles for sale. Sheep, goats, fowls, eggs, potatoes, plantains, bananas, yams, were offered on all sides; it was evident that we were in a land of plenty.

An incident now occurred which made a powerful impression upon me, and is deserving of special record. From the door of the new house I directed the disposal of our affairs and met the people who came up. At some distance I noticed a group of boys and youth standing. Among them was one whose appearance was so commanding, so noble, and withal so exceedingly handsome, that I looked at him closely, and inquired whether he were not the son of the king. Answer was made that the boy was indeed Mianye, the eldest son of Ndombe. Mianye means bow-string. I sent him a request to come over and speak to me. The prince thereupon drew near, a crowd of his little retainers following. Never had I seen a youth so strikingly engaging in manners and bearing. Straight as an arrow, with the bodily lines so symmetrical, the poise so erect and free, the person so clean and lacking in any savage or uncouth ornaments, his eyes full and lustrous, with delicately chiseled features—this boy was an aristocrat to compare with the scions of the royal houses of Europe.

He greeted me with the usual salutation, and I stood lost in wonder and amazement that Central Africa should produce such a marvel of patrician birth. It is just to add that in all my subsequent observation of this beautiful

boy, he never failed to show himself the real gentleman which his first appearance bespoke. Some of his little acts of kindness endeared Mianye to me in a way which causes me to count him as one of my heart's living prayers. Once he came down to see me with a pure white lily at his breast, suspended from a string about his neck, evincing that love of flowers which is one of the truest marks of a refined character.

While I thus studied the happy youth, Kassongo, one of the Batetela boys from Luebo with me, remarked with evident feeling: "In my own country I was a prince, too." I noted the longing and almost tearful way in which Kassongo regarded Mianye's care-free and royal position, while he had for so long a time been a wanderer and a servant; later I questioned him about his own history, and obtained the remarkable tale found elsewhere in this book. He and Mianye became warm friends later on, although at first Bundu diplomatically made friends with the prince, and became the object of much lavish hospitality.

Night came on, and soon the remaining stragglers of my following came tardily in, massing their burdens on the ground near the house, and throwing themselves down with many sighs of happy relief that the weary journey was over. I determined now to address them concerning their conduct during our stay at Ndombe's town, and when the king appeared, I had them all drawn up in line. Then I made a short speech, exhorting all my people to behave themselves at their best, to refrain from stealing, violence, noise, and all disorder, and ended by saying that as this was Ndombe's town, such offences would be tried in concert with him, and he should have a part in the punishment of the guilty. As Ndombe now walked out before them, and

his gigantic frame and awe-inspiring personality came first before them, there was a perceptible hush in the ranks, and a visible attitude of profound respect, not to say terror, on the part of them all. Ndombe seconded my remarks, deprecating all wrong-doing from any of my people, and assuring them of kind treatment and complete hospitality from all the townspeople. He confirmed his words by the present of a large goat for them to eat, and requested me to show the power of my gun upon it. To please him I aimed my Martini-Henry at the head of the goat, and shot it through the centre of the forehead, the bullet passing completely through its body, and thence into the ground. The power of the weapon impressed him greatly, and a crowd of his people gathered round with many comments and shakes of the head.

The sun was about setting, so all retired, and left me to my supper by the campfire, and with a heart full of gratitude for the happy ending of this eventful day.

Our next day was a busy one, as the Bikenge, the name generally applied to the citizens of Ndombe's town, now began to flock to our quarters to satiate their curiosity, or to bargain for some article with their own produce. As usual, salt was in great demand. I now began to make a circuit of the town, both to ascertain its size and desirability for our location, and to select a site for our home. When Ndombe heard of my movements, he insisted on accompanying me, and showed me over the capital of the Upper Kasai with evident pride. He was amused at my climbing a large tree in order to get a full and unobstructed view of the whole country, by which I could make the maps the more easily.

In describing the town I give, of course, the sum of all

my later knowledge of it, and as I made many careful surveys with good instruments, and studied the whole district with the utmost minuteness, I believe I obtained an accurate impression of the geography and topography of this beautiful African city, named Ndombe for its king.

A study of the map will assist the reader in following this outline of the country. Sixty miles above the point where the Kasai waters receive those of the Lulua, a range of mountains crosses all the streams, forming cataracts impassible for navigation. The cataracts in the Kasai were discovered by Dr. Wolf, a German explorer, and called by him after Major Von Wissman, the earliest and most eminent of the explorers of the Upper Kasai, Wissman Falls. The mountain is a succession of spurs of hard sandstone and conglomerate, running parallel with the great Chrystal mountain system, in whose southern extremities the Kasai, the Kwango, the Coanza and the Zambesi rivers all rise. These lower mountains evidently border on the shores of what was once, in the previous geological ages, a vast inland sea; and I have called this Kasai range, not previously examined or named, the Wauters range, in honor of a noted Belgian geographical savant. South of the Wauters mountains, with the Upper Kasai dividing it in twain, occurs the immense, fertile, populous plateau of Lunda, while north of this range the land slopes inward toward the Congo, and is a succession of rolling hills and broad undulating valleys, the rivers and streams everywhere bordered with gigantic forests.

The town of Ndombe is an ideal site for the capital of all this valley. Like Jerusalem, it stands on a hill, by other hills surrounded, and is beautiful for situation. The hills belong to the Wauters range, and are just on the divid-

ing line between the lower rolling country and the great Lunda plateau, and all the highways between these immense territories meet and diverge at Ndombe. Its location among the mountains gives it greater healthfulness, and its being off the rivers, frees it from the heavy malarial fogs which prevail immediately upon and near the water. At the same time the town may be regarded as practically commanding the head of navigation of the Kasai, as it is only about three hours' journey to the bottom of Wissman Falls from the town.

Six main highways proceed from Ndombe in every direction to the various towns and tribes centreing there. These are constantly traversed by the natives, who make Ndombe a common meeting-place, and constitute it a market for the exchange of their wares and produce.

Another fact making the town desirable for location is the way in which it is watered. A little mountain river rises about twenty miles southeast of the town, and flows into the Kasai exactly at the bottom of Wissmann Falls. This stream is called the Lubi, and it runs at the bottom of a long hill on the summit of which the king's town is placed. Besides this, two branches rise in the sides of this hill, and run parallel with each other into the Lubi. Still another stream rises behind Ndombe and flows into the Kasai. These streams furnish an abundance of beautifully pure water, besides affording rich hillsides, upon which large fields are cultivated by the Bikenge.

The town itself was a group of villages arranged about the chief's village as a centre, on the grassy plain on the ridge and brow of the hill. The immediate village occupied by Ndombe and his family and principal men was divided by a broad avenue into two parts, each part walled

in by a wall of palm leaves laid on bamboo uprights. This avenue was laid off due east and west, and a large tree was at one end, about whose roots the village children played, and under whose pleasant shade the people often congregated to dance or pass the gossip of the day. This avenue received several lanes leading from the yards of each family; while Ndombe and his wives, of whom there were over thirty, occupied the centre of the village, and were especially guarded by the houses and fences of the others.

Besides this, the other villages grouped upon the hill contained a large population, and all together constituted the capital of the territory over which Ndombe was the general suzerain. This population embraced a heterogeneous mass of different tribes and peoples, but all spoke the Baluba tongue, and feared and respected the Bena Bikenge.

After a full examination, I decided to locate on the slope of the hill above the Lubi, just between the springs of the smaller branches, where there was an old manioc field, which was about to be abandoned. Upon inquiry, it was found that the field belonged to the wife of a man named Kueta, the same who had headed the delegation bringing presents from Ndombe which had met me near Chimbundu. Kueta's wife proved to be one of the best looking, most sensible, most matronly, and best-humored dames of the town; and she agreed to sell me enough land to build on in exchange for some cloth. This was conformable both to the laws of justice and to the regulations of the government.

The next day we moved down to our new quarters, and began to prepare for final occupancy. By this time the natives of the adjacent towns had become informed of our

presence, and delegations of them began to arrive, to make the acquaintance of the white man, and to purchase some of the wonderful things they so eagerly sought. The largest crowd came from the Bena Mfula, who lived south of Ndombe, and sent their principal chief to salute me. Our place presented a stirring scene of bustle and activity when all these natives came crowding round, and we were able to procure an abundance of native produce and food-stuff.

While all this rush of trade was proceeding, with the surging to and fro of curious crowds, and the unceasing "Matabeesh, Mukelenge" (Present, O chief), friend Joka had retired to his own quarters, and busied himself about his own affairs. After the plebians had finally tired themselves out and straggled off, leaving the new camp at last in quietness, the old man waddled up, and seating himself Turkish fashion on a mat near the tent door, remarked:

"Well, are you satisfied now, and did I speak falsely about the great town of Ndombe?"

"Oh, no, Joka, you spoke the truth."

"Mukelenge," continued he, "you may wonder that I have left you all this afternoon; but you must not mix us up in your mind along with these common people, who have been making such a racket. They are the nobodies of the town. We gentlemen do not behave like them, and so I waited until they should go, to come and talk to my friend in quietness and order."

"Well, I am glad you have come, Joka; and I am also glad that all you people are not rowdy like those noisy fellows who have just gone. They are a terrible nuisance."

"Yes, that's so; but don't you have rough people in

Mputu (white man's land) as well as well-behaved? But I want you to come with me and see the present I have for you."

The old man led the way through the tall grass, out to a beautiful little grassy lawn of nature's making, all the while maintaining an air of mysterious self-importance, until a herd of goats came bounding through the pineapples.

"Now, what do you think of that fellow?" Joka said, his deep-set little eyes sparkling, a ring of pride in his voice, as an immense milk-white he-goat bounded across the space in front, and stopped to nibble the grass. This was surely a Ndombe among the goats. He was nearly as large as a year-old calf, perfectly white, except for a single black spot in the middle of his forehead. He had an enormous pair of horns, and he moved about with the restless air of conscious superiority, the lord of the herd. "He is yours," said Joka, "and now you know that I did not speak big words vainly when I said that at Ndombe we had the biggest goats in the whole land of the Bakuba."

This animal became the mascot of my camp; and great were the tales told about the goat Joka gave Fwela by the people who returned to Luebo. He was allowed to roam with the herd, Joka assuring me that he would be entirely safe, and he continued so for the rest of my stay.

This was only the beginning of Joka's generosity. He gradually became my banker, supplying almost anything in his possession I desired, and keeping the accounts in his head as well as I did in my books. He was certainly the keenest trader I ever dealt with, and no trade ever passed his hands without leaving a good percentage clinging to his palms. As a merchant, Joka's fame was spread

over two hundred miles of territory, and his credit was good wherever his name was known. He traded in rubber, ivory, camwood and copper, besides the usual native produce, buying in cheap markets to sell at dearer, and his commercial ventures were usually quite successful.

Ndómbé's hospitality and interest now became marked. I had a daily meeting under his shed, which was attended, and the subject of the Christian religion engrossed his attention. He was remarkably free from prejudice, and practiced none of the vices common among heathen potentates. He had many children to whom he was warmly devoted, and he treated his slaves kindly. The great continental slave route had formerly passed through the town, and I soon saw that that accursed traffic was going to be one of my chief enemies, as it has always been of every philanthropic effort in Africa.

Ndombe sent me frequently presents of farinaceous food and meat, and occasionally gave me the quarter of a wild boar killed by some of his subjects in the chase. He was equally generous toward the people in my employ, and his praises were in everybody's mouth. He came down to see me daily, and engaged me in conversation upon many subjects, exhibiting a broad intelligence and eager curiosity. These inquiries were always well bred in form, and the more intimate my acquaintance, the more was I astonished at his high qualities.

Ndombe's freedom from much of the petty superstition of the other Africans was shown in a little incident soon after our arrival. Tambu had a pretty wife, lately his bride. One day he came running down, saying that one of Ndombe's men had cast an evil eye on his wife while

she was cooking his meal, and it meant death unless expiated. He wanted to go and kill the offender, and being a terrible man, soon a tremendous uproar resulted.

Ndombe came down, and hearing the *casus belli*, went to Tambu and his wife, and in the most fatherly manner, laughed their fears to scorn. "Why," said he, "such talk is sheer nonsense. If you will, I'll call all my thirty wives and let this man look at them all day, if he can do any harm. If you have nothing more to fear from my people than their eyes, you can go and sleep in peace."

The story of Ndombe's acquisition of the chieftainship was one of the most interesting I heard. Ndombe's uncle had been called Mai Munene, whose town had been the famous one mentioned in some books of African travel, and marked on a good many maps. This Mai Munene was in his day a celebrated chieftain, who had built up a kingdom of considerable importance, his town being situated slightly to the west of the present capital. The old chieftain was now dead, but many tales were told of his fame and prowess. The history of his family is remarkable. According to the tale told me, the Bakuba tribe, of which Sheppard's friend and patron, Lukengu, was the hereditary monarch, had come from the direction of Egypt, and conquered the country between the Sankurn and Lulua rivers, settling there and establishing a powerful kingdom. The Lukengu is a title like that of Pharaoh. Many exceedingly wicked and tyrannous practices were carried on at Lukengu's capital, across the Lulua, a town called Bashibushong. Under one Lukengu these practices became very cruel, and once the king tried to put certain members of the royal family to death. A great fight thereupon ensued, resulting in the complete withdrawal of the ag-

grieved members of the Bakuba nobility to the south of the Lulua outside of Lukengu's jurisdiction. They went to the country of Wissman Falls and set up a kingdom of their own. From these families of the royal Bakuba, Mai Munene and Ndombe were descended. Ndombe was the nephew of old Mai, his mother belonging to the numerous and warlike tribe of the Bashilele, across the Kasai river. The son of Mai Munene was called Mai Mukesi (little Mai) to distinguish him from his father, and possibly also because of his insignificant size and appearance. As Ndombe and this young Mai grew up together, it was observed that Ndombe promised to be a large and handsome man of superior gifts, while Mai was small and mean. This rivalry grew marked until the death of Mai Munene left the succession an open question. In some tribes the nephew succeeds, in others, the eldest son. About this time, so the story went, the first white man, an officer of the Congo Free State, was said to be approaching the town. Young Mai and many of the people promptly fled to the bushes. But Ndombe said it would be a shame for the descendants of the ancient Bakuba kings to fear the face of a white man, so he essayed forth to meet him. The white man was greatly pleased with Ndombe's courage, and the courteous welcome accorded him, and thenceforth treated Ndombe as the chief, a position in which he was confirmed by the people; so that Mai Mukesi, with a small following, was obliged to withdraw across the Lulua, and was ever afterwards characterized by an attitude of steadfast hostility to Ndombe and all the Bikenge. I met this Mai several times, and once the two factions met right in front of the church at Luebo.

This, then, is how Ndombe is a Mukuba, except that he

has probably some blood of another tribe; so that there was a large settlement of the same people in this Wissmann Falls country as Sheppard had discovered and described in the Sankuru-Kasai divide. Their language and customs are the same in many respects, while at the same time they rule over a large number of adjacent Baluba, the immense tribe which I shall describe in another chapter.

Ndombe had always prided himself upon being a special friend and ally of the white man, and the government of the Congo Free State found in him always a loyal subject and a useful co-adjutor. Once, when an officer of the State had been wounded and so fiercely attacked in the country across the Kasai above Wissmann Falls that he had to flee for his life, Ndombe went in person and rescued him, and conducted him in safety to his station at Boigna, below the Falls. He paid the tribute demanded of him, and advised all his people to live in peace with the white man, saying that "The steamer is the white man's power, and it is useless for the black man to resist the newcomers." At the same time Ndombe prized his own position, and lost none of his self-respect in any of the base pandering to the whites which so often mars the character of many of these African chiefs. I always taught him and his people reverence for constituted authority, and once, as I shall show, this teaching had a powerful test imposed upon it.

I never did fully ascertain the extent of Ndombe's direct sovereignty, but believe that it prevailed, in greater or less degree, over a territory about the size of New Jersey, and of a population of about one hundred thousand people, comprising Bakuba, Baluba, Biomba, Bashilele, Bampende and Bena Mfula, with many sub-chieftains, and a considerable additional territory under friendly allied chieftains, with a total population of three million.

The month of April spent at this town, I always remember as one of the most delightful of my life. The growing fund of new ideas, the insight into the native life, the readiness with which they heard the Gospel, the beauty of the country, the boundless field of activity, the pleasure in planning our new home, all combined to lend a charm to these weeks which never cease to glow in my memory.

The scene from my tent door was truly sublime, as the setting sun stood over the mountains to the west, and the mellow golden rays lingered on vale and hill, and filled the spreading plain with a yellow glory all their own. I had named the two summits between which the sun set, after two dear friends of my college days, Mounts Julia and Mary; and often I would climb to their tops to enjoy the grand view, for sixty miles around, of the vast Kasai Valley, the long border of noble green trees enclosing the red waters of the river, the distant mountains of the Chrystal range, the swelling plain of Lunda stretching limitless toward the southern horizon—these sights filled the soul with a calm peace and inspired many a fervent prayer for the complete conquest to Jesus Christ and his civilization of all this magnificent territory. The sainted young hero-martyr, Lapsley, wrote, on the deck of a steamer, from the junction of the Lulua-Kasai once, on seeing these mountains afar: "Perhaps some day we shall see them." In the spirit he has seen them, and the influence he set at work shall surely yet overcome every obstacle, until the whole of that great unopened field shall have become the Lord's. Ndombe stands at the doorway, and sends to all Christendom the message: "Come, the gate is open, the way is clear, we are waiting for you. Come over and help us!"

The answer will come.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Local Administration of Government.

THE MONTH of April at Ndombe will always be remembered as one of the most enjoyable of my life.

The novel sights and new experiences of all sorts, the formation of fresh friendships, the complete change from the forms of civilization to the crudities of primitive existence, all contributed to make this occasion one of rare pleasure. It was necessary, however, for me to return soon to Luebo where Messrs. Morrison and Phipps were expected to arrive early in May. So I left Bundu at Ndombe to keep up the work we had begun, and marched rapidly to Luebo, just in time to meet the steamer which brought them up.

When I hurried on board, I saw a calm-faced gentleman, unmistakably an American, and as soon as I heard his voice, a Southerner, too. I needed no introduction to tell me that this was Mr. Morrison, and the delight I felt at this timely and powerful reinforcement knew no bounds. This delight, however, was soon sobered by the news that Mr. Phipps was seriously ill on board, having been suffering from repeated fevers nearly the whole voyage. We managed to get him up into Mr. Hawkins' house, where he was received and the nursing began. In the course of his illness the malaria seemed to settle in his legs, more especially in one, just below the knee. This was not an unknown affection, but the cure was almost impossible.

Some carbolic acid was accidentally put on the limb, and the burning which ensued was followed by a large suppuration, at the end of which Mr. Phipps recovered, with a leg a little lame, but otherwise well. The devoted attention and nursing bestowed by Mr. Hawkins cannot be too highly praised.

The steamer which brought these two additional laborers to us, also had as a passenger an official of whose presence I was truly glad. This was the Commandant Von Braedal, the acting Commissaire of the District, who was on the steamer en route to Lusambo, the capital of the district, and his future residence. Going aboard, I made the acquaintance of an officer, and found him very pleasant and intelligent. I explained to him as well as my French and his English allowed the result of my recent trip to Ndombe—asked his permission to stay there temporarily pending the final decision of the government concerning the application for a grant of land there, and obtained full directions from him concerning the form of this application to be made to the Governor-General. Captain Von Braedal made a fine impression on me then, and I could never attribute any of the subsequent actions of certain State officials to him. I believe he acted in good faith, and the verbal permission he accorded me to reside at Ndombe more than compensated me for the later difficulties with other minor officials. With this permission I could go on and work, and leave the future to God. A year at Ndombe was worth any amount of trouble. The door to the upper Kasai Valley must be kept open.

In order that the reader may have a clear conception of the situation with reference to the government of the territory in which we labored, I shall endeavor to describe

our local government. The general government had headquarters at Brussels, Belgium, and there the outlines of policy, the principal laws, the appointment of the more important officials, for the whole of the Congo Free State were made. The chief executive officer in the State in Africa was the Governor-General at Boma, on the lower Congo river, and there was the capital of the State, and the executive judicial and military departments. There was no legislative department, as the laws were made by the decrees of His Majesty, the King.

Beside the administrative head at Boma, the vast region of the Congo was divided into districts, somewhat analogous to our States in America. Each district had a capital where the chief officer resided, called the "Commissaire du District." At these capitals were kept as large a force of soldiery as was necessary in the particular district, besides some few minor white officials to assist in the work of government. In addition to the capitals, in each district there were often smaller posts of the government, occupied by white officials known as the "Chefs de Post." These posts were the smallest sub-divisions of the territorial government, and may be likened to our county-seats. The posts likewise were furnished with larger or smaller forces of native African soldiers, as circumstances might require.

This, then, was the general outline of the governmental machinery. In theory it was excellently planned, the main defect, from the American point of view, of course, being the lack of any voice accorded the settlers, traders, missionaries and colonists in their government. It was the policy of the government always to recognize the authority of such chieftains as became allegiant to the white man, over their own tribes, and to demand tribute from

their chiefs instead of direct taxes from individual natives. The chiefs must thus become a part of the official organization of the State, with responsible duties, and recognized legal privileges.

The district in which we labored was called the "District du Lualaba-Kasai." It extended from near the mouth of the Kasai to the headwaters of that river, its boundaries being approximately the watershed between the Kasai and Rufini rivers on the north, the watershed between the upper Sankuru and Lualaba on the east, the Congo-Zambesi divide on the south, and the watershed between the Kwilu and Loange tributaries to the Kasai on the west. The area comprised was nearly as large as Texas, and through it flowed the mighty streams of the Lomami, Sankuru, Lulua, Loange, besides the great Kasai and the numerous smaller tributaries. There were probably three million people in this district, so that the responsibilities of the Commissaire were heavy and his labors severe.

The capital of the district was located at Lusambo, at the head of navigation of the Sankuru. I never had the pleasure of meeting the Commissaire, Major Gorin, whose official residence was at Lusambo. This place was three hundred miles east of Luebo, and there was not very frequent communication between the two places. The State post having jurisdiction over our immediate local territory was at Luluabourg, a settlement at the ancient town of Malange, about seventy-five miles up the Lulua river above Luebo. To the Chef de Post at Luluabourg, therefore, were the citizens of Luebo directly amenable. Besides the station of the government, the largest Roman Catholic Mission on the Congo was at Luluabourg.

The methods of granting lands in this country was care-

fully planned, to give the government absolute control, to prevent lawsuits and future disputes, and to ensure a good title to the owner when once in possession. The applicant must have made correct maps of the locality in which the land desired is located; an exact survey of the concession in question; and a full statement of the amount of land, as well as the purpose for which it is desired. The cheapest price was for agricultural land, the rate being about forty cents an acre. These applications must be sent in duplicate to the Commissaire of the District and to the Governor-General at Boma. The Governor-General frequently refers these applications to Brussels before final decision.

Of course, these formalities were regrettably necessary, in order to conserve the interests of all parties concerned. The applicant was obliged to await about a year before a final decision could be reached as to his request; and this was the hardest delay his impatience was subjected to. The government positively would not grant these concessions without a thorough knowledge of the land in question, and as much concerning the character and purposes of the applicant as possible. No schemer or speculator need apply; and only those companies whose standing was above question, or whose stock was held by influential men at headquarters in Belgium could obtain a foot-hold. I cannot criticise these precautions in making land grants. The government is bound to safeguard its own interests, as well as those of Belgium, which has done and spent most on the Congo, and from the point of view of those having most at stake, the extraordinary care taken of these public lands is entirely justifiable.

There is one suggestion, however, which I believe I shall

make in all candor, and which emanates from the desire to see the speedy advance of civilization and colonization in Central Africa; this is, the establishment of certain zones which should be thrown open to colonization, and the establishment of government land offices in each zone with which the individual may deal directly, and which shall be delegated with complete power to grant titles to limited *bona fide* settlers. This is the method which proved such an eminent success in the Western States of America. These land offices need not be universally established, of course; they may be located only in particular districts where it is deemed wise to inaugurate this system, and they should still be subject to the regular government. I believe that an arrangement of this kind would put thousands of immigrants into favored localities in Central Africa in a few years.

Speaking generally, the history of the relations between the Colonial Government and the American Presbyterian Mission has been pleasant and even cordial. The high position in the diplomatic world held by Senator Morgan, of Alabama, and by General Sanford, of Florida, both of whom heartily assisted young Mr. Lapsley in his labors in Belgium to secure the goodwill of the King before proceeding to Africa, gave the mission a special standing in the eyes of the government at the beginning. Mr. Lapsley, moreover, was gifted with diplomatic talents of a high order himself, having been born and reared in the circles of prominent political and social life in Alabama, and he succeeded in making the most favorable impression upon all the representatives of the government with whom he had to deal.

When I found that there had grown up on the mission

field a lamentable amount of friction between the missionaries and the government (I do not refer now to our mission), the explanation was not far to seek. By far the most numerous and influential missionaries came from England. The British Empire having such vast territorial claims and interests in Africa, was naturally much feared and suspected by other colonizing European powers, and not altogether without reason, as France, Holland and Portugal have had cause to discover. It has been perfectly true that the British government has generally followed close on the heels of British missionaries. Hence the universal suspicion and distrust with which these Englishmen were regarded by people of other nationalities. The English missionary, no matter how careful, or how innocent, came to be regarded as a spy, a marplot, a political emissary, a wily intriguer, the advance agent in disguise of his all-devouring country. Perhaps the action of a few misguided zealots fostered this opinion. The trader Stokes had ceased from his missionary labors to become a rubber and ivory trader, and was accused by Major Lothaire, a Belgian official, of selling guns and ammunition to the rebellious natives, and of inciting them to insurrection. Lothaire captured, tried, and summarily hanged Stokes. This fanned the flame. Lothaire was subsequently tried and acquitted by the government, and the verdict created intense bitterness at the time.

The main point about these troubles is the fact that they do not arise from any settled antagonistic policy between the governments represented, or from any mischievous attitude on the part of the theoretical programme of the government. They come principally from the weaknesses and mistakes of individuals on the field, from the alienation

in nationality and language between the contiguous settlers, and from the petty, and often pusillanimous quarrels and officiousness, for which both parties are to blame. On the whole, sensible men may, and do, live together in peace and soberness, and wrongs are righted, grievances redressed, and just privileges accorded, when the proper means are used, and the proper diplomatic usages observed. Certain it is, that the general effect of the government has been progressive and beneficial. There are some flagrant abuses, but these are being corrected as rapidly as the conditions permit, and it is a fact that many abuses have been corrected when timely attention has been called to them.

After the interview with Captain Von Braedal, I carefully made out the maps and descriptions requisite for the concession desired at Ndombe, and forwarded them in duplicate as required. Meanwhile it became necessary to effect a complete organization of the mission, and to settle upon a definite plan of work for the future. This was accomplished with Mr. Sheppard as chairman, Mr. Morrison as treasurer, and with me as secretary. It was decided to ask the church to send the steamer so long talked of; and also to investigate the question of opening up work in the country of Lukengu, king of the Bakuba, to the northeast of Luebo. This task was assigned to Messrs. Morrison and Sheppard, while the mission officially designated Ndombe as the station for Mr. Phipps and myself.

Mr. Morrison's personality now became an additional force to our heavily burdened little band of laborers; he was industrious, quiet, of sound judgment, patient and persevering, and withal, one of the most estimable men I ever knew. He put on the harness at once, and inspired

confidence in his colleagues and the natives alike. A short trip through the adjacent country with Mr. Sheppard, along a path which had been subjected to many recent disturbances, obtained for him the sobriquet of "Konia Nshilla"—"Pacifier of the Path"—by which he became known to the natives, and which is now his best known African appellation. The decisions of the mission were unanimous on the questions involved, and the harmonious co-operation with which the new undertakings were begun was a good omen for their ultimate success. Prayer prevailed in our councils, faith in our hearts, and work on our hands; we determined by the grace of God to win the Kasai for Jesus Christ; and in spite of much which subsequent events show might have been avoided, and of many troubles and obstacles inside and out, there has been a steadfast forward march to that end ever since.

CHAPTER XVII.

Belinge and Wissmann Falls.

AS MR. PHIPPS' weakness during convalescence prevented his going with me to Ndombe in the summer of 1898, I returned with our coterie of native followers to continue the work begun in the Wissmann Falls country. Quite a number of the citizens of Luebo and Bena Kasenga followed this time, since the road was open and peaceful, and the self-important little Kabongo who had once so strenuously opposed our passage of the Luebo, now enthusiastically offered the services of his townspeople as ferrymen, seeing in this new opening of a well-used highway through his town a source of commercial profit to himself. Such is the prestige of success; a beaten opposition sometimes becomes a hearty following, when the victory is irrevocable.

Our returning caravan this time was guided along a new route, leaving Chimbundu's town on the east, and making our first stop for the night at the town of a chieftain of the Baluba tribe, named Lokomashi. The new path led us across a beautiful mountain rivulet, dashing and scampering over the rocks, and pouring its torrent into a most exquisite little clear-water lake, nestling under the side of a towering rocky hill. The rocks here were exposed in such a way as to give a splendid insight into the geological formation of the country. The stratification of the rocks was

clearly marked, and the angle at which they were tilted was very great—over 65°. The prevailing type of these rocks was very hard sandstone, alternating with crystalline eruptive trap, and there were masses of rugged conglomerate below the mountain fissures, which revealed the character of the formation. The path from Luebo to Ndombe followed what was clearly an ancient shore line, the margin of a primeval inland sea, of which Lapsley Pool and Stanley Pool were remnants. The geological character of the land above and below this margin was made the subject of a careful study, and the minerals, fossils and metals clearly indicated this fact as to the classification of the formation.

The little lake was a geographical gem, a flashing sapphire set in an emerald diadem, the green woods and mosses, palms, ferns, marsh grasses and bamboo giving it a most picturesque and artistic setting. Covering perhaps a hundred acres, it was large enough to float a big steamer, and the natives asserted its depth to be fabulous. I judged that this lake was formed in the same way that Tanganyika has been held to have been caused—by the filling of a fissure in the mountains. It was certainly not a residual remnant of the sea before mentioned, as Lake Leopold the Second must be. It might easily have been the crater of an extinct volcano. I named it in honor of M. Emile Stache, of the Societe Anonyme Belge, and sent an account of the discovery to the *Belgique Coloniale*, which was duly published. There were in the same general formation four other lakelets formed in the same way, and all abounded in fish.

Lokamashi's town was a mile above the lake, on a plateau overlooking the tops of the surrounding hills, with the deep little Wedia flowing along below towards Chimbundu,

which was only a few miles distant. The town was called Kadingu, and Kadingu contained about three hundred inhabitants, all of them belonging to the enormous Baluba nation, and exhibiting the bright, friendly and excitable qualities of that tribe of which Von Wissmann said that they were a nation of "penseurs." Lokamashi himself received me with effusive expressions of cordial welcome, commanded his people to bring food for the caravan, and himself presented me with a large milkwhite sheep. When he had poured out a cup of palm juice to assuage my thirst, he sat down on a stool before my chair, and asked to be informed concerning the "Bwalu Bwa Nzambi" (Business of God), of which he had heard so many accounts lately.

I entered very fully into the matter, laying before him the whole issue of our religion as well as it could be put in two hours' time, and with a nine months' knowledge of the language. I was the more anxious to impress Lokamashi with this all-important subject, since his was the first of a series of Baluba towns extending for hundreds of miles southward. He responded quite intelligently to my questions and grasped my meaning with wonderful perspicuity and quickness. Altogether Lokamashi proved the most interested, earnest and intelligent of all my questioners concerning the way of God; in process of time he was clearly converted to Christianity, and became a firm and loyal friend.

When we arrived at Ndombe next day our reception was uproarious, and the whole capital flocked to greet us. I was told that a cousin of Ndombe's, whose name was Belinge, was in town, come for the purpose of escorting me to his town at the Wissmann Cataracts; and when I went up to meet him, he would take no denial, but insisted on

my accompanying him the very next day. Belinge was a bright colored Mukuba African, looking somewhat like Ndombe, large of statue, and sprightly in conversation. He enlivened our journey with a humorous account of his dangerous relations with his neighbors, the Bachoko, who had become angry with him because of his friendship for the white man. Some years before Belinge had signified his allegiance to the State Government and became the ally of the Belgian officials stationed at Wissmann Falls. In token of this alliance, he had put off the copper bracelets which his former Bachoko friends had given him, and had put on his arm a glittering array of bright brass bracelets which he had gotten from his white friend. Ever since, the Bachoko had hated him, for they would not consent to the alliance with the Congo government, and they were constantly annoying him with their threats and abuse. Twice they had sent a force of warriors against him, but he had whipped them back both times. Belinge said that he meant to stick to his oath of friendship if he had to beat those heathenish Bachoko out of the Kasai.

Our path was along the Wauters range of mountains, whose bare rocky summits towered above us, and sheltered us from the sun all the way to the bold brow of crags and uplands abutting on the roaring Kasai. The distance from Ndombe to Belinge was about twenty miles. Belinge's town was a mile from the cataracts, on a most magnificent plateau, affording a wide view of the dark forests bordering the river, with the mountains of the Loange watershed opposite, and the great Chrystal range rearing its bold summits to the southward. These wild scenes of untamed nature always stirred my soul; there was about them a rugged air of undaunted defiance, an unbending attitude

of stern implacable combat—a joy in the coming conflict with conquering man; like some immense sullen wild beast, revelling in the misty atmosphere of its morning haunts, the fog covered valley, seemed to rock to and fro as the wind rolled the vāporous exhalations hither and thither, and wait in dull anticipation for a factory's whistle or a school-bell's ringing to wake it to the rule of laboring mankind.

The village turned out *en masse* to greet their returning chief with his white companion. The exceeding whiteness of this specimen of the Anglo-Saxon race, of blue eyes and light hair, with a fair complexion, was so novel and amusing that my appearance was the signal for a rush of curious gazers, so that Belinge had sharply to reprimand them, and to apologize to me for the rudeness of his subjects. Soon we were in the precincts of the town—a walled place of about a thousand in population, mostly Bakuba. The customary interchange of presents was made, and a long concourse of visitors came up. After a rest, I resumed my reception, and Belinge assisted in the ceremony.

Among those of the natives who kept near me, I noticed a number of men whose appearance was so unique that I concluded that they must belong to an entirely different tribe. They were tattooed in a strange way, their language was not familiar, and their whole bearing was peculiar. Their most striking characteristic was their unusual good looks. They were quite a handsome lot of men, and their elaborate apparel showed that they were possessed of a desire to adorn their comeliness. I inquired of Belinge who the strangers were. He said that they were Bampende, members of a large tribe west of the Kasai. He introduced me to their chief, whose name was Mundu.

Mundu gave me a glowing account of the riches, might, and prowess of his people, and invited me to visit them.

I noticed a silent man, of large size and prepossessing countenance, sitting close by, paying the utmost attention to all that was said, and never once opening his mouth. I asked Mundu who the silent man was. "This," said he, "is the wise blacksmith of our tribe, who is renowned for his learning and skill. He is silent because of his exceeding wisdom; it is not becoming in him to enter into light conversation, as he has great knowledge concerning the mysteries of the earth, the making of copper and iron, and of every kind of weapon, tool, and utensil. His name is Kassongo (that is Smith)."

I saluted Mr. Kassongo-Smith, and presented him with some salt and some large brass wire. At this he smiled, right well pleased, though he said never a word; and as I remarked upon the adage that "silence was golden", and congratulated him upon the reputation he enjoyed, he evidently became rather impressed with these words; for soon after he went away, and returned in two hours, all cleanly shaven, with a new powdering of redwood dust upon him, a new loincloth about his body, his hair freshly barbered, and a small package tied up in a piece of palm cloth. This package he proceeded to unroll, and disclosed to view a finely made little dagger, with a shining keen blade and a carved wooden handle, covered at the hilt with beaten copper. This he presented to me with a beautiful grace of simple native good manners that I have never forgotten. He had gone off and made the knife so as to show his skill, and to give him a handle for dignified conversation. I enjoyed Kassongo's technical discussion of the Kasai iron and copper industry, and gave

in return a description of our own methods, to which he paid close attention, ending the talk with a long drawn sigh: "I'd like to see the place where the guns are made."

He conducted me to his smithy, as he was working for Belinge's people at the time, and had his establishment near by. In a clump of trees, under a grateful shade, with a few bamboo poles arranged so as to keep out the idle loafers, "the village smithy stood". The anvil was a large bolt, with its head about two inches square, the bolt driven into a stick set in the ground. The hammer was another bolt. There was a little wooden trough nearby full of water. A pile of charcoal lay on one side, and a rough clay crucible was beside it. The bellows was truly a triumph of aboriginal ingenuity. A large log had been cut, and worked down to the solid dimensions of a block about three feet square by ten inches deep. This block had been hollowed out into four separate chambers or air vessels, connected with each other by holes leading through the intervening partitions. These air chambers were similarly connected with a single aperture from the side of the block, which led to a clay pipe, which in turn ended in the fire. The tops of these air vessels were cut away and left open like a churn top, and then covered loosely with thin sheepskins. Into these skins fitted a stick by means of which the bellows-blower kept jiggling the skins up and down over the air vessels, and in this way produced a fairly steady and abundant current of air. This bellows I secured for my collection, and it is now in the United States National Museum, Washington, one of the most ingenious contrivances made by any barbarous people.

I invited the new friends, Mundu and Kassongo, to visit

me at Ndombe whenever they could, and promised them a visit to their own country some day. I was informed that these Bampende had some boats for sale. We were in need of canoes, both at Ndombe and Luebo, and I had already contemplated the necessity of a journey down the Kasai to the junction of the Lulua to meet the steamer which would not come higher in the dry season. So I told Belinge and Mundu that I would buy two canoes from them if they would shoot the rapids with them and deliver them at the foot of Wissmann Falls. To this they agreed, and I passed another day pleasantly preaching to and teaching the people, and then returned to Ndombe.

From Ndombe the next trip was down to the river just below Wissmann Falls, where the little Lubi empties its impetuous flood into the Kasai, and where the cataracts end. These cataracts extend about thirty miles along the river, from Binbundu above, to Boignye below. Boignye was the name applied to the now deserted village immediately at the foot of the Falls, where free navigation on the Kasai begins. The cataracts are formed by the falling of the river from the Archean mountain system bordering the Lunda plateau down to the Silurian level below the Wauters range of lower mountains. The course of the river is directly across this Wauters range, and the fall amounts to about three hundred feet. The scenery along these whirling rapids, where a river as large as the Ohio at Louisville pours with such mad velocity down the smooth rocks that the stream is a mere millrace, is grand and exalted.

Our camp was pitched beside the deep pool at the bottom of the Falls, under some gigantic trees, where we awaited the arrival of the canoes by river. I had no

thought of any danger, as we had become accustomed to travel through the country, and no harm had yet befallen us. I explored the banks of the river thoroughly, and found some dreadful caverns, at whose mouths were the tracks of wild boars and leóparda. The forest was dense, and afforded cover for all the big game and dangerous animals, and more than once I clutched my rifle nervously, as some noise in the bush startled me. Parrots flew about by thousands, monkeys screamed overhead, and across the river the elephant's deep roar echoed among the hills.

I discovered, in the accumulated heaps of pure white sand, gathered up by the eddies of the river when in flood and spread about over the rocks of the cataracts, the curious phenomenon known to scientific specialists as "Whistling Sand." This sand, under the movement of the foot in passing over it, gave forth a peculiar and most distinctly audible sound, like a shrill whistle. The Africans superstitiously regarded this as the cry of the spirits of drowned men. It certainly was a most extraordinary and uncanny effect, to hear sharp whistles under the feet with every step one took across the sand.

At night my couch was made of a number of small sticks tied together in the semblance of a bed. As I was composing my mind to rest, I felt something crawl along my face, but brushed it off. Soon a similar sensation was felt in my hair, and no sooner had I brushed that away than I felt others all over my face and head. Springing to my feet, the little things rushed at once all over my body, and I perceived that I was attacked by the dreaded driver ants. These ants certainly could teach any slug-gard energy, if not wisdom. Almost frantic from the pain of their malicious bites and stings, I called to the peo-

ple sleeping round the fire near by, and the camp was in a stir in a moment. A light was produced, and I made for the water, hippopotami, crocodiles and imaginary demons notwithstanding. A good Presbyterian tried Baptist methods for once, and that in a hurry. Meanwhile the ants had broken up the peace of the camp completely. Only by scattering the fires about, and by making rings of fire and seating themselves inside of these rings, could the people escape the vicious little besiegers, and make themselves safe. These ants go in foraging bands, sometimes a hundred yards long and as wide as the hand, like a long piece of mill belting crawling along the earth. When they attack they rush all over the body of the victim and drive him crazy. They have been known to eat an African baby alive, while its mother was away in the fields. Elephants are wild with fear of them when they accidentally tread on them. No animal is safe except when he flees at the first sign of their approach. These ants cross large streams by seizing hold of each other's bodies, and thus dropping into the water in large masses and gradually floating across. I have encountered them in the midst of a wide stream, and once came across a line of them in the act of embarking.

Next morning there was not an ant in the camp. They had all marched away, but their places were supplied by the most dreadful swarms of gnats, who came in clouds and drove us pellmell away from our camp to the hillside. Fortunately, just then Mundu and Belinge arrived overland, and the canoes came down the Falls about the same time. We were thus enabled to cross the river and lodge on the grounds of the deserted State Post at Boigny.

This place had once been a flourishing post of the government. Remnants of fine brick buildings, gardens, plantations, and native quarters were all about us, looking gruesome in their lonely ruins. We found potatoes, plantains, pepper, cotton, páwpaws, and cassava growing, from the labors of several years before. The Post experienced a disastrous history. After a most successful commencement, when the officer in charge heard of the mutiny of the Batetela soldiers at Luluabourg, he became frightened, and shot many of his own soldiers, set fire to the post, destroying much of his merchandise, and beat a hasty retreat to Luebo. The place had never been rebuilt. We camped there one night, and my dreams were a series of nightmares, brought on no doubt by the ghastly history and cadaverous appearance of our surroundings. A deep grunting sound awaked me once in the night, and I started up to see a big hippopotamus run down the bank almost over my body into the river. We had decided to go down the Kasai to its junction with the Lulua, in order to get our mail to the steamer which was expected early in July, as well as to receive some cargo and forward it to Luebo. There was no overland path open to Bena Makima direct, and by going down the river we should save three days' time. I had received no intimation of any danger from the natives on either bank, and nothing seemed simpler than this quick journey by water. The traders were accustomed to travel by canoe, and Mr. Lapsley had done so frequently in his earlier explorations. So we paid Mundu and Belinge for the boats, and they left us with good wishes for our journey, and a cordial invitation for another visit. We were thus left, a little

band of twenty—men, women and boys—to drop down the wide Kasai to the trading stations at Bena Makima on Lapsley Pool.

In the light of the terrible events about to be narrated, it must be fully appreciated that the men who were accompanying me through this wild country were far better acquainted with the perils of our journeys than their leader. Most of the Baluba with me had lived near Bena Makima before, and knew what the character of the Baschilele natives on the west bank of the Kasai was. But they never alarmed me by any of their fears, and calmly prepared for a journey which I afterwards found was full of the most lively terrors for them. They had more than once assured me that they would share with me all the dangers of our undertakings, and had said that they were not afraid to die in the work which their Mukelenge was doing. Some of them had been delivered from a cruel and oppressive bondage by my efforts, and their words were full of the warmest gratitude for this fact. Soon the son of slaveowners of Carolina, was to have the most tremendous evidence of grateful attachment ever recorded in the annals of two continents.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Catastrophe in the Kasai River.

IT WAS the historic Fourth of July. Everything was ready for our departure. The sky was clear; the sun overhead sent his morning rays down from the wooded hills upon the wide yellow waters, and there was a solemn stillness in the air when I roused myself, and bade the little band prepare to embark. It was a joyous gathering, for there had not been a whisper of any impending danger, and the promise of an easy passage down the river, instead of the wearisome tramp overland through dark forests and marshy swamps, cheered the spirits of us all.

The two boats were now packed with our light cargo, the mail being placed carefully in a green waterproof bag, and the packages of food, barter goods and blankets disposed to secure the best balance possible. In the boat with me I took all the smaller boys and the weaker women, leaving the second boat to be rowed by my strong hammock carriers, with their wives, while the cook, the indefatigable Baumu, was to steer that boat, and I myself took the helm of ours. Baumu was the bravest and most intelligent of all the Kasai men then, and had had experience in boating. The usual noisy jabber and stir ensued; the crowd on the sandy beach vociferated their demands for paddles, urged each other to embark, rushed about to see

that nothing was left behind, and finally settled down in silence when I stood alone on the beach to speak to them in the boats.

“My friends, you know that wherever you have gone Fwela has never been afraid to share your labors, to endure with you whatever dangers are about you, to bear with you all the difficulties which you must encounter; now we are to go down the great water to Bena Makima, where the white man Bibendi (Mr. Carl Hormez) lives, and the steamer comes. The steamer cannot come up the Lulua this dry season, and we must go quickly down the great Kasai to get the mail there in time for the steamer. Now you must not be slow in paddling, and you must not linger on the sandbanks. I shall go ahead in one canoe, and you big men must follow me closely and not linger behind. You must not stop to deal with any strangers you see, and you know I have always told you not to quarrel with or make any trouble at all with any other people you may meet. I have given one gun to Maloba, the oldest of you, which may be fired in case of danger or need, but it must not be foolishly used. Let us all be of good cheer, and surely God will be with us!”

Then we pushed off from the sandy shore, and were soon whirling along down the mighty current. Our boat took the lead, I myself standing up in the stern with a paddle to steer it past the sandy islands, or around the sharp curves of the river, while the boys paddled away with a will, in response to my “Right, Left”; and all broke out into a wild boat song, echoed by the men behind, which rang out across the waters and added to the weird feeling of a strange, savage situation. This emotion became more pronounced as we went on. The great

stream was sometimes over a mile wide; enormous forests of gigantic trees lined each shore, without a single break; no human habitation appeared anywhere; no sound broke the stillness between the songs of the people, save the shrill cries of the thousands of parrots wheeling in their orderly flight from side to side of the river, or an occasional growl from some hippopotamus under the water; the way the river wound in and out among the hills made each section appear like a single sheet of water, and we seemed to be making toward a distant mass of woods where the stream would abruptly end, when a turn revealed another long vista, and our muscles stiffened for another pull. Occasionally we halted by a sand bank to let the other boat catch up, so as to keep constantly together; and never once did we dream that any impending danger was nigh. The people became cheerful, and we all anticipated a welcome rest when our journey should be over at Bena Makima.

Thus we paddled on, I in the stern steering, Kassongo at the front, all day, until toward evening we saw on the right bank what appeared to be an opening in the bush, as when a path comes down to the water. Near this opening was a sand bank, and when we drew nearer, it became evident that some natives were on the bank fishing. They stood up as soon as they saw our boat, and were about to make for the bushes, when we signalled to them our pacific character, and they halted and remained. We ceased paddling until the other boat drew near, and then went on again, until we found a large number of natives on another sand bank, who did not appear to be so timid or ignorant of the white man, and came up to us in their canoes. Whereupon we all landed, both boats, and found

that these natives were Bakuba from below Bena Makima, subjects of Lukengu, on a fishing expedition. They seemed quite friendly, and sold us some fish; and we then started on down the river, the men pulling with a will, feeling refreshed and less lonely with friendly natives in the river.

Our boat, still in front, was speeding down the current, when we came suddenly upon a point where the river narrowed greatly, and we passed a terribly swift corner, where the flood of water dashed past rough and jagged rocks, and my skill was taxed to the utmost in guiding the canoe safely past. Below this the river broadened, and we found one side so shallow that it was quite impassible, a condition which sometimes catches a boat as in a trap, and makes progress almost impossible. Fortunately we sped along the rim of these shallows, and passed around a bend to a wooded island, where we halted to await the second boat, hidden from view by those sharp turns behind. It was now almost dark, so we decided to encamp here for the night. While waiting for the people behind, I noticed that a sharp cold wind was rising, so I bade Kamwedika to seize my trumpet and signal to the rear boat that we were waiting. Many a time afterwards has it seemed to me that I could hear that trumpet's clarion sound as it rang out across the river and echoed back from the sullen hills; and oft-times in my dreams that scene comes back, when no answer comes, and the darkness falls, and the second boat lingers. Fires are lighted from driftwood, the people begin to cook their fish, and I grow uneasy as the gloom fails to reveal the laggard crew. We conclude that they must have been caught in the shallows about a mile behind, and that they determined to camp rather than to try to catch us in the gathering darkness.

Soon it grows quite dark, the cold air strikes a chill into us, we gather about the fires, the mosquitoes and sand-flies commence their supper as we eat ours, and a general chorus of speculation about the other boat sets up. It is impossible to go back, our boys are not equal to the tremendous current, and the moon is new and gives no light. Suddenly one of the boys declares he heard a gun fired behind. None of the others agree with him, but I get no sleep that night. All night long my prayers go up and my mind is ill at ease. But it is not at all infrequent for one section of a caravan to lag behind another, and there was every reason to see in this only one of the usual many contretemps of such an expedition.

Early next morning we are all astir to watch for the others. A flock of ducks alight on the end of the island, and I seize my gun and shoot one. It drops wounded across a narrow channel of water, and I run across this to catch it, followed by one boy; the duck makes for the bush, but I rush up and seize her, when the boy comes up holding up a long poisoned arrow, which he says he picked up behind me. How it got there was a conjecture. I had not seen it as I passed before. Possibly it could have been fired from the shore into the air, as the hostile natives often do. This was a new feature in the situation. Hostile natives could fire upon us from ambush ashore, but we had offended none of them, so we were solely puzzled by this find. Moreover the other boat did not put in appearance. We were now only a few hours rowing from our destination, and I began to think that it might be best to go on to the station and procure large men and good paddlers, and come back to investigate, leaving the women and cargo behind.

My people in the first boat now began to be thoroughly alarmed, and it was all I could do to quiet their almost frantic fears. They besought me to take them on in safety to Bena Makima, and get men and arms to seek the others. They said truly that it would be folly to expose them likewise to death and disaster, and that it was apparent that something had happened to the rear boat which we could not discover unaided. So with a heavy heart, but considering that the women and children under my charge did not allow me to endanger their lives by further delay, about noon we embarked, and pulled away with all our might for the Lulua junction.

Three hours hard pulling brought us to the magnificent place where the waters of the rivers commingle, already described in the chapter on Lapsley Pool. We scurried around the edge of the whirlpool in the centre, and shot down as if on the crest of a millrace, to the landing of the old ruined station of Bena Luidi, once founded by Mr. Stache, of the S. A. B., and then abandoned for the safer site of Bena Makima on the opposite bank of the Kasai.

We stopped at Bena Luidi and went up to the ruined old trading house, now deserted and empty, to wait and see whether the second boat might not come on now. This place was a mass of crumbling ruins, with gardens and pawpaws, pineapples, potatoes, plantains, and bananas rotting about the walls and over the clearing. The people gathered quantities of fruit and vegetables, and we carefully set aside a good portion for our comrades behind, as we could not believe that they would not turn up all right in the end. How the hungry crew pounced upon those fruits, and satisfied their craving appetites, and many an ejaculation that "Nzambi was so good to us," was heard as the

people looked across the wide pool to the clearing where the trading house of the S. A. B. and S. A. P. V. were in view, and we saw friends and safety near.

But my mind was under a fearful strain. The delay of the second boat was unreasonable. We waited until evening, and then crossed the roaring torrent, and landed at Mr. Hormez' beach, where we fastened our canoe, and were soon under the roof of his cordial hospitality. I explained the situation briefly to him, and he agreed that nothing could be done until morning, when he said I could take any of his best boatmen and go back on the search. Thoroughly worn out, I accepted his generous offer, and was given a good supper and a comfortable bed.

My sleep that night was a series of fearful nightmares. The strain of the exertion in guiding the boat for those two days, and the anxiety about the missing people, the discovery of the poisoned arrow behind me, the fact that the people in danger had been my most faithful and devoted friends, and any suffering or loss among them would discourage my whole following, bore down on me, and all night I seemed to see them amid the waters calling and struggling on.

My host was a gentleman whose personal kindness to me at several different times, and whose uniform courtesy and hospitality made him a friend whose worth I esteemed, and whose genial kindly disposition I grew to like. He spoke English, French and German, all equally well; he was kind to the natives, of a frank open character, and did a good trade at a station when the trade was very poor. Mr. Hormez had been unfortunately put at this place when it was thought to offer a greater opening than later circumstances proved, and so was at a disadvantage in competition

with the other traders, a fact which was in nowise due to his faults.

The establishments which these rubber and ivory merchants are often able to form and keep are sometimes considerable, and their housekeeping is often most noteworthy. A host of servants at nominal wages gives them cook, butler, houseboy, laundryman; besides some two dozen laborers who are usually under the supervision of a black man of some commanding influence, who is called a Capita; this man may be a native of the country, but is not infrequently a coastman from Sierra Leone or Liberia. These laborers keep the premises clean and in order, the farms and gardens planted and cultivated, clean and assort the rubber, load and unload cargo, carry cargo to the interior, accompany the trader on expeditions into the interior, and form a sort of protective settlement grouped about his place. The ordinary pay of a common laborer is a piece of cotton domestic per month, of eight yards to the piece, costing about forty cents in Europe, with an additional forty cents to cover the cost of transportation; besides about forty cents' worth of seashells, salt or brass wire, the cloth paid by the month, the latter by the week. Some of the laborers, astonishing as it may sound, thus actually save means to buy slaves, and so a trading factory generally has a contingent of this class about it also.

Among all these people there were few to volunteer to go with me back into that hyena's den up the Kasai, but two brave and strong men came out and proffered their services, and among my boys Kabuya, Kamwedika, Chitata and Kassongo, said that they would not stay behind. Mr. Hornez lent us a smaller and lighter canoe, and we started

back up the river, finding it no easy task to stem the current. I was soon especially struck with the immense strength, the quiet easy manner of paddling, and calm confident air, of the man who had taken his seat in the stern of the boat and, unbidden, begun to paddle and guide at the same time. His great muscles stood out like strands of an immense cablecord, and his powerful limbs and body gave me the impression that here was a man of enormous physical power. He seemed as intelligent as he was strong. On asking his name, I was told it was Wembo; and then I made the acquaintance of one of the bravest and best black men that I have ever known.

Wembo soon showed that he was master at the art of boating; his long, bold, steady strokes clave the water and sped us along up stream with what seemed under the circumstances almost incredible speed. Nevertheless, we went only half the distance we could make down stream, and were obliged to camp upon an island in sight of the Kasai mouth. Here we found numerous elephant tracks, large and deep enough to hold a man's body, and it was evident that these animals were here accustomed to cross the river. No signs of our missing people appeared, so we were a heavy-hearted crew as we made our camp fires on the island and wrapped ourselves in blankets to seek a night's rest.

Next morning we were off early, and pulled away up the Kasai all day, straining our eyes each moment with suppressed excitement as we passed the place of our encampment, and drew near the last place where the rear boat had been seen. I can see that wild river scene now, roaring waters, mighty, dense, tomb-like forests, flitting

water fowls, grunting hippopotami, jumping fish, the red glare of the tropical sun on water, sand, and air—it is always with me.

We approached a small low sandy island, and I saw an object lying on the beach, resembling at a distance a piece of manioc root, such as that commonly carried and eaten by the natives. As the boat was halted, I bade Kassongo descend and see what the thing was. A sudden commotion stirred the water as the boat grounded, and a crocodile's splash made me seize my gun and the people their knives. Kassongo got out, turned the object over, and exclaimed, "It's a man's arm. They are lost!" I leaped ashore, followed by the others. Surely enough it was part of a yellow arm from the elbow down. A chill of indescribable agony ran through me, as I bent down and saw that it was fearfully gashed with many wounds, and that arrow points had evidently penetrated it.

Kassongo looked closely, and exclaimed "Kelala's arm!" The others confirmed him. I turned away, and ran up across the isle, and sat down on the shore, bursting into tears. There could be no mistake. I knew that arm too well. Over many a swollen streamlet had that strong arm borne my tired body; and speeding across the plains, over old Africa's hills and vales, poor fated Kelala had grasped the hammock with that same strong arm, and borne me joyfully into many a town to proclaim the glad tidings of the everlasting gospel. There it lay, mute in its silent and terrible appeal, as the arms of the dark children of Ham have stretched forth to us and ours through all the ages of sin and shame which have ruled their land. Nothing more; only a negro's arm; but that naked wounded arm seemed to me to be held now by a hand which had been

pierced, and a voice from Golgotha was speaking now. Oh Kelala, Kelala! Gladly would I have given my arm for that poor torn limb; gladly have laid down my life for them, the dead crew. For we felt that they had all perished. Murder and violence were too plainly written here; and this hand was all God gave us to see of the ten who had been all life and joy two days before.

The sun rose up in all the glory of the dawn, and shed his morning rays upon the scene, which I carry with me to the grave. Even now, ever and anon, in my dreams I seem to see it, and to hear the fated crew calling out in vain for rescue. As I remembered how, in the terrible Civil War, the people of the same dark race had silently stood guard by "old Miss and de chillun," when old Master was away at the battle's front, and the wolf was at the door, I made a vow which God will help me to fulfill, that as long as I breathed the breath of life I would labor for that poor dead boy's people at home and abroad; and that when at last I must go to meet my murdered friends, I should die with the salvation of Africa on my soul.

Reverently we buried the arm in the sands, and in the Baluba and English languages I said a prayer over that shallow grave. There was none of the pomp of any high funeral there; but it seemed to me that, if there could be tears in heaven, from their bright home the angels of God, seeing that scene, looked down and wept. The rising waters of the yellow Kasai would soon roll over the grave and sweep it away; but the great river tinged with that faithful blood of the eternal testimony carries it on to the Congo, and thence out to sea; and Kelala's martyr blood has spread abroad wide as the waters flow. Oh men of thrice blessed Europe and America, will ye sit idly by

and be not moved when from one end of Africa to the other come such calls as these, and call yourselves Christians? By the precious blood of Calvary, I beseech you, help the poor darkened souls who can thus seal with their lives a fidelity which the judgment only will fully reveal.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Fidelity of the Survivors.

TEN men and women had perished. The names of Baumu, Maloba, Tumba, Kelala, Mukebba, Chimannga, Melangu, Chibwola, Mukinde, and Kabwodi, were written forever on my heart. It seemed to me that then and there all my youth dried up, my boyhood ended forever. I seemed to grow old, the warm enthusiastic blood chilled, another man rose from the wet sands of that bloody island and dragged himself listlessly into the canoe. I did not care to live. All day long my mind reeled and staggered, and I could see the poor helpless crew of the last boat falling one by one under the murderous arrows into the hungry river. Baumu would cook no more fat guinea-fowls; Baumu would greet me no more with his inimitable merry morning laugh; Baumu, the hereditary prince of the Benalulua, would never come to the kingdom of his poor fond father. Baumu was dead! Kelala would clasp me in his strong arms as we crossed the miry swamps no more; Kelala would cheer on the weary hammock men no more; Kelala's lame foot, on which he had limped from Ndombe to Boignya to follow his leader wherever he went, was easy now; Kelala was dead! They were all dead, their bodies in the deep red Kasai, their souls gone to God.

Manfully and silently the mighty Wembo pulled the canoe down the whirling river. All aboard were tearful,

heart-sick, weary. Chitata paddled awhile, and then some tears fell from the hardened little sinner's eyes into the water. Kassongo tried to say something to Wembo, but choked up. The Zappo-Zap paddler crooned a weird boat song, and my head seemed on fire.

As we neared Mr. Hormez' abode, a great crowd was seen massed up on the red bluff above the river. They seemed to be intently gazing at our boat. When we reached the landing, there was a rush to the beach of an immense crowd. They were a caravan sent down from Luebo by Mr. Shepard. Perhaps there might be news of some of the missing crew. Their silent and respectful demeanor when they saw us returning alone was admirable. I was barefoot, worn, my clothes torn and wet. The people brought me letters from Luebo. One man, Mukebba, had escaped by jumping into the river when the boat had been attacked. He swam the river, crossed the forest between the Kasai and the Lulua, then swam the latter river, and went by night to Luebo, a hundred miles, arriving there the second day after the disaster. He had been slightly scratched by an arrow poisoned with the terrible Lulenga, but lived to tell the tale of the attack by the treacherous Baschilele, or Bena Luidi, as the savages on the west of the Kasai are variously called.

Mukebba died before I could see him, but the story he left showed that the rear boat had been wantonly assailed and the crew murdered without excuse. The Baschilele had been at variance with other white men before, and had not learned to discriminate. They had been at war with Bula Matadi for years, and the servants of the white man were considered fair game.

Mr. Hormez welcomed me with great sympathy, and I

cannot speak too highly of his noble conduct during the ensuing weeks of agony. I was seized with a violent bilious fever, complicated with brain troubles. At times I became delirious, and my mind wandered. With such medicines as I had, and Mr. Hormez' kind attentions in the way of food, I pulled through and got well enough to go overland to Luebo. When I had landed after the affair in the river, I had no shoes; I was barefoot and in rags. The steamer brought me some clothes to Bena Makima, and a pair of shoes. I noticed that God always supplied my needs whenever they became critical. I had such extraordinary events to occur again in my African experiences. I walked all the way to Luebo in those new shoes, and my feet were a mass of blisters before I had gone half way.

The most remarkable and encouraging circumstance at this time was the fidelity of the survivors of the recent disaster. No one deserted me. Everyone of them stuck to me and said they would not leave me, because it was God's will that the other people should die. This was the best consolation my torn heart received. May God reward those beloved and devoted men. The native superstitions point them to the belief that a fatality haunts the man who suffers from any severe calamity as that which befell me; and only the enlightening influence of the power of God was able to prevail over this deeply seated notion. I would hear them earnestly discussing this question by their firesides when I made a sudden approach; but the result of their discussion was to determine them to stand by me, and to continue their brave and loyal undertakings. Not a man of them left me after that catastrophe.

I wrote at once an account of the affair in full to the representative of the government, the *Chef de Post* at Lu-

luabourg; not making any complaint against the hostile savages, or in any way reflecting upon the administration of government in the District, for it was entirely beyond the power of the government to prevent such occurrences, and the complete civilization of the country was a labor of time, in which he and I alike were equally interested. At the same time I thought it wise to take the precaution of making a report of the occurrence to him, so that, if anything were to arise subsequently concerning the affair, I would have the power to refer to my official report. The answer to my letter, which I received some time after, was well written and its spirit excellent. The commandant of the Post acknowledged my letter, warned me concerning the savage character of some of the tribes in the district, and concluded with an explanation of the fact that in due season it would be the duty of the State to demand reparation of the Bashilele.

Mr. Morrison met me on the path outside of Bena Kasenga, having returned from his trip into the Bakuba country with Mr. Sheppard, and expressed his deep sympathy in this fearful calamity. He informed me that Mr. Sheppard's child had just died from a high fever, and that Lukengu would not allow them to come to his capital. This was truly an illustration of the adage that it never rains but it pours, and my faith was surely needing its rock-bottom foundation in those days. But we encouraged each other with the old truths of the old Book, and firmly believed that the requests of our hearts would be finally granted.

At Luebo Mrs. Sheppard was in great distress and sorrow, but she remitted none of her arduous duties, continuing her labors in the household and in teaching, notwithstanding all her sufferings. The remarkable progress that the

school-children were making in their education was surely the seal of God's approval of the faithful and conscientious labors of these consecrated women. At our weekly prayer-meeting, I gave them all an account of the trip, and received every expression of sympathétic and kindly consideration. I told them that as long as I lived, the death of my brave followers would urge me on to labor for their race, and to die at last in their cause.

Messrs. Sheppard and Morrison had experienced an exciting time in their efforts to penetrate to Lukengu's capital, and had desisted only when stopped by bands of armed and determined warriors, who said that young Lukengu positively forbade them to enter his country further. They had returned to the large Bakuba town of Ibangé (or Ibanj, as our phonetic system of spelling makes it), and spent a few days there, coming to the conclusion that it would be better to locate there than not to open up the Bakuba field at all. This town was a large market-place of about three thousand inhabitants, an influential centre of trade, just on the border of the Bakuba and Bakete country, and very little amenable to Lukengu's authority. The points of advantage were sufficiently weighty to cause us all to decide that a temporary work might well be begun at Ibanj, pending further developments; and Mr. Morrison volunteered to go there when he should have acquired a sufficient knowledge of the language. To this end, Mr. Morrison entered the Luebo schoolroom at once, and undertook to learn enough of the Baluba tongue to communicate in that almost universal dialect; at the same time, obtaining from Mr. Sheppard and the passing Bakuba such knowledge of their peculiar dialect as he could.

Mr. Sheppard reported the most appalling state of mur-

der, anarchy and confusion in the Bakuba country; the slaves were being killed, so-called witches poisoned or murdered, the king had forbidden the people to build houses or to clean up their towns during the period of mourning for his predecessor, the trade had been interrupted and curtailed, and the towns were in a constant state of turmoil and anxiety. These Bakuba, on the whole, were the most powerful, the most conservative, the least changed, the most tenacious of their own superstitions and customs, of all the surrounding tribes. They were also probably the most capable and intelligent, except the Zappo-Zaps, and once won over to Christianity they would doubtless prove our best converts and adherents.

The state of alarm which reigned at Ndombe during my absence, and the exaggerated reports prevailing concerning our fate, was illustrated by the arrival of Joka and a large number of the Bikenge. Joka brought me a note from Bundu, which was remarkable for being written in the Baluba language, although the boy had never been instructed at all. He wrote that Ndombe and his people were greatly disturbed about the reports of our trouble, and were afraid that the responsibility might be shifted upon them. He wanted to see me soon. Joka sat down and entered into a long discourse concerning the distinction between the guilty Bena Luidi and the friendly Bashilele proper, and earnestly insisted that in nowise were Ndombe, Belinge, Mundu, Chimbundu, or any of my previous friends or their subjects responsible for this unexpected or unprovoked attack. I reassured Joka and his companions, and prepared to return with them once more to Ndombe.

On my way, after passing the Biomba plains, we came

to the edge of a dense wood. I was some little distance ahead of my companions, and alone. To my astonishment a large body of armed men suddenly issued from the woods, and completely surrounded me in an instant. Their looks and actions were anything but peaceable, and I was considerably alarmed, although I endeavored to retain a calm outward demeanor. I greeted them with the usual salutation, and they answered rather shortly, and demanded who I was and whither I was going. Some of my followers who came up meanwhile informed me that these men were the dreaded Bachoko, or Kiokos. I was the more startled at this news, and at the fact that every one of them was armed with a flint-lock musket. While I parleyed with them, a tall man dressed in European clothes came up from the rear. He was evidently the leader. As he came nearer, I was astonished, but immensely relieved to see suspended on a small brass chain from his neck, a tiny brazen cross, which dangled on his breast. As Providence had ordered it, I had the little golden cross which my grandmother Phillips had given me on my departure for Africa, hanging on my watch chain. Pointing to the cross worn by the leader of the Bachoko, and to that I wore myself, and called his attention to the symbol, whereupon he smiled graciously, and examined my cross with a pleased countenance. He said that the cross was "big medicine," and bade his caravan salute me and fall back. I found that the cross he wore had come, perhaps centuries before, from the Catholic missionaries at St. Paul de Loando, and it had been jealously kept as a sacred treasure, when the priceless story it symbolized had long since been mingled with the traditions and folk-lore of their storytellers. Thus

did the sign of the cross save me in that wilderness, and turn foes into friends; may the real significance of that sacred emblem ere long become known throughout all those regions, until the Savior who made that cross the symbol of His universal dominion shall be known and followed wherever those footpaths lead.

CHAPTER XX.

Life Among the Bikenge.

THE return to Ndombe under the circumstances was a crucial test imposed upon me by all the natives. Bundu informed me that nearly every one of the people expected me to leave, thinking that I would connect some of Ndombe's subjects with the responsibility for the attack upon the rear boat in the river. Ndombe was highly agitated on the subject, and repeatedly endeavored to show how the guilty natives occupied the opposite side of the river, and had long since been in rebellion against his authority, and as they lived over three days march distant, the efforts in the past, both of himself and of the government, to conduct peaceful negotiations with them or to punish the guilty among the Bashilele, had failed. The same Bashilele who had slain my people had been guilty of killing soldiers of the State in the same way, and had maintained an attitude of hostility toward traders, missionaries and Bula Matidi alike. He earnestly urged me to stay with him, and he said that my departure now would be regarded by the people as evidence of my fear of the Bashilele, and as distrust in those who had previously been my warmest friends. I had really never intended to leave, and their fears were soon quieted on this score. Acting on the verbal permission accorded me by Monsieur Von Braedal, and never doubting that the State would ulti-

mately grant us the concession at Ndombe, I determined to stay. I was moved to this end, moreover, by the fact that seeing that ours was an evangelistic task, it was a duty to stay there and preach to the people whether we were finally allowed to remain or not. We must do our present duty. At the same time I decided to spend as little money as possible on equipping the station, not to build for permanent occupation until we received our titles from the government, and to spend most of the time in evangelistic tours into the surrounding country.

In pursuit of these plans, the house I had built for my residence was a simple hut of poles, mud and grass, about twenty-four by twelve feet in size, and constructed in a week's time by the faithful and industrious little band which continued to work for me. There was not a nail used in the entire structure, yet it served my purposes for a year and a half, and became the scene of many stirring and dramatic events. The one point I insisted upon in its construction was that the roof should not leak, which was insured by giving it a steep pitch and thatching it heavily with a grass whose length and pliancy specially fitted it for the purpose. In building the houses for the workpeople, the King's son, Mianye, took a contract to build one entirely, and I was interested to watch him at it. His usual coterie of little boys helped him. They went into the plains about a mile away, and secured a large number of the thick bamboo leaf-stems of the palm. Then they brought a number of poles, and went to the swamps, where they got a quantity of rattan-vines. Finally they brought a lot of palm leaves, very much like our Indian corn leaves, and some of the fibrous bark of the palm. This fibrous bark was split up into strings, which were used in

sewing the palm leaves into sections, about the size of a tablecover. In order to square the shape of the house, when I had shown him where it was to be built, Mianye took four sticks of equal length, and laid them on the ground, and then obtained a diagonal, and kept trying another diagonal until it matched the first, and then was satisfied that he had a square. This was aboriginal geometry, and showed an aptitude for mathematics which was surprising. Indeed the capacity of the natives for mental arithmetic is astonishing. I have known them to be sent off on a trading expedition, with a variety of articles, all of different prices, and to come back with many different things purchased, and remnants of their merchandise, yet with accounts which tallied with the books. The house the boys built was thus made entirely of leaves, poles, canes and vines, yet it was an artistic product, and became Bundu's headquarters, and the centre of a constant string of visitors and the meeting ground for strangers from all the countryside.

One of the first objects I sought was to get the surrounding chieftains all to come over to Ndombe, and to join in a mass meeting. I had brought a cheap magic lantern with me, and now was able to use it for the first time, under Ndombe's big audience shed. When the night for the exhibition came, there were chiefs from six different towns in the district, with delegations of their citizens, all dressed up in their best paint and feathers, and heavily armed. When I arrived for the occasion, the crowd was immense. The shed and all the surrounding area was filled to overflowing with men, women and children, while dogs, goats and sheep moved about inquiringly, wondering what all the concourse meant. The pictures being thrown upon

the sheet, with the bright light upon it, there arose a tremendous yell, and the din and excitement became fearful. The crowd pressed upon us so that Ndombe had to rise and to begin to stamp about in front of me, shouting loudly to the people to move back, and to keep still. The effect of this show, and the graphic way in which it illustrated many of the descriptions I gave them, combined to awaken a widespread interest, and I was pressed with invitations from every direction.

The effect of these mechanical inventions upon the African mind is always a source of pleasant study. I had a music box also, which was an object of never wearying delight to the natives, and they would stand near it, with ears cocked up on one side, like a parrot, and break forth into a volley of indescribable exclamations, somewhat thus:

“Ye, Ye, Ah, Ah, Ho, Ho, Hi! Ka, Ka, Ka, Khee!”

Their explanations to each other were accompanied by the most fanciful tales of the marvels of the white man's handiwork, and it was a favorite accusation with them that we were wizards, and accomplished our ends by the aid of spirits and such invisible assistants. They had various explanations of our color, but the favored one was that in our own country we slept in the water.

The magic lantern certainly did awaken a vast curiosity, and the meeting enabled me to reach a large and representative assemblage of the countryside.

Our life was not always one of undisturbed serenity, as the following account of an exciting incident in our life shows. We were sometimes forced to extreme exertions in order to maintain our prestige, and to command a wholesome respect from the surrounding aborigines.

One afternoon a boy came running up, exhausted, pant-

ing and almost out of breath. He seemed badly scared. I demanded what was the matter, and he said:

“The Biomba have caught Kalenda, and are going to sell him.” It came out that he and a boy called Kalenda had been sent by Mr. Hawkins from Luebo to Ndombe with the mail. He said that on the path near the town of Bena Melong, they saw some men getting palm wine from the trees. The men started toward them; the two boys got scared and began to run. Kalenda, being the slower, was caught. This was a very serious matter. If this kind of thing was allowed to go on, the path from Luebo to Ndombe would become impassable, and we would be cut off from all communication. We—Phipps and I—were all alone in that country. We must act, and that at once. No time must be lost. They would soon sell the boy away, and he would be lost in the mazes of the African slave trade.

We held a brief consultation, and then laid the matter before the Lord in prayer. We prayed that the Lord would restore the lad to us without trouble or bloodshed, if it were His will; but that he must be rescued, and the people of that town interviewed, come what might. So Phipps remained to look after things at Ndombe, and I started to the town of Bena Melong without delay. A few of our devoted friends and laborers went with me. The path led over beautiful plains, past lovely azure mountain lakes, until we stood on the brow of a hill; the village was on the summit of the opposite declivity. The valley was a grassy dell, and everything on the other side was in plain view. The people had evidently heard of our coming, for they were massed together outside the town near the path, intently watching us. It was a hazardous moment. Any

demonstration of hostility would certainly precipitate a bloody fight. Leaving the people behind, I passed down the slope, unarmed, crossed the brook and climbed the hill towards the town. The villagers stood amazed, astonished at this maneuver, and not knowing what to think of it. But as I drew nearer to them, heavily armed as they were, and not knowing what might happen at any moment, I felt my soul grow strong within me, as I remembered "Lo, I am with you always."

The savages never stirred. I passed into the town, and sat down under a shed in the market place. Presently I saw the chief coming slowly, hesitating and doubtful, and ready to shoot or flee at a moment's notice. Gradually he approached, saluted, and sat down. He asked what was the matter. I stated the case. He exclaimed:

"Oh! Fwela, we sent that boy by the other road to Ndombe this morning." In an hour's time a messenger arrived, saying that the boy was safe at home.

The chief said when he found that the lad was one of God's people, he had quickly sent him on to us, and severely reprimanded his people for frightening the boys.

So then again I knew that God answers prayer. This town of Bena Melong thenceforth became one of my stopping places on the journey from Luebo to Ndombe, and the people were good friends to all our workmen and allies. Although this incident ended so pleasantly, my feelings upon beginning the expedition were certainly none of the calmest. But resolution and faith generally carry their own reward, and this event greatly increased the confidence of our people, and the respect of the surrounding tribes. The Africans despise men who take counsel of their fears, and a brave front is indispensable to their good opinion.

About this time came a serio-comic break into the routine of my labors. One of the little Batetela boys came running up to the verandah at night, saying that Bundu was going to whip some of the other boys. Going out to investigate, I found that Bundu was angrily accusing some of them of paying attentions to the young miss whom Ndombe had promised him in marriage, and that a storm was brewing. I admonished them all duly, and went back to the house.

Early the next morning Kondola came up again with the statement that during the night Chitata, Kamelinga and Kassongo had run away, because they were afraid that Bundu was going to whip them. This startling piece of news was rather alarming, since the boys might easily get caught by the slave-stealers in the country, and live to rue their rashness. Hence no time was to be lost. I sent Wembo, with some men, along one road I thought it likely they would take, and I, with Kondola, set out upon the road toward Chimbundu, if perchance they had chosen that route. I carried nothing but a few cowry-shells, some matches and the rifle, while Kondola carried the revolver. Away we went, through the high grass, at a steady rate of five miles per hour, until we were informed by the people of Bena Chibash that they had not seen the boys, when we turned up the Wedia and went to the lake. Thence we went on to Bena Melong, where we got some peanuts to eat, and still heard no news of the runaways. So we set out on the road to Luebo, and kept up a steady march until the moon went down, leaving us in dense woods, where it was so dark that we could see nothing, about ten o'clock at night.

We felt our way along, but kept falling over vines and logs, until we came to a little glade where the forest had

been burned and cut away, and concluded to stop. We rummaged about in the dark and collected some firewood, when I struck a match and tried to light the fire. The match went out. Then I tried every match in succession until the last one. It was a precarious situation. The night was intensely dark, the forest infested with leopards and other wild beasts, the dews were damp and heavy, and there remained but one little bit of modern science between us and total darkness, cold and wet for the night. A fire generally keeps most animals off. With every preparation possible, I struck this last match, and it caught. A cheerful blaze at last comforted our loneliness, and we lay down beside it to doze away until morning.

The first streak of light found us on our way, and a few hours took us to Luebo. The march by way of Chimbundu and Bena Melong had been about seventy miles, and we had made it in fifteen hours. My feet were sore, and my exhaustion so great on reaching the Lulua, that I was more than delighted to meet Mr. Sheppard at the beach, who helped me into the boat, and sent me up the hill in his hammock. The boys were not there. Kondola, notwithstanding that march, promptly joined in a game of ball at Luebo, as if that trip had been nothing more than usual. He could not have been more than ten years old.

That afternoon, as I sat with my damaged feet in front of my cabin at Luebo, up comes a trio of heavily armed youth, looking decidedly foolish and sheepish. They were the runaways, Chitata, Kamelinga and Kassongo, carrying bows and arrows, and knives and spears, and evidently much perturbed. Coming up close, they saluted gravely, and answered my query by the statement that they had come to seek me!



ENTRANCE TO NDOMBE'S TOWN.

Wembo had found them at Lokamashi, and when they learned of my going with only Kondola to find them, they promptly set out to follow me. I lifted up my feet for their inspection, whereupon Kassongo promptly went for some hot water to bathe them in a solution of warm carbolic acid, and the others fell to work sweeping the yard. They never ran away again.

We soon marched back to Ndombe, and domestic tranquility was restored to the household.

One day my labors at the desk were interrupted by a medley of confused shouts, the din of loud angry voices in contention arose from the direction of the village, and then some scattering gunshots rang out upon the air. I hurried out to the yard, when some of our boys came running pellmell across the potato patch and through the plantains, shouting that a big fight had begun up on the hill among the townfolk. Knowing that sometimes such feuds led to disastrous and wholesale warfare, I hastily hurried up through the town in the direction of the combat, hoping to be able to quell the disturbance, if possible. As I passed through the avenue and inquired for Ndombe, the chief himself appeared, followed by a number of his kinsmen, and said that he was just starting up to put an end to the fight. He was entirely unarmed, having even left behind his usual accompaniment, the great spear. I supposed because of his hurry. I noticed his unarmed condition particularly. The other men bore weapons, some bows, some guns—all having their terrible knives. Ndombe said the row was between the Bakete village of Bena Mbia, and the Baluba settlement of Chikumma, and insisted on going on in front of me, not allowing me to go ahead of him, and striding forward rapidly where the sounds of the con-

flict raged. The combatants were out on the grassy palm-dotted plain between their two villages, each man behind some cover, such as a tree or shrub, or stealthily crouched in a clump of tall grass, whence he launched an arrow, or an iron bullet from his old flint-lock, at the adversary. There were perhaps two hundred men engaged, while the women and children gathered on the outskirts of each town and made a continuous roar of yells and shrieks and curses. It was a lively scene, and I was about as ready to laugh as anything else, as I heard the complimentary epithets which preceded each shot, and which constituted a large part of the battle. Indeed, so highly esteemed is the vocal part of a belligerent's privileges that Kassongo once gravely informed me that he would not like to be obliged to do his quarreling by letter, as the white nations had to do in their wars.

Ndombe advanced fearlessly right into the line of fire, and the roar of his mighty voice was heard above the din of the conflict, as he shouted out his commands for an end to the disorder. His appearance was greeted with a perfect volley of yells from both sides, who clamored out their grievances, but instantly ceased firing. Some of them began to sneak slyly away and out of sight, and others made rapidly for their homes, while the cessation of hostilities was as remarkable as their speedy beginning. When we reached the centre of the Bena Mbia, it was apparently almost deserted, and only the subchief who ruled there under Ndombe's suzerainty remained to come up and explain.

His account was that one of Joka's nephews, a harum-scarum sort of young fellow, had insulted the sister of one of his townsmen. The brother had promptly drawn his

bow and shot the insulter in the hip with a poisoned arrow. The wounded man made off in haste to get the wound dressed, and then sent to some of his friends in the Baluba town a cock-and-bull story of an unprovoked attack upon him by the archer. These Baluba promptly started up to investigate and avenge, if need be, the wrong to their friend, but met a crowd of the brother's friends in Bena Mbia, who made a hot quarrel, which speedily called out the men of both villages into the regular pitched battle which we had witnessed.

No one was seriously hurt, but Ndombe made a complete circuit of all the villages, and set a day two weeks thence for a formal trial.

When the day of the trial came, and I went to see it, I found a large gathering of the citizens in the open space in the middle of the Bakete town of Bena Mbia. The most remarkable and unusual quiet prevailed, and I soon espied the heir-apparent, Mianye, to whom I appealed for a full explanation of the scene. The trial of the offender was evidently to be conducted in open court; for the most prominent men of the capital were arranged around a semi-circle, each perhaps a yard from the other, with no one inside the area enclosed. At the centre of the circle Ndombe was seated on his ancient throne, the other dignitaries being allowed only the privilege of a sheep or goat skin, on which they sat Turkish fashion.

Ndombe was elaborately decked out in his most resplendent red robe, with his great spear stuck up in the earth beside the throne, and a large handsome leopard skin, emblem of chieftainship, on the ground beneath his feet; other fine skins, blankets, robes and cloths were draped about the carved wooden stool, whose age, ornamentation

and the veneration accorded it, made me call it the throne. An official stood near Ndombe with a trumpet and an enormous glittering knife; this man was in fact the general in command of the body-guard, whose name was Kabeya, and he was afflicted with the loss of an eye, though the remaining optic did ample duty for both. Behind Ndombe and Kabeya was a small group of the men of royal blood; while behind them were massed the common people, turned out for a holiday, to hear the speeches and to attend the trial.

In the middle of the line of men, seated upon the semi-circle in front of Ndombe, was an individual carrying a bell, which he would ring most violently upon the appearance of any disorder. He was in fact the sheriff, and bore also a long heavy stick as another emblem of his office. The bell was a unique contrivance, made by the natives themselves from iron ore in the country, shaped like an old cow bell, but without any clapper. The noise was produced by beating the bell with an iron rod.

Near the sheriff on one side stood the two accused men, and on the other side were gathered the witnesses. The most extraordinary custom in this whole affair was shown by the fact that the prisoners were not imprisoned, tied up, or in any way restrained, although the punishment, if they were convicted, was severe. They did not try to run away, either. I was informed that it was very rare for the accused ever to decamp, and it was easy for them to do so. But the families of runaway culprits are then held responsible, and it is always agreed that any one who catches the runaway may enslave him, and other chiefs and tribes invariably avail themselves of this rule.

All this order and definite arrangement took place as if

from ancient custom and frequent practice. Every one seemed to know his place, and to assume it without question. Mianye pointed out the men who were to act as the jury, judging merely of facts, and rendering their decision on each one to Ndombe, who was to decide on the whole matter; while several other men were to examine the accused, and the witnesses, as well as to make speeches pro and con—in other words they were lawyers. Among these lawyers I noticed my old friend Joka's ponderous corpulency, he being a famous advocate, but now, because of his personal interest in this suit, having chosen another lawyer to conduct the case for him.

The bell sounds for order and silence in the court; the men make a loud clapping of hands in unison, then the most profound decorum prevails; Ndombe claps his hands, elevates his voice, and uses a peculiar Bakuba word, evidently some kind of a formal signal, then begins a speech of about twenty minutes, of which I give a summary here. His style was animated, his voice well modulated and penetrating, and his manner distinctly oratorical.

“My children, you are assembled to bring to trial two men who are accused of causing a riot in my town of Bena Mbia; I have ordered the people to assemble that all might know that in the realms of Ndombe justice must be rendered to the guilty, and the peace and sobriety of the town be maintained” (here followed a long and minutely detailed account of the riot, as I have already described it). “My children, it is not well that you should behave thus when my friend the white man is but lately come into our country, and you give him the impression that we are all only a set of ignorant and misbehaved barbarians. This day I mean to inquire fully into the riot of two weeks ago,

and to make an example of those who disturbed the peace, that all may know that the town of Ndombe is governed wisely, and that henceforth order and good behavior may prevail amongst us."

The oration was vociferously applauded by the "oi Polloi," who yelled and whooped, and celebrated for five minutes after its conclusion. The lawyers began to examine the witnesses, and the main facts came out as I have already narrated them. I was amused at the clearly partisan testimony of some of the witnesses, whom Mianye asserted were specially bribed for the occasion; "but," he added, "everybody knows it, and nobody pays any heed to their words."

The lawyers now made their arguments. To me the touch of nature certainly did make the world akin; and I was carried forthwith in my memory to the old brick courthouse at Walhalla, and heard Colonel Orr thunder at the jury, and my father worry the truth out of some reluctant witness, and Judge Wallace call out to the prisoner, "stand up." Here it was all again; the same human nature in Central Africa calling for the same development of institutions and ideas.

While the young lawyer, whom old Joka had retained, was dashing off his fervent oratory, I noticed that more than once the crowd burst into peals of irrepressible laughter, and that Joka was becoming very restless, and evidently dissatisfied. Finally he rose and interrupted his attorney, requesting of Ndombe the privilege of defending his nephew himself. Ndombe asked him what was his objection to his young lawyer. Joka replied that the trouble was that instead of keeping along the plain path of the argument, he was always straying off into the grass. This "brought down the house," and Joka proceeded to make a

long and sophistical discourse himself. When the arguments were all in, Ndombe made a brief speech, and announced that his decision was as follows:

The Mukete youth was condemned to public service (i. e. to service as a slave to the chief) because he took the law into his own hands instead of making legal complaint of his adversary's conduct, thus provoking a riot in the town; and Joka's nephew was fined five thousand cowries, because he first insulted the Mukete youth, thus causing the assault. The sentence was hailed with a salvo of plaudits, and in the midst of the din, the court adjourned. I asked Mianye how long the condemned man must serve; he replied, until his family redeemed him at a price equivalent to his value.

Meeting Joka returning from the trial, on the way down the hill toward home, I rallied him on the fine he must pay for his scapegrace of a nephew. "Ah, well," said he, "you see the fine is paid into the treasury of the chief's government, and as I am prime minister, I get my share of public funds." Joka's confession is commended to Mr. Balfour and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

I have attended quite a number of these formal councils of the natives, and the sense of law and order exhibited at them has been a revelation. They show that these people have the elements for an advanced civilization, and I believe that they could be trained into the observance of regular civilized rules and regulations, with the ultimate development of a full and competent government, were there only an adequate leaven of external influence to impart an impetus to the movement. A chief like Ndombe could be made an excellent ally of the Belgian officials, and could be vested with several governmental functions and trusted with some representative and executive powers. All they

need is a white friend to explain fully to them the more highly developed processes of civilization, and to familiarize them with modern modes of legal procedure. Certainly such a people deserve a certain amount of local self-government.

One day some of the little Batetela boys came running to the house in a state of great excitement, shouting, "Wembo's come, Wembo's come!" The cause of their rejoicing became apparent when down the path through the potato patch came the burly form of the sturdy oarsman who had rowed us up the Kasai when we had found Kelala's arm. Wembo came up and saluted, broke into a broad smile, and rested the little wallet of all his earthly possessions on the floor of the piazza. Then he informed us that he had come from Bena Makima to work for me. I enquired whether he had ever "taken a book" (signed a contract) with Mr. Hormez or any other white man. He said no; that he had been a slave of a Zappo-Zap in the employ of Mr. Hormez, but that he had paid his master twelve pieces of cloth for his freedom, three times the current price of a slave, and had at last left him and come to me to seek freedom.

This story was a striking illustration of the operation of the slave trade. He had been born a freeman in the country of the Batelela, to which tribe he belonged. The Zappo-Zaps had followed in the wake of the white man in his country, and had seized him when a small boy and carried him away. They first sold him to the Bakuba; but these practical traders, finding him utterly refractory, sold him again to the Zaps. His master worked for Mr. Hormez, under regular contract. Wembo, by working as a boatman and as a porter, accumulated some cloth, with

which he bought a wife for himself, and then saved more, with which he had paid his master for his freedom. But the Zappo-Zap master accepted this, and then demanded more, which being refused, he seized Wembo's wife and sold her by stealth to the Bakuba. Thereupon Wembo first beat him, and then ran away, determined to seek liberty and protection, at any cost.

He had marched the one hundred and fifty miles alone, and in one Biomba town the natives had caught him, but he had beaten them off and escaped. When I afterwards visited that town, the chief told me as a great joke how one of my men had whipped four of them, when they had tried to detain him, and the men themselves invited Wembo to supper with them.

Wembo was the strongest man I ever saw. Once he had dived from a canoe into the Kasai river, when a wild boar had been shot in crossing the water, and brought up the boar, putting the immense hog into the canoe with one hand. He could row a boat all day long against a heavy current, and with wonderful skill and strength, making forty miles a day. Once he made a plunge into the Luebo river, after a hard day's march, and dived clear across, though the current was such that ordinary swimmers would not venture into it, and the stream was sixty yards wide. He carried me once, when I was wounded, for a mile or more, in his arms, and on another occasion, when I was sick, he and another powerful man, Kambula, carried me in a hammock twelve miles at a trot, without once stopping, and over broken and hilly country.

Wembo made a legal contract to work for me, and became a faithful and devoted employee. His principal sore point was on the subject of slavery, and once he nearly killed

four Zappo-Zaps who tried to tease him about his former condition. I was lame at the time, and managed to keep the peace only by hobbling out and firing my revolver into a tree, so that the bullets passed between the combatants and stopped the fight. Once a native assumed a threatening attitude toward me, and before I knew what was going to happen, Wembo came across the grass like a catapult's charge and struck the offending native, knocking him through one fence and clear through a house-wall behind. I had to restrain his natural pugnacity, but his courage certainly was useful.

When we were once at Luebo, Wembo asked to be allowed to go on a search for his stolen wife; I warned him of the dangers he risked, but could not refuse. He started at mid-day on Saturday, and went sixty miles into the Bakuba country, returning Monday in triumph with his wife trotting happily behind him. He said he had gone near the town where he had heard she was, and had hidden in the bushes near the path to the spring, to which all women in the town usually went along together. Surely enough he espied his wife coming with the crowd. He whistled a low tune which she had heard him whistle in "the glad days of old;" she peered about, and he cautiously revealed himself. She managed to be the last coming back, when he slipped up and arranged for a meeting that night. Thus they left the town and got away in safety.

The attachment of Wembo and his wife was romantic in the extreme, and a source of much pleasant joking among the people. Her name was Mulanga. The only instance of any break in the even tenor of their relations occurred once, when Wembo had lately joined the church. I heard a row in the "quarters," and went to investigate. Wembo

was standing at his door, black-browed and angry, and Mulanga was crying at his stern and wrathful words. When I enquired what the trouble was, Wembo replied with emphatic determination:

“She ought to have a good whipping. To-night when I began to say my prayers she laughed at me.”

I wish that I could detail all the happenings in connection with our devoted laboring people. I grew to cherish a warm affection for them all. Each had a character peculiar to himself, and the study of these people afforded me much pleasure. There were Chimpallanga and his wife, Tumba; Kamwedika and Wodia; Kabuya and Kapinga; Chitata and Kapinga; Kambula and Metta; the four Zappo-Zaps, Kassongo, Ngoya, Tambu, Chimanga; Kabongo, Katchitup, Tumba, besides others. These people were among the best friends I had in Africa, and I shall always feel for their laborious and faithful devotion an unceasing gratitude.

I believe Booker Washington is responsible for the *bon mot* to an audience of his race, when he told them that they must stop dying and try to live awhile. He was speaking especially of the vast preparations, numerous societies, and general demonstrations incident to the death of a colored man, when it seemed that all the race in reach must make a bigger occasion of the funeral than the circumstances often warrant. Washington said that they needed more organizations to help them to live, and fewer to help them to die. Perhaps it may be of interest for us to observe the aboriginal tendencies to this funeral display, as it exists in the Africans in their original heathen state. Certain it is that a funeral is a most interesting and ceremonious occasion.

I was startled to hear a loud and incessant wailing sound proceeding from the direction of Ndombe's quarters. Upon inquiry, this proved to be caused by the death of an extremely aged and prominent citizen, and the customary mourning ceremonies must now be observed. When I went up into the village to inquire whose family was bereft, some of the people informed me that the old man had been the ranking member of the Bakwampesh, as the royal household was called, and that if I came late in the afternoon I should be admitted to observe the obsequies. It was evidently considered to be a State funeral, as Ndombe was not to be seen until he made his official appearance at the funeral, and the whole population was idle, no one engaging in his wonted occupation, the streets being thronged, and the loud mournful songs of the women who congregated together to bewail the departed one filled the ear.

In the afternoon I went up again, and made my way into the open space in the yard of the bereaved family, where the ceremonies were about to proceed. The place was crowded with mourners, observers, officious sympathizers and idlers, who were dressed up in their best paint and feathers, and the more wealthy and fashionable had elaborately adorned their brightly painted and oiled bodies with every kind of bead, shell, bit of brass or copper, and other similar ornaments. Some little girls were almost covered by an elaborate lacework of beads, fastened on strings and ingeniously connected together in such a way as to present a continuous solid surface. As I was informed it was customary, I made a small present of seashells to the mourning women, whose lamentations had not ceased since morning, and whose appearance, with the tears washing streaks in the thick paint on their faces, and with their bodies liter-

ally in sack-cloth and ashes, was certainly characteristic of the dire calamity.

The corpse of the deceased was propped up on a low platform constructed under a shed, with his posture in such a life-like attitude that the effect was startling. The body was clad in the most costly robes the country afforded, and these were decorated with quantities of beads, shells, brass and copper wire, and the usual charms and amulets. The face was painted with red ochre. They were preparing a coffin of bamboo and canes nearby, while a pile of the dead man's riches, cloth, beads and shells, were accumulated in front of him. I was told that these articles were to be buried with him. It was a common thing in this way for large property to be put into the ground with the dead, the superstition being to the effect that the departed needed the goods in the other world.

The dead man's face had such a striking resemblance to the sarcophagi and the exumed Egyptian mummies, that I could well fancy an ancient Pharaoh returned and now before me. The old gentleman had been one of the most extremely aged among them, and from what I was told, he must have been nearly a hundred years old. It was said that he had called Ndombe to him before his death and related to the chief many of the ancient traditions of the tribe, knowledge most sedulously guarded and highly prized among them, and that now there remained only one of the old patriarch's generation alive.

The interment took place in the burying ground near the town, in a clump of trees, amid the most solemn silence. The corpse was placed in an upright position in the grave, the better to facilitate his resurrection, as they said. Along with him were buried many valuables, including his bow

and spear. There was no wanton butchery on this occasion, as often happened among Lukengu's Bakuba across the Lulua. Among Lukengu's subjects, the death of a prominent citizen often means the execution of a number of slaves to accompany him to the other world. But this wretched custom had long been abandoned among the Bikenge, and the happiness and comparative freedom of the country was the greater accordingly.

The Bakete have the picturesque custom of placing an uprooted tree, with the trunk downward, upon a grave, the roots thus being inverted in the air, and the picture a cemetery presents with a number of these dead inverted trees stuck up over the graves is strangely grotesque, and fearfully realistic, a symbolism both emblematic of their beliefs and typical of their fears. Nevertheless, the green grass grows over their dead as well as over ours, and the myriads are still hastening on to their end in the unrelieved gloom and darkness in which they dwell. God send them many a cross for their tombs yet!

The occasion wound up with a big dance toward evening, continuing far into the night. The wide avenue had been carefully swept, and the people thronged in their gayest attire. The dancers all lined up on the circumference of a circle, about four hundred devotees of terpsichore in all, their black, brown and yellow bodies gleaming with red powder and palm oil, their shakos of feathers tossing about, the ladies with tiny bells about their ankles, and the gentlemen clanking heavy brass, copper, or iron rings about theirs; the men all formed a line on one side of the circle and the women on the other; while all the time the wildest, weirdest, most curdling chant went up, and the assemblage ever and anon broke into shrieks and yells, which rang out

far across the surrounding plains. A drummer occupied the centre of the circle; about him were other rude musicians, with their primitive instruments; a few men wore masqueraders' disguises, most hideous and appalling vestments of animal skins, bones, beads, red paint, wooden images, and figured cloth; the clowns of the town broke from the ranks into the area of the circle and performed prodigies of athletic skill, keeping up their efforts until they sank down utterly exhausted, while all the time the animated circumference moved round and round, keeping time with the cadences of the music, the men rhythmically stamping their feet, and the women whirling round and round, accomplishing feats which would put the most agile ballet dancer to rout.

One of the features of the dance has been made the subject of universal comment by some horror-struck missionaries, though I could not see anything worse in it than in the gay and easy whirl of the round dances on American ballrooms. Men and women alike made a peculiar undulating wavy motion of the body while dancing, swaying their trunks to and fro, while the head and feet were stationary, and the best figure to liken their motion to is that of the sinuous monkey when holding fast by his arms to a limb above him, and with his tail to one beneath, he sways his body in natural graceful harmony with the forest breeze! These exercises were both athletic and entirely spontaneous, delightfully refreshing in their unconcealed merriment, nor could I detect the least resemblance in performance or effect to the descriptions of the disgraceful orgies of the ancient Greeks and Romans. The Bikenge danced their joy at the departure of their honored patriarch for the abodes of bliss, and by special decree of the king, the period of festive grief

was prolonged into a three days' holiday, during which time no work was performed, no palm wine gathered, no cloth woven, the blacksmith's anvil was silent, the women went not to the cassava fields, and the music, dancing, feasting, singing, wailing, howling and robing, and general hullabaloo went on with only such intermission as weary nature made absolutely necessary. The mourning women kept up their stentorian lamentations all night long, relieving each other in relays; and right glad was I that I had selected my abode far enough away to be able to sleep during all this funeral feast.

One morning after an early breakfast I wished to see Joka about a negotiation for a trade in some goats, and so walked up to his quarters, quite extensive for an African, in the Bakuba town, where I chanced to stumble upon that "tun of man" in the act of partaking of his morning meal with his family. I did not mean to intrude upon the worthy old gentleman's privacy, but he called for a slave to bring me a stool, and bade me be seated until he was ready for business. The Bakuba had always been shy about allowing me to observe their domestic customs, and I was glad of this opportunity, especially as it was evident that they had just assembled as I approached.

Their dining-room was under a shed built upon four posts, and covering a space of about one-half the size of the floor of a railway freight car in America, or of the dimensions of an English passenger coach. There was no table at all; and none but the masculine members of Joka's household sat together under the shed. The slaves ate apart, and the women waited until the men had finished. The diners, however, sat on the skins of animals, or the bamboo mats, and all were ranged about in a semi-circle, observing a de-

corum and gravity of demeanor, which I saw was evidently a point of African table manners. At their head sat grandfather Joka, who had before him a whole roasted fowl, which he was in the act of carving. Each one of the boys and men had immediately in front of him upon the ground, a pot, fresh from the fire, of boiled cassava pudding. Cassava is our tapioca. Joka carved the fowl into parts, then, with his fingers, gave each one a part, and all paused and did not begin to eat until Joka had completed the distribution and commenced to eat himself. No utensils other than those pots were in use at all, neither knife, fork, spoon, nor plate. Joka's carving dagger alone graced the occasion, and this was inserted into its sheath as soon as its task was done.

In spite of the primitive character of the service, I noticed particularly that this meal was a particular institution with them, and that an amount of decorous behavior belonged to the occasion, which greatly raised these Bakuba in my esteem. I was told afterwards that the women came in later, and all ate together in like manner under the presiding direction of the eldest Madame Joka, who reigned with undisputed sway in the household of the elephantine Minister of State.

One day Ndombe came down to me and announced that he proposed next day to give a festival upon the occasion of his marrying a new wife.

"Going to marry another?" I said; "are not thirty-one already enough?"

"Oh, no," he replied, "the more the wives the greater the chief, you know; besides, Belinge's sister, who has been engaged to me from a child, is now grown into a very beautiful woman, and we propose to have a wedding tomorrow."

Now Belinge, it will be remembered, was the chief belonging to the Bakuba nobility, living in a town on the Kasai river about twenty-five miles west of Ndombe.

Upon the morrow I repaired to Ndombe's apartments to attend the wedding. Turning from the wide, straight street, the principal thoroughfare of the town, into another little street which led into an open court, fenced off by a fence of palm leaves, laid on bamboo across upright sticks, I found a large crowd assembled about a large sedan chair, like a hammock, into which Ndombe was proceeding to mount. This vehicle was made of two long bamboo poles about twelve feet long, extending parallel with each other, a box-like seat being built up across the middle of the poles, leaving the ends free to be carried by two men each—eight in all. The seat was covered with leopard skins, fine native cloths, and European blankets; Ndombe seated himself, dressed in a long flowing red robe made of palm fibre, his person amply touched up with a sachet powder of red ochre, a long array of brass bracelets upon his arms from the wrist to the elbow, and a similar display of shining metal upon his bare ankles; brandishing an immense war-knife, and being borne amid shouts and huzzas, firing of guns, blast of horns, shrieking of whistles, and beating of drums in great state, out upon the streets of the town. All the town, save the disconsolate thirty-one displaced dames, who naturally sulked at home, turned out *en masse* to the fete.

The procession passed along the well trodden paths through the villages grouped upon the hill, past the thickets of palms, wild pineapples, tall spear grass and stunted shrubbery on the grassy plain surrounding the town where the fun was to begin. For now they all circled over the grass, hunting for the bride. She was supposed to be

hidden somewhere without the town, concealing her blushes beneath some shady bush, while her ardent royal suitor was borne about the country, his stupid carriers not able to find her. Finally he must descend and seek her himself, and of course immediately finds her. Whereupon a great shout arises, guns are fired, horns sounded, whistles blown, drums beaten, and a general scene of noisy jubilation succeeds. The groom lifts the bride triumphantly into the hammock-chair, for although she weighs a good 160 pounds, his herculean arms, extending from shoulders near six feet from the ground, lift her with ease, come from his practice on nearly three dozen of her predecessors. The pair are borne amid general acclamations, through the streets of the feasting towns, back to the chief's apartments.

In a few days Ndombe gave me an invitation to visit the bride. I found her sitting outside her new home, under a tall, broad-leaved plantain tree, inspecting some of her bridal presents of beads, seashells, brass wire, copper, brass bracelets, armlets, anklets, blue and red braid and buttons, and in ever unwearying satisfaction fitting them upon her comely person, or arranging them in various patterns upon her bridal robe of palm fibre and camwood dye. She was, moreover, resplendent in a brand new dress, being elaborately attired in a palm cloth, about the size of a table cloth, embroidered with beads and shells; the rest of her person was even more elaborately clad with a thick covering consisting of equal parts of palm oil and redwood dust. The African dames do not content themselves with a dab upon their cheeks, but when they paint, they paint all over. Or it may be a matter of economy, seeing that palm oil and redwood are so much cheaper than cloth.

It is needless to remark, that while Mrs. Ndombe No. 32

was thus wreathed in smiles and red, the other Mesdames Ndombe from 1 to 31 were correspondingly sad and green. Indeed for quite a while after the wedding, Ndombe spent much of his time during the day with me, saying that peace reigned in his quarters only after the ladies had retired.

This was, of course, an unusual event, such as would attend only the marriage of a great chief. When a respectable youth of the middle class has found the maid of his liking, and the parents consent, and he has the means to present the bride's father with adequate gifts, he usually repairs with the damsel to his newly built house, and the affair ends. An unusually handsome or high-born African belle is supposed to be given in marriage on the receipt of a present equivalent to at least ten goats; a common woman is worth five goats, while an ugly slave woman is not considered to be worth even one goat, and may be bought with a small quantity of cloth or salt. As the woman in Africa feeds the man, a boy hastens to marry as soon as possible, and fifteen is considered a fair age. Very often promising little girls are engaged to wealthy men from childhood. The system of plural wives is strictly limited to a man's means of obtaining them, and it not infrequently happens that a rich man will so disturb the balance of marriage opportunity that the only way young men can find wives is by stealing them from other towns, an occurrence so outrageous as to be the cause of constant squabbles, fights, and sometimes wars. It may truly be said that at the bottom of most of the troubles in Africa is generally found either a slave or a woman.

Polygamy was a frequent theme of conversation between Ndombe and myself. He inquired if it were not better for a great chief, of aristocratic blood and noble birth, who

would naturally transmit to his offspring highborn traits, and strength of character, to have a large family of fine and healthy children, than for his thirty-odd wives to be distributed around amongst the plebian mass of common blood and ignoble quality? He also jokingly remarked that the plurality of his wives saved him many an uncomfortable moment, for instead of berating him, they occupied themselves with scolding one another. Moreover their mutual jealousy and fear of one's getting the largest share of his affections, made all vie with one another in providing for his comfort and in contributing to his pleasure. Again, as a wife adds to the dignity and power of her lord, so the more wives, the greater the estate of the man. Nevertheless, Ndombe earnestly counselled his son, Mianye, to marry only one wife; saying that he himself could not put away his wives without a revolution in the country, but that Mianye must not get himself into such an embarrassed situation. Mianye assented to this suggestion, and I hope that his own history will be free from the complications of polygamy.

CHAPTER XXI.

Our Nearest Neighbors, the Pygmies.

THIS chapter is a slightly re-arranged copy of an article contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and is given here by the kind permission of the publishers of that magazine.

Not long after my settlement at Ndombe, an odd-looking creature came up to my bungalow, bringing a piece of fresh meat for sale. At first, I took him for a boy, judging by his height and size, for he was about four feet high, and could not have weighed more than eighty pounds. As he came closer and held out his meat, making a peculiar guttural sound, I noticed that he appeared to be an old man. His form was slightly bent, his hair and beard were tinged with white, the lines were deeply sunken in his face, and his deep set eyes were glazed with the film of age.

I began to question him, having become proficient in the native tongues, and was surprised to discover that I could not understand my extraordinary visitor. His language sounded more like the gabbling of an ape than the ordered speech of the intelligent Balunda; but when I brought out the salt which is the universal currency in that country, his eyes sparkled, and a broad smile and beaming face rendered further efforts at conversation unnecessary to the trade. The little man grinned, laid his meat on the floor, readjusted his quiver of darts, picked up the

bow he had laid aside, and started down the path, to all appearances supremely happy.

Turning to one of the boys in my employ, I asked who that man was. The boy answered, "Oh, he is one of the Batwa." The word had no sooner been uttered than I seized my helmet and started off in pursuit of the stranger; for I had read enough of African ethnology to know that Batwa meant Pygmies, and here was a chance not to be lost.

My visitor was not far ahead, and did not seem to be alarmed at my following him, for soon he led me into a clearing in the adjacent plain, in which a little hamlet was ensconced not more than a few hundred yards from my own house. The Pygmy, if such he was, entered one of the beehive huts, and ousted a swarm of children, who scampered wildly about at sight of the white man. The boy who had given the name Batwa to my caller had followed me, and I now turned to him for more information concerning this strange village. He said that the Batwa were little people who lived to themselves, and were much afraid of the big people; that those in this town were under the authority of Ndombe, who would not destroy them, but kept them to hunt and fish for him. A few questions to the boy, and a careful study of the town and people, assured me that my next door neighbors were none others than the Pygmies of Herodotus, the fabled dwarfs of Ethiopia in reality and truth. From that time I began a close study of the life, condition, manners, customs and language of these remarkable people, for the two years during which I lived among them. ✱

The village of the Batwa was located in the suburbs of the town of Ndombe, the nephew of Mai Munene, who

founded a famous African kingdom at the head of navigation of the Kasai tributary of the Congo river. The proximity of this Pygmy settlement to the principal city of tribes long noted for their large stature and fine physique was a unique fact in my knowledge of these people. Stanley and most other explorers who had described them, had represented them as inhabiting the densest forests, and as being entirely separate from the other Africans, but this settlement was on the edge of the great plateau of Lunda, and under the sovereignty of a distinctly alien tribe.

X The Batwa formed a distinct village of their own of about three hundred people, with no other inhabitants save their immediate chief or mayor, and his wife. This man was of Ndombe's own family, the representative of the king, who acted as sub-chief of the Pygmy village under Ndombe's general suzerainty. His authority seemed never to be disputed, and through him the dwarfs paid their tribute of game and fish daily to the king. The Pygmies dwelt in little huts shaped like a beehive, with an opening on the side at the bottom, barely large enough to admit their bodies crawling. These houses were built by bending sticks into the shape of a bow, placing the ends in the ground and thus forming a framework, upon which a matting of large leaves was tied with the fibres of the palm. These huts, although a full-grown normal African could not stand erect or recline at full length in them, sufficed for a Pygmy and his whole family, sometimes consisting of a wife and half a dozen children. About eighty of these little dwellings were arranged without any order or design upon the slope of the hill toward the Lubi, near the meeting place of the grassy plains and the tangled forests, which constituted the Pygmies' happy hunting

grounds. The village covered about three acres, and was dotted here and there with the characteristic trees of the African plains, the baobab, euphorbia and palm. Besides these the wife of the Bakuba chief of the Pygmies had planted the village with plantains, bananas and pineapples, also, the never failing pawpaw, red pepper and castor-oil bushes. It is noteworthy that this planting was not done by the Pygmies, who did absolutely no agricultural work at all.

From the limbs of the trees about the houses hung uncanny trophies of the skill of the Batwa at the chase,—the head bones of the antelope and buffalo, the skeletons of monkeys, boars, and large rodents, the skins of snakes, the scaly armor of the ant-eater, the feathers of many large birds, the shells of the porpoise, and the head and vertebrae of many large fishes. Immense nets, made both for hunting and fishing, were thrown over poles suspended under grass sheds about the village, while the walls of the little huts bristled with spears, knives, bows and arrows, traps, harpoons and hunting horns. Yellow dogs, whose diminutive dimensions were in proportion to those of their masters, prowled about the open spaces between the houses, jangling the peculiar wooden bells which were fastened about their necks. One striking peculiarity of these African curs is that they do not bark, and so the bells are put on them to enable the huntsmen to follow. Often the dogs themselves are eaten by the Africans, but I never found the Pygmies guilty of this unsportsmanlike conduct. Neither was I ever able to detect any evidences of cannibalism on the part of the little people.

The life of the Pygmies was concerned chiefly in the procuring of meat for themselves and for the larger tribes

with whom they traded. They were expert huntsmen and fishermen, their principal weapon being the bow and arrow with its poisoned wooden dart, the most formidable of all the implements of savage African warfare. The bow of the Pygmies was made from a very strong and tough tree, the color of the heart of which was bright crimson; the bow string was made of a fibre stripped from the body of a rattan vine growing in the swamps. This fibre produced a string perfectly pliable, and exceeding a rawhide in strength. The Pygmies were often shorter than their bows. The arrow was a light straight piece of bamboo, usually the stem of the frond of one of the smaller palms. This frond stem was cylindrical in shape and hollow throughout its length, the woody fibre being wonderfully strong and light. Contrary to the practice among larger tribes, these arrows were neither tipped with iron, nor furnished with the feathery barb. They were simply the neatly trimmed bamboo sticks, sharpened at the top and cleft at the bottom, the sharp point being thickly smeared with a dark poison. It is the last fact which makes these simple contrivances such deadly weapons. The poison is one of the most fatal known. It is decocted from the roots of one of the euphorbias by boiling and pressing them, a black sticky scum rising to the surface, into which the points of the arrows are dipped. The scum is very adhesive, and also impregnates the wood of the arrowhead, which is made from a certain kind of timber specially for the purpose.

The effect of the poison is more deadly than that of any vegetable poison with which I am acquainted. It has been known to produce death within two minutes of its administration to a human being. The ordinary way to

test its efficacy among the Africans is to try it on a monkey and the usual result is death in less than five minutes. The use of the poison in war or the chase depends upon the infliction of a very slight wound on the victim by the point of the arrow, the small amount of poison thus put into the system sufficing to cause death. Sometimes, however, instead of death, the effect is insanity.

I noted several instances of the terrible effects of these poisoned arrows. A man of Ndombe's town insulted one of the Pygmies and was shot in the thigh. Despite all that the medicine men could do in the way of charms and various hoodoo practices, besides using certain herbs and roots which are often efficacious in ordinary ailments, the wounded man died in great agony after several hours of delirious coma. On another occasion the poison was administered as an ordeal to a woman accused of witchcraft, and she died in less than half an hour. A man in my employ was once going down the Kasai river in a canoe, and was attacked by some of the savage Baschilele tribe, who were armed with these poisoned arrows obtained from the Pygmies. The man sustained a scratch on the forehead from a passing arrow. Although the wound was so slight as to be almost invisible to the eye, the poor fellow went violently insane, lingered for two weeks, and then died in terrible convulsions.

Once, in making a survey of the upper Kasai valley, I had occasion to ascend a high mountain, upon whose summit I walked about, compass in hand, taking observations. Suddenly, without the least warning, I fell violently into the earth. I had come upon a concealed pit, made to impale antelopes upon sharpened stakes set in the bottom. One of these stakes penetrated my thigh

and caused a severe wound. My only attendant, a boy of fourteen years, ran down the mountain and secured men, who carried me quickly to an adjacent village. The boy sucked the wound thoroughly, and the native doctors cauterized it by pouring boiling oil into it, thus no doubt saving my life and reason. I was dangerously ill for a month, and suffered for three years afterwards. The sucking of the wound and the cautery were at my own suggestion.

The use of these poisoned arrows by the Pygmies in killing game is wonderfully effective. The flesh around the wound is excised, and the rest of the meat is eaten with impunity. With its coat of poison, the puny bamboo reed becomes more fatal than the Krag-Jorgensen or Martini-Henry. With his bows and arrows the Pygmy is more than a match for any denizen of the African jungle; he kills the elephant, buffalo, antelope, leopard, hyena, jackal, and the numberless smaller animals of forest and plain, besides guinea-fowl, water-fowl, and others of the feathered tribe. The Batwa of Ndombe's village frequently brought in meat from these different animals, part of which went to Ndombe as his regular tribute, the rest being kept for their own use, or exchanged for the farinaceous produce of the Bikenge. Once the dwarfs brought in immense chunks of a huge python, which they found asleep after making his monthly meal of a whole antelope, horns, hoofs and all. The total length of the tremendous snake was twenty-six feet, and his body was as thick as a man's thigh. There was wild excitement in the Pygmies' town, and the other natives flocked in from far and wide to see the monster and enjoy the feast. It may be remarked here that the Pygmies' diet includes everything

from the soft bodies of the white ant to the hippopotamus. I have known them to shake caterpillars from the trees, and dry them in the sun, preserving them as a special delicacy; and the locust, upon which John the Baptist fed in the wilderness, is as highly esteemed among them as the shrimp or lobster among the epicures of the West.

The method of hunting the monkey, the eating of which must have been the beginning of anthropophagy, is most interesting. A clearing of about half an acre is made in the forest where the simians abound; a net ten feet high and forty feet long, made from a very tough and strong fibrous plant, is stretched across this clearing. The Pygmies then drive the monkeys from the forest into the clearing. When the monkeys attempt to cross the open space, they no longer find the convenient branches of the trees which have hitherto assisted them in their flight, and are forced to rush across the clearing on the ground. When they come upon the net, they are sorely puzzled, and instead of trying to climb over it, vainly strive to get through the meshes, and in this bewildered condition are set upon by the Pygmies with their bows and arrows and spears, and a general slaughter ensues. One reason why this method of hunting the monkey is followed is that a wounded monkey is so very difficult to pursue in the mazes of the forests.

The fact that the Pygmies did not cultivate the soil at all was established by careful and prolonged investigation, and is one of the most remarkable characteristics of these people. At the time of my residence among them, they had been in the habit for centuries past of trading the meat from the chase for produce of the fields of the Bantu. The latter people engaged quite extensively in raising food supplies of various kinds. Their

principal instrument is the hoe, the blade of which their blacksmiths make from the abundant magnetic iron ore of the country, the handle of the hoe being a short stick about two feet long, with a hole bored through a knot in the end, for the attachment of the blade. The Bantu women use this hoe exclusively, as they have neither plough, spade, shovel, nor any other agricultural implement. With this primitive hoe, however, they plant and cultivate corn, peas, beans, onions, tomatoes, tobacco, cotton, melons, pepper and various tropical fruits and vegetables, besides the universal manioc, plantain and peanut. The word for peanut, by the way, in the language of Ndombe, is "Ngoobah."

None of these products, which the African soil and climate cause to flourish with such ease and abundance, have ever been cultivated by the Pygmies. The dwarfs, before the advent of the larger tribes, were literally wild men of the woods, who subsisted entirely on the bounty of unaided nature. The indigenous and uncultivated edibles of the African soil were considered ample for their needs. They lived on the roots and tubers of trees and of certain plants resembling the Irish potato, the young and tender shoots of succulent bushes, and the acidulous fruits occurring in great quantity in the forest, which the monkeys feed upon with avidity.

The relations of the Batwa to Ndombe and the powerful Balunda were unique. According to the traditions of both people, many ages previously the Pygmies had been the sole inhabitants and the undisputed masters of the vast territories now occupied by the dominant races in Africa. Then the forefathers of the Bantu came down from the Northeast, and began to fight the Pygmies.

The latter represent these early conflicts as long and bitter. Some of the dwarfs escaped into the depths of the remote forests, into whose gloomy wilds the conquering invaders would not follow them. This accounts for Stanley's discovery of them in the Arumimi forests, and explains his impression that the Pygmies were never found elsewhere in association with the other Africans. But some of the little people were captured in those ancient wars, and kept near their captors until their shyness wore off, and they were willing to live with them on friendly terms. It was in this way that Ndombe's kingdom came to embrace this settlement of the dwarfs. It is possible that the superior tribes could never have overcome the Pygmies had they not learned the secret of the manufacture and use of the poisoned arrows of the latter. But there never was any intermarriage between the two peoples, nor did either adopt the ways of the other. Both remained separate and distinct, though living side by side for centuries. The Pygmies did not increase rapidly in numbers, and barely kept up their existence from generation to generation. In this they appear to have been already a moribund race when the larger men came down upon them.

The complete confidence of Ndombe and his people facilitated my intercourse with the Pygmies. This ripened into the most friendly association when the little people found me such a steady customer for their game, the more so as the principal article which I had to offer was what they most earnestly coveted—common salt. The craving for chloride of sodium is enhanced by the fact that the chief mineral ingredient of the food of the African aborigines is a kind of chlorate of potash obtained by precipitating a lye made from the ashes of a marsh weed.

Although there are deposits of rock salt in different parts of the continent, the natives have not learned to use it. The potash salt is so very inferior to the "white man's salt," as the blacks call our article, that the latter commands fabulous prices in the remote interior, where I was located. Salt is more precious than gold in the opinion of the Pygmies. As I was fairly well supplied with the coveted relish, my eager little neighbors undertook to barter all the meat they could persuade me to take for it. In this way quite a familiarity sprang up between us, and I was enabled to collect much detailed information concerning them.

The clothing of the Pygmies was the most primitive of all I saw in Africa. The children and some of the women were nude, and the best clad of them wore nothing more than a yard of palm fibre around their loins, this garment being obtained from the other tribes. Some wore pieces of fibre of the size of a pocket handkerchief suspended from a string around the waist, while others were content with leaves or grass. They had no looms, and manufactured no cloth as the other natives did. The favorite ornamental garment among them was the skin of a large baboon. I never saw a single Pygmy tattooed in any way. They often made amulets or charms of the skin or bones of small animals. They did not wear the beads or brass and copper wire which were affected by the Balunda, but they often wore the gay feathers of some bird in their woolly hair.

The extreme simplicity of the manners and customs of the Pygmies was in striking contrast to the more complex life of the other races. Ndombe's people, for example,

had been enjoying for centuries the advantages accruing from the sub-division of labor, somewhat on the lines of more civilized countries. The Balunda had blacksmiths, wood-carvers, weavers, mat-makers, manufacturers, besides lawyers, medicine men, governmental officials such as constables, tax-collectors, and executioners, with chieftains and petty governors under the greater kings. The Pygmies had none of these. The governmental system under which the Batwa lived at Ndombe was imposed on them by the king. Nor had their system ever been even patriarchal. In most of these matters the aboriginal race of Pygmies must have been the most primitive race of mankind.

The poverty of the Pygmies alone restricted their naturally polygamous tendencies. The other Africans enjoy as many wives and concubines as they have means to buy. There are so few distinctions of wealth among the Pygmies that their women are pretty evenly divided among them. They are also much less prolific than the larger tribes. Their children are precocious, being exposed early to the hardening influences of their parents' lives, and made to shift for themselves as soon as they can catch mice, or dig up roots. While the men hunt and fish, the women search for the wild food of the plain and forest, or barter meat for the food of the Balunda.

X—The average height of fifty grown men of the Batwa village was fifty-one and seven-eighths inches, or four feet and nearly four inches. Seven men averaged less than three feet and nine inches high, and five of them were over four feet six inches. It was very difficult to persuade the women to submit to measurement, but eight of them, mothers of families, averaged forty-seven and three-eighths

inches, four inches shorter than the men. The prevalent color was a light chocolate brown. The older men wore scanty beards.

The head of the Pygmy is of the brachycephalic order. The mean cranial index of the skulls of eight adult males is eighty-one degrees. The nose is small, but more aquiline than that of the real negro. The mouth is large, and the chin usually receding. The hair is of a lighter color—almost a shade of brown—and is kinky and woolly. His hands and feet are small and well shaped, the hands in particular being delicately formed. In proportion to his size, his strength far exceeds that of all the other Africans. His powers of endurance on the march or in the chase are phenomenal. Fifty miles a day is an ordinary march for him, and he is almost as much at home in the trees as the monkeys themselves. The senses of the Pygmies are unusually acute. At quite a distance, they can distinguish the chameleon from the foliage in which it is hidden, notwithstanding the fact that the color of the little animal coincides with that of its hiding place. Much of their quarry is discovered through the powers of the nose, and it is no exaggeration to say that the Pygmies' sense of smell is as keen as that of their dogs. They are such shots with the bow that I have seen one send an arrow through a rat at twenty yards, while it was running through the village. The Bantu would spear fish as they leaped from the water, or darted among the rocks in the streams.

As might be expected, the chief characteristic of the Pygmy's mind is cunning. ~~A~~ Ages of warfare with ferocious beasts, and long periods of struggling against tribes of men physically superior to them, have made the little people so famous for treachery, sly dexterity, and extraordinary

agility, that the words "Mudimuki mu mutwa" (sharp as a Pygmy) have become the favorite simile of the Bantu race.

The language of the Batwa is the most strongly onomatopoeic of any with which I am acquainted. The names of animals are made of sounds most characteristic of the beasts they describe. "Elephant" is "humba-humba;" "snake" is "luwilya-wilya" (note how this word squirms). The verbs describe actions imitatively. The vocabulary is much more limited than that of the Bantu. The Batwa appear to have very few, if any, abstract ideas.

✱-The religion of the Pygmies consisted primarily in the worship of the sun. They were not idolatrous—the sun was worshipped as God, and the moon was feared as the devil. They made no images of material objects, and had very few of the superstitious practices of the other Africans.

After my acquaintances with the Pygmies had ripened into complete mutual confidence, I once made bold to tell them that some of the wise men of my country asserted that they had descended from the apes of the forest. This statement, far from provoking mirth, met with a storm of indignant protestation, and furnished the theme for many a heated discussion around the Batwa firesides. The sequel of the matter was an amusing occasion, when a venerable grandfather among the Pygmies turned the tables on me. One day a young ape of the Soko species was brought to my house as a present to me from my little neighbors. A gray-haired old Pygmy watched the antics of the young Soko, the peculiarity of which consisted in its perfectly white face and hair. Turning his eyes on the Saxon propounder of the insulting hypothesis concerning his progenitors, and noting that Saxon and Soko alike were strikingly white,

the shrewd old chap dryly asked: "If we black Batwa come from the black monkeys in the forest, who then comes from that Soko there?" ~~—~~ ✕

The history of the Batwa tribe of the Pygmies is involved in the general history of all the dwarf races. It has been shown by exhaustive research that this species of the *genus homo* is not confined to Africa, but is widely distributed over the whole globe. My only guides to the history of the Batwa were their own traditions and those of the Bantu around them—sources of information much more trustworthy than is often supposed. The Africans are very careful to conserve their traditions, and the old men gather the young ones about their firesides, and relate to them the lore of their people and the deeds of their fathers. They reckon time by the appearances of the moon and the occurrence of such natural phenomena as earthquakes, eclipses, droughts, besides unusual wars, migrations, or any extraordinary events.

The concurrence of testimony is to the effect that the ancestors of the Pygmies many years before had exclusively occupied the vast territories throughout which they are now scattered. The statements of the Bantu and Batwa alike agreed that the latter were the only species of mankind occupying the plains of Lunda when the former came down upon them from the direction of the rising sun. The migrations of the Bantu, therefore, into Central Africa were from the direction of Egypt and Asia. When these larger people found the Pygmies, as before indicated, they began to destroy or subdue them, or to chase them into the depths of the remote forests. It is noteworthy that the Pygmies have never developed any of the primitive arts which are practiced among the Bantu to-day. There

are no signs of a stone age in Africa. This fact is of the utmost anthropological value when taken in connection with the fact that Central Africa is of extremely recent geological formation. The irruption of the Bantu, who were already in the iron age, upon the Batwa, who had not yet reached the stone age, is curiously like the superposition of volcanic strata upon a tertiary formation.

The geographical distribution of the dwarf races is much wider than has been popularly believed. The ancient Egyptians report them at the head waters of the Nile. This was confirmed by Stanley and Emin Pasha. Schweinfurth made a thorough study of a settlement of Pygmies in North Central Africa in the valley of the Welle, a branch of the Mobangi tributary of the Congo, three degrees north latitude, twenty-five degrees east longitude. Du Chaillu identified them in the Ogowe country of the Gaboon, a thousand miles southwest of Schweinfurth's investigation. Another thousand miles southeast of those found by Du Chaillu are the Batwa which I am describing, in the location already mentioned. Three hundred miles northeast of this country occurs a tribe of Pygmies mentioned by Dr. Wolf. It will thus be seen that the existence of the Pygmies has been authenticated in five different parts of Africa, over a territory much larger than the United States. Besides these, it is pretty clearly established that the Hottentots and Bushmen of extreme South Africa also belong to this class.

The Pygmies are not, as has been alleged from lack of exact data, restricted solely in their habitat to the forest or impenetrable jungles. They are the residuum of complete occupation of vast continental areas. The interesting part, however, about this occupation is that no traces have

been found of any human beings prior to the Pygmies. In this respect, the Caucasian discoveries in North America differ totally from those in Africa. The aborigines whom the Europeans found in America had evidently been antedated by a people vastly superior to them in the arts of civilization. But the white man has found no traces of the handiwork of man preceding the Pygmies. These dwarfish beings are the most primitive of men yet discovered in the annals of history.

Reference has already been made to the existence of other Pygmy tribes. Most of these occur in different parts of the eastern hemisphere. One of the principal localities in which these Oriental Pygmies occur is in the Philippine Islands. In Luzon, particularly, black Pygmies with straight hair have been found. The other localities are the Andaman Islands, Borneo, Madagascar, the Punjab of India, the extreme western part of China and the Malay Peninsula, while certain skulls on the Pacific coast of America point to the probability that the Pygmies, as well as the larger Asiatics, once occupied the western hemisphere.

While the indubitable existence of these Pygmy races is a fact which late modern research alone has demonstrated to the satisfaction of the scientific world, stories about the Pygmies have been current in literature from the dawn of history. The recent investigations of scientists in Africa have done much to dignify the oft-ridiculed writings of Herodotus. The Father of History records stories of his day concerning Pygmies who were said to occupy upper Egypt. Homer also makes reference to these little people, and Aristotle embellishes his account with reference to diminutive horses as well as men. Pliny places

his Pygmies in a number of localities. Swift, therefore, had abundant classical ground for his Lilliputians, and a truer basis in fact than he imagined. The sober facts of the nineteenth century have eclipsed the romances of Homer, Swift and Defoe alike.

The philosophic speculations raised by the facts brought to light about these Batwa, Akka, Hottentots, Mincopies, and Negritos as they have been variously called, are not the least interesting results of their discovery. Who and what are they? Are they men, or the highest apes? Who and what were their ancestors? What are their ethnic relations to the other races of men? Have they degenerated from larger men, or are the larger men a development of Pygmy forefathers. These questions arise naturally, and plunge the inquirer at once into the depths of the most heated scientific discussions of this generation.

For practical consideration, we may classify these questions into three:

1. Were the ancestors of the Pygmies larger men? That is, are the Pygmies a degenerate race?

2. Were the ancestors of the Pygmies also the ancestors of the larger men?

3. Are the Pygmies an unchanged race from their creation, or from their appearance as human beings on the globe?

It is to be remarked that so many correlative issues in questions which have been the subject of the fiercest debate are here raised, that only a resume of the leading arguments in each hypothesis can be given.

The principal points in favor of the hypothesis of degeneracy are these: the clearly established fact of degeneracy as influential in modifying animals; the long ages in which

this deteriorating history has certainly had time to act in the case of Pygmies—history records their existence for five thousand years, and the extreme probability points to a much longer period; the fact that the widespread occurrence of the dwarf races over the globe points to migration rather than to separate spontaneous evolution; and, stronger than any other point, the anatomical completeness of the Pygmy's body shows near kinship to all the races of man. If the dwarfs were undeveloped men, not yet come to the full stature of manhood, this fact would probably appear in some incompleteness in their anatomic structure.

The considerations in favor of the Pygmy as the primeval man from whose ancestors the larger races were developed are the usual arguments for the evolution of a man from lower to higher types, and are too well known for extended discussion here. The anatomic completeness of the Pygmy applies as strongly to this hypothesis as to that of degeneracy. It may be remarked that if the ancestors of the Pygmies also fathered the larger races, then there ought to appear among the Pygmies of to-day some cases of progressive development in that direction. As a matter of fact, I did not observe any case of this, nor have I found any recorded. The strongest argument for this hypothesis is, that everywhere the Pygmies have been found they seem to have chosen the outer frontier of the lands occupied by the stronger peoples. This looks as if the latter drove the former to the extremities of the world from a country in which all were originally together.

The last hypothesis, that the Pygmies present a case of unmodified structure from the beginning, is supported by the usual arguments which are brought against both evolu-

tion and degeneracy. It is true that these little people have apparently preserved an unchanged physical entity for five thousand years. But that only carries the question back into the debated ground of the origin of species.

The point at issue is distinct. Did the Pygmies come from a man who was a common ancestor to many races now as far removed from one another as my friend Teku of the Batwa village is from the late President McKinley? We must reserve the discussion of this question for another time. It is too profound and comprehensive to be fully presented now. The juxtaposition of the Bantu and the Batwa in Africa affords one of the best specific cases for this study which has ever been brought before the scientific and philosophical world.

Of one fact my experience and observation completely convince me—that these Pygmies are human beings in every sense of the word. The data corroborating this opinion are physical, psychological and ethnical.

The Pygmies, without exception, have all the parts, organs, and powers of the human body, without any variation in kind distinguishing them from other men. They lack nothing in this respect, nor are there any cases of atrophied members of the body. Their vocal organs enable them to make all the sounds necessary to speak the languages of the several different tribes which meet and mingle at Ndombé. The linguistic differences between these tribes are such as to justify the word language rather than dialect. The fact of there being no cases of marital alliance between the Pygmies and the other races is due to the altitude of the larger and not of the smaller men. There is a variation of at least one foot among the Pygmies themselves, and it is conceivable that the law of natural

selection might develop a larger race from the selected members of the dwarfs. But there are no authenticated cases of this development on record as far as I have been able to discover.

The Pygmies show, in a greater or less degree, all the mental faculties which are characteristic of other men. The love of parents for their children is quite marked. The affectionate playfulness toward their dogs attracted my attention. The institution of marriage is recognized among them, and although polygamy prevails, there is the disapproval of laxity in these matters which one finds among the higher races. I have already referred to sun-worship as their chief religious principle. Murder, theft, and violence are punished by common consent with varying severity in each case. The necessity of cunning rather than of force as a means of self-defense has affected their standard of truthfulness, but they know the difference between a lie and the truth, and have words to express both ideas. They show the play of the emotions of love, hatred, fear, self-respect, vanity, emulation, and, in fact, to a greater or less rudimentary degree, of all the passions and affections. The possession of rational powers by the Pygmies is beyond dispute. They can form a correct induction from facts, and can deduce conclusions from premises, and act constantly on axioms which are expressed pithily in their language. This reasoning faculty was what especially caught my attention and caused me to prosecute a psychological study of them; with the result that I was fully convinced that they were men, and if the lowest type, still men.

The Pygmies are essentially gregarious in their habits. This is in sharp contrast with the practice of the highest

apes, the gorillas, which go in pairs, each pair exhibiting unrelenting hostility to all others. The Pygmies are not naturally warlike in their attitude toward one another and the wars in which they have been engaged have been principally in self-defense.

On one occasion the Pygmies showed their common sense in rather a decided way. In my employ were some very turbulent natives of the Zappo-Zap and Battetela tribes, whose headstrong disposition was a source of constant anxiety to me. They were so superior in industry and intelligence to all the other natives available as laborers that I could not conveniently dispense with their services. Their love of meat made them constant visitors to our Pygmy neighbors, and their taste for sharp bargains made the little people decidedly reluctant to deal with them. So one day the Pygmies mixed an emetic herb with the meat the Zappo-Zaps insisted on buying at too low a figure, and put an end to the nuisance.

Once some black soldiers sent by the Belgian representative of the Congo government to collect taxes from Ndombé came upon the town and poured into the Batwa village demanding meat. The little people gave them all they had on hand, and promised more on the morrow. When the soldiers came next morning they were presented with an abundance of venison, which fortunately for them, they first fed to some dogs as a precaution. The dogs died, and it was asserted by the soldiers that the Pygmies had prepared to poison them all. But for my own earnest intervention, there would have ensued a bloody fray at once. The soldiers contented themselves with feeding the meat to the Pygmies' dogs, and the little people wept sorely because I pronounced this fair play.

and told them that they thus escaped lightly from worse punishment.

Although I made many efforts to impress the principles of Christianity upon the Batwa, they were very slow to comprehend or act upon them. They were extremely materialistic in their views of life, and preferred the sodium chloride of commerce to the salt of religion. One of them is now a member of the church in good and regular standing, according to my latest information, and I believe they have souls with light enough in them to see the way to their spiritual improvement and redemption.

CHAPTER XXII.

Into Lukengu's Realm, to Visit Mr. Morrison.

BEFORE the mail should be sent on the November steamer, there were several points with reference to which it was desirable to consult Mr. Morrison. Hence I decided to make a short trip to his new home at Ibanj, for he had been for quite a while alone.

The distance from Luebo to Ibanj was about forty miles, and the path was the much frequented highway of travel for the native traders, which ran from Lukengu's capital by way of Ibanj, southward. Ibanj was slightly east of north from Luebo, near the headwaters of the little Lumi river, which ran into the Lulua about thirty miles below Luebo. Our route carried us through the five Bakete towns; Bena Kasenga, Kalamba, Kampungi, Isangila and Kabau. Of these, Kampungi, the largest, consisted of about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, and Isangila, the smallest, of about three hundred. The Bakete inhabiting these towns are part of a small tribe, having about twenty towns in all, with a total population of as many thousand, occupying the territory southeast of the Lumi, north of the Lulua and west of the twenty-second parallel of longitude, a district of about a thousand square miles, or approximately the size of an average county in the Southern States of America. The Bakete are hemmed in this territory on the Lulua by the Bakuba, the Bakalulua

and the Biomba. They are under a sort of nominal government by Lukengu, King of the Bakuba, who exacts some tribute and attempts to interfere, more or less, with their local affairs. From what I have been able to discover, the Bakete are residual remnants of a once much more powerful and numerous people, who extended over and controlled the territory from which they were subsequently expelled by the conquering Bakuba. They give many evidences of a gradual decay, having several characteristics of a once higher form of civilization—a distinct process of legal trials in criminal and civil cases; government by a mayor, called Shashenge; the manufacture of cloth, salt (the potassic precipitate from grass ashes); some iron and copper and a certain amount of dignity and self-esteem, analogous to that of the Spanish grandee; being at the same time afflicted with diseases which point to a decaying vitality, having very filthy towns; always trading and never gaining and being slower than any other tribe to imitate or assimilate the new civilization.

At the same time, these Bakete are not without some good traits—hospitality, amiability and readiness to forgive a repentant evil-doer being some traits I observed in them. One of my very best friends during the whole of my stay was a Mukete (singular for Bakete) of Bena Kasenga, who was generous, faithful and intelligent. It is entirely true that the influence of Bena Kasenga, situated less than a mile behind the Mission, has been to befriend the white man and to protect our people from threatening savages from the farther interior, so that the Bakete, on the whole, are the friends of the Mission and should never be neglected in the efforts made for the elevation of the inhabitants of the Kasai.

I passed a night at the last of these Bakete towns, Kabau, and found that Mr. Morrison's influence had made a good impression on the people there, who crowded round to hear the "Bwalu Bwa Nzambi" and showed a lively interest in all I had to tell them. This town marked the limit of the Bakete country. An immense forest lies between Kampungi and Kabau, requiring three hours' march to go through it. This forest is rather peculiar, inasmuch as it does not border on any large stream, but lies in a depression in which several small creeks rise and burrow their way through narrow ravines to the Lulua.

From Kabau to Ibanj the path steadily ascends a gently rising plateau to an open country, bare of heavy forests, with rolling hills rising here and there, stretching away toward a range of high hills to the northward. Up this plateau we go, until the country behind us falls away, the surrounding landscape enlarges in breadth of view, the crown of the hill is reached, and the first of the three villages which make up the town appears. This is called Bongamba; the second one, farther along is the market place proper, Ibanj; the third one, beside which the Virginian had pitched his tent, was Bonzadi. As we pass along a green peanut field, underneath a grove of stately waving palms, we catch sight of a couple of houses built in foreign style, but from the same material as that used by the natives, bamboo and palm leaves, and from one of them emerges Mr. Morrison, who comes along the newly opened street to greet me and give me welcome to his abode in the wilderness.

I should like to describe all the incidents of this short, but extremely delightful visit. Mr. Morrison, being an educated, refined and cultured gentleman, with whom

association was a privilege and whose *bon camaraderie*, as well as his quiet humor and keenly observant mind, afforded a rare treat in the isolated life we had been obliged to live. He showed me over the towns, made me acquainted with his principal friends and pointed out some of the instances of the architectural skill of the patient and artistic Bakuba. Mr. Morrison was everywhere welcomed by the natives with expressions of esteem and confidence, and I could see that he had obtained a strong hold on the affections of his neighbors.

One afternoon we walked to the summit of the highest hill around, near the village of Bongamba, and stood overlooking the magnificent valley of the Lulua-Kasai stretching before and beneath us. Away to the north was a range of mountainous hills, on whose crest we supposed Lukengu's capital to stand. Lovely swelling plains faded away toward the eastern horizon, one of the most enchanting scenes I had yet viewed. As we stood thus together, our thoughts turned intuitively to the blue mountains in the far away Alleghanies, under whose mighty heights we had both been reared, and we fancied to ourselves a new Virginia and a new Carolina some day to rise from these unbroken wilds and to be filled with a host of redeemed men and women worshipping the God of Israel and following the Christ of Judea. What an indescribable emotion surges through the soul on the survey of such grand outlines as these, of the works of God and the heritage of man. When we came down, I felt that I had enjoyed one of the memorable days of my life and that glorious scene took a hold on my memory and left a picture on my imagination which is bright and glowing still. Long may the brave Virginian be spared to enjoy



BAKUBA WARRIORS.

the beauty of his chosen country and to sow and reap in the good field of his choosing.

An institution in Africa which greatly facilitates commercial relations with the natives is known as the market, called, in the commonly spoken Baluba language, Chisalu. Near Mr. Morrison's home was one of the largest of these places and a brief description of it may illustrate one of the most frequent and unique of African customs. In one of the villages of which the town of Ibanj is constituted, a beautiful open greensward has been left, a kind of Madison Square in this commercial metropolis, with a few large spreading shade trees affording grateful shelter from the fierce midday sun. This open court has been used for a long time as one of the principal market places, the meeting ground to which adjacent townspeople resort for the purpose of holding the Chisalu and of interchanging produce and wares. I estimated that this market place at Ibanj was the centre of the trading operations of a district fully thirty miles square and the custom was for the natives to meet there every sixth day. About a dozen towns turned out to the market, while representative traders from distant towns and other tribes frequently came upon the market days to take advantage of the opportunities for profitable barter.

When I visited this market it was about ten o'clock in the morning and the chaffering was in full blast. There were about two thousand people in attendance, Mr. Morrison and I being the only white men present. The noise and jabber was indescribable, and the way in which order reigned in this confusion, and law governed in the tumultuous chaos, was truly remarkable. Hundreds of women, clad in red-wood dust and two yards of palm fibre cloth,

had come in, bearing upon their heads long, narrow baskets full of the products of their skill and labor, which each deposited on the grass, and made it her stand, from which she cried out her wares and gossiped with her neighbors. I saw some sugarcane in one basket, and stopping to buy, I examined the woman's stock in trade. There were small gourds and baskets full of peas, peanuts, corn, pepper and a kind of millet or barley; a string of fowls lay on the ground near by; eggs galore; black clay pots, burned hard, of various sizes and shapes; salt of their own manufacture; pieces of cloth of native make; various ornamental articles; specimens of native embroidery and art work, and a few foreign articles brought to market in the hope of a profitable bargain. Further on a Zappo-Zap trader is surrounded by a crowd of excited bidders, exhibiting pieces of cloth of various colors and qualities; small beads made in Italy, blue, white, green, red, variegated; hoes made by the Zappo blacksmiths and knives made in Germany. A big burley Mukuba opens up a pouch containing ten thousand seashells and informs the Zappo-Zap that he is ready for a deal; but soon another Mukuba comes up with some fat goats and the owner of the seashells must do some lively trading or lose the chance. Presently a villainous looking nondescript of an African is seen to sneak up and say a few words which scatters the Zappo's crowd and produces a movement in another direction. Soon the new attraction is discovered; a lot of slaves are cowering over in a corner, out of the way of observation or remark, and the sale of these wretched beings proceeds. Perhaps their destination is to the cannibal Basongo-Meno across the Sankuru. A man is worth about the same as a large fat sheep. I have known a man to be exchanged for a goat,

plus a chicken to boot. The stern repression of cannibalism near the stations of the government generally produces a corresponding rise in the price of goats and sheep.

Off by themselves a little coterie of the Bakuba traders, who conduct the special trade with the white man at Luebo, are seen purchasing piles of rubber balls and tusks of ivory, and a number of copper crosses of Baluba manufacture exchange hands in the trade. A native from the region of Ndombe is seen seeking the dry sticks of camwood, from which the much prized pink sachet powder is made; he offers in exchange the packages of salt done up in plantain leaves which have traveled all the way into the interior from the salt pans by the seashore on the coast at St. Paul de Loanda, passing from hand to hand, until a package of two pounds weight will buy ten fowls. Some angry salt purchaser gets ready for a fight when he discovers that the astute citizen of the country of Wissmann Falls has palmed off on him a mixture of sand and sodium chloride, but he can only determine to catch the cheat another time when he finds the salt vender has quickly disappeared and his friends only badger and laugh at him for his pains.

Mr. Morrison's bearing a small bucket of white man's salt is the signal for a rush around us, by which we are almost suffocated in the mass of begging, pleading, pushing humanity and the few grains of salt which drop on the ground during some of his purchases are made the cause of a scramble by the crowd on hands and knees, scratching for salt, sand and all. Truly the salt of the earth finds a warm welcome among the Bakuba, and they will take salt when they will refuse dollars.

This peculiar institution of the Chisalu facilitates trade

in a remarkable way. With enough merchandise, one can buy sufficient provisions at one Chisalu to last months, and an agreement can be made for the delivery of rubber, ivory, copper, iron or produce to large amounts at regular intervals. Indeed, so useful was this system that I almost believe it would prove a desirable institution for America. I was surprised to find that the system of credit and loan, with the payment of interest and the negotiation of debts, existed there to a remarkable extent. Sometimes a delinquent debtor would be sold into slavery until his obligations were paid, a fact which made the families of individuals extremely solicitous about their financial standing. More than once I was able to borrow from natives when our steamer delayed its coming, and few were the instances when any loans I made were denied or discounted. The free Africans were far more honest than I had expected, and the commonly asserted laxity in this respect, I believe attributable to slavery or ill usage and a harmful espionage on the part of those having power over them.

The return from Ibanj was marked by two noteworthy events. At Isangila, the Bakete said that a tax collector from Lukengu had just arrived in their town, and I expressed a desire to see him. When that puissant functionary of the king came up he presented all the agonies of attire and attitude calculated to achieve for him an *impressement* invincible. He was heavily powdered with camwood dust, his hair bristled with feathers, a number of amulets and charms hung from a string about his neck; his loin cloth was pleated into many folds and adorned with cowrie-shells; his weapons were ostentatiously displayed—a huge knife, a bow and a quiver full of arrows—and he was of ponderous weight and cyclopean dimensions; while his

color would have painted darkness on the midnight air. He strode up with the air of officious self-importance, so eminently characteristic of the petty politician in all lands, and was quite taken aback at the fact that I seemed more inclined to laugh than to tremble at his importance and dignity. Then, to reinforce the effect of his personal appearance, he broke out into a kind of recitative chant, the burden of which ran about thus:

“Am I not the favorite slave of the mighty Lukengu? Who is like unto Lukengu, the implacable, the all-devouring, the he-goat of the Bashibushong? Lukengu, lord of the mountains, the plains, the waters, the forests—chief over a thousand chiefs, husband of a thousand wives, his people are like the trees in multitude, his children are like the leaves in numbers—the giver and destroyer of life, who holds the lives of men in his hands—who among men is like unto Lukengu, the great, the black, the terrible?”

Now, unfortunately, this diatribe did not cause me to quiver or to blanch, and so the grandiose representative of the ancient monarchy of the Bashibushong concluded to put some searching questions to me. He was rather abashed when I informed him that I was the friend and ally of Ndombe, who had more sense than Lukengu, because he had made friends of the white man, and who was not, like Lukengu, afraid to look upon the white man's face. This way of putting things rather disconcerted the tax-gatherer, who pretended to a sudden desire to examine my possessions, to hide his discomfiture, and requested to see the rifle fired. To satisfy him, I sent a ball crashing through the trunk of a tree whose wood was soft enough to allow the bullet to make a rent from one side to the

other. This decidedly awed the gentleman, but, when thinking to interest him further, I called for the little Livingstone chest of Burroughs, Wellcome & Co.'s medicines, and began to open it up, revealing bottle after bottle to his astonished gaze and informed him that these were the white man's medicines—he no sooner heard the word medicine, than his dark visage turned to an ashen hue; he made one great jump and yell and bounded off through the town, disappearing from view, glory, power, Lukengu's spokesman and all! That medicine looked too ominous for him. In vain I called to him; he was gone! The natives said he feared the power of my enchantments with those mysterious medicines, and that it was useless to try to persuade him to return. Then I learned with what great fear these Africans regard the white men who are known to them as "medicine men," a respect caused by their superstitious associations of supernatural power with the practice of medicine.

A ridiculous story was told all over the Congo by the natives about Dr. Sims, of Stanley Pool. They said that once Bula Matadi had seized Dr. Sims' steamer, against the doctor's wishes and had gone on an expedition up the river on it. The doctor, so their story ran, thereupon, got into his canoe with a bottle of medicine in his hand, went out into the mid-stream, poured some medicine in the water and returned. Then Bula Matadi's big steamer tried to pass the point where the medicine had been poured and in vain. Every time they tried it the wheels went round and round, and the steamer stood still on the bewitched water. At last, only by humbly imploring the doctor to remove his charm, and promising to carry all the cargo he required, did Bula Matadi manage to get out of their

predicament. This extraordinary tale had the basis of the failure of a steamer to pass up the river once, Dr. Sims' medical trips across the Congo in a canoe, and the doctor's great influence with the State, for a foundation, and the romancers added the inexplicable and mysterious tale for the benefit of their awestruck hearers. Great, then, was the power of the white man's medicines. The sword and the gun were one thing, to be answered by the spear and the arrow, but what answer could the impotent wizards of the black men make to such fearful things as sulphuric acid, epsom salts and ammonia fortis?

I spent the night at Kampungi on my way, and there was regaled with all the horrors of the slave trade. A Mukete was going to sell a woman to the Bakuba. She wept and implored, throwing her arms about the neck of her inexorable master, all to no purpose. When I went up and inquired what the trouble was, the man was consciously embarrassed and ashamed, and he soon sneaked off to avoid my searching questions and the lecture I gave him and his fellows on the iniquity of this business. Thousands of slaves are annually exchanged at this nefarious market place, where the Zappo-Zaps, Bakalulua, Bachoko, Bikengi and Bakuba were wont to meet and barter for them. Assuredly Gettysburg and Appomattox did not end slavery.

After leaving our mail for the next steamer, I returned in safety to Ndombe.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Native African Arts and Industries.

SOME of the information of the nature indicated by the heading of this chapter is given incidentally in other parts of the story; here, however, we shall try to answer the oftasked question—"How do the Africans live? What are their business vocations?"

Within the degree of the attainments of their civilization the Central Africans have quite a number of trades and callings, and these are frequently clearly distinguished one from another and followed by separate individuals. These are such as blacksmiths, doctors, merchants, cloth-weavers, mat-workers, lawyers, wood-workers, besides officials in the government, such as chiefs, tax-collectors, sheriffs and soldiers.

Agriculture is universal, and some planting is usually done by every freeman. Most of the farming is carried on by the labor of the women. When a field is to be made by clearing a forest, the men of the town assemble by common agreement in the dry season—from June to October—and proceed in a body to the forest. Their original tools consisted mainly of knives and axes. These knives were small and the axes were about the size of an inch chisel and of the same shape. Yet with these little implements, giants of the forest are felled and hundreds of acres cleared. Of course, the introduction



FETISHES AND CURIOSITIES.

of foreign tools is hailed with delight. When the trees and bushes are all cut down, about the middle of September, when everything is dry, the brush is set on fire and then the labor of the men comes to an end.

The women now come in with their hoes and dig holes irregularly in this new ground, where stocks of cassava or seeds of the Indian corn (maize) are planted. Then the women continue the cultivation all the year round. They also harvest the product, carrying sometimes seventy-five pounds of the produce in long, deep baskets on their heads or shoulders for several miles. There are no special farmers living out alone on their plantations; they all live in towns and their agricultural operations must be conducted from their homes. The women, moreover, must pound the rough foodstuff in the wooden mortars with immense wooden pestles, and grind it between two stones, as well as cook and prepare it for consumption.

The soil in the Kasai is generally quite productive, especially in the river valleys and corn will easily make seventy bushels to the acre. Moreover, the green and dry produce may grow side by side, and one may enjoy roasting ears and garden vegetables all the year round; while fruits are ever ripening.

There are many fruits, vegetables and grains grown in Central Africa, some, perhaps, having been there for centuries and some introduced latterly. Besides the corn and cassava, there are rice, peanuts, beans, peas, potatoes, yams, millet, sugar-cane, cabbage, beets, radish, sago, lettuce, asparagus, celery, onions, melons, egg-plant, pepper, pumpkin, various herbs, tomatoes, squash, spinach, sunflower and coffee. Of fruits, there are oranges, limes, mangoes, guavas, apricots, grapes, dates, figs, plantains.

paw-paws, kola-nuts, and a number of unclassified wild fruits.

There are no ploughs used by the native Africans at all, and the introduction of that implement with the mule and the motor will surely work wonders in Africa.

The blacksmith is a very important man in the cosmogony of African life and his social standing is usually high. He collects native iron and copper ores, smelts and reduces them and then works up the pig iron into hoes, knives, spear and arrowheads, battle axes, wood-working tools, rings and bracelets. The art of casting seems very little developed. Every village has from one to three blacksmiths, according to size, and each smith has a few apprentices. His art is most jealously guarded and the proficiency of some of these men is astonishing. I frequently had my work done by them and their skill amazed me. They had the art of tempering copper as well as of making soft steel. Some of the objects of their craft, which I placed in the National Museum at Washington, are revelations to the uninitiated, in their remarkable complexity and variety.

The native merchants travel from town to town with merchandise bought at different places, and often congregate in the great market places, as described in the visit to Ibanj. Nearly everything conceivable is an object of barter, from a man down to a gourd of water, and the African dearly loves to trade. He will spend hours in the effort to gain a little rise in the price by his much pleading and persistence, and frequently will walk twenty miles to make the tenth of one cent's difference in a trade. This sometimes makes him an exasperating customer for

the white merchant, and leads to a good many round oaths levelled at his avaricious head by his European fellow tradesman. You must never give an African his first price—he will surely cheat you. My rule was to give about two-thirds of his first price.

The manufacture of cloth is a pleasant occupation. There are a number of fibrous substances, some like hemp, some new plants and some cotton in use; but the principal cloth used, of the native make, is called madiba, and is made from the soft undeveloped leaves of the palm. These leaves are split into long threads and these are woven into pieces about the size of a towel, on the native loom, which is an ingenious and most useful contrivance. The cloth is like our rough bagging, but is often ornamented and worked up in various patterns and fancy figures. The work of adorning this cloth is considered high art among the Africans and the principal men and women take great delight in it.

The making of mats is another art, requiring considerable skill and evincing much good taste in the patterns and figures with which they are adorned. The material used is the tough but pliable corticle of the palm-bamboo, long splints of which are ingeniously woven together with the same fibres used in cloth making. Various native dyes and pigments are used to color these mats in figures, whose regularity and beauty are remarkable. The mats are used as beds, as rugs, in the place of chairs and for ornamental purposes. There is a large trade in these mats, which may be bought for about fifty cents each, the largest size being about fifteen feet long by a yard wide. The Bakuba make the strongest and most beau-

tiful mats and they take great pride in their skill and ability in this line. I brought several of them with me, and they are an ornament in any parlor.

At carving and wood-working some of these Africans are wonderfully adept. They can produce a geometrical figure whose perfection is amazing. Their tools are of the simplest, yet they carve figures of men and animals, pipes, bowls, cups, platters, tables and fantastic images. Some of the indigenous wood is admirably adapted to this purpose and the carving will last for ages. I saw a chair carved out of a solid block of ebony. Their work in ivory is also rare and valuable, and I believe that their talent in these lines ought to be developed. I hope to gladden the hearts of some of my friends by carrying back to them some good carving tools. Nothing would delight them more. The blacksmiths go wild over a file and I longed to gratify their simple wants in some of these inexpensive articles.

I describe the pot-making industry elsewhere. A good deal of a kind of potash salt is made by burning marsh-grass, leaching the ashes and obtaining a grayish precipitate which is used as a substitute for sodium chloride. The liquid is boiled over an open fire in a vessel made of bark, which has some extraordinary non-conducting quality, for it will not burn, a kind of vegetable asbestos. I have a piece of this bark in the collection in Washington and truly it is a rare curiosity.

Other arts and industries are poison-making, leather-tanning, fish smoking, tobacco-curing, rope-making, house-building, and the extraction of palm-oil, peanut-oil or castor-oil.

Palm-oil is obtained by pounding palm-nuts in a mortar,

and then boiling the mass with water. The oil exists in the fat woody fibre about the kernel, each nut being about the size of a walnut. The nuts grow in immense thick clusters near the top of the palm tree, one cluster often weighing as much as seventy pounds and giving a gallon of oil. Thus a palm tree can yield as much as three gallons of oil per year, besides the quart of wine per day. The nuts are reddish yellow in color, but the oil can be clarified until it is nearly white. Peanut oil and castor oil are extracted in the same way, by crushing and boiling. There is a large export of palm oil from Africa and a growing export of the other two. Every village rejoices in the red flowers of the castor oil plant, and the plains are covered with peanut fields, one African name of which is "goobah"; the African variety is much larger than ours.

The sewing and fine embroidery work in Africa is done entirely by the men, except that the kings' wives are sometimes privileged to do some fancy work. A woman is rarely seen with a needle and a man never with a hoe. The girls in the mission schools are taught sewing with difficulty and the boys hate to hoe. The men may be seen about the streets with their sewing in their hands and they carry their work of this sort into court with them. It need hardly be remarked that this custom is a little ahead of the quid of tobacco, which is so often the sole accompaniment of the men at court at home. Fine art embroidery is an elegant accomplishment and this work is a special feature of the more elevated social ranks in African society. The needles, of copper and iron, are made by their own blacksmiths and I used them quite often in my own work. The coarser ones resemble a bodkin, except that the points are sharper.

The skill shown by these savage Africans in their crude industries augurs well for them when they are trained under the great developments which are to be rapidly introduced into Africa. I should delight in establishing a machine shop, a saw mill, a carpenter shop and such industrial installations near Ndombe. They would be of inestimable benefit to the natives, besides affording a paying investment and a means of rapid development of the whole country.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Adventures and Recreations.

AFTER arranging the labor program for preaching, teaching, meditating, recording the results of linguistic study, overseeing the manual labor in garden, field and building, inspecting and correcting the domestic and culinary departments, trading for native produce, keeping financial accounts of all transactions, receipts and expenditures, and receiving the constant stream of curious visitors (one of the most monotonous tasks, after the novelty wears off), the reader may wonder where the recreative part of an African pioneer's life comes in. Our Sabbaths are perhaps as busy as other days. We have no legal holidays except the anniversary of the founding of the State, although I observed Christmas and the Fourth of July in the best way I could every time. Those who imagine that to be immured in the heart of Central Africa is to enjoy the calm freedom from all the nervous bustle of modern civilized life, dreamed of by the poet who longed for the "lodge in some vast wilderness," would be sadly undeceived by a life of labor in Darkest Africa. The nervous tension there is greater than at home. We are on the front line of the outposts of Anglo-Saxon civilization, and we are spurred on by all the forces of progress behind us at home. We try to build up a higher society in our new world than we saw in the old, and the effort means an

enormous constant draft on every power of the physical and mental constitution. When I fully realized this, I resolved to secure regular and pleasant recreation at any cost—reasonable in amount—but sufficient to ensure a relaxation from the tremendous pressure of work and responsibility.

This recreation was both physical and mental. For bodily pleasure and refreshment I selected light hunting, visiting tours to adjacent towns, practice at archery with the beautiful bows of the natives, and gardening.

I never wasted time, or exhausted my powers by long fatiguing marches on the chase after large game, and only hunted the big beasts when they came in my way. In canoe trips down the rivers I sometimes enjoyed a tilt with a hippopotamus and shot ducks and waterfowl. The hippopotamus is quite an ugly-tempered quadruped when angered, and it behooves one to avoid him when wounded. They look clumsy, but are agile and quick-footed on land, and like a fish in water. Some of the huge beasts nearly overturned my canoe once, and caused me to make a rapid retreat. One hippopotamus, in making his way to a corn-field behind a trader's house, once blundered into the merchant's sleeping room, and smashed up the furniture in a lively way before he nosed his way out again. One of the best shots I made was at a big hippo standing in shallow water, across the Kasai, when I was going up the river toward Luebo in a canoe. The distance was over six hundred yards, but at the crack of the rifle the beast gave a roar and turned a complete somersault in the water. These animals are valuable as food for the natives, besides for their teeth and skins. The leopard causes some uneasy moments to settlers. These spotted and treacherous beasts



MONSIEUR LEROUX AND THE LEOPARD.

rank after the lion and tiger in size, agility, ferocity, and probably exceed them both in cunning. The Kasai forests abound in them, as Africa is their favorite home, and the goat their choice domestic food. Once Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard enjoyed the novel sensation of hearing what proved to be a leopard walking over the thin palm leaf roofing of their house just over their heads. Soon after the visitor made way with eleven goats on the place in a single night. His practice was to break the necks of one after another as fast as he could, and then to carry each one off and hide it in the forest. The powerful beast was strong enough to jump over a six-foot wall with a hundred-pound goat in his mouth. One night I was sleeping in a new shanty, in which I had built a fireplace and a chimney at one end. I was awakened by a peculiar grating sound at the fireplace. Listening intently, I concluded that some man or beast must be coming down the short chimney, or tearing down my precious stone work. I grasped the Martini-Henry and quietly lighted the lantern, then went to the door, opened it, slipping the light under my robe, and stepped out to reconnoiter. Of a sudden a long half-whistling, purring sound startled me in the dark, and some gigantic thing launched past me, and went with a crash into the adjoining bushes. I need hardly say that I did not follow. The next morning the tracks of a huge leopard showed where he had walked all around the house, and had been at work trying to tear down the chimney. Mr. Sheppard and I had a deep pit dugged and put a goat across it, properly concealing the opening, but although his tracks plainly showed that he had examined it, he was never fooled into the pit-fall.

An incident illustrating one of the most deeply-seated

native superstitions occurred at Luebo once. A rich and influential woman, named Bankamona, lived on the hillside below the mission. She had a great deal of property, which aroused the jealousy and cupidity of some of the meanest of her neighbors. A leopard was making nightly visits to the fowl and goat houses of Monsieur Leroux, the agent of the "S. A. P. V." trading house near the river. No one could see or kill the cunning animal, so at last some of Bankamona's enemies spread the report that the woman was resorting to witchcraft, and, changing her form at night, entered into the mischievous leopard, and rendered him invulnerable. So insistent were they on this absurd charge that many of the natives professed to believe it, and insisted on Bankamona's being tried and put to death as a witch. The commotion and excitement became tremendous, and every day the angry disputation waxed hotter. Bankamona was a member of the church, and stoutly stood her ground until forced to apply to us for protection. She was then told to occupy a house behind the Mission. This did not end the ridiculous wrangling over the accusation down among the natives, and the question was a sore one for a long time. When the steamer came to the landing on the Lulua, the usual crowd of nearly all the population at Luebo turned out en masse, and were banked up on the beach opposite the steamboat, watching that never-ceasing theme of curiosity and comment. When I went on board for the mail, I found a live tame young leopard, about the size of a grown setter dog, disporting himself on deck, and I soon made his acquaintance, and took him into my arms, fondling and playing with him. When I took him out in sight of the crowd of Luebo's population on shore, a shout went up, and the sight of the

leopard on my shoulder attracted general attention. I seized the chance for a lecture. Bankamona was a woman of large dimensions, far above the average size. She was more than thrice the size of this leopard, and as I held him up to view I asked them áll how in the name of common sense a great big woman like Bankamona could possibly get into a little beast like this? This brought a good-humored laugh, and then I pointed out the absurdity of their superstitions and accusations, and obtained one of the best audiences I had ever had for the purpose. Not long after, the troublesome rogue leopard was shot by Monsieur Leroux in his goat-house, and as Bankamona still survived, the opposition had to quiet down. Monsieur Stevens also shot a huge leopard in his yard one night on the "S. A. B." factory, in the act, along with the female leopard, of attacking some natives who were trying to frighten them off with fire brands. The female got away, but the male was shot dead in the act of leaping at Monsieur Stevens. His skin was a splendid trophy. The native rule is that only the king is allowed to possess or wear the leopard skin.

The habitat of the lion was about fifty miles to the south of Ndombe. My recreative hunting trips were generally only for an hour or so on an occasional afternoon, to shoot guinea-fowl and red-legged partridges. The guinea-fowls are abundant, and afford splendid meat. They are larger than our domesticated birds of the same variety, and fly in flocks of twenty or thirty.

An hour's shooting would be found by a short walk of a mile into the peanut fields beside the palm groves outside of the towns, a little before sunset. Stalking cautiously from bush to bush, and watching the green patches of

peanuts carefully, when I come within range I walk boldly out into the open, when the birds fly up with a loud whirring, squalling out their alarm, and down go a couple if I am in good range. The rest fly to some large tree on the edge of an adjoining forest, and a good stalker can generally bring down another before the flock goes into the depths of the forest. When one falls, the small boys scream out their delight, and rush forward in a fever of joyous excitement to pick up the victim. Some of my workmen were fine shots. Bundu and Kamwedika could each be relied on to bring me a bird for every cartridge. This was good business, as the cartridges were worth about three cents each out there, and some of the birds weighed seven pounds.

Some travelers shoot monkeys, but the taste of the meat was enough to satisfy me for the rest of my life. I wounded a monkey once, and its pitiful human child-like cries sounded so painful as it leaped from tree to tree and fled into the woods, that I never shot at one again.

I will not indulge in all the snake stories I might tell, but the question is always put to me about the African snakes. Some women were once working near a pile of rocks, on the African coast, when they yelled out "snake," and began to run. I peered into the crannies in the rocks, and saw the writhing mass of the brightly colored folds of a snake, and fired at it with a little revolver, and had the good fortune to kill it. An old Portuguese man declared that the snake was a cobra, when I dragged it out with a stick and we were examining it. At Matadi a missionary, the Rev. Hunter Reid, brought a horrible looking python in a box from his place at Ngangila across the Congo to the Swedish mission, Londe, where I saw it. Mr. Reid had

been aroused one night by a noise in his fowl-house. Going out, with a lamp in his hand, to investigate, he opened the door of the fowl-house, when instantly something struck the lamp like a piece of corporeal lightning, and shattered it completely. Mr. Reid shut the door more quickly than he had opened it, and fastened it securely. Then, obtaining another light, he peered into the house through the cracks and saw an immense snake coiled around the roosts, while every chicken was dead. He stopped up the hole at the bottom of the door, through which the fowls were accustomed to enter, and by which the intruding python had made his ingress, and conceived the notion of capturing the snake alive. It was certainly a neryy thing to do, and not every man would have undertaken the project. Mr. Reid secured a goods-box, covered one open end with strong wire netting, arranged a trap slide at the other end, and then put the open slide next the hole in the house, from which the covering was then quickly removed. When daylight came the snake tried to escape, and crawled towards the apparent opening afforded by the wire netting in the box. Once inside the box the trap-slide was shut down and the thief caught and jailed. The snake fought furiously at first, but was obliged to give up, and to accommodate himself to his new quarters. He was mottled in color, with gray, brown and blueish black spots, his length being fourteen feet, and his girth, when not gorged with food, about the size of the calf of a man's leg. His body was capable of wonderful distension, for he could swallow a goat whole, horns, hoofs and all, and the whole animal would then be digested, just as swallowed. Surely the python's pancreatic fluid must be largely sulphuric acid, and his body indiarubber. This snake was presented by

Mr. Reid to the Governor-General at Boma, and placed in the menagerie there.

I have told about the tremendous python killed and eaten by the Pygmies in another chapter. Once an exceedingly venomous snake was reported by the natives to have taken up his abode in the thicket near the path between my house and Ndombe's. All efforts to dislodge him proved futile, until a lot of dry grass was thrown into the thicket and set on fire. A shout from the watchers told of his escape, and he was pursued into a hole in the potato patch. I had to persuade the men to dig after him with hoes, until a part of his body was exposed, when I killed him. The natives asserted this to be a most deadly snake, and they looked at him with horror. I once caught a small green snake alive and put him under glass, but he died. The natives were horrified at my scientific collection of snakes in alcohol, and someone threw the bottle away.

Shooting hawks is a favorite diversion. These pests are numerous and active. A splendid shot at Matadi brought one tumbling down into the Congo, and half a dozen black lads plunged out into the raging current, one swimming fifty yards to secure the prize. They prized the feathers for their caps, and devoured the flesh. I gave an account of my experience with hawks at Bena Lumbo elsewhere. There are also numerous eagles in the country, but a shot at one of these is rare. The various birds which prey on fish abound in the rivers, and I have seen some large enough to swallow a forty-pound catfish whole. These big water-fowl are very hard to kill with a shot gun. I killed one once with a rifle shot, but could not secure it. Ducks and geese would afford indefinite sport on the islands in Lapsley Pool. I could not indulge in the time-killing

sport of Isaac Walton's immortal eulogy in the Kasai, because of the lack of good boats at first, and of the right season later. There ought to be splendid fishing in Lake Stache, and I live in hopes that some day I may indulge in that pleasure there.

I grew to be very fond of the long-bow, and found that archery was the most pleasant physical recreation I could take. Some of the Africans were truly as skillful as Robin, or William Tell, for I have seen Queta strike a kind of wild orange of about the size of a large apple, at sixty yards, five times in succession, sometimes driving one arrow head upon the one just fired before. I once split a bamboo one-inch pole at twenty yards, and became a veritable yeoman at the clout.

The experiments in gardening were a most keenly relished occupation, profitable as well as pleasurable. Thus I raised potatoes, cabbage, onions, corn, melons, sugarcane, plantains, bananas, pineapples, paw-paws, besides planting limes, lemons, mangoes, oranges, cotton and coffee. When I had to leave Ndombe, the gardens were just coming into good bearing, and the fields had begun to become a source of food supply. Truly one man sows and another reaps.

The long marches of twenty miles an afternoon, to which I accustomed myself in making "parochial visitations," grew to be pleasant and invigorating, and I am sure that such exercise is not at all injurious in the tropics. On the contrary, I believe that sedentary habits are responsible for most of the ill health in Africa. Although I did use the hammock considerably, I do not believe in its regular use to the exclusion of walking. Those who enjoy the best health on the Congo are the men who walk.

Perhaps the most delightful practice of all, combining work, recreation and pleasant study, was the surveying with compass, barometer, plane-table, binoculars and level, of new roads and territories. I made many new maps, which have received official recognition, on the strength of this part of my work, and was able to give the makers of the only geological map of Africa extant in London, the data for this upper Kasai country, which no one else had supplied. In this way I came to know the country in which I labored better than my own home land, and to love it almost as much. With what fond hopes does my heart look for the day when all those lines on my maps shall be crossed by the signs for railways, street car lines, churches, hospitals, court houses, cultivated farms and happy homes. Surely the day shall come when that bright consummation to all the labors of those who have worked, suffered and died, for Africa and its millions, shall dawn upon the night of her darkness and gloom, even as the sun of its promise now pours its gladdening beams over all the orient.

CHAPTER XXV.

Aboriginal Superstitions and Practices.

SOME kind of medical ideas and practices appears to characterize nearly all the races of mankind; and there is a rudimentary attempt at the art of Aesculapius on the part of the wildest African savages. The African doctor is no less powerful in Africa than his cultured fellow practitioner in Europe and America.

One day I was sitting on the verandah of my grass covered mud dwelling in Ndombe's town, not long after my first arrival there, in March, 1899. A man came up to greet me, and I saw at once that his appearance was rather unusual. A large rounded forehead, with an impression of that indescribably learned kind which one sees in some of our own medical advisers; black and shiny skin, hair closely cropped from his bullet head, wearing nothing but a light yellow loin cloth made of palm fibre, fastened about his waist with a string, and falling to his knees, the rest of his body being bare; thick set and sturdy in build, of medium stature, and about him an air of mysterious self-importance. He carried in his hand a bow, and from his shoulder was suspended a wallet of sheep skin, and also a quiver of antelope skin, full of arrows. Around his neck was a string, suspended from which was a little hard black greasy bit of cloth, tightly bound and containing some cherished amulet. As he came up he said his name was

Kabwanga, and clapped his hands thrice in salutation. The name caught my attention, as *bwanga* means medicine. He informed me that he was indeed the medicine man of the countryside, and called after his craft, Kabwanga. After he had deposited his wallet, quiver and bow, we began to talk.

I was anxious to learn his craft, but it was necessary to resort to stratagem, as he guarded his secret art most jealously. I had my medicine chest brought out, and told him that I was a doctor, too, and we should let each other know about our respective professions. As he viewed bottle after bottle—jalap, quinine, calomel, etc.—his wonder and contempt increased. He touched, then tasted, and with a grimace remarked: "You call that stuff medicine? You don't mean to say that you can cure anybody with those things? I really believe (with a conscious air and a wink) that you are a quack!"

Then he showed me his kit—of course he was no quack. That was medicine sure enough! Behold the contents: red and white clay, redwood powder, lizard and insect skins, and insect bones and shells; little antelope horns, whistles, dried leaves and herbs; a hippopotamus tooth, a leopard's tooth; a curious rattle made of bamboo splits ingeniously fastened into a spherical shape, and containing certain seeds within; tiny gourds, and a curiously carved little wooden image of a pig. But there were some things more nearly characteristic of a better known pharmacopeia—a cupping instrument, consisting of a little gourd, smoothly cut off at the large end, and with a hole through the end of the stem; a scarifying knife; a cautery iron; a syringe, consisting of a long-handled gourd; palm oil, some roots,



A FETISH TEMPLE.

plenty of poison, and—oh last redeeming fact—some genuine castor oil!

Kabwanga and I became good friends, and often I assisted him in his practice. His influence was extensive, and his acquaintance with the native herbs considerable.

There are many other superstitious customs and unique practices worthy of notice.

As you approach some towns the path passes beneath a structure consisting of two upright posts stuck in the ground, with a cross-piece overhead made of a bundle of soft sticks bound together. Into this bundle a number of arrows, some fearfully poisoned, have been shot, and it all presents a grim testimony to the reception accorded an enemy, or even an unwelcome visitor. I have seen one of these "entrance gates" surmounted by a stuffed monkey.

Where the paths from different directions converge, one will find in the fork of two paths a pile of small ant-heaps surmounted by an old broken earthen pot; a stick with carved and ochred head upright in the earth; some other sticks with a line connecting them, from which are suspended pieces of palm fibre, of which their native cloth is made, and a few dwarf shrubs planted.

Closer still you see a great pile of earth heaped into a mound, a tree planted in the middle, and all around it swept extremely clean. This is made each season by the women of the town. In the towns are, at different places, sticks with carved heads painted with red ochre, stuck up, sometimes together, sometimes singly; occasionally they are seen in small houses, but most often in the open air. No particular skill is shown in the carving, nor does any great reverence appear to attach to them, as, when I once

bought one, in five minutes nearly every one in the village was broken off and offered for sale. The suspending of palm fibres from a line, however, is a more serious matter, and heavy fines are imposed for passing under such a line.

Besides these, some of the people make elaborately carved images of men and beasts, ornamented with various brass nails, tacks, beads, shells and other things; these are then sometimes called "medicine," and are very seriously regarded.

One of these pieces particularly is almost universal, and frequently used. It is a carved body, somewhat resembling a pig, but with a flattened back, upon which a kind of scraper is passed back and forth by the "medicine man." This is called "Lubuki," meaning "that which causes to know, or reveals;" it is most often used to detect thieves, or reveal secrets. The medicine man scrapes along its back with sundry semi-coherent ejaculations and bodily contortions, when suddenly he becomes inspired to "speak" generally, of course, as the fee or influence dictates.

The wearing of charms and amulets is very extensive. Antelope small-horns, little packages of leaves containing various "medicine powders," certain queer looking insects, certain parts of bones, snake skins, sticks—in fact the charms are as numerous and varied as error itself. They are usually worn on a string about the neck.

Similar charms are put over the doors and in the houses. A curious whistle is often carried about, the blowing of which is supposed to prevent an impending rain. But all these charms they will readily sell. If they love their idols, they do not love them near so much as they do the idol their more civilized cousins worship—money, in whatever form.

Their practices are perhaps more extraordinary and distinctly heathen than their idols. The worst of these are practiced by the Bakuba peoples. This tribe has been for many years probably the most remote from extraneous influences in all Central Africa; and their character is extremely conservative and tenacious of their customs. But I am glad to say that I believe that there are fewer of the worst of these practices at Ndombe, although under a Makuba chieftain, than at any town I saw in the Kasai, showing that they are at least susceptible of great improvement. The most fearful practice is that of human sacrifice. Slaves are killed and buried with their masters, the notion being that they go with their chiefs to the other world, and there increase their prestige and power. The greater the man the more numerous the sacrifices.

Then there is the treatment of supposed witches, who are generally tried by the poison ordeal, and if declared guilty, then killed, and their bodies burned. This poison ordeal is sadly prevalent. It is an herb broth which the accused must drink, the effect of which means death or life, as it may kill or be only harmless, according to the manipulations of those who administer it. This medicine trial is resorted to for all kinds of injustice and wrongs, though sometimes the accused themselves demand trial by it.

The people have great dances on special occasions, or at the new moon. Then they dress up in their best, adorned with beads, brass wire, ingeniously embroidered native cloth, and every imaginable sort of toggery. Some wear immense false faces carved from wood, and dance wildly to a medley of sounds from their rude musical instruments. These are chiefly crude banjos, buffalo horn trumpets, drums, a most extraordinary imitation of a piano where

drum sticks beat on a row of differently tuned wooden bowls, and innumerable whistles. The men dance in one row and the women in another.

One of the most peculiar beliefs is connected with what they call "Mufong." A man of "Mufong" is supposed to exert a most baleful influence in a variety of ways. He may cause sickness or death by looking at any one while eating; by sundry means he is supposed to render the water impure, to cause crocodiles to appear in streams, leopards to enter towns, new-born children to die, &c., &c. He is most cordially feared and hated, and as soon as a consensus of opinion points him out, he is usually put to death.

Another curious belief is that a man has three parts: his body, his life (moiyo), and his evil spirit (mukishi). The life of a dead man goes into a child, and so the dead man lives again—transmigration of souls. The evil spirit haunts the locality of his grave, torments his enemies, and often enters into some beast. For example, they say that parrots are truly human beings in birds' bodies. I have often heard them speak of this belief, one of the most ineradicable.

They have little conception of original sin, but understand it readily enough when their attention is called to the subject. One of their greatest surprises when the Christian religion is unfolded to them is that any one should be expected always to speak the truth.

When they become greatly angered or grieved, their hearts, as they say, "become black," and they go away, often into the woods, and stay there several days, until their hearts become white again. Sometimes grief or anger leads them to suicide. They are generally easily reconciled. They have a way of painting streaks of white mud



A CANNIBAL GRAVE-YARD.

across their foreheads, as a sign that their hearts are all white again. But they say that the seat of the affections is in the liver—and my experience, as well as that of hosts in the tropics, is not far from strongly confirming them.

They have a clear conception of one God. Once I asked Lokomashi what all those peculiar things I saw in the town, the piles and pots, mounds and posts, grass structures and suspended strings, meant. "Oh, they are our sacred things, the things of Fidi Mukulo." "Who is Fidi Mukulo?" "He is the old man on high; he is the great one whom we worship; he is our great chief of life and death." I asked, "Can I see Fidi Mukulo?" "No, no man ever sees Fidi Mukulo." "Where does he live?" Pointing to the sky, he answered: "Above, in the sky." Then I changed the form of my questions. "Lokomashi, who made the trees, the earth—all things?" "Palaver for Fidi Mukulo." "Who makes the green things to grow?" "Fidi Mukulo." "Who causes the waters in the streams and rivers to flow?" "Fidi Mukulo." "Who gives life to men, and then causes them to die?" "Fidi Mukulo." "Who sends the lightning and the rain?" "Fidi Mukulo." "Can any man resist the word of Fidi Mukulo?" "No." "Is his strength not greater than that of the chief?" "Yes."

Thus Lokomashi gave me a clear indication of a belief in God independently of any revelation. It is remarkable how clear this conception of some Divine Being is among these aborigines.

One of the most remarkable practices is the killing of a goat, and the sprinkling of its blood on the ground of a town in order to avert any impending calamity. This custom made the story of the Cross very easy to preach to them, and they grasped the idea of the Atonement with

wonderful celerity. Nothing moved them as did the story of Jesus' life and death.

Truly, of the essentials of religion, it is wonderful with what philosophical prescience Paul wrote:

“For the invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

Folk Lore Stories.

WHEN a child, none of my books had held me more in thrall than "Uncle Remus," and this was more specially an interesting theme, because while he was shucking corn, or baking potatoes, my father's old body-servant, "Uncle Billy," had been accustomed to narrate the same kind of rabbit and fox stories to me, as I sat and listened, open-mouthed and ears a-tingle, that Mr. Joel Chandler Harris had made famous over all the world. Just before going to Africa I had called upon Mr. Harris in Atlanta, and had asked him if he did not think it probable that the allegorical fables told by negroes in the South had their original models in the African folk lore. He said that he presumed they did, and would be interested to know the results of my researches on the subject when among the Africans of the interior.

After my acquaintance had extended far enough to warrant me in asking about them, I found that the old African granddaddies carried an almost inexhaustable fund of these animal stories, which they told to the enraptured little darkies gathered about the evening fires, when the older men lay around smoking and the women were cooking supper in their little black pots.

These stories about African wild beasts, like those told to the little boy by Uncle Remus, always make the small

weak animals the heroes, who, by their cunning and alertness out-do the great strong beasts, and triumph over them. When I induced some of Ndombe's people to tell me some tales, and told them a few of "Brer Rabbit's" adventures in return, the little black boys gathered around and roared with laughter, and demanded more. I give some of their stories here, for illustration:

HOW THE BEASTS KILLED KANIENDA'S MOTHER.

All the beasts were down on Kanienda because he was smarter than they were, and they could never catch him at his tricks. Most of them were larger than he, and thought it a shame that he should always be laughing at them, and mocking their efforts to out-do him.

Once he caught a nest full of driver ants and put them under the elephant's nose while he was asleep. How that old giant did snort and roar, and fling his trunk about when the ants began to crawl up his long deep nose!

Then he found a goat in a man's back yard, and told the leopard that the man was away from home. Then he slipped around and told the man the leopard was coming, and the leopard nearly got killed by an arrow.

Once he found a hippopotamus' path out of the river into the high grass. He whistled to the crocodile, who went and laid in wait, and if the lion had not come along there to drink, and scared the old rusty crocodile away, the hippo would have lost a leg.

At another time Kanienda got some fresh gum copal and put the sticky stuff in the gourd which the monkey went to get his palm wine from, and the monkey got his mouth so stuck up that he nearly died of starvation before the gum all wore off.

He found some poison in a medicine man's pot and put it on a piece of dried fish and the hyena's eldest child ate the fish and died.

He teased the rhinoceros until the big beast got mad and charged at him, when he ran around the tree and made the old unicorn stick his horn in the tree, where he had to kick and paw and pull until the sun went down before he got it out. At last all the animals clubbed together and marched upon Kanienda's house. Now Kanienda was out digging peanuts, and nobody was at home except his old mother. When nobody answered, because the old lady was deaf, the elephant picked up the house and carried it to the lake, and set it afloat. When the devil rose up out of the lake that night, he saw the house and caused it to be overturned, and Kanienda's poor old mother was drowned.

THE STORY OF KANIENDA AND NCUDU.

KANIENDA'S REVENGE.

Kanienda was a little fellow, about the size of a rabbit, and he could run like the wind. One day all the wild beasts came together in a clearing in the forest to make a clean path down to the spring. They were all there that day, the elephant, the monkey, the lion, the leopard, the hyena, the rhinoceros, the buffalo, the antelope, the wild boar, the python, the soldier ant, the terrapin, the bush rat and the hippopotamus. The crocodile said he would come, too, but the river was so low he could not get up the spring branch. If they would send the buffalo to carry him across the waterfalls, he would come. But the buffalo knew the old crocodile's tricks, and would not go. But the strangest thing of all was that Kanienda was not there. The leopard said that the last time he saw Kanienda he was up a hole in the monkey's tree. The monkey said that when he left home that Kanienda was not there. The elephant said, "Never mind, let's get to work; but let's first put the gourds of palm wine in the spring to keep cool, until it gets hot and we are tired and thirsty."

So they put the palm wine into the spring, and then set

the python to watch it, since he had no hands or feet to help work with, and the rest of them were rather glad to get rid of him.

They had not been working very long when here comes the python up from the spring, acting in a very strange way. He said that Kanienda was down there by the spring hiding behind the big copal tree, and he believed that Kanienda was up to mischief. Still he would not do anything to him until he had reported to the party and received instructions. "Well," said the lion, "you go back to Kanienda and catch him, and bring him up here and we'll all settle with him here."

The others all agreed, for the lion's word went down with all of them, except the bush rat, who slipped off as fast as he could and told Kanienda what they all were going to do. Kanienda thanked the bush rat, and hunted for a long thin, strong, rattan vine; he made a noose in it, and then picked up a gourd, pouring the palm wine out into a cup and drinking all he wanted. Now when the python came rolling along, Kanienda started up the hill with the gourd, going toward the working beasts. "Halt there," cried the python, "where are you going with that palm wine?" "Oh," replied Kanienda, "I was going to bring you some to drink, knowing that you have no hands to hold the gourd with, and cannot get your mouth into the gourd."

The python thought this would be a good way to get some wine, and then he could say that Kanienda had drunk it all, so he came up close and held out his head for Kanienda to pour out the wine for him; but Kanienda, quick as an arrow, threw the noose of the rattan over his head and made him fast. The python turned, and squirmed, and pulled away, but the noose only drew up tighter around his neck, so he had to stop. Then Kanienda drank some more palm wine and sat down by the spring. Presently the monkey called out to the others, "Why doesn't python come on with Kanienda? When is the fun going to begin?"

"You go after him and make him hurry," said the lion, with a grim laugh, for he knew that the monkey did not want to go into the woods to the python by himself. The monkey begged not to be sent. "Well, I'll go," said the leopard coming up, not a bit afraid. When Kanienda saw the leopard coming, he quickly cut another rattan, and made a noose as before. Then he hid himself behind the copal tree. When the leopard came up and saw the poor python tied that way, he went up to try and let him loose. While he was tugging at the knot, Kanienda slipped up behind him and threw his new noose over the leopard's head. He had already fastened the other end to a tree. The leopard pulled back so hard that he nearly choked himself, and he, too, was caught. Kanienda dragged him off into the woods, and put him in a different place.

The next to come down to investigate was the hyena, who was caught in the very same way. Then one by one Kanienda caught them all (the narrator did not explain how the elephant was held), and then fell to beating them. But he did not count on Neudu (the terrapin). Neudu had come down slowly, and hid behind a bush. Now he came out and asked Kanienda if he could catch him so easy. Kanienda came up and laughed at him, because he was so slow; and then threw a noose over his back. But Neudu kept his head in his shell; and the noose began to slip, because Neudu's back was so sleek. Then Kanienda went close to tighten the noose, when lo, Neudu caught him by the leg with his strong mouth, and held tight, until Kanienda let the noose free, and gave him some palm wine. Then Kanienda and Neudu went away together, until the soldier ant gnawed the rattans through, and let the prisoners loose. In this way did Kanienda get even with the beasts for killing his poor old mother.

But the lion was exceedingly angry, and roared loudly through the forest that every beast which saw Kanienda and Neudu must catch them and bring them to him, or he

would destroy them all. The hippopotamus said nothing, but grunted his wrath in short breaths, as he went back to the river. The elephant trumpeted until the forest rang, and the hyena went away and howled in lamentation all night. But the monkey climbed a rubber vine and scratched his head about how to catch Kanienda and Neudu.

THE LEOPARD, THE MAN AND THE ANTELOPE: OR DON'T
MEDDLE IN OTHER FOLKS' BUSINESS.

A leopard once tracked up an antelope, until he saw him, and then chased him out of the jungle into the high grass, and the antelope went very fast, until he came to where a man was working in a cassava field.

Said the antelope: "Oh, man, please help me to hide, the leopard is close behind me."

The man pointed to a copse of thick bushes, and the antelope ran into them and hid himself there. Presently along came the leopard, jumping fifteen feet at a time, and looking very fierce and angry.

"Man," said the leopard, "did you see an antelope come this way just now, and which way did he go?"

"Oh he went down the creek over there," said the man, pointing the wrong way.

The leopard ran on and hunted a long time, until he returned to the field, but the man and the antelope were gone. Then the leopard saw the antelope's tracks going the other way, and knew that the man had deceived him.

That night the man heard a terrible noise in his goat yard, and when he went out all his goats lay dead, while a deep voice sounded out from the bushes near by:

"Oh, man, learn now not to come between the leopard and his meat any more."

The man was terribly frightened, and ran quickly into his house to hide. Next morning, when he went out to look, all his goats were gone.

MUTUMBA, KABULUKA AND KABUNDI.

Mutumba is the big bush rat; Kabuluka is the small antelope; Kabundi is the red-coated African coon.

Once Kabundi's mother had a nice store of corn laid up in a deep hole in a baobab tree. Mutumba and Kabundi's mother came along; they spoke cunningly to her, and asked her how she was provided in case of a drought. She said that she had plenty ready to keep her and her son. When she passed by they followed her to her hiding place, and then went up and caught her, and since she was old and her teeth were loose, when she fastened her teeth deeply into Kabuluka's tough hide, and pulled back, her teeth all came out. Then Kabuluka and Mutumba laughed very much, and when they had stolen the corn, they put the poor old coon deep down in the hole, where she became so weak that all she could do was to tell Kabundi, when he came, about the wickedness of which the two villainous beasts had been guilty. She said she would recognize Kabuluka by the prints of her teeth in his side, if the teeth had been taken out. Then at last she died.

Now Kabundi went forth to seek his enemies. Meanwhile Mutumba and Kabuluka had gone to a place in the plains where the grass was tall, and buried Kabundi's mother's teeth in the ground. Then the drought came on, and the grass became dead and dry. But Mutumba and Kabuluka determined to have a big dance on their clearing upon the plains, and they got their drums and beat a loud call, inviting all their friends to come and dance. They all came, and when Kabundi heard the drums, he came, too, and watched the crowd assemble. Then he saw the marks on Kabuluka's side, and when he knew for certain that his enemies were there, he jumped for joy and joined in the dance. He shouted to all to dance on, and urged them to drink deeply and enjoy themselves.

When they were all drunk and dancing madly, Kabundi

slipped away, and set fire in a circle around the frolickers, who were thus dancing over his mother's teeth. When the great wind blew, the flames drew all around them, and none could escape. Kabundi stood outside the circle of fire, and laughed and clapped his hands as he saw the fire close in upon his enemies and their friends, until at last they were all consumed. Now, said Kabundi, my mother's spirit can rest in peace.

* * * * *

The Africans are firm believers in the transmigration of souls, and regard every animal as the habitat of the spirit of some deceased man. Evil men, they say, enter at their death into the lower animals, and are then punished by the sufferings which these beasts undergo. The worst and fiercest spirits enter into such beasts as the leopard: hence the great rejoicing when a leopard is killed. Parrots, dogs, tame monkeys, and the innocuous animals are not troubled with these wicked spirits. The liver is held to be the seat of the emotions, and the liver of strong animals is sought with avidity, that, according to their view, the strength of the animal from which it was taken may be imparted to the eater. Strange to say, the highest compliment that can be paid a man is to say that he has a "muchima mutok," *i. e.*, a "white liver." Ndombe once asked me whether our great chief, Mr. McKinley, had a white liver, *i. e.*, was he a good tempered man?

CHAPTER XXVII.

Making Peace Between Chimbundu and Bena Lumbo.

BENA LUMBO had a fighting reputation. Several natives, at different times, had warned me to avoid that town, as its people were reputed to be hostile to the white man and inimical to all his friends. Whatever the cause, not long after I was settled at Ndombe, war broke out between Chimbundu and the unfriendly Bena Lumbo, and continued for nine months, with various truces, intermissions, and attempts at negotiations for peace. A few men had been killed on each side, and the bitterness felt was strong. Finally, Chimbundu's patience became exhausted at the dilatory tactics of his enemies, who had refused his challenge to an open pitched battle on the plains, and he sallied forth early one morning, and burnt one of the enemy's villages to the ground. This summary action convinced the Lumbonians that they must yield, or be completely conquered, so they sent an embassy to Ndombe to ask his intervention as an arbitrator. Ndombe delegated his powers to Joka and commissioned him to proceed to the towns and settle the terms of peace. At Joka's instigation, the ambassador from Bena Lumbo gave me a pressing invitation to accompany the peace commission, and witness the ceremony, as well as to add the weight of my presence to the solemnity of the compact.

With a few companions to carry necessaries, I made the trip over to Chimbundu's town, and found that that worthy had signalized his victory by building a completely new town, about a mile away from the site of the old one. He escorted me in conscious pride over his new city, and pointed out the improvements which he said he had modeled upon the style of the white man's ideas; the streets were broad, straight, clean, bordered with plantains, and ran at right angles to each other. The houses were placed further apart than formerly, and were built regularly and parallel to the streets. The site of the old town was to be turned into a field, and new fields were being cleared and planted. Chimbundu said that he meant to align himself with the party of progress, and that he could not properly worship God in a dirty old ill-smelling town, where the old fools had been worshipping idols so long. New worship, new town, said Chimbundu, and lo, it was done. His method of propagating the Gospel was somewhat on the order of that of the heroic Charlemagne, as he stipulated immovably, in dictating the terms of peace to Bena Lumbo, that they should now worship Jehovah and cease practicing witchcraft. In vain I urged on Chimbundu the impolicy of such proposals, and the wrong light in which they would place me before the people of Lumbo. "No," said the victorious warrior, "I shall whip them again if they ever try any of their idolatrous old witchcraft again on me."

Chimbundu's insistence on incorporating a change of religion in the articles of pacification obliged me to go to Bena Lumbo myself, in order to place the matter in its true light before the people there. Their messenger agreed to conduct me to the town, which was about ten miles

further down the Wedia creek, on the same plateau on which Chimbundu was situated. The night was spent in the enjoyment of my friend's hospitality, and amid a continual feasting and grand celebration of the approaching official termination of the war. The drums beat, the trumpets sounded, the people danced, nearly all night; and on the first crimsoning of the eastern sky, as the dawn rode serenely on the crest of the rolling fog over the Biomba plains, we started toward the defeated and heart-sore people.

Our way was perfectly easy, down the gently sloping grassy veldt, passing some enormous ant houses, made from hard clay brought up from deep in the ground, and much larger than the average African's dwelling, and finding some sweet fruit, a good deal like small plums, on low bushes scattered over the plains. When we drew near the series of villages which constituted the town, we saw several of the inhabitants, who, as usual, started to run, but were reassured by our conductor, and went on into the first village to announce our coming.

We soon entered the gate in the wall, and found ourselves surrounded by a silent, glum, and rather morose crowd, who eyed us suspiciously, answered our polite salutations shortly, and gave us rather a cool reception. I asked for, and was shown the house of the chief, whose name was Lumbo, and in a moment that worthy made his appearance with his war paint on. Lumbo's manners at first were no whit more agreeable than those of his townspeople. In his eyes I was the friend of his triumphant foe, and may have been the instrument, by my powers of magic and witchcraft, of the discomfiture of himself and his warriors. I was not greatly surprised at this display

of coolness, and took a seat under the palaver shed in front of Lumbo's dwelling to await with patience the tirade which I felt sure was forthcoming. The chief was past middle age, rather large and heavily built, slow of speech, and given to much smoking of the *diamba*, or Hindoo hemp weed, as his pipe, a roll of weeds, and the strong odor prevailing indicated. After a long pause, intended I supposed to be impressive, Lumbo began a lengthy setting forth of his version of the recent unpleasantness with Chimbundu, alleging that Chimbundu's people had persistently stolen the palm wine belonging to his subjects, and had fired upon the owners when they remonstrated. This provoked retaliation, and brought on the war. Chimbundu's medicine and powers of divination prevailed over his own, Lumbo averred—the war had not been a fair contest of might with might. He had sent to Ndombe to ask for a just settlement of the issues between himself and Chimbundu. He was not afraid of Chimbundu and his men of war—but he did not want any more of that wizard's magic worked on him. He had not been expecting a visit from the white man; but since I had come along with his good friend Joka, he assured me that I could stop in the town in safety. At the same time, he wished to request me not to practice any magic on his town, but to tell him plainly what all this "Palaver of God" was about. He wanted to hear it with his own ears; and if I had any very strong medicine, capable of causing strength to return to his weary soldiers, please let him have some.

Upon this, I entered into a full exposition of the elements of our religion, first calling his attention to the customs, traditions, beliefs, and practices of his own people on what

might be called religious subjects; then telling him about the ten commandments, about the sinfulness of all men, and finally, the life, death and resurrection of our Lord. To all this Lumbo was an attentive listener; and at its conclusion, he remarked that this matter was totally different from what he had expected; that it was of the utmost importance that all his people should hear and understand this issue; so that he invited me to remain as long as I wished, while he should retire to think over the topics of my conversation, and on the morrow all the villages of his town must assemble to hear.

While superintending the purchase of provisions for dinner, I noticed a hawk fly overhead, calling forth loud cries from the women, as numbers of little chickens were running all about the place. My gun went to my shoulder in a moment, and down came the hawk, amid a chorus of yells and hurrahs from the people, who were divided between terror at the report, and joy at the destruction of the pest. A rush was made for the feathers of the bird, which were divided out and stuck up in the woolly mats of the seramblers in a twinkling. Soon a second hawk shared the same fate; and, strange as it was, in an hour's time I had shot six hawks in that town. This brought on a furious tide of overwhelming popularity; the coolness of the populace disappeared; an immense concourse gathered round to see the gun, to hail the deliverer of their long-assailed chickens, and Lumbo ventured out again, and now ordered a goat to be presented to me, and an abundance of food to be given. Such is the mutability of the human heart, especially that in the savage breast.

The rest of the day was occupied in conversation with various inquirers concerning our faith; while Joka held a

long and earnest consultation concerning the terms and conditions of the pending treaty of peace, coming to me toward evening with the satisfied declaration that he had concluded his mission with complete success. There was to be a final cessation of all warlike demonstrations against any of Chimbundu's people; the people of Bena Lumbo were to resume trade relations with Chimbundu and the towns beyond, and they were to allow Chimbundu the first choice at their trade, in consideration of his waiving all claims for indemnity on account of the late war; all cases of grievance were to be first submitted to Ndombe for examination and decision before any action was taken; and there was to be free and unmolested passage of all peaceable persons in and around all the villages of Bena Lumbo. To-morrow the elders of the two towns were to meet on the plain midway between each, where the concluding ceremonies would be observed. Joka said that he had decided, in his capacity as arbitrator, and in view of his conviction that religion ought not to be made a matter of political treaties, not to incorporate Chimbundu's demands concerning the adoption of the "Palaver of God," at which judgment I rejoiced.

When I had retired for the night into the hut which had been proffered me for my abode during the visit, I heard some one cough just outside the door. This is an universal Congo method of quietly announcing one's presence and desire for an interview. When I went out I found the chief, Lumbo, at the door. He said that something was on his mind, and that he could not rest until he had spoken what was on his heart to the white man. I said I was glad he had come to tell me about it. Lumbo said that he had

been thinking over what I had told him that my religion taught—not to kill, lie, steal, and such matters; that he feared I might think that his people did not know such things, and that I might be afraid that they would trouble me or my people or property that night; he urged me not to entertain any such fear, saying that his people knew about these questions already—they knew what was right, and would do me no wrong; and surely that one Jesus must be some exceedingly great king, seeing that death could not subdue Him, and that he never did any wrong; would not that Jesus demand an account of him if his people did wrong? “Therefore,” said he, “Fwela, do you rest in peace in Lumbo’s town this night, and have no fears concerning his people. They are children of God, and will do no one any harm, even according as God said.”

These words afforded a striking illustration of the assertion by Paul that the heathen have the law in their hearts; for here was a man who certainly had never heard of the Hebrew faith or the Gospel, and yet who acknowledged a consciousness of the moral law. Can anyone despise the negro when such an untutored black savage as this could give so indubitable an evidence of a soul as this? Souls to lose, souls to save; what shall our answer be?

Upon the next day we held a large and successful religious service with the populace of the villages constituting the town under Lumbo’s authority, with the full co-operation of that dignitary himself, who took the occasion to preach a sermon, too. At its conclusion, I made a short trip to a high bluff across the Wedia, whose red sides were visible from quite a distance, and an inspection of which I thought would reveal a good deal of the geological formation of this

lower part of the Kasai valley. I found an extremely interesting exposure of the stratification of the rocks, as well as of the layers of the earth.

Gullies formed by the heavy rains at the heads of a little stream had washed down the hillside until a steep bluff had resulted, over a hundred feet high. The earth was revealed in, first, a layer of red ferruginous clay, about seven feet deep; then a mass of irregular rounded sandstone boulders, continuing for ten feet; then a thick layer of bluish-white clay, about thirty feet deep, and full of pebbles; under this was a layer of crumbling sandstone constituting the rest of the bluff. At the bottom of this bluff ran a little stream, whose waters were strongly impregnated with an iron taste, and there were several mineral springs around. The natives attributed medicinal qualities to the water, and I have no doubt that they were right. I collected some of the rocks and fossils, and made a considerable addition to my mineralogical collection.

When we returned, the party of the principal men of Bena Lumbo was formed to march out to meet a similar deputation from Chimbundu, and they loaded themselves with various presents for the occasion. We departed amid a salvo of shouts, and a noisy musical demonstration, and marched for an hour to the place of meeting. There we awaited the party from Chimbundu, which was not long in coming, filing up in gala attire, and singing a triumphant war song as they came. When all were present, Joka stood between them, and announced the terms agreed upon; a spokesman from Lumbo's side delivered a harangue, followed by a similar oration from Chimbundu's representative. Every man now stuck his spear into the ground, and each party exchanged presents of cowries, beads, fowls,

cloth, salt and goats; whereupon Joka pronounced the treaty complete, and forthwith the recent enemies mingled with each other, and some went straightway to the towns, to take advantage of the new opening of trade relations, and be early in the rush.

We passed on to Chimbundu, finding him in high good humor, and the people with piles of native merchandise ready for the bartering soon to begin as a consequence of the ratification of peace. Chimbundu said that Lumbo had made the accusation of witchcraft against him simply as a shield to hide behind, because of the real fact that his own warriors were more numerous and powerful than those of Lumbo. Nevertheless, he was glad the long fighting time was over, so that he might continue his work of town improvement without hindrance.

Upon my return to Ndombe I was greatly astonished, and no little pleased, to hear that a party of the Bashilele had come to make explanations concerning the attack upon the rear boat in the Kasai. When they were brought down by Ndombe, they were evidently greatly afraid and terrified, but they sat down and entered into a timid conversation. They said that some of the people of a town about fifty miles down the river, on the north bank, had thought that ours was an expedition from Bula Matadi. They had previously been at war with Bula Matadi. So when they saw our boats, they were afraid to come in close quarters with the white man, and attacked the rear boat after the first one had turned the curve in the river. They made so sudden an attack that it was all over before any explanation could be made. Since they had learned later of their mistake, they were extremely sorry, and yet were afraid to come near me, not knowing what I would do.

I told him that the guilty men only were responsible for the murder, and the whole tribe would not be condemned for the crime of those individuals. At the same time, until the guilty men came to me, and tried to make such reparation as they could, the murderers would be considered as outlaws, and they would certainly yet be punished.

These Bashilele repudiated all responsibility for the deeds of the river ruffians, and assured me that I should always be welcome in their country, and could come there with perfect safety. I was glad to learn how our pacific intentions were becoming more widely known, and this visit from the wild Bashilele was one of the most encouraging manifestations of good will I had yet encountered.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Fall Into the Game Pit.

FRIEND Ngallula, whom I introduced as the gentleman of the chicken story when I first made the trip to Ndombe, had often earnestly urged upon me to make him a visit to his town, Bindundu, where the Bakete under him had gathered together into a large village at the head of Wissmann Falls. Bindundu was said to be about twenty-five miles distant from Ndombe across a beautiful country of grassy plains for the most part, and Ngallula was profuse in his praises of the plentifulness of sheep, goats, plantains, peanuts, corn, palm wine, and of the peaceful and hospitable character of the citizens of his town. So earnest was he that I decided to go. As the distance was short, I took only enough people with me to carry some slight necessaries for a few days' stay. Among those accompanying me were Kassongo and Wembo, the latter of whom it will be remembered was the powerful Mutetela, who rowed the boat with me back up the Kasai when we found Kelala's arm.

The way to Bindundu was surpassingly beautiful. The path led across a bare hill just south of Ndombe, from which the whole immense Biomba plain was seen at a glance.

On the west the high stony hills bordered the cataracts, while southward stretched the great Chrystal mountains, peak rising up behind peak in the distance, lending a charm-

ingly picturesque and inviting contour to the horizon. These vast panoramic views of nature were always a source of extreme pleasure to me, and the beauty of this heavenly country was one of its chief charms. We passed rapidly along the narrow trail, over beautiful stretches of flower-decked plains; the short green grass of the hillsides presenting a park-like appearance with the few evergreen stunted trees which are sprinkled over the surface of the ground. A lovely little mountain stream runs rapidly through a narrow strip of forest, and then we begin to climb the mighty hills bordering the river. How clear cut were the outlines of these noble hills, as their stony heights lay basking in the midsummer sun: there was about the bare southeastern side of the range an air of simple grandeur which has left an ineffaceable impression upon my mind. The northern sides were heavily timbered, and we were soon involved in the mazes of the woods as we began to wind through the defiles in crossing the range. The path was a narrow, serpentine, water-worn trail, and after leading us across the gap in the mountain range, it led us down upon a level grass-covered plain, thickly filled with palm groves, and showing many large fields of manioc and peanuts. The village was in one of the palm groves, and ere long we were accosted by my friend Ngallula, and taken around to his quarters, where I was installed under a little primitive shed lately built, and the rest of our company sought places of rest in the adjoining yards. While resting from the march, and between draughts of fresh palm wine, I talked with Ngallula and the principal men who gathered around, upon the great theme of the Word of God, and was gratified when later on these men gathered a large assembly to hear the strange tidings which now for the first time fell

clearly upon their ears. They evinced a lively interest in all I told them; and begged for a "town of God" to be forthwith located at Bindundu. These Africans are nothing if not practical. If a thing is good, let us have all we can get of it, say they. These people were Bakete, closely akin to our old allies and long-standing friends of Bena Kasenga, near Luebo; and I was glad to see that the tribal kinship did not carry with it as much of the stolid indifference over which the missionary friends had so long lamented in the case of the town on the Lulua. Bindundu heard and seemed to rejoice.

On the near approach to the town of Bindundu stand two guardian mountains, rearing their bald rocky summits nearly a thousand feet above the surrounding plains. The pathway defiles through a narrow pass between these two peaks, and passes on into the valley of the Kasai. The morning after my arrival at this place, I determined to ascend the higher of these summits to get a clear idea of the whole territory. Taking one boy with me, I made the ascent, after a toilsome struggle with jagged limestone rocks, deep gullies and thorny bushes, but was at last rewarded by the scene from the top.

To the west the long yellow flood of the Kasai stretched away on its northern course, a golden ribbon in a dress of green forests reaching from the water's edge clear away up the valley's steeps to the mountain tops across the vale, twenty miles beyond. In the clear air through which poured the bright, burning tropical sunshine, one could see a break in their bordering hills, where seventy miles away the Kasai and the Lulua joined their waters. On the east the far stretching plains spread away until they rose up to meet the horizon far as the eye could reach. Southward

the mighty heads of the Chrystal mountains were outlined against the sky, range upon range, peak after peak, glad reminders of higher and cooler lands close at hand. Hawks and birds of prey hovered over the grassy flower-decked plains; an antelope, scenting the leopard, darts from a thin copse of the stunted scrubby trees, so characteristic of these fire-swept African prairies; a flock of hundreds of screaming parrots wheels its orderly flight along the river's edge, startled by the wild cat's stealthy spring; a deep, sullen muffled sound proclaims the hippopotamus in the water at the mountain's base; a mightier roar shakes the atmosphere, as a crowd of elephants launch in to swim the river. Everywhere streamlets spring from hilly fountains, or marshy headlands, to proclaim their courses by narrow attendant bands of woods, and long silvery lines of fog, as they scamper down the slopes toward the river; the little mountain lakes gleam in the radiant sunshine, emeralds set in a crown of golden hills. The roll of rushing water is everywhere in the ear, the silence else is that which holds still the beating heart, and lifts up the soul to God and higher things. Groups of palms are dotted here and there,—perhaps a lonely one upon the sandy waste, recalling those fine lines from the German of Heine by Sidney Lanier:

“In the far North stands a Pine tree, lone upon a wintry height;
It sleeps; around it snows have thrown a covering of white;
It dreams forever of a Palm, that far in the morning land,
Stands silent in a most sad calm, midst heaps of burning sand.”

Here and there over the wide extending plain curls up the smoke from numerous little villages, a break in the adjoining woods shows fields cleared off, while an occasional distant report gives evidence that even this sylvan scene

is cursed with the presence of mankind's fell inventions, and its sacred precincts are soon to lose their pristine beauty forever.

This entrancing scene held me spell-bound for a few moments, and then I took out compass, pencil and note-book and began to sketch a map of the territory now so advantageously seen. In order to put my position on a line with certain prominent points, I moved forward slowly with my eyes alternately upon the compass and the horizon. The top of the mountain was bare of any trees or bushes, nothing growing there except short grass and weeds. The earth was rough and rocky, and the sides of the mountain were furrowed by deep gullies.

Suddenly, without the least warning, I fell straight down into the earth. Like a flash I felt a quick, sharp pain in the upper and outer side of my right thigh, and thought at first that I had fallen into a hole with some thorny brambles in it. With an energy and strength that I do not believe I could have shown except under spur of the excitement and danger, I threw out my arms and tugged at the sides of the cavity. All the dark stories of weird African romance, of concealed traps and deadly pits began to run through my mind, as I felt myself fixed upon some sharp pointed instrument, and all of Haggard's tales and Mungo Park's adventures rose up at a thought. By an almost superhuman effort I pulled upward by means of the jagged edges of rocks protruding from the side of the pit, and reached the upper air again, falling down faint and seared on the grass beside the mouth of the hole. The boy had come running up, terrified and amazed, and briefly explained that I had fallen into a game pit; I tried to rise and walk, but was too weak, and the effort was exceedingly

painful. I felt the blood now flowing under my clothes, and turned on one side and cut away the cloth from over the rent, when I saw how serious the affair was. Some kind of spike or stake had entered the thigh and made a long, deep wound about two inches in extent, ragged and torn on the edges, and now bleeding profusely. The boy, Kassongo, tried to lift and carry me, but the burden was too heavy, so he turned and ran to the village, five miles distant, to call aid, leaving me alone.

There was no shade anywhere near. It was the 15th of December, the hottest season of the year, the hour was eleven o'clock in the day, the sun was right overhead, and beating down in unabated tropical fury; the thermometer must have registered about 103°, and it would be two hours before any help could come. A burning thirst consumed me, but no water was anywhere to be had. I staunched the wound as best I could with parts of my clothing, but it kept on bleeding. I grew faint and sick, and then it occurred to me that these game pits were usually furnished at the bottom with poisoned stakes, the tips of which were smeared over with the same virile poison with which the natives annointed their arrow heads. A feeling of peculiar numbness began to creep over my limbs, confirming this suspicion, and making me feel sure that my end had come. I knew now what it was to be face to face with death. Ever since the news of my dear friend's death in far-off Columbia, I had always felt that I rather welcomed than shunned death. The monster had had few terrors for me. Now he seemed at last upon me. I shall never forget those slow but crowded minutes. Contrary to the oft-heard expression, the evil of my life did not then harass me. It seemed that I was conscious of only the sight of the Savior

as He lay dying on Calvary; and I thought how much less were my sufferings than His. Moreover, there was a great heavy pang of disappointment at my heart that I must go so soon, just after the sight of that magnificent valley, calling for laborers, waiting for redemption; and those willing to come were so few, and those willing to send means to help so few, or so limited in their means. I prayed with all my might for God to raise up some one to come over and take my place; and that my dying might deter none from coming. I seemed to see all my dear friends and companions; the home in Columbia; the beautiful calm old college campus, and my beloved teachers; the noble old gothic church amid the elms, and the steadfast line of Godly worshippers walking in of a Sabbath morn; the familiar sights and sounds of long ago, and of people and places far away, seemed to float along on the panorama of the brain, and I felt, as if real and material, the presence of loved ones gone on before; then arose the quiet cemetery on the hillside above Choestoe in the blue hills of Carolina, with the old country church beside it, and the mighty oak trees under whose shade our forefathers were sleeping; and I remember how a passionate entreaty went up to God to let me live, as they had lived, to finish the work on the great Kasai, and be buried under the trees of a new churchyard in the great valley beneath me. I sank into a semi-conscious torpor, and burrowed my head into a clump of prairie grass to try and shelter it from the fearful sun. In this way I remained for two hours, until the shouts of the rescuing party revived me, and Kassongo came running up, with the big form of our Hercules, Wembo, closely following. The great big rough negro, late a cannibal, and by instinct one of the most savage and pugnacious men I

ever knew, was crying like a child, and lifting me in his tremendous arms, proceeded to carry me down the mountain side as easily as one might carry a year-old infant. He almost ran, and did not stop until he had gone over several miles and came up with the rest of the party carrying a hammock improvised from a blanket. I was then quickly taken into the town, where the whole population was in a state of alarm and excitement, some having heard that I had been killed, and all aware that a fall on the poisoned stake was generally certain death.

A great crowd had gathered around the little grass and bamboo shed under which I had spent the previous night. With some difficulty and many strong expostulations, the chief succeeded in driving them away, and then came up, and with palpable excitement and intense concern depicted on every feature, tried to show me how he was not responsible for that wicked game pit. Even in my pain and weakness I could not refrain from jokingly assuring him that the game pit had simply done its duty and caught whatever came upon it. But Ngullula would take no joking, and assured me that he would have the wretch who made that trap caught and executed, if I would say the word. It was only by the most emphatic language that I secured his promise not to fasten the blame on the innocent digger of the game pit. I was assured on all sides that the devil was in this business—that only evil spirits had caused my feet to wander over the concealed pit-fall, and that now it would be seen whether my God had power over these devils who dwelt upon the high mountains and down in the dark ravines. On the strength of this ineradicable belief, the villagers proceeded to get out all the drums, tom-toms, fifes, whistles, trumpets, and various instruments of ten

strings and torture, to sing loud songs, and to make every conceivable noise to drive the devils away from the town, so that they might not molest me further. The result was deafening and maddening.

By this time the limb affected had begun to swell to unnatural proportions, and a sun-fever set in. I began to suffer almost unendurable torments. I scratched a few lines to Phipps at Ndombe on a sheet from a note book, asking him to send my hammock and men enough to carry me to Ndombe. Another note was dispatched to Luebo to Mr. Hawkins, asking him to come over and help, as I feared the worst consequences, and did not know whether Mr. Phipps could do anything alone.

Meanwhile, it providentially happened that a Zappo-Zap rubber-trader and his wife had just come in from a trading trip across the river, and they came up to see me. I had known them sometime, and counted them as good friends. They proved a veritable Godsend, for they were both quite skilled in native surgery and such medical practice as was used among the natives. The woman made the boy Kassongo suck the wound thoroughly, to try to extract as much poison as possible. Then she had the boys to bathe the wound repeatedly in very hot water, and finally made a poultice out of the cassava flour, and applied it as hot as possible. I myself had such medicines as were commonly administered in the first stage of fever brought from my little medicine chest, and dosed myself. But the night set in with my whole frame in mortal agony, and all through the whole dark twelve hours I fought that tremendous combination of poison, wound, loss of blood and fever. Never had I such need of the iron of the Piedmont in my blood, and constitution. At times I lost my reason

and raved, and sang, and tossed about in delirium. The faithful black nurses never ceased in their vigils. The bed on which I lay was a temporary structure of sticks, devoid of any mattress, and it was hard and intensely uncomfortable. Every now and then some restless native would get up and come over to inquire about the white man, and then return to his hut and make a fearful wailing against any prowling demons.

The next day the wound had set in for a typical case of mortification, the fever had settled into the dreaded fourteen day sun-fever, the rain began, and I could not leave for Ndombe until it was dry again. My food was such as the natives had—plantains, potatoes, peanuts and palm wine. Our workmen kept a large fire roaring near me to counteract the damp, and preparations were made to leave for Ndombe as soon as the weather should allow.

When the rain ceased, Ngallula came up and told me that all the men in the town insisted on helping carry me to Ndombe, as they were anxious to assure me of their goodwill, and to prove that that game pit was responsible for the disaster, along with its patron devils, and that I must not attribute any of my misfortune to the townsmen of Bindundu. I told them I was happy to receive their help, so in a few moments a concourse of the men filed up, two of them seized the hammock, and came up ready for the journey. I was carefully lifted into the hammock, and then we started. Imagine the disgust when suddenly the whole crowd commenced to run after the hammock-bearers, all yelling, whooping, shrieking, beating on tom-toms, blowing whistles, trumpets, ringing bells, and giving vent to every imaginable noise and racket. When I told the head men that I wished he would stop them, he replied

that they were doing this to prevent the evil spirits from accompanying me to Ndombe, and that nobody could stop them. We went forward at a tremendous rate, the carriers running at the top of their speed, being relieved every few hundred yards by another couple, as they were not accustomed to such work, and soon tired at it. But there were hundreds of them, and we went towards Ndombe like a tornado. On we flew over hill and dale, past palm and pineapple groves, never pausing for stream or mountain, until we reached the little creek which marked the limit of Ngullula's local authority. Here we were greeted by an outpouring of all of Ndombe's men, and they, too, brought their musical instruments along, and joined in a furious demonstration against the invisible demons of Ngullula's realm. Moreover, I was greeted by the firing of a salute of flint-lock musketry, and the stalwart youth of Ndombe's body guard came up, relieved the men of Bindundu, gave a mighty shout of joy, and of defiance to the devils, and then broke into a mad run for the capital. On the road, at different points, were groups of excited natives, and when we passed into the familiar avenue, the whole town was out *en masse*, and the king came forward with the utmost concern and kindly greeting. I was borne on down to my little house, and put at last on the narrow mattress, which felt like eider-down to my aching limbs: and soon Mr. Phipps came over and went to work to do his utmost to save me. That night Mr. Hawkins came in from Luebo, and his longer experience put him in charge of the patient, while Mr. Phipps cooked all the dainties he could, and these two black men, my only countrymen in all this wilderness, began the most faithful and remarkable fight against disease I have ever read of in the annals

of African history. At the bedside of their white companion, these two representatives of the negro race alternately watched and prayed, and worked, and sometimes would slip out, as the natives told me afterwards, to weep by themselves; and there I learned to love them and their people anew, and to renew every vow that I had ever made to work for them, to secure their happiness, to be their real friend in all the evil which threatens their race to-day. May God forget me and mine, when I forget them and theirs.

During the progress of this illness the surrounding chieftains sent me presents of food and warm messages of friendly inquiry. Hardly a day passed without some such gratifying evidence of the interest of the natives, and Ndombe made a visit twice every day to ascertain my condition, and to say some word of cheer and encouragement. The tones of this great heathen chieftain's voice, as well as the manner of his quiet and gentle presence were such as to convey the impression of a distinctly refined and noble nature, and Ndombe's real royalty never appeared more to advantage than during my illness. The utmost silence was commanded to the townspeople; not a drum was beaten; nor the least distracting noise indulged in, so that I enjoyed the evidences of real friendship in these respects far more than I would have been pleased with the elaborate care of an American hospital. When the critical fourteenth day arrived, I saw that I was to recover. Hawkins was able to leave for Luebo, and the strain on every one was relieved. The period was that of Christmas, and it was the most eventful one I ever passed. While lying in this condition I received two letters from America, one from the Secretary of our Church, showing how slow the people were to

respond to the needs for the enlargement of our work, and another from a gentleman in New York, Rev. Asa Blackburn, a former college mate, and an able and devoted minister, enclosing a substantial contribution for the prosecution of the cause. I was encouraged by this evidence of the generosity of Mr. Blackburn and his people, the congregation of the Church of the Strangers, and believed that God meant for us to persevere in the work at Ndombe, despite all suffering and discouragement. New Year's Day, 1898, saw me on the road to recovery, though somewhat lame, and I began to preach to and to teach the natives from my hammock or easy chair on the verandah of the house, and the result of my recovery was attributed to the God I proclaimed, so that our cause gained great headway.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Return of Nganga Buka.

DR. SNYDER was known to the natives as "Nganga Buka," *i. e.*, "Medicine Man." He was now expected to return to Luebo, and the steamer bringing him was looked for early in January. The regular semi-annual meeting of the Mission also took place at this time, so that recovery from the fall, the wound and the fever, was to be tested by a trip to Luebo. This I undertook with the help of the hammock and the big hammock-bearers. An illustration of the immense physical powers of these men may be seen in the fact that two of them, Wembo and Kambula, carried me in the hammock for twelve miles in two hours, without stopping, at a steady trot over broken and hilly country.

We spent the night at Kadingu, and found Lokamashi in good spirits, rejoicing over my recovery, in celebration of which he presented me with a fat goat, and ordered a dance to be held. He had had a new house built specially for my entertainment when passing his town, a mark of considerate thoughtfulness, for which I thanked him most cordially. He said he would visit me at Luebo when Nganga Buka came, as he wished to renew his former habit of visiting Luebo, as well as to see what the white man's city was like. I gave him a cordial invitation, and made the rest of the trip without any eventful occurrence.

At Luebo I met all the brethren, who rejoiced with me at the recovery from such imminent danger, and I made full acknowledgment of the devoted care and unremitting nursing of Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Phipps. When the shrill sound of the whistle of the steamer was heard, a mighty whoop set up all over the station, and in a few minutes everybody who could go had rushed to the river to see and welcome Nganga Buka back again. On the beach was drawn up a crowd numbering thousands, looking at the steamer moored on the opposite bank. The "Wissmann Falls Packet"—my Bampende canoe—carried me quickly across the Lulua to greet the doctor, who looked well, although somewhat pale from some fever on the voyage up. Soon the canoe bore him across the river and the hammock carried him up to the Mission, on his old familiar grounds. Many changes had been made since his departure to America, and he walked sadly under the mango trees where he and his wife had spent so many laborious, but happy hours; still in a little while he recovered his usual jovial tone, and began to plan for the great enlargement of the work which lay before him. The rest of us had, in a measure, reserved a good many points in the situation at Luebo for the decision of Dr. Snyder, since he was to live and labor there; and he now was given full sway in the management of affairs there. The demonstration of joyful welcome given him by the people was enough to touch any heart, as young and old crowded about him, saluting him and giving expression to every term of affection and endearment. Surely it more than repaid him for all the sufferings and labors of his work to receive these evidences of esteem from his grateful parishioners; and I could not help from contrasting all this fervor of welcome from the

sullen and apathetic manner in which the unconverted and savage natives nearly always greet the stranger to their country. These Luebo people had become as civilized and more Christianized than the colored people of my own Columbia in five years' time. Surely if the white people in America took as much interest in the welfare of the negro at their doors, as they did in those in heathen Africa, a revolution in that race would ensue more profound than that caused by emancipation and enfranchisement.

Dr. Snyder brought me good news from my home in Columbia, where he had been an honored guest. He expressed his delight at the enlargement of the work of the Mission in every direction. A few days brought the promised visit from Lokamashi, when Dr. Snyder put him through a catechism, which he sustained so satisfactorily, that the Doctor said few Christians in America could have made more correct and intelligent answers. I was glad to hear this, since it showed that our labors across the Lulua were producing results.

At this time also I baptized ten of our workmen. Thus the labors of these years, after such long waiting, were bearing fruit. The names of these converts were Wembo, Kamwedika, Wodia, Tumba, Chimpallanga, Kabuya, Kam-bula, Mamba, Kamma and Mukinde.

A good deal of the cargo for the Mission had been brought to Bena Makima, and left there by a steamer, which refused to come up to Luebo. At the same time news came that there was a threatened outbreak near Mr. Morrison's station at Ibanj, so that his presence was required. I therefore volunteered to go to Bena Makima and send the cargo overland to Luebo, as I was the only one free to do that work then.

I found my friend, Mr. Hormez, planning for an early return to Europe, and with his hands full of labors in consequence. He gave me a cordial welcome, nevertheless, and I managed to get our cargo away without special trouble:

It was at this time that I had called to my attention most vividly the still terrible character of some of the people among whom we dwelt. In the settlement of natives which had grown up around the white men's station at this place was a group of Zappo-Zap rubber traders. While I was there a child of a Zappo-Zap woman in the settlement died. Soon after a most tremendous racket broke out in the quarters, ending in a rush toward the white man's house on the part of a number of the men and women, in violent altercation and mutual denunciation. The trouble had arisen from a most horrible and extraordinary occurrence—one hard for me to believe. It appeared that the dead child's mother and another woman had been quarrelling over a debt the former owed the latter; the latter had threatened the child when living, on account of the debt, and now, so angry at thus being defeated, had started to dig up the corpse with the avowed intention of eating it. I had known that the Zappo-Zaps were commonly charged with cannibalism, but had never come into such close contact with their propensities before. This was appalling, and almost staggered our belief. The proofs, however, were so convincing that Mr. Hormez had to threaten to have the woman flogged in order to put an end to the matter.

The Zappo-Zaps around Luebo were regarded as extremely intelligent and quite civilized. This side of the character of that tribe was as astounding as it was revolting.

But of course not all the Zaps carried on this fearful practice, and such of it as was done went on by stealth, as anthropophagy is sternly forbidden by the government, and the penalty for it may be pronounced death. All the natives I ever questioned concerning it appeared to regard the practice with horror.

I felt sure that a mission station was needed on Lapsley Pool, as none was there, and its shore line of fifteen miles was touched by towns containing an aggregate of four thousand natives, and there was sure to grow up a considerable settlement around the coffee plantations of the "Societe Anonym Produits Vegetaux du Haut Kasai," established on the east shore of the Pool. I visited these native towns on the northern and southern banks, and found the natives all Bakuba under Lukengu, whose capital was nearer the river at this than at any other point; and the Bakuba expressed themselves as quite willing to have a "City of God" established near them. This place was really the centre of the Kasai District, from a strategical and geographical point of view, and I was sure that it would yet become an important locality.

CHAPTER XXX.

Stopped by Elephants—Through the Bakuba to Ibanj.

THE caravan which came after the cargo, also brought me an invitation from Mr. Morrison to visit Ibanj once more, as Ibanj was very little out of my way on the road from Bena Makima to Luebo. Starting one day up the river toward Bena Kamba to investigate the matter of a path to Ibanj from that town, we were paddling up a narrow creek in one of the many divisions of the currents of Lapsley Pool, when suddenly, there confronted us, the huge bodies of three elephants, barring our further progress and disputing the right of way. Seen now in all the glory of their savage state, how noble and majestic their mien and carriage, in comparison to the cowed and tamed demeanor of the chained and goaded creatures which awed the admiring multitudes in Barnum's or Forepaugh's shows! I stood up in spontaneous and heedless wonder and rapture at the rare and enchanting sight. Their mouse-colored bodies gleamed in the bright sunshine and cast long shadows athwart the golden waters; their white tusks, lifted up ever and anon as the animals trumpeted or spurted jets of water about, showed up beautifully under the enormous bulk of their vast bony heads; the ears flapped about continually; their trumpets were lifted high over their bodies and sent forth streams of water into the air to fall upon their broad backs, a kind of natural fire-

engine and force-pump, hose and nozzle all combined. They tramped about in the water nervously, and as soon as they caught sight of the canoe, instead of retreating, they began a loud trumpeting, which made the air resound, and the echoes come rolling back in thunder from the hills, and to my consternation they started straight for us.

This was too much. My Martini-Henry went up and a ball went whizzing into the largest bull's side. He paid no more attention to it than to the sting of a mosquito, and kept coming straight on. The next cartridge, to my horror, missed fire, and the big brute was now in a stone's throw of the canoe, with the others close behind. They moved with astonishing rapidity. Throwing out the worthless cartridge as quickly as my shaking fingers allowed, and steadying my nerves, I put a ball this time right into the bony mass of his enormous head, and the beast turned, with a loud grunt of dismay, and went rapidly ashore into a thick copse of riverine vegetation, whither it was not safe to follow. I confess that I was not very anxious to do so, anyway.

Next day the natives reported a dead elephant in the woods, and a whole town turned out to feast on the meat, while I presume our trader friends ultimately got the tusks. I would not take them, as killing elephants, except in self-defense, is now wisely prohibited by order of the king, and the prohibition has become an international agreement. It is to be hoped that these noble animals will not be allowed to be recklessly destroyed like the American bison, and that all settlers and travellers will have the perpetuation of the elephants the object of a firmly settled policy. If I had taken these tusks, it would have seemed

like shooting the elephant for the ivory; so I let the natives have them, who could then dispose of them legally.

The native Africans cannot exterminate them except when allowed to carry firearms, and the entire prohibition of their bearing firearms ought to be strenuously enforced. Unfortunately, in the Kasai, this international law with regard to the placing of firearms in the hands of the natives is not strictly enforced, as the local State officials and traders allow their soldiers and employees to carry Albin rifles rather freely, and no orders to these men about shooting elephants or anything else will be obeyed when occasion offers. Only white men should bear arms, except when the natives under his control are actually in his company and under his personal observation.

When finally I was able to begin the march toward the town which enjoyed the privilege of Mr. Morrison's presence, I followed the same route I had traversed once before and arrived at Ngallikoko, the plantation operated by the "Society for Vegetable Products in the High Kasai." This place had been vastly improved since my previous stay there; about four hundred men were employed as laborers, the task of overseeing these natives being assigned to two Belgian agents, whose labors were consequently onerous and severe. The coffee plantations were flourishing, the shrubs being now as large as the ordinary cotton bush, and another year promised the first berries. I was cordially welcomed by the agents upon my arrival. They showed me over the establishment and pressed me to spend the night, but I hurried on so as to spend only one night on the road.

We left the road to Luebo on our right and continued

our journey until we came to the first large Bakuba town on the most direct route to Ibanj. This town was on the edge of the great plateau upon whose crest Ibanj is built. Our reception here was hearty and cordial, and the village was abundantly provided with food for our entertainment. Like most of the Bakuba towns, there were signs of unusual thrift and enterprise, according to African standards. The sheds were in good repair, ingeniously woven fishing nets of great size and strength were hung up under shelter, the place abounded in goats and the Bakuba were pleasant and communicative. I ascertained that Lukengu was still unfriendly to the white man and that his word had gone forth forbidding any of the towns under his authority to permit of the passage of any white man toward his capital. This young man was a tyrant to his own people and an enemy to all progress and improvement. He prolonged the period of mourning for his late predecessor as an excuse for delaying his permission for a visit from the Mission, and the mourning itself was a costly and tedious business, during which, very many of the people were ruthlessly slain.

When we resumed our march the next morning, the sky was overclouded, but I hoped it would not rain until we should arrive at Ibanj. After two hours' walking, however, a downpour commenced and continued heavily all day. I was the more concerned about my exposure to this weather, as my late wound had not completely healed and the cold rain might cause it to become inflamed and renew its suppuration. In order not to catch cold, I marched forward without a stop, and at a fast steady stride, and thus covered the thirty miles across the open plateau to Ibanj. My clothes were wringing wet, as I had

lost my macintosh in the affair at the Kasai river the summer before. When at last we marched up before the two houses which constituted Mr. Morrison's station, we were greeted by Mr. Lapsley's former servant, Mampuya, and by one of the Luebo workman of the Bakalulua tribe, with the news that Dr. Snyder and Mr. Morrison had gone back to Luebo. I entered one of the houses, had a fire kindled and placed a glowing ember near the wound in my thigh, the heat serving to draw out any gathering inflammation, as well as to prevent the bad effects of the cold and wet. I remember the ridiculousness of the situation, as I had to make use of some of Mr. Morrison's newspapers to serve as a covering while I lay on a large Bakuba mat beside the fire on the mud floor, while my clothes were drying.

It appeared that there had been a row in which some of the Bakuba had threatened a white agent of one of the trading companies who had passed through Ibanj. After Mr. Morrison was satisfied that peace had been restored, he had accompanied Dr. Snyder to Luebo and left his place for Mampuya to watch. I remained there long enough for the broken surface of my wound to heal over.

The most noteworthy event of the stay at Ibanj was a public trial of the principal citizen, Nyimma Nyim, on the serious charge of adultery. I had noticed an unusual stir in the village, and when I went over, the elders of the town were seated in their customary semi-circle, gravely and earnestly examining some witnesses and making speeches. Unlike the trial at Ndombe, there was here no presiding chief, as Nyimma Nyim himself, was a sort of mayor, under the government of Lukengu. The woman involved was a large, rather handsome, red-colored dame, whose pro-

testations and angry denials were only the occasion of stern vociferations from the accusers, who consisted of the whole family of the husband of the woman. The scene was noisy, heated, contentious; Nyimma Nyim argued in his own behalf and made a determined defense. But he had made the mistake of taking the poison ordeal without the evidence of the medicine men to sustain him as to the result; these powerful men were consequently against him; the fine, moreover, which the old man must pay, and which would be divided amongst the principal villagers by the accusing husband, was heavy enough to arouse the cupidity of the judges, and Nyimma Nyim was amply able to pay. Hence public opinion was against the mayor and the verdict was adverse to him. He went to his house in high dudgeon, his face the picture of angry disappointment and chagrin, and the meeting ended amid a chorus of excited comments and some cheers of satisfaction. In some tribes, this crime is punished by death. In this case, Nyimma Nyim had five goats and five thousand cowries to pay as the result of the decision. The woman could be divorced if her husband wished; otherwise, nothing was done to her.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A Zappo-Zap Trader—Eating Locusts.

A SUMMONS from the brethren at Luebo, indicated a wish for me in that direction, and I determined to proceed to the first town on the road, which I could reach that afternoon, and to endeavor to march to the Lulua on the morrow. Buying a large and beautiful parrot from one of the women at Ibanj for a fathom of cloth, I once more took up the march, until I came to the suburbs of the first Bakete town, where my friend Kasendi, a tall and handsome Zappo-Zap, had built for himself, his comrades and his slaves, a town of pretentious appearance and goodly dimensions.

Kasendi was the best type of his tribe in the country, and some reference to his people may be interesting. The Zappo-Zaps, at this time, constituted a peculiar and distinct class of natives, whose principal settlement in the Kasai district was at Luluabourg, the Station of the Congo Government maintained at the African town of Malange, already mentioned, about seventy-five miles above Luebo on the Lulua river. They were not originally inhabitants of the territories now occupied by them, but were an importation into the Lulua valley from their own indigenous country to the southeast of Luluabourg. In the course of the conquest of the country by the Belgian officials, these Zappo-Zaps had made a firm alliance with

the white men, and when the State Post was located at Malange, they moved from their country and settled there, under a powerful chieftain called Zappo. They counted themselves the special friends and allies of the white man; were more advanced in civilization than any of the other natives, as they made every effort possible to get full suits of European clothing, to build their houses in imitation of those built by the whites; to use imported cooking utensils and dishes; to speak French and English; to carry firearms, and to trade in barter goods. A good many of them had made other smaller settlements near the most important centres, at Lusambo on the Sankuru, at Luebo, at Bena Makima and this one of Kasendi's was at the Bakete town of Kabau. Some of those at Luebo had professed Christianity and joined the church; among these was the wife of Monsieur Stache, whose name was Chala, a princess of the Zappos, whose child, M. Stache committed to the care of Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard. The child's name is Emma, and she has been the recipient of every attention both from her parents and those caring for her on the Mission.

The principal occupation of the Zappo-Zaps, for a long time, was trading in slaves. Having come from several hundred miles in the remote interior, they were extremely well acquainted with all the tribes, chiefs, paths and local conditions of the surrounding country. They knew where they could buy slaves or make stealthy raids upon unsuspecting villages, and they also kept up with the best market for their human wares. The explicit policy of the Belgian-Congo government, as set forth in the articles signed in the Berlin Conference, in the later one at Brussels, and in various royal decrees and treaties with foreign gov-

ernments, was, in theory at any rate, to abate and abolish this slave trading in every form. The practical difficulties in the way, however, were numerous and often insuperable. Where, for example, the chief dealers in human beings were the strongest professed allies the government possessed, as in the case of the Zappo-Zaps, the officials at Lusambo and Luluabourg experienced troubles well nigh insurmountable in putting down the trade. I believe that I noted some little improvement in this respect during the years of my residence in the Kasai, but every now and then there arose serious grievances out of the system.

The principal country from which the slaves were brought was the headquarters of the Lulua, Sankuru, Lomami and Lualaba rivers, and they were generally sold into the Bakubu, Bakete and Wissman Falls country. I believe I succeeded in putting a stop to the trade at Ndombe, with Ndombe's consent and co-operation; but I give elsewhere many incidents indicative of the evils of this pernicious traffic, far worse here than ever in America. Kasendi was then one of the most civilized and advanced of these Zappo-Zap traders. He had once dealt in slaves but protested strongly to me that he had ceased this business, and now bought and exchanged rubber, ivory, copper, native produce and provisions, hoes made by the Zappo blacksmiths and goods obtained from Europeans for the other of his merchandise. He was about thirty years of age, erect, with regular features, a light brown color, intelligent face and excellent manners. He was attired in a full suit of clothes, even to hat and shoes, and his greeting to me on my arrival opposite a new house whose construction he was superintending, was in such good form, a polite French bow, a genial English—"Good-morning, Mr. Verner," a

good humored Belgian smile, an American hand-shake and an African order to a slave for a chair for the white man, that I could almost imagine myself in the French quarter of New Orleans. Kasendi's town was the most artistic effort I had seen in that line. It was laid off on perfectly rectangular lines, with a large open market place in the centre, rows of neat houses on each side of sidewalks bordered with trees and a specially large and well built edifice for himself. These houses were modelled on those built by the white men and described already. The town was directly on the principal path from Lukengu and Ibanj to Luebo, so that the astute Kasendi effectually trapped the trade and got the first chance at bargains. This fact produced a good many complaints against him by the natives, whose monopoly he was interfering with, but it seemed to me that he has as much right to trade there as any one else, provided, he dealt honestly, and the criticisms emanated chiefly from the Bakete conservatives, who were foes to every form of change. It seems to me that the enterprising spirit of men like Kasendi ought to receive every legitimate encouragement.

I spent the night in one of Kasendi's houses, and was the recipient of many evidences of his hospitable thoughtfulness. Early upon the morrow we hastened on to Luebo, and there found that I was none too soon, for a note came that afternoon from Mr. Phipps at Ndombe saying that he was sick and requested me to come on. Without waiting even to collect any food, but taking some barter goods to purchase some provisions from the natives at the first town, I crossed the Lulua and Luebo rivers and hastened on towards Ndombe. Just about dusk there began a heavy downpour of rain, which caught us out on a long

treeless plain, and soon it became so dark that we could not discern the path. We had no kind of shelter at all, for our tent had been loaned to a State officer going to Luluabourg and there was no way out of the predicament except to halt and make the most of the incessant deluge of water upon us. It rained all night and we were obliged to endure it. I do not think I can remember a time I was so blue, discouraged and uncomfortable; I came to know then what the soldiers endured during the war, except for the terrible cold and the rattle of musketry about the camp. We had no food of any kinds and no fires could be kindled. In the morning, the downpour ceased, but the tall grass was sobbing wet and the sun must need shine for three hours before it was dry. Nevertheless, we passed on, with the swish of the grass in our faces, and the pangs of hunger assailing our stomachs. I remembered so vividly the words of an old gentleman, wealthy, but reputed to be miserly, a client of my father's in Columbia, who had remarked, with the dry sageness of a David Harum, when he found me in the office one day fresh from college—"My son, watch well they stummick, that is the part of the man which makes him!" Truly I realized this when I could make only two miles an hour that morning, empty, wet, disgruntled and wondering why so many hardships came to my particular lot. Suddenly we emerged upon a hillside from which the tall grass had been burned and there was a beautiful short green sward. Some of the caravan in front of me began to throw down their burdens and to career over the plains in a most unaccountable manner, shouting joyfully, and throwing out their hands like children in a snow storm. Soon the cause of the excitement was explained by the whirring noise of millions of

brown locusts, as they began to rise and make their escape. The people threshed them down with broken branches and filled everything they could with the insects, delighted at this almost miraculous Godsend of food. As these African locusts were the same as those eaten by John the Baptist, I could not resist either the cravings of hunger or the authority of such an illustrious example, and I ordered the people to bring me every tenth locust that was caught, determined to make a trial of their edibility. Soon a good quantity was brought, a fire was made with the roots of a loose stump, which was overturned for the purpose, and the insects, strung upon a thin bamboo splinter, were toasted over the coals and then eaten with a sprinkling of salt. Never was a dish at Delmonico's more appetizing, or a relish at the Vienna Cafe more enjoyed. They had a flavor which no other meat has, a crisp, nutty taste, perhaps more comparable to small Lynnhaven oysters roasted brown, and certainly I should prefer them to shrimp. This taste of the Prophet's food made me regard it henceforth as a delicacy, and I gave instructions to my cook to be on the outlook for them whenever procurable, and enjoyed them right often during the remainder of my stay in Africa.

These locusts travel in vast swarms, myriads of the insects flying together from one feeding ground to another. The insect itself is distinct from the grasshopper, belonging to a separate entomological species; although the native Africans eat the green grasshoppers also. I have seen women beating the bushes in the fields in the morning and been told by them, in answer to my inquiry, that they were hunting grasshoppers for breakfast. The locust is about the size of a large grasshopper, but is of a brown color,

and his wings fit him for long sustained flights. I have seen such a cloud of them as to obscure the light of the sun, and when they alight in a corn field, unless the natives discover the fact early and succeed in frightening them away, they strip it of every green leaf in an incredibly short time. Sometimes such large quantities of these locusts are caught and dried as to constitute an article of trade. I knew a chieftain of the Bena Lulua tribe, Dumba, the father of Baumu, the brave lad lost in the Kasai, who brought nearly his whole town to Luebo once, loaded down with locusts to sell to the natives there for shells, beads and salt. The locusts lay their eggs on the grassy plains, where the young are produced, and whence new swarms issue forth. The hawks hover over these swarms in numbers, as they as well as the Africans feast upon the locusts.

Our march continued now in much better spirits. We came to the beautiful lake Stache. The genial little Agent-Principal of the S. A. B., for whom I named it had recently died in Belgium. I watched enormous fishes jump up out of its blue depths and longed for a boat and a harpoon. We found our friend Lokamashi at his town of Kadingu, above the lake, in the thick of a fast and furious rubber trade, and were welcomed by him in a warm and effusive way. This was the chief who had come through Dr. Snyder's catechism so triumphantly a month before at Luebo, and of whom the doctor wrote so highly in a letter to America. He was one of the staunchest adherents to Christianity I had, and I had made it a point never to pass his town without a new part of the Gospel's being told him. He sympathized with my miserable plight the night before, and we were soon reveling in an abundance of food.

We pushed on from Lokamashi's town across the inter-

vening hills and streams and reached Ndombe late that evening. Ndombe had been concerned about Phipps' illness, and came down at once on learning of my arrival. I found that our worthy West Indian was sleeping in his new house with wet walls, and that he was suffering from a combination of chills fever and salivation from an overdose of calomel. A dose of a saline, a rousing fire, a cheering conversation and later a good dose of Hydrobromate of Quinine soon reassured him, and a few days saw him out and about again. The fire is too often neglected in Africa, as the means of the prevention of sickness. I believe a good chimney and fireplace, after the old American-Colonial style, would make the African houses much more comfortable and healthful. I kept a fire on the mud floor of my verandah and it was a source of great comfort to me in the early mornings.

I now settled down to the teaching of the children and preaching to the people with all my might, since I knew that the time of my departure was drawing nigh, and I wanted to leave the seed in the soil at any rate. I had often fed my hunger on the rank produce grown up from seed left in towns now deserted and empty, according to the habits of the natives, and I was resolved that, whether the Government saw fit to grant our applications for concessions now pending or not, the seed should be sown there, and the harvest left to Him who is mighty to give the increase. In this determination, Mr. Phipps faithfully seconded me, and thus we labored on, hoping and praying for our permanent grants, but making hay while the sun shone.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A Visit From a Military Expedition.

I HAVE referred already to the fact that a post of the government had once been established at Boigna, at the foot of Wissmann Falls, and that Ndombe was well known to a few officials of the State, although no white man had ever settled at his town before. I have also mentioned the rule established by the government that chieftains in the territory of the Congo Free State must pay a regular tribute—called the “Mulamba”—to the State officer having jurisdiction over the District in which they lived.

In the month of March, rumors reached me that a military expedition was on the way to Ndombe to collect the tribute due from him. This rumor proved to be well founded, for men came hurriedly from my friend Lokamashi to inform me that the expedition, numbering about fifty men, had already arrived and was encamped at his town, about twenty-five miles distant. This news produced a wild commotion in the town, and filled my mind with the gravest apprehensions. Ndombe came down to consult me at once, as the approach of the troops alarmed and excited his people to a dangerous pitch. The women were collecting their children and goods and departing into the depths of the forests to hide, and the men were preparing for battle. I earnestly impressed upon Ndombe

the duty of calming his people at all events, of giving no offense to the messengers from the government, of doing his utmost to prevent any outbreak of hostilities and of paying promptly the tribute demanded. These the king promised to do, and departed at once on a round of the villages to encourage and soothe his excited subjects, and to prepare for the reception of the expedition from the government. His task was by no means an easy one, for "Bula Matadi" was held in terror by most of the strange natives, and their excitement on the occasion of a visit from the soldiers was usually tremendous.

In order to show my loyalty to the government and my own freedom from any preconceived prejudice against the State or its servants, I sent Bundu on the road toward Lokamashi to meet the soldiers, and to assure them of a peaceable welcome at Ndombe, as well as to invite them to establish their quarters under the large shed on our place, erected for such purposes. I felt that I ought to do this as much in my capacity as an inhabitant of the Congo Free State as a citizen of the United States under the treaty rights between the two governments, for my vital interests were at stake and any outbreak of war between the soldiers and the natives would surely ruin all my work at this place.

About mid-day, the sound of trumpet, drum and fife heralded the coming of the battalion, and soon the heavy tramp of marching men was followed by the gayly uniformed soldiery turning into our avenue, with the "Bonnie Blue Flag" of the Congo Free State flying above them. They maintained fairly good order, although the absence of a white commander caused much less discipline and military precision of movement than I had observed with

admiration in the regiment of native troops immediately under the eye of the Commissaire at Stanley Pool. These men were commanded by a sergeant of the Batetela tribe, whose name was Mundeke. With this sergeant came a sort of diplomatic representative in the person of an old white bearded man of the "Chimbadi" tribe, who was accorded much respect and who shared with Mundeke the authority over the expedition. This old gentleman rejoiced in the euphonious name of Shaomba.

The soldiery filed into the yard and over the grounds and broke ranks. This was the one most unutterly military proceedings of the whole affair, which was the principal cause of all the trouble produced by these expeditions. Had they been kept under strict military discipline, without being turned loose in that helter-skelter fashion, there would never have been the least trouble. Seeing that this would certainly invite trouble, I called to Mundeke and the old man to assemble the soldiers under the shed so that I might make a speech to them. This was done, and the log-seats were occupied by the strangest congregation that ever a missionary addressed. I began by telling them that I was a friend to Bula Matadi, as long as Bula Matadi did what I believed to be wise and right; that I had given Ndombe and his people good advice, and that I meant to be their friend, too, as long as they demeaned themselves properly around me. I continued in this line for over an hour, explaining the difference between my work and that of the State, showing the folly of uselessly inciting the people to fight, the wrong of pillage and rapine, and the duty they were under to discharge their task in peace and justice. I concluded by pointing them to a fine sheep standing near and informed them that if they came on a righteous errand

and wished to be at peace with me and my friends, then they could partake of the meat of that sheep and eat with me as friends; if, on the other hand, they meant to do harm to my friends, and to cause trouble in a town where I was peacefully at work, and wanted a fight—why they could get one, and that mighty quick.

Mundeke replied that they would accept the sheep, and be friendly as long as they were not attacked or molested, and that they simply bore the commands of the Chef de Post to collect the tribute. Ndombe came up before he had finished speaking, at the head of a long line of his people, bringing food for the soldiers—baskets of cassava, bunches of plantains, ten goats, three pigs and abundance of fowls. This Ndombe had put down before Mundeke and then turned to receive the message from the State.

Mundeke said that the Chef de Post commanded Ndombe to send him some ivory and rubber, and to hold himself strictly accountable to the orders of the State and to keep the peace in his country. To this Ndombe replied that he should collect the tribute, and that he had already acknowledged the sovereignty of the State and meant to do his utmost to preserve the peace in his district.

Ndombe had ordered the Bakete to vacate a small village nearby, and informed Mundeke that this place was ready for the occupation of the soldiers during their stay. They all repaired to it forthwith, and their appetites left the rich presents Ndombe had given them little time to rest. The animals were killed, the food divided, fires were made and a lively encampment effected.

It was an anxious time for me. Any moment was likely to witness a bloody affray, and the nervous tension was unreleased day and night. The soldiers were armed with

Albini rifles, with a belt full of cartridges around their waists; their bearing was insolent and impudent; they knew that with these guns in their hands the real power of the land was lodged in them, and the lives of even their own white officers were absolutely dependent on their sweet wills. Truly I had need of all the reserve force I could muster to preserve a calm demeanor, and to keep a cool head. The worst of the situation was that the soldiers had been followed by a vagabondish rabble of camp followers, thieves, rogues, rascals, run-away slaves and idle riff-raff, who seized the occasion of the timidity of the terrified natives to put in their villainous work. These camp followers were entirely irresponsible, not reporting to the State and not even daring to show their heads at Lulua-bourg. Nevertheless, they sneaked along after the soldiers, and went for such "pickings" as they could secure. They always caused the trouble—stealing women and children, to say nothing of less valuable things, and provoking the regular soldiers to acts of plunder and violence. I felt sure that these scoundrels and I should clash before the day was over.

I suggested to Mundeke, at Ndombe's request, that he command his contingent to stay in camp, and not to go up to the villages at all, which would surely cause trouble. Mundeke gave orders accordingly, which were heard with a good deal of muttered grumbling. Mundeke himself carried a concealed revolver, as I found when I induced him to come up on the verandah and talk to me. This black sergeant was a typical mercenary soldier. He came from a distant and warlike tribe, the Batetela, who lived over five hundred miles to the east, in the Lomami country. He had proved faithful when several mutinies had occurred,

and his zeal and fidelity had made him a trusted agent of the Belgian officials. He was by no means altogether a bad man, and I was rather favorably impressed by him on the whole. He could not control his soldiers entirely—even Cæsar had mutinies; and he really endeavored to keep the troops from mischief during their stay at Ndombe.

The old Chimbodi, Shaomba, was quite another kind of man. He had been back and forth to St. Paul de Loanda during the palmy days of the slave trade and knew the country and the people like a book. He spoke some English, plenty of French, a little German, Portuguese and many native dialects. He had been Major Von Wissman's cook. He was very intelligent and his presence was a fortunate influence on the side of peace. From him I obtained a good deal of additional information concerning the country and the old days of the unchecked African slave trade. I asked him whether he thought the way in which these soldiers were allowed to roam loose on the country was a proper military style. He said no; that it was a foolish and unwise system and was ruining the country. He was unsparing in his criticism of the disorder in this expedition and I formed a high estimate of the old man's sense and character.

I threw myself in a state of exhaustion upon the bed that afternoon, to get a few minutes rest before resuming a vigil which I anticipated must extend probably all night. Before long, a prolonged wail, the sound of a woman's voice, roused me from my light dose and I rose and walked to the door to see a couple of our boys running towards the house and calling loudly to me for help. They said that some of the slaves of the soldiers (the camp followers above mentioned) had caught the wife of one of



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the boys and was trying to carry her off. Seizing a stout bow-stick from its place in the corner of the piazza, I ran after the boys to the scene of the row. When I approached, all the offenders save one promptly ran away. This one was being held by some of the boys and was making desperate efforts to escape. The girl in question was lying on the ground near by, crying and moaning. I told the prisoner to cease struggling and to come along with me and that I would call Mundeke and examine fully into the charges against him. As soon as the boys loosed their hold, he made a dash to run away, and when I threw out my hand to intercept him, he made a thrust at me with his murderous knife. Then I swung my good bow-stick round and brought it down upon the rascal's pate in proper evangelical Presbyterian style, and the would-be kidnapper went down like a log. I had him picked up and shaken and escorted him to my verandah to await Mundeke's coming and the inquiry. When Mundeke came and found that the culprit was not one of his soldiers, but a thievish camp follower, he shrugged his shoulders and jokingly declared that the palaver was none of his and that I might have the dog if I wanted him. So I gave the fellow a stern lecture on his conduct and ordered him to leave the place instantly. He lost no time in obeying, but went at a trot. Such villainy as this was common among these vagabonds, and I did not wonder that across the Lulua, Lukengu had so rigorously forbidden them to enter his kingdom.

When night came on I set pickets on watch and entertained the soldiers for the earlier part of the night with a magic lantern exhibition. This proved a great success, the encores were repeated and the applause thunderous. The scenes in the Gospel narrative gave me an opportunity

to give these hardened men an earnest lecture concerning the Savior, and when I came to the statement that soldiers of the Roman government had crucified Jesus, the men all protested that they could never do such a thing. They exhibited the keenest interest in what I had to say and I invited them to attend our regular services upon the morrow, which was the Sabbath. They all unanimously attested their assent by a deep "Oui, Monsieur!" and then retired to their camp.

I sent Kassongo and Chitat on a spying tour of inspection of the town, to see if anything was brewing and to report to me. When they returned, they said that they had seen large bands of strange warriors hiding about in the palm-groves, with immense quivers full of arrows, and some with flint-lock muskets. From what the boys said there were thousands. It would fare very ill with the soldiers, if they ventured any disturbance now. Not one of them would be left alive. This news did not disturb me very greatly—it showed that my friends were able to defend their women and children and the news of such a force hidden around them would probably shorten the soldiers' stay. I knew that the warriors would not make the attack first.

About midnight a violent knocking on my door caused me to open it, and in walked Marquis Joka and General Kabeya, armed to the teeth. Each carried a big two edged knife, its blade like that of a Damascus scimeter, and a powerful bow, with a quiver full of freshly poisoned arrows, besides a long heavy spear, and their appearance was certainly grim and warlike. I inquired what the matter was.

"Matter enough," replied Joka, "these sons of the devil

have disobeyed Mundeke's orders and have started to come up into the town and trouble Ndombe. We came to tell you that unless they stop right now, we mean to eat them up and put an end to their worrying us." I started up at once, seizing my stick and the lantern, and bidding Joka tell Ndombe not to allow the fight to commence until actually attacked, or I sent him word that I could not stop the soldiers. Then I ran on hastily, and found that some of the soldiers were going up the path toward Ndombe's place sure enough. I passed them rapidly and got in the path and commanded them in a loud voice to halt. The astonished marauders hesitated a moment and I asked where Mundeke was. "He's asleep," said one. "Then why in thunder aren't you, too?" I shouted out, my missionary patience completely giving way, under such cool and deliberate lying as these men had been guilty of, promising Mundeke to sleep themselves and taking advantage of all our kindness in this way. Before the amazed prowlers could recover their equilibrium, I blew out the candle and set upon them bodily with my strong stick, shouting to them to go back to their camp, and beating them soundly back towards their fires. Their surprise was so great, and the ruse I adopted of yelling out as if to men behind me, "Don't fire, my men, don't fire, I'll manage them," worked so well that they turned fairly and fled back to their beds. Then peace reigned for the rest of the night.

Next morning the occurrences of the night were the subject of discussion everywhere and the sensational method of nipping a fight in the bud which I had adopted, brought out an immense concourse to our Sunday services. The day passed in the best possible way and nothing occurred to mar its sacred enjoyment. I probably spoke the lan-

guage better than any foreigner these people had ever heard—Mr. Sheppard excepted, and few of them had heard him—and I found that what pleased them more than anything else was this acquaintance with their own tongue. Most of these soldiers were Baluba. After another lantern show at night, I sang the “Swanee Ribber,” translated into Baluba, for them, besides such hymns as “What a Friend we have in Jesus,” and other similar pieces, in which our little congregation joined. They listened earnestly and that night brought forth no disturbance.

Monday morning, early, I was agreeably surprised at the decision they announced to resume their march at once. They brought me their idols, charms, amulets and fetishes to exchange for some beautiful cards friends had sent me from America, and each one wrapped his picture up with the utmost care and bade me a cordial farewell.

My feelings of relief was certainly keen when all this strain was over, and I rejoiced at the happy finale to this eventful occasion. Later Chimbundu informed me that the soldiers had sent him word to send them some goats, but that he had caught the dogs in his town and sent them with his compliments—and they had eaten every one of the dogs! I saw bands of armed natives issue from the surrounding woods after the soldiers had departed, and I estimated that there must have been over five thousand in all.

Ndombe came down to see me after order was restored to his disquieted people, and for a long time sat silent, evidently in deep gloom and despondency. Occasionally, his great brown eyes would flash as some unpleasant thought coursed its way through his brain, and, at last, he summarized some comments on this occurrence which

were certainly the truth, and his suggestions seem to me both wise and statesmanlike.

“Fwela, I am not an enemy of the white man, or of Bula Matadi. I have always tried to merit the approval of the white men whom I have known, and to show myself friendly to them all. You know this yourself right well. I am willing to pay the tribute and to make my people get all the ivory and rubber they can. But I think there ought to be a better way of collecting the tribute. This way of sending nobodies with such a rowdy crowd, always frightens the women and children and provokes the men to fight. The best way would be for the white man come himself, or if he cannot come, let him send one messenger and tell me to send the tribute, and I will do so. Then I should like to know the regular amounts, the fixed times of payment and the kind of things they want. If I know this, I can arrange it all satisfactorily and no one will experience any trouble on account of the tax.”

I commend these just and sensible observations to all men who ever have any duties of the kind to perform. Ndombe was a statesman, and his words, as well as his conduct during the visit, were irreproachable. He thanked me for standing so firmly by him, and I assured him that I meant to do all I could to protect him and to give him a good name to the State.

The whole Wissman Falls country was roused by this expedition, and chiefs poured in from all over the territory to learn what the matter was, and to deprecate any war, or military operations. I explained to them fully the nature of the government's right to tribute, told them I was a tax-payer myself, extolled Ndombe's example to them and bade them return in peace. I took the oppor-

tunity to preach to many new chiefs and peoples and to urge them to abandon the slave trade, assuring them that that traffic would certainly bring down on them the wrath of Bula Matadi. Thus the effect of this event was widespread and profound. The entire country was becoming aroused. I continued to do all I could to make the most of our opportunities and Mr. Phipps was acquiring a working knowledge of the language, as well as a deep hold on the hearts of the people.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Dr. Snyder is Converted on the Steamboat Question—A Canoe Trip Down the Lulua.

WHEN the missionaries assembled at Luebo in June, to complete many details of business which had arisen in consequence of the expansion of the work, and the increasing opportunities on every hand, among the most important questions for their consideration, was that of the purchase and operation of a steamboat for the special use of the Mission. I have already referred to this knotty question, and the principal hitch in the proceedings at the time arose from the fact that Dr. Snyder had not been able to see the need of a steamer as the rest of us did, and, true to his sturdy knickerbocker character, stoutly maintained his own views. He was perfectly charitable and reasonable in his attitude, but the light he had received up to the time did not show him the urgent need of the boat. The real reason for his position, lay in the fact of his recent absence for some time in America, and in the great change in affairs which had taken place during that time.

While we were canvassing this and many other problems, presented by conditions confronting us, a steamer was reported by the natives to have arrived at Bena Makima, at the Kasai junction, and to have discharged its cargo there, without venturing up the Lulua, whose water was becoming low. The arrival of the mail overland confirmed

this report and Messrs. Hawkins and Morrison volunteered to go down to Bena Makima to get our cargo and forward it to Luebo by porters along the land route. While they were gone, a full discussion among the rest of us convinced us that we ought to own a concession of land at Bena Makima, or at least at Lapsley Pool at the junction of the two rivers; with the ultimate purpose of having a mission station there.

So when Messrs. Morrison and Hawkins returned, I suggested that Dr. Snyder and I be sent down to Lapsley Pool to meet another steamer which was shortly expected, as well as select the site for the concession of land for which we should apply. The land route being long and the road marshy and as I had made the Lulua canoe trip several times before, we decided to go down the Lulua.

Upon the morrow, after a busy time in the wee small hours of the morning, packing up food and necessaries for the trip, we proceeded to the river. Dr. Snyder had secured a beautiful canoe from our accommodating friend, Monsieur Leroux, the agent of the "S. A. P. V.;" it was long, narrow, shallow and rode the water like a bird. The men, however, who volunteered to act as his boatmen were rather a poor set, not specially skilled and out of practice. My canoe was the same one in which I had made all my river trips, large and clumsy, but sitting deep in the water and perfectly safe under ordinary management. The men I had were skilled at the oar and needed no instructions.

Soon, we were each in his boat, and the canoes sped down the swift current of the lovely Lulua, past the jagged rocks on either side, gliding across the morning shadows of the giant trees which rose up beside the water, while

the crews called out in friendly emulation and challenged each other to a race. Dr. Snyder's boat was in the lead, and it being so much better built than mine, it gained headway, while I restrained my men lest they should weary themselves too soon, and also perhaps strike a snag in their speed. Dr. Snyder viewed with no little alarm the increasing velocity of his bark, which rocked and tossed and dashed the foaming water over its shallow sides; but the gay spirits of the unruly Bakete were not to be checked by mere expostulations and so the canoe pushed down the river as if borne on the breast of a mountain millrace, the men singing songs of defiance and shouting out loud encouragement one to the other. Soon Dr. Snyder was wet by the spray, and the heavy bulk of his body being above the shallow canoe, he was tossed to and fro like a West Point freshman being hazed, and then of a sudden, as the river made a sharp bend, the front of the canoe dashed recklessly into a thick clump of low bushes which jotted out across the water. The crew gave a wild yell of terror; the boat shipped a quantity of water and Dr. Snyder grasped the sides of his unsteady seat and held on for dear life. I went quickly to the rescue, and, being of less weight than the doctor, I suggested that he take my canoe and let me have his, while I gave him my best steersman, a tall, black fellow of the Batetela tribe, called Kabongo. The exchange was made and then I went on ahead to point out the way to the other crew and to show them what dangers to avoid.

We sped on down the river in this way, the sun's heat waxing hotter every moment; our bodies becoming cramped and uncomfortable from the constrained positions we had to occupy and the charming river scenery failing to give

much pleasure under such discomfort and pain. Toward noon, passing an ugly looking snag where the current was swift, I pointed out the rear boat and shouted to them to avoid it, and we came upon a sand bank beyond a turn of the Lulua, where we disembarked for luncheon and a brief rest.

Imagine my dismay to hear a volley of quick revolver shots ring out upon the air, followed by shouts of consternation and alarm. Rushing to our boat, we had just started back to investigate, when Dr. Snyder's canoe came in sight, and, that gentleman, pale, but resolute, was soon by my side and we went upon the land together. He explained that their canoe had gone full tilt on the snag just mentioned, which was a forked tree, and the canoe had been caught precisely in the fork of the snag. The boat had whirled rapidly around, but thanks to our good Bampende friends above Wissmann Falls, who made it, the heavy old bark merely shook a time or two, and then stood still, broadside on to the current. In this awkward and dangerous position, Dr. Snyder rapidly fired his revolver to call me to the rescue, and then Kabongo got out into the water, held to the snag with one hand, for the river was fathoms deep, skillfully raised the boat from its resting place and relieved them of their imminent predicament. Kabongo then rescued his oar and the boat moved on.

"I tell you, Verner," said the good doctor, "that place made me think that perhaps D. W. Snyder's mission was ended! I never was so shaken in my nerves before in my life."

It certainly was a narrow escape from a great peril; one of the many indications of a care of a kind Providence who was keeping us for the work still to be done.

Our picnic grounds were attractive enough to dispel the gloom incident to reflections caused by such dangers at every turn. The shore of the river shelved down from the wooded hillsides above to a pebbled sandy beach, round which the flood of waters chafed and fretted; a number of evergreen trees cast their shade over the spot, and several logs drifted across the promontory and afforded seats and tables for our repast, while the smaller driftwood was soon crackling in a cheerful fire, heating the water for some coffee. I recounted some of my adventures while we stretched our cramped limbs and walked about the land, and I could see that Dr. Snyder was becoming impressed with the inconvenience and dangers of this method of transportation. A lunch of cold fried chicken, crackers, jam and coffee refreshed us and we again took to the boats.

No adventure broke our tranquil course as we rapidly glided over the smooth stretches of the widening river, passing the mouths of the creeks so familiar in our journeys overland, Lumi and Lukumi on the northern bank, and Mwaudi on the southern; seeing the few huts of the Bakuba fishermen standing up lonely and unoccupied now, as the season was not yet come for their descent in numbers upon the Lulua, and hearing no sound but the swish of the paddles and the monotone of the wearying boatmen. What was fun in the morning had become hard work in the afternoon; nevertheless, the crews pulled away with a will, in order to reach some kind of a shelter by nightfall.

Late in the afternoon we deserted my old camping ground on the south side, where the wooded hills gave way to a wide stretch of grassy plains which came down to the river's edge. On this beautiful savannah, the fishermen erected a number of huts of the usual bamboo and palm

leaf kind and a convenient landing had been worn in the low bluff which bordered the village. The huts were empty at this season, but they afforded a kind of shelter for the night, and a quantity of firewood was generally lying about such places. We directed our steersmen thither, and right glad were the men to end the day's labors. The few bundles were soon ashore; roaring fires crackled about the camp; the pots were put on to boil; our simple utensils were made ready to cook our supper, about which Dr. Snyder's captain-general, Master Dick (who insists that his name is Richard), vigorously busied himself, and the much travelled little Batetela were only too glad to turn it over to him and slip off, gun in hand, on a still hunt for guinea fowl, ducks, rats, or anything else of an edible nature.

When we had had our simple supper, and with thankful spirits selected the most inviting of the fisherman's huts, to seek the night's welcome repose, the houses themselves being about the dimensions of the old fashioned curtained beds, and the couches within consisting of a low platform of poles and sticks, we became aware of the presence of some of Satan's winged sprites wandering from their boggy fens, and were made to know that our day's weariness was not to give way to a night of blissful dreams undisturbed. For soon the buzz of myriads of wings fell upon the ear; the indescribable, but only too well known, song of tantalizing annoyance arose into a triumphant chorus of delighted astonishment as the soft strange flesh of the white man was tasted and the blood of the Caucasian began to intoxicate the airy revellers who sang out to their thronging comrades that a veritable champagne had been found and the darkness became palpable with the ubiquitous and iniquitous

mosquito. On they came, millions of them; the Africans outside howled and groaned out sundry Baluba imprecations and immured themselves in a cloud of tobacco smoke, wrapping up their bare bodies in their blankets, all to little purpose. The vicious little torments stung me through three garments, and made my ankles feel like Gulliver's when fired on by the arrows of the Lilliputians, or as if the coil of an electric battery were wrapped around my body, and the current playfully turned on by some fiend of the inquisition.

Meanwhile, Dr. Snyder was receiving his due share, his person being inclined to superabundant adipose tissue and his broad area presenting a large surface to the enemy. At first a series of mild hallelujahs of religious astonishment came in broken tones of alternate mirth and misery from the direction of the doctor's shanty; these presently increased into a volley of indignant interjections, and these again into a fusilade of angry comments, mingled with rapid slaps, kicks, turns and then a philosophical whistle of grim acquiescence in the inevitable, as the doctor called out to me that he supposed the pestiferous insects had come my way, too, judging from sundry expressions which I did not learn in Sunday-school.

I had thought that previous experience had hardened me to the pains of the mosquito infliction, but every fresh bite was a new provocation, and there was no remedy, since our immunity at Luebo and Ndombe had caused us to live without nets. The romance of canoeing gave way completely to the reality of intense irritation, and the whole night was spent in a succession of dozes, between which the conscious moments were periods of agony. The mosquitoes had evidently been hungry, for the nine months

since the fishermen had left, had just ended and the usual abundance of animal refuse about the camp during the fishing season was absent. Hence the voracious little winged imps never seemed sated, and all night long Dr. Snyder, myself and the people about the fires were the objects of their incessant attentions.

Early in the morning a dense white fog hung over the river, and so thick and impenetrable was it that we could not see objects ten yards away. The houses, trees, grass, were dripping wet from its watery contact; it covered the bottoms, clung in great heavy masses like murky clouds to the sides of the opposite hills, and mingled with the trees, while the surface of the Lulua presented a long haze of unbroken fog, in which islands, banks, woods, snags and all other objects were swallowed up. We prepared a hasty meal, and then commenced a slow and careful descent upon the Lulua, whose wide surface and the fact that the current here became sluggish, invited an easy confusion and loss of the proper channel for passage. Our boats kept together all the time, until we came to a place where a number of large islands made me think it expedient for me go ahead and seek the right channel, while the other boat came on slowly, so that in case we had to go back up the stream to find the course, his heavy canoe would not be obliged to row far against the current. I was to stop as soon as the channel was found. We went forward until we came to where a sand bank extended nearly all the way across the river and threw the channel into a narrow current near the left bank. We pulled up on this bank, and were awaiting the appearance of Dr. Snyder, when a shot came booming down the river. Quickly manning the boat we shot back up the stream for few hundred yards

when we discovered that Dr. Snyder's canoe was completely turned round, so dense was the fog and so slow the current. We got them all right again and all pulled along together, until we drew near the junction of the rivers. The great fog began to roll up over the hills and finally disappeared about noon, when the sun shone forth gloriously, and the boats could speed forward to Lapsley Pool. Our canoe again went on ahead to point the way.

Just at the confluence of the two rivers, the mass of whirling waters forms tremendous boiling currents, with sudden starts and eddies, and these currents it is always advisable to avoid. The bank opposite this confluence is a steepy, rocky, wooded promontory, which I have called the Leopard's Nose, because of its dangerous character. As my steersman skillfully put the boat in between this Scylla and Charybdis, I noticed with alarm that the other canoe was too far toward the mad whirlpools and I stood up, motioning them to follow us exactly. As we went past the point with the velocity of an express train, what was my terror at seeing the other boat making too far in shore, and apparently driving straight on the stony point of the Leopard's Nose! Shouting out an order for the swiftest of my men to go on by land to the point, I put the canoe's head to the bank in a trice and jumped out, rushing along under the bushes up the river to get a word of warning to the misdirected boat. The trees were between me and the boat and when I was above the dangerous point, I climbed out on the trunk of a tree which projected twenty feet over the water and thus got a view of Dr. Snyder and signaled to him to avoid the rocks and trees and to keep in the middle of the channel. The doctor seemed aware of the danger, for he was shouting vigorous orders, and

soon the boat was righted and glided safely down into the calm waters on the northeastern bank of the Pool. I descended from the cery perch, and once more we began the journey, skirting the inner shore and passing between the islands which I have described before, until we came to a long narrow channel, formed by the proximity of an island to the shore.

In this channel the current ran like a torrent of the mountains swiftly down to where the river narrowed again, below the junction of the two great streams. As we passed down this creek, suddenly we saw an obstruction, in the shape of a fallen tree, which completely blocked the passage, save for a few feet between the tip end of the tree and the island. The tree had fallen directly across the course of the current and only the most skillful manipulation would enable us to pass through the only remaining open water-gap. With admirable presence of mind, the steersman commanded all the paddles to desist, while with a few well directed strokes, he cleverly put the boat in a straight line for the gap, through which we glided without the slightest jar. But when the rear boat followed a chorus of jabbering shouts went up, with a sudden bump of the canoe against the upper part of the tree, and a slapping of the limbs in the faces of the crew, so that Dr. Snyder received one more wetting and it seemed that his trials were not yet over. By dint of scrambling and pushing, they finally extricated themselves and came on through, following us to the landing under the steep red bluff below the establishments of the commercial agents.

The canoes knocked up against those of the traders, which were moored in the calm water beneath the bluff, as we pushed up to the shore. As Dr. Snyder once more

stepped on *terra firma, et cognita*, he drew a deep sigh of relief and said in tones resolute and decisive:

“That’s the last canoeing for me, as long as God gives me legs to walk on.”

Dr. Snyder proceeded over to the establishment of the “S. A. P. V.,” to consult the agent, Monsieur Pouthier, about the disposition of some of our goods which remained in his charge, while I trudged up the steep hillside and through the avenue of plantains, to the home of my good friend, Monsieur Carl Hornez, who had been so hospitable on former occasions. There I found not only him, but the energetic and business-like agent of the Societe Anonyme Belge, at Luebo, Monsieur Stevens, who had come down to Bena Makima on a business trip. These gentlemen assured me of a hearty welcome to their home, and inquiring whether I had dined, they called to one of their numerous servants and had a cold collation served, to which Dr. Snyder, coming up in a few moments, was warmly invited also, so that these Belgian representatives of commerce soon made the two Americans feel at home and cheerful.

Our steamer, expected daily, had not arrived, and the arrangements with the merchants were soon completed, by which they agreed to receive and store our cargoes when they came, and to furnish a missionary with a room, in case we had need that one should remain there during the dry season. Later on, Mr. Morrison availed himself of this arrangement and did a good evangelistic work among the large number of workmen employed in the two trading “factories,” as they are called, and upon the coffee plantations. There then remained for us only the task of selecting and marking the land to be applied for as a place for a mission station.

From the verandah of the factory of the "S. A. B.," with the aid of the binoculars, we could take a comprehensive view of the whole surrounding vicinity, and I pointed out to Dr. Snyder what I regarded as the best location for such a place. The reader may remember that I gave a general description of the whole situation in the chapter, "From Lapsley Pool to Luebo." This place is the certain head of navigation of the Kasai for the largest steamers. A high plateau comes abruptly down to the pool, between the Ngallikoko water and the Lulua, its level top a palm dotted grassy plain, and its descent to the water's edge a heavily wooded forest. This plateau was just above a deep calm bay in the pool, the best place of all for a steamer landing; it was the most commanding and noble site anywhere around, and previous visits had confirmed me in my opinion that it was by far the most available situation for our purposes. Dr. Snyder was likewise favorably impressed with it, and plans were agreed upon, looking to a trip there upon the morrow, to locate exactly the metes and bounds, according to the requirements of the government.

Soon, however, we were startled by the arrival of a courier post haste from Luebo, with the news that an officer of the government had just arrived there to investigate some affairs about which there had long been a rumored visit intended. This caused a change in our program, as Dr. Snyder was obliged to leave the details of the surveying of the place in question to me, while he prepared for a departure early the next morning to Luebo by land, to be on hand during this important visit of the representative of His Majesty, the King. A night of most grateful and sadly needed sleep was passed in the hospit-

table house of the "S. A. B.," and early the next morning Dr. Snyder departed with the crew of his boat, while I remained to await the next steamer, and to complete the work of mapping out the concession we desired. Messrs. Stevens and Hormez pressed me with a courteous hospitality, and I can speak of their kindness only in the highest terms.

It remains to be said, that when we all assembled once more at Luebo, after my return later, Dr. Snyder surprised and delighted us by a hearty assent to our views concerning the building of the Congo boat, and then I saw how true it was, that it was indeed an ill wind which blew nobody any good.

The work before me was such as I greatly delighted in. I had a perfect passion for surveying, civil engineering, map-making, and the accompanying geometrical and trigonometrical calculations; nothing was a source of greater pleasure—save the gleam of intelligent assent in a heathen's eye when he confessed his belief in Jesus Christ. I set out up the river's bank around the northern and eastern shores of Lapsley Pool, with a few native companions. I crossed the blue waters of broad and placid Lake Morgan in a canoe and then went to the neighboring village of Bena Kamba. The lake referred to was a new discovery, a large body of deep water, formed by the massing up of the detritus and sediment at the mouth of the stream variously called Ikenye and Ngallikoko; it abounds in large fine fish, while its banks are lined with rushes, bamboo, palms and ferns, making the scene one of the most beautiful sylvan pictures I had ever seen. I called it "Lake Morgan," in honor of that noble statesman and eminent Christian, the Honorable John T. Morgan, United States sen-

ator from Alabama, long the tried and faithful friend of our Mission, as well as a revered and honorable gentleman, a helper to me personally in my efforts for Africa, and the friend of His Majesty, King Leopold.

I stopped in the town of Kamba long enough to renew my former acquaintance with the people and then went out to the adjoining plain, and with compass, plane-table, barometer, binoculars, rods and lines and a note book, completed the task, marking the bounds carefully and describing them fully. From the plateau was a magnificent view of Lapsley Pool—one might see the steamers coming up the river ten miles away. The adjacent town was large and friendly, of the great Bakuba nation; this was the nearest point on the river to Lukengu's capital; the road to Luebo was over a high plateau and the old marshy paths could thus be discarded; there was a highway here passing toward our country and Ndombe's realm; the place was free from mosquitoes and was above the fogs, and protected by a belt of forest from the river winds; so, that I believed it was one of the most desirable places for a mission station in the whole Kasai Valley.

I returned that afternoon to the factories, and proceeded to elaborate the necessary maps for the guidance of the mission in its further procedure.

My departure from Makima was hastened by the news that an officer of the government was at Luebo, and was examining into matters long needing attention. A forced march took us to Luebo in less than two days, and we found confusion reigning. The natives were terrified at the presence of the soldiers and Monsieur Froment was giving the settlement a thorough shaking up. The ultimate outcome of this visit was the giving of local self-

government to the settlers at Luebo—as a result, partly, of some of Mr. Sheppard's representations to Governor-General when he went as far as Boma with his wife, who had to go home on account of her health, the temporary confusion proved a final victory.

Once more I marched on to Ndombe after the meeting of the Mission was over, and settled down to do all I could before departing for America in the fall. I could feel my health and strength declining under the strain, exposure and hard work, and when I had come out at so early an age it had been with the intention of only a three years' stay.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Farewell to Ndombe.

DURING the summer of 1898 the news reached us, not only of the American war with Spain, but of a serious and extensive insurrection of the natives in the country east of Lusambo, where Baron Dhanis was again engaged in a hard military campaign. In addition to this, the Chef de Poste at Luluabourg was engaged in operations against the Bakalulua in some towns within a few days' march of Luebo, at a place called Mwasu Ngoma. The country was considerably disturbed everywhere around us, and the natives were restless and ill at ease. It was rumored that the State was intending an expedition to Lukengu's town sometime soon, and behind Ndombe a large and powerful chieftain called Kalamba had been openly defying the State for a long time. Kalamba's father had thrown pepper in the eyes of a State officer sent to interview him, and ever since the followers of Kalamba had been at enmity with Bula Matadi. Kalamba was threatening the State with an assault at any moment.

Meanwhile the applications for our permanent titles to land at Ibanj and Ndombe had been in the hands of the government for some time, without any answer. It is presumed that the delay arose from the amount of red tape and formality required, and no doubt the government

wished to know fully about the places for which we applied, before granting the concessions.

One day the mail brought to Mr. Morrison and myself alike letters from the Chef de Poste at Luluabourg, requesting us to vacate the places now occupied by us at Ibanj and Ndombe. He gave no reason for his order, but of course it was a legal demand, and we obeyed, hard as it was to leave our work just at the time when it had begun to be most flourishing. The Commandant at the Poste was a new one, recently arrived—Monsieur Froment. I have no doubt that the State did not wish to be held responsible for the safety of Mr. Morrison and myself, respectively, isolated at these points on the frontier, and resolved to have us concentrate at Luebo until their final decision could be reached. Our rights to those concessions under the treaties of our government with that of the Congo Free State were too clearly defined for me to fear any final denial of the titles, and I felt all the time that the matter was merely one of time and light on the subject.

Mr. Phipps went first to Luebo, in order to have in charge the large caravan of goods which accompanied him. I remained behind to arrange everything for the final departure, to reassure Ndombe and the Bikenge concerning the causes of our departure, and to convince them fully of our firm determination to do everything in our power to come back when God would. We had sown the seeds there; if the reaping was for another, that was as He saw best; the seed would yet spring up bearing fruit in due season.

Every day during these sad preparations Ndombe would come down and talk long and earnestly with me concerning the great questions which our teaching had opened up to his mind, inquiring for light and knowledge, and seeking

diligently to understand matters whose importance he began more keenly to realize as the time for departure of his friend drew nigh. With him came great crowds of his people, and, as the news spread, of the inhabitants of other towns and villages, all imploring me to stay with them, and expressing their regrets because I must leave them. They brought many presents of food and fine specimens of their art and handicraft, as farewell tokens of their esteem, which formed quite a large and varied collection. Above all, they bade me to plead with the people of my country to send them friends and helpers, so that they and their children might become learned and wise like the white man, and their country become open and full of light. I made many speeches and held many interviews and receptions thus, all day long, and my heart warmed towards these poor benighted people, in their dark and untaught lives, just now seeing the rays of a brighter existence, and all athirst for knowledge and better things. I renewed my vow to labor for them in season and out, and to work for a consummation of all their fond wishes, by the grace of God.

I had been careful not to invest funds in any extensive establishment under the uncertain terms on which we had settled at Ndombe, so my possessions in the way of worldly goods were few, and there was not much financial loss in our removal—indeed, measured by the loss to the cause we were laboring in, if I had not worked at Ndombe at all, it was insignificant. The two years at Ndombe were worth a thousand times all the money we spent there, which did not amount, outside of our personal expenses, to fifty dollars.

I do not believe that these orders to leave our work came

from the highest authorities of the State. They really came from some petty officials, but certainly to an American, with our broad and liberal views, for them to make such an ado about our request for a few square metres looked the acme of officious meanness, reminding one of Shakespeare's satire:

"But man, proud man! dressed in a little brief authority,
"Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
"His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
"Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
"As make the angels weep."

As my time for going home was drawing nearer, I knew I could find out from the highest officials of the government their sentiments regarding the granting of the concession at Ndombe, so I gave myself little concern about this high and mighty exercise of authority by the puissant gentleman, but determined with patience to bide my time and God's will. I did not believe that so enlightened a monarch as Leopold would sanction this pusillanimity.

Before my departure, Ndombe selected a large new robe and his big ivory trumpet to send as presents to our President. During the progress of the Spanish war the copies of the *Review of Reviews* which came to me contained pictures of the President and others prominent in our government, and Ndombe always came to inquire the news after each mail, as well as to look at the pictures in the books and papers. He inquired particularly about our "Great Chief," and I told him all I could.

I had always cherished a deep respect and admiration for Mr. McKinley, notwithstanding that my traditions were not in accord with his political policy. But the per-

sonal purity and integrity of Mr. McKinley's character, his magnificent executive powers, and his intense patriotism had called for my warm regard even before his nomination for the Presidency. In a conversation with Dr. Sims at Stanley Pool, when that gentleman made rather pessimistic remarks concerning men in the political world, I warmly debated some of his views, and cited one gentleman in public life, the Governor of Ohio, as one shining exception at any rate, and predicted his election to the Presidency before I heard of his nomination.

Hence I was able to give our President a good name to Mukelenge Ndombe, and so impressed was the king that he determined to send him the presents above mentioned. I explained to Ndombe that such presents must be sent purely as a friend, for all his official tribute must go to King Leopold, of Belgium. Ndombe said that he had already sent much ivory at various times in the past to the great King of Bula Matadi, but now he wished to send these few presents to "Fwela's King," and also a message for both of these big chiefs, and all their subjects in the white man's land. He was careful to enumerate the points of his message, one by one, with much deliberation and emphasis, and asked me to deliver it just as he sent it. I give it as a remarkable epitome of African statesmanship, dignified, in good style, and full of common sense and sound judgment.

When all our arrangements had been made, Mr. Morrison came over to see me, and we consoled each other as best we might. After showing him over the place, and making him acquainted with my friends, I bade them all farewell, and we marched to Luebo.

NDOMBE'S MESSAGE TO KING LEOPOLD AND
MR. MCKINLEY.

“Ndombe, King of the Bashibieng, paramount chieftain by appointment of Chimpellánga (Monsieur Michaux, then Commissaire du District), of the Biomba, Bashilele, Bampende, Bena Fula and Bindundu, to the great chief of the men of the government, and to the great chief of my friend, Fwela, according to the Word of God of which I have heard much of late, Greeting:—Inasmuch as my friend Fwela, who has dwelt at my town for over two summers now, goes away to the country of the white man across the great water, and has told me much concerning the greatness and power of his people, and of the great kings whose flags I have freely permitted him to set up in my town; and as my heart burns to send good words of peace to the great kings that they may know that the heart of Ndombe is white, and his intentions are good towards them and their servants; so here I send these words that Fwela, my friend, may write and carry them to the great kings and to their white children:

FIRST. Ndombe has always been the good friend of the white stranger. He has killed none of them or their people. He has paid the tribute demanded of him; has given them food and shelter; has protected them from their enemies; has commanded all his people to respect and obey them.

SECOND. Ndombe requests the great white kings to send out to his country men who have good hearts to help the black people, to teach them, to keep the peace with them, and to be their friends. To such men our hearts are open, and behold the land is theirs.

- THIRD. Let not evil men be sent out to the country of Ndombe to kill, and plunder, and burn, to destroy the towns and make desolate the country.
- FOURTH. When the white man will settle in Ndombe's country, let him choose his place far enough from the villages of the people to avoid all disputes and quarrels, and to have separate fields and possessions.
- FIFTH. Let the collection of tribute be by one or two messengers, without any riotous military force, at regular times, and of a definite amount.
- SIXTH. Do not allow any natives to carry firearms in a chief's district to terrorize his people.
- SEVENTH. Let the government help the chiefs to rule their districts, instead of interfering with little men, and always consult the chiefs, and give them of the wisdom and power of the white man, so that he may learn to rule justly and well.

When these things shall be done, all shall be well in the country of Ndombe, from the waters of all the great rivers even unto the mountains of the Setting Sun."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Linguistic Studies—The Bakambuyu.

NGUDUA WUDIKO KWA MUSOKO WA TWETU.

(HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.)

Ngudua wudiko kwa musoko wa twetu,
Kwa Nzambi waitunga kwa bianza bianji,
Ne yandi waikolisha michima wetu
Kwa twetu bunga betu banaba Jesus.

Nasha waichina, kwa Nzambi wudiko,
Ne yandi waikatisha bantu bianji,
Nzambi wa lufu ne moiyo mfumu,
Nganye kwemona kwa meso ma Nzambi?

Dituka dia lufu wakula pepe,
Wailomba Nzambi ne yanda kwitebba
Ninga wa Nzambi waitamba mukoli,
Ne dituka ne dituka yandi waitebela.

Muntu wakudua kwa Nzambi kwa moiyo,
Nzambi kena waibela dia dianji;
Nzambi kwitabusha bantu bushima,
Kokwena muntu wailomba chainaina.

THE days at Luebo awaiting a steamer to convey me home were spent mainly in compiling a vocabulary and reading book in the Baluba language, and in making preaching trips to the small towns immediately around Luebo. This language work was one of absorbing interest to me, and I had collected a considerable vocabulary in my notes, which I wished to arrange and consolidate.

The Baluba, like all the Bantu tongues, is purely a spoken

language, which the European must write according to the rules of his own etymology. It was my effort to write the sounds as I heard them, entirely phonetically, giving the letters, with a few exceptions, the sounds of the Latin according to the continental method of pronunciation. This opportunity to make a scientific written language was one to delight a language reformer's heart, and we embraced it heartily.

The language was onomapoetic. Many words had been framed according to the sounds they produced, and the consequent impression they conveyed. They called a dog "mbwa," a word whose pronunciation sounds like the yelp of an African yellow cur. The sweeping and softly moving sound of the wind is suggested by the word for wind "lup-fepfele." A mosquito is called "yum-yum." A hippopotamus "nguvu"; a monkey "chinma"; a parrot "nkusu."

The principal words form many derivatives by retaining the roots and changing the prefixes. Verbs are readily formed from adjectives. The vocabulary of most of the Africans is extremely limited, but some of the principal men have quite large vocabularies, which they delight in exhibiting on public occasions. I secured about one thousand words.

I taught reading by the word system, and the little Africans learned much more quickly by this method. I taught a few boys forty sentences in one month in this way, and the ease with which they acquired words was truly wonderful.

I made a number of visits around Luebo, which had taken upon itself the proportions of a city, and was still growing. The Baluba, Bakalulua and Zappo-Zaps came in all the

time. I had one old Chimbadi ex-slave trader, who had long been my firm friend, to decline to send a little slave boy of his to school for fear that he might learn to know more than his master. A Zappo-Zap carpenter made me a beautiful chair, using nothing but his knife. Another Zappo-Zap, hearing that some of my boys wished to go to America, brought some beautiful battle axes to help defray expenses. I had some farewell visits from the chiefs Duimba (Baumu's father), Gandu, Chiniema, Lokomashi, who brought me a splendid ant-eater's hide; Tambu and Chimbundu. They all bade me return again, and come back well and strong.

I employed as much of my time as possible when at Luebo in making the acquaintance of the inhabitants of the villages near by, and in endeavoring to secure their interest in the great cause for which I was laboring. Among these one of the most remarkable was that of the curious people who were the manufacturers almost exclusively of the earthenware pots which constituted nearly the whole of the culinary outfit of the natives. These people were called Bakambuya, meaning the people of the valley. They dwelt down upon the river's edge, inmured in a dense forest, and were extremely shy, slow to embrace the new life, living separate from the other indigenes, and maintaining an existence completely to themselves. They were physically inferior to the other tribes, and never engaged in any warfare or trading expeditions, clinging closely to their friendly river's bank, and living by their extraordinary skill in pottery and in fishing.

Their village was a helter-skelter aggregation of poor little huts, nestling under enormous giants of the forest, with a very limited clearing of the woods, which was full of

monkeys, parrots and leopards. Scattered about the village were sheds made of bamboo and palm leaves, under which the manufacture of the earthenware was seen in its various stages.

The clay was a slate-colored, thick, cohesive mass of kaolin and decomposed marl. It was obtained in various parts of the Lulua valley, and carried in baskets and boats to the town. Large troughs made from tree trunks or discarded old canoes and placed under the sheds where the clay was made up, and mixed with a due proportion of fine white sand, with water, used to render the working easy and the mixture complete. The sand was cleverly sifted in sieves made with bamboo splints. The clay was rolled out in the hands of the skillful manipulator into a long roll like a rope; this was then coiled up into the approximate shape of the vessel to be made; then with a wooden paddle, a piece of a broken gourd, and a knife, the coil was smoothed down into an even glistening surface, all irregularities were corrected, and the vessel set in the sun to dry. When sufficiently dried to stand the heat, a fire, made with sticks of a peculiar wood particularly fitted for producing a steady, strong and slow heat, was kindled in a hole in the ground, which served in lieu of a kiln. The vessels to be burnt were filled with the coals of this fire, besides being surrounded by others, and burnt until the experienced potter saw the process was complete. The vessels were then put up and gotten ready for sale. The two commonest forms of vessels were pots with rounded bottoms and wide open mouths, and with rims about the mouths with which to lift them; and water-jars shaped with rounded bottoms and sides, and with narrow necks, like our own water bottles. The vessels are made of all sizes,

from the capacity of a half pint to two bushels. I have seen a woman carry over seventy pounds of water on her head in these vessels up a long steep hill. They endure usage wonderfully well, and their price is ridiculously cheap, the largest size costing not more than ten cents. The Bakambuya make these vessels for a territory twice as large as South Carolina, and the trade in them is a considerable commerce.

The Bakambuya are skilled fishermen as well as potters. They go in crowds on fishing expeditions down upon the sand banks. They use ingeniously contrived baskets, and sometimes a net. A common practice with them is to make a bamboo fence across the mouth of a tiny branch, so that the fish which get above the fence in high water may be caught when the river falls. These fences are also placed at rapids and shoals in the river, and between sand banks. The basket fishing is often surprisingly successful, and the boats come back loaded. There are good fish in the Lulua, some like bream and flounders, and many like what are commonly called catfish and suckers. Once Bundu caught a catfish weighing about a hundred pounds, and I have seen some tremendous fish jump out of the lake on the road to Ndombe, which the natives assert positively are as large as a man. Much of the fish caught is dried and cured over the fire and sent through the interior to various markets, where it finds a sale when many months old.

Religious services were held at this Bakambuya village at various times by some of the missionaries, and the pot-makers were interested and attentive listeners. I have heard since my return to America that a number of these people have at last been admitted into the church. It is due to Mr. Hawkins to say that his faithful ministry contributed largely to this happy result.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Going Home—The Death of Bundu.

BUNDU had been unwell all the summer and neither my medication nor that of Dr. Snyder had done him any good. Musamba the Mukongo child, who had been such a staunch little Christian under Mr. Phipps, had died from sleeping-sickness, a peculiar disease, quite frequent among the natives of the lower Congo. This same dreadful evil befell Bundu, and he became steadily worse. I hoped that he would get to the coast and there be able to receive more expert medical treatment than we could give him.

This sleeping-sickness is truly a mysterious and insidious disease, concerning whose etiology comparatively little is known. It begins with a loss of appetite, lethargy, drowsiness, a kind of "blind staggers," increasing to fits of violent mania, the victim wishes to sleep all the time, emaciation sets in and continues to a fearful extent, the man becomes a living skeleton, gets weaker and weaker, dies. This is the history of nearly every case. Very few ever recover. It is said to be hereditary, and to attack scrofulous subjects more readily.

The poor boy was well aware of what this thing probably meant. His silent, uncomplaining endurance was agony to me. Often, after talking with him, I had to go away in tears. He had worked so hard, been so faithful,

shared all my trials and privations and now in the flower of his youth, to be thus cut-down, it was the saddest sight of my life. Poor Bundu! I worked hard to get ready for the steamer. Besides specimens of ethnology, mineralogy and natural history, I had some parrots, a monkey, several chameleons and some seeds. To this collection I made several additions during our trip down the river; among these a wild cat and a large green monkey. The little monkey had long been a favorite among the children and amused us highly with its tricks and antics. Afterwards, when on the ocean, the little fellow got hold of some salt water and drank enough to kill him. His death was a grievous disappointment to me, and the boys mourned over him as over a boon companion. The chameleons died likewise, much to my regret, for they had long been my pets and would have been of great interest at home. The articles were boxed up and no charges were made upon them by the shipping companies, thus enabling me to get the largest collection of the kind that had ever been brought to America from Africa through in safety and in good condition. These scientific tastes brought me afterwards into contact with eminent specialists in England, Belgium and America, and I am glad that I had spent the few moments necessary in the accumulation of the collection.

Before we left I asked Mr. Sheppard to shoot the great white goat, Joka's present, as I meant to divide him among us all before departure. The goat, when shot, ran beside the church and died at the foot of the tree on which the church bell hung, his blood dyeing the foot of the tree. It was a pathetic sight.

The farewell to our friends at Luebo^ṽ was exceedingly sad and trying. With what a choking feeling at the throat

did I stand on the deck of the steamer and wave farewell to the great crowd massed up on the beach! May my eyes yet behold those dearly loved scenes again, when our people shall send abundantly to do all the great work ready to our hands over there.

Aboard the "Roi des Belges," when it came to Luebo was the judge of the Kasai district, whom I was glad to meet, as I had some matters upon which I wished to consult him. I placed the whole question of Ndombe's character before Monsieur Von Halme, and he filed my papers among his official documents, promising that they should receive full attention.

At a post of the State on the south bank of the Kasai, we found Monsieur Von Braedal, who invited me to supper with him. So I had here another opportunity to speak a good word for Ndombe and Monsieur Von Braedal reiterated the assurances of Judge Von Halme.

On the journey down the river, I was surprised to see some enormous electric eels, which the steamer's crew purchased from native fishermen. These eels were confined in baskets, but once a big African happened to get hold of one; he let go in a hurry. Some of them were as thick as a man's thigh and fifteen feet long. They were monstrous looking animals, but the Bangala soon made soup of them, and the wriggling things disappeared. They were first speared with gigs or spears and then immersed in boiling water.

Our last night before coming to the Congo, was a sad one to me. When the steamer moored off the dense forest, Kassongo and Kondola went ashore at my command and made up a fire for Bundu and some of the crew carried him ashore on his buffalo robe. He was so weak and

emaciated that he could scarcely speak and we laid him down near the fire in the woods. The rules of the steamboat forbade any natives sleeping on the ship. The fitful shadows from the trees played about the gleaming fires and fell upon the wasted form of the poor lad, whose life-tide was ebbing away. I took him food and water and gave him the medicine which had apparently kept him up thus far, but I saw that the end was fast drawing nigh. How my heart bled for him, once so strong and brave, my staunch and unflagging comrade in so many rough and difficult experiences, now stretched there helpless and dying, smitten down by that mysterious malady and waiting for the last summons.

Once he rallied faintly and as I bent over him, he said in a voice which sounded far away and unearthly, "Master, God is calling me, Never forget your Bundu, Good-bye, master, good-bye."

Those were the last words that I heard him utter. He sank back into his former comatose condition and never rallied again. On the morrow he was carried on deck and placed in his previous position near the boilers, that he might keep warm. The steamer raised anchor and soon we were speeding down the swift current to the Congo.

Toward the afternoon, the boat turned into the great flood of yellow waters which rushes past the bordering hills and wheels around to the State post, called Kwa-Mouth. There a short stop is made, until the mails are discharged and received and on we go at full speed down the Congo, toward Stanley Pool. Several other steamers go past, coming up, bound for different tributaries and distant posts and answer our salute with a deep hoarse sound of the syren whistles and a dip of the waving ensigns,

reminding us that we are nearing something like civilization once more. The Congo here is several hundred feet deep and about two miles broad. Immense rocky hills, carpeted with a gray covering of scraggy grass and shrubs, rise sheerly above the waters and shut in the landscape to a succession of panoramic pictures, the brief beauty of one gliding quickly into another, as little patches of forests are found nestling at the base of the hills, and occasionally, groves of palms line the streams which tumble down into the river.

As evening drew on, the boat steamed up to one of these forests lining the foot of a giant hillside, and a small clearing appeared, with a solitary wooden frame house in the centre and the usual nondescript grass and stick huts of native servants on one side. This place proved to be a small station maintained for the purpose of cutting and keeping ready for the many steamers which converge at this point in the river, a full supply of wood. A Danish workman superintended this work and lived in the wooden house, being in sole command of the encampment, under the authority of the State. He came aboard and we found him suffering from a terrible ulcer. He permitted me to engage a number of his African laborers to assist in burying Bundu's body, and lent us the tools, besides indicating the direction to go in order to find a suitable place of interment. Several big men came forward volunteering to help me, and with their aid all that was mortal of the fated boy was borne reverently up the long hillside out upon a lonely little grassy dell at the top, overlooking the wide stream and green woods below.

Here, they said, was a proper burying ground. With a shovel and spade a shallow grave was hollowed out in

the sandy soil and lined with the branches of trees; then the body of my faithful follower was laid in its last resting place, wrapped in a buffalo hide for his winding sheet. Over the grave I prayed the same prayer which had gone up from my soul on the island over Kelala's arm, and renewed my solemn vow to God for Bundu's race and people. He had sealed his testimony with his life, too, and now was left upon me the burden of them all. Never do their faces leave me; never do their voices cease to speak to me; never do those sacred scenes cease to rise in silent admonition upon the canvas of my memory and print their undying lesson on the tablets of my soul. Out of Ethiopia, their cries proceed from the very ground, for help, for rescue and for redemption for their land and kinsmen.

With Kassongo and Kondola I walked silently down the pathway to the steamer, and each of us knew that the other's thoughts was, "which next?" Up on the lonely mountain side, overlooking the great water in which he had been baptized in the name of his Lord, Bundu's body should lie, guarding those glorious heights and keeping watch over the river; while his soul was joined to the great company of spirits, and free now to roam his beloved country and to know the toils and labors of this world no more. He had gained his everlasting rest.

The next day carries us into the confines of Stanley Pool, and the towering palisades of white clay and limestone loom up behind the thick fog, which hangs over the water, and is dispelled by the fierce rays of the morning sun. The Pool lies in a vast depression of the earth, with sloping ground rising up into small hills and these into larger, until the blue summits of the Chrystal mountains show their

fantastic heads above the landscape and enclose the scenc. The Bangala crew of the *Roi des Belges*, as soon as they recognize the familiar features of the local geography, and know that they are well inside the upper limit of the pool, although the river current is scarcely abated, break out into an uproarious demonstration of songs and yells, hurraing and beating the drums, jubilant at the near approach of their monthly holiday at the naval capital of the Congo. Leopoldville is called by them its ancient native name, Kintamo, and "Kintamo, Oh! Kintamo, Ah! Kintamo Tama Ve! Ye! Ye! Ki! Yi! Ho! Ho! Ho-o-o-o!" is the cry which makes us realize that a few more hours will put us on the railroad track, and within touch of home.

The attachment which the African woman has for her husband is not fully appreciated by those accustomed to hear her called nothing but a beast of burden. Here is an instance, illustrating a heroic devotion to the interests of her lord and master's dinner, unequalled in the annals of history or romance.

As we sped down the mighty Congo, mid-stream, full speed ahead, the wheel of the little steamboat churning up the yellow waters, the banks on either side were a mile distant. The river was full of crocodiles and ugly hippopotami. Hemmed up in the mountain channel, its depth was hundreds of feet, its current like a mill-race. Suddenly there arose a shout, "Man overboard." I rushed to the rear of the upper deck. On our right a black figure was visible already in the distance behind, struggling with the waves from the receding steamer. A cry arose, "It's a woman."

The canoes were unlashd; the engines reversed; the boat checked. One of the steamer's black crew jumped

into the canoe, frantically yelling, "my wife, my wife, catch her, come on quick." Away they went to the rescue. The woman, one of the Bangala tribe, whose women swim as if born to the water, was still above the stream; the canoe drew near. She seemed to hesitate as they urged her to enter the bark. The reason was soon apparent. Her one garment, the universal waist cloth, had become loosened. She had been holding a cooking pot in one hand and her cloth by the other, swimming thus encumbered. But to get into the canoe in the raging flood was difficult; she paused for a moment and then let go the cloth, but still clung to the pot.

On our right, as we draw near the cataracts below the pool, and their booming strikes its warning menace upon the ear, we see the scattered houses of the French town on the north bank of the Congo, Brazzaville, the seat of administration of Congo Francais, for all this part of that wide domain. Brazzaville took its name from De Brazza, one of Stanley's contemporaries, a French explorer, who opened up the territory north of the Congo and claimed it for his country.

Then we make for the opposite shore, crossing the pool and rounding the point above the bay upon which Leopoldville is built; the shrill whistle of the locomotives makes a joyful music, answered by a deafening blast from our syren and the huzzas of the crew; we pass by the buoys indicating the danger line above the yawning falls, and glide skillfully through the maze of canoes and several steamers up beside a giant of a riverboat, a new steamer, just completed, of two hundred tons capacity—four times as large as the boat we are in. Then we move softly up to the beach below the little railway line; a crowd of natives

and a number of white men come down to greet us; the stir and bustle show us that Europe has landed in Africa and we are again in the thick of another task in our ever laborious transportation.

To get men to carry our cargo up to the Mission grounds was the next duty. Mr. Crowley, our missionary there, had only a few boys, who were not adequate to the task. I saw a number of soldiers of the State standing guard below the machine shops near the beach, and when I spoke to them I learned that they were Batetela, whose language I knew, they being of the same tribe as the boys, Kassongo and Kondola. One of them informed me that at dinner time they were free for an hour, and would carry my cargo to the Mission then. These men were delighted to hear their own tongue, and when I mentioned their familiar towns and rivers, they evinced a lively interest, and at the dinner hour they carried my goods to the Mission, about three quarters of a mile away, and I had no more trouble on that score.

Mr. Crowley, was a quiet business-like Louisianian, who had been struggling with the difficulties of our transportation system, and had in charge the large station which had been under the care of Dr. Sims on my journey into the interior three years before. I was introduced to his wife, the heroic and hospitable lady who had shared all the hardships of the pioneer life at Tumba and was now enjoying a well deserved change as mistress of the considerable establishment under her care. They received me kindly and provided at once for my bodily wants, inquiring eagerly about the progress at Luebo and in the Kasai and sympathized cordially with our difficulties and trials. Mr. Crowley soon installed me in my quarters, gave me *carte-*

blanche to the heavily laden mango trees and assured me that he must insist upon attending personally to all the rest of my transportation.

The mango fruit, just mentioned, is an exceedingly delicious, refreshing and agrééable tropical product, somewhat like a peach and apple combined. The fruit is shaped like a kidney bean, and is, on the average, of about the size of a base-ball. The color of the rind, which is smooth, like that of an apple, varies from a light pale yellow, to a deep clear crimson and affords the most beautiful tint that I have ever seen in any fruit. The flesh part of the mango, between the skin and the large stone in the center, is usually reddish, very luscious, tasting somewhat like an apricot and the juice is abundant as well as most pleasant to the palate and healthful in effect. The stone in the centre forms about one-third of the fruit, being solid, heavy and hard, covered with a tough stringy growth of hairy fibres. A mango tree matures from seed in about four years' time, the leaves are small and regular, of the feather shape, except that they are short, their color of a dark olive green. The trees usually bear heavily, afford a splendid shade, attain the size of a large hickory tree, and are frequently used for bordering avenues and ornamenting grounds. The tree is the most ornamental one, except the orange, I have ever seen, and its beauty as well as its usefulness commend it to all settlers. We had some trees in bearing at Luebo, planted by the early missionaries, and a large number of young trees were coming on. The Mission station at Stanley Pool, as well as the government grounds, abounded in these trees and reflected credit on their founders.

The embryonic city of Leopoldville had made remark-

able progress since my stay there three years before. The Government had built many official residences, warehouses, business offices and even cottages for the native soldiers and laborers, of handsome red pressed brick, the architectural style being of a cheerful colonial type and quite elegant in appearance. Several trading companies had erected substantial establishments, while the railway company was now completing its terminal facilities. Our genial friend and frequent assistant, Monsieur Boudour, formerly agent at Luebo, but now director in Africa of the "Societe Anonym Produits, etc.," had a truly sumptuous building in brick and stone as his headquarters, crowning a commanding hill, which overlooked the waters of the pool; the furnishings of this edition de luxe of a trader's home being as handsome and luxurious as those of many a well-to-do European residence. A monument to his Majesty, King Leopold, erected to be commemorative of the occasion of the completion of the Congo railway, graced the public square in the centre of the town; while the fortifications frowned down upon the French shore from the top of Leopold Hill, overlooking the cataracts, and affording one of the finest views to be seen of the Congo. The whole town vibrated with industry and was thronged with white and black men, all bustling with the numerous and varied duties of their metropolitan life. Porters, railway laborers, mechanics, soldiers, tradesmen, native hucksters with food from surrounding farms, uniformed officials of the government, steamer captains and officers, all moved about at their various tasks, and bespoke the coming of the era of progress and modern enterprise for this lately benighted centre of the slave trade and all its attendant evils. The wilderness had truly begun to blossom as the rose and the

solitary places were becoming as the seats of the mighty. Leopoldville must some day become an African Chicago, the emporium of commerce and trade for the immense Congo Valley. There is an opening for extensive plantations around the pool, and, I believe, that in time there will grow up a mighty population on its shores.

Mr. Crowley arranged all the details of transportation for us, accompanying us to the train early on the morning of our departure for Matadi, and riding with us as far as Kinshassa, the port a few miles further up the pool. The train was composed of a passenger coach of about the dimensions of an American street car and several flat cars for the baggage and native passengers. The baggage was covered with tarpaulin sheets for protection against the rain. The astonishment and wonder of the boys on their first sight of a locomotive had been immense; they stood staring, their eyes wide open with excitement; their tongues silent for once, until Kondola exclaimed, "In truth the white men are great wizards." They held on tightly when they boarded the flat car, and as the speed of the train increased to a velocity such as they had never dreamed of, their delight knew no bounds. At last the wonderful things Fwela had been telling them were coming true. The "Steamer of the Land," was bearing them like the wind toward the white man's country.

One incident happened to jar the serene course of our journey. As the train was dashing down a curving grade, suddenly a quick, popping sound came from the engine, followed by a cloudy escape of hissing steam, the grinding motion of stopping wheels; the wild jump of the engineer into the bushes beside the track and then the complete standstill of the whole train. I hurriedly got to Kassongo

and Kondola and made them descend and get a safe distance from the locomotive and then hurried up to the front to see what was the trouble. The engineer and his fireman, both native black men, were engaged in letting off all the steam and in drawing the fires. The accident had arisen on account of a tight steam-valve. When the engineer had tried to turn the cock; the joint was too tight so that he began to tap it with a hammer. The cock broke off; the valve blew out; a scalding rush of steam issued from the pipe, impossible to stop. The engine driver retained enough presence of mind to reverse the lever, and to throw open the escape valves, thus stopping the locomotive, while he made a jump for safety into the thicket beside the track. The engine was disabled, though I believe such an accident would be repairable on an American locomotive in a few moments. Here, however, we were in for a two hours' delay, while the conductor, also an African, walked back to the nearest telephone office and sent a request forward for another engine to be sent to their assistance. The passengers made themselves easy under adjacent shade trees, Kassongo and Kondola went over to a brook to wash and to play, and the train crew, engineer, fireman and brakeman, enjoyed an examination on mechanics and railway science through which I put them. I wished to ascertain what these late cannibals and savages had been able to acquire in the short time since their emergence from utter heathendom, of a craft so exacting and intricate. The brakeman had been a lad in the American Baptist Mission service under Mr. Hoste, at Lakungu, and was evidently a sober and industrious youth. The other two were from the West Coast English Colonies, and were also professors of religion, and intensely loyal subjects of the Queen.

They sustained a fairly creditable examination, showing an adequate practical knowledge of the parts of the machines and their uses, but no acquaintance with the abstract laws governing their operation and construction. It was nevertheless, of great consequence to me that these native Africans should thus so quickly be acquiring skill and dexterity in such useful and practical labors, and the fact argued well for the future of their countrymen in the development of the vast territories of their land.

When the other engine at last approached, and was coupled up to the disabled one, the boys sententiously remarked "Oh, his brother is coming to help him. Even the white men can not make an animal good enough to go without breaking!"

Soon our iron rescuer was speeding with us down the mountain side, and we were fanned by the cooling breeze as it flew along in its haste to make up for the lost time.

The trail which Bundu and I with our little caravan had so painfully toiled over the hills and through the grassy vales three years before, was now followed almost to every curve by the steel line of the *Chemin de Fer*. A few hours carried us over what had taken a week before. Oh! how the heart thrilled as the sway and swing of the bounding wheels, and the shrill cry of the joyful steam from its brazen confines carried me back to the swift air line in childhood days and we sped on to home and to Columbia. What will Africa see in a single century, when the iron horse and the talking wire and the lightning league together to help her on?

Toward nightfall, we came to the once familiar Tumba, where, when first I had seen it three years before, there had been nothing but a sedgy slope and a prospector's

hut. Now, the hillside was covered with stores, machine-shops, warehouses, dwellings, official residences and native shimbées and divided into streets and avenues. A city in the bud was here; all my anticipations concerning the value of land there had been more than realized. Mr. Crowley had sold the land I had bought for the Mission at a good profit. The land which I had bought was now covered with buildings and its value was twenty-fold. Land along the Congo Railroad had been a good investment. Tumba was the capital of the "District des Cataractes," and the government buildings which I had seen Monsieur Vereken engaged in erecting, were now an imposing group.

We spent the night in a Belgium trader's establishment and awoke early to resume our journey to Matadi, one hundred and twenty miles distant. We found ourselves the objects of much curiosity on the part of the governor-general of the German Colony of the Cameroons, who had just arrived the evening before, on his way to a visit of examination into the *modus operandi* of the Congo Free State, whose remarkable rise into prominence in so short a time, had given it a wide spread notoriety. This gentleman was clad in a complete and spotless attire of brown khaki, armed with binoculars, and attended by a body guard of joyful Teutons, looking forward to their pleasure trip into the interior with no little eager anticipation.

Aboard the car we found the Commissaire du District, with his rifle and fowling piece, going down to the hunting grounds across the Kwilu. I inquired as to whether any effort had been made to develop the mineral resources in which this district abounded. The commissaire said that he was engaged in collecting minerals to be sent

to Belgium for examination. When I was founding our Transport Station at Tumba, I had discovered beautiful deposits of marble, limestone, iron and corundum, besides many fine crystals of the different minerals of silicon and aluminium.

We passed the Kwihu, across which I had picked my way with forty pounds of luggage on my back before, then in succession the Lufu and Mpozo and once more skirted the mighty Palaballa mountain and emerged upon the broad view of the yellow Congo. Over the ledge, along the rocky precipices, we rolled, until we drew up at last at the station of Matadi and our railway journey was at an end.

As I gathered our cargo together, I rejoiced to see some familiar faces, among them, that of my former acquaintance and valuable helper, the agent of the Chemin de Fer, at Matadi. The kindly engineers in charge, Messieurs Espanet and Goffin, had completed their labors and were in Europe, ready to build the Belgian railroads in China. Truly the little kingdom, which Napoleon had claimed, "because it was the sediment of French territory carried down by French rivers," was now making the ends of the earth to feel the impress of its genius.

Then, up comes Mr. Forfeitt, the redoubtable Briton, and takes possession of us, admitting no denial. We are soon in the presence of his lady, and ensconced in the hospitable quarters of the English mission, now occupying the house of the old Livingstone Inland Mission. How eagerly did Mr. and Mrs. Forfeitt listen to my accounts of the marvellous work at Luebo and in the Kasai, and how fervently happy were they to congratulate me upon our progress and development.

Next follows a visit to Mr. Strandman and our Swedish friends at Londe, below Matadi, whom we found up to their eyes in many labors, and also, delighted to hear the good news from the interior. Little did I imagine that my first news from Africa at home was to tell me that Mr. Strandam—eminent man of God and devoted laborer for Christ—was called to his eternal rest. Londe had grown from a rocky ledge into a blooming garden of fruits and flowers and the ever industrious and sensible Swedes, had a most flourishing and useful group of stations, all doing work of the highest character. Rather noteworthy, that these inhabitants of the cold and icy North of Europe, should rank among the most hardy and enduring pioneers in this, the hottest locality in the world; an indication that the prerequisite everywhere is constitutional strength and personal purity, qualities in which these Scandinavians excel. Quoth Sir Galahad—

“My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.”

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Interviews with the Government—To Europe and America.

IN order to be able to have ample time for the interview with the Governor-General, I decided to board the German steamer at Matadi, which was going to Boma a few days before the regular steamer for Europe, the "Leopoldville." I would thus be able to complete the business at the capital of the Congo State and then to board the "Leopoldville" for home, when she came down to Boma.

Just before my departure, the English Consul arrived at Mr. Forfeitt's home, and we had an animated conversation on Anglo-Saxon relations and the general policy of Great Britain in Africa. The English and the Boers in the Transvaal were just then on the verge of war. The Consul admitted that to an outsider the British policy looked like a sweeping embrace of the whole African continent, but jokingly added, that I must not tell the Americans so. The British diplomatic service is wonderfully and thoroughly developed and splendidly manned; its personnel being drawn from the best ranks of English society and its utility to Britons in foreign lands being of the highest order. The stout maintenance, however, of the most insignificant rights and privileges of English residents in alien countries by these servants of the Crown has given

the Consuls a name rather harsh and an unpopularity abroad, which is uncomfortable and vexatious. The English representatives are often like the ancient Roman pro-practors, feared, disliked, respected and watched on every hand. As a body, however, they are the conservators of the British interests and the pioneers of British expansion to a remarkable degree.

Mr. Forfeitt, and his lovely and devoted wife, did everything they could to render my short stay pleasant, and gave me great assistance in my work of departure, as did the kindly old gentleman who represented the Balolo Mission; Mr. Strandman, best of men, arranged my transit and saw me aboard the German ship with a hearty farewell. I left some Kasai curiosities with these gentlemen as mementoes, and early in the morning stood on deck to take a last look at the hills and mountains of my familiar old Chrystal range, and to breathe a parting prayer for the land we were leaving.

A few hours took me to Boma, where I was cordially received by the missionaries of the American Mission—The International Missionary Alliance. They had a substantial house near the river, on the slope of the hill, the only Protestant Mission at Boma. They gave me a good welcome and I was glad to see their schools and to attend their religious exercises. A large number of the natives living at this Bas-Congo metropolis sent their children to this school, as that of the Roman Catholic Church was the only other similar work going on there. One of the missionaries, a Swiss young lady, Miss Villiers, was doing a noble work in the town, as her proficiency in the French language gave her an entree to many places and hearts often closed to the English tongue. Boma was quite a

town, of perhaps four thousand population, of which about two hundred were whites. A railway was being built into the interior north of the town, to the country called the Mayomba. A street car line, an iron pier and machine shops, were the features of the place besides the stores, dwellings and picturesque government buildings at the top of the hill.

I wrote to the Governor-General a request for an audience, transmitting the letter through the Secretary of State, according to the usage of official etiquette, and received a courteous acknowledgment with an invitation to come at an appointed hour. I went up to the beautiful grounds at the mansion, and was met by the Special Secretary to the Governor and ushered into the rooms of the Governor's abode.

It was with a feeling of intense apprehension that I entered the elegant colonial parlor, which served as the audience room of the Governor-General of the Congo. The affairs I wished to discuss were of such great importance to me that I felt that I was upon the crisis of a most momentous interview. When the secretary came back followed by a tall and noble looking gentleman, the greater part of my nervousness vanished at the sight of the handsome features and truly benevolent countenance of this distinguished official. This was Monsieur Fuehs, the former Chief Justice, now acting Governor-General. He greeted me cordially and requested me to proceed *in medias res*, with the affairs in hand.

I unfolded to him many of the questions with which the reader is already familiar; asking specifically for the grant of the concession at Ndombe, and for his permission to take Kassongo and Kondola to America with me. I

showed him my maps and gave him a full account of the character and circumstances of Ndombe and his people, earnestly pleading with his Excellency to use all his influence to secure Ndombe and my friends from harm and distress.

The Governor made reply in most happy terms, according his permission for my educational experiments with the boys and attesting his lively personal interest in its progress; the application for my concession, he said, inasmuch as it involved territory adjoining a frontier, had been referred to headquarters in Belgium for consideration; he, personally, would be glad to see it granted, and had no doubt that I would have it secure upon my return to the field. He was happy to hear of Ndombe's fealty and high character, and would be glad to see that he received the protection and adequate consideration from the government which I so earnestly desired. The Governor gave me a letter to the Chief Justice, by whom the official document, permitting the boys to be carried to America was to be issued.

My impression of the Governor-General certainly was most happy. His manners, appearance and words alike, were those of a dignified and able gentleman, while I have never had any reason to doubt his sincerity or to question the accuracy of his statements and the justice of his decisions.

Miss Villiers, upon my return to the mission, proffered her company and guidance to the office of the Chief Justice, with whom she was personally acquainted, and her fluency in the French language made her a most acceptable assistant. The Chief Justice was installed in an office, commanding a noble view of the Congo and the landscape around, and filled with official documents, books, papers and other

evidences of the range and weight of his labors. He, also, received me most pleasantly, and issued the necessary permit after some jocular reference to the fact that a gentleman from South Carolina had much more trouble in getting Africans into his State than a half-century ago. I replied that I had no doubt that my American friends would be amazed at my temerity in taking more Africans to South Carolina, but that I wished to prove that we really were so hospitable to strangers from the Dark Continent, that the boys would come back fatter and more palatable to his cannibal subjects than before. The Chief Justice said, that he, too, would watch what we could do now for free Africans in America with much interest.

A few hours remained for me to spend in obtaining some of the habiliments and small toilet articles of civilized life, at the establishment of the English trading firm of Messrs. Hatton and Cookson. It was surprising to note the enormous stock of varied European goods and articles which these people carried; they sold these things not only to the whites, but to the natives swarming about Boma. One saw there nearly everything that he could find on the streets of London. While there was no ice cream at hand—a lack which no American Colony would allow, there was plenty of lemonade at a cafe, in the store of the colored merchant and principal colored citizen of the lower Congo, Shanu, and all Bonta abounded in various kinds of small and large merchants. One of the pilots on the river made me a present of a valise, when he heard me enquiring for one at a store, and the earnest insistence upon my acceptance, which this kind hearted sailor-king showed. was a pleasant incident in my sojourn in the Capital of the Congo. These pilots guide the ocean steamers from Banana,

at the Congo's mouth, to Matadi; and theirs is surely a most responsible and important part of the machinery of transportation. From Boma down the widening Congo to Banana, some seventy miles we go, the Lone Star on its blue field flying at the mast head; the salt breezes come rolling up and speak of the ocean; we anchor for a few moments off Banana, and then to sea, and my heart swells as the dim outlines of the receding continent melt away and I see my adopted land no more. Farewell to Africa! Not forever, is the prayer that rises ever from my heart and I hear the myriad voices from its recesses calling to me and mine—"Oh! white man, leave us not to darkness and death any more. Come back, and come with a multitude of friends and helpers. Africa is calling to you all." Those voices have never left me night or day. May our great and blessed race hear them, too, and send across the seas the music of a glad response—"Lo, we come!"

On board the *Leopoldville*, I was the only Anglo-Saxon, confessing the English tongue. There were three Roman Catholic priests, a number of officers of the government, from various parts of the interior, going to a rest from their labors, besides several traders. The most distinguished passenger was Monsieur le Major Van Gele, Vice-Governor-General, and recently in command of a large military expedition in the territory above Stanley Falls. Major Van Gele had achieved eminence as the explorer of the Mobangi (or Ubangi), the largest tributary of the Congo, a river larger than the Missouri. He was one of the early associates of Stanley and his colleagues in the founding of the Free State. We formed an agreeable acquaintance, as the Major had been to America at the World's Fair in Chicago, and expressed much interest in our country—

“that Titanic and marvelous phenomenon,” as he called it—and he favored me with several disquisitions on international politics and commerce. He spoke considerably on the subject of America’s recent departure, as he styled it, from her previous conservatism in respect to her relations to world-wide dominion, and asked me pointedly, what reason there was for such an elephantine nation as ours to desire more territory. I endeavored to impress him with the view that America did not seek more territory; hers was simply a determination to secure the best interests of weak and struggling nations and peoples against the encroachments of greed and imperial avarice. I assured him that America was the best friend which small but progressive countries had among the great powers.

Major Van Gele laid down a political postulate, which seemed to me, eminently wise and proper and which is worth quotation and preservation:

“Mr. Verner, the same laws govern nations as individuals. The man who does not work shall not eat. But the man who does work, has the divine right to enjoy all the privileges of the most favored among men, which he can earn by honest labor. In like manner, the nation which is not productive, has no right to independent political existence. The nation which cumbers the earth must be cut down. But the nation, large or small, which is productive and does its share of the economic duty of the world, deserves to be allowed to live and to enjoy all its political rights and immunities, unimpeded and unimpaired. For a powerful nation to seek the conquest of such a small neighbor, merely on the ground of superior might, is simply robbery, and is against the laws of God and man.”

To these sentiments, I need hardly say, I gave a hearty

and sympathetic assent. I was glad of the opportunity to obtain this high official's point of view on many subjects in which we were mutually interested and enjoyed his conversation immensely. In like manner, I enjoyed not a few interviews with the Roman Catholic priests, and learned not a little of their aims and theoretical and practical methods in their missions in Africa. I admitted to them the wisdom of their magnificent installations and the useful character of their industrial and manual training schools for the natives, as well as the self-sacrificing spirit of many of their missionaries, who volunteer for life and receive no stated income.

The captain of the steamer was Herr Taggenbrock, a bluff and hearty German, while the first officer, a warm-hearted and capable sailor, was of the same nationality. Both the captain and the mate showed me marked personal kindness during the voyage, and this attitude was more appreciated since my cumbersome cargo would have been quite a burden to me unaided, embracing as it did, besides the two boys, the six parrots, two monkeys and wild-cat, together with the boxes of curiosities and ethnological specimens.

We called at few ports and made excellent time. The ship was of about five thousand tonnage, a large, well-built, handsome, elegantly furnished boat; it was kept beautifully clean and neat, nor was there any of the rowdiness and noisy drunkenness aboard, which sometimes so disgraces the African mercantile vessels. My enjoyment of the rest aboard, after the arduous campaign in Africa, was very keen; to sit and watch the great porpoises leap out of the water, as shoals of them followed the ship, the never leaving sea gulls fluttering their snow white wings

above us, and ever and anon swooping down to sit upon the softly rippling waves of the gentle tropical sea; to look out upon the vast fields of phosphorescent fire at night, under the pale shimmer of the delicate moonlight; to hear the music of the soft, balmy breezes as they played about the port holes and echoed from the crannies of deck and cabin; all this made a happy relief from the intense strain of the long anxious months, and afforded a needed preparation for the arduous labors still before me in Europe and America.

When we neared the Spanish Islands of Las Palmas, in the far-famed Canary Archipelago, the passengers teased me not a little about the fact that the United States was at war with Spain, and that but recently the Spanish fleet had sailed from these islands to the West Indies. They asked me whether I dared go ashore under the circumstances, having heard that I was anxious to procure heavy clothing for the boys, before they approached bleak and wintry Europe.

The steamer was to obtain coal here for the rest of the journey. We arrived just at six o'clock in the afternoon, so that I was obliged to go ashore at night, if at all. The steamer would leave before morning. With nothing else save my little walking stick, I went over to the top of the stair-way leading down the ship's side and saw a number of boats in the bay at the bottom of the steps, waiting to convey passengers ashore and giving voice to their cries for fares. Going down the steps, I shouted out an inquiry as to whether any of those boatmen spoke English. At the sound of that hated tongue, a dead silence fell upon the vociferous group, and in the hush I told them I was an American, who desired a safe and peaceful voyage ashore,

to return shortly. This frank announcement met with a storm of comments, some angry voices mingling with the other shouts of laughter and shrieks of derision; calling for silence, I told them that I was not in armor then and came only on an errand of peace. Then one spoke up in fairly good English with a Spanish twist, saying that if I would trust him, he would convey me safe ashore and back; assuring me that "he was a gentleman, who would not fight the American, except when at war which was by America."

I entered this young man's whaleboat, finding that it was being rowed by two villainous looking old Spaniards, who did not deign to favor me even with so much as a glance, but mumbled some deep grunts and pulled away for the pier. Surely this was one of the most hazardous enterprises I had yet undertaken, for the night was dark and I was in the power of three citizens of a nation with which my country was at war, and it would have been an easy matter to have disposed of me at once and summarily. But the sequel led me to believe fully in all I had read concerning the chivalry and honor of the Spaniard, where his word and his country are at stake. The guide's name was Pierre Fabelo. He discoursed at length upon his honor and assured me repeatedly that he would consider himself a mean dog to take any advantage of an American, who was alone and a stranger, who had thus placed such implicit trust in his good faith. Among other things, he said, that the trouble with Spain was that she did not properly pay her soldiers; said he, "What do I care for a country that will starve her soldiers and sailors and then expect victory from them?"

When we arrived at the town of Las Palmas, we found

many brilliantly lighted stores, where I was able to get the needed things for the lads without trouble and at a moderate cost. My new friend took every occasion to introduce me as "the Americano," and much was the consternation wherever the name was heard. I did not linger, but returned soon to the ship and enjoyed the way in which I was able to turn the tables on my joking fellow-passengers. The adventure, however, was not one I should lightly repeat.

When the coal had been taken aboard and the boxes of oranges and other fruits stowed away, the anchor was weighed once more, and we started upon the last stretch of ocean between us and Europe, the weather continued good, and no accident marred our even course. Day after day I spent in collecting my notes and preparing manuscript, until the rapid tossing of the vessel told us that we were in the English Channel. The coast of England loomed up, historic and inspiring; the channel-pilots came aboard; the fog deepened; the steamers, boats and sailing vessels began to increase in numbers around us, and I knew that soon we should be on land again.

I waited with much curiosity to see and hear the boys when the mighty panorama of a great city of Europe should loom up before their eyes, and when we turned up the Scheldt, dividing Belgium from Holland, and proceeded up its course to Antwerp, at its head of navigation, my own emotion was scarcely less powerful than theirs. We passed along a succession of terraced lands, flat gardens, fields tilled like a flower-bed, woodlands grown up from trees planted in a row and looking like a scene in dream-land; windmills tossing their giant arms about; towns, villages, hedges, canals, ditches, laborers in the fields and

a soft gray mist hanging over the landscape, making me almost doubt my eyes and fancy myself looking at the picture books of childhood in the long ago.

Then, presto, looms up at Antwerp on the view. I stood by the little Africans, and we all kept still, for the glory and the wonder of it all were great. Cathedrals, spires, churches, palaces, ship after ship, pier upon pier, tall buildings lining the Quai; the rush of steam cars; the hoarse noises of a multitude; the sound of distant bells; the indescribable murmur of aggregated action—all came upon us and smote us with a sense of the grandeur of that before us and the insignificance of that behind. The boys' eyes grew wide with speechless wonder and they opened their mouths unconsciously and looked and gasped and gasped again. Then Kondola said slowly, with a deep breath, "Well, surely, we must be coming near Heaven at last."

Kassongo, for his part, turned and asked me, "Master, why does the white man leave all this to go to our country?" Poor little questioning savages; surely these comments came from hearts which would yet ask many a confounding question of their learned superiors in the "Heaven" to which they were going. Kassongo inquired whether this was the real land of Jesus, and asked if there were not roads here which led to the places about which the Bible spoke. Was this city not like Jerusalem?

Our steamer carefully chose its way amid the dense craft in the river and drew up to the pier, where an immense concourse of excited Belgians awaited its coming. Mothers, sisters, fathers, brothers, friends, were there to greet the passengers and to hail the boat, beloved in Belgium. Major Van Gele made me a present of his elegant steamer

chair and the passengers bade me a cordial farewell. Thus, I was left, a stranger still, though in a multitude of my race, to seek the shelter of the cozy "Queen's Hotel," where all my varied traps and encumbrances found a home and storehouse. Letters went straightway to America and London, and I began at once to carry out the business I had at the headquarters of the Congo Government in Brussels, sixty miles from Antwerp. While engaged in this work, I made the acquaintance of several gentlemen in Antwerp engaged in the work of African development; among them, Messrs. Alexis Mols and Jean Louis Hoeckle, besides Mr. William F. Schmoele, an American in business there. These gentlemen treated me with much kindness and were greatly impressed with the possibilities with our part of the Congo, giving me warm assurances of their co-operation in all our undertakings.

Letters of introduction to the American Minister and to His Majesty, the King, from Senators Morgan, Tillman, Davis and Hanna, as well as the proper papers from the Department of State in Washington, opened the way to me for negotiations in Brussels. The plans for concessions at Ndombe were duly recorded and letters were given attesting the same; while I received official assurance that on returning to the Congo, the way would be fully open. I showed to the government all the maps and the results of explorations, which were duly copied, and for which the officials gave me their thanks. I endeavored to deal fairly and frankly with these eminent representatives of Belgium's great foreign enterprise, believing that an open and direct method of business would inspire more confidence and accomplish my ends more quickly. All the facts concerning Ndombe, which I had told the Governor-General, were

repeated and I received a confirmation of his assurances. It was evident that Belgium wished the good-will of America in the concert of the nations, and I found no expression of unpleasant feelings and no indications of any intention to throw impediments in my way. The permission to take the boys to America was confirmed and more jokes were indulged in on this present style of transporting African labor to the Carolinas.

Just at this time, Mr. Cecil Rhodes was reported to have made an unsuccessful attempt to enlist the King in his Cape to Cairo Railway project, leaving Brussels for Berlin, and finding that he was regarded as a hungry lion in those capitals. The Boer and British relations in South Africa were strained severely and all England and Europe was watching Africa with intense attention.

Miss Mary H. Kingsley, a niece of the novelist and herself an explorer in Africa of considerable note, kindly exercised her good graces in my behalf by giving me a good introduction to the literary world in London, so that several articles I had written on the home-coming steamer were published in the English papers, and one, in the *Spectator*, on the Pygmies, attracted considerable attention, securing for me an audience among scientific men and societies. Miss Kingsley has written several accounts of her African travels herself, and they are sprightly and entertaining.

I made a short trip to London, since I had determined to sail from Antwerp direct to New York, for the purpose of having a book in the Baluba language printed. There I found Mr. Whyte, well, and as genially and intelligently interested in our affairs as ever, while his charming family I was glad to find still the same happy circle I had seen it before. My hours became full of varied affairs in this

immense metropolis; several hours at the Geographical Society, as well as with expert geologists and mineralogists; a visit to the Foreign Office in Downing street, where I was given the exact situation as regarded the status of Portugal and England in Central Africa near our country, and an interview with one of the editors of the *London Times*, Sir Donald Wallace, with whom I talked at length about the Central African country and the best methods for its development, and, finally, a rather unexpected meeting with a gentleman who bore our family name, a Colonel Verner, of the British army, a professor in the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, who asked me to meet him at the United Service Club, and gave me a good deal of information about our ancient family seat in North Ireland. This gentleman was a typical British army officer, tall, erect, handsome, clear-eyed and commanding, with an air of noble breeding and courteous demeanor. He offered me his good offices in the way of introductions, and thought that the opening in the Kasai ought to be utilized to the fullest extent. I told him that I wished to avoid all political complications and was assured of his assistance and co-operation as far as it could legitimately go. Thus did the generations of a sundered family meet, after all the storm and stress between. Our people had always been uncompromising Democrats on the subject of social and family relations, believing in merit according to its just recognition; it was, nevertheless, something which I was glad to be able to tell my father, that our name had so honorable a representative in the old country; and my uncle William in Alabama, that a Sir William Verner had been one of Wellington's colonels at Waterloo.

This fact lent a special interest to the distant view of

Waterloo from a hill near Brussels, which I enjoyed, and remembered how that genius of revolution, who had evoked the centuries under the shadow of the Pyramids, here went down before the Power which has yet to reveal the mysteries of Ethiopia; when Belgium's Capital had gathered there, "its beauty and its chivalry," little did she dream that she was yet to rule over dominions Bonaparte never saw, and vaster than all those he conquered and ruled. Behold a mightier than Napoleon must come forth in the twentieth century to solve the problems of its pregnant throes. Awake, oh Caucasus, and Carpathia and Alps and Pyranees, for behold the eclipse of your glory draweth nigh!

A terrible blizzard was raging in New York in this February and some of its fury was shown when the storm burst upon the shores of the channel. Shipping was injured in Dover harbor; the channel traffic interrupted; captains came in reporting damaged ships; one of the American line had been badly knocked up coming across the Atlantic; a Cunarder had sunk in New York harbor under a load of ice, while the general consensus was, that we had the worst weather in years. A section of the brick chimney was blown down from our hotel roof, falling through the skylight and alighting exactly upon the spot I had just vacated. Still, I was obliged to leave, as urgent letters and telegrams came from home and the principal business in Belgium was over. Once aboard the Southwark, all was calm and our voyage seemed to be under the special care of a kindly providence. Among the fellow passengers, I recall with special pleasure, an artist from Boston and a business man of New York State, who helped to render the voyage pleasant.

A quickly flown week brought us, with beating hearts, in the gray mist of early dawn, in sight of the Statue of Liberty and in hearing of the multitudinous trumpeting of the Queen City of the occident. Wonderful New York! How she sits upon her narrow peninsula and reigns over half a world. Oh, the glory of this greater and more marvellous than Babylon, as the eyes of the wilderness gazed upon its towering structures and feasted upon its mighty triumphs of architecture; with what emotions did the voyager from the darkness far-away, look upon its grandeur and then remember, with a thrill of the soul, that, after all,

“This is mine own, my native land!”

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Lost in New York.

WHEN I prepared to disembark at the landing just above the wharf of the American Line, I was almost a skeleton. Fevers, labors, anxiety, had worn me almost to a shadow, until I weighed little more than a hundred pounds. The damp chilly air shook my unaccustomed frame and gave me a shivering ague, which began to develop into a regular African fever. The snow was several feet deep; the wind cold and biting; the atmosphere moist and foggy. It was surely an ordeal I had to undergo. Fortunately, the Custom House could not classify my cargo and the officials contented themselves with the usual legal questions, formalities and inspection. But when my things had been piled up in the open space under the shelter of the Government's warehouse and Kassongo and Kondola were carried to Castle Garden to be inspected, and the monkey and parrots taken down on the Southwark, to be kept warm, while the ship discharged its cargo at another wharf on the Jersey shore, I stood alone and more bewildered and at a loss than ever in the wilds of Africa.

Then he comes, my hero, like a charger on the battle field, and I am alone no more. For rushing through the bustling crowd comes Pegram, my Damon, "bearded like the pard," and fain would fall on my neck and clasp me in

his arms, as he fairly shouts the joy of greeting: "Hello! Verner, is it you?"

This newcomer on the scene of impending conflict is Pegram Dargan, nature's nobleman, if ever man deserved the title. He had been my room-mate, and dear as Jonathan to David, in the old college when we made the "double-stars" so thick on the college bulletin boards, that heaven had seemed to come down to make another firmament on the campus. This young man must endure this eulogium here, for he played such a part in the little drama about to be enacted in Gotham, that the story would be incomplete without him. He had gone to Harvard from South Carolina College and there had developed the literary powers with which nature had so rarely endowed him, to such a degree, that he had chosen the fickle maiden literature, as his goddess, but with happier inspiration had been blessed with a Kentucky bride to confirm his devotions and share his struggling ambition. They were living in a quiet, retired way, as became modest young Southerners in the metropolis, and had been looking to my coming, with all the eager happiness of the dearest friends with which God has ever blessed a way-worn voyager from a far country.

Now, my labors proceeded, as if facilitated by the powers of magic. Surely, the Lord himself had helped Pegram to find me. The precious cargo was stored near by, and I was taken to his modest lodgings near Madison Square, where another happy surprise greeted me in the shape of a young reporter for the *New York Sun*, a brother of Robert Woods, also a former college friend. While Pegram and Woods went to secure the Africans, I was left to warm my

shaking frame and to collect my wandering wits. As I started down stairs to seek breakfast at the adjacent Peter Cooper's Cafe, the fairest vision floats up the stairway and the sweetest voice breaks upon my ear that I had heard since I had left Columbia, long months before. For now comes the lovely little Kentucky woman to greet me, and the old time Southern accents make music in the ear. Pegram's wife, she was, and what a rush of dormant memories; sweet melodies, laid beneath the crust of years and struggles, come over me as I clasp her hands and knew that here was a home and welcome, too.

This book is no place for all our conversation. Suffice to say that soon the ebony children of the forest came up with Pegram and were cared for by Mrs. Dargan with as tender a solicitude as ever any fond Kentucky mistress showed her little negroes in the olden times now gone like a dream. The boys asked me if this great city were not the father of all the cities, for truly, said they, it was like a forest of houses and people.

I could not stay long in New York, for I wished to lay some matters before our government in Washington and just then Congress was on the eve of adjournment. The weather, moreover, forbade any lingering there. The day was spent in making complete preparations to depart, and I did not think it necessary to endeavor to secure lodgings for the boys, as I had no doubt, that in New York, which loved them so, at least, I had always been taught to think so, there would be no trouble on that account.

Consequently, when the many duties of the day had been finished, I took the young Africans to a lodging house near by, but was informed that just then the proprietor was out. I requested the waiting woman, who gave me this

information, to allow the boys to sit in the back part of the house, while I returned to have a few words of social intercourse with the dear friends whom I had not seen for so long a time. The woman consented and I explained who the boys were and said that I would return after a while to see about them again, when the proprietor should have returned. Without the remotest doubt that all would be well, I returned to Pegram's apartments and spent a short time in delightful reminiscences. I had not seen him in over six years and there was much to talk about. We had kept up a correspondence when I was in Africa, but those letters could not say much. Now comes the drama: truly a more extraordinary episode than any depicted that night on the stage of New York's scores of theatres. It came near being a terrible tragedy. When I returned, at about half-past nine, to the lodging house, to re-assure the strangers and to bid them good-night, the place was closed and dark already. This was surprising, but I rang the bell and was obliged to do so several times before an answering voice from within gruffly inquired, "Who's that?" and the door was opened slightly, but not enough to admit me.

I said that I was the traveller who had left the African boys there a while ago. Quick as a shot the voice exclaimed, "I put the niggers out of here. I do not want any black niggers in my house!"

Angry as I was, I could lose no time in parleying with the fellow. The boys were nowhere in sight, the night was deepening, it was bitter cold and the wind howled over the snowy streets.

Central Africans lost in New York! Unable to speak a dozen English words; fresh from the heated tropics; poor

little helpless souls, wandering out into the mazes of the streets and alleys; what would become of them? I could not but contrast my reception at Ndombe with this, and my fury increased with every thought. I went like the wind to call Pegram, and he started off to Police Headquarters to send out the alarm, while I began the search in person. I found the local policeman, but he had not seen them and he began an ineffectual search. At the nearest police station orders were issued for a special lookout, and I then began to tramp the streets. I examined every nook and corner, peered into yards and piazzas and walked for two hours that awful night with a raging tempest in my breast and a rocked and harrowed brain.

I turned across a street and passed in front of a fruiterer's stall, when lo, there, huddled together before a window containing their own familiar banana bunch, in a little recess in the building abutting the street, I descried the boys, peering out like little scared animals in the bush, watching intently, and starting forward with a glad cry when they saw me. What a heaving rush of relief shook me, as I seized their hands and asked how they were. Kassongo, coolly and in amazing unconcern, replied: "The man of the house you left us in was a bad man. His heart was black toward us. He said that he did not want black boys in his house and he made us go into the road. You said you were coming back soon and we got cold standing still, so we walked up and down the road. Then we could not tell which was the house any more, so we started to find your friend's house. We could not find it, so when we saw the bananas here, we came here so that when the banana man came in the morning, he could help us find

you. The city is very great and we were afraid to go far away, because we would get lost."

The predicament did not end here, but fortunately, a young man came by just then, whom I addressed, asking where I could find lodgment for the boys. His astonishment was profound, but his interest was equally great, when I unfolded to him the situation. Then he informed me that negroes were tabooed in all of this part of New York, but that he would be glad to guide me across the city, to where I could doubtless find lodgings for the boys. The disinterested kindness of this stranger, whose name was Taylor, was in pleasing contrast with the conduct of the man (?), who had turned out the boys, and I shall always recall his politeness with grateful appreciation. At any rate, all New York was not so inhospitable. Before long a mulatto boarding-house keeper had taken the Africans in charge, and I felt that they were secure. Tomorrow, I resolved, we shall hasten to warmer climes and more certain reception.

Then, I, too weary to look for a hotel, and too disgusted to sleep beneath a roof in Gotham, until my nerves had calmed down, went quickly to Pegram's apartments and relieved him, countermanded the request to the police and boarded an elevated train near by, spending the few hours until morning in a ride over the tremendous city, seeing sights many and novel, and coming to the conclusion reached by the boys, that this tremendous aggregation of men and things was far more bewildering than an unbroken Congo forest, far more dark and wretched in its worse parts than even the humblest African village.

The next morning, early, I went for the "converts,"

and carried them to that magnificent million-dollar edifice on Fifth Avenue, the building of the Foreign Mission Board of the Northern Presbyterian Church, hoping that there, at any rate, they would be safe and welcome. In this, my hopes were fully realized, for they became the centre of an animated group of young ladies employed in the offices, as well as objects of much curiosity to Mr. Speer, the able and brilliant young Secretary of the Board, whose eyes opened wide at these real live specimens of the peoples for whom all that immense structure and all those luxurious apartments were constructed, and upon whom his labors were being directed.

The monkey and wild cat were placed in the New York Zoological Gardens in Central Park, as the authorities consented to care for them and they were rare specimens. Then, we all boarded the Pennsylvania Railway for Washington, and nothing disturbed the journey, save an oath from a brakeman levelled at the boys for their obtuseness in not comprehending his questions. Once in the nation's capital, beautiful, elegant, the noblest in all the world, our troubles were, for a season, at an end.

There we received every courtesy from the officers of the National Museum, who took charge of the collection with pleasure, and made their wonderful storehouse of world-wide knowledge our home. I cannot speak too highly of these men of genius, patient toilers in the deep mysteries of truth, whose sphere is the universe; whose confines are the globe; whose consecration to their labors is as devout as that of the most devoted priest to the tenets of his religion and the duties of his sanctuary. To these scientific gentlemen, knowledge and truth are no less sacred than duty and religion; while there are among them

sincere followers of Jesus Christ, who make of the plain buildings in the Mall a temple of fervent service to God, as well as of eminent utility to mankind.

The metals, minerals, anthropological articles and rare curiosities, constituted the largest collection yet brought to the storehouse of the government from Africa, so that the authorities offered me steady employment in the classification and description of these specimens, a fact which later enabled me to accomplish the greatest effort of my life and afforded the means to carry out some cherished designs. A large part of the collection was left in my personal possession and I hoped to dispose of the remainder in due season, for the benefit of the great cause.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A Contrast—Central Africa and the United States Senate.

THE hours in Washington flew rapidly, but I could not miss looking upon the august body, which was then engaged in settling the future destiny of distant millions. Congress was to adjourn on Saturday, and I managed to get a seat in the crowded gallery of the Senate chamber during the busy hours of the remaining session.

As I sat and looked down upon that splendid body of tremendous power, a gathering representing an empire such as Cæsar never knew, the indefinable impression crowded upon the mind of regal might and gigantic responsibility caused my brain to reel and rock in the surge of a wild tide of mingled feelings. The wilderness of the dark land across the sea; the confused murmur of legions of savages; the silent pleading for pity of tens of thousands of human beings unrepresented here and unheard in this torrent of the onward flow of Anglo-Saxon strength; all were clear and loud enough for me. Did they hear and heed? Did these men, into whose hands apparently the happiness—the very existence, perhaps—of vast populations of sentient humanity, of many millions of men, women and children yet unborn; did they feel pulsating in the warm current of their rich blood the generous stream of mercy, gentleness, tender consideration and loving kindness for the unnum-

bered masses of distant lands over whose fate they were then in solemn conclave sitting? Here was a senator whose vote might mean peace or war; there another, whose decision might mean weal or woe to whole continents, change the course of nations and create new forces in the movements of the world. Oh, that with the overpowering impulse of a sweeping tide, the power of God might come upon these rulers of the nation to make them the means of saving from their woe the multitudes, whose lives they held in trust! I could not keep back a few hot tears when I saw it all, in the splendor of its dazzling grandeur, and remembered that there was once a Senate of Rome, convened, perhaps, when the Savior was dying on Calvary, who knew Judæa only as a troublesome and rebellious little colony, nor dreamed that from that turbulent province, thoughts were going forth on the wings of the wind, to rouse the blue eyed giants of the North till the Forum should lie in ruins and the Eternal City be trampled under the hosts of barbarians crying for vengeance on the accursed power which slew the Lord.

Oh, America, America, bright, glorious, thrice blessed of God, may you never from your imperial seat of opulence and power send out your armies to trample down the weak and helpless, to grind the poor, to pillage and to plunder for gold and false glory! May you, whose liberty a struggling ancestry bought with tears and sealed with blood, turn not from the manifest duty of enlightening and uplifting the down-trodden races of the earth, to the mad course of heedless greed and reckless oppression, which has brought every such nation, from Pharaoh's to Alphonso's, to humiliation and death! Jehovah, in mercy, forbid!

When I left the Senate chamber, it was with the fervent

prayer, that when such a capitol building should arise from Africa's wilds and rear its dome of unrivalled power over a grand and free people, there should then be a civilization there to teach the old world the lessons of the new, that America's influence in Africa might make of that oldest, but youngest land, the freest, noblest, highest of them all; that Africa in turn should react upon Europe and Asia and the streams of beneficent ideas and progressive institutions unite to cleanse and purify the Orient. If our senators could see their gigantic opportunities in the light of these great results awaiting their actions, they would surely place the United States in the forefront of all efforts to advance the happiness of the inhabitants of the world. Our country can no more live, now, to itself, than our President can stop the gulf stream from flowing to Europe on one side, or the Pacific currents from warming the shores of California on the other. We expand as naturally as iron under the influence of heat; the question is, shall we make of the iron a bayonet or a hoe?

While I went to Nashville to report to the committee of the church, I left the two boys in the charge of the famous Thornwell Orphanage in South Carolina, cared for by Dr. Jacobs, its most devoted and useful founder and president. When we went to Columbia, the lamented Governor Elerbee asked to see them, and when I carried them to the mansion into his presence, they kneeled before the dying Governor, although not at all so instructed and received his blessing. I had simply told them that we were going to the house of the chief of this part of the country.

A regiment of the United States Army was stationed at Columbia, when I reached home, and the officer in command sent me a polite invitation to address the soldiers

one Sunday night. Besides the two Africans, I took with me a couple of tattered flags, whose character would lend a special interest to the occasion. These banners were the flags of the Congo Free State and the United States, respectively; but the Congo flag was the same as the once familiar Confederate banner, the "Bonnie Blue Flag." Thus we had a most extraordinary gathering; a Southern young man, with two little Central African freemen, and the flags once waving over hostile armies, then side by side in peaceful ripples, fluttering over the territory of an African King, was speaking to an encampment of soldiers from the North, on the heights over which Sherman's army had ridden in triumph, thirty-four years before. Strange change in human affairs that a descendant of slaveholders should now speak to Northern soldiers, urging them to justice and rectitude towards the tropical peoples, to whose land they were soon to go. The boys seemed impressed with these white soldiers, and I asked them if they did not now see the folly of fighting the white man. To convince their countrymen in Africa of this fact alone is worth their visit. They were placed in school at Tuskalooza, Alabama, where they made remarkable progress, learning to write intelligible letters to me in a few months, and becoming skilled at ploughing and gardening. They made a good impression on their teachers and fellow students, and awakened a widespread interest in their future.

My labors were directed to securing the building of the Congo boat for the use of our missionaries on the Kasai and Congo, and to arousing an interest in the work there. I had the extreme happiness to find in a young lady of Alabama, a teacher in one of the State colleges, a helpmeet and life comrade.

The Congo boat was built by the Wm. R. Trigg Shipbuilding Company, at Richmond, Virginia, and at this writing is on the Congo's waters. How happy was the little force of pioneers in the Kasai, when the whistle sounded out across the Lulua Valley and they saw "Old Glory" waving above the "Samuel N. Lapsley" at the beach.

I suffered from a severe attack of brain fever after the arduous labors of 1899, and spent nearly a year in a hospital in Baltimore, where the skill of the kindly and able physicians and the blessing of God restored me completely to health. I take farewell of the reader—may we meet again!—writing this from an old family plantation, where I am working hard to get strength and ample means to continue the work I began at Ndombe. Kassongo and Kondola have helped me to plough and to work the farm, until the former's old trouble in Africa returned in the shape of a swelling of the knees, causing me to place him in a hospital for colored people in Charleston—the only one of the kind south of Washington. There one of the best men I know, Dr. A. C. McClenman, with a corps of skilled nurses, is attending him. We all live in the earnest hope of returning to Africa to carry on a great and lasting work there, and for that work we invoke the help of all good men and the powerful assistance of Almighty God.

When Livingstone lay dying, he wrote those parting words, already once quoted, but good enough to repeat: "May the blessing of Almighty God come down on all—American, English or Turk—who will come to heal this open sore of the world." It was a curious fact that he should have put America first. Perhaps, he was thinking of the dead son whose body lay crumbling at Gettysburg;

perhaps, he remembered how Stanley came to his help under the American flag. But it was significant. The great soul of the dying man went out toward the sun coursing westward, and lifted up its vision to the potent land across the Atlantic, whose giant arm had but lately shaken the earth; where Africa had cost England and Europe money, it had cost America blood. His dying prayer was to the nation which had sent him succor in the hour of his distress, and whose potency to the cause in which he died his prophetic mind well discerned.

Let us answer that plea. What a mighty nation we are! How God has blessed us at home and abroad, giving us unprecedented prosperity and unrivalled military and naval prestige. A word from America now suffices to change the course of history. From the surplus of our wealth, out of their riches, benefactors are heaping gifts upon institutions of learning and scarcely know what to do with their cumbersome possessions. A million dollars, judiciously expended, would revolutionize a territory in Africa as large as the whole of our Southern States. The field for the investment of a productive capital is boundless and safer than anywhere outside of Europe and North America, owing to the international agreements. There lies the great continent at the feet of haughty Europe and at the front door of opulent America, and its cries and tears go up to heaven for help and rescue. The dark visaged giant is rousing from the sleep of ages and seeks the light of the New Day. Much of our glorious civilization had its beginnings on the banks of the Nile, when Egypt fed the fathers of our religion and the founders of our education, and it seems that the circle of the progress of that enlightening influence is now nearing its starting point, drawing again

to the place of its origin. On the banks of the Nile, in storied Ethiopia, where the Father of the Faithful stood in awe of the power of its king; where Joseph resisted the snare of temptation; where Moses esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt; where Pharoah perished in his headlong oppression; where Cæsar shook with his colossal tread; where the Holy Babe found shelter, even as His people had found food; where the war-captain of later days invoked the presence of the centuries under the shadow of the pyramids: whence the cross of Jesus for nigh two thousand years has westward taken its unceasing way—there on the banks of that dark and mysterious river shall that Cross take its stand, and, as the bearers look backward upon an encircled globe, the achievement of redemption shall be done.

CHAPTER XL.

The Moral and Religious Condition of the Kasai People.

TO change the life currents of people who have crystalized into their present shape as a result of over three thousand years of formative influence is no easy task. To some minds such efforts savor of the Quixotic. All who engage in them for any length of time, come to realize that no human power is adequate to the undertaking. Only those who depend upon the powerful co-operation of Divine Agency can look hopefully on the outcome.

There are certain obstacles, and also certain encouragements, which present themselves at this stage of mission work in the vast Kasai Basin; obstacles and encouragements arising from peculiar facts in the moral and religious condition of the natives.

The four principal moral obstacles met with in the Kasai field, as indeed, everywhere in Africa, are the loose status of the sexual relations, the prevalence of the worst forms of slavery, the idea that social eminence confers moral license and the deep seated power of ingrained depravity.

The sexual relations of these Central Africans may be summarized thus: They recognize the idea of the mating of men and women for life, but this idea admits of polygamy, allows concubinage, does not recognize chastity as a high

virtue and does not prohibit promiscuous intercourse between the unmarried.

At the base of polygamy is the notion that woman is a sort of chattel. As the more property the better, so the more women the better. The suitor must always pay the father, family or master of the woman he wishes to wed; hence, the wealthier the individual, the more wives he usually possesses, and poor men have none. This uneven distribution in the matrimonial market leads naturally to wide-spread prostitution, and the evils in its train. Polygamy is also a source of political strength to important chieftains, since they can ally themselves with many families of local prominence by the old custom of intermarriage. This fact gives to polygamy one of its most powerful arguments against any change, seeing the wide-spread political confusion which a renunciation would bring about. Then, too, as the women are the beasts of burden, and their labor produces the wealth of the husband, the laziness and cupidity of the men naturally opposes itself to the loss of these sources of ease and income.

Concubinage has arisen from three causes. Usually the power of a master over a female slave extends to any limit he chooses to impose. Then a wife may do as did Sarah, and Leah, and Rachel--actually present concubines to her husband as a means of winning his favor. Or a man who will not marry a woman he considers his social inferior is allowed to choose her as a concubine by paying the stipulated price to her people. The principal difference between wives and concubines is in the social distinctions, and in the fact, that the concubines may be disposed of to another without question.

Slavery in Africa is of extreme antiquity and of the

worst forms. The escape from African slavery to American bondage was, indeed, a sweet release to most of the involuntary emigrants from the "dark continent." For the master has always had the utmost license in the treatment of his slaves. The power of inflicting the death penalty; the right to offer the slave as a sacrifice; the privilege of anthropophagy among cannibal tribes; the unlimited power to trade; all these have been common ideas among slave owners for ages. The Kasai valley has been the scene of some of the most active efforts of the slave traders, and the town of Ndombe was long one of the principal centres along the great trans-continental slave route. There are now probably a million or more slaves in this region.

The incompatibility of Christianity with such phases of slavery as this is self-evident. The history of African missions abound in illustrations of this fact. The slave trade broke Livingstone's heart, and indirectly caused the death of Gordon. At Luebo more than once has a slave, basking in the sunlight of Christian privileges, been torn away by the hands of his master, and carried away into the depths of remote heathendom. The nominal prohibition of the system by the government has not yet become effective enough to stop the trade, still less to effect manumission. Nevertheless, the conversion of the master has often led to the freedom of the slave, and always to his greater happiness and welfare.

The idea of social distinctions is nowhere better illustrated than among these Kasai Africans. Not only is the difference between master and man most strenuously insisted upon, but in the rudimentary state of society there are many ranks and castes, and the principal point of priv-

ilege consists in the greater freedom from moral restraint allowed to the higher classes. Thus a man's right to perpetrate any enormity is strictly dependent on his ability to pay; the poor may be put to death for stealing a goat, while the rich may be fined a goat for murder or adultery, and there the matter ends.

Nowhere is our oft-derided doctrine of original sin more clearly shown than among these people. Depravity oozes from their very skins. They will lie in order to try to enter the church; will steal from the person of a dying benefactor; will trade wives for a chicken to boot; will bear false witness for the consideration of a handful of salt, and will murder a man for the brass rings on his arms. And yet, converted to Christianity, they will die rather than recant and will suffer torture rather than be forced to break a commandment. Therein is, perhaps, the most signal illustration of the power of the Christian faith in history.

For it is true, that notwithstanding all these obstacles, there are many encouragements to Christian work among these savage people. One of these is the absence of any firmly established priest craft, as obtains in India and China. The nearest analogue to the priest is the medicine-man; but his influence is not nearly so much theological as therapeutic, and a dose of epsom salts or a whiff of ammonia-fortis, will do more to destroy the force of his opposition than all the polemics of missions against the savants of the East. The medicine-man may, indeed, be won over by the missionary, if taught how to use our medicines, and he will preach any theology which cures his patients and secures his fees. Like priest, like people, the natives surrender their beliefs as easily as they exchange rubber for cloth. Indeed, their moral laxity goes directly

along with their theological indifference. Now, this attitude, though full of difficulties of its own, still makes the door open to Christianity more easily than in any other heathen or pagan land.

Again, the African illustrates Paul's saying that the heathen "show the work of the law written on their hearts." He has a conscience, scared as it may be. He has a religious sense, crude as it may be. He attaches importance to religion, second to no other idea. There is in him, then, the basis for religious development. The aboriginal African has an innate conception of the Deity; an instinctive tendency to associate special providences with God's agency; and an all-devouring fear of "devils many." He hears of the plan of salvation with joy, and believes with a trustful simplicity, that puts the faith of many Caucasian Christians to shame.

This responsiveness is a remarkable thing. In Uganda, says Bishop Tucker, in ten years' time the growth of the church has been an hundred fold. In the Kasai, the growth has been an hundred fold in five years' time, and this, too, when the political power, contrary to the case of Uganda, has not been vested in the government to which the missionaries belong. When Lapsley landed at Luebo, there was not a Protestant native Christian in a thousand miles. Now, there are nearly two thousand. Then the Gospel had not been preached over a territory as large as European Russia. Now, the light has spread over an area larger than Texas. There has never been more than ten missionaries actively at work there at one time, but they have been so besieged with calls far and near that they have been physically unable to respond. The Bakuba people, who once came so near putting Sheppard to death, have accepted the

Gospel. The Baschilange, who once threatened Luebo with extermination, have congregated there in great numbers to hear the Word of God. The Baluba slaves, who once thought that Luebo was synonymous with all the horrors of torture and death, now hail it as the haven of freedom and peace. Where the murderous shouts of cannibals once rang through the forests, the sound of the church bell proclaims the call to worship, and the songs of Zion resound across the clearing.

Of course, there are special dangers in this new born religious enthusiasm. The African is extremely imitative. He tends to reproduce as far as he can any action which he sees done by what he recognizes as a superior being. The white man has more clothes, more dangerous weapons more efficacious medicines; *ergo*, his religion must be more desirable. There is always this danger. The only way to combat it is by the insistence upon self-sacrifice, and the reasonable fruits of repentance. When an African will give up his superfluous wives, will reject an easy opportunity to steal; will confess a sin which entails sure and disagreeable punishment; will relinquish vengeance against a foe, he may be said to be proving his profession, and, not till then.

Another danger comes in the confusion of the native mind of civilization and Christianity. He sees the white man bringing at the same time and from the same country, Bibles and rum, a new religion and a new rifle. At first, these things sorely puzzle him. Well they may. But soon he learns the difference, and, in the end, Christianity is the gainer by the contrast. Every godless white man sooner or later only shows to the native the difference between men with the spirit of Christ and those without it.

Some other dangers are such as formalism, emotional excitement and the tendency to be gregarious in their religious movements, as in other things. All these must be met and overcome, each according to its own need. But they may be vanquished, as they often have been.

One of the worst dangers in the early stages of Christian progress, comes from the paying of native evangelists, or the hiring of native Christians by the missionaries, and paying them with church funds. At the beginning of missionary operations, it is often indispensable to do this, for frequently the converts are the only natives who will work satisfactorily. Then, also, before the native church has grown to any size, it is not able to support the evangelists who might be ready to go out and be vastly instrumental in adding to the growth of the church. For the African himself, must be the chief agent in extending the Gospel in Africa. Bishop Tucker, in his address at Brighton, points this out in the wonderful pentacost in Uganda.

At first, then, it will be necessary for the home church to help native evangelists, unless they happen to be wealthy or the few church members amply able to do so. But as soon as they are able, it must be strictly insisted on that the native converts support their own evangelists. Moreover, these evangelists ought not to require more than the average income of the other natives.

As a matter of fact, the Kasai Christians are far more generous in proportion to their means, than the church at home. Most of them give with the utmost liberality, and Bishop Tucker says, that the Baganda entirely support their evangelists.

What are the aims of our missionary efforts in the Kasai? The reply is concise; to effect the conversion of the natives

to Jesus Christ; to promote the work of grace in elevating their characters; to instruct their minds; and to train their bodies in the useful Christian arts and sciences. For all of these we have the scriptural warrant, and the example of Christ himself. The principal methods to be used in achieving these ends are evangelization, education, medical attention and manual training.

In these days of great and increasing perplexity of methods in the mission field, there is much danger of losing sight of the relative importance of the prime command, "Go preach the Gospel." This must be fundamental to every effort. My own experience and an extensive reading of missionary literature makes me firmly believe, that preaching the Word must be the great method, first, last and all the time. To any who doubt the efficacy of the purely evangelistic itinerary, I say unhesitatingly, that this method has done more to change heathendom to Christianity than all others combined. Where it seems not to be the case, the failure lies in the preacher principally; in his knowledge of the language, or observance of native etiquette, or lack of sympathy, or to some other cause. The simple word of God is now as efficacious as it was to the Ethiopian eunuch. To acquire the native language; to translate the Scriptures, to read and preach and teach them to the natives, must always be the principal work of the missionary. I believe this statement is well worth heeding, now, especially.

Education is a correlary to evangelization, and it would be an excellent thing for more earnest Christian laymen to devote themselves to this branch of the mission effort.

The same is true of medical missions. The ability to treat the natives successfully for their bodily ailments, con-

fers the utmost respect and goodwill on the missionary, and no mission ought to be without a physician, and it would be well for every missionary to be one.

So much has been written about "industrial training" of late, that I need only refer to it here as a most useful part of the work, but one which it is desirable that specially trained laymen should devote themselves to, as it is a great strain on an evangelist's time and energies. One warning is given here: That this manual training should be directed to the practical conditions of life as they exist on the field, and not so much to theoretical knowledge. That will come wisely later.

There is no mission field more full of promise, more urgent in its needs, than that in the great Kasai Valley and adjoining Lunda Plateau. The Bakete, numbering thirty thousand, are all open and at the doors of the great church at Luebo. The Bakuba, numbering perhaps four hundred thousand, lying north of Luebo, in the great Sankuru-Kasai peninsula, have thrown open their doors, and already one station has been opened among them. The Baschilange, numbering over a million, lying to the south of Ndombe, are ready to hear the Word, and have sent me earnest pleas all the way to America to come back to them. The Baluba, numbering three million, to the south and east of Luebo, have already made the most numerous converts and they would give to our churches a membership exceeding the entire Presbyterian membership in America in a generation, if only the workers were there.

Such is the situation. What shall we do with it?

CHAPTER XLI.

Business Openings—Commerce and Trade.

THE missionary opportunities are not the only openings in Africa. It is of the highest importance, that the inevitable development of the material resources of the continent should be under Christian auspices and be achieved in the Christian spirit.

The opportunities in this rich and fertile land for successful commercial enterprises have been seen and appreciated by energetic capitalists in Europe. The chief inducements offered to business men are in commerce at present, but there are grounds for the successful conduct of agriculture, mining, lumber-making and domestic manufactures. These grounds are based on the fertility of the soil, the cheapness and efficiency of the labor, the vast natural resources, a stable government, a wonderful system of transportation and a well established financial system of procedure.

The fact of the cheapness of efficient labor in Central Africa is a surprising one to the average man who is not acquainted with the situation there. The cheapness of labor arises from eight principal facts, most of which are permanent advantages and will be true perhaps for generations to come; these are the concentrated character of the population, the low cost of living; the productivity of the soil; the need of little clothing; the excellence of the climate for sixty per cent. of the whole of Central Africa;

the cheap cost of houses; the industrious habits of the women, and the abundance of animal food, either wild, as fish and game, or domestic, as goats, pigs, poultry, sheep and cattle herded on the plains.

The concentration of the population is always into towns and villages, and so there are no "country people" in Africa, and one may obtain labor simply by contracting with a village chief. For a region as large as Texas, these towns occur at an average of about fifteen miles apart, and consists of about one thousand inhabitants each, some larger, some smaller. The young men and boys of these towns are usually willing to work for wages, and the slave owners as a rule, readily lease their slaves for certain periods, and slaves may be legally redeemed and hired at a ridiculously low price.

The low cost at which the African lives, explains largely the cheapness at which he labors. The staple article of diet is the flour made from a remarkable root, called variously *madioca*, *manioc* and *cassava*. This root grows under a shrub of the size of a large cotton plant, the leaves of the plant are tender and succulent and furnish a dish similar to our cabbage or turnip salad. Each plant supports perhaps a dozen tubers, and each tuber grows to the size of a peck measure, so that one of these cassava plants will furnish fully one hundred pounds of edible food stuff per year, and it is safe to estimate that an acre of cassava will produce one hundred and fifty thousand pounds of food per year, capable of furnishing farinaceous food for an entire village. This is the yield under thorough cultivation on good soil; but it is true that with scant attention, poor cultivation, and on average soil, a field of twenty acres of this plant supports a thousand people. Moreover, the

plant is evergreen and the product does not need to be housed, but the tubers are gathered daily from the living plant, which continues to grow and produce, and whose life of active production is about ten years.

Other food crops flourish equally well. Corn is not abundantly grown, but quantities of it are planted, and two crops are harvested per year; in January and in July. Green roasting ears may be had all the time. The vegetable garden, also, is in bearing continuously and fruits ripen every day.

The soil and atmosphere of the tropics are more productive than that of Europe and most of North America. There is a greater humidity in the air and the greater heat also conduces to increased plant-activity. Tropical trees are larger and taller and the tropical vegetation denser than that of colder climates. In the forests, it seems as if every foot of soil is occupied and the grassy plains are heavy with rank vegetation. The increased productivity of the soil thus cheapens the labor and gives enormous returns to planting.

While the plant food upon which the African lives is thus so abundant and so cheap, the animals necessary for his meat are equally cheaply raised, since they, also, live on the same food. Goats and poultry abound; while hogs, cattle and sheep may be raised with ease, and game and fish are abundant.

On this diet, the native African becomes a larger, stronger and more durable laborer than his cousin in America. The tribes who have never been enslaved exhibit all the good qualities expected in a race of freemen.

It will thus be seen, that whether the labor to be employed by the European settler or trader is fed from farms

run directly under him, or from produce purchased from the native farmers and traders, it can be comfortably kept at an extremely low cost. For example: In most of the cases where labor is employed in Central Africa, the total pay of an ordinary native laborer is about eight yards of common unbleached domestic and one pound of salt per month, which represents a total cost of about seventy-five cents per man for labor. This condition is sure to continue for several generations.

The question of the efficiency of this labor may be raised. I employed on the average about forty men, and believe that for the purposes needed, no better labor could be obtained anywhere. The men, as a rule, are physically strong, and inured to the rough life of the forest; they make excellent wood choppers; they will carry cargo at the rate of sixty pounds per man thirty miles a day; they become useful hoe and shovel hands and there are pilots and engineers now from men who were ten years ago the veriest cannibals in heathendom. Some of the natives are already as expert in blacksmithing as any in America, and with improved and adequate tools and machinery, would be capable of the most pronounced usefulness.

The amount of unused land available to the settler is very great, fully ninety per cent. of the whole. Where this land is in forest, the timber is thick, large and valuable, and there are vast stretches in grassy plains which are open to the intelligent use of the European. This land, when obtained for agricultural purposes, may be obtained from European governments at about forty cents per acre, and the yield in corn alone would produce about seventy-five dollars per acre a year; while in other products the percentage is much greater.

The natural resources of the African climate and soil are great, alike in the quantity, variety, early maturity, and constant bearing of the crops. Sweet potatoes ought to average four hundred bushels to the acre; rice yields abundantly and most of our vegetables flourish there.

One of the most remarkable plants, from the point of view of food for the European or African, is the plantain. This is a fruit very much like a banana, but with much larger and denser meat and a wider use as food. It may be cooked in several ways and with meat could furnish almost a complete diet. This plantain grows on a large bunch on a tree, perhaps fifteen feet high, and the bunches weigh about fifty pounds. A tree fruits once a year, but may be in season at any time, and from the roots of one tree in a year's time a dozen others spring up and bear fruit. Thus an acre will readily produce one hundred thousand pounds of plantains per year, enough to feed a hundred men in farinaceous food.

One tremendous advantage in African agriculture is the comparatively little need of storing the product. Potatoes are perennial and corn may be planted so as to come in all the time and not require one harvesting. The plantain and cassava keep well and easily for months, and when large crops are gathered for market, they usually command a very ready sale.

Let me make an enumeration of the practical farm produce: Cassava, corn, rice, millet, plantains, potatoes, peanuts, peas, the useful vegetables and melons, oranges, pineapples, limes, lemons, gauvas, mangoes, citron, cotton, coffee, cocoa, kola and the palm oil nut and rubber vine occur wild in abundance.

These natural resources form the basis of a considerable

commerce, now in its infancy, but destined for an enormous increase. The commerce may be divided into three classes: That in articles destined for exportation to Europe and America; that in articles needed for the use of the foreigners resident in Africa, and that which may be called the domestic trade, or the commerce whose profit arises in the exchange of articles in use among the natives, or in the supply of their demands, which increase with an advancing civilization and a larger amount of wealth.

African exports are mainly five; rubber, ivory, gold, precious stones and palm-oil; besides, a smaller external commerce in peanuts, bees-wax, hides, lumber, coffee, cotton and fruits.

◁ I do not intend here to discuss the enormous mineral wealth of Africa in detail. It is, now, the largest producer of gold and precious stones of any of the continents, and only a fraction of its wealth in this respect has been developed. There are vast fields of coal, oil, copper, iron and salt awaiting the enterprising promoter. I bought a few copper castings made by the natives into the form of a cross, which have been pronounced the finest copper in the world and this was smelted from ores picked up on the surface of the ground. †

The ivory trade is large, but not comparable to the other classes. There are large stores of old ivory still uncollected, which forms a legitimate article of trade, but the indiscriminate destruction of elephants should be forbidden, and most of the governments have variously legislated on the subject.

The rubber trade is in its infancy now, but will surely grow to enormous proportions. Until within the last twenty years the most of the world's supply of crude

rubber came from South America, from the gum of a tree. It was discovered, that in Africa a large vine grew in the forests yielding a gum producing rubber equal to the finest South American para. I have seen vast illimitable growths of this vine, clambering up gigantic trees and almost obscuring the light of the midday sun. This vine grows to the height of perhaps two hundred feet, is as thick as a man's body, of a spongy porous texture, with numerous branches, and a beautiful foliage; it produces a large fruit of a sweet, gummy taste, which is eaten by Africans and monkeys alike. An incision in the vine is followed by a free flow of the milk-white juice. This juice is caught upon wooden spoons or leaves inserted by the natives and in a few days changes to a dark brown color, dense and heavy, when it is collected into small balls and gotten ready for the market. A large vine will produce thirty pounds of crude rubber per year, and an acre of forest will average two hundred vines, thus giving three tons of rubber per acre of forest, worth, gross, about five thousand dollars. Along the larger rivers and in the lower plains, these forests are enormous in extent, and the tapping of the vine neither exhausts nor kills it. Thus a concession of a small forest is as profitable as a gold mine and surer of returns upon the capital invested. It is needless to say that the demand for rubber is constantly increasing and is sure to be a permanent source of commerce. The Africans gather the rubber and carry it in loads on their heads to the points where railway or steamboat transportation has led to the establishment of trading houses managed by white men. I have known one trader to buy as much as sixty tons of rubber in one year, worth a hundred and twenty thousand

dollars, the net profit being over one hundred thousand dollars for that year.

The articles demanded by the natives in exchange for this crude rubber are principally cloth, salt, beads, hoes, knives and cowries. Cloth is the principal article desired, however, and this fact gives special interest to the manufacturing establishments in the United States. For example: One yard of the ordinary unbleached cloth made by our mills will purchase two pounds of rubber, worth in the European or American markets, two dollars. After deducting all expense of transportation, commission merchants' taxes, harbor dues, everything in fact, it is safe to say that under our present treaty rights with the Congo Free State, ten cents worth of cotton cloth ought to bring the dollar's worth of rubber to any American port. There is rubber enough in the Congo to develop a trade in cotton goods and rubber to the value, each, of at least fifteen millions dollars per year, with the advantages of present arrangements. This is an opportunity which our business men ought not to neglect, especially, as the above statement holds good after Europe has taken all the rubber demanded there.

As to the question of the permanency of the profit from this rubber trade, it may be said, that this depends upon the wisdom of the management of the commercial company engaging in it. The wisest plan, is to obtain from the government the exclusive right to gather rubber from a certain limited district, and use all the natives in the district in gathering the gum. There are many such available districts, and a company organized with ten thousand dollars' capital could begin operations without any difficulty at all. I feel sure that with one thousand dollars'

worth of cloth, one could purchase ten thousand dollars' worth of rubber in six months' time, and then with a thousand dollars monthly, could buy the same amount every month. Steamboat transportation already exists by which this rubber can be brought to the coast and then a constant ocean steamship transportation can carry it to European or American markets.

Although there has been already a considerable development of the rubber trade by Belgian, English, Dutch and Portugese companies, there is still room for a vast increase in this commerce. In a district of about two hundred thousand square miles on the upper Kasai River, about one-fourth of the territory consists of rubber-producing forests, capable of producing annually, without exhausting the supply, about twenty thousand tons of crude rubber, worth the astounding sum of forty million dollars per year. This tremendous industry is still in its infancy, for at present there is hardly as much as one thousand tons of rubber taken out of this district per year. The many and varied uses to which rubber may be put, makes it an extremely desirable article, and the wealth of the Central African forests in this wonderful product is fabulous.

One of the greatest natural products of this Central African region is timber. Every river is usually lined with forest belts and every lake is bordered with luxuriant vegetation. Trees grow to enormous size and height, the average being far in excess of the American timber, while many hard woods and finely grained trees are found. As long as Europe must call on the woods of the Central United States and of South America for lumber, will there be abundant sale for the products of the saw-mill in Africa. This is an entirely undeveloped industry in the region of

my travels, and an ample opening for profitable enterprise is afforded. The timber will sell in Africa for the construction of railways and steamboats, as well as of houses, and for exportation to Europe. A saw-mill would be one of the most profitable investments one could make and in this industry, American machinery and American expert labor would be practically without competition.

Probably the most immediately remunerative enterprise in the region of Africa I have described, would be the mining and reduction of copper ore, and the purchase of pig-copper, already smelted and refined by the native artisans. I have frequently bought pieces of native copper casting, made into the shape of a cross, and weighing about two pounds, for four yards of common domestic cloth, and I believe one could certainly buy twenty tons of copper in this way per year, without any special effort. The mining would pay fabulously, with the cheap labor and the ores on the surface of the ground.

Besides copper, gold is found in the same country, but no special efforts have been made to develop or search for it yet, but I believe that vast quantities will yet be discovered. This fact points to the wisdom of an early start in this territory, as a few years will find many exploiters at work there. At present, it remains a terra incognita to the outside world.

The popular impression, that the climate of Africa is intolerably hot, that the whole continent is cursed with pestilential fevers, malarial marshes and deserts, burning sands and deadly atmospheric conditions, is wholly erroneous, and has greatly retarded progress in the continent. As a matter of fact, there is more territory in which the annual climate is conducive to the health and comfort of

our race in Africa than in North America, and this territory is distributed over the whole land. The physical conformation of the continent has placed the worst climate on the outside, and this coast climate has colored the notions with regard to the whole. Fully one-third of Africa, a territory nearly as large as the United States, has a climate in which the Caucasian can live, labor and prosper, with more comfort than in Europe. Another third affords an ideal home for the negro.

The two mountain systems, which run parallel with each other up and down the continent, afford a habitat for the European, under the direct tropical sun. There is perpetual snow on Mount Kilimanjaro, although the mountain is just on the equatorial line. The headlands of the river systems, and the elevated plateaus between them, everywhere have what I regard as rather an inviting climate. Such a country and climate I enjoyed at Ndombe, and I regard it as better than the average climate in this country.

With reference to this climate, it may be said, that there is comparatively no suffering from cold weather, and no disease springing peculiarly from it. There is no necessity for an enormous annual coal and wood bill. Moreover, the lightest clothing suffices, and the oppression of heavy garments is removed. The weather conduces to frequent bathing, in which the natives freely indulge, and which is the cheapest luxury all the time to the white man. The weather is sufficient to produce free perspiration on slight exercise, a fact contributing to healthfulness. As a testimony on the subject, I may mention that I was in better health on my arrival in England from Africa than I have been since, until quite recently, and I attribute the fact to the bad effect of the cold and variable climate of Europe

and North America. Moreover, the climate of Africa, produces a quantity and variety of fruit whose consumption tends to healthfulness. I believe that much of the illness complained of in Africa comes from eating canned food transported from Europe and America, from undue alcoholic indulgence, from living in low malarial districts and from extraordinary exposure and exertion. With the ordinary comforts, the life in Africa I considered pleasanter and more comfortable than in most parts of the United States. In the region where I lived, the average annual temperature is about 70° Fahrenheit in the shade, rising to considerably over a hundred in the hottest month, December, and sinking to 55° in June. An ordinary African fever is no worse than an ordinary American bad cold, and is less frequent and prevalent. This fever can be overcome, and persons may become immune. The dangerous fevers are caused by complications arising from causes not attributable to the climate alone. The exercise of common sense in the selection of building sites, avoiding fogs, prevailing winds, adjacent marshes and mosquitoes and care as to the food used, together with a proper attention to matters of hygiene and sanitation, will secure a life of reasonably good health and great comfort, as there are numbers of old African campaigners in every calling abundantly to testify.

The principal fact, however, which underlies the great business opportunities in the regions I traversed, consists in their entirely undeveloped condition. A region as large as the whole South contains not more than thirty white men, and I found ores of copper, iron and gold there, together with the most beautiful amethysts, opals, moonstones, crystals, topazes and chalcedony; besides indica-

tions of coal and oil. When it is remembered how the early days of every new country are those when the enterprising newcomer lays the basis of the fortunes which are made, it will be seen that in this great Lunda country there is one of the future seats of the wealthy Anglo-Saxon race. The special fact to be emphasized, moreover, is that the most improved modern methods, machinery and inventions can be applied directly to the new field of enterprise, and the pioneer is not cumbered with the rubbish of an old and worthless semi-civilization to be removed first, as has been the case in all the other old countries of the world.

The industrial enterprises to which I refer may embrace one great humanitarian feature, which will add to its beneficence to the African people, as well as assist in contributing to its financial success. I refer to the opportunity it will afford to manumitted slaves seeking protection against the slave traders, as well as a means of subsistence for themselves. For the next fifty years, millions of slaves will be freed, either by the forcible intervention of foreign governments, by the redemption by purchase and liberation by philanthropists, or by their own efforts. The political conferences in Europe have all pronounced a universal concurrence in the encouragement of every form of bona fide colonization and settlement of these liberated slaves, and their labor is the most available and plentiful which the foreigner can obtain. I myself, with the small means at my disposal, liberated and settled at various points some fifty of these unfortunate people; and where their labor could be available to repay the money expended for their freedom, there is a vast field for good, whereby the misery of many thousands can be alleviated, and that, too, on a

purely business and even paying basis. There are already a few such colonies in Africa and they are doing incalculable good, although not all are conducted on economic principles.

David Livingstone, who was as much a philosopher and scientist as missionary and explorer, advanced the idea that Christian colonization was the great desideratum for the conversion of the natives, as well as for the material development of Africa. No one of his propositions is more sensible or profound. The wisdom of his remark is exemplified in the magnificent English and Scottish colonial settlements near Lake Nyassa, above the Zambesi, where Mrs. Livingstone was buried, and which was the scene of some of the great hero's best efforts. While the Transvaal has been the centre of greed, blood, confusion, jealousy and endless political intrigues, in which British and Dutch alike have been equally guilty, these beautiful settlements further north have grown and flourished, to the benefit of both white and black.

Livingstone's broad views and practical sagacity met a fitting recognition in England, when the example of the Manchester Board of Trade in giving him an appreciative hearing on the subject of the commercial aspects of the South African situation was followed by other commercial bodies all over England, and so wise and far-seeing was the character of the explorer's address that the vast African kingdom of Great Britain has sprung largely from his views, and a commerce of gigantic dimensions arisen as a consequence of his observations.

A favorite topic of my thoughts in Africa was the establishment of an ideal colonial settlement in which all the most modern improvements in business methods could be

applied directly to the virgin soil. What a magnificent field for exploitation is opened up there! Everything may be begun at once upon the plans and by the means which all the experimentation, invention and progress of to-day have accumulated. The sciences of agriculture, forestry, mining and mechanical engineering are all available for such a colony now, where in the early days of America, it was all experiment and guess work.

I may take as an example the matter of the indiscriminate destruction of the forests, which is one of the most glaring pieces of American folly, and a practice from which agriculture especially has suffered. In the clearing off of an African farm, the skilled farmer will lay off the parts of the plantation in such a way as to save the land perpetually from washing away, as to retain the rich soil and the moisture and to have forest portions ready to replace those cut down from time to time and to secure to future generations all the accrued benefits of the labor and intelligence of the present.

In some instances these things are being done, but quite frequently the new settler knows little or nothing of these matters and a few years leaves him as little advanced as when he began.

One of the most necessary features of African colonial life is a local government, administered by resident settlers who are conversant with the needs and conditions on the field. It is in this connection that American methods are especially applicable to African conditions. The institutions which have turned the New World into a garden, and made the United States from a weak and struggling confederacy a powerful and honored republic, are those calculated to accomplish the same happy results wherever fairly

tried. One of the happiest events of my experience in Africa, and that which reflected most favorably upon the officials of the government of the Congo Free State was an act of the Government by which the white men at Luebo were given the right of local government, the administrative functions being vested in the ranking member of the American Mission. This official recognition of a form of rule so distinctly associated with our own happy country was a concession to our ideas at once pleasing and useful; for which our thankful appreciation is tendered to His Majesty King Leopold, as well as to the Baron Von Etvelde, to the Governor-General and to Monsieur the Captain-Commandant Von Braedal, under whose inspiration the orders proceeded. Should this become the fixed policy of the Congo government, the many unfortunate phases of friction and even conflicts between the governments in Europe and the colonists will be avoided, and the Congo Free State will vindicate completely its alluring title. A liberal policy will make the colonization of the Congo a complete achievement in a generation; the teeming multitudes of Belgium will find homes and become wealthy and happy colonial landlords and citizens; Belgium and Africa alike will profit by the devoted labors of the king and his far-sighted ministers; whereas a narrow and oppressive policy will diminish temporary proceeds and lead to the eventual complete loss of this magnificent domain. May justice, liberality and wisdom make Africa another "land of the free and home of the brave."

CHAPTER XLII.

Plans for Africa at Ndombe.

THE situation at Ndombe affords one of the most magnificent opportunities for a large and permanent work of any place in the world. The noble and peaceful character of the king; the numerous and friendly natives; the fertile soil; the cheap labor; the salubrious climate; the great wealth in minerals, lumber, and indigenous produce—rubber, ivory, palm-oil, food, fruits, pasturage; the navigable Kasai river; the fine water-powers on the smaller streams; the lakes and streams abounding in fish; the plains and forests full of game of all sorts, from an elephant to a partridge; all these invite the white man to utilize them and to make a home of comfort and plenty.

An installation for the purpose of the development of this wonderful country can be instituted at comparatively small cost, and ought to be based on several fundamental principles.

The principles on which this work ought to be founded and conducted are mainly these:

- I. Entire self-support and economic productivity.
- II. Adequate remuneration to all parties concerned—supporters, operators and natives alike.
- III. The use of practical industries—agriculture, mechanics, the development of mineral resources, manual

training, rudimentary education, as well as religious instruction.

IV. The application direct to the new conditions of the most modern methods and appliances.

V. The encouragement of colonization, commerce and transportation.

VI. The encouragement of loyalty to the government, and the use of the most enlightened, practical, and progressive forms of government.

VII. Christianity and civilization to go hand in hand.

The necessity for entire ultimate self-support arises from several considerations. Foremost among these is the fundamental truth that only those undertakings which are essentially productive contain within them the elements of lasting success. In these days the tremendous development of missionary effort and the fact that most of the financial support for such enterprises must come out of the pockets of philanthropy as pure gifts, make the burden upon the benevolent an immense and increasing strain. This is especially true, when the kind of missionary work has become so largely utilitarian, industrial and educational, requiring relatively a much greater expenditure than the purely evangelistic work of former days. These days the missionary must have, at least, he insists on obtaining, the steamboat, printing press, brick press, machine shops, school buildings, scientific apparatus, hospital, medical books and appliances, and all the paraphernalia of a complex civilization in which he lived at home. These things must be transported immense distances to the heart of the heathen lands and their use entails the necessity for a special and thorough education and preparation on many lines.

Now, all this means the expenditure of an immense sum of money. It is entirely beside the mark to make the stereotyped comparison between the sums spent for liquor and tobacco and those spent on missions. The men who spend these immense sums on drink and narcotics are never heavily burdened with any philanthropic enterprises. The more spent on missions the more deeply must the good men of society go into their pockets. For this reason, then, every possible effort should be made to make this consecrated money go as far as possible, and to make the money spent to be eminently productive, and the installations established with it, financially independent and increasingly self supporting.

To take a practical example. A gentleman of large means in America may pay annually \$1,000.00 per year to support a missionary in Africa. This missionary might—practically, he usually does—live on this sum in such a way, that if the support should be withdrawn, he would be obliged to give up his work. Now, this \$1,000.00 per year is the interest on an invested capital at eight per cent. of about \$12,000.00, an amount of property which this gentleman must set aside in order to support the missionary. For every reason, it would be much wiser to invest one-half of this sum in the shape of an installation in Africa from which the missionary could derive a permanent living, and, by good management, be able in time, to repay it all, or to inaugurate a more extensive work without further assistance. This is why David Livingstone said that a Christian colonist is of as much value as a missionary.

Another reason why these enterprises ought to embrace the feature of self-support as soon as possible, lies in the

fact that the habits of practical industry and the exercise of consecrated common sense so necessary to the success of this kind of endeavor, is of the highest benefit to the natives who came under its influence. We must never forget that Jesus Christ spent fifteen years of his life as a carpenter. He set the world an immortal example.

The question of the feasibility of self-support in foreign lands is often raised. I answer only for the part of Africa with which I am familiar. I am certain that an initial expenditure of \$5,000.00 at Ndombe would enable an intelligent and industrious man to live without further support in comfort and to accumulate the means for an occasional trip to his homeland, besides, a constant increase in the extent of his work and plant. The mistake usually made, is in the assumption that self-support is feasible with nothing to commence upon.

It is true that there have been many lamentable instances of the failure of the effort to conduct self-supporting missions in Africa. These failures have arisen, however, chiefly from the inadequacy of the initial capital, the impractical character of the men in charge, the selection of unsuitable places for the enterprise and the misuse of the funds intended to inaugurate the undertaking. On the other hand many of the Roman Catholic and German missions are not only entirely self-supporting, but remunerative and progressively extensive. What is true of one may be true of all.

The principal of remuneration to all parties concerned would remove many of the difficulties under which missions labor. The man who generously casts his bread upon the water will then receive his loaf again; the conductors of the work in distant lands will rank among the great army

of bread-winners who earn their living by hard work and fulfill the decrees of their Creator, and the natives employed in the enterprise will reap a proportionate share of its proceeds, acquire habits of industry and thrift and taste the sweets of labor on the broad lines of western civilization. The great coming question in all heathen lands is: What shall the converts do? Provide them with remunerative labor and one of the greatest economic problems of modern times is solved. These laborers in turn can then support their own pastors and evangelists, and instead of a few overworked missionaries scattered through vast tracts of territory, there will be an army of native laborers, preachers and teachers, supported by their own people and revolutionizing their country. If commerce can pay dividends to its promoters and stockholders, then self-supporting enterprises ought to be able reflexively to contribute the greater power of giving of their founders and contributors.

The utilization of practical industries is the general means of making these undertakings a financial success. There is an enormous demand for trained labor in all new countries. An establishment where skilled farmers, mechanics, machinists, miners and foremen can be trained, would be well patronized and products of the labor of the learners in great demand. Dressed timber, farinaceous produce, meat of all kinds, the products of mining operations, would find a ready sale and in the development of these industries large numbers of the natives would receive a training which would make them invaluable as laborers to facilitate the progress of civilization. In South Africa, the establishment under Mr. Stewart, at Lovedale, has been such a conspicuous success that the natives trained

there gave in one year over \$50,000.00 for the extension of the work. In the Congo there are black engineers and pilots who were the worst cannibals in Africa ten years ago.

Every such enterprise as that contemplated at Ndombe, ought to seek to apply directly to the new conditions all the results of the most recent progress and invention. The water-powers can afford compressed air and electricity for transportation and manufactures. The crude rubber can be used in house building, for automobiles and for fabric. Instead of the antiquated spinning-wheel which clothed colonial America, the cotton gin and the loom can be installed at once. The bottle is new, ready for the new wine.

Two instances will suffice to explain the importance of this principle. In America, our forefathers recklessly hewed down the hillside forests and neither provided proper terraces at once, nor left trees at the right places to protect the land and guard the eroding waters. Ruined farms and vast bare tracts of useless land have been the result. In Africa it would be criminal to neglect these lessons of experience and the present is the time to build for the ages.

When Boston was in its infancy, crooked streets and cramped quarters were laid off, giving to a city soon to contain a million people the legacy of to-day; a visitation upon the children of the sins of their fathers, from which, as one of her poets puts it, the people of Boston, ever since have been "following the footsteps of the calf," which made the first trail where now runs the principal street of the town. In Africa, every town can be laid off as Washington or Chicago, to the happiness of the distant generations. This general principle applies to every department of life.

At the beautiful town of Ndombe, with all its manifold

natural advantages, is the glorious opportunity of inaugurating such a splendid undertaking. I never cease to hear the call of the great King and his people for us to come over and help them, and I send out this message to the world, praying that Almighty God will enable many to hear it, and inspire them with a ready answer. Into those regions of darkness, but of unparalleled opportunity, let the Light shine!

[THE END.]

In Memoriam.

KASSONGO.

That these lines must be written just before the foregoing pages go to press is a sad fact. But the reader ought to know one sequel to the events which have been before him, which the author finds the most painful to record of anything to which he has ever put his pen.

The African boys, Kassongo and Kondola, returned to the Stillman Institute, at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, in December, 1901, to continue their education. They made good progress and added to the reputation for Christian character which they had previously borne. In the summer of 1902, Kassongo went to Birmingham, in order to work in an iron foundry, to learn something about the great iron industry, and to help maintain himself. He had developed a strong sense of personal independence, and wished to support himself as largely as possible. The president of the foundry, Mr. William Hardie, was personally interested in the African lad, and one of the oldest and most reliable of his fellow students was a companion in the shops. Kassongo could read, write and converse readily in English, and had shown abundant ability to take care of himself in many varied situations, so neither I nor any one whom I talked with about the matter apprehended any danger to him in his work during the summer.

In September I received the following letter from him, just before the time for the fall opening of the schools. I was then on a canvass of lower Alabama in the interest of our work:

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1306, 4 Bt, 13-14st.,

September 16, 02.

Mr. VERNER,

Dear Sir: I have been working all the summer, and now I have enough money to buy me some clothes. I want to come to Tuscaloosa next month and work until I go in school. I can't make very much money here because I have to pay so much for board and etc, and so it looks like working for some one else. I am well just now. Brother Kondola has come to Birmingham and has a job at a stable. When will school open. Please let me no.

Yours in the Lord,

KASSONGO.

This letter shows some striking facts. He had learned to write this in two years. He had become anxious to be well dressed; this was not the spirit of the dude, but of the gentleman born. Kassongo always disliked rags and dirt. He said once that an African in a clean loin cloth looked better than an American in a dirty and ragged suit of clothes. He was also of a strongly independent spirit. He wished to earn the means to clothe himself, though there were friends in abundance to supply his wants. In this personal pride of character I never discouraged him. Kassongo also was anxious to continue his education. All his plans centered on this. And he closes with "Yours in the LORD."

These were his last lines to me. Three days after, Booker Washington went to Birmingham to speak in a Baptist church of the colored people, whose construction made it a slaughter pen. Kassongo had known that Washington was a "big chief" among his people. He was interested to hear and see him. He asked Kondola to go, but Kondola says that something in his heart told him to stay at home that night.

At the close of Washington's speech, a row broke out among the men on the platform. Someone cried "fire!" A fearful stampede ensued. The narrow exit was over fifteen feet from the ground, with light and steep steps. The thousands madly pressed out. The Rev. Dr. Curry, then of Birmingham, says that he believed that Kassongo's

natural modesty—for it was a marked trait in him—had made him take a back seat. He must have been caught in the crush, for when the awful affair was over, he was found with his head on the steps of the church, dead. Over a hundred others had died with him, many strong and powerful men among them.

It is a sad story, but beautiful, nevertheless. I shall always carry his strong and noble face, as he beamed on me in the midst of his labors in the shops when I had gone to see him, so cheerfully and brightly. Everybody in the shops and wherever he was known in Birmingham loved him. He was of an immensely powerful physique, the strongest man in the shops and exquisitely proportioned. The white people of Birmingham gave his body a noble funeral, and in Tuskalooza his friends placed many flowers over his grave. There, beside the beautiful Black Warrior river, the black warrior from the far-away Lualaba takes his sleep. Perhaps I may yet carry his mortal remains to Lusuna, and take the glad tidings to his people, which he was never destined to bear to them. I feel that God did not mean to give me a substitute in him. Kondola lives, but I cannot send him alone.

Surely such a picture, where a lad born a cannibal and a heathen, fifteen hundred miles in central Africa, voluntarily goes with his white friend to far-off America, and dies the death of a martyr to his search for light and knowledge, ought to be an inspiration to his race, and an encouragement to all who labor for the poor and lowly.

S. P. VERNER.

Tuskaloosa, June, 1903.

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