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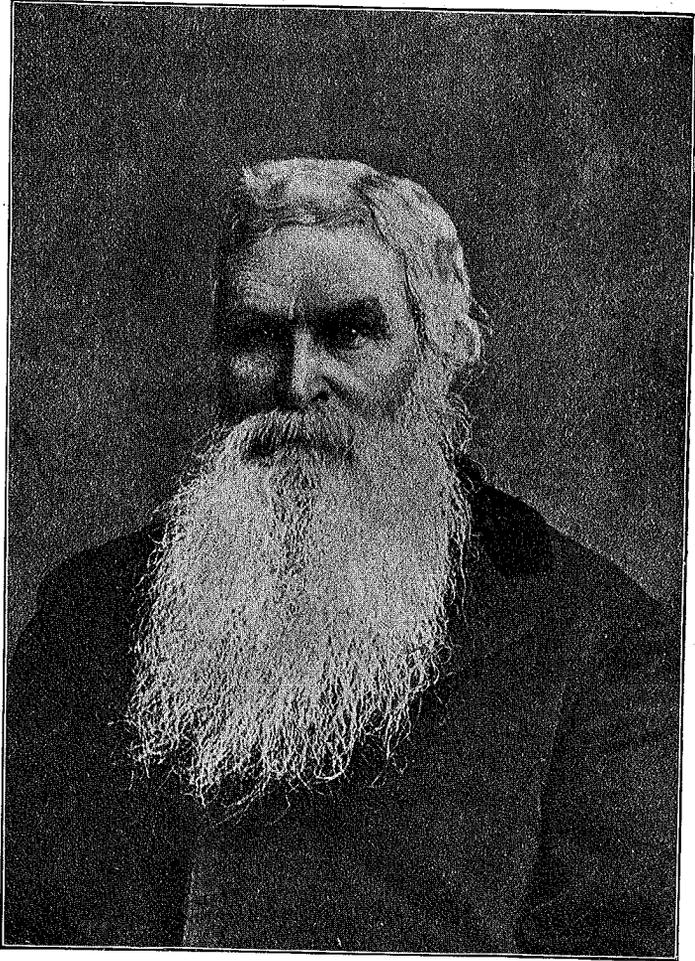


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*Mr Taylor.*

# THE FLAMING TORCH

IN

## DARKEST AFRICA

BY  
WILLIAM TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D.  
BISHOP OF AFRICA

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
HENRY M. STANLEY, M.P.



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## P R E F A C E

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**I**N the pages of this volume I have endeavored to set before the reader the dark land of Africa in the past, with a gradual transition to the present.

I have introduced the struggles of the early travelers, not only on account of the intense interest of the record of unparalleled personal adventure, but to draw a contrast between their methods of exploration and those of recent explorers which have practically redeemed the lost continent. Men in the past centuries fought awful duels with death in the swamps and jungles of Africa to win riches or fame in their native land. The real redemption of the heathen was the last thing they considered. Exceptions there are, truly, but the efforts even in these cases were puerile, and proved by their lack of fruit to be without divine guidance. Who can fail, after reviewing the work of all the explorers down to Livingstone and Stanley, to acknowledge that these were God-chosen men? To me it is just one of the Almighty's wondrous ways of working. Before Livingstone *His* time had not yet come, but the death of the doctor marked the deciding point. Then came Stanley—the one man in the world who had the pluck, the power, and the knowledge to be the pioneer of Africa's redemption. He had already been tested, and his enthusiasm had become an inspiration. The power and the means came with the will. There was a divine order in everything.

True, blood has flowed, but are there not many examples in past history where heroic measures were absolutely necessary for the cause of a nation's salvation? The "open sore of the world" had been penetrated by the all-seeing eye of Heaven, and God permitted the nations to step in and wrest

the poor heathen, not alone from the awful devastating Arab thieves of human beings, but from their own ignorant superstition and internecine war and destruction. The work has but begun, and it will doubtless go on until one day Africa may lead the world in learning and culture and be a continent covered with virtuous peoples, loving and fearing the Lord who has permitted their painful afflictions and mercifully redeemed them.

Since the object of this volume was but to deal with the "dark land" I have deemed it prudent not to delve into the past civilization of the North. The ruins of Karnak and the records of the Rosetta stone are fascinating alike to the historian and Egyptologist, or the Zimbabwe ruins also may indicate a great civilization of the past, but at best these lead but to speculations and are not to be considered in the general design of this book. The heathen and his redemption is the one theme nearest my heart.

I have endeavored to show by a few examples the alternate good and bad qualities of the native, to illustrate the horrors of superstition, and the necessity for light; and I have carefully reviewed the mission work which has been carried on in the past in various parts of Africa. The mission work is the Flaming Torch—bearing the light of the Truth.

It is only fair to Mr. Stanley to say that when he favored my book with his introduction the general arrangement had not embraced his work in Africa. I saw, however, that in dealing with the subject of Africa's redemption it was necessary to deal with him as I have done. There is no fulsome praise. Every word regarding this great man is just, and his noble example of self-abnegation and achievement will be held up to the youth of many future generations.

*Mr Taylor.*

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**The History of the Dark Land**, with its political power, military glory, arts, and sciences, almost totally eclipsed by its degeneracy into the darkness of heathenism. The archives of ancient history, the records of enduring monuments and graven stone, have yielded up their fairest gems under this modern search light. Bright lights glimmer among the shadows of the past as virtues shine forth amid the moral darkness of the people. Carthage, the greatest maritime and commercial state of antiquity, through her extensive connections, brought Herodotus, the earliest and most interesting of Greek historians, into personal touch with the wide region extending from the Nile to the Atlantic. The philosophers of Memphis; the great Latin geographer, Mela; noblemen of Persia; King Necho, of Egypt; and Eudoxus, who lived about one hundred and thirty years before Christ, report their investigations, including the discoveries of large centers of civilized peoples, who were later overwhelmed by barbarous nations. After the Roman conquest the invasion of Islam forms a momentous epoch. In seventy years it expelled Europe; in seven hundred years marched to the center of the continent—a thrilling record of the sword! Gathered from the most authentic sources; grouped in subjects of greatest helpfulness to those who study the Dark Continent from every point of interest; entertainingly told for all classes and all ages—this forms an important division of this the first history of Africa.

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**The Romance of Exploration**, a thrilling account of the personal adventures of ancient and modern travelers, presents a vast variety of experiences, "now grave, now gay." Of the more than seven hundred explorers who have traveled in Africa, five hundred and fifty of whom there found their last resting place, have been selected those least known in literature, to provide a fund of anecdotes hitherto unknown to the general reader. These graphically picture the great forests, various flowering plants of delicate hues, and products of native culture; animal life in all its diversified forms, from the clumsy elephant to the graceful gazelle, and the serpents and insects that abound. The fortunes and misfortunes of travelers through these wild regions, "hairbreadth" escapes, and complete annihilation of entire expeditions, form a romance from real life. Adventures with wild beasts and wilder tribes of men are relieved now and again by pretty native customs or an unexpected hospitality. As in the long marches of many a traveler across the trackless desert there was here and there an oasis, so in the experiences of those who have entered the country by every avenue of approach have come delightful incidents and scenes of real merriment in the dense forests and upon the high mountains of the mysterious continent.

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**The Dawn of Day in Africa**, the period of real exploration and valuable discovery, began with the advent of Livingstone, the pioneer of Christian civilization in heathen Africa. The well-known record is not here reproduced; but as he led the advance that became the true

type of exploration the most interesting events of his life open the chapters that here form the life story of the heroic host that followed him. His death revealed the grandeur of his discoveries and enlisted great men for the accomplishment of the task he had begun. In this unraveling of a tangled web, the solution of more important problems than the discovery of the North Pole, involving the gift to the world of a continent comprising one fifth of its land area, the leadership was divinely assigned to Stanley. He opened up the only practical way for the redemption of the lost races of the dark land, laid the foundations of empire, and introduced methods which have been successfully followed by the real explorers of Africa. The records of these men, who have penetrated every forest, climbed each mountain, and navigated all the lakes and rivers, are combined in this division, portraying the achievements of the real discoverers of the Land of the Black.

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**Heathen Africa**, the "habitation of cruelty" of those who "sit in darkness and the shadow of death," presents the living picture of the real inner life of the lost world as it appealed for redemption to the sympathizing heart of the Son of God. The traditional superstitious beliefs that dominate every wild tribe form the dark background of the picture, from which stands out in bold relief every manifestation of mysterious art and savage cruelty. In the center, its branches reaching out into every avenue of thought, its roots penetrating the soil of every endeavor, flourishes the banyan tree of polygamy. Among the flowers of innocent pleasure, the twining vines of

domestic life, and the luxuriant foliage of diversified customs, lies, half concealed, the serpent, witchcraft, robbing the beautiful bloom of its sweetness, breathing through the delicate tendrils of the vine, poisoning every green herb. Eden is transformed into hades! On the river bank the crocodile's mouth receives the infant sacrifice; the slender tree bends to toss aloft the decapitated head of the kneeling captive; into the yawning earth tumble the living victims of the burial service; the helpless mother may not escape the agony inflicted by the devouring ants. It is an awful picture! Beautiful legends of folklore, and quaint customs relating to the principal events of life, form the side lights of this lifelike representation of the horrors of heathenism.

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**The Heathen's Redemption.** Missionary triumphs in heathen darkness display the choicest string of pearls in this collection of wonderful events and history of heroic lives in this land of greatest interest to the Christian world. This record of the heroic service and sacrifice that have accomplished such glorious victories reads like a second edition of the Book of Acts. These light-bearers of divine truth have penetrated the densest darkness with life and hope, striking off the chains that bound both body and soul, and building Christian empires. From the first Christian missionary to interior Africa, the Ethiopian eunuch baptized and commissioned by Philip, to the last martyr on the Congo, is tenderly traced the great events in the lives that have been laid on the altar of Africa's redemption. This one division of the book is a library of all the missions of all the missionary societies of all denominations; not a statistical exhibit merely, but an intensely interesting story. The facile pen of Bishop J. C. Hartzell portrays the progress of Methodist missions, with an interesting account of his travels in the Dark Continent. This section also contains an account of the mission work and personal adventures of the author, including his latest campaign in South Africa—the hitherto unwritten chapters of his life.

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**Division of the Continent and Future Development.** This section has itself four important divisions: Social—the disposition of the various peoples and tribes, their languages, manners, and customs; Politi-

cal—the partition among European powers and their advance into and development of protectorates and planting of colonies ; Commercial—products of the country, their preparation and export, mineral wealth, including a chapter on the greatest diamond fields in the world ; and the glorious future of the Dark Continent, now emerging into light. Here we bring the “First History of Africa” down to date in the present distribution and condition of her peoples, the advance of civilization in railways, substantial cities on the sites of heathen capitals, and state building. Here is recorded every important event that contributes to the making of a new world of opportunity for marvelous achievement and the interesting incidents connected with its unfolding. It freely discusses the South African question, British or Boer supremacy, the Portuguese and German situation in the East, Congo State’s future, the French territorial delimitation in the West, and the supremacy of the cross over the crescent in the Soudan, including the recent British occupancy following the fall of Omdurman and the avenging of Gordon.

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## INTRODUCTION

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**M**ANY books have been written upon Africa. Some are devoted to one part of the vast continent, and some to another. Several writers have confined themselves to the countries they have explored, while others have treated of the ethnology, physiology, and language of the various peoples.

It is no mean task to search out the most interesting facts about Africa and gather them all together as links in a golden chain to bind the burning records of missionary trials and triumphs.

In the volume before us the author pictures the Dark Continent with facile pen, tenderly tracing the variations of nature in the fauna and flora from north to south and from east to west. He turns the veil of the past aside, and we catch a glimpse of the Midnight Empire of yesterday, and speculate upon its dim and buried past—its civilization, commercial influence, military power, and lapse into heathenism. The ancient history of Africa and the record of the Mohammedan aggression and possession, with their commercial and religious influence and slave trade, are interesting and instructive. The period of early European exploration and individual adventures, together with the later explorations in which I have been personally interested, are chained together in delightful vein.

As the pages roll by we peruse the somber records of heathen Africa and the government of its barbaric poten-

tates, military methods, religions and superstitions, social customs, slavery, and the horrors of human sacrifice.

The sections devoted to missionary trials and triumphs in Africa are of world-wide importance. The barriers encountered—the climate, the geographical difficulties, languages, witchcraft, and polygamy, and the prejudices of dense ignorance and savage natures—are recorded with the convincing touch of experience.

The closing chapters of this unique work, on the political partition, recent discoveries of diamonds and gold, and the present development, are full of information which is up-to-date and reliable, while the Bishop speaks of Africa's future in prophetic vein.

The title adopted by the Bishop for his book may possibly be considered somewhat sensational by those unacquainted with its origin. *The Flaming Torch in Darkest Africa*, however, is a title peculiarly well fitted to the volume he has produced. The natives everywhere in the territories where his missionary work called him knew him as "The Flaming Torch," or "Fire Stick," as some might translate the Zulu word Isikunisivutayo. Therefore in speaking of himself as "The Flaming Torch" he has but raised a fitting mental monument to his converts in Africa. Since the African native speaks only as the facts impress him, it may be taken for granted that he had been deeply impressed by the beautiful truths taught, and the manner in which they had been conveyed to his mind by Bishop Taylor.

This Grand Old Man of Africa mission work was indeed a flaming torch of light and truth many, many years ago, when first he began his self-sacrificing lifework among the native people, preaching with great clearness and eloquence, until

he touched the hearts and awakened the souls which seemed dead to all but debauchery and savage instincts.

At one of the great religious awakenings not less than twelve hundred colonists were brought to a sense of their responsibilities to the Almighty under his ministry, and the grand work spread on and on, from kraal to kraal, throughout the native territories, until it was known that over seven thousand of the native Africans had been converted. Well might the natives call him "Isikunisivutayo."

William Taylor was the God-chosen man for the work. He inspired his co-workers, not only by his words, but by the force of his example. He taught the people how to make their lives happier by giving them object lessons in many things. When he founded the first Protestant missions in the territory of Angola, he discovered large districts where the people suffered from want of water. They had been accustomed to carry it long distances as their forefathers had done, but the practical Bishop taught them how to dig wells, and thus he was known by the Ambundu for hundreds of miles as "The Well-digger."

Like bearers of light the Christian missionaries, among whom William Taylor was conspicuous by his indefatigable labors, traveled thousands of miles through swamp and jungle, impelled by the noble spirit within to shed forth the light of truth where the gloom of despair and heathenism had hitherto prevailed.

For his long journeys, when he visited the various missions under his charge in Liberia, he was called by the natives "The Long-walker." And so he was, an ever-moving, tireless Flaming Torch; and the Cavallas, the Veys, the Labolos, the Grebos, the Kroos, and their tribal neighbors would whisper from kraal to kraal, and tribe to tribe, that he was

coming—not Bishop Taylor, but “The Long-walker,” “The Flaming Torch”—to teach them the truths of Christianity.

Both the explorer and missionary have tramped many thousands of miles, braving countless dangers in the exploration of Africa, and the results to that vast continent are immeasurably great; not only in the conversion and enlightenment of the heathen races there, but in the unfolding to civilization of a new world whose resources and beauties are well-nigh beyond the most extravagant fancies of those unacquainted with the facts.

If there is no duty more imperatively binding upon Christians than that of striving to give to the benighted people of the world the light of the Gospel, there can be no question that the author of this book has performed his duty manfully and well, and, although he is now bent with years and his voice grown weak, his brain is still full of burning thoughts, and his eye is eloquent as of yore; and I can again picture him standing beside Usquebaugh, the interpreter, surrounded by hundreds of the poor savages, as he whispers the words of truth to be translated and given forth to the willing ears of his congregation.

To all those interested in the development of Africa, and the elevation of its people, I can recommend this latest book by the veteran Bishop, for the variety and fullness of information it contains, and the large hope it gives that persevering Christian labor is not in vain even in darkest Africa.

*Henry A. Stanley*

# THE FLAMING TORCH

IN

## DARKEST AFRICA

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### CHAPTER I

#### The Dark Land



FRICA is of all the continents the most truly tropical. Her greatest breadth is under the immediate power and control of the sun, and the majority of her people see that orb pass over their heads twice in a year as it progresses from tropic to tropic, and thus have a repetition of its perpendicular rays. Unfortunately, she glares on Africa with oppression, converting the soil into a naked desert or overspreading it with an excess of animal and vegetable life. When not watered by heavy rains or inundations of the rivers, the soil is oftentimes scorched and dried up until it becomes a dreary waste. The Great Desert, with the exception of the narrow valley of the Nile, reaches across the entire continent, and the traveler may wend his dreary way across these burning sands for many days without discovering a drop of water, or viewing the least vestige of vegetable or animal life.

That the whole of Africa's surface once lay beneath the

waters appears probable, but there is no proof that she emerged later than other continents. The earliest records show that the deserts were as extensive as they are to-day, and that they pressed equally close upon the cultivated belt along the northern coast. All regions between the tropics in general, when not copiously watered, molder into sand, alternating with a hard and impenetrable stratum of clay.

Nature has tenderly provided Africa with remedies to obviate the extreme effects of the tropical sun. Great rivers, which swollen by the rains overflow their banks and lay the surrounding country under water, are the principal source of the superabundant vegetation which characterizes the tropical climes. The mountains of Africa give rise to several great rivers of fertilizing influence, and present even in so hot a climate pinnacles wrapped in snow. The great central range, known as "The Mountains of the Moon," are the most extensive and influential; the largest—the Kilimanjaro—rising to an altitude of over eighteen thousand feet.

The largest of the rivers which direct their course through a vast extent of low land reach the sea only by a very circuitous course. Several of them, too, diffusing their waters into lakes or marshes, have their source in the very heart of the continent, the result being that the enormous breadth of the Great Desert is scarcely irrigated even by a streamlet. It depends entirely on the rains; and these sink into the sandy surface, until, being arrested at the depth of eight or ten feet, they form that "sea under ground" which has been found to extend over a great part of the arid waste.

In consequence of this absence of moisture vegetable life is scantily diffused over a great part of the continent. In the mountain districts, however, and on the territories along their borders the soil is profusely watered, and under the influence of a tropical sun produces that luxurious abundance and gigantic growth of vegetable forms which are a distinguishing feature in the equatorial regions.

The great calabash appears to be the most enormous tree on the face of the earth, and branches extending from the



A North African Belle

trunk horizontally make it a forest almost in itself. The mangrove, too, which rises on the borders of rivers or inundated spots, hangs its branches low on the watery banks, where they take root and grow, and the original plant spreading farther and farther forms a natural arcade over the stream. These mighty trees do not stand alone, but the spaces betwixt their branches are affectionately intertwined by canes, creeping and parasitical plants, and shrubs, which again entwine each other until they form an impenetrable undergrowth. To cut the narrowest path through forests of this vegetable life is, to say the least, extremely laborious; and as shoots are continually protruding on each side, the path, without constant traveling and the continual use of the ax, soon becomes impassable.

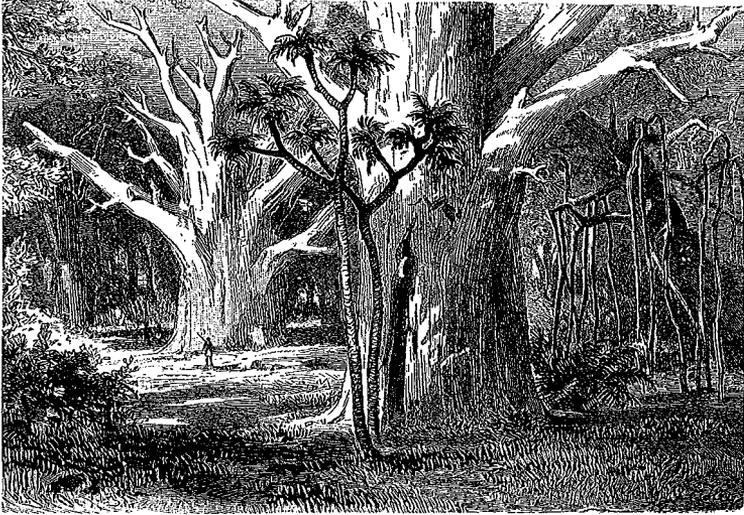
Commander Cameron met with great trees in the forests on the northern side of the Bambarra mountains. "No sunlight or breeze ever penetrates into these dark depths," he says, "for a mass of monster trees with spreading heads shut out the slightest glimpse of sky. And what trees they were! Standing in a ravine one hundred and fifty feet deep, these giants of the sylvan world were seen springing from its depths; and, looking upward, their trunks were lost among their dense foliage at an equal height above our heads."

As we approach the desert these giants of the forest disappear and vegetation gradually assumes a more agreeable aspect. We may now view whole forests of the acacia, which gives forth the gum that is an important article of African commerce. The classical lotus, the tamarisk, and several other small trees greet the eye and afford nourishment by their fruit.

Various flowering plants of delicate hues are scattered about in wild and luxuriant beauty, and the desert, in its first approaches and before vegetable life commences to disappear, wears a pleasing and even a smiling face.

The nature of the animal world in Africa changes as distinctly as vegetation as it passes from one to another of these

opposite regions. In those plains which are inundated by the great rivers it increases incredibly, and often assumes gigantic and repulsive forms. Throughout the continent wild beasts exist in great numbers; and to this day the natives have often to fight for very existence. The lion's roar and the gorilla's cries can be heard everywhere in the forest by night. The hyena, the most ferocious and untamable of beasts, commits the worst ravages. These creatures move about in



In the Nubian Forest

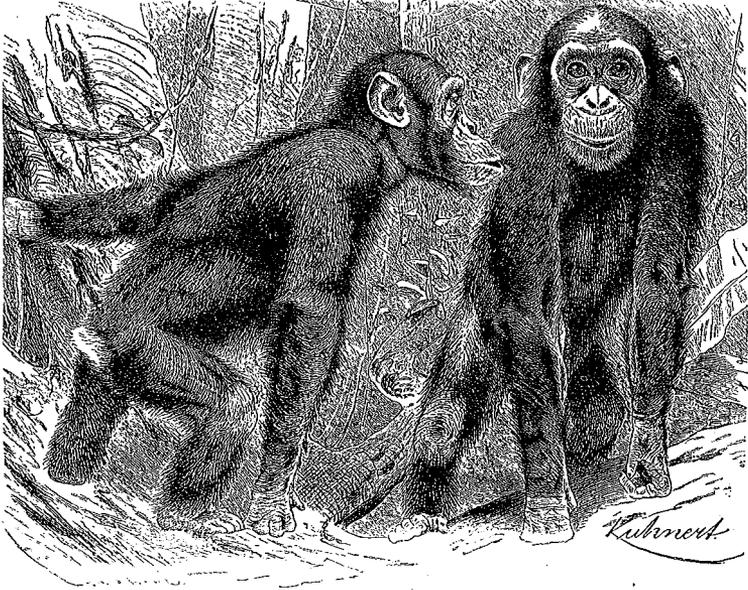
bands and invade the villages, and have even sought their prey within the fortified inclosures. The elephants also roam about in herds through the forests, led by the oldest of their number. They attack neither man nor beast. Man is the aggressor frequently in order to obtain the ivory of his tusks. Instead of the tiger Africa has the leopard and the panther, only, however, in certain parts. The rhinoceros, though not strictly amphibious, is found in the marshes and swampy grounds. The hippopotamus also infests the marshes and rivers, and proves a very formidable antagonist when annoyed.

Africa swarms with serpents too, which spread terror; some by their deadly poison, and others by their mere bulk and strength. African serpents are recorded in ancient history. It has been declared that whole provinces were once overrun by them, and that one, after disputing the passage of a river with a Roman army, was destroyed only by a battering engine.

As we leave this region, where the earth teems with a superabundance of life, and approach the desert, we find a change takes place equally singular and delightful as in the vegetable world. We find only beautiful creatures along the sandy border. The bright-eyed antelope in many different species, preying upon neither man nor beast, but pursued by all on account of its delicate flesh. We also see the striped zebra and the camelopard, remarkable for its fantastic beauty. Nature has endowed Africa with a multitude of those animals which some aver resemble man—the monkey, the gorilla, the chimpanzee, and the orang-outang. Since the mind makes the man, I cannot join in the comparison which some profess to make of these animals with the human race.

Insects, which in our milder climates are generally harmless, are somewhat formidable in Africa. The winged insects in particular, through the action of the sun in swampy districts, rise up in terrible force. The locust, for instance, gathers in innumerable swarms and commits ravages which it is difficult in our latitude to comprehend. Yet these creatures may be used as food, as they often are by many native tribes. The mosquito and many similar insects do not spread such fearful desolation, but their tormenting stings make life miserable. Even a swarm of bees in the roads of western Africa has been known to put a caravan to flight. But the most extraordinary insects of all are the termites, or white ants, which exhibit even greater development of instinct, if we may so term their wonderful skill, than they are credited with in other parts of the world. Whole plains are covered with their conical huts, often twelve feet high. They are divided into ranks, some as

workers, others as soldiers, regularly officered and organized ; a king and queen are appointed to govern over each community. When the queen becomes a mother it is of thousands, hence the rapid increase of these creatures is a matter of serious consideration, as they are far from being harmless, as the ants of Europe or America. When the drivers, another species of ant, enter a dwelling they devour every-



Chimpanzees

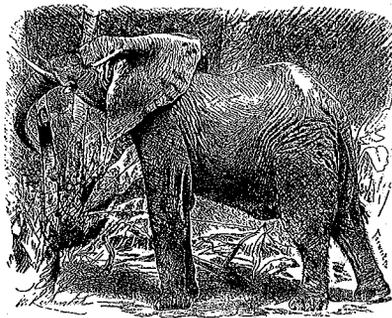
thing of vegetable or animal substance, and inmates too, if they fail to depart immediately. The warrior ants, or a similar species in South Africa, are used by the vicious natives as an instrument of torture when they desire to wreak especial vengeance. The prisoner is tied down beside a dwelling of these savage ants, which are then thoroughly disturbed and left to take their revenge upon the poor helpless victim, whom they not only kill, but whose very bones they will pick quite clean.

We have barely touched upon the evils to which the

native African is exposed from the lower order of creation, but the subject is one of deep interest, and the student of nature who cares to pursue it through some of the exhaustive works published on the natural history and entomology of Africa will be well repaid.

Notwithstanding his foes in animal and insect life the native finds his surest foe in man. For centuries this continent has seen her children dragged in chains over the desert and across the sea to spend their lives in hopeless bondage. And again superstition and tyranny are the underlying causes of innumerable petty wars among themselves, of a bloody and cruel character, and a source of domestic and foreign slavery.

Yet amid all the shadows which we have faintly portrayed there are many beautiful bright lights, shining all the brighter from the somber hue of the background. Even amid the moral darkness there shine forth virtues which would do honor to society in its most refined and exalted state. Domestic affection generally pervades African society, and generous hospitality is often shown to travelers. The varieties of nature and character, the alternations of nature's wildness and beauty, of lawless violence and of the most generous kindness, render traveling in this continent more interesting than in any other quarter of the globe.



African Elephant

## CHAPTER II

**Ancient Africa**

FRICA, so far as it extends along the Mediterranean, was not only well known to the nations of antiquity, but constituted an integral part of their political and social system. This coast forms only a comparatively small portion of that great continent; but while the sphere of civilization and geographical knowledge of the Greeks were nearly comprised within the circuits of the Mediterranean shores, they viewed northern Africa with considerable interest. This region, which is now in obscurity and left far behind in all the arts and attainments which exalt human nature, had at that early period taken the lead.

Herodotus, the earliest and most interesting of Greek historians, when endeavoring to collect information about the whole of the unknown world, was obliged, in the absence of written records, to have recourse to travel, and his narrative is almost entirely the record of what he saw and heard during his various journeyings. By means of a long stay in Egypt, and intimate communication with the native priests, he learned much that was accurate, as well as much that was incorrect and exaggerated, respecting the wide region which extends from the Nile to the Atlantic. He justly describes it as much inferior in fertility to the cultivated parts of Europe and Asia, and suffering severely from drought; yet there were a few spots, as Cinyps and the high tracts of Cyrene, which being finely irrigated might stand a comparison with the richest portions of the globe. Generally, however, in quitting the northern coast, which he terms the "forehead of Africa," the country became more

and more arid. "Hills of salt arose," he declares, "out of which the natives constructed their houses, without any fear of their melting beneath a shower in a region where rain was unknown." The land became almost a desert and was filled with such multitudes of wild beasts as to be considered their proper inheritance, and scarcely disputed with them by the human race. Farther to the south the soil no longer afforded food even to these wild tenants; there was not the trunk of a tree nor a drop of water; total silence and desolation reigned. Such is the general picture which Herodotus draws of this northern boundary of the great African desert, which must be acknowledged to be fairly accurate.

In the tract westward from Egypt, behind the great "African forehead," the first object was the celebrated shrine of Ammon, dedicated to the Theban Jove, and to which the Greeks ascribed a higher prophetic power than even to their own Delphic Oracle. This temple, situated in the midst of almost inaccessible deserts, was distinguished for a fountain which, warm at midnight, became always colder and colder till noon. Ten days' journey beyond Ammon lay Ægila, occupied by the Nasamones, a numerous people, who in winter fed their flocks on the seacoast, and in summer repaired to collect and store up the dates here growing on extensive forests of palm trees. To this people are ascribed various singular customs, among which was their mode of foreseeing the future by laying themselves to sleep on the tombs of their ancestors, watching the dreams which arose in this position, and treasuring them up in oracles.

After the Gindanes and the Lotophagi, who ate the lotus and made wine from its fruit, came the Machlyes and the Auses, dwelling round the lake of Tritonis, the scene of the reported birth and oracle of Minerva, with which were connected many celebrated fables of ancient mythology.

Strabo, who wrote after the Roman sway was fully established over Africa, gives a much more exact report of its

western regions. Extending his view beyond the Atlas Mountains, he describes the Mauri, peopling a rich territory on the Atlantic coast capable of yielding the most copious harvest. Nothing, however, could wean the nation from the wandering life in which they delighted, moving continually with their tents from place to place, wrapped in the skins of wild beasts, riding without saddle, and often without bridle, on small, swift horses. He represented them as fighting with sword and spear, not with the poisoned arrows imputed to them by Horace, which are used at present in central Africa. Eastward, around Carthage, he finds the Massæsulî, who followed the same wandering life, and were called Nomads or Numidians; but Masinissa had already inured them to the practice of agriculture and to some of the refinements of polished life. Carthage at its first subjection was razed to the ground and left long desolate; but the Romans, attracted by the view of the fine region which surrounds it, soon established a colony there and elevated it to its former rank as the greatest city of Africa.

Another territory of which the ancients had considerable knowledge was that extending upward along the Nile, the immediate borders of which have always been both habitable and fertile.

The philosophers of Memphis, followed even by Mela, the great Latin geographer, surmised that the unknown and inaccessible fountains of the Nile lay on the opposite side of the globe, where during our summer it was winter; consequently the greatest rains then fell and the swollen waters, flowing across the whole breadth of the torrid zone, acquired a soft and mellow taste. But the most singular hypothesis is that of Ephorus, who thought that Egypt was full of gaps or chinks, which in winter absorbed the water, but sweat it out under the influence of the summer heat. Diodorus takes superfluous pains to show that this theory, so absurd in itself, had no correspondence with the facts of the case. The real cause, arising from the rains which fall on the high mountains in the interior and tropical



Negro Type of North Africa  
(Collection of Prince Roland Bonaparte)

regions, was mentioned and strongly supported by Agatharchides, who wrote a learned work on the Red Sea.

The name of Ethiopia was generally applied by the ancients to the south of Africa, and even Arabia, and to all countries inhabited by black people. The region, however, which extends for several hundred miles along the Nile above Egypt formed the ancient Ethiopia, a sacred realm in which the priests placed the most revered objects of their mythology.

The Greeks, who had settled in Egypt during the wise government of the Ptolemies, carried on a considerable navigation along the eastern coast of the Red Sea. Ptolemy Euergetes seems to have conquered part of Abyssinia, forming it into a kingdom of which Axum was the capital; and the fine remains of Grecian architecture still attest the fact of this city having been a great and civilized metropolis.

The whole of Africa known to the Greeks at that time comprised a wide extent of shore, but extended a very short distance inland, being bounded on each side by two unknown coasts, which stretched so far that it was not possible to conjecture their termination. Two tempestuous oceans, a desert, the most dreary on the face of the earth and infested by multitudes of huge and ferocious animals, were the barriers that so closely hemmed in ancient settlers, and could not, in any instance, be passed with impunity. Yet the principle of curiosity cannot be extinguished in the human breast, and with courageous natures obstacles often create a greater desire to master a difficulty.

The two earliest expeditions known are related by Herodotus. One of the greatest of the native kings of Egypt was Necho, whose name ranks second only to that of Sesostris, who lived about two hundred years before Herodotus. The habits and prejudices of the ancient Egyptians were unfavorable to maritime enterprise; yet Necho, endowed with the spirit of a great man, which made him superior to the age in which he lived, eagerly sought the solution of the mystery of Africa's outlines. He employed Phœnician navigators, of whose proceedings Herodotus received an account from the

Egyptian priests. Proceeding down the Red Sea, they entered the Indian Ocean; and in a voyage of three years made the complete circuit of the continent, passing through the Pillars of Hercules (Straits of Gibraltar), and up the Mediterranean to Egypt. They related that in the course of this very long voyage they had repeatedly drawn their boats on land, sowed grain in a favorable place and season, waited till the crop grew and ripened under the influence of a tropical heat, then reaped it, and continued their progress.

The other expedition had its origin in the country of the Nasamones. Five young men formed themselves into an African association, personally to explore what was still unknown in the vast interior of this continent. They passed, first, the region inhabited by man; then that which was tenanted by wild beasts; lastly, they reached the great sandy waste. Having laid in a good stock of water and provisions, they traveled many days, partly in a western direction, and at length reached one of the oases, or verdant islands, which fortunately are widely scattered over the desert. Here they saw trees laden with delicious fruit, some of which they had begun to pluck, when there suddenly appeared a band of "little black men," who seized and carried them off as captives.

The next expedition on record was made under less pleasing auspices. Sataspes, a Persian nobleman, had been condemned by Xerxes to crucifixion, on account of some crime of which he had been guilty; but his mother by earnest entreaty obtained a commutation of the sentence into one which she represented as still more severe—that of sailing round Africa. Under this heavy necessity, Sataspes coasted along the Mediterranean, passed the western point of the continent, and began a southward course. But he who undertook to explore this vast country with no interest in the subject, buoyed up by no gay enthusiasm, and urged only by the fear of death behind, was ill prepared for achieving so mighty an enterprise. Sataspes sailed southward for a considerable space, but when he saw the Atlantic waves

beating against the dreary shore of the Sahara, that scene of frequent shipwreck, it probably appeared to him that any ordinary form of death was preferable to this. He returned and presented himself before Xerxes, giving a doleful description of the hardships which he had encountered, declaring that the ship at last stood still of itself and could by no exertion be made to proceed. That proud monarch, refusing



Mauri in Forest of Bananas

to listen to such an explanation, ordered the original sentence to be immediately executed.

Carthage, the greatest maritime and commercial state of antiquity, and which considered Africa and the Atlantic coast as her peculiar domain, must have made several exploratory voyages before she could establish those extensive connections upon which her trade was founded. Of all such attempts, however, the record of only one remains. It consisted of an expedition on a large scale, sent out about five hundred and seventy years before the Christian era, for the

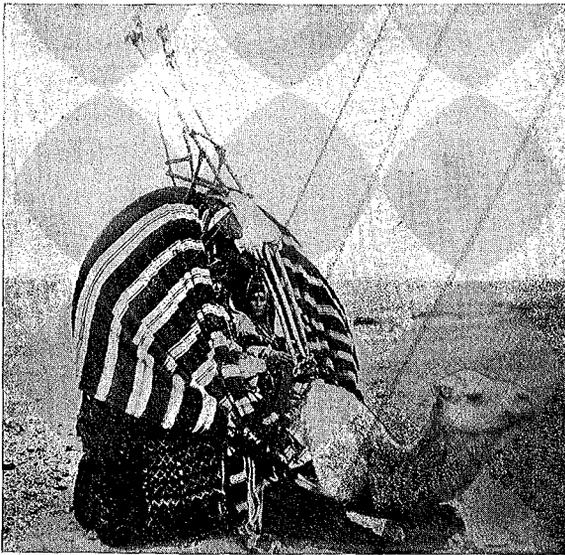
joint purpose of colonization and discovery, under an admiral named Hanno. He carried with him, in sixty large vessels, emigrants of both sexes to the number of thirty thousand. At the distance of two days' sail beyond the Pillars of Hercules the Carthaginians founded the city of Thymioterium, and afterward, on the wooded promontory of Solocis, erected a stately temple to Neptune. They then built successively four other cities, after which they came to the great river Lixus, flowing from Libya and the high boundary of the Atlas. Its banks were infested by numbers of wild beasts, and inhabited only by savage Ethiopians, living in caves, and repelling every friendly overture. Proceeding for three days along a desert coast, the navigators reached an island, which they named Cerne, situated in a recess of the sea, where they established their last colony. Sailing onward still for a number of days, they saw a large river full of crocodiles and hippopotami, and containing a number of small islands. The inhabitants were timid and fled at their approach, but the coast presented some remarkable phenomena. During the day deep silence reigned; but as soon as the sun set fires blazed on the shore, and the shouts of men were mingled with the varied sounds of cymbals, trumpets, and other musical instruments. This scene, being new to the Carthaginians, struck them with terror, but in fact it must have arisen from the custom prevalent over native Africa, where the inhabitants often rest during the oppressive heat of the day, and spend a great part of the night in dancing and festivity.

The individual who in that early age made the most resolute and persevering effort to explore Africa was Eudoxus, a native of the city of Cyzicus, who lived about one hundred and thirty years before Christ, but I am unable to trace the final result of his expeditions.

The ruins of ancient cities, forts, mines, and hieroglyphics, and the testimony of the earliest travelers, seem to demonstrate that in different parts of the Dark Continent there were in ancient times large centers of civilized people, who, over-

whelmed by the surrounding barbarous nations, or yielding to the inevitable tendencies of human nature, lapsed into decay. It is now, for example, generally allowed that the land of Ophir, where the ships of Solomon and his friend, Hiram of Tyre, went once in three years to bring back gold and precious stones and other merchandise, was in the vicinity of Zambesia, far down on the eastern coast of Africa, and not in Arabia, and the recent opening of the gold-producing countries south of the Zambesi, and the evidences of ancient mines found there, have served to confirm this opinion.

I have found one thing to the credit of Nero, the Roman tyrant. Sixty years after Christ he sent an expedition to explore the source of the Nile, and this is the first attempt we have on record of an enterprise which, eighteen hundred years later, our own Stanley completed.



A Ship of the Desert

## CHAPTER III

## The Invasions of Islam



**D**Y far the most momentous epoch in the history of the Dark Continent, after the Roman conquest and the division of the empire, was the invasion of Mohammedanism. For hundreds of years after the Roman conquest and the division of the empire there had been continued fighting along the Mediterranean, seriously retarding exploration and colonization. But one episode is especially worthy of mention. Four hundred and eighty years after Christ eighty thousand Vandals (men, women, and children) crossed from Spain to North Africa. For a hundred years these Teuton people held their own, but finally disappeared from history and blended with other peoples. The time had not come for people of our blood to have a hand in the division of the Dark Continent.

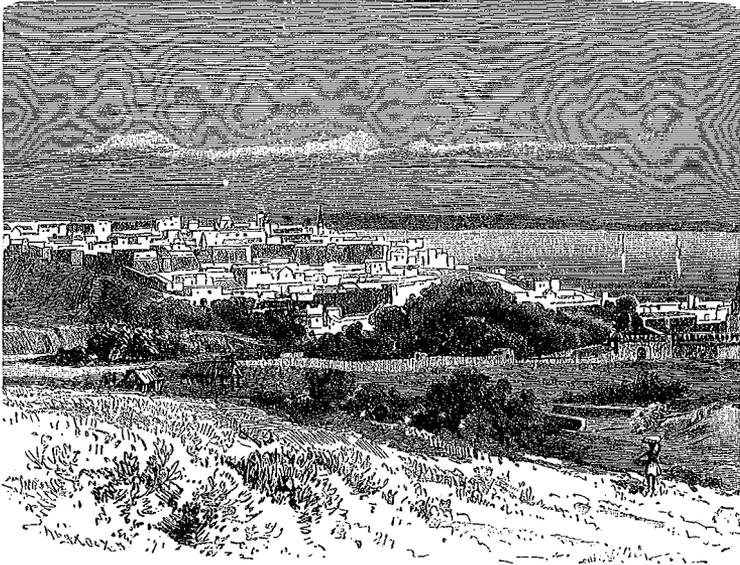
The aggressive Arabs began their work of conquest six hundred and forty years after Christ, and in seventy years Europe was swept out of the Dark Continent and all North Africa was practically Mohammedanized. Wave after wave of Arab emigrants poured in. Cities were built, and great progress made in agriculture, commerce, and art. For seven hundred and fifty years this process went on, so that at the close of the fourteenth century Mohammedanism had crossed the Sahara, had a good footing in Soudan, in the Niger region, as well as in Abyssinia and down the East Coast to Sofala, where the Portuguese in the sixteenth century found rich Arab cities. Caravan routes, with the use of camels, were established across the desert. Regular reports and annual pilgrimages to Mecca from

different parts promoted knowledge of countries and people. Learning was advanced. At present the Mohammedan University at Cairo is one of the world's great seats of learning. When one of the teachers was lately asked by a traveler what was taught there, the reply was, "We teach God."

The triumph of the followers of Mohammed, who in fifty years spread their arms and their creed over half the eastern world, produced an immense change in the social system of even the remote Mauritania, which seemed doomed to be the inheritance of a barbarous and nomadic race, but was converted by them into a civilized empire; and its capital, Fez, became a distinguished school of learning. Their love of improvement reached even the most distant regions. They introduced the camel, which, though a native of the sandy wastes of Arabia, was equally adapted to the still more immense and awful deserts that stretch over Africa. Paths were opened through wilds which had hitherto defied all human efforts to penetrate. An intercourse by means of caravans was formed with the interior countries to obtain a supply of gold and slaves; and, amid the sanguinary disputes which arose among the descendants of the prophet, many, whose ill fortune exposed them to the enmity of successful rivals, sought refuge on the opposite side of the Great Desert. By successive migrations they not only became numerous in central Africa, but, from superior skill in the art of war, rose to be the ruling power. They founded several flourishing kingdoms in that part of the continent which Europeans vainly sought to reach till they were recently explored. Of these states Ghana was the most flourishing, forming the great market for gold. Its sovereign was acknowledged supreme by all the neighboring princes; while his court displayed a splendor and was adorned with objects hitherto unexampled in central Africa. Among its ornaments were paintings, sculpture, and glass windows, which being before unknown excited the surprise and admiration of the natives. The king is said to have ridden out

attended by elephants and camelopards, tamed by an art then first introduced, and since lost.

This prince made a great profession of justice, going out twice every day and presenting himself to all who wished to offer petition or complaint. The vicissitudes of fortune subverted the kingdom of Ghana, and made its territory successively subject to Timbuctoo, Kashna, and Sackatoo; but later travelers found it under the changed name of Kano.



The City of Tangier

Tocrur, about twenty-four days' journey northwest of Ghana, was a kingdom inferior to the other, yet powerful and independent. It carried on an extensive traffic with the people of the "remotest west," who brought shells (cowries?) and brass, for which they received gold and ornaments. Mention is made of the fine cotton cloths which formed the staple manufacture. Tocrur appears evidently to be Sackatoo or Soccato, since the capital of an empire which comprises Ghana and all the neighboring countries.

Kuku, to the eastward of Ghana, forms another kingdom on whose power and extent the Arabian writers largely dilate. This country is manifestly Bornou, named from its capital, which bears still the same appellation. Twenty days' journey to the south was Kaugha, a city famous for industry and useful arts, and women who were skilled in the secrets of magic.

To the south of Ghana lay Wangara, a district that is said to have contained gold, the commodity for which African commerce was so much prized. This region is described as intersected and overflowed during the rainy season by the branches of the Nile. There seems to be some confusion of ideas about this country and its golden products. A district in the southern part of Soudan is called Oongoroo, or Ungura; but it no longer furnishes gold, nor is Ghana at the present day the market for that valuable staple of central Africa. In the mountainous countries to the southwest this metal is still collected abundantly, in the very manner described by the Arabian writers.

The whole range of Alpine territory to the southwest of the region now described was called Lamiam, and presented a continued scene of barbarous violence. It was branded as the land of the infidels—of a people to whom none of the charities of life were due, and against whom the passions of cruelty and of avarice might be gratified without remorse. Expeditions or slave hunts were therefore made into these unfortunate countries, when, after a bloody conflict, victims were seized, carried off, and sold to the merchants of northern Africa, who conveyed them to all parts of the eastern world. The same cruel and iniquitous traffic is carried on in a similar manner, and with unabated activity, at the present day.

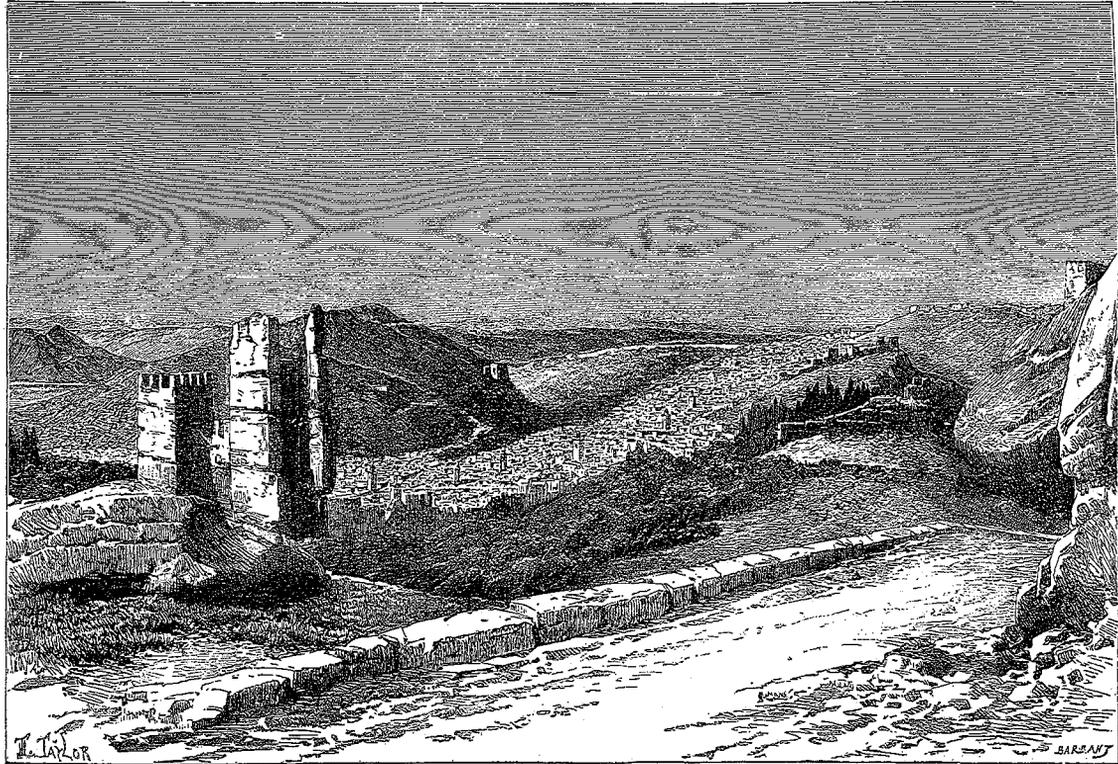
The Arabians do not seem to have been very accurately informed. They describe the Atlantic as only about five hundred miles beyond Tocrur, although two thousand would have been nearer the truth; perhaps they mistook the great lake Dibble for the sea. They mention the island

of Ulil, whence were brought great quantities of salt. Ulil, though called an island, was probably Walet, the great interior market for the mineral; but all the features of the country around and beyond it seem to have been confusedly blended together by the Mohammedan authors.

At the time when the Arabian geographers flourished the Christian religion was professed not only in Abyssinia, but even in Nubia, to its northern frontier at Syene. The bigotry and dislike produced by hostile creeds not only deprived these writers of the means of information, but led them to view with contempt everything relating to countries accounted infidel. Their notices, therefore, of the regions in the Upper Nile and along the western shores of the Red Sea are exceeding meager. It was otherwise with the eastern coast of Africa on the Indian Ocean. The people of southern Arabia, who were then actively employed in commerce and navigation, had not only explored, but formed establishments at Mombasa, Melinda, Moçambique, and all the leading points on that coast, which were still found in their possession by the early Portuguese navigators.

Ibn Batuta commenced his peregrination through interior Africa from Fez. He went first to Segilmissa, situated in a territory abounding with date trees. Having joined a caravan, he came, after a journey of twenty-five days, to Thargari, which some manuscripts make Tagaza, and is therefore evidently the Tegazza of Leo, supposed by Major Rennel to be the modern Tislect, containing the mine which supplied Timbuctoo with salt. From Thargari he went in twenty days to Tashila, three days beyond which commenced a "desert of the most dreary aspect," where there was neither water, beast, nor bird, "nothing but sand and hills of sand." In ten days he came to Abu Latin, a large town, crowded with merchants from various quarters of the continent.

From Abu Latin, or Walet, the adventurer proceeded to Mali, then the most flourishing country and city in that part of the continent. This Mali is evidently the Melli of Leo,



The Ancient City of Fez, in Morocco

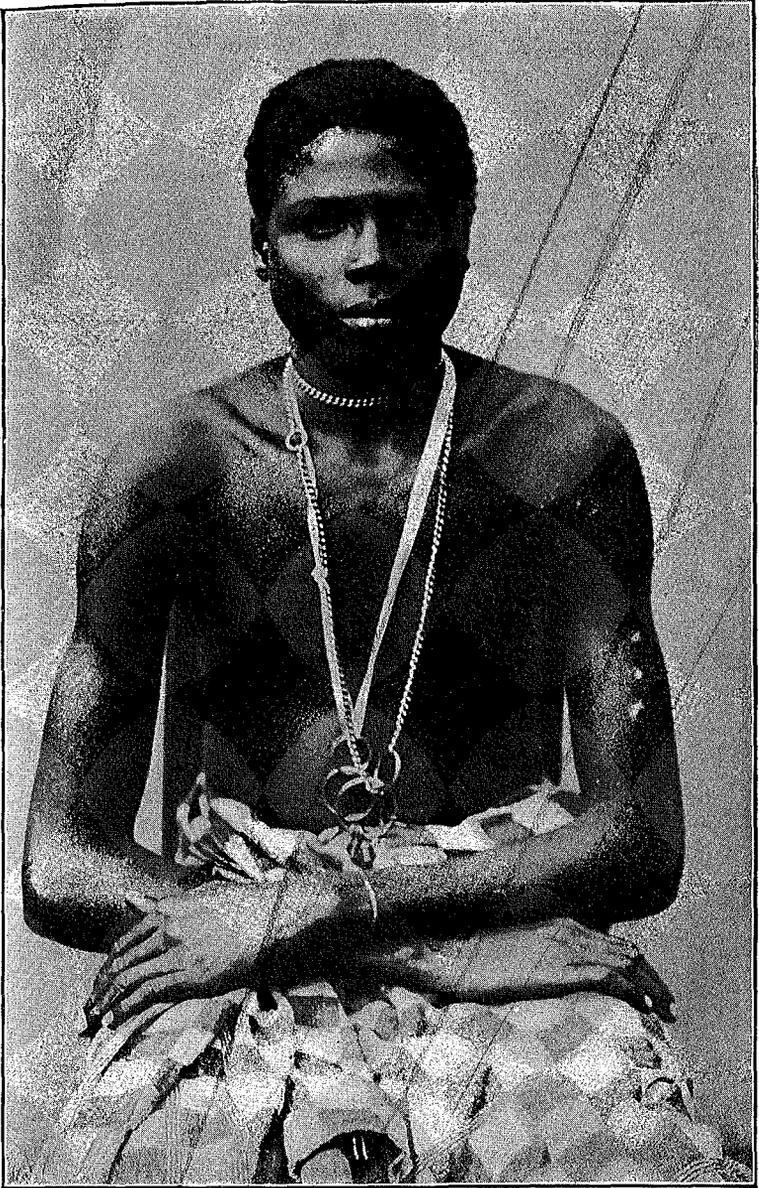
who described it as situated on a river to the south of Timbuctoo, but it is not easy to identify it with any modern position. After waiting upon the king he was informed that a present was on its way to him, and he feasted his imagination on the idea of some rich dress or golden ornament; instead of which the whole consisted of a crust of bread, a dried fish, and sour milk. The traveler was astonished by the immense bulk of the trees of this region, in the hollow trunk of one of which he observed a weaver plying his trade.

From Mali our traveler turned northward to Timbuctoo. This city was then subject to Mali, governed by a Negro viceroy, and far from possessing the celebrity and importance which it has since attained. The town is described as being chiefly peopled by merchants from Latham, but what particular country that was it appears now impossible to conjecture. He next proceeded eastward, by Kakaw, Bardama, and Nakda, where he seems to have been near Nubia; but gives no further details until he again arrives at Fez.

About two centuries after Ibn Batuta a very full description of Africa was furnished by a geographer named Leo, who was honored by the surname of Africanus. He was a native of Granada, but after the capture of that city by Ferdinand repaired to Fez, and in that once eminent school acquired a knowledge of Arabic and of the African continent. He afterward traveled through a great part of the interior, and having repaired to Rome wrote his description of Africa under the auspices of Leo X. It appears that since the time of Edrisi one of those revolutions to which barbarous states are liable had greatly changed the aspect of these countries. Timbuctoo, which at the former period either did not exist, or was not thought worthy of mention, had now risen to be the most powerful of the interior kingdoms, and the great center of commerce and wealth. Ghana, once possessed of imperial greatness, had already changed its name to Kano, and was ranked as tributary to

Timbuctoo. Bornou appeared under its old appellation; and several kingdoms which have since held a conspicuous place are mentioned for the first time—Casena or Cassina (Kashna), Zegzeg, Zanfara, and Guber. Gago, represented as being four hundred miles southeast of Timbuctoo, is evidently Eyeo. Ghinea or Gheneoa, described as a city of great commerce and splendor, has been supposed to be Ghana; but I think it is evidently Jenne, which Park found to be the largest and most flourishing city of Banbarra. At Timbuctoo many of the merchants were opulent, and two of them had obtained princesses in marriage. Literature was cultivated with ardor, and manuscripts bore a higher price than any other commodity. Izchia, the king who had been successful in subduing all the neighboring countries, maintained an army of three thousand horse and a numerous infantry, partly armed with poisoned arrows. Gold, for which Timbuctoo had now become the chief mart, was lavishly employed in the ornament of his court and person. He displayed solid masses, and some of his ornaments weighed one thousand three hundred ounces. The royal palace and several mosques were handsomely built of stone; but the ordinary habitations here, as in all central Africa, were merely bell-shaped huts, the material of which were stakes, clay, and reeds.

It was from Asia and the Mohammedan, and not from Europe, that we have the first serious division of Africa, and similarity of climate may have had much to do with bringing this about. Islamism brought with it political organization, some civilization, commercial activity, and the establishment of slavery as an institution.



Type of the Northwest

*(Collection of Prince Roland Bonaparte)*

# The Romance of Exploration

## CHAPTER IV

### The Portuguese and Dutch



FOR ten centuries, during the decline of the Roman empire, the irruption of the barbarous nations, and the operation of the rude systems of feudal polity, Europe remained sunk in profound apathy respecting all objects relating to science, discovery, and distant commerce. The splendor of the Crescent for a short interval outshone all that was brightest in the Christian world; and the courts of Bagdad, of Fez, and of Cordova were more refined and more enlightened than those of London and Paris.

Satisfied with the wealth and power to which they had been raised by local and limited commerce, the various European republics made no attempt to open a more extended path over the ocean. Their pilots guided most of the vessels which were engaged in the early voyages of discovery, but the means were furnished by the monarchs who employed them, whose ports were situated upon the shores of the Atlantic.

About the end of the fifteenth century, however, the human mind began to make a movement in every direction—in religion, science, freedom, and industry. It sought not only to break loose from that thralldom in which it had been bound for ages, but to rival and even surpass all that had been achieved during the most brilliant eras of antiquity.

These high aims were particularly directed to the department of maritime discovery. The invention of the compass, the skill of the Venetian and the Genoese pilots, and the knowledge transmitted from former times inspired mankind with the hope of being able to pass all the ancient barriers and to throw light upon regions hitherto unknown. A small power, long sunk in apathy and political degradation, started first in this career, and took the lead for a certain time of all the European states. Portugal, during the reign of its kings John and Emmanuel, stood preeminent in enterprise and intelligence. No idea, however, was yet entertained of the new worlds which were afterward discovered by the daring spirit of Columbus. The local position of Portugal, its wars and expeditions against Morocco, led to the idea that the western border of Africa was the best field for discovery. The information respecting this coast was still very limited, so that the passage of Cape Bojador by Gilianez, in 1433, caused a surprise and admiration almost equal to that occasioned by the discovery of America. A rapid progress was afterward made along the shore of the Sahara, and the Portuguese navigators were not long in reaching the fertile regions watered by the Senegal and the Gambia.

The mariners saw, however, only naked rocks and burning sands stretching immeasurably into the interior, and affording no encouragement to any project of settlement. Beyond Cape Blanco, Nuno Tristan, in 1443, discovered the island of Arguin, and, notwithstanding the disaster of Gonzalo da Cintra, who in 1445 was killed by a party of Moors, the Portuguese made it for some time their principal settlement. The country was far from presenting a brilliant aspect, though it was visited by caravans of the "Barbariis and Luddaias" (the people of Bambarra and Ludamar), who gave a very favorable report of the interior regions.

In 1446 Diniz Fernandez discovered Cape Verde, and in the following year Lancelot entered the Senegal. The Portuguese found in this neighborhood fertile and populous regions that promised to reward their exertions much more

efficiently than the visionary name after which they had so eagerly inquired. A circumstance occurred, also, most convenient for monarchs who contemplate an extension of dominion. Bemoy, a prince of the Jaloff nation, came to Arguin complaining that he had been driven from the throne and entreating the aid of the Portuguese to restore to him his crown, which he was willing to wear as their ally, and even as their vassal. Bemoy was received with open arms and conveyed to Lisbon. Here he experienced a brilliant reception, and his visit was celebrated by all the festal exhibitions peculiar to that age—bullfights, puppet shows, and even feasts of dogs. On this occasion Bemoy made a display of the agility of his native attendants, who, on foot, kept pace with the swiftest horses, mounting and alighting from these animals at full gallop. After being instructed in the Christian religion he was baptized and did homage to the king and to the pope for the crown which was to be placed on his head; for which purpose a powerful armament, under the command of Pero Vaz d'Acunba, was sent out with him to the banks of the Senegal.

The conclusion of this adventure was extremely tragical. A quarrel having arisen between Bemoy and the commander, the latter stabbed the prince on board his vessel. Whether this violent deed was prompted by the heat of passion or by well-grounded suspicions of Bemoy's fidelity was never fully investigated; but the king learned the event with deep regret, and in consequence gave up his design of building a fort on the Senegal. He made, however, no pause in his indefatigable efforts to trace the abode of Prester John. Ambassadors were sent into the interior, and, according to De Barros, even as far as Timbuctoo. All endeavors were in vain as to the primary object, but the Portuguese thereby gained a more complete knowledge of this part of the interior Africa than was afterward attained in Europe till a very recent period.

The Portuguese continued their explorations until, in 1471, they reached the Gold Coast, when, dazzled by the

importance and splendor of the commodity, the commerce of which gave name to that region, they built the city of Elmina, and made it the capital of their possessions on this continent. Pushing onward to Benin, they received a curious account of an embassy said to be sent at the accession of every new monarch to the court of a sovereign called Ogane, resident seven or eight hundred miles in the interior. When the ambassadors were introduced a silk curtain shrouded the monarch from their view till the moment of their departure, when the royal foot was graciously put forth from under the veil, and "reverence done to it as to a holy thing."

In 1484 Diego Cam sailed from Elmina in quest of new shores on which the emblem of Portuguese dominion might be planted. After passing Cape St. Catharine he found himself involved in a very strong current setting out from the land, which was still distant, though the water, when tasted, was found to be fresh. It was conjectured, therefore, that he was near the mouth of a great river, which proved to be the fact. It has since become celebrated under the name of the Zaire, or Congo. Diego, on reaching its southern bank, erected his first pillar—an event considered to be so memorable that the stream itself has often, by Portuguese writers, been termed the "River of the Pillar." He ascended its shores, opened an intercourse with the natives, and inquired after the residence of their sovereign. They pointed to a place at a considerable distance in the interior, and undertook to guide thither a mission, which they pledged themselves, within a stipulated period, to lead back in safety. As the natives meantime passed and re-passed on the most intimate footing, Diego took advantage of a moment when several of the principal persons were on board his ship, weighed anchor, and stood out to sea. He soothed the alarm visible in the countenances of their countrymen on shore by signs intimating that this step was taken solely to gratify the anxious desire of his sovereign to see and converse with these African chiefs; that in fifteen



Wife of a Marango Chief

moons they should certainly be brought back again; and that, meanwhile, a number of his people should be left as hostages. Diego then sailed to Lisbon, where he introduced with triumph these living trophies of his discovery. The king was highly gratified, and held many conversations with the Congo princes, whom he loaded with honors and caused to be conveyed back at the appointed period to the shores of the Zaire. On Diego's arrival at the river it was highly gratifying to see, waiting on the bank, the part of his crew whom he had left as pledges, and respecting whom he had felt some anxiety. He was invited to court, where the king not only received him with kindness, but agreed to embrace Christianity and to send several of his principal chiefs to Europe to be instructed in its principles. They sailed accordingly, and this new arrival of Congo leaders of the first rank gave fresh satisfaction at Lisbon. They remained two years, experiencing the very best treatment, and on their being considered ripe for baptism the king stood godfather to the principal envoy and his chief notables to others, on which occasion the Africans received the names of the persons by whom they had been thus honored.

In 1490 a new expedition, guided by Ruy de Sousa, conveyed back the Congo nobles to their native country. The Portuguese on their arrival were received by the king in full pomp. The native troops approached in three lines, making so great a noise with horns, kettledrums, and other instruments, and raising shouts so tremendous, as to surpass all that the Europeans had ever witnessed in processions and invocations to the saints. The king himself was seated in the midst of a large park, upon an ivory chair raised on a platform. He was dressed in rich and glossy skins of wild beasts, a bracelet of brass hanging from his left arm, a horse's tail from his shoulder, and on his head a bonnet of fine cloth woven from the palm tree. He gave full permission to erect a church, and when murmurs were heard from a few of his attendants he instantly offered to put them to death on the spot, but the Portuguese laudably dissuaded

him from so violent a step. He himself and all his nobles were baptized, and free scope was allowed to the exertion of the Catholic missionaries. These churchmen seem to have been really animated with a very devoted and persevering zeal; but they had unfortunately conceived an incorrect idea of what they came to teach, and instead of inculcating the pure doctrines and precepts of Christianity merely amused the people with empty and childish pageantry. The presentation of beads, Agni Dei, images of the Madonna and saints, the splendid processions, the rich furniture, and solemn ceremonies of the Church dazzled the eyes of the natives, and made them view Christianity only as a gay and pompous pageant in which it would be an amusement to join. There was, however, one point which the missionaries soon began very conscientiously, and perhaps in rather too hasty and peremptory a manner, to enforce. Appalled by the host of wives that surrounded every African prince or chief, and whom it had been his constant study and pride to multiply, the missionaries desired their converts to select one and to dismiss all the others. This was considered an unwarrantable inroad on one of the most venerable institutions of the realm of Congo. To the aged monarch the privation appeared so intolerable that he thereupon renounced his Christian profession and plunged again into the abyss of pagan superstition. Happily Alphonso, the youthful heir apparent, saw nothing so dreadful in the sacrifice; he cheerfully submitted to it, and, braving his father's displeasure, remained attached to the Portuguese. The old king dying soon after, the zealous convert became entitled to reign; but his brother, Panso Aquitimo, supported by the chiefs and almost the whole nation, raised the standard of rebellion in support of polygamy and paganism. A civil war ensued, in which the prince had little more than a handful of Portuguese to oppose to the innumerable host of his rebel countrymen; however, in consequence, as his adherents believed, of the appearance in the clouds at one time of Saint James and at another of the Virgin Mary,

he always came off victorious. Doubtless the better arms and discipline of the Portuguese rendered them superior in the field to the undisciplined host of their assailants.

The Portuguese, while they bore away the palm of maritime enterprise from all other nations, considered Africa most especially as the region which they had won for themselves, and had covered with trophies of discovery and victory. But after being subjected to the cruel and degrading yoke of Philip II, of Spain, they lost all their spirit and energy. Under the same influence they became involved in hostility with the Dutch, who had risen to the first rank as a naval people, and whose squadrons successively stripped them of their most important possessions in this continent as well as in the East Indies. In 1637 Elmina itself, their capital, fell into the hands of these bold and successful rivals, and at present the boasted lords and rulers of Guinea have not an acre left of their extensive dominions along the whole western coast; they retain the Madeira and other islands, which certainly are not destitute of beauty, and even of some degree of political and commercial value.

The southern extremity of Africa had long attracted the particular attention of modern navigators. To pass this mighty cape formed the main object of ambition with the Portuguese in their celebrated voyages of discovery along the African coast. After almost a century had been spent in successive endeavors to accomplish that undertaking, Diaz obtained a view of this great promontory; but the stormy sky in which it was enveloped, and the fearful swell produced by the conflict of the contending oceans, appalled even that stout navigator. He named it the Cape of Tempests, and immediately returned with his shattered barks to Portugal. The king, with a bolder spirit, substituted forthwith the name of Cape of Good Hope, which it has ever since retained; yet some years elapsed before the daring sailors of Gama rounded this formidable barrier and crossed the ocean to the golden shores of India.

The Portuguese, however, engrossed by the discovery and

conquest of the kingdoms of the East, and busied in loading their vessels with the produce of those vast and opulent regions, scarcely deigned to cast an eye on the rude border of southern Africa, its terraces of granite, its naked Karroo plains, or the filthy and miserable kraals of the Hottentot. Their fleets stopped occasionally for water and refreshments, but no attempts were made to occupy, and still less to colonize, this barren and unpromising country.

The eastern coast of Africa, washed by the Indian Ocean, was a region scarcely visited except by the Portuguese, who continued to throw a veil of mystery over all their discoveries. In 1498, when Vasco de Gama had rounded the Cape of Good Hope, he touched at Moçambique, Mombasa, and Melinda, where he found the ruling people Arabs and bigoted Mohammedans. His object was merely to obtain pilots to guide his fleet to India; but at the two former of these ports he met an inhospitable and treacherous reception, while, on the other hand, he experienced at Melinda the utmost courtesy, and readily found the means of continuing his voyage to the coast of Malabar. Cabral, who followed in the footsteps of Gama, likewise visited Quiloa, which he describes as the capital of an extensive kingdom and the seat of a flourishing trade, but it was not till he, too, reached Melinda that he could obtain any friendly assistance.

The Portuguese sought in African settlements only food and pilots, and made no attempt at conquest. As their empire, however, extended, resentment or ambition easily furnished pretexts for attacking those settlements. In 1505 Almeda, indignant at the reception given to him at Quiloa and Mombasa, landed and took possession of both these cities. In 1508 permission was obtained to erect a fort at Moçambique, by means of which the Portuguese soon expelled the Arabs and became complete masters of the town. Attracted by its vicinity to the gold mines, and its convenience as a place for revictualing and recuperating their fleets, they made it the capital of their possessions in



Undisturbed Mammalia of East African Steppe

eastern Africa. Melinda also, which had long shown such a friendly disposition to Europeans, became at last unable to endure the insulting spirit of the Mohammedans; a quarrel arose, and that city was added to the dominion of the Portuguese. They were at that time masters of an immense range of coast, fully two thousand miles in length, on which they held all the principal positions, though without extending their sway to any distance into the interior.

About 1569 these courageous invaders made two vigorous attempts, under Nugnez Barreto and Vasco Fernandez, to advance into the country behind Moçambique, chiefly with the view of reaching the mines of gold, the product of which was brought in considerable quantities down the Zambesi to Sofala. They penetrated a considerable way up the river, on the banks of which they erected the forts of Sena and Tete. Its upper course was found overhung by steep and precipitous rocks, belonging to the mountainous range of Lupala, which here crosses its channel. They arrived at Zimbao, the capital of Quiteve, or King of Motapa, and even at the gold mines of Manica; but instead of the expected profusion of this precious metal they found that, as in other parts of Africa, it was laboriously extracted in small quantities from the extraneous substances in which it is imbedded. On this expedition they had frequent encounters with the natives, who were always beaten in the field; but the Europeans were so harassed by long marches and by the scarcity of provisions that they finally returned in a very exhausted state, and without having been able to establish any permanent dominion over that vast extent of country.

As the energy of the Portuguese government declined its sway over these colonies was reduced within limits which always became narrower. In 1631 the people of Mombasa rebelled, made a general massacre of the Europeans, and reestablished their independence. About the end of the seventeenth century the Imam of Mascat, a powerful Arabian prince, drove them out of Melinda and

Quiloa. Their possessions are now confined to Moçambique and Sofala, and are maintained even there on a very reduced scale. The former of these stations, when visited by Mr. Salt in 1808, was found to contain less than three thousand inhabitants, of whom only five hundred were Portuguese; and the fortifications were in so neglected a state that an Arabian chief assured the traveler that with one hundred stout followers he could drive the subjects of Portugal out of this capital of eastern Africa. "Yet the government house, in its interior arrangements," still exhibits some remains of the ancient splendor of the viceroys. Moçambique had a considerable commerce in gold, ivory, and slaves, brought down from the regions of the Upper Zambesi.

Portugal inaugurated the slave trade between western Africa and Europe. Antonio Gonsalvo brought home some gold dust and slaves in 1443. These were probably the first slaves taken from western Africa by Europeans. They were presented to Pope Martin V, and he conferred on Portugal the right of possession of all countries discovered between Cape Bojardo and the Indies. Portugal also had the first of many chartered companies to trade in African gold and slaves.

While Portugal was practically mistress of Africa during much of the sixteenth century, England, Spain, and France were absorbed in the acquisition of territory in the new western world. Cortez had conquered Mexico (1520), Magellan had passed the strait bearing his name, the Spaniards had introduced slaves into the West Indies (1508), Cartier had entered the St. Lawrence (1535), and France began settling Canada (1542), and the year previous De Soto had been on the Mississippi.

The thirst for gold grew rapidly as the stories of exploration and conquest multiplied. The slave trade had already grown to be the chief African traffic. Indians had proved a failure as slaves in America. A few Negro slaves admitted into the West Indies had proved such a success that the

traffic had grown enormously. In 1516 Charles V granted a patent to a Flemish trader to import four thousand slaves annually to the West Indies. The pope opened a slave market in Lisbon. As early as 1537, it is said, ten to twelve thousand slaves were taken there annually and sent to the West Indies. In 1562 Sir John Hawkins, in spite of the protest of the queen and many philanthropists, inaugurated the slave trade for England, which later on was chartered by royal authority.

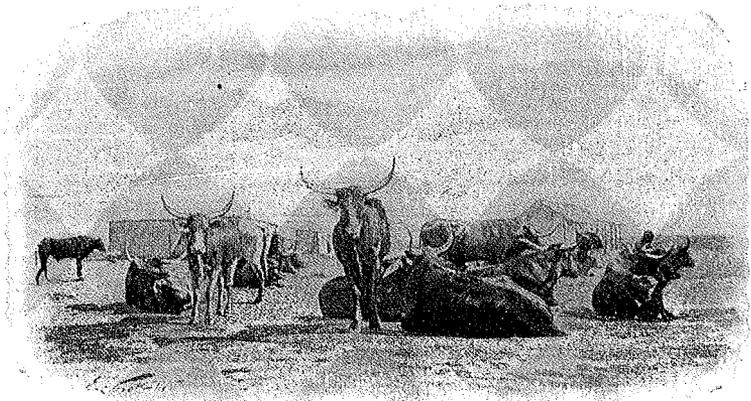
For one hundred and fifty years, from 1550 to the close of the seventeenth century, one by one the leading nations of Europe began to get footholds on the African coasts, especially on the west, and Portugal was gradually pushed out and foundations laid for the permanent division of the continent.

The Dutch having pushed their way into the Indian seas—where they first rivaled and then supplanted the Portuguese—were not long in discovering the important advantage that might be derived from the Cape of Good Hope as a naval station. In 1650 they founded Cape Town—a step which led to further improvement, for it thereby became necessary that supplies of grain and provisions should be drawn from the surrounding country. When, moreover, it was discovered that on some neighboring hills the vine could be reared in high perfection a new value was stamped upon the settlement. The natives, not then destitute of bravery, but ill-armed, undisciplined, and disunited, were easily driven back by the colonists or reduced to an almost complete and hopeless bondage, and hence the country for several hundred miles in every direction, so far as it afforded any herbage, was soon covered with extensive grazing farms under Dutch masters.

About the close of the last century southern Africa excited a particular interest among the lovers of natural history from the brilliancy of its floral productions and from those remarkable forms of the animal kingdom which though generally diffused over that continent could be most safely

and easily studied in the vicinity of the cape. In 1778 Captain Henry Hope, who under the authority of the Dutch government had penetrated into the interior of the colony with a caravan of eighty-nine persons, published at Amsterdam a work containing plates of the giraffe (or camelopard), the zebra, the hippopotamus, the gnu, and other animals then almost unknown in Europe. Soon after the whole region was carefully surveyed by two eminent naturalists, first Sparrmann, and then Le Vaillant.

The Hottentots were "reduced almost universally to the condition of slaves—not transferable, indeed, but attached to the soil, and not on that account the better treated." Frequent use was made of a heavy leathern thong, the lashes inflicted with which were measured not by number, but time. Connecting this punishment with his favorite luxury, the Dutchman ordered the flogging of the culprit to continue while he himself smoked a certain number of pipes.



Cattle of the Boers

## CHAPTER V

## England and France Explore Africa



EUROPE began to realize that there was an important gold trade carried on at Timbuctoo and along the Niger at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Letters were even received from Morocco, representing its treasures as surpassing those of Mexico and Peru. On that side, indeed, the immense desert and its barbarous inhabitants rendered these central regions almost inaccessible; but there was another channel which seemed to open the fairest and most tempting prospects.

According to all the geographical systems of that age, the great river Niger, which flowed through the interior of the continent, and by whose alluvion its plains were covered with gold, was understood to empty itself into the Atlantic either by the Senegal or Gambia, or, as was more commonly supposed, by both these rivers, imagined to be branches proceeding from the great stream. By ascending either the Senegal or Gambia, it therefore seemed possible to reach Timbuctoo and the country of gold; and this became a favorite object with several European nations.

In 1618 a company was formed in England for the purpose of exploring the Gambia. They sent out, the same year, Richard Thompson. In the month of December he entered the river, and proceeding as high as Kassan, a fortified town, he left most of his crew, while he pushed on in small boats. The Portuguese, who were still numerous in that district and retained all their lofty claims, were seized with bitter jealousy at this expedition made by a foreign and rival power. Led on by Hector Nunez, they furiously attacked

the party which had been left at Kassan, and succeeded in making a general massacre of the English. Thompson, on learning these dreadful tidings, although unable to make any effort to avenge the slaughter of his countrymen, still maintained his station on the river, and sent home encouraging accounts of the general prospects of the undertaking. The company listened to his statement, and sent out another vessel, giving command to Richard Jobson, to whom we are indebted for the first satisfactory account of the great river districts of western Africa.

Jobson entered the Gambia in November, 1620, but was dismayed when he received the tidings that Thompson had perished by the hands of his own men. Notwithstanding the shock caused by this intelligence, he did not suffer himself to be discouraged, but pushing briskly up the river, soon arrived at Kassan. The Portuguese inhabitants had mostly fled before his arrival, while the few who remained professed, in respect to Hector Nunez and the massacre of the English crew, an ignorance, and even a horror, for which he gave them very little credit. He had reason, on the contrary, to believe that they were forming a scheme of attack, and even urging the natives to rise against the English; and such was the dread of their machinations that scarcely anyone could be prevailed on to act as his pilot. Notwithstanding these suspicions and alarms he still pursued his course, but after passing the falls of Barraconda he found himself involved in great difficulties. The ascent was to be made against a rapid current; the frequency of hidden rocks made it dangerous to sail in the night; and the boat often struck upon sand banks and shallows, when it was necessary for the crew to strip and go into the water to push it over these obstacles.

The English now beheld an entirely new world and a new aspect of nature. On every side there were immense forests of unknown trees, while both the land and the water were inhabited by multitudes of savage animals whose roarings made every night hideous.

After innumerable difficulties and adventures the party

arrived at Tenda on the 26th of January, 1621, where they expected to meet with Buckar Sano, the chief merchant on the Gambia.

The report of a vessel come up to trade attracted a great number of natives from the neighboring districts, who reared temporary hovels and soon formed a little village on each side of the river. Speedily there appeared five hundred or more of an even less civilized race, covered with skins of wild animals, "the tails hanging from the beasts." The women, who had never before seen a white man, at first ran away, but the sight of a few beads soon allured them to return. Unluckily, the universal cry was for salt, a commodity deficient and much desired through all central Africa. But Jobson, not duly apprised of this, had not laid in a sufficient stock. Everything else was lightly prized in comparison, and many who were coming to swell the market, on learning that he had no salt, instantly turned back.

Buckar Sano undertook to introduce the English at the court of Tenda. On reaching the king's presence they witnessed an example of the debasing homage usually paid to Negro princes, and of which Clapperton, in Eyeo, afterward saw several striking instances. The great and wealthy merchant, appearing in the presence of the king, first fell on his knees, then, throwing off his shirt, extended himself naked and flat on the ground, while his attendants almost buried him beneath dust and mud. After groveling for some time in this prone position he started up, shook off the earth, which two of his wives assisted in clearing from his person, and he was then speedily equipped in his best attire, with bow and quiver. He and his attendants, after having made a semblance of shooting at Jobson, laid their bows at his feet, which was understood as a token of homage. The king even assured the English captain that the country and everything in it were placed at his disposal. In return for gifts so magnificent it was impossible to refuse a few bottles of brandy, the value of which, however, Jobson never expected to realize from these regal donations.

The English commander soon found himself in the middle of the dry season and the river sinking lower and lower; yet he still made a hard struggle to ascend, animated by the deceitful or inflated reports of Buckar Sano concerning the city of gold. At the distance of a few days' journey he heard of Tombaconda, which he conjectured to be Timbuctoo. The conclusion was erroneous, however, that city being distant nearly a thousand miles; but Europeans had formed as yet no accurate idea of the dimensions of Africa. At length the stream became so shallow that Jobson found it



Hippopotami

vain to attempt ascending higher. He began his voyage downward on February 10, proposing to make a fresh attempt during the season when the periodical rains should have filled the channel. This purpose was never executed, but he and the company became involved in quarrels with the merchants, against whom he complained bitterly, speaking of them as persons who entirely disregarded every object beyond their own immediate profit.

Another journey of discovery was made about 1660 or 1665 by Vermuyden, a rich merchant on the Gambia, who fitted out a boat well stored with beef, bacon, biscuit, rice, and other comfortable supplies, which, however, when he arrived

at the shallow parts of the river, were found to materially impede the movement of the vessel. According to the record he came first to a wide expanse of water, where the only difficulty was to find the main branch amid several that opened from different quarters. "Up the buffeting stream," says he, "with no small labor we wrought," and when they ascended higher it became necessary often to drag the boat along, for which purpose they were often obliged to strip naked and walk through the water. They were not kindly received by the tenants of these upper tracts, the crocodiles and hippopotami. One of the latter struck a hole in the boat with his teeth, an accident which proved very inconvenient. It was only by hanging a lantern at the stern that these monsters were induced to maintain a respectful distance. On landing to search for gold they were attacked by a large number of huge baboons, and it was only after many of them had been shot that the remainder became alarmed and scampered off into the woods.

Vermuyden had carried out not only mercury, *aqua regia*, and melting pots, but also a divining rod, which was not found to exhibit any virtue. However, on being laughed at by his fellow-travelers for his expectations from it, he concluded that this instrument had lost its magic qualities by being dried up during the voyage from England. He examined the rocks at various places and on one occasion found a large mass of yellow, glittering substance which he thought was gold, but which proved to be only spar. At one place, by twenty days' labor, he succeeded in extracting twelve pounds of gold. "At length," he declares, "we arrived at the mouth of the mine itself, and saw gold in such abundance as to surprise us with joy and admiration." However, he gives no notice of the position of this famous mine, and its existence has not been confirmed by any subsequent explorer.

The Duke of Chandos, director of an English company, entertained the idea of retrieving the finances of the company by opening a path into the regions of gold still believed to exist in the interior of Africa, and at his suggestion

the company, in 1723, furnished Captain Bartholomew Stibbs with funds for an expedition up the Gambia. On the 7th of October this navigator arrived at James Island, the English settlement, about thirty miles from the mouth of the river, from which place he immediately wrote to Mr. Willy, the governor, who happened to be then visiting the company's station at Joar, more than a hundred miles distant, asking him to engage canoes. He received for answer that there were none to be had, and was almost distracted to learn that Mr. Willy was giving himself no concern about the affair. Some days after, however, a boat brought down the dead body of the governor, who had fallen a victim to the fever of the climate, which had previously affected his brain. Thus, notwithstanding every exertion of the governor who succeeded him, the equipment of the boats was delayed until December 11. Stibbs had assigned to him a crew of eighteen white men; and one as black as coal who served as interpreter; also, twenty-nine hired Negroes, with three female cooks; and it is recorded that he afterward took on board "a native musician to enliven the spirits of the party."

They were everywhere well received, and at one place even a charm had been laid upon the bank for the purpose of drawing them on shore. The captain had endeavored to conceal the object of his journey, but in vain, and he found himself everywhere pointed out as the person who had come for the gold. The native crew, however, predicted disaster if he attempted to proceed above the falls of Barraconda. As the boats approached that fatal boundary the Africans stated their firm determination not to proceed any farther. No one, they said, had ever gone beyond Barraconda—"Barraconda was the end of the world"—or, if there existed anything beyond, it was a frightful and barbarous region where life would be in continual danger. A long palaver was necessary to induce them to agree to accompany him beyond this dreaded boundary of the habitable universe.

The falls of Barraconda were not found so formidable as rumor had represented; they were narrows rather than falls,

the channel being confined by rocky ledges and fragments, between which there was only one passage, where the canoes rubbed against the rock on each side. In this region of the Upper Gambia, the natives proved to be a harmless, good-humored people, who, wherever the crew landed, met them with presents of fowls and provisions.

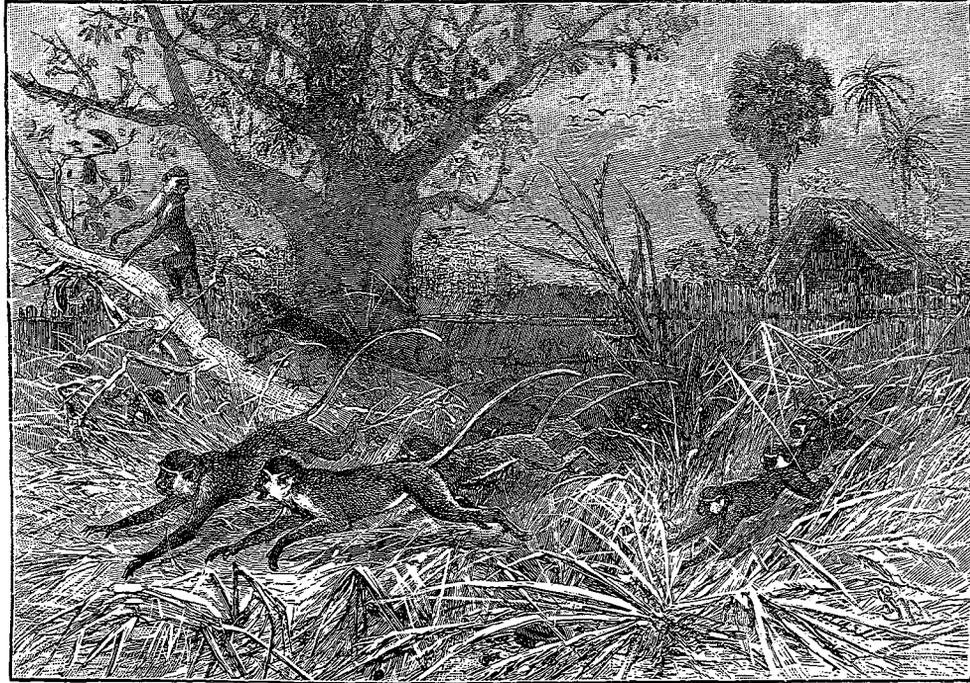
On his return, Captain Stibbs, after making every allowance for the season and circumstances, could not forbear expressing his disappointment in regard to the expectations with which he had ascended the Gambia. He saw no appearance of that mighty channel which was to lead into the remote interior of Africa and through so many great kingdoms. He declared his conviction that "its original or head is nothing near so far in the country as the geographers had represented." It did not of course appear to him to answer in any respect the descriptions given of the Niger—it nowhere bore that name—it did not come out of any lake that he could hear of, and, so far as he could discover, it had no communication with the Senegal or any other great river. The natives reported that at twelve days' journey above Barraconda it dwindled into a rivulet, and "fowls walked over it." These statements were received most reluctantly by Moore, now the company's agent on the Gambia, and a man of spirit and intelligence. He had even acquired some learning on the subject, and endeavored to overwhelm Stibbs with quotations from Herodotus, Leo, Edrisi, and other high authorities. The mariner, though quite unable to cope with him in this field of discussion, could only repeat the plain facts as he had seen them for himself, and a degree of discouragement was felt which prevented any other voyage of exploration being undertaken into that part of the African continent for some considerable time.

The glorious and splendid results which had arisen from the discovery of the East and West Indies caused the ocean to be generally viewed as the grand theater where wealth and glory was to be gained. The French and English nations, whose turn it was to take the lead in European

affairs, pressed eagerly forward in this career, endeavoring at once to surpass their predecessors and each other. Many of their African settlements were formed with the view of securing a supply of slaves for their West India possessions.

France did not embark so early as some of the other powers in African discovery. Louis XIV, aided by his minister, Colbert, was the first prince who studied to raise his kingdom to a high rank as a commercial and maritime power. But, unfortunately, according to the spirit of the time, the only mode in which he ever thought of promoting any branch of trade was by vesting it in an exclusive company. However, these copartnerships at their first formation attracted many intelligent and wealthy individuals, and generally opened with a career of enterprise and discovery. While the English sought to ascend the Gambia, the Senegal was the choice of the French—the stream by which they hoped to penetrate to Timbuctoo and the regions of gold, and at the mouth of this river, about the year 1626, was founded the settlement of Saint Louis.

Another expedition sailed from Dieppe, France, on the 5th of November, 1637, and touched at the Canaries; but the first spot on the continent where they landed was a part of the Sahara, near Cape Blanco. At Senegal the colony which was founded in 1626 was in such an undeveloped state that the sailors were obliged to rear huts for their own accommodation; and, slight as these were, the labor under a burning sun was very severe. In ascending the river, however, they were delighted with the brilliant verdure of the banks, the majestic beauty of the trees, and the thick, impenetrable underwood. The natives received them hospitably, and they were much impressed by the individual strength and courage of the Africans. They saw a Moorish chief, called the Kamalingo, mounted on horseback, with three javelins and a cutlass, engage a lion in single combat and vanquish him in short order. Flat noses and thick lips, so remote from their ideas of the beautiful, were considered on the Senegal as forming the perfection of human beauty.



Ring-tailed Monkeys in Flight

The enormous number of charms in which the chiefs were enveloped surprised the travelers. All the perils of water, of wild beasts, and of battle had an appropriate greegree by which the owner was secured against them. These potent charms were merely slips of paper which the marabouts, or Mussulman doctors, had inscribed in Arabic characters; and being inclosed in a case of thick cloth, or even of gold or silver, were hung round the person in such profusion that they actually formed a species of armor.

In 1697 Sieur Brue embarked on a visit to the king of the Foulahs, whose territory lay about four hundred miles up the Senegal. In ascending that river he was also much impressed by the magnificent forests, while greatly amused at the antics of the numberless varieties of the monkey tribe. Elephants marched in bands, and large herds of cattle fed on the rich meadows, though during the season of inundation they withdrew to more elevated places. At Kahayde Sieur Brue was received by the chief, and at Ghinel by Bukar Sieur, one of the princes.

In 1698 the same traveler undertook another voyage, in which he aimed principally to ascend the Senegal to the highest possible point, and to open commercial intercourse with the interior. In this voyage he was amicably received by the Siratik, and won especial favor by having four of his Negroes destroy an enormous lion which had been terrorizing the neighborhood. As he continued his journey he saw many forms of the animal creation, and records that on one occasion the air was darkened for two hours by the passage of a cloud of locusts. Lions and elephants roamed in vast numbers, but the latter, he declares, "were tame and harmless if unmolested." Monkeys swarmed in multitudes, and in one place there was a red-colored species which appeared to converse with each other, and when the strangers were in sight threw down dry branches upon the boats. The Frenchmen, we know not why, fired and killed several, upon which the monkeys became greatly excited and sought, by throwing stones and sticks, to avenge the death

of their comrades, but finding the contest unequal they retired into the woods for safety.

When Brue reached Gallam he found himself in a somewhat embarrassing position. Two rival princes disputed the throne, each holding, at his respective residence, a certain power, but each also claiming for himself absolutely the attention and presents brought by the traveler. The legitimate prince sent his son to Brue to remonstrate that his claim ought not to be set aside for that of the usurper. Brue, however, acting steadily on the principle of self-interest, soon ascertained which of the two sovereigns could be of most benefit to him, and finding the rebel to be the most powerful favored him with the larger portion of presents. The other prince was thereby so incensed that he even threatened an attack, but the determined language of Brue and the sight of the great guns which the French had on board caused him to relinquish his hostile intentions.

Brue decided on Dramanet as a suitable place for a fort. It is a thriving town inhabited by many rich merchants who trade through the country as far as Timbuctoo, which, according to their reckoning, was five hundred leagues in the interior. He then went up to Felu, where a large rock crossing the river formed a cataract, rendering it impossible for the vessels to pass, upon which he quitted his boats and proposed to ascend to the falls of Govinea, about forty leagues farther up the river, but the water was low, and, fearing lest the navigation downward should be interrupted, he considered it advisable to return to Saint Louis.

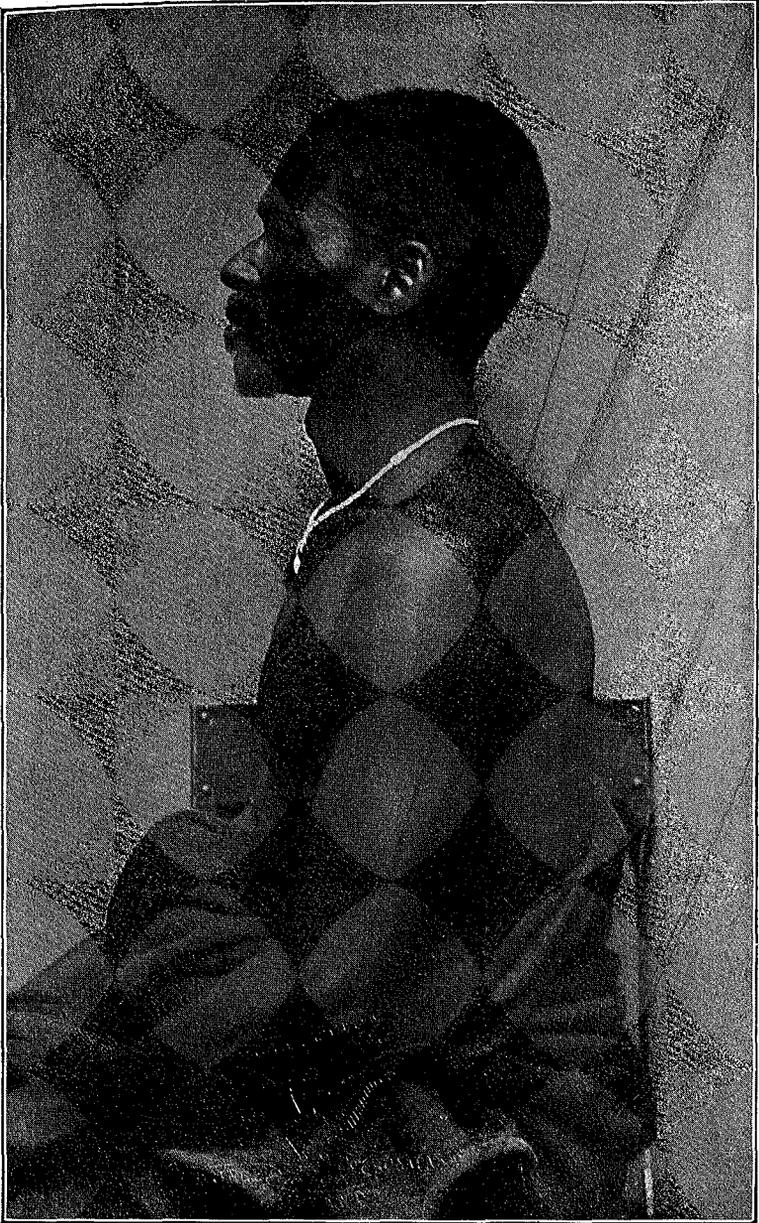
In reply to numerous inquiries made by him on this journey he received accounts of the kingdom of Bambarra, of the Lake Maberia (Dibbie of Park), of Timbuctoo, of the caravans which came thither from Barbary, and even of masted vessels which were seen on the waters beyond. But he desired most to learn the course of the Niger, concerning which he received conflicting reports. According to some it flowed westward from the Lake Maberia until it

separated into the two channels of the Gambia and Senegal, but other and more feasible reports represented it as being distinct from both these rivers and as passing eastward beyond Timbuctoo. The testimonies transmitted to France in favor of this last opinion must have greatly influenced the geographers Delille and D'Anville from the fact that they accepted that explanation, although the popular opinion in that country, as well as throughout Europe, was that the Niger and Senegal were one and the same river.

But beyond Gallam lay another and still more tempting region, Bambouk, which was reported to contain gold mines the most productive of all that were to be found in the interior of western Africa. The difficulty of penetrating thither, however, was extreme, the natives having completely barred the frontier against white men in consequence of the tyranny exercised by the Portuguese, who had ruled and oppressed the district until they were cut off or expelled by a general insurrection. Many adventurers, after being offered large bribes to undertake the journey to Bambouk, declined the enterprise on account of the difficulties and dangers. At length a young Frenchman, Compagnon, ventured to cross into the forbidden territory, and by his tact, address, and courage succeeded in conciliating the inhabitants of the first village he reached. A general alarm, however, spread around when it was known that a white man was in the country, and the chiefs declared that, according to the laws, he should be put to death. Compagnon, however, by presents and diplomacy, succeeded in journeying through the country from village to village. He visited the principal districts, and even carried off specimens of the "ghingan," or golden earth, which forms the pride and wealth of Bambouk. Brue, on receiving Compagnon's report, transmitted to France various propositions, among others that of conquering Bambouk, which he undertook to do with twelve hundred men; but such a degree of apathy prevailed at home that none of his propositions made any impression. Subsequent governors, however, directed their

attention to the same subject, but no attempt was ultimately made either to conquer or to form settlements in that part of Africa.

It is in the most arid and dreary spot of this gloomy region that the gold is found, and then there is by no means the golden treasure reported. "In the mine of Natakou," one traveler relates, "the ore is mixed with earth, from which the precious dust is extracted by continued agitation in water; or it adheres to fragments of iron, emery, and lapis lazuli, from which it is easily detached. In the mine of Semayla, on the contrary, it is embedded in hard reddish loam, mixed with other substances still harder, from which it can be extracted only by reducing the ore to powder. The natives effect this by pounding them with a pestle of hard wood, which is soon worn away by the resistance of the mineral substances. This mine, therefore, though richer than the other, is less valuable. The Farims, who are absolute chiefs of Bambouk, allow the mining operations only at certain seasons, when they themselves attend to make a tax on the proceeds. Two men, or two women, for they are both employed in this occupation, dig out the earth or other substances, which they hand to those who are to extract the gold from it. This metal they imagine to be a capricious being, who delights to make sport of their eager pursuit, and when they find a rich vein suddenly become unproductive they call out, 'He is off.' The pits or shafts, by means of ladders, are carried down with perpendicular sides, which often fall in and bury the unfortunate workmen. This, however, does not distress the survivors. They believe that the devil, or a certain subterranean deity, having occasion for laborers to conduct his own operations underneath, seizes the best miners he can find on the surface. Neither do they feel the least surprise, though they cannot conceal their regret, when in the course of working they find the skeletons of the victims. The devil, they fancy, has found himself mistaken in his choice and rudely thrown the victims back to the place whence he had taken them."



The Dahoman Type

*(Collection of Prince Roland Bonaparte)*

The prosperity of the French settlements on the Senegal was principally derived from the gum trade, of which Golberry has given a lively description. To the north of this river, where its fertile borders pass through the boundless deserts of the Sahara, grow large forests of that species of acacia from which gum is distilled. It is crooked and stunted, resembling rather a bush or shrub than a tree. No incision is necessary, for under the influence of the hot winds the bark dries and cracks in various places. The liquor exudes, but by its tenacity remains attached in the form of drops, which are as clear and transparent as the finest rock crystal. The Moorish tribes, to whom these woods belong, about the beginning of December leave their desert encampments and proceed to the gum district in a great crowd, those who have means being mounted on horses and camels, while those who have not make the journey on foot. After the material is gathered it is conveyed to the great fair held annually on the banks of the Senegal.

While the remotest extremities of land and sea in other quarters of the globe had been reached by European enterprise the greater part of Africa still remained toward the close of the eighteenth century an unseemly blank on the map of the earth, a circumstance discreditable to a great maritime and commercial nation like Great Britain as well as to the sciences upon which the extension of geographical knowledge depends.

Of the greater states in the interior of the country Dahomey was the first penetrated by Europeans. The horrible barbarities practiced there were already the talk of civilized nations. In 1772 Mr. Norris undertook a journey there in order to study the character of the king and to make arrangements for the benefit of the English trade. He gives a favorable account of his journey, and describes the country as abounding in tropical productions.

Mr. McLeod, during his residence at Whidah in 1803, found the country still groaning under the cruel effects of Dahoman tyranny. He particularly deploras the case of

Sally Abson, daughter of an English governor (who married a native female), who, trained in all European accomplishments, added to them the most engaging simplicity of manners. Suddenly she disappeared, and Mr. McLeod's eager inquiries were met by a mysterious silence; all hung down their heads confused and terrified. At length an old domestic whispered to him that a party of the king's half-heads (as his messengers are termed) had carried her off in the night to be enrolled among the number of his wives, and warned him not to utter a word of complaint.

In 1794 two daring travelers, named Watt and Winterbottom, ascended the Rio Nunez to Kakundy and made an excursion to Foota Jallo, the principal state of the southern Foulahs. This people, who profess the Mohammedan religion, are orderly and well instructed, display skill in working mines of iron and in carrying on the manufacture of cloth, leather, and other African fabrics. Caravans of five hundred or six hundred Foulahs were often met, carrying on their heads loads of one hundred and sixty pounds weight. The article chiefly sought after is salt, which the children suck as ours do sugar; and it is common to describe a rich man by saying he eats salt. The two principal towns, Laby and Teemboo, were found to contain, respectively, five thousand and seven thousand inhabitants. The king could muster sixteen thousand troops. These he employed in war against twenty-four pagan nations on the outskirts of his territory, chiefly with the view of procuring slaves for the market on the coast. When the travelers represented to him the iniquity of this course he replied, "The people with whom we go to war never pray to God; we never go to war with people who pray to God Almighty." As they urged that in a case of common humanity this ought to make no distinction, he quoted passages from the Koran commanding the faithful to make war on unbelievers. They took the liberty to insinuate that these might be interpolations of the devil, but found it impossible to shake his reliance on their authenticity.

## CHAPTER VI

## An African Association



URING the early part of 1788 a body of spirited men formed themselves into what was termed the African Association. They subscribed the necessary funds, and sought out individuals who were properly qualified and had the necessary courage to undertake difficult and dangerous missions. A committee composed of Lord Rawdon, afterward Marquis of Hastings, Sir Joseph Banks, the Bishop of Landaff, Mr. Beaufoy, and Mr. Stuart were nominated managers. It seemed scarcely probable that the offer to defray traveling expenses, which was all the society's finances could afford, should induce persons with the requisite qualifications to engage in journeys of such a character, yet, be it recorded to the native pluck of Britons, more men presented themselves than the society could receive, and all were eminently fitted for the task.

The first man selected was Mr. Ledyard, born a traveler, who had spent his early life in journeying from one extremity of the earth to another. He had sailed round the world with Captain Cook, had lived for several years among the American Indians, and had made a journey with the most scanty means from Stockholm round the Gulf of Bothnia, and thence to the remotest parts of Asiatic Russia. On his return he presented himself to Sir Joseph Banks, to whom he owed many obligations, just as that eminent person was looking out for an African explorer. He immediately pronounced Ledyard to be the very man he wanted. Ledyard declared this scheme to be quite in unison with his own wishes, and on being asked how soon he could set out, re-

plied, "To-morrow." Affairs were not yet quite so matured; but he was soon after provided with a passage to Alexandria, with the view of first proceeding southward from Cairo to Sennaar, and thence traversing the entire breadth of the African continent. He arrived at Cairo on the 19th of August, 1788, and while preparing for his journey into the interior transmitted some bold, original, though somewhat fanciful observations upon Egypt. He represents the delta as an unbounded plain of excellent land miserably cultivated; the villages as wretched assemblages of mud huts, full of dust, fleas, flies, and all the curses of Moses; and the people as below the rank of any savages he ever saw, wearing only a blue shirt and drawers, and tattooed as much as the South Sea Islanders. He bids his correspondents, if they wish to see Egyptian women, to look at any group of gypsies. The Mohammedans he describes as a trading, enterprising, superstitious, warlike set of vagabonds, who, wherever they are bent upon going, will and do go; but he complains that the condition of a Frank is rendered most humiliating and distressing by the furious bigotry of the Turks. "It seems inconceivable," said he, "that such enmity should exist among men, and that beings of the same species should think and act in a manner so opposite." By conversing with the jelabs, or slave merchants, he learned much respecting the caravan routes and countries of the interior. Everything seemed ready for his departure, and he announced that his next communication would be from Sennaar; alas! while man proposes God disposes, and, on the contrary, the first tidings received were those of his death. Some delays in the departure of the caravan working upon his impatient spirit brought on a bilious complaint, for which he neglected to take skillful medical advice in time. He soon became reduced to a state from which the care of Rossetti, the Venetian consul, and the skill of the best physicians of Cairo, when called in at last, sought in vain to deliver him.

Mr. Lucas, a gentleman who had been captured in his

youth by a Sallee rover and held for three years a slave at the court of Morocco, and after his deliverance had been employed as vice consul in that empire, was the next adventurous spirit chosen by the African Company. He had already spent sixteen years in Africa and had acquired an intimate knowledge of the country and its languages, and was therefore peculiarly well prepared for the task. He was sent out by way of Tripoli, with instructions to accompany the caravan journeying from that city, which is understood to take the most direct route into the interior of the continent. Being provided with letters from the ambassador at Tripoli, he obtained the bey's permission and even promises of assistance for this expedition. At the same time he made an arrangement with two Shereefs, or descendants of the prophet, under which character their persons are sacred, to join a caravan of which they intended to make a part. He proceeded with them to Mesurata; but the Arabs in the neighborhood, being in a state of rebellion, refused to furnish camels and guides. Mr. Lucas was therefore obliged to return to Tripoli without having been able to penetrate farther into the continent. He learned, however, from Imhammed, one of the Shereefs, who had been an extensive traveler, a variety of particulars about the interior. The society had at the same time made incisive inquiries of Ben Ali, a Morocco caravan trader who happened to be in London. From these two sources they were able to form a new map with description of central Africa, which, although very imperfect, was superior to any that existed. Bornou and Kashna were considered the most powerful states in that part of the continent, and formed even empires holding sway over a number of tributary kingdoms, but affairs have greatly changed since that time. Several extensive routes across the desert were also delineated, and the caravan from Kashna crossed the Niger and visited important kingdoms beyond the gold coast.

In regard to the Niger a report of Imhammed revived the error which represented that river as flowing westward

toward the Atlantic. The Niger of Ben Ali was the Quar-rama, or river of Zirmie, which flows westward through Kashna and Sackatoo, and is only a tributary of the Niger. He described the stream as very broad and rapid, probably from having seen it during the rainy season, when all the tropical rivers assume an imposing appearance.

The next expedition was made by Major Houghton, a former consul at Morocco, and afterward a military officer at Goree. He endeavored to reach the Niger by the route of the Gambia, traveling alone by land. He seems to have been a man of very sanguine and active nature, and prepared to undertake the boldest enterprises, but lacking that cool and calculating temper which is necessary for him who endeavors to make his way amid scenes of peril and treachery. He began his journey early in 1791, and soon reached Medina, the capital of Woolli, where the venerable chief received him with extreme kindness, promised to furnish guides, and assured him that he might go to Timbuctoo with only his staff in his hand. The only evil that befell him at Medina arose from a fire which broke out there, and, spreading rapidly through the flimsy buildings, converted a town of a thousand houses into a heap of ashes within an hour. Major Houghton was compelled to run out with the rest of the people into the fields, saving only such few articles as he could easily carry. Quitting the Gambia, he took the road through Bam-bouk, and arrived at Ferbanna on the Faleme. Here he was received with the most extraordinary kindness by the king, who gave him a guide and money to defray his expenses. A note was afterward received from him, dated Simbing, which contained merely these words: "Major Houghton's compliments to Dr. Laidley; is in good health on his way to Timbuctoo; robbed of all his goods by Fenda Bucar's son." This was the last communication from him, for soon afterward the Negroes brought down to Pisania the melancholy tidings of his death, of which Mungo Park subsequently learned the particulars. Some Moors had persuaded the major to accompany them to Tisheet, a place in the Great



Negress of the Upper Niger

Desert, known on account of its salt mines. In alluring him thither their object, as appears from the result, was to rob him; for it was very much out of the direct route to Timbuctoo. Of this in a few days he became sensible and insisted upon returning; but they would not permit him to leave their party until after they had stripped him of every article in his possession. He wandered about for some time through the desert without food or shelter, and at length, utterly exhausted, he lay down under a tree and died.

Mr. Barrow, in 1797, while private secretary to Lord Macartney, made a tour through the Cape territory, communicated more important information than any of his predecessors, and exhibited for the first time a view of the social condition of the natives.

After returning to Graaf-Reynet, Barrow passed across the Great Karroo, or desert, covered with scanty and useless vegetation, yet ostriches, springboks, and other wild animals were found there roaming in large herds, and most beautiful flowers growing amid the sand. He then came to the borders of the Sneeuwberg, or Snow Mountains, the streams from which cover an extensive district with luxuriant herbage. The colonists there are kept in a state of greater activity than elsewhere by the dread of wild beasts, and of the still wilder race of Bosjesman Hottentots, whose kraals occupy the intermediate valleys. They pursue and hunt down these unhappy creatures as if they were the natural enemies of the human race. These savages, in their turn, carry off all the cattle they can find, and put to a cruel death everyone who falls into their hands, whether he be Dutch or native.

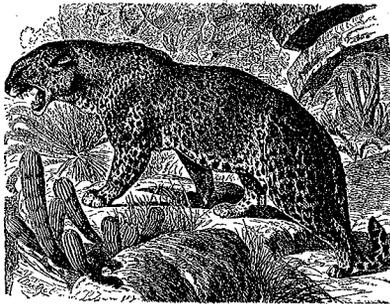
In 1801 an expedition was undertaken by two travelers named Trutter and Somerville, with a view of obtaining a supply of cattle from the more remote districts. Having passed the Snow Mountains and the country of the Bosjesman, they came to the Orange River, a broad stream flowing westward to the Atlantic, and on the banks of which were the Koras, or Korannas, a pastoral people with numerous herds. The

information here received induced them to proceed into the country of the Bechuanas, which continued to improve as they advanced, till, to their utter surprise, in the midst of these savage wildernesses of southern Africa they found a large city. Lattakoo was composed of two or three thousand houses, neatly and commodiously built, well inclosed, and shaded from the sun by the spreading branches of the mimosa. The country around was not only covered with numerous herds, but showed considerable signs of cultivation. The king, a venerable man, invited them to his house and introduced them to his two wives. The travelers met everywhere a kind and hospitable reception, and were the objects of an eager but friendly curiosity. Their report, in fact, encouraged the idea that the golden age had once more revived in the center of Africa.

The Cape government afterward undertook to follow up this discovery. Lord Caledown sent Dr. Cowan and Lieutenant Denovan, at the head of a party of twenty men, with instructions to strike across the continent in a southeastern direction, and, by endeavoring to reach Moçambique, to connect the two great points of African geography. The travelers passed Lattakoo, and accounts were received from them nearly eleven days' journey beyond it, when they were in the midst of a richer and more beautiful country than they had yet seen in southern Africa. A long and anxious interval had elapsed when the governor sent a fast-sailing vessel to Sofala and Moçambique, the captain of which was informed that the expedition had come to a most disastrous issue. It was stated that the party, having arrived in the dominions of the King of Zaire, between Inhambane and Sofala, had been attacked in the night and all cut to pieces, with the exception of two individuals. Mr. Campbell was afterward assured that the catastrophe had taken place among the Wanketzens, a nation immediately beyond Lattakoo, where the travelers, trusting to the friendly behavior and professions of the people, had neglected the most common precautions. The officers went to bathe, leaving one

party in charge of the wagons and another to guard the cattle. Thus split into three divisions they were successively attacked and destroyed by the treacherous barbarians.

Dr. Henry Lichtenstein, after surveying several of the Cape districts, extended his journey to the territory of this people, accompanied by one of the natives, named Kok, who had been for some time absent from his country. The first party whom they met accosted them with such demonstrations of kindness and cordiality as impressed our traveler with the most favorable opinion of their character and relieved some apprehensions under which he had labored. The inhabitants of the first village at which they arrived received them in a manner quite frank and hospitable, though they showed great eagerness to obtain a supply of tobacco. Crossing the river Kuruhman and proceeding by a winding path through a noble forest, they reached Lattakoo. Lichtenstein intended to proceed much farther into the interior, but his views were changed by a proposal earnestly pressed upon him by the king to accompany, and assist with his fire-arms, an expedition which his majesty was about to undertake against his neighbor, Makkrakka. Finding that he could not remain without involving himself in the deadly feuds of these African chiefs, he decided to return to the colony, much to the king's annoyance.



The Leopard

## CHAPTER VII

## Mungo Park



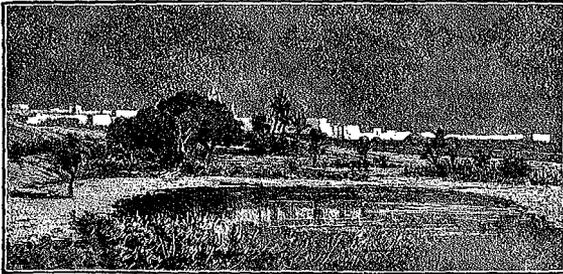
ON the 22d of May, 1795, the famous Scotch doctor, Mungo Park, sailed from Portsmouth under the auspices of the British African Association, and arrived at Jillifree, on the Gambia, June 21. He then proceeded to Pisania, in the fertile kingdom of Yani, where he was detained five months by illness at the home of Dr. Laidley. While suffering from the climatic fever he learned the Mandingo language and obtained considerable information from the Negro traders about the interior countries. The river Gambia at this station was deep and muddy, overshadowed with impenetrable thickets of mangrove and filled with crocodiles and hippopotami.

On the 2d of December Park took his departure, accompanied only by a few Negroes. On the 5th he arrived at Medina, and was received by the king with the same hospitality he had shown to Major Houghton, but was earnestly exhorted to take warning from the fate of Houghton and go no farther. But Park was not to be discouraged. He thanked the king, but expressed his determination to proceed through the great forest which separates that country from Bondou. In two days he had passed through the forest and arrived at Bondou, a fine country, watered by the Faleme. He had soon, however, to encounter the perils which awaited every defenseless traveler who, loaded with valuable goods, passed through a succession of petty kingdoms where law is unknown. At Fatteconda, which he reached on the 21st of December, he was compelled to wait upon

Almami, the king, who had already disgraced himself by the plunder of Major Houghton. Park possessed a new blue coat, which he wished to preserve, and thought the safest way to do so would be to wear it, not caring to believe that this thieving king would strip it off his back. However, after the introductory ceremonial, the royal thief began a flattering story about the wealth and generosity of the whites, and gradually proceeded to the praises of the coat and its yellow buttons, concluding by expressing the great pleasure he should take in wearing it for the sake of his guest. He did not add that if these hints were disregarded it would be seized by force; but our traveler, being thoroughly convinced that such was his intention, took off the coat and humbly requested his majesty to accept it as a present. The king accepted the coat, but abstained from further plunder and introduced Park as a curiosity to his family circle. The ladies, after careful survey, approved of his external appearance, with the exception of the two deformities of a white skin and a high nose, but for these they made ample allowance, saying that his mother had bathed him in milk when young, and by pinching his nose had elevated it into its present absurd height. Park flattered them on their jet-black skins and beautifully flattened noses, but was modestly warned that "honey-mouth" was not esteemed in Bondou.

No sooner had he arrived at Joag, in Kajaaga, than a party from the king, Bacheri, surrounded him and declared his property forfeited because he had entered the country without payment of duties. He was stripped of all his goods except a small portion which he managed to conceal. Unable to procure food, he was sitting, disconsolate and hungry, under a bentang tree, when an old female slave came up and asked him if he wanted food. He told her that he had been robbed of everything and was hungry; then she gave him several handfuls of nuts and went away before he could thank her. Demba Sego, nephew to the King of Kasson, who happened to be then at Joag endeavoring to

negotiate a peace between his uncle and Bacheri, who were at variance, now undertook to guide him into that country, and did so, but exacted half of Park's remaining stock. At Kooniakary, the capital, our traveler was well received by the king and forwarded to Kemmoo, the principal town of Kaarta. Daisy, the sovereign of Kaarta, likewise received him with kindness, but on learning his intention of taking the route to Timbuctoo through Bambarra he stated this to be impossible, as he himself was then at war with the latter kingdom, and assured him that he would at once be killed if he attempted to enter into it from Kaarta. There remained, therefore, no alternative but to go by way of the



Timbuctoo from the East

Moorish kingdom of Ludamar, a perilous and fatal route, in which Major Houghton had already perished.

Park, however, hoped, by proceeding along the southern frontier, to reach Bambarra without coming much in contact with the barbarous and bigoted Moors. On his arrival at Jarra, a large town chiefly inhabited by Negroes, but entirely under the power of the Moors, he sent a messenger to Benowm, the capital, with presents, to negotiate with Ali, their chief, for a passage through his territories. After waiting a fortnight in great anxiety he received a safe conduct to Goombo, a place on the frontier of Bambarra. He first proceeded to Deena, a town in the possession of the Moors, who grossly insulted and plundered him of almost everything he had and made him a prisoner, but he managed to escape.

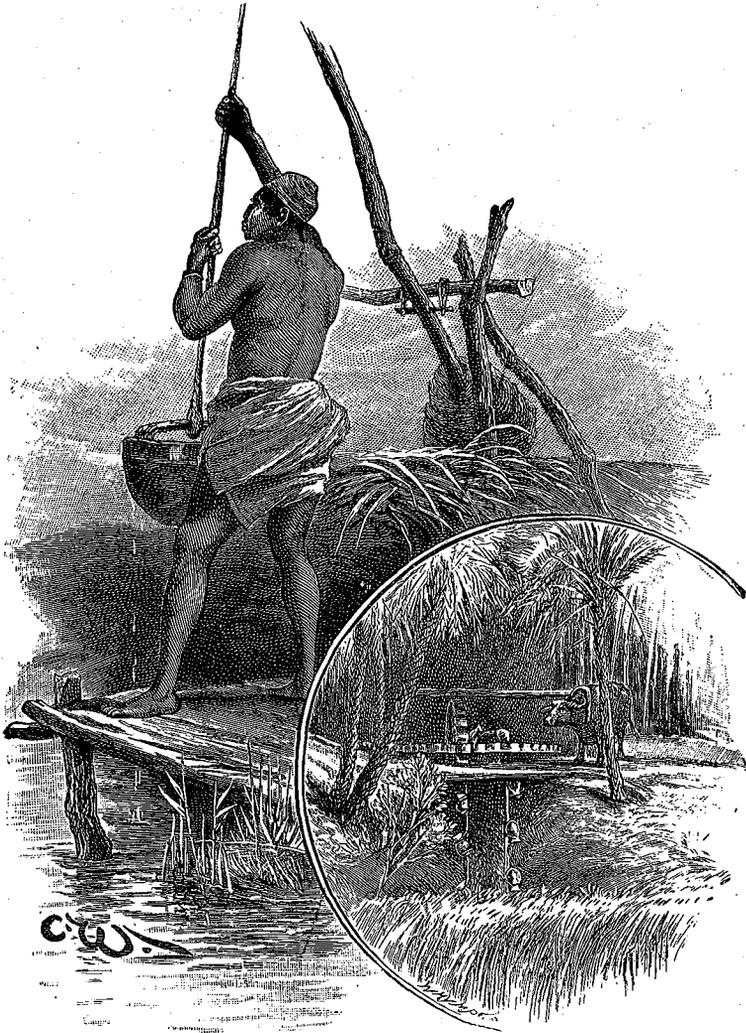
He next passed through Sampaka and Dalli, where he was received by the Negro inhabitants with kindness and hospitality. At Sami, on the 7th of March, a party of Moorish horsemen appeared, for the purpose of telling him that Fatima, the favorite wife of Ali, had been struck with curiosity to see what kind of creature a Christian was; that he must therefore come and show himself; but was assured that he would be well treated, and on satisfying her majesty's wish would even be forwarded on his journey.

Benowm, the Moorish capital, to which Park was then conveyed, proved to be a mere camp composed of a number of dirty tents, intermingled with herds of camels, horses, and oxen. He was surrounded by crowds actuated partly by curiosity and partly by that malignant feeling which always influences the Moors against the Christians. They snatched off his hat, made him unbutton his clothes to show the whiteness of his skin, and counted his fingers and toes to see if he were really of the same nature with themselves. After being kept for some time in the sun, he was lodged in a hut made of cornstalks, supported by posts, to one of which was tied a wild hog, evidently in derision, and to intimate that they were fit associates for each other. "The hog, indeed, would have been the most harmless part of the affair," says Park, "had not idle boys taken delight in tormenting and working up the animal to a constant state of fury." Crowds of men and women incessantly poured in to see the white man, and he was obliged to continue the whole day buttoning and unbuttoning his clothes to show his skin and the European manner of dressing and undressing. When curiosity was satisfied, the next amusement was to plague him, and he became the sport of the meanest and most vulgar members of this rude community. The Moorish horsemen took him out and galloped around him as if he had been a wild beast, twirling their swords in his face to show their skill in horsemanship. Repeated attempts were made to compel him to work. One of Ali's sons desired him to mend the lock of a double-barreled gun, and

could scarcely believe that all Europeans were not gunsmiths. He was also installed as barber, and directed to shave the head of a young prince ; but not relishing this function, he contrived to give his highness such a cut that Ali discharged him as incapable. The chief, under pretense of securing him against depredation, seized for himself the little that remained of the traveler's property. Having examined the instruments, he was greatly astonished at the compass, and particularly because it always pointed toward the Great Desert. Park, thinking it vain to attempt any scientific exposition, said that its direction was always to the place where his mother dwelt ; whereupon Ali, struck with superstitious dread, desired it to be taken away.

Park's suffering were all the more severe from the very scanty measure of food with which he was supplied. At midnight only he received a small mess of houshous not nearly enough to satisfy his nature. True, he had been invited to kill and dress his companion, the hog ; but this he considered as a snare, believing that the Mohammedans, had they seen him feasting on this impure and hated flesh, would have murdered him on the spot. As the dry season advanced water became scarce, and only a very limited quantity was allowed to reach the infidel, who thus endured the pangs of the most tormenting thirst. On one occasion a Moor who was drawing water for his cows yielded to his earnest entreaty that he might put the bucket to his mouth, then, struck with sudden alarm at such a profanation of the vessel, seized it and poured the liquid into the trough, desiring him to share with the cattle. Park, overcoming his pride, plunged his head into the water, and enjoyed the draught.

Even during this dreadful time Park contrived to obtain some information. The rudest of his tormentors took pleasure in teaching him Arabic characters by tracing them upon the sand. Two Mohammedan travelers came to Benowm, from whom he learned routes to Morocco, Walet, and Timbuctoo ; but they gave the most discouraging report as to



Drawing Water from the Nile

the prospects of reaching the latter city. He was made to understand that it would not be safe for him as the Moors there were the masters, and viewed all Christians as children of the devil and enemies of the prophet.

Fatima, the wife of Ali, was absent at this time and not likely to arrive, and the hatred of the Moors by whom Park was surrounded became daily more embittered. Some of them even proposed that he should be condemned to death, though Ali's sons only recommended that his eyes be put out because they resembled those of a cat. Hereupon he began seriously to consider the possibility of escape; but, besides being closely watched, the desert, he knew, was so entirely destitute of water that he must have perished on the road with thirst. He was therefore obliged to await the rainy season, however unfavorable it might be for traveling through the Negro territories.

On the 30th of April, Ali, having occasion to remove his quarters, came to Bubaker, the residence of Fatima, and Park was introduced to that princess. The beauty of a Moorish female is measured entirely by her circumference; and to bestow this grace on their daughters the mothers feed them with enormous quantities of milk and houshous, the swallowing of which is enforced even with blows, till they attain that acme of beauty which makes them a good load for a camel. The dimensions by which Fatima had captivated her royal lover were enormous. She had pronounced Arab features and long black hair and mild, black eyes. This queen at first shrank with horror from beholding a Christian, but after a while she began to see nothing so different about him from the rest of mankind and even asked him many questions. She also gave him a bowl of milk, and continued to show him the only kindness he met with during this dreadful captivity. At length she induced Ali to take him to Jarra. Park was grateful to her for this, as he hoped to find means there to enable him to proceed on his journey.

Arrived at Jarra new difficulties arose of an entirely differ-

ent character. Ali, through avarice, had involved himself in a quarrel between the monarchs of Kaarta and Bambarra, and news arrived that Daisy, the King of Kaarta, was in full march to attack the town. The troops, who ought to have defended the place, fled at the first onset, and nothing remained for the inhabitants but to abandon it and escape from slaughter or slavery, the dreadful alternative of African conquest. The scene was affecting, as the home attachments of the African are strong; and the view of this disconsolate crowd quitting perhaps forever their native spot, the scene of their early life, presented an impressive picture of human calamity. Park would now very gladly have presented himself before his friend Daisy, but being afraid that in the confusion he would be mistaken for a Moor and killed as such, he considered it a safer course to join the retreat. He found greater difficulty in escaping than he had expected, having the misfortune to be seized by three Mohammedans who threatened to carry him back to Ali, but finally contented themselves with robbing him of his cloak and leaving him otherwise unharmed. In flying from the cruel Islamites he soon found himself involved in a danger more alarming. He was in the midst of an immense desert, in which was neither food nor water. He ascended the loftiest tree within his reach, but could see no boundary to the scene of desolation. The pangs of thirst became intolerable, a dimness spread over his eyes, and he felt as if life with all its mingled joys and miseries was about to close, as if all the anticipations of glory by which he had been impelled to this adventurous career had vanished, and he was to perish at the moment when a few days more would have brought him to the shores of the Niger. Suddenly he saw a flash of lightning, and eagerly hailed it as a portent of rain; the wind began to blow among the bushes, but it was only a sand wind, alas, which continued for an hour to fill the air. At last a brighter flash burst forth, followed by a refreshing shower, which enabled him to quench his thirst. He traveled onward, passing but carefully shunning a vil-

lage of Moors, when thirst began again to torment him. Just then he heard a sound which filled him with joy; it was only the croaking of frogs; but soon he found the muddy pool they inhabited, and both himself and his horse were thoroughly refreshed. He shortly arrived at a Foulah village, called Sherillah, where the dooty, or chief magistrate, shut the door in his face and refused him even a handful of corn. But as he was passing through the suburbs a poor woman, who was spinning cotton in front of her hut, invited him to enter, and she set before him a dish of houshous. Next day he was hospitably received by a Negro shepherd, who regaled him with dates and boiled corn; but Park happening to pronounce the word Nazarani (Christian), the wife and children screamed and ran out of the house, and nothing could induce them to return while he was there.

Park considered himself beyond the reach of the Moors when he reached Warra, and being kindly received determined to rest two or three days. Proceeding toward Sego, he joined several small Negro parties on the road; but, as the country became more populous, hospitality was less common. In Moorja, however, though generally peopled by Mohammedans, he was even generously treated, much to his surprise. He next passed through the ruins of several towns and villages, which in recent war had been systematically destroyed; the large bentang tree under which the inhabitants used to meet had been cut down, the wells were filled up, and everything done to render the neighborhood uninhabitable. He passed also a caravan of about seventy slaves, tied together by the neck with thongs of bullock hide, seven slaves upon each thong. Being barefooted, and in most miserable plight, he afforded a subject of merriment to the natives, who asked if he had been traveling to Mecca, and made ironical proposals for the purchase of his horse, which he was driving before him because it was too weak to carry him.

Sego was indicated by crowds hastening to its market: and Park was told that on the following day (July 21) he

would see the object of his search, the Great River. He passed a sleepless night, but, starting before daybreak, he had the satisfaction at eight o'clock to see the smoke rising over Sego. He overtook some fellow-travelers, and, in riding through a piece of marshy ground one of them called out, "Geo affli!" (See the water!) and "it was with infinite pleasure," he says, "that I viewed the great object of my mission, the long-sought-for, majestic Niger, glittering in the morning sun, and flowing slowly to the east. I hastened to the brink, and having drunk of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the Great Ruler of all things for having thus far crowned my endeavors with success."

Sego, the capital of the kingdom of Bambarra, consisted of four separate towns, two on each side of the river, surrounded with high mud walls, and the population was about thirty thousand at that time, the houses, though only of clay, were neatly whitewashed, and the streets commodious, with mosques rising in every quarter. The numerous canoes on the river, and the cultivated state of the surrounding country, presented altogether an appearance of civilization and magnificence little expected in the heart of Africa. The traveler sought a passage to Sego-see-Korro, the quarter where the king resides; but owing to the crowd of passengers he was detained two hours; during which time his majesty was informed that a white man, poorly equipped, was about to pass the river to seek an audience. A chief was immediately sent with an express order that the traveler must not cross without his majesty's permission, and a village at some distance was pointed out where it was recommended that the stranger should pass the night. Park, not a little disconcerted, went to the village; but as the order had not been accompanied with any provision for his reception he found every door closed to him. Turning his horse loose to graze, he was preparing, as security from wild beasts, to climb a tree and sleep among its branches, when an incident occurred which gives a pleasing view of the Negro character. An old woman, returning from the

labors of the field, comprehended his deplorable condition and, feeling compassion for him, desired him to follow her. She led him to an apartment in her hut, procured a fine fish, which she broiled for his supper, and spread a mat for him to sleep upon. She then desired the other females of the house, who had been gazing in astonishment at the white man, to resume their tasks, which they did, continuing their work through a great part of the night. They cheered their labors with a song which must have been composed extempore, since Park discovered that he himself was the subject of it. It said in a strain of affecting simplicity, "The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn." The next morning he could not depart without requesting his landlady's acceptance of the only gift he had left, two out of the four brass buttons that still remained on his waistcoat.

Three days he lingered in this village, during which he understood that he was the subject of much deliberation at court, the Moors and slave merchants giving the most unfavorable reports of his character and purposes. A messenger came and asked if he had any present, and seemed much disappointed on being told that the Moors had robbed him of everything. On the second day appeared another envoy, bearing an injunction from Mansong that the stranger should not enter Segó, but proceed forthwith on his journey. A guide was furnished him, and to defray his expenses a bag containing five thousand cowries was delivered to him. Park estimates this sum at only twenty shillings, English; but according to the rate of provisions, it was worth much more, being sufficient to maintain himself and his horse for fifty days.

Two days' journey brought Park to Sansanding, a town with ten thousand inhabitants. He hoped to enter unnoticed, finding himself mistaken by the Negroes for a Moor. Being taken, however, before Counti Mamadi, the

dooty, he found a number of Mohammedans, who denied the supposed national connection and regarded him with their usual hatred and suspicion. Several even pretended that they had seen him before, and one woman swore that he had "kept his house" three years at Gallam. The dooty denied their request to have him taken by force to the mosque; but they climbed over in great numbers into the court where he had taken up his quarters for the night, insisting that he should perform his evening devotions and eat eggs. The first proposal was positively declined; but the second he professed his utmost readiness to comply with. The eggs were accordingly brought, but raw, as the natives imagined it a part of European depravity to be fond of them in that state. His reluctance to eat raw eggs exalted him in the eyes of his sage visitants; his host accordingly killed a sheep, and gave him a plentiful supper.

The route now lay through forests infested with all kinds of wild animals. His guide suddenly wheeled his horse round, calling out, "Wara billi billi!" (A very large lion!) Park's steed was too weak to gallop suddenly from the scene of danger; however, as he saw nothing, he supposed his guide mistaken, when the latter cried out again, "God preserve me." Then the traveler saw a large red lion, holding his head between the forepaws. Park's eyes were fixed as by fascination on this sovereign of beasts, and he expected every moment the fatal spring; but the animal remained immovable and allowed them to pass on.

He now hired a boat, in which he was conveyed up the river to Silla, another large town, where his reception was so inhospitable that the dooty only reluctantly permitted him to take shelter from the rain in a damp shed.

During his stay at Silla he used every effort to obtain information regarding the more eastern countries, particularly the kingdom of Timbuctoo, and the course of the Niger. He was told that the next great city along the



An Albino Negress

river was Jenne, which was represented as flourishing, and larger than Sego or any other place in Bambarra. Lower down the river spread an expanse of water so extensive that in crossing it the canoes for a whole day lost sight of land. This was called Dibbie, or the Dark Lake. On the eastern side the Niger issued out of this lake in two large branches, inclosing the alluvial country of Jinbala, when they again united in one channel which flowed on to Kabra, the port of Timbuctoo.

Park soon learned that more troubles were in store for him. The King of Bambarra had been persuaded by his Moorish counselors to apprehend Park and have him brought a prisoner to Sego, from which fate he escaped only by the retrograde direction he had taken. One of his most disagreeable experiences was at Souha, where the dooty, after a surly refusal of refreshment, called a slave and ordered him to dig a pit, uttering at the same time expressions of anger and vexation. The hole became always deeper and deeper till it assumed the appearance of a grave, and Park, who saw no one but himself likely to be put into it, began to think it was high time to be moving off. At length the slave went away and returned, holding by the leg and arm the corpse of a boy about nine years old, which he threw into the pit with an air of savage unconcern, the dooty exclaiming, "Naphuta atiniata!" (Money lost! Money lost!) Park withdrew in disgust at this display of brutal avarice. The only hearty meal he obtained for many days was from a Moslem convert, who, presenting a board, entreated him to write a saphie, or charm, upon it in return for a good supper of rice and salt. Park was too hungry to stick at trifles, so he covered the board with the Lord's Prayer in Arabic, which his host carefully washed off and drank, and even licked the wood with his tongue. For this, in addition to the rice supper, he received a breakfast of meal and milk next morning.

The most favorable part of Park's journey homeward was through the Jalonka wilderness, a vast and very dense forest, through which the caravan traveled during five days without

seeing a human habitation. On emerging from this forest they had no difficulty in passing through the fine open country of Denta and the smaller wilderness of Tenda. Park was again on the Gambia, and on June 10, 1797, reached the Pisania, where he was received as one risen from the dead; for all the traders from the interior had believed and reported that, like Major Houghton, he was murdered by the Moors of Ludamar.

The luster of Park's achievements had diffused among public men an ardor for discovery which had hitherto been confined to a few individuals. It was evident, however, that the efforts of no private association could penetrate the depths of this vast continent and overcome the obstacles presented by its great distances, its deserts, and its barbarism. Thus it became necessary for the reigning monarch, George III, the patron of Captain Cook, to come forward as the promoter of discovery in Africa. Accordingly in October, 1801, Park was invited by the government to undertake an expedition on a larger scale into the interior of the Dark Continent. His mind had been brooding on the subject for some time. He had conversed much with Mr. Maxwell, a gentleman who had long commanded a vessel in the African trade, and had been convinced by him that the Zaire, or Congo, would prove to be the channel by which the Niger, after watering all the region of interior Africa, enters the Atlantic. The scientific world was disposed to adopt Park's views on this subject, and ultimately the whole plan of the expedition was arranged with distinct reference to them. In 1804 he was requested by Lord Camden, the British colonial secretary, to complete his arrangements, being assured that he would be supplied with all means necessary.

On January 30, 1805, Park sailed from Portsmouth in the *Crescent*, and about March 28 he arrived at Gorco. There he provided himself with thirty-five soldiers and an officer, and a large number of asses. He took with him also two sailors and four smiths who had been sent from England.

He departed with his little band from Pisania on the 4th of

May, and proceeded through Medina along the banks of the Gambia. Turning his face almost due west, he passed the streams of the Ba Lee, the Ba Fing, and the Ba Woolima, the three principal tributaries of the Senegal. This change of direction led him through a tract much more pleasing than that which he passed in his dreary return through Jalonka and its wilderness. The villages, built in delightful mountain glens, and looking from their elevated precipices over a great extent of wooded plain, appeared romantic beyond anything he had ever seen. The rocks near Sullo assumed every possible diversity of form, towering like ruined castles, spires, and pyramids.

The African climate, however, made havoc with the members of the expedition. Every day added to the list of sick or dead, and the heroic traveler was almost ready to give up, when, coming to an eminence, he caught a distant view of the mountains the southern base of which he knew to be watered by the Niger. Then, indeed, he forgot his troubles, and thought only of climbing the blue hills which were so delightful to him. But three weeks elapsed ere he could arrive at that desired point, and they were three weeks of terrible suffering. But at length he reached the summit of the ridge which divides the Senegal from the Niger, and coming to the brow of the hill saw again that majestic river rolling along the plain.

The voyage down the river was distressing; for though the fatigue of traveling was avoided, the heat was so intense that the sick had no chance of recovery.

Mansong had promised to furnish two boats, but they were late in arriving, and proved very defective. But with considerable labor these two boats were finally converted into one large skiff, which they named the *Joliba*. It was forty feet long and six broad, drawing only one foot of water.

Sansanding was found to be a prosperous and flourishing town, with a crowded market remarkably well arranged.

During Park's stay there he had the misfortune to lose his brother-in-law, Mr. Anderson. Though the party was now

reduced to only five Europeans, one of whom was deranged, his firmness was in no degree shaken, and he declared that he would succeed or perish in the attempt, adding, "Though all the Europeans who are with me should die, and though I were myself half dead, I would still persevere." And the commencement of his voyage down the Niger, through the vast unknown regions of the interior Africa, he called "turning his face toward England." A long interval elapsed without any tidings of him, which, considering the great distance and the many causes of delay, did not at first alarm his friends. As the following year, however, passed on rumors of an unpleasant nature began to spread. Governor Maxwell, of Sierra Leone, feeling a deep interest in his fate, engaged Isaaco, a guide who had been sent to the Gambia with dispatches from the Niger, to undertake a fresh journey to inquire after Park. At Sansanding Isaaco was so far fortunate as to meet Amadi Fatouna, who had been engaged to succeed himself as interpreter. From him he received a journal purporting to contain the narrative of the voyage down the river and of its final issue. The party, it appeared, had purchased three slaves, who, with the five Europeans and Fatouna, increased their number to nine. They passed Silla and Jenne in a friendly manner, but at Rakbara (Kabra) and Timbuctoo several armed parties came out to attack them, being repelled only by a smart and destructive fire. No particulars are given of any of those important places, nor of Kaffo, Gotoijege, and others, which the discoverers are represented as having afterward passed. At length they came to the city of Yaour, where Amadi Fatouna left the party, his services having been engaged only to that point. He had, however, scarcely taken his leave when he was summoned before the king, who bitterly complained that the white men, though they brought many valuable commodities with them, had passed without giving him any presents. He therefore ordered that Fatouna should be thrown into irons and a body of troops sent in pursuit of the English. The men reached

Boussa, and took possession of a pass where rocks hemming in the river allowed only a narrow channel for vessels to descend. When Park arrived he found the passage thus obstructed, but attempted, nevertheless, to push his way through. "The people began to attack him," said Fatouna, "throwing lances, pikes, arrows, and stones. He defended himself for a long time as best he could, when two of his slaves at the stern of the vessel were killed. The crew threw everything they had into the river and kept firing, but were fatigued and overpowered by numbers, and unable to hold the canoe against the current. Seeing no possibility of escape in the boat, Park took hold of one of the white men and jumped into the river. Martyn did the same, but they were all drowned in the stream. The only slave that remained in the boat, seeing the natives persist in throwing weapons into it without ceasing, stood up and said to them: 'Stop throwing now; you see nothing in the canoe, and nobody but myself; therefore, cease! Take me and the canoe, but don't kill me.' They took possession of both and carried them to the king."



## CHAPTER VIII

**Horneman, Campbell, Tuckey, etc.**

CONTINUED efforts were being made to explore certain parts of Africa between Park's two expeditions. Frederic Horneman, a student of the University of Göttingen, communicated to Blumenbach, the celebrated professor of natural history, his ardent desire to explore the interior of Africa under the auspices of the association. Blumenbach transmitted to that body a strong recommendation of Horneman as "a young man, active, athletic, temperate, knowing sickness only by name, and of respectable literary and scientific attainments."

Horneman applied his mind to the study of the Arabic language, and otherwise fitted himself for supporting the character of an Arab, under which he hoped to escape the effects of that bigotry which had opposed a fatal bar to the progress of his predecessors. In September, 1797, he reached Egypt, but it was the 5th of September, 1798, before he could find a caravan proceeding to westward, when he joined one destined for Fezzan across the Great Desert.

There are occasional verdant spots in this desert, and ten days brought the caravan to Ummesogeir, a village situated on a rock, with a hundred and twenty inhabitants, who, though separated from the rest of the world, pass a contented and peaceful existence, subsisting on dates, which are the chief product of the arid soil. Another day's journey brought the travelers to Siwah, a much more extensive oasis, the rocky border of which is estimated by Horneman to be fifty miles in circumference.

The route still continued through a barren region, yet not presenting such a monotonous plain of sand as that which intervenes between Egypt and Siwah. It was bordered by precipitous limestone rocks, often completely filled with shells and marine fossils. The caravan, while proceeding along these wild tracts, was alarmed by a tremendous braying of asses, and, on looking back, saw several hundred people of Siwah, armed and in full pursuit, mounted on these animals. The scouts, however, soon brought an assurance that they came with peaceable intentions, but had been informed that in the caravan there were two Christians from Cairo whom they had orders to kill. On that being accomplished they would permit the others to proceed unmolested. All Horneman's tact and firmness were required in this terrible crisis. He denied absolutely that he was a Christian, and opened the Koran to display the facility with which he could read its pages; he even challenged his adversaries to answer him on points of Mohammedan faith. His Mohammedan companions in the caravan, who took pride in defending one of their members, insisted that he had entirely cleared himself from the imputation of being an infidel, and as they were supported by several of the Siwahans, the whole body finally renounced their purpose and returned home.

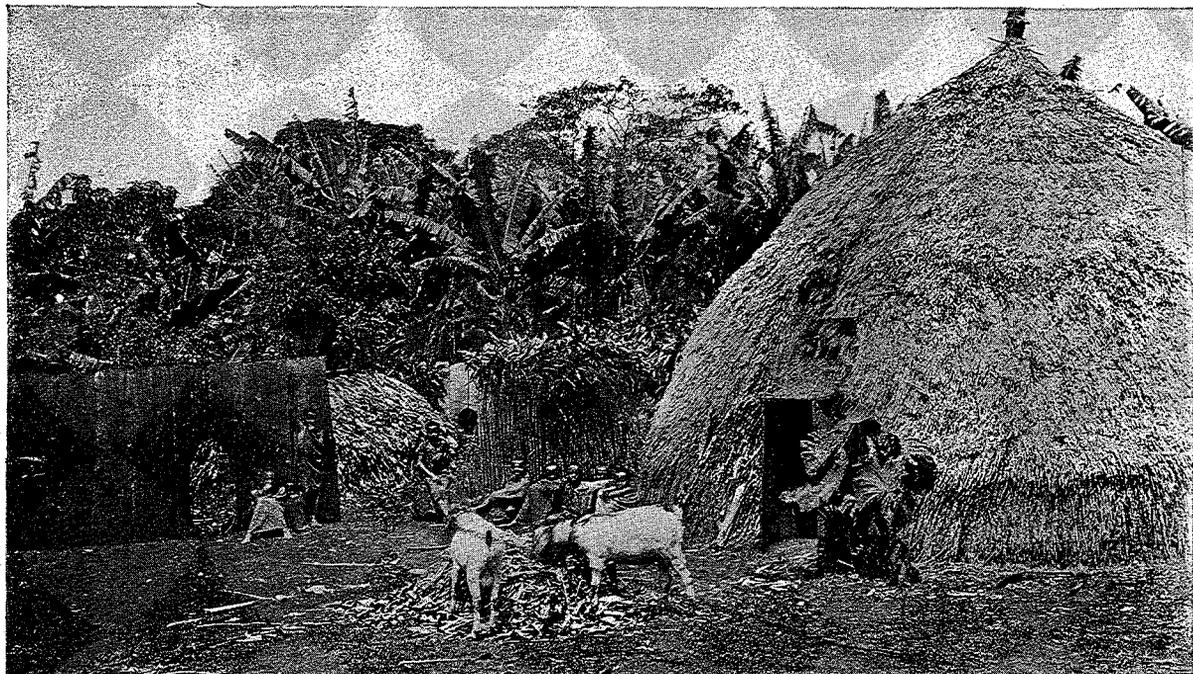
The travelers next passed through Augila, an ancient town mentioned by Herodotus, and crossed a long range of dreary mountains—the Black Harutsch, or Mons Ater of the ancients. After a march of sixteen days through this solitary region, they were cheered by seeing before them the little kingdom of Fezzan, or the Great Oasis. At Mourzouk, the modern capital, the sultan himself awaited their arrival on a small eminence, seated in an armchair ornamented with cloth of various colors, and forming a species of throne. Each pilgrim, on approaching the royal seat, took off his sandals, kissed the sovereign's hand, and took his station behind, where the whole assembly joined in a chant.

Two years elapsed without any tidings of Horneman, but

in September, 1803, a Fezzan merchant informed the Danish consul at Tripoli that Horneman, or Yussuph, as he had chosen to call himself, was seen alive and well on his way to Gondasch, with the intention of proceeding to the coast and of returning to Europe. Another Moorish merchant afterward informed the British consul at Tripoli that Yussuph was safe at Kashna in June, 1803, and that he was there highly respected as a Mussulman marabout, or saint. Major Denham afterward learned that he had penetrated Africa as far as Nyffe on the Niger, where he fell a victim to climatic disease.

In 1809 another German, named Roentgen, undertook to explore Africa by way of Morocco. Like Horneman, he made himself master of Arabic and proposed to pass for a Mohammedan. Having arrived at Mogadore, he hired two guides and started out to join the Soudan caravan, but soon afterward his body was discovered only a short distance from his starting place. No reliable information could be obtained as to the manner of his death, but it was assumed that his guides had murdered and robbed him.

John Campbell, animated by the desire of imparting to this people the blessings of religion, undertook in 1813 a mission into southern Africa. Passing the Sneuwberg in the same direction that had been followed by Trutter and Somerville, he reached Lattakoo, which, by a change not unusual in Africa, had been moved about sixty miles to the southward of its original situation; but the new city had not yet attained more than half the dimensions of the old. His reception was at first marked by a peculiar caution and jealousy. Not a sound was heard in the city, and he walked through empty streets until he came to the great square in front of the palace, where several hundred men were drawn up, armed and in battle array. All this precaution was found to have been suggested by the fear that he and his companions were sent to avenge the death of Cowan and Denovan, two travelers who had been murdered; but no sooner were the inhabitants satisfied that he came with



Habitation of the Forest Dwellers

no commission from government and with no hostile object, than they crowded round him with their usual frankness and eagerly begged for tobacco. Soon after Mateebe, the king, entered with a numerous train of attendants, bearing spears tipped with ostrich feathers. He did not, in passing, take any notice of the English strangers, but immediately after admitted them to an interview, though without giving them quite so gracious a reception as they could have wished. He particularly demurred to the proposal of founding a mission at Lattakoo on the pretense that it would interfere with the tending of their cattle and other occupations, but this being Mr. Campbell's favorite object, he pressed it so earnestly and represented in such flattering terms the superior wealth and industry of Europeans that Mateebe at length gave his consent to the establishment of missionaries and promised to treat them well.

In 1820 Mr. Campbell, supported by the English Missionary Society, undertook another journey into this district of Africa. He found the Christian establishment at Lattakoo in a somewhat flourishing state. There was a chapel capable of containing about four hundred persons, and a row of good houses with gardens for the missionaries. But the friendly conduct of the natives toward that body had not been accompanied with any disposition to embrace or even to listen to their doctrines. The Bechuanas, more perhaps than any other barbarians, seem to labor under a peculiar thralldom to the senses and an utter disregard for all lofty and spiritual ideas. Beads for ornament, cattle for use, forays for the display of valor and activity, these absorb their whole attention and leave no room for higher objects. The number assembled to see the missionaries dine was three times greater than could ever be induced to hear them preach.

At Lattakoo Mr. Campbell met Kossie, king or chief of Mashow, and obtained permission to visit him, which, though expressed in rather cold and haughty terms, his zeal induced him to embrace. From Mashow he passed through a

country continually improving in richness and beauty. He reached Kureechane, which is thought entitled to the appellation of a city; and at all events its construction and the arts practiced in it were decidedly superior to anything yet seen in southern Africa. The natives smelted iron and copper in large clay furnaces, their houses were surrounded with good stone inclosures, while the walls of mud were often painted and molded into pillars and other ornaments. Well-fashioned vessels of earthenware were used for holding their corn, milk, and other stores, and considerable ingenuity was shown in the preparation of skins. Campbell witnessed here the peetso, or African council, where the assembled chiefs acted with great eccentricity, yet spoke with good judgment, as a rule, which makes it difficult to say whether they are sages or madmen. Even on their way to the meeting these savages indulged in strange gambols, making immense leaps into the air, brandishing their weapons as if to attack and sometimes stab an enemy. "The circle being formed," says Campbell, "they all join in a song, which the principal person often follows with a dance. Each chief as he rose prefaced his speech with three tremendous howls or yells, sometimes imitating the bark of a dog. Several of his attendants then sprang forward and danced before him—an accompaniment never omitted, even when the aged and stiffened limbs of the performers render it altogether ludicrous. At length comes the speech, replete with frankness, courage, often with good sense, and even with a rude species of eloquence."

An important expedition to the Congo was intrusted by the British government to Captain Tuckey in 1816. Besides a crew of about fifty, including marines and mechanics, he was accompanied by an eminent botanist named Smith; Mr. Cranch, an able zoologist; Mr. Tudor, an anatomist; Mr. Lockhart, a gardener; and Mr. Galwey. They sailed from Deptford on the 16th of February, 1816, and reached Malemba on the 30th of June.

After a few days' journey they found themselves in the

channel of the Congo, which greatly disappointed them, as they had expected to find a river of stupendous magnitude, whereas they found only a narrow stream. It was then, however, the driest part of the year; "nevertheless," records Tuckey, "the depth was still more than one hundred and fifty fathoms, and it was impossible to estimate the mass of water which its channel might convey to the ocean."

After sailing between ridges of high rocky hills the expedition came to the Yellala, or Great Cataract; and here they met with a second disappointment. Instead of another



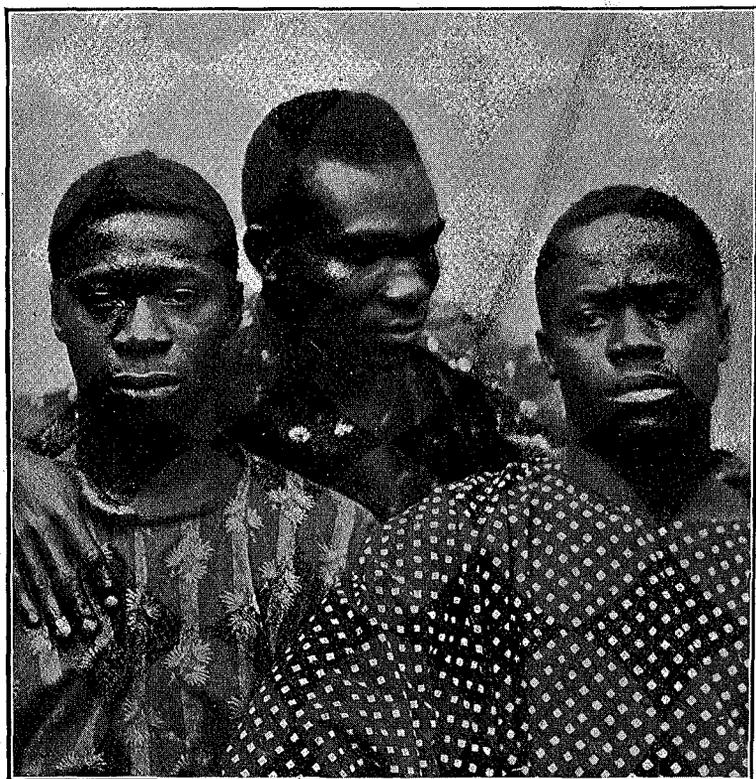
Arab of Upper Congo

Niagara, which general report had led them to expect, they saw only "a comparative brook bubbling over its stony bed." The fall appears to be occasioned by masses of granite, fragments of which have fallen down and blocked up the stream. Yet this obstruction rendered it quite impossible for the boats to pass, nor could they be carried across the precipices and deep ravines by which the country was intersected. The travelers were compelled to proceed by land through this difficult region, which, having no guides, was a succession of inexpressible difficulties. Cooloo, Inga, and Mavoonda, the principal villages, were separated by long intervals, in consequence of which they were often compelled to sleep in the open air. At length the country began to improve and the obstacles to navigation gradually disappeared; but, alas! just as the journey began to bear an aspect of prosperity indications of its fatal termination became perceptible. The health of the party was rapidly giving way under the effects of fatigue and the malignant influence of a damp and burning atmosphere.

Tudor, Cranch, and Galwey were successively compelled to return to the ship. Captain Tuckey, after struggling for some time against disease and exhaustion, as well as the difficulties of the undertaking, saw the necessity of putting a stop to the farther progress of the expedition. On reaching the vessel they found that Cranch, Tudor, and Galwey were dead, having successively succumbed to disease. Smith soon shared their fate; and Captain Tuckey himself, on the 4th of October, expired without having suffered the usual attack of fever.

From this unhappy expedition, however, some information was obtained respecting a part of Africa which had not been visited for several centuries, but they recorded no trace of the great kingdoms or of the cities and armies described by the Portuguese missionaries.

Another expedition, under Major Peddie, destined to descend the Niger, arrived at the mouth of the Senegal. Instead of the beaten track along the banks of that river or of the Gambia he took the route through the country of the Foulahs, which, though nearer, was little known and vastly more difficult. On the 17th of November, 1816, he sailed from the Senegal, and on the 14th of December the party, consisting of one hundred men with two hundred animals, landed at Kakundy, on Rio Nunez; but before they could begin their march Major Peddie was stricken with fever and died. Captain Campbell, the next in command, continued the journey until he arrived at a small river called the Panietta, on the frontier of the Foulah territory. By this time many of the beasts of burden had died and difficulty was found in obtaining provisions. The king of the Foulahs detained them on the frontier four months; their stock of food and clothing gradually diminished, while they were suffering all the evils that arise from a sickly climate. At length their situation became appalling, and they saw the absolute necessity of returning. All their animals were dead, and it was necessary to hire natives to carry their baggage. They reached Kakundy with the loss only of



Civilized Dahomans

Mr. Kummer, the naturalist; but Captain Campbell himself became a victim of climate and fatigue, and died on the 13th of June, 1817, two days afterward. The command was then assumed by Lieutenant Stokoe, a young naval officer. He formed a new scheme for proceeding into the interior, but unhappily he succumbed to the climate.

Captain Gray, of the Royal African Corps, who had accompanied the last mentioned expedition under Major Peddie and Captain Campbell, undertook, in 1818, to perform a journey by Park's old route along the Gambia. On the 20th of June, 1818, he reached Boolibani, the capital of Bondou, where he remained until the 22d of May, 1819; but the King of Bondou would not permit him to proceed farther.

Major Laing, in 1821, was sent on a mission from Sierra Leone through the Timanee, Kooranko, and Soolima countries, with the view of making arrangements for trading. On this journey he found reason to believe that the source of the Niger lay much farther to the south than Park had supposed. At Falaba he was assured that it might have been reached in three days had not the Kissi nation, in whose territory it was situated, been at war with the Soolimans, with whom Major Laing then resided. He was inclined to fix the source of this great river a very little above the ninth degree of latitude.

In 1819 Mr. Ritchie, a young man of considerable scientific attainments, undertook the direction of still another expedition for the British, accompanied by Lieutenant Lyon, a naval officer. This expedition was well received at Tripoli, and set out on the 22d of March for Fezzan with Mukni, the sultan, who gave them solemn assurances of protection. This chief, however, was a ruffian who had made his way to power by the massacre of the late sovereign and his brother, and supported his favor at Tripoli by annual slave hunts, which he extended over the whole desert to the frontier of Soudan. Thus he brought annually to Tripoli four or five thousand of those unhappy victims, a large proportion of whom were bestowed in presents.

The members of the expedition soon began to suffer from the climate, Lieutenant Lyon being seized with dysentery, and Ritchie with bilious fever, under which they languished during the whole summer. The treacherous Mukni not only withheld all aid, but studiously prevented others from giving them assistance. At length poor Ritchie, overwhelmed by disease and anxiety, died on the 20th of November, 1819. Lyon partially recovered, but found himself without the means of penetrating farther than to the southern frontier of Fezzan.



## CHAPTER IX

## The New Era



ISTORY records that a new era commenced for Africa about the year 1815. The Napoleonic wars were ended, and France had been vanquished on the field of Waterloo. In Africa, England's diplomacy and money had gradually gained a paramount influence, which has continued to grow more and more absolute until the present time. An Egyptian debt of \$400,000,000, owned mostly in England indicates the inevitable, when Turkish rule can be safely ignored and the jealousy of other European nations appeased. The new era was destined to see a long period of

peaceful development throughout the world. In America, our own republic led the way. Undreamed-of results in world-wide prosperity, in invention, learning, and moral activities were the result.

Europe at this time had only a few stations and factories on the coasts of Africa, and but little occupation beyond the seaboard. Interior Africa was unexplored and unknown. There was no real interest in the continent as a whole, as in the case of America or Australia. France was only awakening to a new desire for colonial expansion, and Germany had no idea of colonizing there. England cared only for Africa as a way station to her Asiatic empire. The Portuguese and other nations which had possessions in Africa made little or no effort to strengthen or extend them. The

total commercial value of African trade in 1815, *including slaves*, was only \$150,000,000. The exports were but \$6,500,000, and half of this from Egypt and the countries of the Mediterranean.

For many years Africa, as far as the outside world was concerned, was to be left practically alone, and this seems to have been providential. It gave Africa herself an opportunity for preparation. This period was of great importance to the Dark Continent. In the outside world there was an entire change of sentiment as to the relations a parent country should sustain to her colonies. The question at issue was imperialism on the one hand and federation on the other. The former declared that colonies were private properties of the crowns, to be administered with little or no thought of the colonists themselves. The federation idea was "that colonists were to be regarded as parts of the whole nation, with rights and privileges and claims for protection and help, the same as the subjects who dwelt under the more immediate shadow of the throne." This sentiment toward colonies was emphasized also by the independence of thought among the colonists themselves, and also by the increasing necessities for new colonies by the crowded populations of European countries.

The suppression of the slave trade was also another matter affecting Africa at this period. Its destruction was practically reached in 1850 as far as Europe and America were concerned. The enlightened conscience of Christendom, expressed on the platform and in literature, the contests in diplomatic circles, and legislation, all helped to reach the heart and conscience of the civilized world concerning the despised races of the Dark Continent.

When the slave trade in the West had been suppressed the horrors of this Arab-Asiatic traffic were brought to light, and philanthropists and statesmen united in a determined effort to crush it, and focused the interest of the world upon central Africa as it had never been before. The emancipation of the slaves in America had a telling effect upon the

conscience of mankind concerning their African brethren, and God in his wonderful ways was preparing the European and American nations for a realization of their final responsibilities toward Africa. During that period of preparation France was the only nation to gain new territory in the Dark Continent. She conquered Algeria and established the future French empire in Northwest Africa. Her possessions in Africa, however, have cost her \$750,000,000, and many thousands of lives. But the benefits, both to Africa and the French nation, are incalculable, and Algeria, when she has been linked with Senegal on the west coast by the modern railway across two thousand five hundred miles of the dreary wastes of Sahara, will doubtless become a great and thriving country.

The world within the realm of civilization desired to learn the physical resources of the mysterious continent; the location of her mountains and plains, and the length and breadth of her great lakes and rivers; the varying nature of her climate, and the character and temper of her native population. The attention of Europe's most learned men was fixed upon Africa. Egyptology became a science, and questions of geography, ethnology, history, language, and religion as related to Africa became the questions of the hour. Heroic men, and women too, braved the dangers of the jungle, desert, and savage, in earnest endeavor to make the unknown known, and throw light upon the land where darkness, ignorance, and superstition reigned. It is impossible for me even to give the names of all who have ventured to become explorers of Africa, but I have endeavored to link together a few of the more important, together with a brief account of their struggles, which may prove both interesting and instructive to the reader. Many of them, whose records teemed with interest for our grandparents, have long since been forgotten. I have deemed it well to open these dusty volumes of "forgotten lore," and let the early explorer live and die again his martyr's death for Africa in this volume.



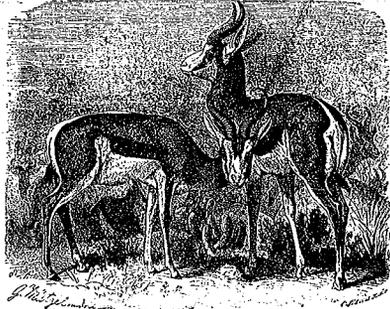
to lodge a complaint with his government. This step disturbed the bashaw considerably, and he sent several vessels after the major, one of which overtook him at Marseilles. The bashaw announced that arrangements were actually made with Boo Khalloom for escorting Major Denham's expedition to the capital of Bornou, and, true enough, on the major's return to Tripoli he found the Arab chief already on the borders of the desert. Under the guidance of this merchant Major Denham set out with the full assurance of reaching those depths of Africa from which no European had ever yet returned. Little occurred to diversify the monotony of the desert route until they arrived at Sockna, where Boo Khalloom, who was fond of display, determined to make his entrance with almost kingly pomp. He rode a white Tunisian horse, with gilded saddle and trappings of scarlet cloth bordered with gold; his dress consisted of various caftans and robes of rich silks, adorned with gold buttons, lace, and embroidery. The natives received the party with shouts and firing of guns, and the females with singing and dancing, and formed a sort of triumphal procession. Several days were spent at Sockna, Boo Khalloom being ill and wishing to try the effect of various charms and superstitious remedies. The English, meantime, witnessed a great marriage ceremony, the chief part of which consisted in placing the bride in a basket on the back of a camel and leading her round the town, while numerous horsemen galloped up and discharged their muskets quite close to her head; the honor of this compliment was supposed to compensate for the fear which it occasioned.

In journeying onward toward Mourzouk the travelers passed along the naked sides of the Gebel Assoud, which the major now crossed for the third time; but no familiarity could relieve the sense of dreariness and misery which its aspect occasioned. On the 30th of October the caravan made its entry into Mourzouk amid the shouts of the inhabitants, whom the chief by his liberality had inspired with the warmest attachment. Denham, however,

was much disheartened by not seeing any of his countrymen amid the joyous crowd; and his fears were confirmed by finding Dr. Oudney just recovering from a severe illness in the chest, and Clapperton in bed with ague—facts which, combined with the unfortunate result of the last expedition and the sickly appearance of the natives themselves, indicated some peculiarly baneful influence—without any visible cause—in the climate of Mourzouk.

On the 29th of November the whole caravan began their journey through the desert. They were escorted by nearly every inhabitant who could muster a horse. The expedition, besides the English, comprised two hundred and ten Arabs, ranged in tens and twenties, under different chiefs. On this journey the travelers had on one side the Tibboos, on the other the Tuaricks, two native tribes, probably of great antiquity, and having no alliance whatever with the Arab race now so widely spread over the continent. The Tibboos were on the left, and it was through their villages that the caravan passed. "They are a gay, good-humored, thoughtless race," says Denham, "with all the African passion for song and dance. Once a year, or oftener, an inroad is made by their fierce neighbors, the Tuaricks, who spare neither age nor sex and sweep away all that come within their reach. The cowardly Tibboos dare not even look them in the face; they can only mount to the top of certain steep rocks with flat summits and perpendicular sides, near one of which every village is built." The savage Tuaricks were observed by Clapperton and Oudney in a journey to the westward from Mourzouk, and were found in their private character to be frank, honest, and hospitable. The females are neither immured nor oppressed, as is usual among rude and Mohammedan tribes, but meet with notice and respect; indeed, the domestic habits of this nation have much resemblance to the Europeans. They are a completely wandering race of shepherds and robbers, holding in contempt all who live in houses and cultivate the ground; yet they are, perhaps, the only native Africans who have

letters and an alphabet, which they inscribe, not on books and parchments, indeed, but on the dark rocks that checker the surface of their territory, and in places where they have long resided every stone seen is covered with their writings." After a fortnight in the desert the expedition saw symptoms of a return to the region of life. There appeared scattered spots of thin herbage; little valleys watered by springs were filled with a shrub called suag, on which grew delicate berries; small herds of gazelles fed in these re-



Gazelles

treats, even the droves of hyenas indicated the revival of animal nature. As the travelers advanced the country improved; the valleys became gay and verdant, and the creeping vines of the colocynth in full bloom, with the red flowers of the kossom, converted many of these spots into a little Arcadia. The freshness of the air, with the melody of myriad songsters perched among the creeping plants, whose flowers diffused an aromatic odor, formed the most delightful contrast to the desolate region through which they had passed. Here again were found Tibboos, of the tribe called Gunda, a more alert and active people than the former; the men still uglier, the girls still handsomer and more delicately formed.

In approaching the territory of the Soudan the English witnessed a system of mutual plunder between the caravan and the natives. Every animal which strayed from the main body was instantly carried off. A herald, handsomely equipped, who had been sent forward to the Sultan of Bornou, was found stripped and tied naked to a tree. On the other hand, no sooner did the caravan come in view of any village than the inhabitants were seen on the plain beyond

in full flight with all their chattels. The Arabs pursued, in pretended indignation at not being allowed to purchase what they wanted; but the conduct of the poor natives was evidently the result of long experience, and Major Denham saw executed on one party the most rapid process of plunder he ever witnessed. He says, "In a few seconds the camels were eased of their loads, and the poor women and girls stripped to the skin." Boo Khalloom, on this and other occasions, interposed and insisted on restitution; but whether he would really have done so without the urgent remonstrances of the English appears to be doubtful.

The expedition now entered Kanem, the most northern province of Bornou, and soon arrived at Lari, a town of two thousand inhabitants, composed of clusters of rush huts, conical at the top, and looking like well-thatched corn stacks. This place formed a remarkable stage in their progress; for from the rising ground in front of it was seen stretching out the boundless expanse of the great interior sea of Africa—Lake Tchad—"glowing with the golden rays of the sun." Major Denham, who saw here the key to his grand scheme of discovery, hastened down to the shores of this mighty water. The caravan now marched along the shores of the lake and arrived in two days at Woodie, a large town, and the first which they found to be thoroughly Negro.

The political state of the country at this time was somewhat singular. Twenty years before it had been overrun and completely conquered with the most dreadful devastation by the Fellatas, a western people which spurned a foreign yoke. The present sheik, a native of Kanem, rallied round him a band of bold spearmen, hoisted the green flag, and attacked the invaders. His success was such that in ten months the Fellatas were completely driven out of Bornou, and had never since reentered. This leader, idolized by the army who had conquered under him, was now the real master of the country, yet the reverence of the nation for their ancient line of kings was too deep to allow the legitimate heir to be wholly superseded.

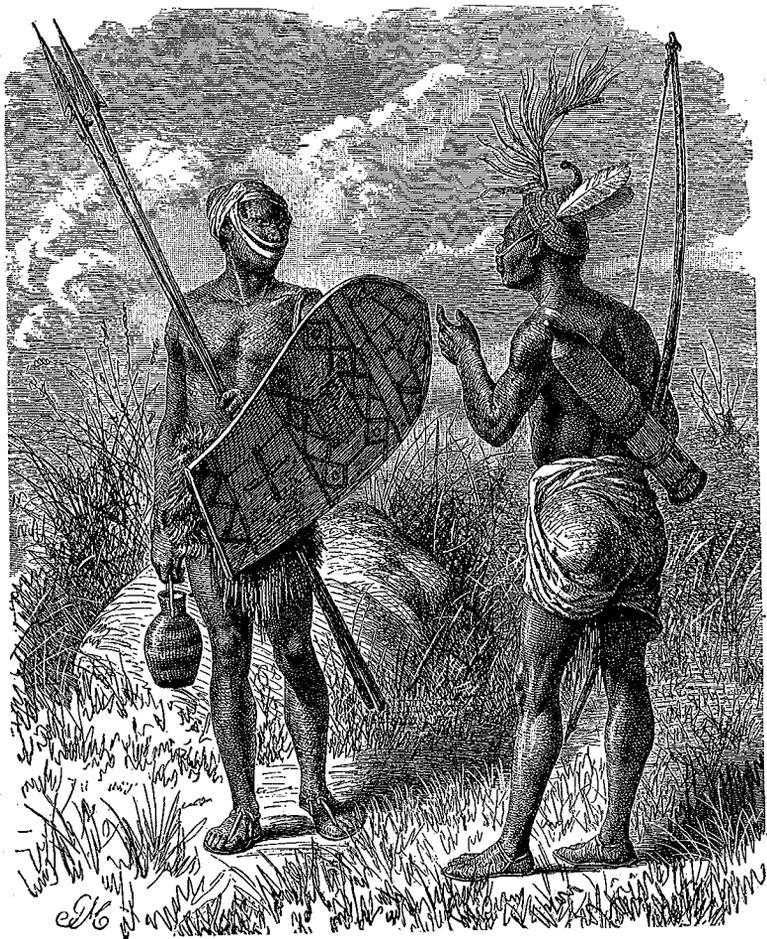
After five days an invitation arrived from the sheik to visit him at Kouka, for which city the travelers immediately departed. On their way they passed the Yeou, the first river of note which had crossed their path in this long journey, exciting considerable interest by being for a moment supposed to be the Niger flowing from Timbuctoo. The stream was fifty yards broad, and proceeded with some rapidity eastward into the Tchad. In the wet season its breadth was more than double. The men and goods were ferried over on rafts, while the horses and camels, fastened together in bands, swam across.

The major pressed eagerly forward before the main body, and, emerging from the forest, had his curiosity gratified by seeing a body of several thousand horses drawn up in line and extending on each side as far as the eye could reach. He now awaited the coming up of the Arabs, at sight of whom the Bornou troops, who had previously stood immovable, raised a mighty yell which rent the air, followed by the loud sound of rude martial music. Then, forming detached parties, they galloped up full speed to the strangers, never pausing till they almost touched the horses' heads, when they suddenly wheeled round and returned, exclaiming, "Blessing, blessing, sons of your country! sons of your country!" They had soon completely surrounded the party and wedged them in so close, waving their spears over their heads, that it was impossible for the strangers to move. Boo Khalloom had nearly lost all patience at this vehement and incommensurable welcome; but Barca Gana, the commander in chief, made his appearance very soon and restored order, and had an opening made by which the caravan slowly made its way to the city, where after much ceremony they found the sheik in a small dark room quietly seated on a carpet, plainly dressed, and ornamented solely with guns and pistols which he had received in presents from crowned heads and esteemed the most rare and precious of decorations. He appeared about forty or forty-five years of age, and his countenance was pleasing and expressive. He inquired their object in visiting

Bornou, and on being informed that they had come merely to see the country and to give an account of its appearance, produce, and people, he agreed to forward their views and gratify their wishes.

Next day the major delivered his presents to the sheik. A double-barreled gun and two pistols with powder flasks and shot cases were examined by him with minute attention; the other gifts, consisting of fine cloths, spices, and porcelain, were no sooner produced than the slaves were ordered to carry them to his private apartments. This African potentate was particularly gratified on being told that the King of England had heard of him, and said, turning to his captains, "This must be in consequence of our having defeated the Begharmis," upon which Bagah Furby, a grim old soldier who had made a figure in that war, came forward and asked, "Did he ever hear of me?" Major Denham scrupled not to answer, "Certainly," when the whole party instantly called out, "O, the King of England must be a great man!"

It was next arranged that Major Denham should be introduced to the sultan in his royal residence at Birnie, where all the state and pomp of the kingdom were concentrated, and on the 2d of March the expedition accompanied Boo Khalloom to that city, and on their arrival an interview was appointed for the next morning. Fashion, even in the most refined European courts, does not always follow the absolute guidance of reason or taste, and her magic power is often displayed in converting deformities into beauties; but there is certainly no court of which the taste is so absurd, grotesque, or monstrous as that to which Major Denham was now introduced. "An enormous protruding paunch and a huge misshapen head are the two features without which it is vain to aspire to the rank of a courtier or of a fine gentleman. This form, valued probably as a type of abundance and luxury, is esteemed so essential that, where nature has not bestowed it, and the most excessive feeding and cramming cannot produce it, wadding is employed, which in riding ap-



Natives of Bornou

*(Illustration from Major Denham)*

pears to hang over the pommel of the saddle. Turbans, also, are wrapped round the head in fold after fold till it appears swelled on one side to the most unnatural dimensions, and only one half of the face remains visible. The fictitious bulk of the lords of Bornou is augmented by drawing round them, even in this burning climate, ten or twelve successive robes of cotton or silk, while the whole is covered over with numberless charms inclosed in green leather cases. Yet under all these incumbrances they do sometimes mount and take the field; but the idea of such unwieldy hogsheads being of any avail on the day of battle appeared altogether ridiculous, and it proved that on such high occasions they merely exhibited themselves as ornaments."

With about three hundred of this puissant chivalry before and around him, the sultan was himself seated near the garden door in a sort of cane basket covered with silk, with his face entirely shaded beneath a turban of more than usual magnitude. The presents were silently deposited, and the courtiers, tottering beneath the weight of their turbans and their paunches, could not display that punctilious activity which had been so annoying at the palace of the sheik. This was all that was ever seen of the Sultan of Bornou. The party then set out for Kouka, passing on their way through Angornou, the largest city in the kingdom, containing at least thirty thousand inhabitants.

Boo Khalloom, having concluded his business in Bornou, proposed an expedition into the wealthy region of Houssa or Soudan, but the greed of his followers pointed to a different object. They asked him to lead them in an attack on a village of unbelievers, in the mountains of Mandara, to carry off the people as slaves to Fezzan. At first he denounced the proposal, but the sheik took part against him, and even his own brother joined the malcontents, and there appeared no other way in which he could return with credit and profit. He suffered his better judgment to be overpowered, and finally consented to conduct his troop in this vile business. Major Denham, too, I regret to record, allowed his zeal for

discovery to overcome nobler considerations, and he determined, notwithstanding the prohibition of the sheik, to take part in the raid. They were accompanied by Barca Gana, the principal general, a Negro of huge strength and great courage, along with other warriors and a large body of Bornou cavalry. "These last are a fine military body in point of external appearance," says Denham. "Their persons are covered with iron plate and mail, and they manage with surprising dexterity their little active steeds, which are also supplied with defensive armor. They have one fault only, but that a serious one—they cannot stand the shock of an enemy. While the contest continues doubtful they hover round as spectators, ready, should the tide turn against them, to spur on their coursers to a rapid flight; but if they see their friends victorious and the enemy turning their backs, they come forward and display no small vigor in pursuit and plunder."

The road to Mandara formed a continued ascent through a fertile country which contained some populous towns. The path being quite overgrown with thick and prickly underwood, twelve pioneers, or scouts, went forward with long poles, opening a track, pushing back the branches, and giving warning to beware of holes. These operations they accompanied with loud praises of Barca Gana, calling out, "Who is in battle like the rolling of thunder? Barca Gana. In battle, who spreads terror round him like the buffalo in his rage? Barca Gana." Even the chiefs on this expedition carried no provisions except a paste made of rice, flour, and honey, with which they contented themselves, unless when sheep could be procured, in which case half the animal, having been roasted over a framework of wood, was placed on the table, and a sharp dagger was employed in cutting it into large pieces, to be eaten without bread or salt.

At length they arrived at Mora, the capital of Mandara. This was another kingdom which the energy of the sultan had rescued from the yoke of the Fellata empire; and the strong position of its capital, inclosed by lofty ridges of hills,

had enabled it to defy repeated attacks. The hills directly in front were bold, rocky, and precipitous, and clustered with villages perched on their sides and even on their tops, and were distinctly seen from the plain of Mandara. They were occupied by half-savage tribes whom the ferocious bigotry of the Moslem nations occupying the low country branded as pagans, and whom they claimed a right to plunder, seize, drive in crowds for sale to the markets of Fezzan and Bornou. "The fires which were visible in the different nests of these unfortunate beings threw a glare upon the bold rocks and blunt promontories of granite by which they were surrounded and produced a picturesque and somewhat awful appearance." A baleful joy gleamed in the visage of the Arabs as they eyed these abodes of their future victims, whom they already fancied themselves driving in bands across the desert. Their common fear of Fellatas had united the Sultan of Mandara in close alliance with the sheik, to whom he had lately married his daughter; and the nuptials had been celebrated by a great slave hunt among the mountains, when, after a dreadful struggle, they made three thousand captives.

In approaching the capital they were met by the sultan with five hundred Mandara horses, who, charging full speed, wheeled round them with the same threatening movements which had been exhibited at Bornou. The horses were of a superior breed, skillfully managed, and covered with cloths of various colors, as well as with skins of the leopard and tiger cat. This cavalry made a very brilliant appearance; but the major did not yet know that their valor was as superficial as that of their Bornou allies. The party were then escorted to the capital, amid the music of long pipes like clarionets, and of two immense trumpets. The mode of approaching the royal residence is to gallop up to the gate with a furious speed, which often causes fatal accidents; and on this occasion a man was ridden down and killed on the spot. The sultan was found in a dark-blue tent, sitting on a mud bench, surrounded by about two hundred attendants, handsomely arrayed in silk and cotton robes.

He was an intelligent little man, about fifty, with a beard which had been dyed a beautiful and dazzling sky-blue. Courteous salutations were exchanged, during which he steadily eyed Major Denham, and the traveler was introduced as belonging to a powerful distant nation, allies of the Bashaw of Tripoli. At last, however, came the fatal question, "Is he Moslem?—La! la!—no! no!—What! has the great bashaw Kaffir friends?" and as no one uttered a word in contradiction Denham was never again permitted to enter the palace.

The bigotry of this court seems to have surpassed even the usual bitterness of the African tribes, and our traveler had to undergo systematic persecution, carried on especially by Malem Chadily, the leading fighi, or doctor, of the court. This individual held out not only paradise, but honors, slaves, and wives of the first families, as gifts to be lavished on him by the sheik, in the vain endeavor to persuade him to renounce his unbelief. Nothing appears to have annoyed Denham more than to be told that he was of the same faith with the kerdies or Kaffirs, little or no distinction being made between any who denied the Koran.

Major Denham had heard much of the Shary, a great river flowing into Lake Tchad, and on whose banks the kingdom of Loggun was situated. After several delays he set out on the 23d of January, 1824, in company with Mr. Toole, a young volunteer, who, journeying by the way of Tripoli and Mourzouk, had crossed the desert to join him. The travelers passed through Angornou and Angala, and arrived at Showy, where they saw the river, which really proved to be a magnificent stream, fully half a mile broad, and flowing at the rate of two or three miles an hour. They ascended and reached the capital of Loggun, beneath whose high walls the river was seen flowing in majestic beauty. Major Denham entered, and found a handsome city with a wide street bordered by large dwellings.

On his desiring to see the sultan, he was led through several dark passages into a wide and crowded court, at one

end of which a lattice opened and showed a pile of silk robes stretched on a carpet, amid which two eyes became gradually visible; this was the sultan. On his appearance there arose a tumult of horns and frum-frums; while all the attendants threw themselves prostrate, casting sand on their heads. In a voice which the court fashion of Loggun required to be scarcely audible, the monarch inquired Major Denham's object in coming to this country, observing that if it was to purchase handsome female slaves he need go no farther, since he himself had hundreds who could be sold at a very low rate. I need scarcely say that this overture was rejected on other grounds than the price. Notwithstanding so decided a proof of barbarism, the Loggunese were found to be a people more advanced in the arts of peace than any hitherto seen in Africa. By a studied neutrality they had avoided involving themselves in the dreadful wars which had desolated the neighboring countries. Manufacturing industry was honored, and the cloths woven here were superior to those of Bornou, being finely dyed with indigo and beautifully glazed. There were even current coins made of iron, somewhat in the form of a horse-shoe; and, rude as this was, none of their neighbors possessed anything similar. The women were handsome, intelligent, and of a lively air and carriage; but, besides pushing their frankness to excess, their general demeanor was by no means scrupulous. For instance, they exerted the utmost diligence in stealing from Major Denham's person everything that could be reached, even searching the pockets of his trousers; and, when detected, only laughed. But the darkest feature of savage life was disclosed when the sultan and his son each sent secretly to solicit poison "that would not lie," to be used against the other. The latter even accompanied the request with a bribe of three lovely black damsels, and laughed at the horror which was expressed at the proposal.

Major Denham was much distressed on this journey by the death of his companion, Mr. Toole; and he could no

longer delay his return when he learned that the Begharmis, with a large army, was crossing the Shary to attack Bornou. Soon after his arrival at Kouka the sheik led out his troops, which he mustered on the plain Angala, and was there furiously attacked by five thousand Begharmis led by two hundred chiefs. The Begharmi cavalry were strong and fierce, and both riders and horses still more thoroughly cased in mail than those of Bornou; but their courage when brought to the proof was nearly on a level. The sheik encountered them with his Kanemboo spearmen and a small band of musketeers, when, after a sharp conflict, the whole of this mighty host was thrown into a disorderly retreat; even the Bornou cavalry joined in the pursuit. Seven sons of the sultan and almost all the chiefs fell, and two hundred of their favorite wives were taken.

The British government, desiring to strengthen Major Denham's party, sent out a Mr. Tyrwhit with supplies and assistants. They arrived on the 20th of May, and on the 22d Mr. Tyrwhit delivered to the sheik a number of presents, which were received with the highest satisfaction. In company with him, Major Denham, eager to explore Africa still farther, took advantage of another expedition undertaken against the tribes of Shouaa Arabs, distinguished by the name of La Sala, a race of amphibious shepherds, who inhabit certain islands that extend along the southeastern shores of the Tchad. These spots of earth afford rich pasture; while the water is so shallow that by knowing the channels the natives can ride on their horses without difficulty from one island to the other. Barca Gana led a thousand men on this expedition, and was joined by four hundred of a Shouaa tribe, called Dugganahs, enemies to the La Salas. "These allies presented human nature under a more pleasing aspect," writes Denham, "than it had yet been seen in any part of central Africa. They despise the Negro nations, and all who live in houses, and still more in cities; while they themselves reside in tents made of skin, collected into circular camps, which they move periodically from place

to place. They live in simple plenty on the produce of their flocks and herds, celebrate their joys and sorrows in extemporary poetry, and seem to be united by the strongest ties of domestic affection." Tahr, their chief, having closely examined our traveler as to the motives of his journey, said: "And have you been three years from your home? Are not your eyes dimmed with straining to the north, where all your thoughts must ever be? If my eyes do not see the wife and children of my heart for ten days they are flowing with tears when they should be closed in sleep." On taking leave Tahr's parting wish was, "May you die at your own tents and in the arms of your wife and family." This chief, it is said, might have sat for the picture of a patriarch; his fine, serious, expressive countenance, large features, and a long, bushy beard afforded a favorable specimen of the general aspect of his tribe.

The united forces now marched to the shores of the lake and began to reconnoiter the islands on which the Shouaas with their cattle and their cavalry were stationed; but the experienced eye of Barca Gana soon discerned that the channel, though shallow, was full of holes, and had a muddy, deceitful appearance. He proposed, therefore, to delay the attack till a resolute band of Kanemboo spearmen should arrive and lead the way. The lowing, however, of the numerous herds, and the bleating of the flocks on the green islands which lay before them, excited in the troops a degree of hunger as well as of military ardor that was quite irrepressible. They called out: "What! be so near them and not eat them? No, no, let us on; this night these flocks shall be ours!" Barca Gana suffered himself to be hurried away, and plunged in among the foremost. Soon, however, the troops began to sink into the holes or stick in the mud; their guns and powder were wet and became useless; while the enemy, who knew every step, and could ride through the water as quickly as on land, at once charged the invaders in front, and sent round a detachment to take them in the rear. The assault was accordingly soon changed

into a disgraceful flight, in which those who had been the most loud in urging to this rash onset set the example. Barca Gana, who had boasted himself invulnerable, was deeply wounded through his coat of mail and four cotton robes, and was with difficulty rescued by his chiefs out of the hands of five La Sala horsemen who had vowed his death. The army returned to their quarters in disappointment and dismay, and with a severe loss. During the whole night the Dugganah women were heard bewailing their husbands who had fallen, in dirges composed for the occasion and with plaintive notes, which could not be listened to without the deepest sympathy. Major Denham was deterred by this disaster from making any further attempts to penetrate the eastern shores of the Tchad.

While Denham was thus traversing Bornou and the surrounding countries, Clapperton and Oudney were proceeding through Houssa. They departed from Kouka on the 14th of December, 1823, and, after passing the site of Old Birnie, found the banks of the Yeou fertile, and diversified with towns and villages. On entering Katagum, the most easterly Fellata province, they observed a superior style of culture; two crops of wheat being raised in one season by irrigation, and the grain stored in covered sheds elevated from the ground on posts. In Bornou the Europeans had been viewed with almost unmingled horror; and, for having eaten their bread under the extremest necessity, a man had his testimony rejected in a court of justice.

The travelers passed through Sansan, a great market place divided into three distinct towns, and Katagum, the strongly fortified capital of the province, containing about eight thousand inhabitants. Thence they proceeded to Murmur, where Dr. Oudney succumbed to sickness and died.

Proceeding onward, Clapperton and his followers reached Katungwa, the first town of Houssa proper, in a country well inclosed and under high cultivation, and two days afterward he entered Kano, the Ghana of Edrisi, and which



A Musician of French Guinea  
*(Collection of Prince Roland Bonaparte)*

was then, as it was over six hundred years ago, the chief commercial city of Houssa and all central Africa.

The regulations of the market of Kano seemed to be good. There was a sheik who regulated the police, and even fixed the prices. "The dylalas, or brokers," relates Clapperton, "are men of somewhat high character; packages of goods are often sold unopened, and bearing merely their mark. If the purchaser afterward finds any defects he returns it to the agent, who must grant compensation. The medium of exchange is not cloth as in Bornou, nor iron, as in Loggun, but cowries, or little shells brought from the coast, twenty of which are worth a half-penny, and four hundred and eighty make a shilling; so that, in paying a pound sterling, one has to count over nine thousand six hundred cowries. Our countryman admires this currency, as excluding all attempts at forgery. Amid so many strangers there is ample room for the trade of the restaurateur, which is occupied by a female seated on the ground, with a mat on her knees, on which are spread vegetables, gussub water, and bits of roasted meat about the size of a penny; these she retails to her customers squatted around her. The killing of a bullock forms a sort of festival at Kano; its horns are dyed red with henna, drums are beat, and a crowd collected, who, if they approve of the appearance and condition of the animal, readily become purchasers."

From Kano, Clapperton set out under guidance of Mohammed Jollie, leader of an extensive caravan intended for Sackatoo, capital of the sultan of the Fellatas.

On the 16th of March, 1824, after passing through the hilly district of Kamoon, the valleys began to open, and crowds of people were seen thronging the market with wood, onions, indigo, and other commodities.

The sultan opened a familiar communication with the English envoy, in which he showed himself possessed of considerable information. The astronomical instruments, from which, as from implements of magic, many of his attendants started with horror, were examined by the

monarch with an intelligent eye. On being shown a "planisphere," he proved his knowledge of the planets, and even of many of the constellations, by repeating their Arabic names. The telescope, which presented objects inverted; the compass, by which he could always turn to the east in praying; and the sextant, which he called "the looking-glass of the sun," excited peculiar interest.

Sackatoo appeared to Clapperton the most populous city he had seen in the interior of Africa. The houses stand more closely together than in most other towns of Houssa, and are laid out in regular, well-built streets. It was then surrounded by a wall between twenty and thirty feet high, with twelve gates, which were punctually shut at sunset. Being desirous to accomplish what had all along been his main object, he sought a guide here to the western countries and the Gulf of Benin, by which route he proposed to investigate the course of the Niger and the fate of Park, and also to pave the way for commercial intercourse, which would be of some benefit to Britain, and of great advantage to Africa. The sultan at first gave assurances of permission and aid in traveling through every part of his dominions; but demurred, when mention was made of Nyffe, on the banks of the Niger; Youri, where the papers of Park were reported to be kept; Rakah and Fundah, where that river was said to fall into the sea. Professing tender solicitude for his safety, he finally announced to Clapperton that no escort could be found to accompany him on so rash an enterprise, and that he could return to England only by retracing his steps.

Returning, Clapperton visited Zirmie, the capital of Zamfra, a kind of outlawed city, and where all runaway slaves find protection, the inhabitants of which are esteemed the greatest rogues in Houssa. He passed also through Kashna, or Cassina, the metropolis of a kingdom which had once ruled over all Africa from Bornou to the Niger.

Mr. Clapperton rejoined Major Denham at Kouka, whence they set out, and recrossed the desert together in the

latter part of the year 1824. They reached London again in June, 1825.

On the 7th of December, 1825, they again set out from Badagry into interior Africa. Shortly afterward Morrison and Pearce, two of their party, were attacked with a dangerous fever, and Clapperton with ague. Notwithstanding this, they pushed on till the 22d, when Clapperton, seeing his companions become worse, urged them either to remain behind or to return to Badagry. They insisted on proceeding; but next day Morrison could struggle no longer, and departed for the coast, but he died before reaching it. Captain Pearce persevered until he sank on the road, breathing his last on the 27th. Clapperton was thus left to pursue his long and adventurous journey in very painful and desolate circumstances. He had only a faithful servant, Richard Lander, who stood by him in all his fortunes, with Pascoe, a Negro whom he hired at Badagry.

After a journey of sixty miles the travelers entered the kingdom of Yoruba, called also, from its capital, Eyeo. This country had long been reported on the coast as the most populous, powerful, and flourishing of all western Africa; having even Dahomey in vassalage.

The English travelers were agreeably surprised by the reception which they experienced during this journey. With the Negro and pagan Eyeos there was no religious enmity; and having understood, by reports from the coast, the superiority of Europeans in arts and wealth, this people viewed them almost as being of a superior order; to see them they felt an eager and friendly curiosity.

The party had to cross a range of hills about eighty miles broad, reported to reach the whole way from behind Ashantee to Benin. The highest pinnacle was not supposed to exceed twenty-five hundred feet, but its passes were peculiarly narrow and rugged, hemmed in by gigantic blocks of granite, six or seven hundred feet high, sometimes fearfully overhanging the road. The valley varied in breadth from one hundred yards to half a mile; but every level spot ex-

tending along the foot of these mountains, or even suspended amid their cliffs, was covered with fine crops of yams, millet, and cotton. A large population thus filled these Alpine recesses, all animated with the most friendly spirit. After ascending hill over hill they came to Chaki, a large and populous town, situated on the very summit of the ridge. Here the caboceer (officer) had a house and a large stock of provisions ready for them. He put many questions, and earnestly pleaded for a stay of two or three days.

They shortly after arrived at Tshow, where a caboceer arrived from the King of Yoruba, with a numerous train of attendants. His people kept up through the night a constant hubbub—singing, drumming, dancing, and firing—and, claiming free quarters, they devoured such a quantity of provisions that the party fared worse than in any other place. Next morning they set out with a crowded escort of bowmen on foot, and of horsemen, ill-mounted, but active, dressed in the most grotesque manner and covered with charms. On reaching the brow of a hill the great capital of Eyeo opened to the view, on the opposite side of a vast plain bordered by a ridge of granite hills and surrounded by a brilliant belt of verdure. On reaching the gate they entered the house of a caboceer until notice was sent to the king, who immediately invited them to his palace. The king was sitting under a veranda, dressed in two long cotton robes and ornamented with three strings of glass beads and a paste-board crown, covered with blue cotton, which had been procured from the coast. The visitors, instead of the usual prostration, merely took off their hats, bowed, and presented their hands, which the king lifted up three times, calling out, "*Ako? ako?*" (How do you do?) His wives behind, drawn up in a dense body, which the travelers vainly attempted to number, raised loud cheers and smiled in the most gracious manner.

The sanguinary sacrifices and executions of Ashantee and Dahomey were mentioned here with disgust. "At the death of the king only a few of his principal ministers and favorite

wives take poison, presented to them in parrots' eggs, that they may accompany and serve him in the invisible world." The King of Yoruba's boast was that his wives, linked hand in hand, would reach entirely across the kingdom.

After passing through a number of smaller places they arrived at Kiama, capital of a district of the same name, and containing thirty thousand inhabitants. Clapperton was well received here, and the king soon visited him with the most singular train ever seen by a European. Six young girls, without any apparel except a fillet on the forehead and a string of beads round the waist, carrying each three light spears, ran by the side of his horse, keeping pace with it at full gallop. "Their light form, the vivacity of their eyes, and the ease with which they appeared to fly over the ground made them appear something more than mortal." On the king's entrance the young ladies laid down their spears, wrapped themselves in blue mantles, and attended on his majesty. On his taking leave they discarded their attire, he mounted his horse, "and away went the most extraordinary cavalcade I ever saw in my life," says Clapperton. Yarro, the king, was extremely accommodating, and no difficulty was found in proceeding onward to Wawa, a city containing eighteen thousand inhabitants, enriched by the constant passage of the Houssa caravans.

Clapperton next entered Nyffe, a country which had been always reported to him as one of the most industrious and flourishing in Africa, but he found it, as he had been forewarned by the King of Yoruba, a prey to desolating civil war.

Amid this desolation two towns, Koofu and Kufu, being walled and situated on the high road of the Houssa caravans, had protected themselves in some measure from the common calamity and were still flourishing seats of trade. Merchants halted for some time at Koofu as a rule, and those from Bornou seldom went farther. Moslem religion was the most prevalent, but it had not yet molded society into the usual gloomy monotony, nor had it succeeded in

secluding or subjecting the female sex, who, on the contrary, were the most active agents in every mercantile transaction. Our traveler knew twenty-one female brokers, living at the same time in one house, who went about continually from market to market. Many had amassed considerable wealth, and were persons of great consequence. The Koran does not seem to have much embarrassed the Koolfuans. Their only mode of studying it was to have the characters written with a black substance on a piece of board, then to wash them off and drink the water; and when asked by our traveler what spiritual benefit could be derived from the mere swallowing of dirty water, they indignantly retorted, "What! do you call the name of God dirty water?"

Clapperton passed next through Kotongkora and Guari, two states which, united in a league with Cubbi and Youri, had shaken off the yoke of the Fellatas. Guari, strongly situated among hills, could bring a thousand horse into the field. He then entered Zeg-zeg, a Fellata country, which, especially around Zaria, its capital, seems to be one of the very finest in all Africa. Zaria, like many other African cities, might be considered as a district of country surrounded with walls. When the captain entered he saw for some time only fields of grain, with the tops of houses rising behind them; still such was its extent that its population was said to exceed that of Kano, and to amount to at least fifty thousand. From Zaria, he soon reached his old quarters at Kano, but he unfortunately found that great city in a state of dreadful agitation. There was war on every side; hostilities had been declared between the King of Bornou and the Fellatas; the provinces of Zamfra and Goobur were in open insurrection; the Tuaricks threatened an inroad; in short, there was not a quarter to which the merchants dare send a caravan.

At the sultan's suggestion Clapperton went to Soccatoo, but there they found that peculiar jealousies had arisen among the African princes. They dreaded some ambitious design in these repeated expeditions sent by England, for

that men should undertake such long journeys out of mere curiosity they could never imagine. The sultan accordingly had received a letter from the court of Bornou, warning him that, by this very mode of sending embassies and presents which the English were now following toward the states of central Africa, they had made themselves masters of India, and trampled on all its native princes. The writer, therefore, gave it as his opinion that Clapperton should immediately be put to death. An alarm had, in fact, been spread throughout Soccatoo that the English were coming to invade Houssa.

The sultan demanded a sight of the letter which Clapperton was conveying to the King of Bornou, and when this was refused he seized it by violence. Lander was induced by false pretenses to bring the baggage from Kano to Soccatoo, when forcible possession was taken of six muskets. The captain loudly protested against these proceedings, declaring them to be the basest robbery and a breach of faith.

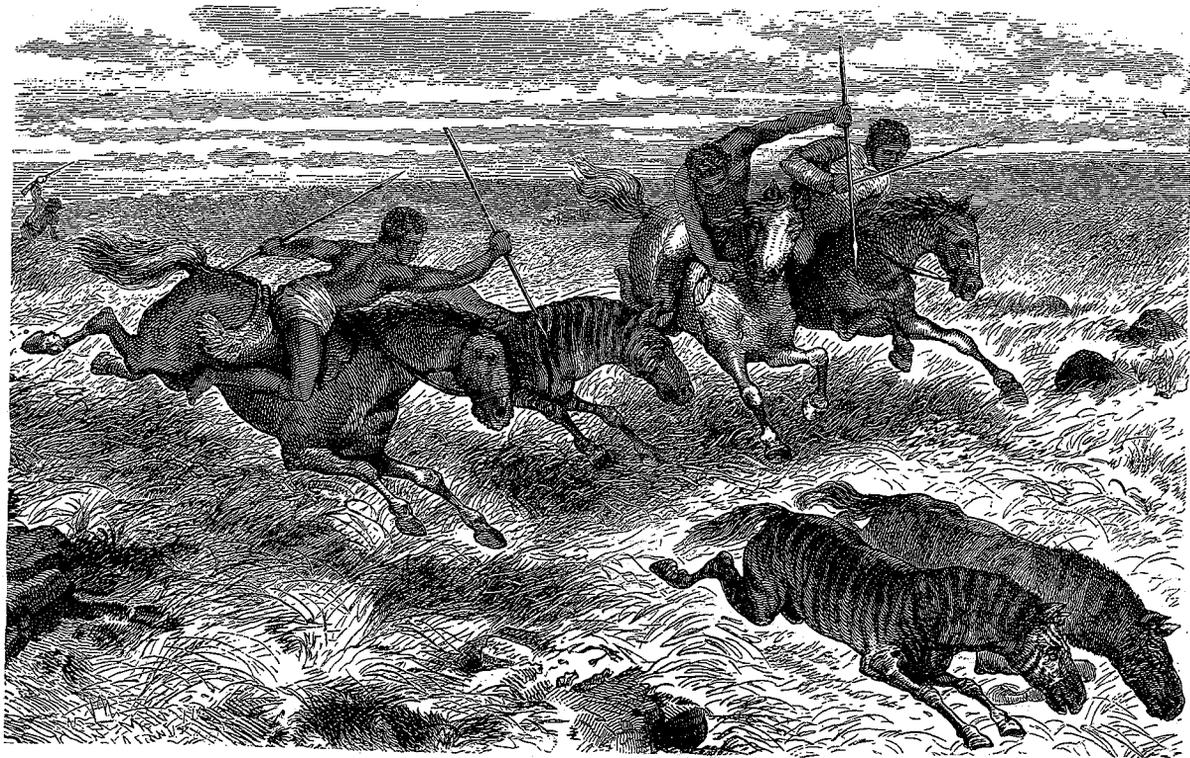
Clapperton had until this period been able to resist all the baneful influences of an African climate. He had when overcome with heat and fatigue, in hunting at Magaria, lain down on a damp spot in the open air, and was soon after seized with dysentery, which continued to assume more alarming symptoms. Indeed, after the seizure of the letter to the Sultan of Bornou he was never seen to smile, and in his sleep was heard addressing loud reproaches to the Arabs. Unable to rise from bed and deserted by all his African friends, who saw him no longer a favorite at court, he was watched with tender care by his faithful servant Lander. He survived some days, and appeared even to rally a little; but one morning Lander was alarmed by a peculiar rattling sound in his throat, and, hastening to the bedside, found him sitting up and staring wildly around; some indistinct words quivered on his lips; he strove, but ineffectually, to give them utterance, and expired without a struggle or a sigh. Lander, after vainly endeavoring to continue Clapperton's work, returned to England, where he arrived the 30th of April, 1828.

## CHAPTER XI

## In Campbell's Footsteps



HOMPSON, who in 1823 followed the footsteps of Campbell in southern Africa, found it in a state of great danger and alarm. Rumors poured in of an immense host of black warriors coming from the north and the east, who were said to be plundering and destroying everything before them. They had already sacked Kureechane; and, being repulsed from Melita, capital of the Wanketzens, were marching directly upon Old Lattakoo, whence, it was apprehended, they would advance to the modern city. It was added that they were cannibals, and were led by a giantess with one eye; but, amid all this exaggeration and falsehood, the reality of the danger was undoubted. The Bechuanas immediately summoned a peetso, or council, and formed the manly resolution of going out to meet the invader; but all who knew them were aware that they would fight only in ambuscade, and would take to flight as soon as the enemy should make a serious attack. The missionaries, in this extremity, made great exertions to save the nation. One of them hastened back to implore the aid of the Griquas, a people bordering on the English colony, and who had learned the use of fire-arms from the Europeans. Mr. Thompson and another went out to trace and report the progress of this formidable inroad. On reaching Old Lattakoo they found it silent and uninhabited, like the most desolate wilderness, while the pots boiling on the fires showed that its desertion was recent and that the enemy were probably at a very short distance. Notwithstanding, they continued to ride on, till, arriving at the top of the hill, their guide cried out, "The



The Baralongs Pursuing Zebras

Mantatees!" who were, in fact, seen moving in an immense mass along the valley beneath. It was necessary to put spurs to their horses in order to escape the hazard of being surrounded.

The arrival of Thompson at Lattakoo spread a general alarm; for so rapid was the Mantatee march that only a little time could elapse before they would reach the city. The queen, with her female attendants and the principal chiefs, rushed into the house to ask the advice of the missionaries in this fearful crisis. The general opinion was in favor of flight. Even the warriors, who had been poisoning their arrows and dancing the war dance whole nights without intermission, gave up all hopes of successful resistance, and were preparing to follow the long files of oxen on which the inhabitants were already placing their most valuable effects. Suddenly a cloud of dust was seen in the south, which on its nearer approach announced the first division of Griqua horse coming to their aid. The allies were received with great joy, many oxen were killed and roasted, and even at this critical moment the two parties gave themselves up to feasting and jollity. Their security increased when notice was received that the Mantatees still remained at Old Lattakoo, consuming the cattle and provisions which they had found in that place. Several of the missionaries then set out to endeavor to open negotiations. On coming within sight of the enemy they rode forward in a peaceful manner, inviting them by signs to a conference, when instantly that savage host raised a hideous yell and rushed forward so rapidly, throwing their spears and clubs, that the Christian plenipotentiaries found the utmost difficulty in galloping out of their reach.

On the following morning the allied forces offered battle to the vast army of the Mantatees. "Their aspect was truly frightful," Thompson records. "They were almost quite black, with only a girdle around their loins; their heads were crowned with plumes of ostrich feathers; they had numerous brass rings about their necks and legs, and were

armed with spears, javelins, battle-axes, and clubs. The whole force, which was supposed to amount to at least forty thousand, rushed forward in an extended line, endeavoring to inclose the little troop opposed to them. The Bechuanas gave way as soon as they were seriously attacked; the Griquas, on the contrary, kept up a close fire, which stunned the enemy, who still, however, continued to advance. The horsemen galloped back to some distance, then alighted and again alternately fired and retreated, repeating this maneuver for several miles. The Mantatees pressed on with the utmost fury, confident, if they could once come to close quarters, of annihilating in an instant the handful of troops opposed to them; but finding that all their efforts were vain, and seeing their bravest warriors falling rapidly, they paused and began slowly to retire. The Griquas pursued, but were several times exposed to extreme danger by the enemy turning suddenly round and renewing the combat. At length the Mantatees set fire to Lattakoo and retreated through the flames. The missionaries were now deeply shocked by the barbarous conduct of the Bechuanas, who, after their pusillanimous behavior in the field, began not only to plunder, but to butcher the wounded as well as the women and children left on the field."

The name Mantatee, which signifies wanderer, applies in no other respect to this desolating horde. They were a Kaffir tribe inhabiting the country near Cape Natal, along the lower course of the river Mapoota. They were impelled to this inroad in consequence of having been driven from their own possessions by the Zulus, who on that occasion were led to victory by King Chaka, who could arm a hundred thousand fighting men, and had fifteen thousand constantly ready for war. A small English settlement was formed on his maritime border, and was encouraged by that powerful chief with a view to commercial advantages; but of course much precaution was required in dealing with a potentate who commanded so many savage bows and spears.

The Mantatees after their defeat separated into several

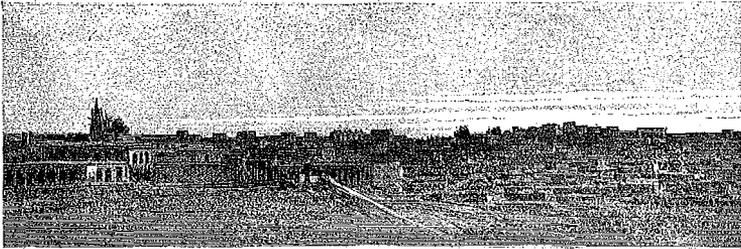
detachments, one of which settled among the Kureechanes, while another advanced against the Kaffirs, whom they defeated, and part of whose territory they afterward continued to occupy and plunder.

The British government were still indefatigable in their exertions to explore Africa. Major Laing, who distinguished himself in the Ashantee war, and in the short excursion already mentioned toward the source of the Niger, undertook to penetrate to Timbuctoo, which, from the first era of modern discovery, has been regarded as the most prominent city of central Africa. He succeeded, on the 18th of August, 1826, in reaching this city, where he remained for more than a month. Several letters were received from him dated there stating that it completely answered his expectations, and that he had found its records copious and interesting and had collected ample materials for correcting and improving the geography of that part of Africa. But his departure was hastened by the following circumstance: Labo, or Bello, Sultan of Masina, having obtained the supremacy over Timbuctoo, sent a letter to Osman, the governor, with instructions that the Christian, who he understood was expected there, should be forthwith expelled in such a manner as to leave him no hope of ever returning. Laing, thus obliged to accelerate his retreat, made an arrangement with Barbooshi, a Moorish merchant, to accompany and protect him in the route by Segou to the coast, which he had determined to follow. Three days after leaving Timbuctoo, when the caravan was in the heart of the desert, this wretch, instigated by the basest avarice, murdered in the nighttime the individual whom he had undertaken to guard, taking possession of all his effects.

Another journey was now announced, which, in the first instance, strongly excited the public expectation. The French savants proclaimed throughout Europe that M. Caillié, their countryman, animated by the hope of a prize offered by the Society of Geography, had journeyed across Africa from Sierra Leone to Morocco, having passed through

Jenne and Timbuctoo. There was a grave doubt, however, in the minds of many as to the genuineness of this expedition. But after a careful examination of circumstances we are inclined to believe the accuracy of the narrative. There seems good authority for admitting his departure from Sierra Leone, for his having announced the intention to undertake this journey, and, lastly, for his arrival at Rabat, in Morocco, in the condition of a distressed, wayworn traveler. His statement, too, with all its defects, bears an aspect of simplicity and good faith, and contains various minute details, including undesigned coincidences with facts ascertained from other quarters.

René Caillié sailed in 1816 from Rochefort for the Sene-



Timbuctoo from the North

gal. Some time after his arrival, having learned of the departure of Major Gray's expedition for the interior, he resolved to join it, but the fatigue of walking over loose sand under a burning sun overpowered him, and he was happy to obtain a water conveyance to Goree. He even left Africa, but returned in the end of 1818. Finding at Saint Louis a party setting out with supplies for Major Gray, he joined them, and arrived at Bondou, but only in time to witness and share the failure of that expedition.

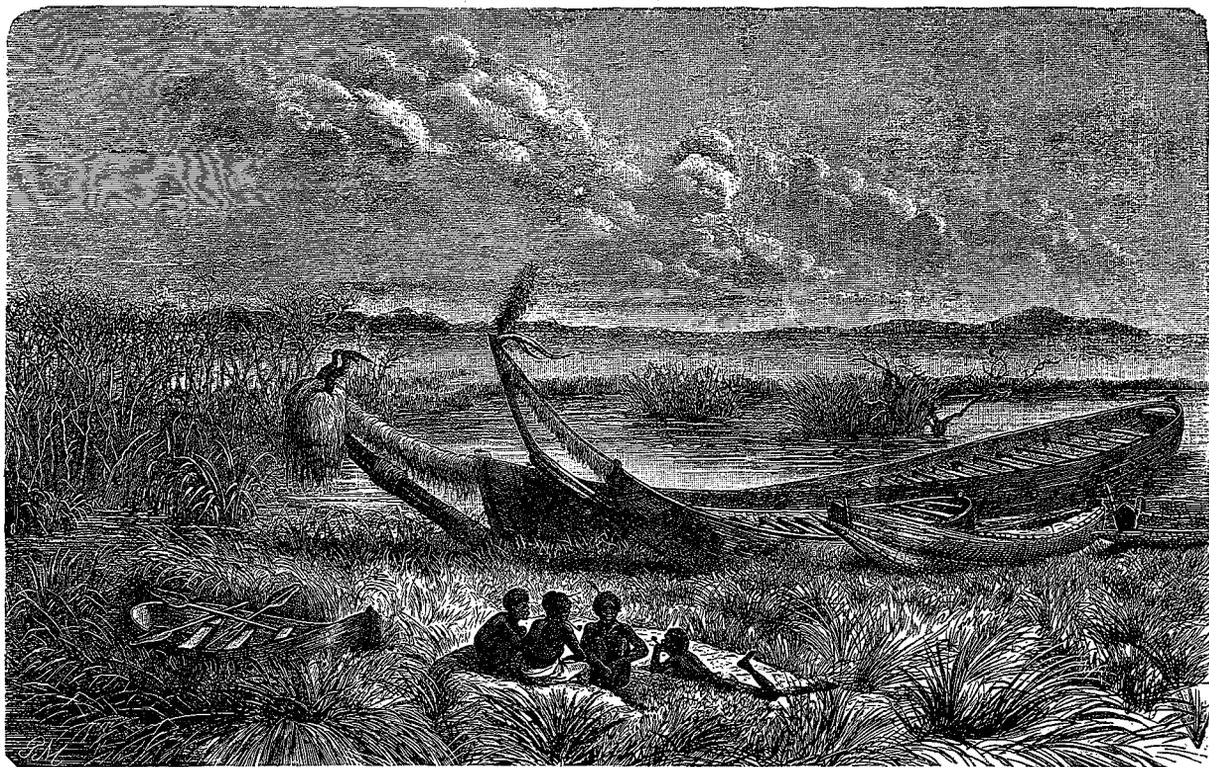
Caillié's health having suffered severely from the fatigues of this journey, he returned and spent some years in France, but in 1824 he repaired again to the Senegal and resumed his schemes of discovery. With the aid of M. Roger, the governor, he passed nearly a year among the tribe of Moors

called Braknas, and conceived himself to have acquired such a knowledge of the manners and religion of that race as would fit him for traveling in the character of a converted Mohammedan on a pilgrimage to Mecca. Having returned to Saint Louis, he solicited from two successive governors the sum of six thousand francs, with which he undertook to reach Timbuctoo; but a deaf ear was turned to his application. He then repaired to Sierra Leone, and made the same request of General Turner and Sir Neil Campbell; but these officers could not be expected, without authority from home, to bestow such a sum on a foreigner possessing no very striking qualifications. They received him kindly, however, and gave him appointments out of which he saved a considerable sum, when, stimulated by the prize of one thousand francs offered by the French Society of Geography to any individual who should succeed in reaching Timbuctoo, he formed the spirited resolution to undertake this arduous journey with only the resources which his slender means could command.

On the 19th of April, 1827, Caillié set out from Kakundy with a small caravan of Mandingoes, and after a journey teeming with interest and adventure arrived at Timbuctoo (or as he calls it Tembouctou) on the 20th of April, 1828; but, although he resided more than a fortnight there, his information regarding it is very defective. He left Timbuctoo on the 4th of May, and in six days arrived at Aroan, or Arouan, departing on the 19th of May, in company with a caravan of one hundred and twenty camels laden with the productions of Soudan, with the prospect of crossing a desert of ten days' journey in which there was scarcely a drop of water. During many succeeding marches water became very scarce, and he had much to suffer from the insults and neglect of his companions. They arrived at Fez, whence the adventurer found his way, though in a wretched plight, to Tangiers. He arrived there on the 18th of August, 1828, and M. Delaporte, the vice consul, received and forwarded him to France.

In 1817 a mission was sent by the British government to the King of Ashantee under Messrs. James, Bowdich, and Hutchinson, in order to adjust some trifling dissensions. Arriving at Coomassie on the 19th of May, they were surprised at the splendid city, which they state was over four miles in circumference. After some difficulties the business was amicably arranged.

Later the British government of Cape Coast Castle unfortunately undertook to support the Fantees in an attempt to throw off the Ashantee yoke. They were thus involved in hostilities with the latter people, whose sovereign, in January, 1824, entered Fantee with a force of fifteen thousand men. Sir Charles McCarthy, newly appointed governor, being ill informed as to the strength of the army, marched out to meet him with a force of scarcely a thousand British, supported by a crowd of cowardly and undisciplined auxiliaries. The two armies met near the boundary stream of the Bossompra, where the English, after being deserted by their native allies in whose cause they had taken the field, maintained the contest for some time with characteristic valor, till it was discovered that through the negligence of the ordnance keeper the supply of powder was entirely exhausted. Thus deprived of the use of firearms they were surrounded by the immensely superior numbers of a warlike and desperate enemy, and after a fearful contest, the particulars of which never fully transpired, the whole army either perished on the field or underwent the more cruel fate of captivity in the hands of this merciless foe. Only three officers, all of whom were wounded, brought the dreadful tale to Cape Coast Castle.



Wa-ganda Boatmen of the Victoria Nyanza

# The Dawn of Day in Africa

## CHAPTER XII

### Livingstone's Discoveries



UNDER the impulse of a divine purpose David Livingstone went forth in 1840 to unravel the problems of darkest Africa. He had no soldiers to accompany him and carried no weapons for aggression or defense. A firm belief that he was doing the Lord's work, and "good principles, good manners, and good conduct," were the only armor he wore, and he performed his task of years of labor and privation nobly and well.

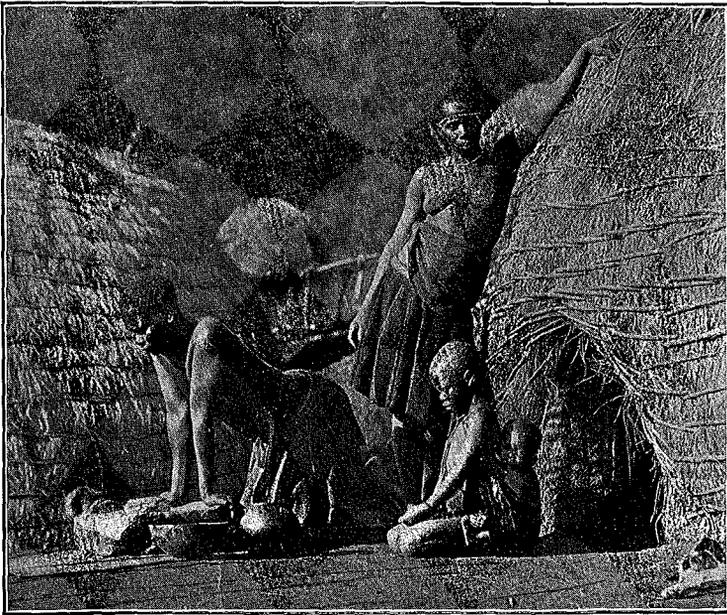
The whole civilized world to-day is familiar with the labors of this great man through the Dark Continent; I will, therefore, only present a brief survey of his travels and their subsequent effect upon the development of Africa.

On the 31st of July, 1841, Livingstone arrived at Kuruman, the mission station which had been established by Hamilton and Moffat thirty years before. His idea of true missionary work was that of moral and religious pioneering, and the education and training of native missionaries to develop and carry on the work in each district until he had covered the whole of the unknown land. After two years of traveling and preaching among various tribes he selected the valley of Maboloso, two hundred miles northeast of Kuruman, as the location of his first mission station. It was shortly after his settlement here that he had his left arm

crushed by a lion. Livingstone married Mary, a daughter of Moffat, the missionary, and in 1844 established her in a house which he had partly erected with his own hands. In 1846 he removed forty miles farther north, and again in 1847 removed to Kolabeng, followed by the Bakwain tribe of natives and their chief Sechele. In that year, accompanied by two Englishmen, he crossed the Kalahari Desert and reached Lake Ngami August 1, 1849. In April, 1850, he attempted to reach a great chief, Sebetuane, who lived two hundred miles beyond the lake. He was accompanied by his wife and children on this journey, but the latter were seized with fever, and he got no farther than the lake. In April, 1851, he concluded to settle among the Makololo for a time, and with his wife and Mr. Oswell arrived at the Chobe, a southern tributary of the Zambesi, and in June of that year discovered the Zambesi itself. The party left Chobe on August 13, and arrived at Cape Town in April, 1852.

On June 8, 1852, Livingstone left Cape Town for Linyanti, the capital of the Makololo. He arrived there May 23, 1853, and was well received by Sebetuane and his people. He ascended the Zambesi in search of high land on which to establish a station, but could find no place free from the tsetse insect, which is very annoying and destructive; he therefore determined to find a route into the interior. He left Linyanti November 11, 1853, and ascended the Leeba, reaching Lake Dilolo February 20, 1854. He crossed the Coanza on April 4, and reached the town of Loanda May 31. From Loanda he sent his astronomical observations to the Cape, and an account of his journey to the Royal Geographical Society of London, by which society he was awarded its highest honor (gold medal) in May, 1855. Leaving Loanda September 20, 1854, Livingstone visited various Portuguese settlements, but, making a detour to the north, reached Lake Dilolo June 13, 1855. Here he studied the wonderful river system, and for the first time comprehended its plan and the true form of the continent. He returned to Linyanti in the beginning of September.

He left Linyanti November 8, 1855, and two weeks afterward discovered the celebrated Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, which he decided were due to an immense fissure running right across the bed of the river. He reached Tette on March 2, 1856, and after recuperating for six weeks proceeded to Kilimane, arriving there May 20, thus having in two and a half years completed an African journey un-



Home Life of the Makololo

paralleled for its scientific results. On December 12 he reached England after an absence of sixteen years.

His story is told with characteristic precision and style in his *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa* (1857). In 1857 he severed his connection with the London Missionary Society, and in February, 1858, accepted an appointment as "her majesty's consul at Kilimane for the East Coast and the independent districts in the interior, and

as commander of an expedition for exploring eastern and central Africa." This was known as the Zambesi Expedition, and sailed from Liverpool March 10, 1858, reaching the mouth of the Zambesi May 14. The party reached Tette on the Zambesi in a steam launch September 8, and passed the remainder of the year in surveying Tette and the Kebrabasa rapids.

The year 1859 was chiefly spent in exploring the river Shiré and Lake Nyassa, and in 1860 much of Livingstone's time was occupied in returning the Makalolo natives to their homes. The river Rovuma was next explored by Livingstone in his new vessel, the *Pioneer*, for about thirty miles, and the missionaries, Bishop Mackenzie, and a party sent out by the Universities Mission, proceeded up the Shiré to Chimbari's, where they found the slave trade in full blast and the whole district desolated by its cruel ravages. On July 15 Livingstone started on a tour of the country with the bishop, accompanied by native carriers. They met several bands of slaves whom they were successful in having set free. After he had aided the missionary party in settling in the highlands of Magomoro Livingstone turned his attention again to Lake Nyassa and spent from August to November in its further exploration. At the mouth of the Zambesi, on January 30, 1862, he again met his wife and the ladies of the mission. In April of the same year the greatest misfortune which had happened to him up to this time occurred in the sudden illness and death of his wife.

Livingstone had had a river steamer built at his own expense. This was the *Lady Nyassa*, and had been sent out in sections. He had this vessel conveyed to the Rovuma, up which river he managed to steam one hundred and fifty-six miles, rocks preventing farther progress. He returned to the Zambesi in January, 1863, and was much troubled when he learned that the slave traffic was causing greater misery and desolation than ever. He concluded that the Portuguese officials were responsible for it, and was not slow in making his convictions known.

Once again he returned to Lake Nyassa and sailed some distance up the western shore and then northward as far as the watershed that separates the Loangwa from the rivers that run into the lake. At this juncture an order was received from the British government recalling the expedition by the end of the year. At the end of April, 1864, Livingstone reached Zanzibar in his steamer, and on the 30th he started out with nine natives and four Europeans for Bombay, and on the 23d of July he arrived in England.

Although the results of the various expeditions to Africa had not at this time impressed the British government with the importance of further and immediate explorations of the interior, the doctor was again appointed as her majesty's consul in central Africa, but without a salary, and the government only contributed the meager sum of \$2,500 toward the expenses of the expedition, the principal funds being subscribed by private friends. However, later on the government granted him a further sum of \$5,000, and the Geographical Society contributed \$2,500 to enable him to continue his work of discovery. The principal objects of this expedition were the investigation of the watershed in the region between Nyassa and Tanganyika and the suppression of the slave traffic by civilizing influences. Livingstone at first thought that the problem of the Nile had been almost solved by Speke, Baker, and Burton; but later he conceived an idea that the Nile sources were farther south, and his failure in his last journey of discovery is well known.

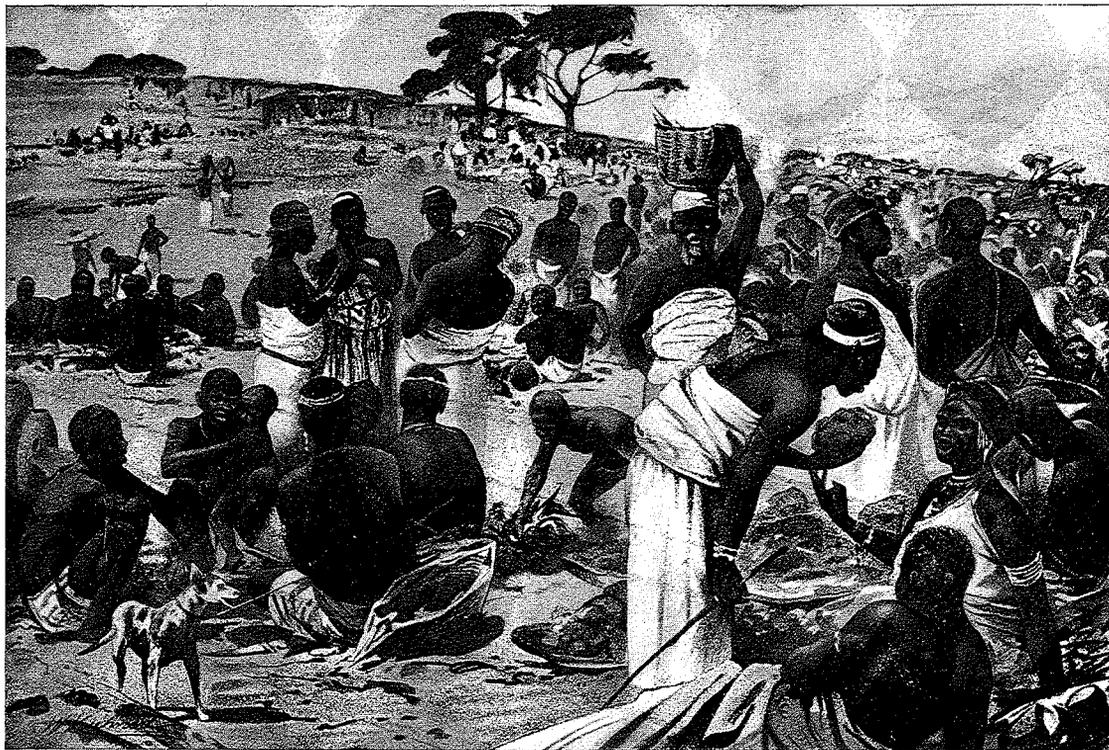
Leaving England, Livingstone again traveled by way of Bombay, and arrived at Zanzibar January 28, 1866. He reached Rovuma March 22, and started for the interior April 4, accompanied by thirteen sepoy, ten Johanna men, nine African boys from Bombay, and four boys from the Shiré region, besides camels, buffaloes, mules, and donkeys. One by one these attendants died until he was left with only four or five.

After rounding the south end of Lake Nyassa he went in a northwesterly direction for the south end of Lake Tanganyika, over much country which had not yet been explored.

On December 15 he crossed the Loangwa, but on Christmas Day, alas! a great misfortune befell him, for the only four goats he had left were lost, and in January his troubles seemed to reach their culminating point when his medicine chest was stolen. This was at a time when he was stricken with fever, dysentery, and ulcers.

On the 28th of January the Chambeze was crossed, and the south end of Tanganyika was reached March 31. After visiting Lake Mofwa and the Lualaba, which he firmly believed was the upper part of the Nile, he discovered Lake Bangweolo. This was July 15. Then, proceeding up the west coast of Tanganyika, he reached Ujiji on March 14, 1869. He was sorely in need of supplies now, and, to make matters worse, some which had been forwarded to him had been purloined *en route*. But, notwithstanding all his misfortunes, he recrossed Tanganyika in July and tried vainly for a year to reach and cross the Lualaba through the country of the Munyuema. Severe sickness, treacherous natives, and cunning slave hunters frustrated all his efforts. On the 29th of March, 1871, however, he managed to reach the Lualaba at the town of Nyangwe, where he remained four months vainly endeavoring to procure a canoe to take him across. Here it was that Livingstone relates that he thought he "was in hell," when a semisavage band of Arab thieves of human flesh and blood—the name of slave raiders is too dignified for such degenerate scoundrels—rushed into the public market place without a moment's warning and commenced to shoot down the poor women, hundreds being killed or drowned while trying to escape. "I felt inclined to shoot the rascals down," says the doctor, "but I was powerless and could only look on and view the horrible work with my own eyes." The vivid description of this occurrence which he sent to England at the time aroused the indignation of the public to such a degree that very determined efforts were made to induce the Sultan of Zanzibar to suppress the slave trade.

Ill in body and wearied in mind Livingstone made



Market Scene at Nyangwe, Munyuema Country

his way back to Ujiji, arriving there October 13. Five days after his arrival he was found by one whom destiny seems to have chosen for the work of Africa's redemption—Henry Morton Stanley. The doctor records that he was completely restored by the timely arrival of Mr. Stanley—the richly laden almoner of Mr. James Gordon Bennett. Stanley explored with Livingstone the north end of Tanganyika and proved conclusively that the Lusize runs into and not out of it. They started for Unyanyembe at the end of the year. There Stanley supplied Livingstone with many articles of necessity and comfort, and bid him adieu on the 15th of March, 1872. Five months afterward Livingstone was provided by Stanley with a troop of fifty-seven picked men and boys, and on August 15 he started out for Lake Bangweolo, proceeding along the east side of Tanganyika. In January, 1873, the party got into the almost interminable jungle on the east of Lake Bangweolo, Livingstone's object being to go south and then west to find the "fountains." The courageous doctor was already suffering from his old enemy, dysentery, and the constant wading in water under a never-ceasing downpour of rain made matters worse. At last, in the middle of April, he could go no farther, and very reluctantly submitted to be carried on a litter. And thus it was that he reached Chitambo's village on the Lulimala, in Ilala, on the 29th of April.

The last entry in Livingstone's journal is: "April 27. Knocked up quite and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo." On April 30 he wound up his watch with considerable difficulty, and early on the morning of May 1 the "Great Master," as the men called him, was found kneeling by his bedside—dead. His faithful bearers preserved the worn-out body as well as they could, and, after wrapping it up carefully, carried it, with all his papers, notebooks, instruments, and other effects across Africa to Zanzibar. On April 18, 1874, the remains of this truly great and good man were laid to rest in West-

minster Abbey. *The Last Journals of David Livingstone in Central Africa* contain one of the most remarkable records of an explorer's experiences ever published. His old friend, Horace Waller, edited this work faithfully and well, and adorned it with a fitting tribute to the doctor's memory. "How often," he says, "shall we see in the pages of this concluding chapter of his life that unwavering determination which was preeminently the great characteristic of David Livingstone! Naturally endowed with unusual powers of endurance, able to concentrate faculties of no ordinary kind upon whatever he took in hand, and with a dread of exaggeration which at times almost militated against the importance of some of his greatest discoveries, it may be doubted if ever geographer went forth strengthened with so much true power. Let us add to these words a sincere trust that slavery, the 'great open sore of the world,' as he called it, might, under God's good guidance, receive healing at his hands, and a fervent hope that others would follow him after he had removed those difficulties which are comprised in a profound ignorance of the physical features of a new country, and we have the marching orders of him who left us in August, 1865."

David Livingstone unconsciously gave life to a silent, unseen force of destiny, which has within about a dozen years divided the major part of Africa among the leading powers of Europe.

It is in the region of the great river Shiré and the lakes that the change has been most complete, and this is emphatically Livingstone's domain. Since this man with a divine purpose passed away the progress made in this territory almost surpasses comprehension. Exploration, geography, commerce, missionary enterprise, and the suppression of the slave trade have all advanced to a stage of progress not thought of before.

"Livingstone was like Samson," says the Rev. W. G. Blaikie. "He did more by his death than by all the efforts of his life. That picture of the weary, worn-out man found

dead in the attitude of prayer in the rude hut beside Chitambo's village thrilled the civilized world and roused its noblest energies."

Undoubtedly the geographical problems of central Africa had great attraction for Livingstone, but who can say that he was not a true missionary, believing that the Bible held the key to the redemption of Africa and its people? His efforts in familiarizing himself with the hideousness of the slave trade or the source of the Nile were all with the ultimate purpose of benefiting the people he loved and pitied.

Sailing up the river Shiré in September, 1858, Livingstone found Lake Nyassa, and subsequent observations convinced him that the valley of the Shiré and Lake Nyassa were the key to central Africa. To-day the world acknowledges that his convictions were correct. He viewed in imagination the accomplishment of the object of the Zambesi expedition, the valley covered with mission stations and trading settlements, and the end of the horrible traffic in human flesh. But alas for the good man's dream! at the time of his death, fifteen years afterward, the outlook was even blacker than before. The one missionary in the district under Bishop Tozer left the continent for the island of Zanzibar, and the slave trade was carried on to even a greater extent and with more cruelty than ever. The slave traders were the ones who had really been enriched by his discoveries. But who can measure the workings of that wonderful machinery which Livingstone set in motion during the past thirty-three years? His beautiful dream is nearer realization than ever. The Dark Continent is dark no longer. The problem of its water ways has been solved, and its luxuriant valleys and hills explored; the natives are being rapidly Christianized, and the slave trade has become illegal and narrowed down to a point where it will soon be wiped out altogether and the terrible sore shall have been healed forever!

During Livingstone's sojourn in Africa several brave

travelers were exploring other parts of the continent. James Richardson, who was commissioned by the British government in 1849 to command an expedition from Tripoli to the central part of Africa, accompanied by Drs. Barth and Overweg, succeeded in penetrating to Mourzouk, and after crossing the Sahara and visiting the hilly oasis of Azben, reached the Soudan midway between Lake Tchad and the Niger in 1851. But both Richardson and Overweg succumbed to the climate and died ere the journey was completed. Dr. Barth, however, persevered, and was the first traveler to give a correct description of the western Soudan. In 1854 this intrepid traveler explored the Niger and visited Timbuctoo. Dr. Vogel was sent out by the government to assist him, and in a year afterward they had fixed the altitude of Lake Tchad and the latitude of Kouka. Their operations embraced more than twenty-five degrees of latitude and as much of longitude. Many French travelers did much to solve various geographical problems in northwestern Africa from 1862, and Monstier and Zweifel in 1880 discovered the source of the Niger. Dr. Gustav Nachtigal investigated the central division of the continent from 1869 to 1874, and Dr. Schweinfurth's travels in 1868-71 in unexplored regions have enriched our store of knowledge regarding this land. In 1874-75 Lieutenant Cameron surveyed the lower half of Lake Tanganyika and walked across tropical Africa from east to west. In 1877-79 Serpa Pinto crossed Africa from Benguela to Durban in Natal. In 1880 Mr. Joseph Thomson explored the south, between Nyassa and Tanganyika, and in 1884 he made his memorable journey from Mombasa by Kilima-Njaro and Kenia across Masai Land to the Victoria Nyanza. In 1884, Sir Harry Johnston camped on Kilima-Njaro and ascended the main peak to a height of sixteen thousand two hundred feet. In 1885, when Dr. G. A. Fisher attempted to relieve Emin Pasha, he succeeded in reaching Lake Baringo in the north. In the same year Grenfell discovered the Mobanghi, the great northern tributary of the Congo, and sailed up it

to within two hundred miles of the point reached by Dr. Junker, afterward proceeding westward down the Welle Makua.

In 1887, while Stanley's expedition was on its journey of rescue, Emin Pasha reported successful explorations of the Albert Nyanza. Pogge, Wissman, and Ludwig Wolf explored the middle Congo district from 1881 to 1886, and made it evident that the Kwango, Kassai, Sankuru, and Lake Leopold belong to one magnificent hydrographic system flowing through the Kwa to the Congo at Kwa Mouth. The Ogowe water courses, first discovered by Du Chaillu in 1850, were ascended by Nallen to Sope. These, in 1873, were surveyed by Campagne du Niarche to Ivindo. Dr. Oscar Lenz visited this district in 1874, and afterward transferred his operations there, crossing from Morocco to Timbuctoo in 1880, upon which journey he made a technical survey of the route across the western Sahara. Lenz afterward ascended the Congo to Nyangwe and crossed the continent from the mouth of that river to the Zambesi.

The record of explorations in South Central Africa would be incomplete if I did not mention the important work accomplished by my friend, Dr. Emil Holub, the eminent scientist and beloved physician. In token of his notable services to the cause of science and Christian civilization he has been honored with a larger number of distinguished decorations than any other man in Europe. His contributions to the royal societies and museums of Europe and America, the collections principally of his second expedition, comprising over forty thousand specimens in zoology and ornithology and a vast number in geology and botany, occupied one hundred and fifty thousand square feet of the Crystal Palace in Vienna, and required an entire railway train for their transportation.

For his first expedition, in 1872, Dr. Holub provided for the entire expense by the practice of his profession in the Kimberley diamond fields. He made extensive studies of fourteen different tribes, among them the Bushmen, the

original inhabitants, now extinct. From the discovery of engravings remaining on rocks and the paintings in caves, they were of superior intelligence, with some knowledge of the arts. These tell the story of four distinct ages. The first era is indicated by carvings of crude outlines; the second is characterized by more skill in the execution of details, while in the third the carvings have been so perfect that it may be justly called the art age. The diversities of



Dr. Emil Holub

twenty different species of antelope are so clearly represented in stone as to be easily recognizable, while the anatomical peculiarities of various races are faithfully delineated. The fact that the fourth age developed a retrograde movement in artistic representations is accounted for by the invasion of the Zulus and the subjugation of the Bushmen. The indications are that this carving, on rock so hard that great diffi-

culty is experienced in detaching specimens, was done with stone implements. In order to discover if there remained any trace of artistic skill in the descendants of these Bushmen, the Hottentots, Dr. Holub placed clay in their hands and the best steel tools; but the result resembled the rude work of children at play.

Returning to the diamond fields, Dr. Holub accumulated larger resources as the reward of his medical skill, and made

his second expedition northward, and after many hardships and valuable geographical, anthropological, geological, zoological, and botanical discoveries, went to Europe in 1879 to prepare for still more extensive explorations. The third expedition was under the patronage of the Emperor of Austria-Hungary, and its hardships and dangers were shared by the explorer's young bride, to whose bravery and devotion, skill and womanly wit, he several times owed his own life and the very existence of the expedition. The journey northward in 1884 involved all the difficulties of cattle transportation as far as Shoshong, in the Ba-Mangwato country, and beyond for about five hundred miles of country traversed by no river, and whose lakes were only salt ponds. This brought them to the Zambesi River, beyond which all transportation had to be done by carriers. After journeying through the Barotse country Dr. Holub's party crossed over into the midst of the barbarous Mashukulumbe—a daring venture in the interest of science, from which King Khama had tried in vain to dissuade him.



Mrs. Dr. Emil Holub

These he found to be a peculiar people in their customs of peace and war. Among the latter is the practice of killing all the women of their enemies, in order to exterminate them by lapse of time. All the married women among them have their hair closely shaved, while the men wear theirs in chignons of varying sizes, those of some of the young men measuring three feet in length, extending in a spiral form straight up from the head, or at a slight angle backward.

The Mashukulumbe chiefs accused the travelers of being spies from King Lewanika, and the entire party were con-

demned to death. Their escape involved thrilling adventures and untold hardships extending over a period of five months, their preservation often being due to the heroism of Mrs. Holub. Worn out at last on the terrible journey to the Zambesi, she said to her husband: "I can no longer be a help to you, and if you tarry for me all will be lost. Leave me here, and with my rifle and the few cartridges I have left I will do what I can for myself." Dr. Holub tore up his jacket to make bandages for her lacerated feet, and they pushed on, arriving at King Khama's town February 11, 1887. Their reappearance, after the cable had announced his death to the world, created quite a sensation.

Four large volumes contain the history and results of his work; he has devoted another large volume to ornithology; his reports and papers are numerous, and his labors and world-wide reputation as a lecturer still continue.



Cattle Transportation

## CHAPTER XIII

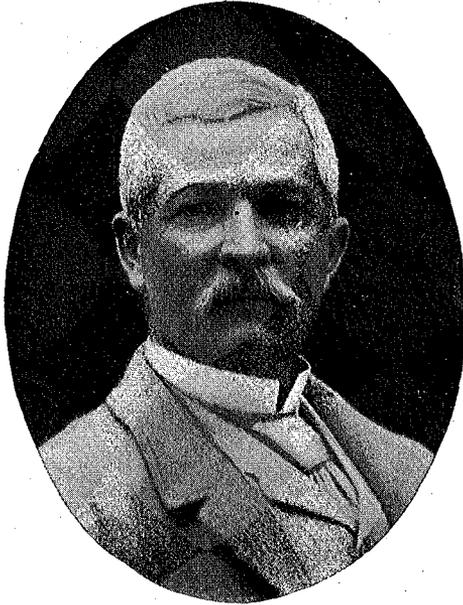
## Stanley's Discoveries



RECOGNIZING the importance of all minor expeditions to the various parts of Africa, we emphatically agree with Sir Harry Johnston when he says, "The real history of British Central Africa begins with the advent of Livingstone." It was only after his death that the grandeur of his discoveries in Africa was recognized. No sooner had he been laid to rest in Westminster Abbey than a universal enthusiasm sprang up for the continuation of his work, missionary work as well as that of exploration. Burton and Cameron attempted to complete his map of Lake Tanganyika, and the Scotch missionaries continued his mission labors in Nyassaland. The Livingstone Free Church Mission was founded in 1874, and in 1875 sent out its first party of missionaries with a small steamer in sections to enable them to journey over Lake Nyassa. In 1876 they were joined by the Church of Scotland Mission. The great work of exploration, however, which Livingstone had left unfinished was destined for Henry Morton Stanley. He was the man of the hour. The *London Daily Telegraph* fitted out an important expedition in accordance with Mr. Stanley's wishes, and in 1874 he set forth to continue the explorations from N'hangwe to the Atlantic Ocean.

The record of the travels and discoveries of Henry M. Stanley from 1871 to 1891 is one of the most interesting and instructive narrations of travel and adventure ever penned. But it is, in fact, more than that. It is the un-

raveling of a tangled web, the solution of a more important problem than the discovery of the North Pole. He has given a continent to the civilized world and made kings and princes his debtors; but more than all, he has opened up the only practical way for the redemption of the hitherto lost races of the great dark land. Stanley understood the grand old pioneer, he knew his desires, and the mantle of Livingstone



Henry M. Stanley, M.P.

fell upon his shoulders by the law of a divine fitness of things. The ambition of Stanley's life from the moment he heard of Livingstone's death was to become his successor in the grand work of Africa's development, and the whole world knows how bravely he toiled and the grandeur of his achievements. Stanley was eminently fitted for the work by his long experience as an impor-

tant newspaper correspondent. His first assignment was with the campaign against the Sioux Indians, accompanying General Sherman; and when Lord Napier marched against King Theodore of Abyssinia Mr. Stanley was the representative of the *New York Herald* with the British army. The crowning order of his journalistic career, however, was that which he received from James Gordon Bennett, to "go and find Livingstone."

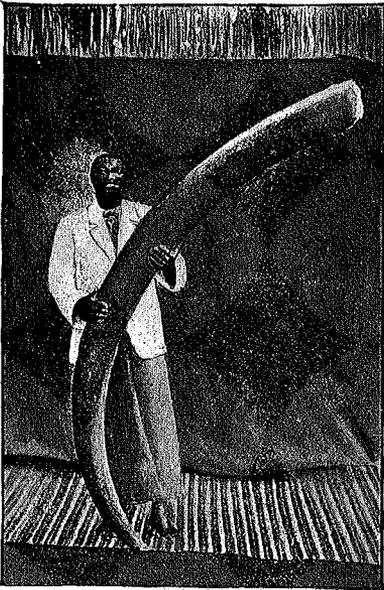
Mr. Stanley has unquestionably rare natural gifts, not the

least of which is his great faculty of self-possession. He comes from a race which is remarkable for virtue and self-possession—the Welsh—and he still speaks his mother tongue, although with difficulty, and is ever proud to acknowledge the land of his forefathers.

When he speaks he is wonderfully self-composed, and his words come slowly as a rule, with only occasional bursts of fiery eloquence, but you receive the impression of careful thought and deliberation. None can read the record of his life without being convinced that he always has his wits about him. On one occasion, when he desired to secure the possession of the wires for a dispatch he was sending to his paper during the Abyssinian war, he blocked the way of the other correspondents by sending a whole chapter of the Bible. Another notable example of this great quality was the occasion when he sacrificed a copy of "Chandos," Shakespeare, which he greatly treasured, in order to save his notebook. Several hundred hostile natives had gathered around him and threatened his life. They misunderstood his motive for sketching in his notebook, and declared that it was his method of bewitching them, and that if he did not at once burn the book they would take his life. Stanley realized that it was impossible to reason with them, and that his life was in jeopardy, yet he could not dream of sacrificing his notebook. He opened his desk and saw his beloved Shakespeare, similar in size and color of binding to the guilty notebook. He took it up and said, "Is this the book?" and they cried out, "Yes; that is the book." "Then you will be contented if I burn it?" They expressed their willingness, and Stanley saved his life by throwing his Shakespeare into the fire, and the savages departed with gratitude.

Mr. Stanley has a supreme quality of instant decision, sharpened by facing death in almost every form. He is capable of calculating consequences instantly in moments of danger, and never shrank from any sacrifice, however disagreeable, when necessary to reach the goal before him. Mr. Kinglake once heard him speak before an audience in

Madame Novikoff's salon, and was emphatic in his declaration that if he were to enter the House of Commons he would speedily be recognized as one of the first debaters of his time. This prophecy has been amply verified. He has practiced oratory under fire, and his addresses to his followers, adjuring them to be done with indecision and obey orders, read like the burning crystals of classic heroes. His famous letter to Emin Pasha is a grand example of



Prime Minister of Uganda

this, and Emin, mentally great as he was, felt the power of it. Both in fighting and speaking he bears the classic mold.

Stanley introduced a new method of African travel from the start. The value of his methods were speedily recognized, and he was at once sustained by such power as was necessary to begin the emancipation of the dark land. "Go and find Livingstone," were the magic words which sent Stanley to Zanzibar in 1871, made the whole civilized world a debtor to Mr. Bennett,

and struck the keynote of the grand song of salvation of Africa's millions, and the song will increase in sweetness and beauty until the world shall be no more and the solution of the mighty problem will be plain.

Stanley found Livingstone, and the soul of a new hero awoke to the greatness of the work, and his divine guide gave him the desire, the strength, the courage, and the help of princely treasure. The masterly way in which he accomplished the task proved his fitness from the very first.

Arrived at Zanzibar he quickly organized a caravan and started for Lake Tanganyika, and in ten months he reached his destination, after a journey of thrilling interest, and delivered the substantial aid which Livingstone so much needed. For four months these two heroes rested or explored together, and Stanley returned home bringing with him Livingstone's notes and records of new discoveries, the most notable of which was that the River Rusizi flowed into the north end of Lake Tanganyika. Although Livingstone's travels embraced a period of thirty years, and immeasurably enriched geography's domain, still much was yet undiscovered. The relation of the great lakes to the Nile and all that vast region was still a blank in the world's knowledge of Africa.

I would not for a moment rob any explorer of the full credit of his discoveries; but Baker, Speke, and Grant had failed to establish the great discoveries they had claimed. The existence of a lake immediately under the equator, two hundred and fifty miles long and seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, was doubted by many, as was also the statement that its northern outlet was the Nile. It was in 1873 that the Geographical Society of London resolved to solve this and other African problems finally by sending out Cameron to continue Livingstone's work. He commenced his journey at Zanzibar, accompanied by three other Europeans. Proceeding westward he finally reached Tabora or Kazeh, where he heard of Livingstone's death. He obtained Livingstone's papers and sent them home, after which he made a survey of the south half of Lake Tanganyika and proved that Lake Liemba, of Livingstone's record, was none other than Lake Tanganyika. He also concluded that this lake, as well as the Lualaba, belonged to the Congo. Cameron failed at the point where Stanley succeeded. Various difficulties, lack of boats, and hostility of natives preventing his verification of what he believed.

The maps and scientific observations of Cameron have been of considerable value in geographical research, and he

undoubtedly deserves great credit for his work. Stanley, however, was better provided, and his wonderful determination enabled him to overcome all difficulties. He also was sent out to continue Livingstone's explorations in 1874 by the *New York Herald* and the *London Telegraph*. He organized his expedition at Zanzibar and started out in November, 1874. His own words describe the order of march better than another could: "Four chiefs, a few hundred yards in front; next, twelve guides, clad in red robes of jobo, bearing coils of wire; then a long file, two hundred

and seventy strong, bearing cloth, wire, beads, and sections of *Lady Alice*; after them thirty-six women and ten boys, children of the chiefs, and boat-bearers; the long line closed by sixteen chiefs, who act as rear guard; in all, three hundred and fifty-six souls connected with the Anglo-American expedition. The lengthy line occupies nearly half a



The Heart of Livingstone

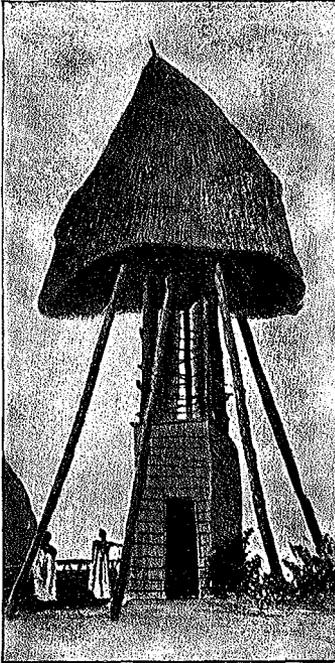
mile of the path." He took with him his boat, which he had named the *Lady Alice*, with which to explore the Victoria Nyanza and other lakes or streams. Along with him were three English assistants, Francis and Edward Pocock, and a clerk named Frederick Barker. None of these, however, survived the hardships and dangers of the expedition. Stanley's real difficulties commenced near Unyanyembe, a halfway station between Zanzibar and the lakes of interior Africa, where slave stealers and other land robbers and murderers who infest this part of the continent make their so-called homes. He turned in a northwesterly direction before reaching Unyanyembe proper, and in about the fifth degree south

latitude came upon the watershed which separates the waters flowing northward from those running southward in a plain five thousand feet above the sea level and two thousand five hundred miles in a straight line from the Mediterranean, which seemed to have promise of being the southerly limit of the Nile basin. The party for days had suffered from want of food, and to add to their difficulties they lost their way. Mirambo, chief of a tribe inhabiting the neighborhood, was hostile, but it remained for another tribe, the Ituri, to commence an attack. Only the courage and indifference to danger which Stanley at all times possessed could have come out victorious over a horde of savages such as these were. The battle lasted three days, but he succeeded in routing the enemy completely, with only a loss of twenty-four men killed and one wounded.

At this time there were twenty-four men on the sick list. Edward Pockock succumbed, and Stanley was left with only two Englishmen and the native followers. But he was invincible, and marched on into the valley of the Shimesya through dense forests until they emerged into beautiful plains and rich pasture lands interspersed with villages. Provisions were readily obtained, and soon the men recovered their strength and courage and forged their way onward to the great Victoria Nyanza. This they sighted February 27, 1875, from Kagehyi. He completely circumnavigated the Victoria Nyanza, proceeding southward, discovered the Muta Nzige, now known as the Albert Edward Nyanza, finally reached Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika and followed Cameron's route on the Lualaba in the *Lady Alice*, and after many hairbreadth escapes and innumerable trials descended to the Atlantic Ocean.

In 1879 Stanley was sent out to the Congo Free State by the International Association, at whose head was the king of the Belgians. His wonderful work on the Congo is too well known to be detailed by me. There he commanded an army of seventy-five Europeans and two thousand natives. He controlled seventeen stations and patrolled the

river and its affluents with a flotilla of twelve steamers. After his return he acted as special correspondent in the historic Ashantee campaign, and then bravely went forth again across the African continent on that memorable journey which resulted in the conversion of King M'tesa of Uganda and the opening up of the Congo. Great ends



An East African Tower

were achieved by sacrifice and unutterable suffering, even by those who survived. Stanley, I firmly believe, was under divine protection. He returned home and wrote another famous book detailing the most thrilling record of travel ever penned, and then again went back to extend his work in the Congo Free State. A confederacy of four hundred chiefs made a treaty with him to promote trade and hold the Congo open. He established thirty stations, opened up the river for seven thousand miles into the very heart of the dark land, and ultimately succeeded in securing general European recognition for his labors there.

Then he returned again to England, published another book, delivered lectures on both sides of the Atlantic, and was back in Africa in 1887 on the way to relieve Emin Pasha. The thrilling record of that successful expedition must be fresh in the memories of all who are interested in the world's advancement. And who can ever forget that terrible journey? Stanley sailed with his force from Zanzibar around the Cape to the Congo, and thence up that river to the Aruwimi, and again

up the Aruwimi to Yambuya, thirteen hundred miles from the sea. Here he divided the command and left the rear guard, in charge of Major Barttelot, to await reinforcements and supplies. Stanley, with three hundred and eighty-nine men, plunged into an immense forest hitherto unknown, his object being to reach the southerly extremity of Albert Nyanza, a distance estimated at five hundred and fifty English miles from Yambuya. He followed the course of the Aruwimi, which runs through the forest almost due east and



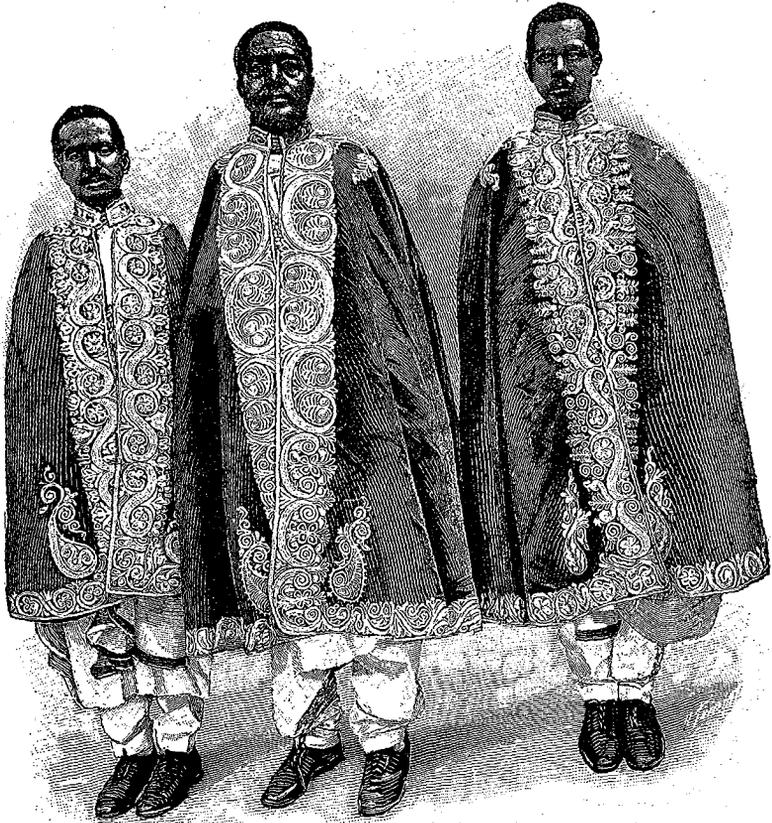
King M'wanga

west, and then the course of its confluents—the Ituri and the Ihuri, suffering almost complete starvation and the general horrors of the African jungle. He had many skirmishes with hostile tribes and experienced the treacherous ways of the Wambutti Dwarfs, or Pygmies, which Stanley discovered in this forest. At last, on the 5th of December, he and his men emerged from this everlasting night of foliage into day, beholding with delight grassy plains inhabited by buffaloes, antelopes, and other wild and beautiful creatures. Many men had been lost from that little band during the terrible march, but Stanley knew how to cheer and encourage the remainder, and they were not long in

reaching the goal of the expedition—the Albert Nyanza. Not meeting Emin Pasha, as expected, still undaunted he marched with his men back into the forest, and, arriving at West Ibiro, built Fort Bodo, where they could await the arrival of the boat from Ungarowina. By April 18, 1888, he was again back on the lake, and met and relieved the Pasha. He had heard nothing of his rear guard from June 28, 1887, to April 18, 1888, and there was no alternative for him but to march back again. When he arrived near Yambuya he found that Major Barttelot had been murdered, and that all his European officers but one were dead, while the greater part of the men had deserted or died from starvation. This was the most trying experience Stanley ever had, but his mission was too great to permit him to hesitate.

Once more he led his men to Albert Nyanza, but it was not until January, 1889, that he succeeded in returning with what remained of them to Kuvalli, having crossed this forest three times. On the 4th of the following December he reached Bagamonya, and his expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha was ended.

Stanley's discoveries during his various expeditions leave very little to be explored in Africa now, and if any man in the world's history deserves to rest upon his laurels it is this great and good man. But he is not content to rest; he will toil for Africa to the end. As the real representative of South Africa's interests he conspicuously adorns the House of Commons, but I think even the House of Lords would be illumed by his presence.



The Malagasy Embassy

# Theathen Africa

## CHAPTER XIV

### Islam and the Natives



HERE is a great distinction between the native inhabitants of Africa and the foreign races. This difference rests not upon analogies between the languages of distant nations or upon supposed resemblance of form or figure, but upon the introduction within the limits of authentic history of a people, manners, and religion belonging to another continent. The changes we refer to were effected by the inroads of the Arabs or Saracens, and later by the conquests of the Turks; events which spread over the northern part of Africa a social system in every way different from that of the tribes by whom it was formerly inhabited. The native tribes of Africa exist generally in the state which is denominated as barbarian. They are elevated above the hunting or savage state by the power of subjecting and taming the lower animals and by their rude methods of agriculture, which the fertility of the soil renders productive. Yet few of them are nomadic and wandering, like the Arabs or Tartars. They generally cling to their homes with strong feelings of attachment. Even the tenants of the desert have their little watered valleys or circuit of hills in which they make their permanent abode.

Agriculture, including pasturage, forms the most important branch of industry in every society, and more especially in

one where all the finer arts are yet in a state of infancy. In Africa, however, both the extent of cultivation and the processes employed are still extremely imperfect. This is particularly evident from the fact that no private property in land has hitherto been established. Every city or village has hitherto been encircled by an unoccupied forest or open land belonging to the king, and of which a portion could be granted to anyone who would undertake the labor and expense of cultivation, while the remainder forms an immense common on which all the inhabitants have the privilege of pasturing their cattle. There have been no country seats in Africa, or rural farms, such as adorn the aspect of European landscape, and which in fact could not exist in safety even at the present time, except in a few parts of Africa.

The population is generally collected in large villages or kraals, around which a circle of cultivation is formed; while beyond are pasture lands where cattle are fed by day and at night are driven into the center of the kraal. The space within the walls forms a wide district, where even in the largest towns the houses are interspersed with cultivated fields and the low roofs are seen rising behind ears of corn. The processes of preparing the ground, sowing, and reaping are simple, and now that nations advanced in civilization have taken possession of Africa, the plow and other implements of agriculture are being introduced where practical, and the native looks on in wonder at the power of the white man to produce a harvest which surpasses their greatest efforts. It is doubtful whether the plow may be used in the tropical parts of Africa. The deep furrow which it makes may expose the soil too much to the burning sun. Grain is raised only by means of profuse moisture, which itself softens the earth. As soon as the periodical floods have deluged the earth or the river overflow has retired the laborers come forth, and as one stirs the earth with a hoe another deposits the grain. This toil is often made less burdensome by being performed by all the natives of a village. The musician plays his liveliest airs while the laborers keep time to his tune, and

an onlooker unacquainted with the custom might suppose they were dancing instead of working. The principal source of fertility throughout Africa is irrigation, either by rain or the river channels. Egypt is watered by the canals which diffuse over its plains the waters of the Nile; and in Nubia, where the current remains constantly sunk in its rocky bed, there is a succession of sakies, or wheels, by which it is raised and conducted over the adjoining fields. In this way a great breadth of cultivation is continued along the upper course of the river. The grain foods in all the tropical regions are of an inferior character, coarse and small. The dhoorra is the most common, extending over all eastern Africa; while millet in the west, and teff in Abyssinia are productions almost alike.

In both Abyssinia and Houssa wheat and rice are raised, but only for the tables of the rich. The main article of food among the natives of the Congo is the manioc, and its cultivation is the chief agricultural industry of that district, as well as some of the insular territories. Considerable care is required in rearing it and clearing the ground around the plants. The roots of the manioc in size range from an inch to three inches in diameter and from six inches to eighteen inches in length when it is developed, which requires from nine to eighteen months. The top is a straight stick from three quarters of an inch in diameter to two inches, and is often ten feet high, and sometimes much higher. It is not grown from seed, but from cuttings, which are very tenacious of life. A manioc walking stick would not bear much weight, for it has little woody fiber, but it would produce buds and form leaves while used as a stick in your hands. So we have only to prepare the ground, and some who don't enjoy digging think the manioc produces better where the soil is not broken up, but in either case the sticks are cut into bits from six inches to a foot in length and stuck into the ground; some cover them over with soil. It will stand drought better than any food product I know of, and makes, in the driest of the dry season, fields dressed in beautiful light green.

There are different varieties of the cassada, or manioc. The juice of one kind is poisonous, and when the roots are, by grater or mortar, reduced to pomace, they are put into grass bags seven or eight inches wide and four feet long, and hung up so that all the poison water drips out, and the farinaceous part is made into flour for bread. This is the kind I used to see in British Guinea. That most used in Africa is the sweet cassada without poison. The root is used for food of various kinds by different preparations.

1. The root, raw, is nutritious, and has the taste of chestnuts.

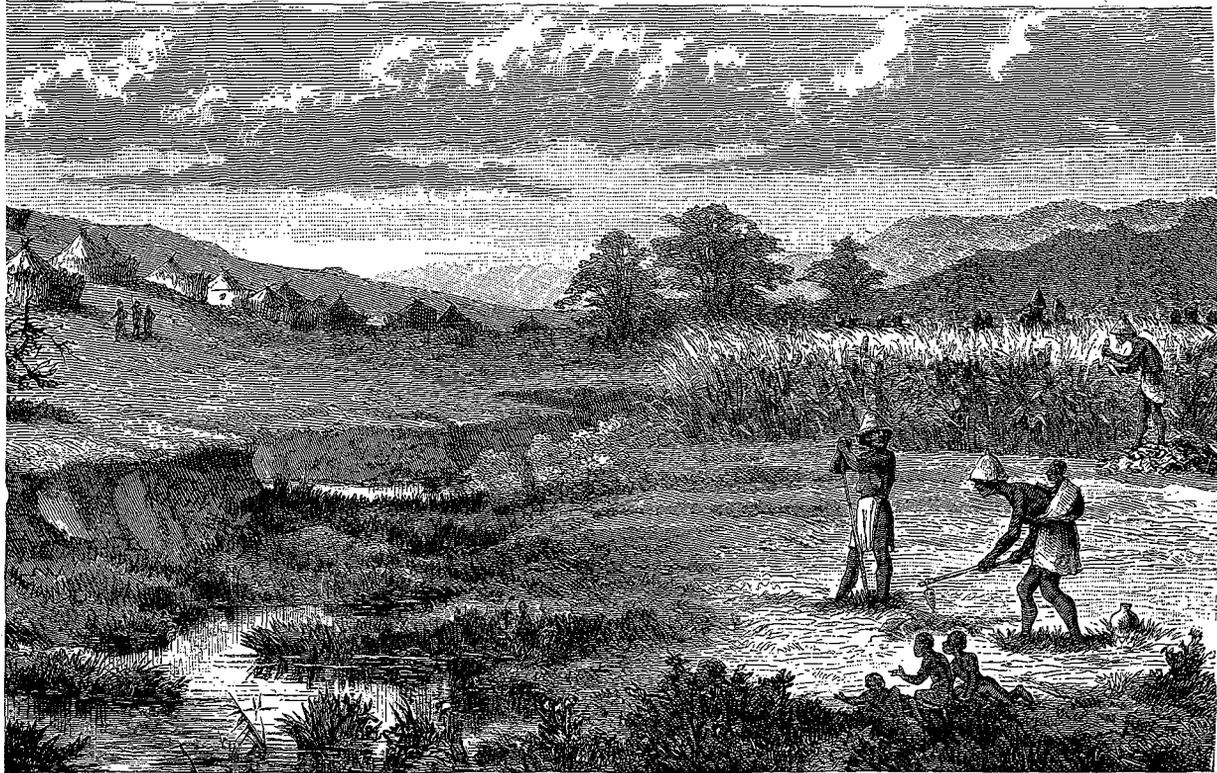
2. Roasted in the hot embers, or boiled, it is delicious for one who has an appetite for wholesome food.

3. Soaked in water until the outside skin can be split off, and its fibrous heartstring drawn out, and then dried in the sunshine, it is usable for bread; broken into strips and fried in a little palm oil, with a little salt, it is a good relish. In the latter form it is called bomba.

4. From the roots, after being soaked and dried, extremely white and fine flour is made. This manioc flour is called fuba, which is the staff of life in Angola.

5. The fuba, made into a thick porridge or mush, is called funje. It is not stirred into water boiling over the fire, as we make oatmeal or corn mush. The water is boiled and salted and set off, and then the fuba is stirred in till it becomes so thick you can take blocks of it into your hands; and we do this when short of spoons. It is used in chicken broth or with molasses.

6. The bread made of the manioc is called quanga. When the roots are soaked and peeled, instead of drying they are mortared and kneaded into dough, which is made into loaves of about four by six to ten inches. These are enveloped in thin tough leaves, bound securely by fine splits from some one of the many tough wild ropes of the woods. The loaves are then boiled in large earthen pots. Then we have good bread ready for use; or you may slice, for it is as solid as a cheese, and either brown or broil, to suit your taste. The quanga is the staff of life on the Congo.



Ba-Tlipen Women at Work in the Field

7. To prepare farina from the manioc, first grate the root. "I have no grater." Indeed! Well, I'll tell you how to get one. Take a sheet of tin, and with a sharp-pointed nail and a hammer drive it full of holes, and the rough side will make a splendid grater. When the green roots are grated, dry in the sun, leaving in all its starch and tapioca; when dried in the sun, brown it over the fire slowly and bring it on to the table to be stirred into soup or boiled beans.

8. To make tapioca, grate the roots as described. After grating, fill the pan with water and strain through a cloth; when the milk thus strained settles pour off the water and take that which has settled and dry it as quickly as possible over a fire, stirring it continually, not allowing it to scorch. Thus it forms small, transparent lumps of the best tapioca.

9. For making starch, which is good for pudding, after grating and straining dry slowly in the sun, and you have a superior quality of starch adapted to all the starch demands in the market.

Manioc is a stronger "staff of life" than wheat. Gluten is nerve food and indispensable to health and vigor of body and mind. Wheat has about twenty-five per cent gluten, a large proportion of which is taken out by the improved methods of making very white flour, leaving an undue proportion of starch. There is no possibility of getting the seventy per cent of gluten out of any preparation of the manioc.

Where the natives are content to live in the simplest possible manner it is not expected that manufactures can reach any degree of importance. It is well known, however, that there are fine cotton fabrics manufactured in several districts of central Africa. These are often of a very beautiful texture and dyed blue with fine indigo by a process that gives them a brilliant gloss. In Houssa leather is tanned and stained in the same thorough manner as in Morocco. It is more than probable that in both instances the skill employed is native. Mats used both for sitting and sleeping upon are the staple manufacture in many parts of western

Africa. Gold and silver ornaments are made with some taste, and iron is made into a variety of ornamental and useful things, although with an imperfect degree of skill.

The natives of Africa have never mastered the rudiments of maritime commerce. The circuit of that continent presents neither spacious inlets nor bays to cherish the development of navigation. It is only within the past few years, since the advent of Livingstone and Stanley, that the great river courses and lakes of Africa have become subservient to the purposes of inland communication. Thanks to the scientific European, around the cataracts, which for centuries have been an insurmountable barrier to the explorer, railways are being rapidly constructed. The line from the lower to the upper Congo extends past over two hundred miles of cataracts, and is certainly one scintillating ray in the purple and gray dawn of the beautiful day which is about to illumine this great slice of the world. Caravans and cafilas, which have for centuries covered all known routes over desert or plain or forest, will soon be a thing of the past, and the horn of the steamboat and the screech of the steam engine will be heard in every corner of Africa. The camel, which was originally introduced into the northern deserts from Arabia, is peculiarly fitted to travel over the sand, and will be necessary even when Africa is netted with railways, as the horse is in Europe.

While the Mohammedan converts in central Africa are intensely bigoted in regard to dogmas, they are far more loose in practice than their brethren in Cairo and Tripoli. The females are not so strictly immured, and the men seldom adhere to that part of the Koran which discountenances the use of fermented liquors. It is true that the sovereigns who were zealous Mussulmans have been known to pronounce dreadful penalties against all who indulge in intoxicating beverages.

Wherever the Mohammedan religion has been established the horrors of human sacrifice have been abolished. In all other respects, however, the introduction of this foreign race

and foreign creed seems only to have deepened the evils under which Africa had formerly suffered. Yet Canon C. H. Robinson says, "There are many to-day who, while regarding Christianity as theoretically superior to Mohammedanism, are prepared to maintain that for natives such as those to be found in central Africa, Islam is not only good, but distinctly the better of the two religions." This is a somewhat important question at the present time, since large portions of central Africa where Mohammedanism and heathenism prevail have recently come under British rule. Should Mohammedanism become, as many desire, the great missionary religion of tropical Africa, we can better imagine than describe what the future of Africa would be. God forbid that the blight of Mohammedanism should spread farther its subtle and destructive teachings!

Centuries before the advent of Mohammedanism in central and Northwest Africa the inhabitants of these countries were Christians, and these territories have been in touch with European civilization so long that it is impossible now to say what benefits they have gained from it alone which would not have come to them through some other channel.

In Houssaland the Mohammedan has had it all his own



A Worker in Iron

way. Neither Christian nor European influence has interfered, because it has been in a measure unknown to the Christian world. The traveler who desired to visit Houssaland had either to cross the Great Desert of Sahara, a distance as the crow flies of eighteen hundred miles, or has had to go by way of the Niger delta, and travel for several hundred miles afoot through a country "which has justly earned the reputation of being the most unhealthy the world contains." Now, however, it is different. The traveler can sail up the Niger and the Binne for about four hundred miles in one of the Royal Niger Company's launches. Then he can tramp three hundred and fifty miles and reach the great city of Kano.

Whether the western Soudan has made any improvement under Mohammedan government seems to be doubtful; there is no evidence upon which to base an opinion. Although only a small portion of the natives had embraced Mohammedanism at the beginning of the century, many individual kings were Mohammedans. At the present time Houssaland is subject to a single ruler, whose influence, however, cannot avail to prevent civil war breaking out occasionally. Canon Robinson relates that "on the death of Bello, King of Kano, in 1894, his son Tukr succeeded him, but his cruelty and misgovernment were such that civil war broke out, and a rival candidate named Isufu attempted to make himself king. He began by retiring outside Kano and raiding some two hundred villages which were subject to Kano. Having sold their inhabitants as slaves, and so replenished his exchequer, he attacked Kano and forced Tukr to retire. Tukr appealed for help to the Sultan of Sokoto, who ordered the people of Kano to reinstate him; but finding them unwilling to obey he concluded a treaty with Isufu—or, rather, with his brother Baba, Isufu having died meanwhile—in accordance with which Baba was left free to kill Tukr, provided he continued to send the accustomed tribute to Sokoto. Tukr was killed accordingly during my stay in Kano."

## CHAPTER XV

## Commercial and Domestic

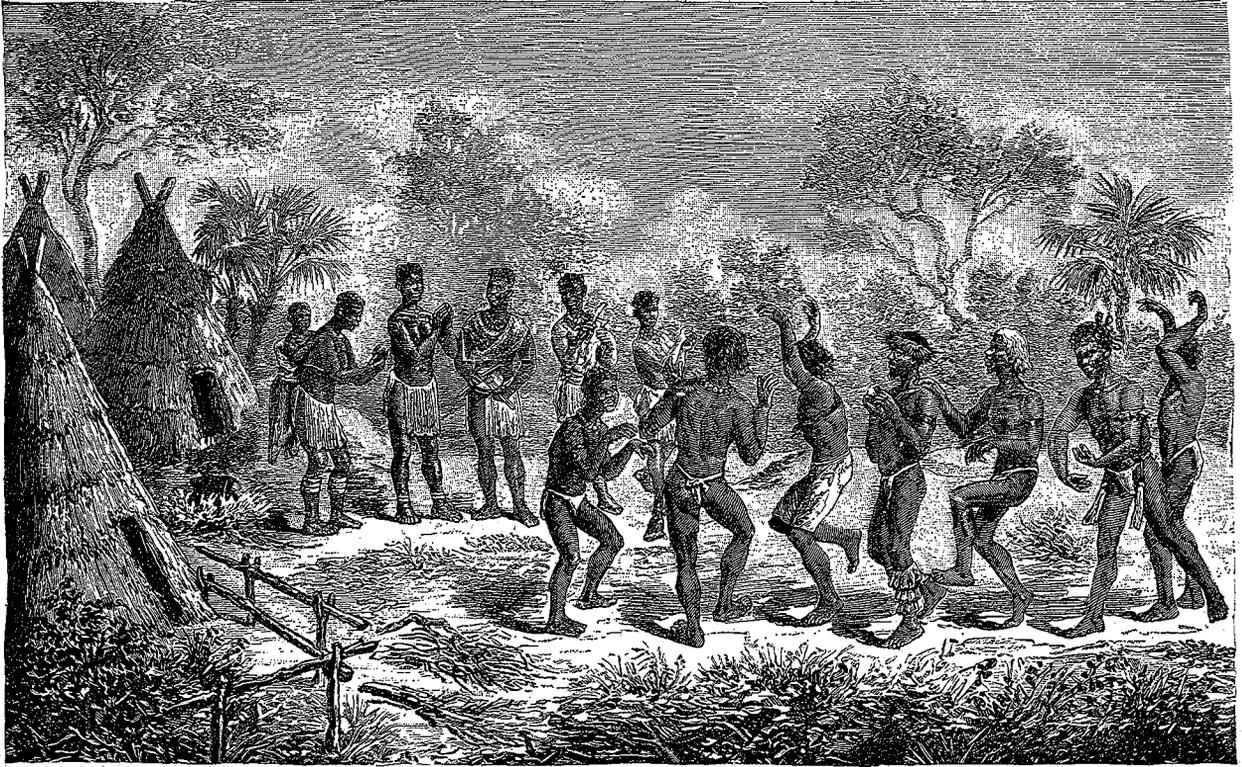


NE important branch of native trade in Africa originates in the great demand for salt, especially in all the provinces to the south of the Great Desert. This commodity is chiefly brought from the seacoast, from large pits in the Western Desert, and also from the lakes or ponds of Dombou, in the country of the Tibboo. In like manner from the west are sent up cowries or shells, the chief currency of the interior kingdoms, and goora or kolla nuts, a favorite luxury, which, on account of the agreeable taste they impart to water are sometimes called African coffee. The returns are made in gold, ivory, fine cloths, and, even now in some parts, too often in slaves. The trade with northern Africa across the desert consists in foreign commodities. The chief imports are gaudy and glittering ornaments; for the power of distinguishing between the genuine and the false in finery does not seem to exist beyond the Sahara. Captain Lyon, the traveler, enumerated nine kinds of beads, silks, and cloths of bright colors, especially red, copper kettles, long swords, powder, and shot. Antimony, to blacken the eyes, cast-off clothes, and old armor also find ready markets. The monetary system in most of the Negro countries is very imperfect; for the shell currency, of which it requires several thousand pieces to make up a pound sterling, must be intolerably tedious. Barter is the principal method of trading. The only metallic form appears in Loggun, where it consists of rude bars of iron, and in the British colonies, where coin or cloth is paid for labor and food. In Bornou, and sev-

eral countries on the coast, cloth, mats, or some other article in general demand is made a common measure of value.

All the accommodations of life throughout Africa are very simple. There does not exist in Africa a stone house, or one which rises two stories from the ground, unless it has been built by foreign individuals or governments. The materials of the best native habitations are merely stakes of wood plastered with earth, built in a conical form, like beehives, and resembling the first rude shelter which man framed against the elements. Many of these mansions afford little facility for standing upright, and, indeed, are resorted to chiefly for sleep and shelter, while the court before the door, shaded by the family tree, is the scene of social intercourse and of all meetings for the purposes of business and gayety. Greater efforts, indeed, are made to form a commodious state room or public hall, called the palaver house, which is a large apartment, raised on posts fixed in the ground and roofed with sloping planks, which leave the interior open to the air on every side. The houses and yards of persons in any degree opulent are inclosed by an outer wall or hedge, sometimes pretty high, serving the purposes both of privacy and defense. Even the palaces of the chiefs and of the great kings consist chiefly of merely a cluster of these hovels or cottages, forming a little village with large open spaces and surrounded by a common wall. The state hall of the sultan of the Fellatas, the greatest of the African princes a few years ago, was an apartment to which the term shed would in Europe have been properly applied. Slender, however, as are the accommodations afforded by these edifices, they are sometimes liberally adorned, especially in the larger cities, both with carving and painting, from a barbaric standpoint.

If African houses be of mean construction the internal accommodations are equally scanty. Except the state chairs or thrones of the great monarchs, ascended only on very solemn occasions, there are but very few seats in the native huts throughout Africa. The people squat on the ground



Habitations and Game Dance of the Ma-Sarwa

in circles; and if the chief can place beneath him the skin of a lion or leopard he is at the height of his pomp. For a table there is at best a wooden board, whereon is neither plate, knife, fork, nor spoon, the fingers being supposed fully adequate to the performance of every function. If it be necessary to separate into parts large joints, or even a sheep roasted whole, the dagger or the sword of the warrior is drawn forth and soon severs the pieces.

A British consul, who was visiting the King of Ashantee at Coomassie toward the close of the eighteenth century, makes an amusing note in the records of his travels regarding the king's opinions of his builders. "When I visited the capital of Ashantee," he remarks, "I found the king to be deeply impressed with respect for white men, and also with a desire to imitate and rival the pomp of European kings. He was erecting a palace, the outside of which consisted only of large logs of timber, but the interior was to be adorned with brass, ivory, and gold. He said, 'Now, white men know me; I must live in a great house, as white kings do; then I shall not be ashamed when white people come;' and on another occasion, 'I must have everything suitable, and live like a white king.' He had procured architects from Elmina to give instructions to his own subjects, who, however, performed the task in so awkward a manner that he himself laughed at them, exclaiming, 'Ashantee fools at work.'" But the want of skill was compensated by their numbers; and while engaged at work they suggested to the consul the singular image of a legion of devils attempting to construct a tower of Babel.

As representative of West Africa I will give some detail of products and customs in the Old Calabar country. The indigenous food supplies are the plantain, banana, cassada, Indian corn, cocoa, yam, sweet potato, and sugar cane. The exotics introduced by the missionaries are the breadfruit, mango, avocado pear, papaw, citron, lemon, lime, shaddock, and arrowroot. The natives do not make permanent clearings, but "cut and burn bush," dig with small native

hoes, plant and cultivate a crop or two, and the next year abandon their patches to the rapid new growth of the forest and clear and plant in virgin soil. Every man is his own house builder. The walls are constructed of strong wattle, plastered with mortar of tenacious clay and sand. Rafters are of palm branches, with thatched roof which projects a few feet over the walls, to serve as verandas and to protect the mud walls from the rains. Many of the houses form a square on all sides of a court, opening into the court alley, and the women have a separate court of their own, and ornament it with rude paintings of their own fancy with various colors of earth paint of their own preparation.

The native costume of the Efik people consists of a piece of cloth tied around the loins. The dress of a king or chief does not differ in style, but is superior in quality, usually of silk; and going out in the sunshine they generally wear a "stovepipe" hat of various bright colors, and have a slave to carry over them a huge umbrella made of strips of bright-colored cloth.



Earthnuts (*Arachis hypogaea*)

## CHAPTER XVI

**The Kaffirs a Century Ago**

HE Kaffirs are particularly referred to in the records of the explorer Barrow, who visited Kaffraria at the close of the eighteenth century on behalf of the British colonists. The natives made a most favorable impression upon him. The females danced around and were delighted with the presents of tobacco and buttons. Both the men and women were well formed and well behaved.

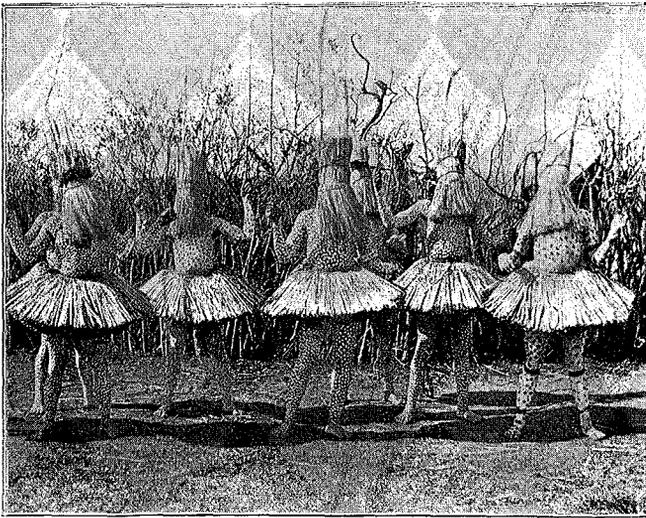
“Their features were almost European,” says Barrow, “and their dark sparkling eyes bespoke vivacity and intelligence.” The men were the finest figures that the traveler had ever seen, considerably above the middle size, robust, and muscular, yet marked with elegant symmetry. Their deportment was easy, and their expression frank, generous, and fearless. In reply to the complaints which were made of their encroachments upon the British colony they asserted, and seemed to prove, that much greater encroachments had been made by the colonists themselves, and expressed their readiness to accede to any arrangement which might obviate future dissensions, stating, however, that nothing could be done but through Gaika, the great king of the Kaffirs. The umpires immediately proceeded toward his residence, through a beautiful but uncultivated and somewhat entangled country. He was absent at that moment, employed in pursuing a band of wolves; but his wife and mother, with fifty or sixty attendants, sat around the strangers and conversed, through an interpreter, in the most agreeable manner. At length the monarch was seen approaching at full gallop, mounted on a monstrous ox. Alighting from this

singular charger he graciously welcomed the strangers, and seating himself and his attendants under the shade of a mimosa immediately entered upon business. He showed himself extremely reasonable in every respect, declaring that whatever inroads had taken place on the frontier were without his knowledge or sanction, and he agreed at once to a code of regulations which might put an end to future aggression.

The intellectual character of the natives presents a peculiar and remarkable deficiency. If we except the Ethiopic language, which seems to be of Arabic origin, and the unknown characters, probably Phœnician, inscribed by the Tuaricks on their dark rocks, there are no systems of writing among all the aboriginal tribes of Africa except that of the Vey tribe, which was invented about sixty years ago by one of their chiefs. They have nothing corresponding to the painted stories of Mexico or the knotted quipos of Peru. Oral communications form the only channel by which thought has been transmitted from one country and one age to another. The lessons of time, the experience of ages, have not hitherto existed for the nations of this vast continent.

Notwithstanding so great a deficiency the African is not entirely lost in mental apathy. The enterprise of a perilous and changeful life develops energies which slumber amid the general body of people in a civilized society. Their great public meetings and palavers exhibit a fluent and natural oratory, accompanied often with much sense and shrewdness. Above all, the passion for poetry is almost universal. As soon as the evening breeze begins to blow the song resounds throughout all Africa; it cheers the despondency of the wanderer through the desert, it enlivens the social meetings, it inspires the dance, and even lamentations of the mourner are poured forth in measured accents. Their poetry does not consist in studied and regular pieces, but their effusions are spontaneous, in which the speaker gives utterance to his hopes and fears and his joys and

sorrows. All the kings and chiefs are attended by singing men and women, who, whenever any interesting event occurs, celebrate it in songs, which they repeat aloud and in public. Flattery, of course, must be a standing reproach against this class of bards; yet from this imputation their European brethren are not exempt, while from the record of explorers it appears that there is often present a sable Tyrtæus, who reproaches the apathy of the prince and people, and rouses them to deeds of valor. Specimens are



Heathen Kaffir Dance

wanted of the African muse; and, considering that its effusions are numerous, inspired by nature, and animated by national enthusiasm, they seem not unlikely to reward the care of a collector. The examples actually given favor this conclusion. How few among our peasantry could have produced the pathetic and affecting lamentation which was uttered in the little Bambarra cottage over the distresses of Park! Their songs and legends are of traditional history handed down from father to son, and contain all that exists among these nations.

Single-blessedness, so called, is often due to inability to meet the expenses of married life. So, at least, we are told by the social economists, who advance this reason to explain why so many American men remain single. But the Pondo finds his matrimonial problem far different. With one wife, it is true, he feels poor, as civilized man often does. But with two he is as rich as the American with none. With three or four he is still more affluent, and with ten or a dozen he is rolling in wealth. Here is the simple explanation of the paradox :

Whereas civilized man is expected to support his wife, the Pondo leaves to his women folk the privilege of supporting him. Mr. James O'Haire, missionary of the Catholic Church in Umtata, explains the working of the system in a letter. "Polygamy," says he, "is the very life's support of the Pondos; the number of wives a man has settles the question as to his previous wealth, for each wife was bought, and for her he must have paid her father from eight to thirty oxen; and now his wealth may be estimated by the number of wives and children, because the whole affair may be simply described as natural human farming. Each daughter is worth, say, ten oxen; if she is well built and pretty she may sell for forty; then, too, the sons work in the care of cattle, for the whole of the Kaffir property consists of cattle. The wives work, and so do the daughters. But the head of the family, the man, works no more after marriage."

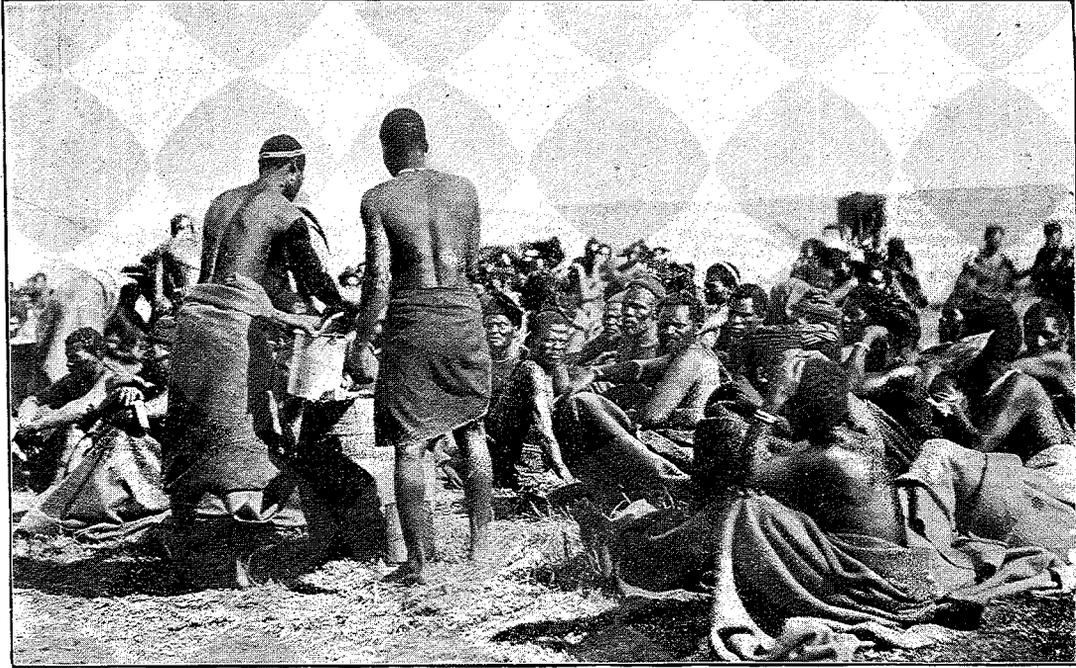
There is one thing the king (Cetewayo) did not dare to touch, and that was the marriage law. As the headman of each subordinate kraal had legally the power to dispose in marriage of his descendants according to his will, so the head of the state, who is called the father of his people, has a still higher and supreme authority in the domestic arrangements of Zululand. Hence the curious Zulu law that bachelors must have royal permission before they can take wives. Like other Zulu institutions, this regulation is attributed to the military policy of the half-mythical Chaka, marriage

having been on the one hand discountenanced as detrimental to military ardor, and on the other hand reserved as a privilege and reward for military distinction. The Zulu army was divided accordingly into married and unmarried regiments, and the distinction between the two made as marked as possible, the latter kind of soldiers carrying black shields and wearing their hair naturally, while the married regiments shaved their heads and carried white shields. It was, however, some restraint on the military tastes which such a social regulation would seem likely to foster that of the thirty-three regiments constituting the Zulu army the married regiments were in a majority of three, so that the men who had everything to lose by war were slightly in excess of those who had everything to gain. Such an organization seemed admirably adapted for a community which, while chiefly concerned with the care of crops and cattle, had military traditions to preserve and was surrounded by dangerous neighbors on all sides.

Sir Bartle Frere, in demanding of the Zulu king, not only a reduction of his army, but freedom of marriage for his people, did so on the plea that such changes were "absolutely necessary, in the opinion of the high commissioner, to the safety of her majesty's dominions" in that part of South Africa. But the opinion of the high commissioner was at direct variance with facts; for ever since Natal had been a colony the Zulus had the same military organization, the same marriage law, the same numerical strength that they had at the time of the war which proved disastrous to Cetewayo and the Zulus. "The martial system of Chaka," says Sir A. Cunynghame, "has been steadily kept up since his time with but few relaxations." Yet amicable relations between Panda and the colony "continued uninterrupted through the chief's long reign of thirty-two years."

In nearly all of Africa polygamy remains unshaken as an ancient institution. The importance of a headman or chief is estimated largely by the number of his wives. He procures them while little children by gift or purchase, but they

remain with their parents or nearest kindred until they reach maturity. Before going to her husband the young woman is shut up to be highly fed and fattened, corpulence, to their eye, being a chief point of beauty. When sufficiently fattened she is decked with a headdress of feathers and a profusion of beads, with no other clothing than a silk cloth around her loins, and often about two pounds' weight of brass wire around each ankle, and about the same on each arm. She is then brought out to be seen and admired by her friends and neighbors, who present her with gifts; then she retires to the harem of her husband. She is not shut up like the high-caste women of India, but has her own farm, and goes about at will to attend to her own affairs. An African, therefore, coming to Christ and conforming to God's original law of marriage, does not have a house full of know-nothing and do-nothing women dependent upon him for subsistence, but they are independent farmers, with free use of all the land they may wish to cultivate. A polygamous wife, moreover, may be released from her husband by refunding the value he paid for her. Twin-born children, by an ancient heathen custom, are immediately put to death, and sometimes the mother shares the same fate. One of the native ministers of Old Calabar related the following story: "On Wednesday morning a lad came in and told us of a twin birth on a farm. Accompanied by an assistant I went out immediately, and found the woman in the bush. She was weeping much, and we tried to comfort her, but she would not listen. We asked her to go home with us, but she refused, nor would she receive any help. She would rather die than be a mother of twins. We asked for the infants, but all were afraid to tell us. At last one boy, under promise of a shirt, led us to a pot under a palm tree. On turning it up we found two baby girls squeezed into it. We wrapped them up and brought them home and put them into a warm bath. One of them died soon after the bath, for the people had wounded her on the head, cut her hands and face, and broken one of her ribs."



Heathen Kaffirs at a Great Beer Drink

A twin baby girl, rescued by a white missionary, was educated at Creek Town Mission, but for years the head of her tribe insisted upon her being given up to be killed. The missionaries defended her, and she afterward married an assistant teacher. After many years of effort the missionaries, through the king and chiefs of the tribes of this region, finally succeeded in securing a law making infanticide a capital offense and a law allowing women to wear clothing.

Notwithstanding so many evils, we repeat that an absolute cloud of moral darkness does not hang over Africa. The Negro character seems to be distinguished by some features unusually amiable, by a peculiar warmth of the social affections, and by a close adherence to kindred ties. If some travelers have been ill-treated and plundered, others have been received with the most signal and generous hospitality. The Negro, unless when under the influence of some violent excitement, is, on the whole, mild, hospitable, and liberal. It was the same centuries ago, as the records of Mungo Park and others testify, and it is the same to-day.

Two centuries ago a famous traveler, Sieur Brue, visited a native African chief, and the account of his experience is not alone interesting, but is a valuable example of the social aspect of native African life at that time. He was received at Kahayde by a chief belonging to the Siratik accompanied by numerous attendants, among whom were his wife, daughters, and some female slaves, all mounted upon asses. He was cordially welcomed, yet the reflection suggested by his dealing with them was that European beggars, however great their effrontery, might learn much from the example of the higher circles in Africa. When they can no longer ask they begin to borrow, with the firm resolution of never repaying; but the worst of all is that when they make a present they expect to receive at least double the value in return. Not to comply with this rule is an unpardonable offense, says the historian.

At Ghiorel he was visited by Bukar Sire, one of the young princes, and afterward by the kamalingo, or general,

and the biuquenet, a venerable and aged Negro, who filled an office similar to that of treasurer or prime minister. These two latter personages assured him of the welcome which awaited him in court, intimating, at the same time, their readiness to receive the presents which he was understood to have brought to the Siratik. Brue ordered his men to spread out an assortment of scarlet cloths, colored worsteds, copper kettles, pieces of coral, and amber, brandy, spices, and a few coins, in portions respectively destined for the king, his wives, and the illustrious messengers. Yet these gifts, though they amply satisfied the great personage who received them, did not cost more than sixty or seventy pounds sterling. The country was found level, well cultivated, and filled with such numerous herds of cattle that the travelers with difficulty made their way through them. At a village called Buksar the Sieur and his attendants again met the king and his party brandishing their lances or assegais, as if about to strike. This was explained as being intended as a great compliment. Brue in return cocked his pistol at the young prince, and after this ceremony they spent the evening together. After being introduced to several ladies of the court he was entertained with supper, consisting of fruits, kouskous, and other simple products of African cookery. Then followed the folgar, or dance, the favorite amusement of the Negroes; but while all the youth of the village were tripping it gayly upon the green, amid songs and music, he found more gratification in the kalder, or conversation carried on by the old men seated on the mats in a circle. Their manners were noble and dignified, and they showed retentive memories and quick apprehension regarding the objects which came within their limited range of observation.

The next morning they were escorted to the residence of the Siratik by the kamalingo. The Sieur found that prince surrounded by none of the pomp which surrounds royalty in Europe. His palace was merely a cluster of mud cabins, in one of which he reclined on a couch, while several of his

wives and daughters sat on mats spread on the ground. The reception was friendly, and Brue even obtained permission to erect forts, a privilege very unusual with African princes. Sieur Brue was allowed full liberty to converse with the female circle, who were by no means held in that state of austere seclusion which gives such a gloom to Mussulman society. The ladies began to talk in the most lively and familiar manner, and as Brue was thought to eye with admiration a handsome young princess of seventeen, she was tendered to him in marriage. He excused himself as one already joined in the bonds of matrimony, but the ladies professed themselves quite unable to conceive how this could form an objection, their young relative being prepared to share the honor with any reasonable number of rivals. He was then compelled to explain the matrimonial system of Europe, which furnished at that time in Africa ample ground for wonder and speculation. The lot of the French ladies was pronounced to be truly enviable, but Brue's own situation was much commiserated.

Unfortunately the annoyance arising from a species of flying insect compelled the court to retire at this juncture, but Brue had an opportunity of observing the royal procession traveling in order. First came a numerous body of mounted musicians, who, performing on various instruments, produced a deafening and discordant noise. Next followed the royal ladies, mounted on the backs of camels in large osier baskets, which so completely enveloped their persons that their heads only were seen peeping above. Their female domestics, riding by their side on asses, endeavored to enliven them by incessant talk. The baggage behind was borne by a long train of camels and asses, while horsemen in military array, with the king and his principal nobles at their head, closed the procession. Brue and his party, while all this gay train passed by, exchanged with them mutual courtesies and salutations.

"As there is practically no social life or spiritual intercourse in the Soudan," says Slatin Pasha, "the people

seem to have resolved to make up for this want by increasing the number of beauties in their harems. Their object is to obtain in marriage as many wives as possible, as well as concubines, and the Mahdi's tenets allow them the fullest scope in this direction. For instance, the expenses in connection with marriage have been greatly diminished; the dowry for a girl has been reduced from ten to five dollars, and for a widow five dollars, a common dress, a pair of shoes or sandals, and a few scents. Should a man desire to marry a girl, her father or guardian must consent unless there are some very cogent reasons for not doing so. Under any circumstances they are held responsible that their daughters or wards become wives as soon as they reach a convenient age. The acquisition by the *kūrin* has become a very simple matter, and in most cases is considered merely a means of acquiring a small amount of personal property. Moreover a large proportion of the women are quite agreeable to this arrangement, and enter into matrimony with the object of obtaining some clothes and a little money, or temporarily changing their mode of life, being well aware that in accordance with the law they can dissolve marriage ties without difficulty. If a woman seeks a divorce she retains her dowry, unless the separation arises from aversion to her husband, in which case the dowry is returned if the man wishes it. I know many men who in the space of ten years have been married forty times at least, and there are also many women who during the same period have had fifteen or twenty husbands, and in their case the law enjoins that between each divorce they must wait three months at least. As a rule, concubines—of whom a man may legally have as many as he likes—lead a most immoral life. They rarely live in the same house as their masters, unless they have children by him, in which case they cannot be sold, but in the majority of cases they are bought with the object of being retained merely for a very short time and subsequently sold again at a profit. This constant changing of hands leads to great moral deterioration; their youth and

beauty quickly fade, and, as a rule, they age prematurely and enter upon a life of hardship and moral degradation which it is almost impossible to conceive."

In regard to the social aspect of this continent the unimproved condition in which it appears may be regarded as that, perhaps, in which violence and wrong have the widest field and cause the most dreadful calamities to the human race. The original simplicity, founded on the absence of all objects calculated to excite turbulent desires and passions, has disappeared; while its place is even now only in a small measure supplied by the restraints of law. War has ever been the favorite pursuit and carried on with the most unrelenting fury, and robbery on a great and national scale has been generally prevalent. African robbery is not usually perpetrated by concealed or proscribed ruffians, who shrink from the eye of man, and is not even confined to the poor tribes of the desert, who see caravans laden with immense wealth pass along their borders. Princes, kings, and the most distinguished warriors have long considered it a glory to place themselves at the head of an expedition undertaken solely for the purpose of plunder. The advent of European civilization, however, is rapidly making the entire continent safe for travelers on business or pleasure.



Camel Caravan at Rest

## CHAPTER XVII

## Native Religion and Fetichism.



IN an able series of articles a strong friend of the African, Heli Chatelain, denies that they are fetichists, or worshipers of inanimate objects. "It is utterly false," he says, "or else all superstitious people are fetichists. The Angolans have the same system as the Bantu generally. They are not idolaters in the strict sense, nor atheists, nor fetichists, nor polytheists, but superstitious deists. They believe in one great, invisible God who made all things and controls all things.

But they confess they know very little about his character. Tradition says men have offended him, and he has withdrawn his affection from them. They do not formally worship God, nor do they ever represent him in any visible form, or think he is contained in a fetich of any sort; that is, in so far as they are purely native. They do, however, carve wooden images which they call gods; but the images thus called are always in the shape of a crucifix, and every native knows that the image does not represent their own great, invisible God, but the god or fetich of the whites. True fetichism I have found in Africa, among ignorant Portuguese, who do assert and believe that this or that image is God, does work miracles and must be worshiped, not as a mere symbol of its spiritual prototype, but as the actual incarnation or embodiment of it, equal in all respects to the original.

"What other figures the natives have are not idols, for they have no connection with the Deity; they are simple charms, amulets, or talismans, to which the medicine man has, by his incantations, imparted certain virtues emanating from an inferior spirit.

“These inferior spirits of Bantu mythology are generally, but without foundation, called African gods. It would be as rational to call the native chiefs gods because they are saluted by the most worshiplike prostrations. In their various attributes and powers these spirits (Mabamba) correspond closely to the gods of classical antiquity and to their modern substitutes, the saints, minus their intercessory office. Each spirit or demon represents some force of nature and is morally no better than sinful men, and according to his capricious passions deals with men in a friendly or unfriendly manner. The friendship of the demons must be secured and maintained by presents, offerings, sacrifices, and in these consist the only visible worship or cult of the Bantu Negro. The media between demons and men are the professional medicine men or women, the diviners, and any individual having the gift of possession or inspiration. These media constitute a kind of secret order, and have much influence individually; they are not organized into a hierarchy, nor do they exert any combined effort. A few of the genii, or demons, are: Kituta-Kianda, who rules over the water and is fond of great trees and hilltops; Muta-Kamlombo, who is king or governor of the woodland, hence of the chase and of the paths, and is to be propitiated by hunters and traveling traders; Lemba, to whom pertains the mysterious province of generation, gestation, birth, and childhood. The belief in the reality of these entities and in the power of their media is so deep that even the civilized natives, whatever their position in the State, the Church, the army, or commerce may be—though nominally Christians or professed rationalists and materialists conversant with Comte, Spencer, Renan—will secretly resort to them as soon as they find themselves in great straits. Yea, not a few whites, after prolonged intimacy with the native women, have been found to become secret adepts of those heathen superstitions. The spirits or shades of mortals are never confounded in the native mind with the genii of nature. But the enmity is dreaded as much as that

of the genii, and they are propitiated by the same or similar rites."

In their religion the Negroes labor under the disadvantage of being left to unassisted reason, and that, too, very little enlightened. The native African feels intuitively that his own fate and that of the universe are ruled by some supreme and invisible power; yet he sees this only through the medium of his wishes and imaginations. He seeks for some object of veneration and means of protection, which may assume an outward and tangible shape. He reposes his faith in the doctrine of charms, which presents a substance stamped with a mystic and supernatural character, capable of being attached to himself individually and of affording a feeling of security amid the many evils that environ him. The manitou of the native Americans is founded upon the same principle; and the similar use, by the Catholics, of images, beads, and relics, pervertedly employed even under a pure and exalted religion, shows the strength of this propensity in the human mind. In the Moorish borders, where writing is known, it forms the basis of "feticherie," and its productions, rendered more brilliant and sensible by being inclosed in golden or ornamented cases, are hung round the person as guardian influences. The very circumstances of the characters being intelligible gives to them the power of exciting ideas more mysterious and supernatural. Where this art is unknown the most insignificant object is employed and relied on with the fullest confidence. Absurd, however, as are the observances of the Negro, he is a stranger to the deadly bigotry of his Moslem neighbor. He neither persecutes, nor even brands as impious, those whose religious views differ the most widely from his own, but in his blindness he bows down to wood and stone. This is true of the native of Africa in almost every part of the land he inhabits. In his dense ignorance he feels that some mysterious power is at work around him creating and destroying. He worships his graven image, however, believing that the invisible spirit is within it or round about it, not from feel-



Carriers of a Native Expedition

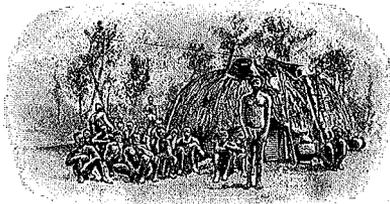
ings of love and adoration, but from feelings akin to fear and dread of calamity. He appeals for help and mercy where there can be none. His methods of worship have been handed down from his forefathers and details have been added from time to time until in his apelike ignorance he is chained to the dust by his superstitious beliefs.

It will be impossible to describe the barbaric worship of all the tribes of Africa or even a few of them. In this work I cannot do more than give two or three examples, from which my readers can form a fair estimate of the difficulties the Christian missionary encounters in his endeavors to Christianize the fetich worshiper of this moral jungle, and also the cause of the wholesale butcheries of human victims of an abominable mesh of superstitious belief.

As in the days of the patriarch, the head of a house wields unquestioned authority over his own people. The supreme power in the Old Calabar country is Ekpe, their name for a leopard, familiarly pronounced Egbo. He is held to be a great supernatural being concealed in the forests, not to be seen by the people, though the head of a powerful secret society composed of freemen who pay a large fee for admission into the order of Egbo. It is somewhat like the "devil bush" of Liberia. Egbo's representatives are seen everywhere, but masked Egbo is brought into town only on great occasions, concealed in a small tent borne by his "idems," and ushered into a back apartment of the "palaver house," whence his voice proceeds like the growl of an angry leopard. Then the bustle of the town is hushed, all business suspended, and the street door of every house closed while he remains. In contrast with this they sometimes have processions in the towns, with a great display of feathers, richly colored cloths and ribbons, with the music of drums and the rattle of the great war drums of Egbo; and from his ark, covered with fine silk cloths, issue continuous deep bass tones of the trumpet kind. None but members of the order are permitted to follow him into the bush where he is supposed to live. The laws enacted by Egbo are pro-

claimed with much ceremony and beating of his great drum, and every breach of his laws is a capital crime. An influential offender, however, up to the time of the abolition of substitutional executions, could provide a slave to die in his stead.

To detect and punish secret crime resort was made to oaths and ordeals. In common with African customs in nearly all parts of the continent every death occurring, except in extreme old age, was charged to witchcraft. The dreaded power to cause the sickness or death of any person was called "ifot," which the "ju-ju" man was to detect in anyone possessing it. The test of guilt or innocence was to eat a poisoned bean, large, black, kidney shaped, about an inch long. It is taken by eating it, or by drinking a tea made from it. When the accused vomits the poison the ifot is not found, and he is declared innocent. If it kills him he is adjudged to have been guilty, a dreadful legacy to leave to his family. It is supposed that a man having the power of ifot in him can transform himself into a crocodile or leopard to destroy human life. Bands of murderers, like the Thugs of India, concealed in the skins of those beasts, rob and kill defenseless people. The devil takes the advantage of the natural religiousness of the pagan nations and leads them to exchange the truth of God for his lies, which give birth to all the superstitions of heathendom. Human beings who recognize no divine object or obligation of worship are found only in Christian countries.



The Chief and his Family

## CHAPTER XVIII

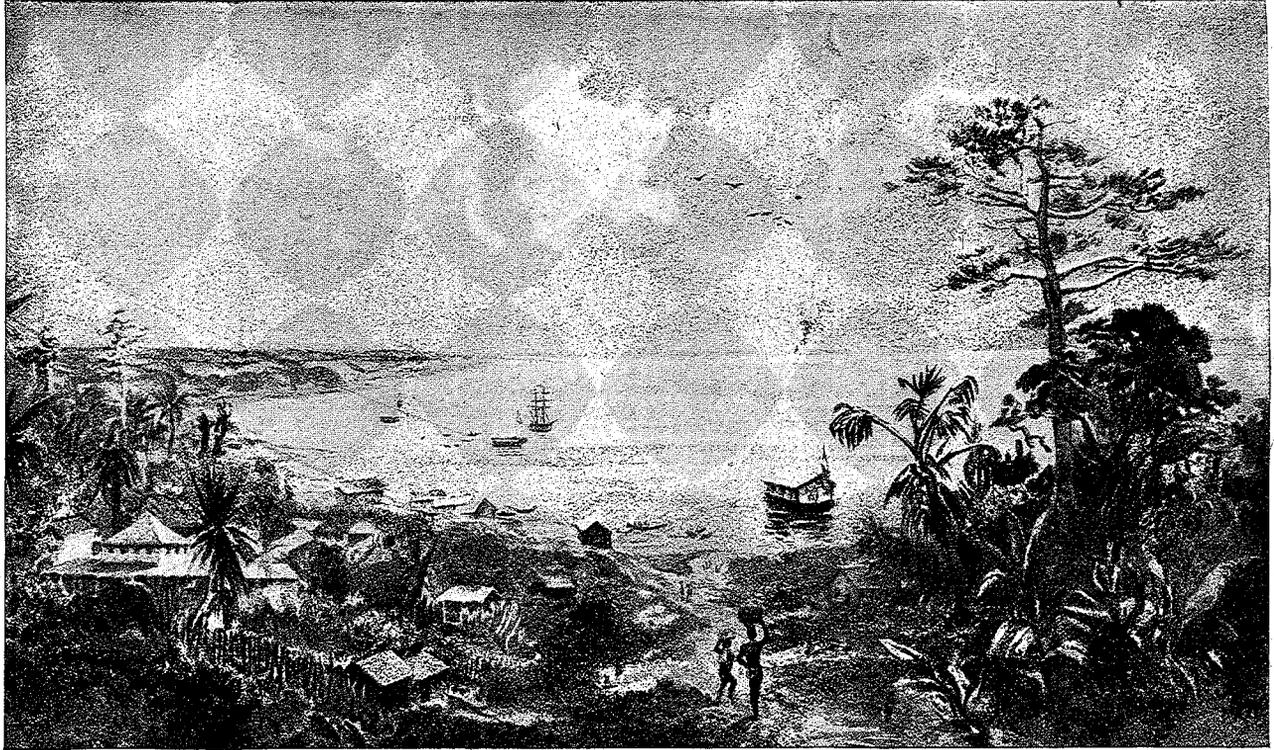
## Worship of the Yorubas



NE. of the great tribes on the West Coast of Africa is the Yorubas. They were originally composed of native and Mohammedan elements, and, owing to the latter influences, are said to be on the highest plane of the native savage races of Africa. Yet superstition with them is paramount, and the lowest and highest among them profess great reverence for unknown gods. Their traditions are passed down from generation to generation, and the mother will tell her boy, as soon as he can understand, how his ancestors worshiped the gods and made great sacrifices, or she will sing to her girl of the great virtues of the women of her people in the ages past and gone, and tell her of the wondrous power of Yoruba gods.

The pagan system of the Yorubas may be taken as a fair sample of native superstition. It is divided into fetichism, nature worship, and divination by signs or omens. Fetichism, the lowest, is the worship of an object in which the gods are supposed to convey their powers to protect or defend the possessor. It is represented by something worn around the waist or neck, on the arm or wrists, on the ankles, or inserted into the hair, or may be concealed by an outer covering of cloth or leather. The objects of worship may be human hair, finger nails, precious stones, roots of trees, relics of the dead, or in fact almost anything which the priest or medicine man prescribes. The wearer emphatically believes that it will bring him good luck and protect him from misfortune of any kind. The hunter may fix it on the head of his spear or the barrel of his gun, believing firmly that his aim will be true through its aid; and

so on in all the functions of life the native, in blind obedience to the superstition which has been imbued into his brain from childhood, firmly believes that the favor or disfavor of Heaven is communicated through this insensate thing, whatever it may be. In nature worship the Yoruba has a god fashioned of stone or wood, resembling in a very crude way the form and features of a man. This is generally a repulsive looking image, probably owing to the indifferent ability of the carver. The devout native may also possess the "fetich" in addition to his block of wood or stone. This business in fetichism and idolatry is controlled by the priests, whose chief employment is to diagnose diseases, foretell the future, and sell the fetich charms. One of these men has a powerful influence over the people, and can work much mischief among them if he is so inclined. He is sought by the king as well as the subject, and his advice is always followed. The Yoruba gods are many. There is Shango, the god of thunder, whose priests are white robed, and pretend to appease his wrath when thunder and lightning alarm the people. There is a god who is supposed to control agriculture, and to whom the first fruits of the field are offered. There is also a water god, whose priests promise that for a certain offering he will calm the stormy seas. There are gods of the mountains, valleys, and hills, gods of the market and pathways, household gods, the peculiar treasures of individual families, and gods of the nation, and last, but not least, is the god of war. The native names of these gods are many and curious, but above them all is Olodumare, the deity supreme, who reigns over gods and men. Since the native worshiper cannot see Olodumare, who is somewhere hidden in the clouds, his practical nature demands some tangible object which would be a symbol of his supreme deity, and the priests craftily supply it. The moon, too, is one of the Yoruba's objects of worship. Constant reflection on its movements sharpens his intellect, and he tells his age by the number of moons he has seen. To him the moon is a harbinger of joy and sorrow; he supplicates



The Bay of Cameroons

it when it appears in crescent form to avert the evils of the coming month.

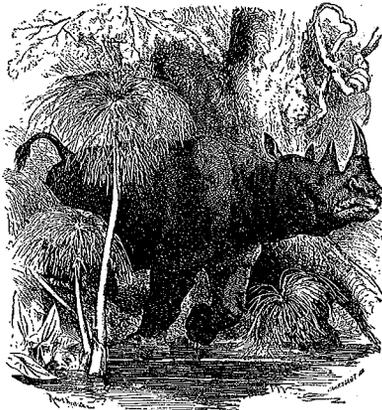
The Yorubas believe in the transmigration of souls. The spirit of a good man is believed at death to pass into some other form, good and beautiful, while that of a man who has been bad or troublesome to his tribe passes to the body of a ferocious animal or becomes an evil spirit. The children who die prematurely are said to return to life at the next birth in the family. When a native is dying, tears are shed and songs of blessing are sung as messages to relatives and friends who have passed away. On the third day after burial an early morning sacrifice of meal and oil is made at the grave of the dead, and his or her spirit is supposed to eat of it. On the seventh day after burial there is a feast, preceded by a morning sacrifice, in which it is believed the spirit of the deceased and the spirits of ancestors partake. After this feast and sacrifice the soul of the deceased is supposed to look after the welfare of relations and friends living. Yoruba worship is a species of spiritualism. Spirits are the controllers of diseases and everything else. When a child suffers from convulsions it is supposed that he sees a spirit, which alarms him. The priest or medicine man, therefore, washes the eyes of the unfortunate child with a solution prepared from the bark of a tree. There are spirits called Egberé, who are said to exert an evil influence in the world. The native declares these spirits can be seen, and that they leave graves they inhabit at midnight, to return to them before daybreak. It is whispered that sheep riding is the delight of the Egberé, and that they are the cause of the destruction of sheep by disease. The medicine man is often called to drive them away, or to supply a charm or fetich as a protection. There are also spirits which exert good influences in the world and protect from danger. If there is sorrow at the grave of the departed, it is relieved after the seventh day by the knowledge of the fact that the spirit of the deceased has gone to join those of his ancestors, communicated by the medicine man for a consideration. These

humbugs make the poor deluded creatures believe that they have a sort of telephonic communication with the spirit land.

The one who offers sacrifice may be the father of the family. The crafty medicine man has been trained by older medicine men, and is qualified both as doctor for body and soul and as sacrificer. The native believes that evil spirits surround him and are seeking his destruction; they know positively of tangible personal foes who are anxious for their injury or annihilation; therefore they sacrifice to their deity and ask for protection. This superlatively religious Negro never thinks of praying to the gods for strength to overcome personal feelings and to resist temptations, but when he is overwhelmed by trouble, or has escaped with his life in a fight, he approaches his wooden god and seeks protection, or melts in thankfulness for having escaped the thrashing or destruction he may have deserved. His religion being the emanation of fear and suspicion, the worshiper does not love his god, but is in dread of him. The principle of fear predominates with the native African. When he approaches his king or chief it is with fear or trembling. The father of the family, as well as the head of the tribe, is dreaded by his children or subjects, in the same way that the unseen deity is dreaded by the superstitious native. Children, as a rule, fear rather than love their fathers, and wives dread their husbands. Obedience does not spring from love, but is produced by fear. From childhood the punishment of disobedience is very severe, and often the penalty is death. The native rule is like the rule of his gods, it is stern and unyielding. This, however, is not alone peculiar to the Yoruba people and religion, but is the general method in pagan Africa. The Yoruba sacrifice consists of human beings, animals, and such fruits as bananas, kola nuts, and meal made of beans and oil. The gods are said to make known their will to men through the kola nut; therefore the kola nut has an importance which the advertisers of its virtues in the United States know not. The nut is divided into two

parts ; these are thrown on the ground, and if the inner part turns upward it is taken as a sign that the gods look with favor upon the worshiper, but if they turn downward the gods' wrath is declared evident. The human sacrifices were never on so large a scale as was indulged in by some other tribes, but the principle was the same. The blood was poured over the ground, but I cannot learn that the bodies were ever eaten. At the present day what human sacrifices there are must be in secret. The eye of the European is ever on the lookout, and the vengeance will be swift where human sacrifices are discovered.

The wily medicine man often becomes enriched, while his victims are daily impoverished by his schemes to get their property. The pagan Yoruba is also taught to believe that the gods reveal their desires by signs. If on the eve of an expedition he hits his left toe against an object it is taken as an omen of evil ; if the right toe, the omen will be for good. Dire misfortune will happen to him whose path has been crossed by a snake, and shooting stars are sure signs of the death of friends, while the flight of some birds is taken as a warning of ill luck.



The Rhinoceros

## CHAPTER XIX

**Human Sacrifices**

HERE is only one point on which the native African through his religious beliefs assumes a savage character, and displays superstitious cruelty which exceeds the horrors of the Inquisition. The hope of an immortal destiny, dimly working in the blinded human heart, leads to the wildest errors. The despot, the object of boundless homage on earth, desired to convey some vestige of his savage pomp, and favorite attendants, to his place in the future world. His death was therefore celebrated by the sacrifice of slaves, wives, and subjects; their blood must water his grave; and the sword of the rude warrior, once drawn, did not readily stop; a general massacre often took place, and the capitals of these barbarian chiefs were seen to stream with human blood.

The terrible record of these senseless sacrifices has done much to stir the heart of the civilized nations of the world to point their great search lights of truth and civilization over Africa, and if human sacrifice is still made it is clandestinely, and consequently on a much less scale than formerly, or in the districts not yet under civilized control.

One of the first territories in Africa which Europeans penetrated was Dahomey. At the beginning of the last century this nation had distinguished itself by the conquest of Whidah, a powerful and flourishing kingdom on the Slave Coast. The Dahomans, principally owing to their superstitious beliefs, committed the most horrible ravages, reducing the country of the Whidahs to utter desolation. Thou-

sands of men, women, and children were ruthlessly destroyed, the villages were burned, and for a time pandemonium reigned, and the pastures where peaceful flocks had fed a few days before were streaming with innocent blood. Many reports of these butcheries reached England, and a Mr. Norris undertook to visit the King of Dahomey, to study his character and verify the truth of the reports, and furthermore to arrange commercial relations with Britain if possible. He arrived at Dahomey at a time when one of the annual customs was taking place. The great chiefs were assembled from every quarter of the kingdom. What astonished Mr. Norris in the first instance was the utter humiliation of the chiefs in the presence of their king. The very names of some of these chiefs would spread terror through Africa; yet they prostrated themselves before their monarch, lying flat on the ground and piling dust upon their heads in the most abject submission. Mr. Norris soon discovered that the principal object of these annual customs was that the king might flood the graves of his ancestors with human blood; a religious sacrifice on a grand scale. The captives were numerous; some were prisoners of war, others condemned criminals, while many were absolutely innocent and had been seized by lawless violence. These poor creatures were brought out in succession with their arms pinioned, and a feticher laid his hand upon the head to be severed and uttered a few magic words, while another from behind with a large sword struck the head from the body, when the multitude yelled their applause. At any time, when the king had a message to convey to one of his deceased relations, he delivered it to one of his subjects, then struck off his head, that he might carry it to the other world; and if anything further occurred to him after he had performed this ceremony he delivered it to another messenger, whom he dispatched in the same manner.

“Another grand object of this periodical festival was the market for wives. All the unmarried females throughout the kingdom were counted as the property of the sovereign

and brought to the annual customs to be placed at his disposal. He selected for himself such as appeared most beautiful and engaging, and retailed the others at enormous prices to his chiefs and nobles. No choice on this occasion was allowed to the purchaser; in return for his twenty thousand cowries a wife is handed out, and even be she old and ugly he must rest contented; nay, some, it is recorded, were in mockery presented with their own mothers.

“The King of Dahomey usually kept his wives up to the number of three thousand, and they served him in various capacities, were trained to act as a bodyguard, regularly regimented, and equipped with drums, flags, bows and arrows, while a few carried guns. They all resided in the palace, which consisted merely of an immense assemblage of cane and mud tents, inclosed by a high wall. The skulls and jawbones of enemies slain in battle formed the favorite ornament of the palaces and temples. The king's apartment was paved and the walls and roof stuck over with these horrid trophies; and if a further supply appeared desirable he announced to his general that his ‘house wants thatch,’ when a war for that purpose was immediately undertaken.”

Although trade was established with Britain and regular supplies of rum and guns and powder were sent to Dahomey, the customs continued year after year. King succeeded king with the inherited superstition and sanguinary desires. Human bones were the chief ornaments of the kraals, and the flow of human blood their chief delight. But the Nemesis came to the Dahomans a few years ago, when their superstition was their undoing. The British forces conquered these mighty hosts of savage warriors with a few fireworks. Rockets and flying pinwheels were fired over their heads in the night, and they fled in terror in all directions, firmly believing that the fantastic wheels and lines of fire showing through the air were devils. They quickly submitted, and the conquerors had an easy victory. Dahomey as a great nation is a thing of the past.

Under the name of Assente or Asienti the people of



A Houssa Soldier

Ashantee were first heard of in the eighteenth century. They did not come in contact with European settlements, however, owing to their being separated from the sea-coast by Aquambec, Dinkira, and other powerful nations. It was not until the commencement of the present century that Ashantee became strong enough to extend its length to the borders of the Fantees on the Gold Coast. The Fantees were a restless tribe, ready to give offense, but cowardly in battle. In 1808 the King of Ashantee imagined he received provocation from them, and sent an army of fifteen thousand warriors against them and laid their territory waste with fire and sword. At length they came to Anamaboe, where the Fantees had assembled a force of nine thousand men; but these were routed at the first onset and put to death, except a few who sought the protection of the British fort. The victors, then considering the British as allies of their enemy, turned their arms against the station, at that time defended by not more than twelve men. Yet this gallant little band, protected by slender bulwarks, completely baffled the fierce and repeated assaults made by this barbarous host, who were repulsed with considerable slaughter. Seized with admiration and respect for British prowess the Ashantees made proposals for a negotiation, which were accepted and mutual visits were paid and returned. The English officers were peculiarly impressed with the splendid array, the dignified and courteous manners, and even the just moral feeling displayed by these warlike strangers. They, on their side, expressed an ardent desire to open a communication with the sea and with the British, complaining that the turbulent Fantees opposed the only obstacle to so desirable a purpose. A treaty was concluded, and a good understanding seemed established between the two nations. The Ashantees, however, made several successful incursions in 1811 and 1816; and on the last occasion the Fantees were obliged to own their supremacy and engage to pay an annual tribute. The British government judiciously kept aloof from these feuds; but in 1817 a

mission was sent under James, Bowdich, and Hutchinson to visit the capital of that powerful kingdom and adjust some trifling dissension which had unavoidably arisen.

On May 19, 1817, the mission arrived at Coomassie, the capital, which was built in a style considerably superior to any of the maritime towns. The houses, though low and constructed only of wood, were profusely covered with ornament and sculpture. The array of the caboceers, or great war chiefs, was at once brilliant, dazzling, and wild. They were loaded with fine cloths, in which variously colored threads of the richest foreign silks were curiously interwoven; and both themselves and their horses were covered with decorations of gold beads, Moorish charms, or amulets, purchased at a high price, and the whole intermingled with strings of human teeth and bones. Leopards' skins, red shells, elephants' tails, eagle and ostrich feathers, and brass bells were among the favorite ornaments. On being introduced to the king the English found all these embellishments crowded and concentrated on his own person and those of his attendants, who were literally oppressed with large masses of solid gold. Even the most common utensils were composed of that metal. At the same time the executioner, with his hatchet on his breast and the execution stool clotted with blood, gave a thoroughly savage character to all this pomp. The manners of the king, however, were marked by a dignified courtesy; he received the strangers cordially, and desired them to come and speak their palaver in the market place. On the presents being carried to the palace he expressed high satisfaction as well as great admiration of the English workmanship. After several other interviews he entered on the subjects under discussion, which related to some annual gifts formerly made to the Fantees for permission to erect forts, as well as for the ground on which they stood; and the king demanded, as conqueror of the country, that these payments should be transferred to himself. The claim was small, and seems, according to African ideas, to have been reasonable; but Mr.

James thought himself bound to remain intrenched in the rules of European diplomacy, and simply replied that he would state the demand to the governor of Cape Coast. The king then told them that he expected they had come to settle all palavers and to stay and be friends with him; but now he found that their object was to make a fool of him. Considering himself insulted he broke through the ceremonious politeness which he had before studiously maintained. He called out, "The white men join with the Fantees to cheat me, to put shame upon my face." Mr. James having remained firm, the king became more incensed, and exclaimed, "The English come to cheat me; they come to spy the country; they want war, they want war!" James merely replied, "No; we want trade;" but the monarch's wrath increased to such a degree that he started from his seat and bit his beard, calling out, "Shantee foo! Shantee foo!" and added, "If a black man had brought me this message I would have had his head cut off before me!" A singular maneuver now took place in the diplomatic party. Bowdich, with two junior members, conceiving that James's too rigid adherence to rule was endangering the preservation of peace with this powerful sovereign, resolved to supersede him and undertake the charge of the negotiation. They conducted it entirely to the satisfaction of his Ashantee majesty, who concluded a treaty with the English, and even made a proposal of sending two of his sons to be educated at Cape Coast Castle.

During their stay at Coomassie the commissioners witnessed dreadful scenes, which seem to sink the Ashantee character even below the ordinary level of savage life. "The customs," says James, "or human sacrifices, are practiced on a still more tremendous scale than at Dahomey. The king had lately sacrificed on the grave of his mother three thousand victims, two thousand of whom were Fantee prisoners; and at the death of the late sovereign the sacrifice was continued weekly for three months, consisting each time of two hundred slaves. The absurd belief here enter-

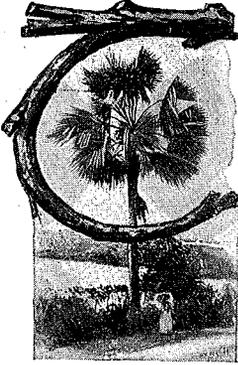
tained that the rank of the deceased in the future world is decided by the train which he carries along with him makes filial piety interested in promoting by this means the exaltation of a departed parent."

Ashantee has since followed in the wake of Dahomey. Ignorance and superstition have led to their undoing. The rivers of human blood run no more there, and human sacrifice is counted as murder and punished accordingly when discovered.



Oasis of the Desert

## CHAPTER XX

**Cruel Native Tyrants—Uganda's Despot, and Sepopo**

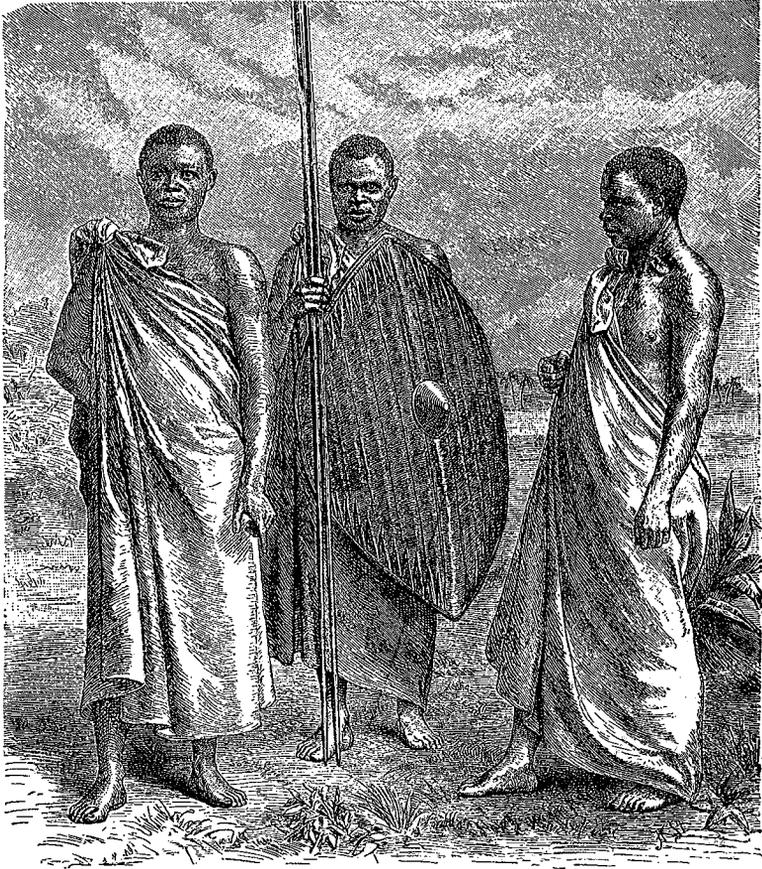
HE missionaries thought they had influence over M'wanga, the King of Uganda, and that he would be less cruel than his father. True, he did not obey the custom and slaughter all his brothers on his accession to the throne. When a boy M'wanga promised the missionaries that he would show them favor when he became king. No sooner was he made king, however, than he became antagonistic to the missionaries. In order to emphasize his aversion he had three Christian boys seized and ordered to be put to death at once. Forthwith they were taken to the borders of a dismal swamp, where a framework had been erected, and beneath this was placed an enormous pile of firewood. The boys' arms were first torn out of their sockets, their bleeding bodies being afterward burnt to ashes upon a monstrous fire. This was in January, 1885. In October, 1885, he ordered the murder of Bishop Hannington. The bishop had approached Uganda by what he called the "back door," and for this "offense" he was put to death. Early the following year, at Usoga, M'wanga had scores of his subjects who were Christians cut in pieces and burned. In 1888 this human fiend resolved to destroy all the leading Christian and Mohammedan peoples in his territory, but they were on their guard, fortunately. He failed signally in his scheme, and was compelled to hide. He adopted the name of Nahoza in his exile. He had to steer his own canoe, in which he went to the south of the lake, and that is why he called himself Nahoza, for nahoza means "pilot."

The Mohammedans shortly afterward persecuted the Christians, but the latter fled to Ankole. In view of his own interests M'wanga soon professed Roman Catholicism, and endeavored by intrigue and much fighting to regain his throne. Eventually he succeeded, but it was by the help of the very Christians he had attempted to massacre.

In a hot dispute over certain boundaries of Uganda between the French and English M'wanga was opposed by the British East Africa Company, and when ignominiously defeated he again fled to the lake, and was protected there by the French bishop. When it became clear that victory rested with the English M'wanga returned and immediately espoused Protestantism for political reasons, and has allied himself with the Protestants, except for a few days in August, 1894, when he considered it necessary to be a Roman Catholic.

This religious chameleon king for the second time returned to his capital, Mengo, and took the name "Kitata," which briefly stands for the proverb, "Ekitata Omuyima tekimupalako ente," which translated means, "That which does not kill a cowherd does not take away his cows." King M'wanga meant by this that he must first be destroyed before his kingdom could be taken from him. He had already lost his cause twice, though his peculiar methods and determination had recovered his kingdom each time. Just now he has lost it for the third time. M'wanga thought he could overcome the power of the British in Uganda, and chose a time when the Soudanese troops were out of the way. Major Tirnaan, however, by prompt action frustrated M'wanga's plans, and won the day for the British.

M'wanga's palace is built entirely of grass, bamboo reeds, and palm poles. The roof is supported on sticks and bamboo reeds, which are tied on to the poles and covered with a layer of palm leaf stalks, the whole being bound together with strips of papyrus. The roof of thatch is three feet thick, and the walls are made up of grass and reeds, the principal staircase is poles, while the steps are made of



Wa-ganda Warriors

mud. There is a wall of poles outside the palace, the base of which is a ridge of mud trampled upon by the feet until it is as hard as stone. It is constantly polished with banana juice.

M'wanga always squats on a Turkish rug laid on bark in the center of the floor, the surrounding part of the floor being covered with hay, which often gives the place the appearance of a stable. Formerly if a subject happened to tread on the king's mat by accident he paid for his carelessness with his life on the instant. At the present day a substantial fine is imposed. Although this monarch's conduct stamps him as a savage he has sufficient knowledge to know the value of a lightning conductor, for he has one attached to a pole on the roof of his "palace!"

When he holds his parliament he sits on a chair, partly supported by a servant. Beneath is a Turkish rug and his leopard-skin trimmed sandals. Only the king, the queen-mother, and the princes and princesses may wear leopard-skin trimmings on their sandals without dire consequences.

On M'wanga's right is the prime minister. Next to him is Stefano Kalibwani, a favorite chief of the king. Behind the king and his chiefs are the members of the royal body-guard and the native police force. This barbaric parliament meets on the first day of each week and on special occasions, when matters of importance are discussed, exactly as it did before a white man visited Uganda.

The prime minister of Uganda, Apollo Kagwa, is a most remarkable man. Only a few years ago he taught himself to write, and he is now "an author of certain works which have supplied information hitherto unknown to Europeans, and of real value to science. He is also much read, as a popular author, by those among the Waganda who are not wholly illiterate." Some years ago Apollo was severely beaten by the king for refusing to help him in some villainy, but the prime minister, although ever feeling the humiliation, has done his duty conscientiously. The first two-storied brick house in the country was built by Apollo for

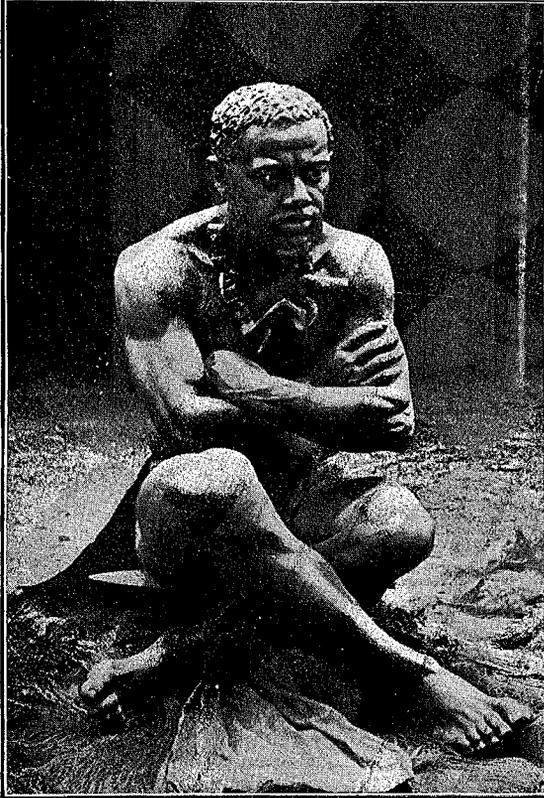
himself. In 1889, when the Christians drove the Mohammedans out of Uganda, Apollo was duly honored for his valor, and was afterward made prime minister when the chieftainships were divided.

M'wanga at one time hated him, because he informed the British government of his master's plots long before they were developed. In the Soudanese mutiny of June, 1893, he warned the British in time, and the mutiny was nipped in the bud. Apollo was also conspicuous in checking the anti-English rebellion of July, 1897, when M'wanga again absconded. At the present time he is serving with Major Macdonald's party in quelling the mutiny of the Soudanese troops.

"Concerning the superstitions of the Ba-N'thu natives," says Dr. Holub, "we can justly say that they mark with bloody stains not only many of their customs, but even their history for ages. An incident connected with one of these superstitions and the custom springing from it I will now relate. Fortunately the custom at present considered is practiced only at long intervals, and I think that I witnessed its last appearance that September day when King Sepopo was guilty of it. It was in the latter part of August, and during my first visit to Old Shesheke, that this town of the Ma-Shupia was accidentally burned down. It was situated on the elevated left bank of the Zambesi River, a lagoon bordering the location on the south, a forest on the west and north, the eastern portion extending into a grassy plain on which, about a mile and a half to the east of the old site, New Shesheke was built. The old city was only a few miles above the mouth of the Mo-Vahill or Kastezia River, and two days' journey in boats above the Tshobe-Zambesi junction.

"I well remember the hardships of that day. I occupied a small grass hut somewhat larger than the kennel of a farmer's watchdog, and built just behind the store of the trader, Mr. Westbech. Toward the south, and just on the slope of land toward the lagoon, there was another hut

constructed of poles and covered with a roof of grass thatch, and separated from my own only by the small yard of a native fisherman, which a few nights previous to the conflagration which swept away Old Shesheke was the scene of



The Ma-Rutse King, Sepopo

an exciting event. A leopard (the forests abounded in ferocious wild animals) made a call at the poultry hut, and, being disturbed at his late supper by the dogs, became fair game, neatly cornered. He was quickly attacked by the natives under King Sepopo's own command. Singing and yelling their tribal leopard hunt song, the dark, naked hunters swung

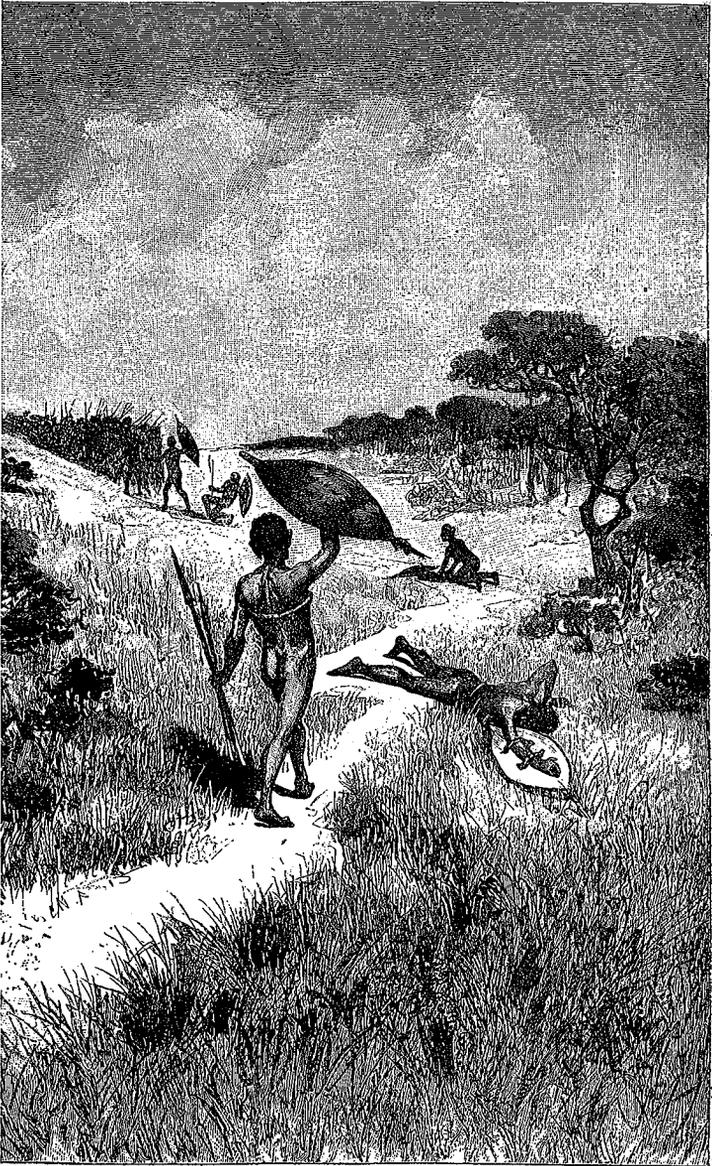
their long spears and made a sudden rush upon the hiding place of the beast, and in the glare of numerous torches the attack was made. A growl from the inside, a leap through the side of the fragile hut, and the enraged animal stood in the midst of his foes. Sudden yells and piercing cries mingled with the sharp whirl of swiftly flying spears, and the hunt was as suddenly at an end; the slain animal lay upon the sandy ground, its beautiful coat pierced by many spears along whose blades the crimson streams were flowing.

“ My elegant (?) apartments (before described) were surrounded toward the west, north, and east by the dwellings of the so-called Ma-Rutse section of Old Shesheke. They were mostly reed huts, and on the eastern side were distant only about two yards, those on the west about thirty yards, and on the north only six yards separated my hut from the royal stables. The fire originated close by, and soon the city was in a blaze. Only when forced to do so a group of natives just coming up from the river assisted me in my pulling down the nearest houses, and then, making use of gourd shells as shovels, we threw such masses of sand upon the burning huts to the northward that soon the only remaining dangers were the burning pieces of reeds flying in the gale and the flying bullets from the rifles exploding in the burning huts. Returning the same day from an excursion, Mr. Westbech's companion, Mr. Blockley, after thanking me politely for having saved his property, said, ‘ But you know, doctor, I am quite surprised, when I think about it, that you did not run away instead of so desperately jeopardizing your life.’ I looked at the speaker in wonder; a riddle his words were to me. Then he grasped my hand and led me into the hut made of poles, partly plastered with red clay, and covered with a dry thatch roof. Approaching a large case he unlocked it and raised the lid, and looking down I felt like I had suddenly landed upon an iceberg. There in quiet repose they lay, those light gray bags of soft woolen cloth, piled up in tiers, each containing five pounds, or in all seven hundred pounds of gunpowder !

“Nearly all of the subjects of King Sepopo who lived in the city and its vicinity were immediately employed in the building of New Shesheke, the houses of which were also chiefly of grass and reeds. He actually succeeded in creating a new city in two months. There were among the houses intricate but rather interesting styles of architecture, and the streets were cleaner and the place altogether more habitable than most of the capitals of the kings reigning over the south Zambesi territories. A morning in the month of September timed the event which I shall now relate. During the few days immediately preceding a close observer would have noticed an unwonted anxiety in the families of the chief residents in Shesheke, and had he risked a reconnoiter at night in the edge of the forest bounding the city he would have seen several troops of natives disappearing in its depth. Most of the chiefs were apprised of the fact that the king and his council of old men, who thought themselves possessed of supernatural powers, had determined upon the death of a boy as an offering for the especial welfare of the newly built city, and none but the child of a kosane (chief) could answer the purpose. This accounted for the great anxiety in the families of the chiefs and the clandestine flight of natives intrusted with the escort of children to distant villages or hiding places in the forest. When the appointed day dawned Mo-Shoku, the royal executioner, sent his spies to the dwellings of the chiefs, only one of whom returned with a favorable report to the king and his private council. He had seen a boy of high rank at play in his father’s yard. Immediately the tyrant ordered this chief on a distant mission requiring all of his servants and boats. He was the only chief who was not aware of the frightful business of the day, and promptly obeyed orders. In Sepopo’s courtyard a number of men observing absolute silence were crouched on the smooth cemented floor. The king tarried in his hut, engaged in an eager conversation with Liwa, a member of his council. About this time a servant of Mo-Shoku made

his appearance at the hut of the absent chief. He modestly seated himself near the inclosure of reeds and waited to be addressed. After a few minutes one of the wives of the absent chieftain, by chance the mother of the boy at play, came out and exchanged a greeting, after which the servant told her that the chief just departed wished to be accompanied by his little son, a lad of about seven years. The mother made searching inquiries, and at last bade her child follow the man. Laughing and lightly stepping, the happy child followed him, and after a circuitous walk he turned toward the royal dwelling, where his entrance disturbed the perfect silence that reigned. The men rise at once, and Mo-Shoku hastens into the presence of the king, saying, 'Mo-Rena, mo-sheman' (King, the child is present). Sepopo rises, and with a swift glance at the boy leaves the royal yard, followed by all present. The boy follows with curiosity and astonishment. What does all this mean? As they depart from the courtyard the band, three kalebass piano players and four drummers, in waiting outside, begins to play and moves on, *avante garde*. The procession, consisting of about seventy persons, marches rapidly toward the river. A sudden cry from a hut frightens the boy. It was the sight of the crowd moving in that direction, more than the sound of the music, that attracted the attention of the wife of a chief, who, peering through her reed fence, recognized the king and his suite, and seeing the boy, the anxiety which prompted her a few nights before to send her child into the forest was aroused. 'They have indeed taken a child.' The woman keenly felt the pain of sorrow. Was not she a mother? Does the real mother, does the child know where they are leading it?

"Having arrived at the boats the party quickly embarked and pulled out toward the opposite bank, leaving the sylimbass behind, but accompanied by the drums. They disembarked upon the white sand. The boy hesitated, but was led out. Sepopo seated himself upon a 'sibura' (wooden



Matebele Warriors Returning from a Battle

chair) which had been made expressly for him, and was surrounded by his suite. The child is placed before the king in the midst of the assemblage. Then Mo-Shoku's servants throw the unsuspecting boy to the ground, and for the first time he begins to cry. Hardly has he touched the earth when the old sorcerers seize him and pinion his struggling arms and legs to the ground. The child screams for help in vain. The drums are beaten and tambours loudly sing the praises of Sepopo, 'Mo-Rena a Zambesi' (King of the Zambesi). The relentless executioners heed not the pitiful pleadings, 'Ra, ra, ra, ra' (Father, father, father, father). One of the old barbarians seized the right hand of the child, and while pronouncing certain spells disjointed the thumb. For the moment the boy became dumb by the sudden pain, but only for the moment; then a shrill cry of distress escaped the innocent sufferer, repeated again and again above the sound of the slavish singers. The unfeeling wretch continues to separate the lower joints of all the fingers of the right hand, while an equal monster performs the same painful operations on the left hand. Every stroke is followed by spurts of blood, and the white sands, and the skins worn by the torturers are deeply dyed. Having finished with the fingers, they do the same with the toes of their victim. The death cry of the tortured boy becomes weaker, still the words, 'Mun-mum bulaza' (They kill me), uttered intermissively and in a convulsed manner, are plainly heard by the crowd that has gathered on the Shesheke side of the river, yet fear to exhibit their horror and anger. The separated, bleeding joints of fingers and toes are gathered up by one of the cruel monsters, wiped on his leather apron, and wrapped up in a piece of tanned hide. One of the men who holds the child grasps his hoarsely rattling throat. The chest heaves slightly at intervals, a quiver runs through the limbs, the eyelids tremble for the last time, and the glaring eyes become fixed and glazed. As the man takes his hand from the child's throat a bystander gives the corpse a blow with

his kerrie, which dashes the skull to pieces. The gang of murderers return to their boats, taking the body with them, which in midstream is slipped overboard, unobserved, and land under the shady mimosa trees toward the royal huts.

“Opposite to the scene of horror a woman suddenly rushed out of the amazed crowd and, standing up to her knees in the water on the edge of a great depth, where many bathing children had fallen victims to the crocodiles, she addressed the landing crowd in a heartrending voice. Her hands were clasped in despair, and she demanded her child, her only mo-shemani (son), whom she had that morning adorned with her own fancy beads. No answer from the crowd, no consolation whatever was afforded the poor mother. The people ran down to drag her out of the water, lest she be carried away by one of the huge monsters infesting the dark-blue waters. The women and girls wept with her, and the men returned silently to their work, but one pushed his way toward the unfortunate mother. ‘Mo-Sarri [married woman], leave off, leave off, throw down your voice. You know the bad heart of the Ma-Loj. One of these may be annoyed; you will be condemned as a witch; you will go, and who will look after your other children?’ The woman gazed at the speaker, tried to choke down her heavy sobs, dropped senseless, and was carried to her house.

“Having arrived at Sepopo’s dwelling, the barbarians disappeared in his storehouse, where at that time the three war drums were kept. In one of these the separated joints were put, after renewing the blood spots on the drumhead with their fresh blood. The charm was now complete and had found its place of repose, this magic which was to preserve New Shesheke from hostile attacks or destruction by fire.”

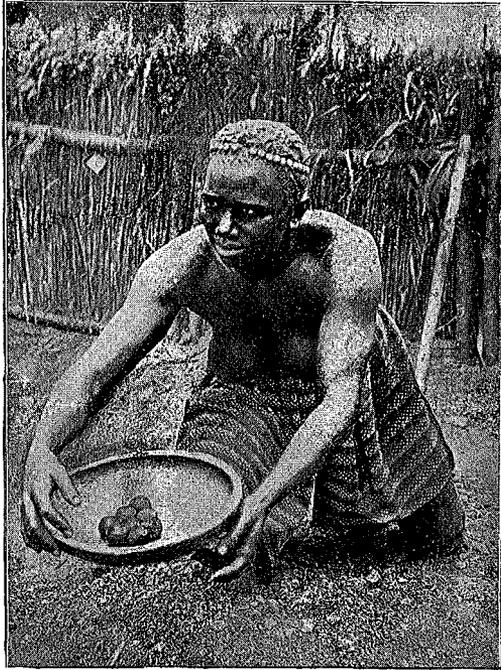
“The Zambesi natives, as a rule, believe in the necessity of these bloody sacrifices, not only because they originated in the brain of a cruel tyrant, but also on account of being very closely related to the superstitious beliefs of the people

themselves. King Sepopo, although pretending before his subjects that his cruelties were necessary to the welfare of the country, was conscious of the grossness of his crimes, endeavored to perpetuate them secretly as in the case of the boy, so that European residents who did not know him intimately were not aware of them until after their accomplishment. He knew well the teaching of the missionaries, and he hated and avoided them because it condemned his evil life. The king had surrounded himself with a council of doctors, who were looked up to by the people as magicians and possessors of supernatural powers. Most of them were old men who were acquainted with the qualities of some useful herbs, fruits, etc., and who could cure the bite of a snake, dysentery, and some other diseases. By this means they gained the confidence of the people, but with this knowledge they united superstitions beyond all limits, which just suited Sepopo's purposes. Anything was right, no matter how horrible in its conception and dreadful in its execution, when countenanced by the council of doctors.

"In endeavoring to convince his people that he possessed supernatural powers the king made use of juggling and other tricks. This added to the fear in which he was held and suppressed every thought of resistance. Very often the people north of Zambesi told me that Sepopo could suddenly make himself 'invisible,' that powder and ball could have no effect on him, even from a white man's gun. It was at last the failure of one of his professed 'charms' that gave occasion for the revolt of the Ba-Rutse and his downfall, confirming my opinion that slavish fear was all that held the tribes together under his rule. When he had condemned twelve of his headmen to death he prepared a charm from the entrails of a slain bullock, which, placed before their huts, was to effectually prevent their escape by making them insane when they crossed it, so they would return to their huts in their madness. They took to flight; but the king proclaimed publicly that his charm

would cause their speedy return. The people awaited them with great interest, but they continued their flight, and they ceased to dread Sepopo.

“The reason for their condemnation was the unwillingness of these brave men to approve the king’s murderous practices. Among these, Inkambela, the governor of the



Sepopo's Serving Maid

Ba-Rutse, was included, and the condemnation of this man brought about the revolt of the Ba-Rutse. Sepopo sent a large body of warriors to suppress this insurrection; but the army, instead of carrying out his orders, made friends with the rebels, and went for the king's newest residence, Katonga. Sepopo was informed of their approach, and he sent more troops to resist them, but even this body of men immediately returned and attacked Sepopo's residence,

without awaiting the main body of the rebels. Following the advice of Mo-Kumba, a Ma-Shupia chief, Sepopo took a boat, intending to take refuge at Impalera, at the Zambesi-Tshobe junction. When in the act of descending into the boat he was accidentally shot by one of his subjects. The bullet passed through his chest and broke his arm; nevertheless he escaped, and his wounds were dressed by a trader. Still being pursued, he went up the Tshobe River, but he died shortly after.

“Sepopo was a usurper and had begun his reign with the execution of his elder brothers, who were entitled to the throne, and ever fearing that their death might be avenged he was distrustful to the extreme. He tried to make himself feared by means of violence and barbarous cruelty. He succeeded in this in a certain measure only, and his throne gradually trembled until it toppled and fell. Sepopo, like most other central African rulers, made use of many superstitious customs exercised by the Zambesi tribes for a long time; and, at the same time, by the advice of some of the members of his private council, he added to the horrors of the superstitious rites, and even succeeded for a time in making some of his subjects look upon him as a supernatural being, and they so feared him for many years that the greatest outrages by him were acknowledged as just and necessary. Most of the Zambesi nations are not quite as ignorant as many of the south Zambesi and Ba-N'thu nations, and not as degraded as the Hottentot tribes; but, brought up under a slavish subjection, they were afraid to shake off the cruel yoke, or even entertain the thought of it. It would have been an easy task to enlighten them, because it was only fear that made them look upon such cruelties as ‘just,’ but such an attempt would have brought about their execution.” Marvelous reformations have already been wrought by the faithful missionaries who have labored among them, and a brighter day has dawned upon these benighted peoples.

## CHAPTER XXI

**Sacrificed to Crocodiles**

THE Vey tribe on the West Coast, who have been causing considerable trouble to the British government, are a superior race of Negroes. They have a system of writing invented by one of their chiefs about sixty years ago, and they are, moreover, famous as weavers of fine cloth and for their agricultural products. Up to a very few years ago, however, they were guilty of a hor-

rible worship of crocodiles, in addition to the usual complication of other superstitious adoration; and the most repulsive part of this crocodile worship was the sacrifice of babes to the cruel jaws of the horrible monsters. Here is the story told by a native prince, Beselow, son of a former King of Bendoo:

“This is a great festival that takes place in Bendoo once in every five years. When all the people had arrived who were likely to come a blast from many hundred horns announced that the ceremonies were about to begin. The scene was a striking one. The men, and women too, rushed down to the shores of the lake, pushing and scrambling for a place in a manner which was often dangerous to both life and limb. My mother told me before going that she would offer prayers to the gods for me, and she believed that they would grant the request of a loving mother for her son. I was not permitted to see the sacrifice, but I will tell the story from my mother’s description.

“The hour for the sacrifice was at hand. Suddenly a deep silence fell over all. Fifty or more medicine men were

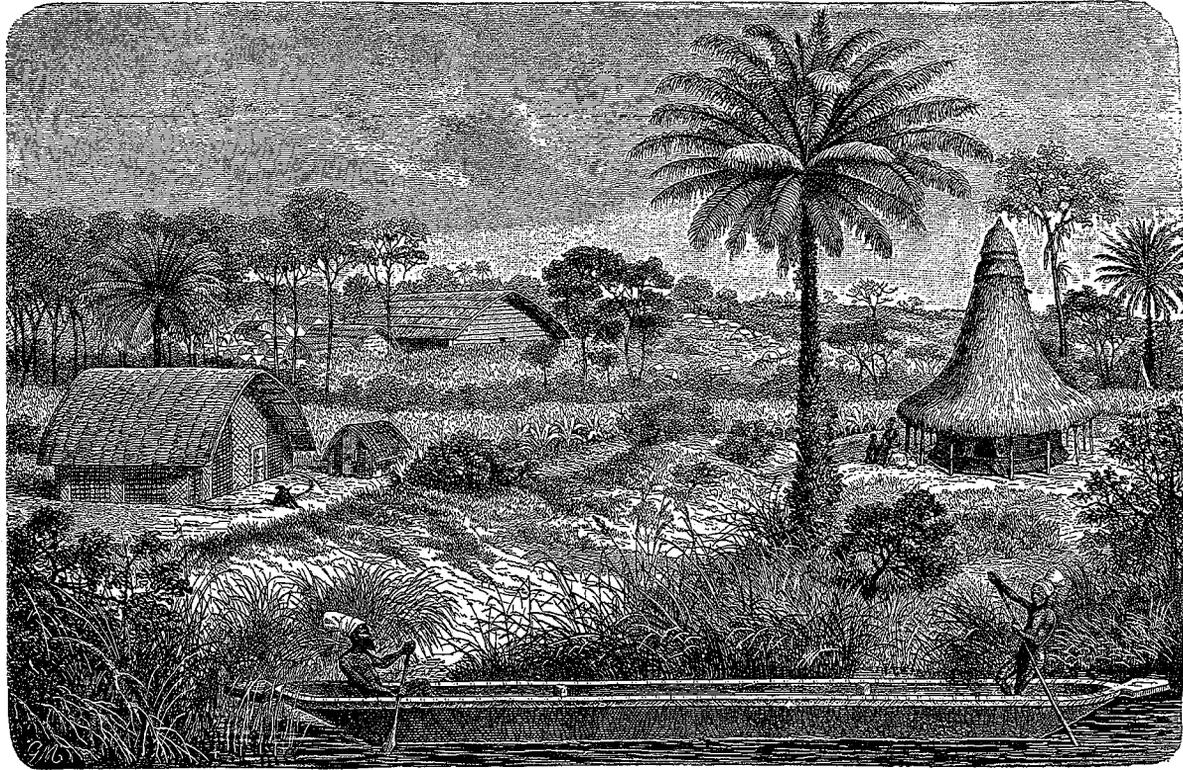
approaching the shore. They wore long, floating white robes, and looked very solemn indeed.

“About a dozen feet from the shore could be seen the red, hungry eyes of a half hundred crocodiles. Their great, gaping, slimy mouths were opened greedily, as if they were eager for the expected feast. The low, drawling voices of the medicine men were heard for a half hour or more in an unintelligible harangue; then through the crowd there pushed their way twenty-five slave women with their naked babes in their arms. At this point the musicians began to play upon their instruments, the dancers began to execute some wild, fantastic dances, the singers began to howl—for no other word expresses it—the voices of the medicine men grew louder and shriller, and, amid all this, the spectators, with many a prayer and promise to the gods, fell upon their knees and rocked themselves to and fro as though in mortal anguish; and all the while the gleaming eyes of the crocodiles seemed to dilate and grow larger, and their capacious, horrible mouths seemed to look more greedy and expectant. The only quiet ones in the crowd were the slave mothers and their babes. To look upon them was a sight never to be forgotten. The tears were silently dropping from their eyes as they bent over their little babes, who were cooing and throwing up their little chubby hands into the air, happily unconscious of the horrible fate awaiting them. The mothers quickly and quietly brushed away the tears, however, for if caught in the act of weeping for their babes their own life, in all probability, would have paid the penalty.

“These babes were to be offered as sacrifices to the crocodiles, and what greater honor could be conferred upon a slave woman than to be asked to offer her child as a sacrifice to the gods? After the priests had finished their long harangue, they took the babes from their mother’s arms, one by one, and anointed their naked little bodies with fragrant oils and salves; and then the mothers, in their supposed joy at the proceedings, were expected to dance and caper

about, and sing a propitiatory song to the gods, in which they fervently hoped that the sacrifice would please them, and be sweet, tender, and toothsome. How dreadful it was! What a strain it must have been upon those mothers to have pretended joy and pleasure when, in reality, they must have been wretched and miserable beyond expression! Bravely they hid their feelings and danced about, throwing their arms into the air and screaming shrilly, perhaps in this way venting their grief, as one after another of their infants was cast into the waters of the lake to the waiting greedy animals. The crowd watched the little black bodies with fascinated eyes as they disappeared into the cavernous mouths of the crocodiles, leaving a long stain of crimson blood dyeing the waters of the lake. Distinctly on the shore could be heard the monsters as they cracked the bones of the unfortunate babes, whose pitiful cries might well have touched a heart of iron; and all the time the mothers danced and sang merrily. At last it was over, and only the eager eyes and cruel heads of the monsters looking for more prey to devour, and the blood-reddened waters bathing the shores, remained to tell of the awful scenes just enacted. Though I was young and accustomed to terrible scenes, yet when this scene was pictured to me I remember that I felt a throb of something akin to pity as I thought of those poor women who had sacrificed their children."

King Cottam, of the Veys, sent one of his sons to a mission near his territory by the advice of a trader, but it seems paradoxical that a king of an intelligent tribe should think so much of the missions as to send his son there while he encouraged the terrible superstitious sacrifices to the crocodiles. Fortunately when he died his brother killed all the crocodiles, and some of the fetich priests too, and discounted fetichism in Bendoo and all his territory. He was not a Christian, however, but an atheist. He had met a party of men in Spain, where he had traveled a few years, who convinced him that the gods did not exist, and he



Wangbattu Boatmen and Village

commenced a demonstration of his convictions by commanding the destruction of the hideous crocodiles, much to the joy of the mothers of Bendo.

King Cottam's method of dealing with prisoners taken in battle is interesting and a fair sample of the sanguinary dealings of other African monarchs with poor mortals who fall into their clutches in similar manner. A day was appointed for the honor of the chiefs and men who had fought in the late war with the Cobbars. The soldiers were grouped together wondering among themselves who was to be promoted and who would lose his head, or who would be made a chief. At last the rumbling roll of the kettle-drum announced that the king was waiting to review them. He was seated in state, with his councilors grouped about him. He was gorgeously arrayed in a scarlet jacket and a white undershirt embroidered in gold and silver. The chiefs took their places on either side of him in order of their rank, while a little to the right of him were his drummers, dancers, and musicians. One by one the chiefs prostrated themselves before him, named over the men in their ranks whom they desired to reward and the unfortunates who had exhibited cowardice. The former were advanced in rank, while the slaughter of the latter was something terrible. The councilors tried in vain to alter the king's decision where some of the alleged cowards were concerned, but to no purpose, except in the cases of a few of the strongest men, who were granted their lives, but these were jeered at and treated with scorn and contempt by the other soldiers. Cowardice is an unpardonable crime with the heathen despot. The next scene in this sanguinary drama was the arraignment of the wretched prisoners. One by one they were marched up to the king, who said to each of them, "Are you willing to fight, to die, for me?" Some of them answered in the affirmative, but others were struck dumb with fright, while others were silent from choice or boldly defied him and the certain death which awaited them. If a great fall of blood, instead of rain, had poured

into the courtyard and streets of Bendo it could not have made a more ghastly scene than the one the setting sun illumined on that dreadful day. Heads and bodies were piled up high, while ruddy gore flowed in streams and filled the hollows everywhere about. But it was a time of rejoicing for the victors, and the fires were lighted and the war dance became the diversion of the people after the king's vengeance had been satisfied. But it was not alone the king's vengeance, but the fetich priests who had to be appeased. The slaughter was intended to please the gods, and it was considered necessary that the ground should be covered with human blood. It would take volumes to give examples from life of similar scenes enacted in every king's kraal of every tribe of the native African. They are all guilty, and only vary their human slaughter by more or less ceremony or details. Cetewayo, king of the Zulus, was reported to be more humane than the kings of Dahomey, or Ashantee, or Benin, but he delighted in slaughter of the innocent, nevertheless. But the mighty are fallen, and very soon superstitious murderers will be focused under the eye of the law of the government which has claimed the territory these murderous heathens have no right to govern. I believe the last of these monarchs to meet his Nemesis was the King of Benin, the reputed city of blood. In August last this tricky individual entrapped some English officers and ordered their massacre; but he did not count the cost, and it was not many days before he paid it with his life and that of his followers and the partial destruction of his city.

Customs of the Old Calabar tribes will serve to illustrate the "habitations of cruelty" so general in Africa. When Duke Efrim, King of Duke Town, died, he simply left this world to go to another. He was a great man in this world, and now he must take with him a retinue of his faithful followers to enable him to maintain his rank in the country to which he was going. An eyewitness thus describes the burial of the king:

"The victims were prepared, and in a particular part of

the house of the late king the grave was dug. The mouth of it was something like the hatchway of a ship, and within it was hollowed out for some yards. At one end a complete cavern was formed for the corpse of the duke, and this part was laid with valuable cloth. When all was ready for the interment five of the youngest of the wives of the duke were brought to the grave. Their legs and arms were broken and turned up toward their bodies. The executioner then placed one of them on the spot where the head of the corpse was to rest. Another was laid on the spot where the right arm was to be stretched, another for the left arm, and one for each leg. Their cries and groans were heart-rending, but no heart there seemed to feel. Even their parents were prohibited, on pain of instant death, to lament the fate of their children. The corpse was next put in its place. Then six freemen were each compelled to eat a poison nut, which soon caused death. They, too, were placed near the corpse. Then began the sacrifice of slaves, about fifty of whom were knocked by a club into the open grave. Some were not killed by the blow, but it mattered not. They were speedily dragged from the mouth of the yawning sepulcher and packed along its sides by the fetich men, and the outer hole was filled up upon the living and the dead. The horrid scene ended in the erection of a ju-ju house on the bank of the river, in which were placed broken sofas, tables, chairs, plates, and dishes—all they thought the dead man might want in the other world—broken to prevent thieves in this world from stealing them."

The native word used for our word soul is ukpong. It signifies that which dwells within a man, on which his life depends, but which may detach itself from the body and visit other places and persons, and return to its abode in the man. The primary meaning of the word ukpong is the "shadow of a person," which becomes the symbol of the invisible soul.

It is difficult to estimate the power the witch doctor wields, not only in Pondoland, in South Africa, but throughout all the native tribes. We are accustomed to speak of the

despotism of African chiefs, and of the fearfully autocratic sway which holds the lives of their subjects completely at the mercy of their lightest caprice, but after all it is not so



A Typical Witch Doctor

much the chiefs who are responsible as the witch doctor, whose power and influence are practically unlimited and under whose control the head of the tribe holds the scepter of government.

This man, as in the case of the Yorubas and others, professes to hold the keys of the kingdom of darkness; he is regarded as being able to understand all mysteries; he is credited with power to drag into the light perpetrators of evil and to track to the death all wicked designers upon the chief's sacred person and property; in a word, he has authority to strike a merciless and relentless blow, under the guise of supernatural knowledge, wherever his charm may indicate.

Chiefs are brought up and nourished upon the idea that no evil can befall them in the natural course of events, and so should sickness, and indeed any calamity, overtake them, it is at once attributed to witchcraft, and the services of the doctor are immediately brought into requisition. It is of little use for a chief to say what his ailments are; it is beyond his province. This is the special domain of the doctor, and all must be left to him to "ukunuka"—"to smell out"—where he thinks fit, and to use his victims as he may think proper.

But let me cite a few cases:

A chief was seized with inflammation of the bowels, brought on through excessive drinking. Everybody knew that he was slowly but surely killing himself, and yet the doctors, after hours of frantic manipulation of their charms, gravely asserted that the drink was bewitched; consequently six innocent victims were sacrificed, and their possessions, amounting to hundreds of cattle and sheep and horses, confiscated.

The son of a chief was afflicted with ophthalmia, a very common disease in that country; thousands suffer from it annually. The doctor's verdict, however, was that the young man's eyes were being consumed by some evil influence which had been brought to bear against him; so four innocent beings were cruelly butchered for the alleged offense.

Another was suffering from ulcerated legs, due more to the want of cleanliness than anything else. This case

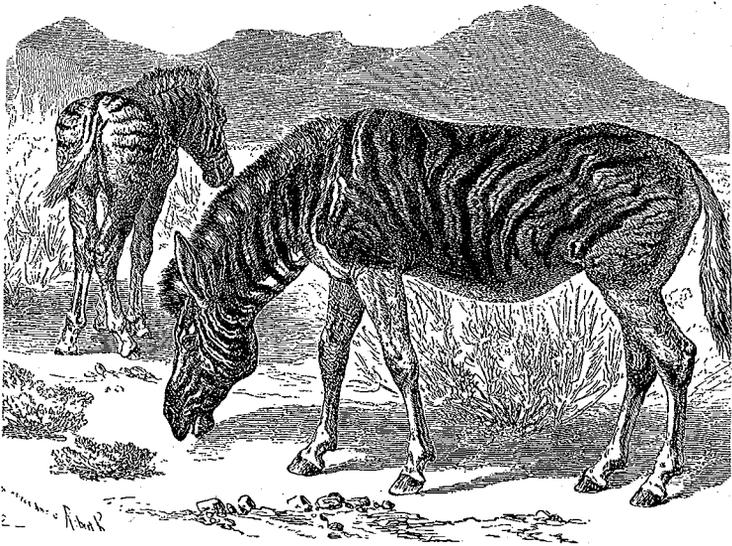
proved obstinate; the doctors were consulted, and their conclusion was that the patient was being nightly visited by a snake and a frog which were sent by some evilly disposed persons, and as long as this was allowed to go on there could be no hope of a cure. The result was that two men were charged with the offense, their brains knocked out, and their bodies hurled over a precipice.

But one of the most curious cases that I remember was that of a man very corpulent, who was taken ill with loss of appetite and a gradual wasting away. He was treated medicinally for some time, but with no beneficial results; his friends became quite alarmed, for he seemed to be visibly growing less. Now it happened that another man bearing the same name, and strange to say equally as corpulent, lived but a short distance away. This proved a very unfortunate and disastrous coincidence to him. The doctor's charms and divinations all pointed very conclusively to him as being the author of all the woe and all the evil attending his namesake. "How was it possible," said he, "for two men with the same name, and with stomachs of the same size to live so near each other? It was plain enough that stomach number one was being consumed by stomach number two." Consequently number two must bear the onus of the awful charge, and die. And die he did, together with his wife and eldest son. A terrible sight it was to see their mangled bodies being devoured by beasts and birds of prey.

Now in all these cases it needed no word from the paramount chief to carry into execution the verdict of the witch doctor. Absolute power is vested in him from whose lips the sentence falls, and the last word has scarcely died away when a hundred fiends in human form speed away to torture and to kill regardless of the piteous cries for mercy and of the innocence of the victims whose blood they are shedding.

On the Gulf of Guinea the victims are brought to the mouth of the open grave, knocked on the head from be-

hind, and one after another tumbled in, to be buried dead or alive. On the West Coast they are sometimes taken to a pond of ferocious catfish, and while still alive cut in small pieces and fed to the fishes. On the Upper Congo a sappling is often bent to the ground, the neck of the victim attached thereto with a loop, and the head severed from the body by a stroke from behind; and on the lower river an execution is sometimes accomplished by "planting" the man in a standing position, packing the loose earth around solid up to the chin, and then driving a sharpened stake down through the head.



Zebra of the Uplands

## CHAPTER XXII

## The Zulus and "Judicial" Murders



THE Zulus are recorded as an insignificant tribe until Chaka, by the conquest and assimilation of neighboring tribes, made of them a mighty people. The evidence of tradition even fails us with regard to the Zulu branch of the Kaffir race. The only tradition they have of their own origin is confounded with one concerning the origin of mankind; a tradition which makes the birthplace of the human race a bed of common reeds, and reminds one of Moses in the bulrushes. Waitz, the great German ethnologist, says the name Zulu means the wanderers or the homeless, and it is possible that the Zulus have been driven or have wandered to their present territory from the more central parts of the great continent.

Wherever they came from, however, they are simply at present a South African tribe of Negroes who had enemies on the north of them in the wild Amaswazi and Amatonga tribes; on their west the unscrupulous and aggressive Dutch Boers, or farmers, who, as a rule, do not anticipate the elevation of the native races above serfdom; while on the south, divided from them by the Tugela River, is the English colony of Natal. The sea hems in Zululand on the east, so that the former Zulu king, Panda, referring to the gradual advance eastward over his territory by the Dutch farmers, spoke with a clear understanding of his position when he said, "In a little while the Boers will not leave me room enough on which to stand."

Panda was the father of the late King Cetewayo, and the brother of his predecessors, Chaka and Dingan. Like his pred-

ecessors, Chaka and Dingan, and also like his son Cetewayo, he always maintained a powerful army of native warriors about his kraal. His custom was to compel every family to send their young men once in every three years for a month's military service, and at the general review, when their names were called over by the king, some would be seized for some real or supposed offense, their heads cut off in the royal presence, their wives and children distributed as prizes among their executioners, and their cattle confiscated for the use of the army during the month.

Panda reigned from 1840 to 1872, though from the year 1856 Cetewayo appears to have shared with him the exercise of sovereignty. During all this time the awful superstitious butchery scarcely attracted attention; yet that it was of regular occurrence is certain from the letters of Mr. Robertson and his wife, who had charge of the first English mission in Zululand from the year 1860 to 1865. These letters give conclusive evidence of the deplorable social condition of the Zulus at that time. Thus, in December, 1860, Mr. Robertson writes:

“Murders are of almost weekly occurrence; I mean judicial ones. I do not give all the blame to the chiefs; the people are equally to blame. They murder one another on false accusations, which the chiefs, for the sake of the cattle, are but too ready to act upon.”

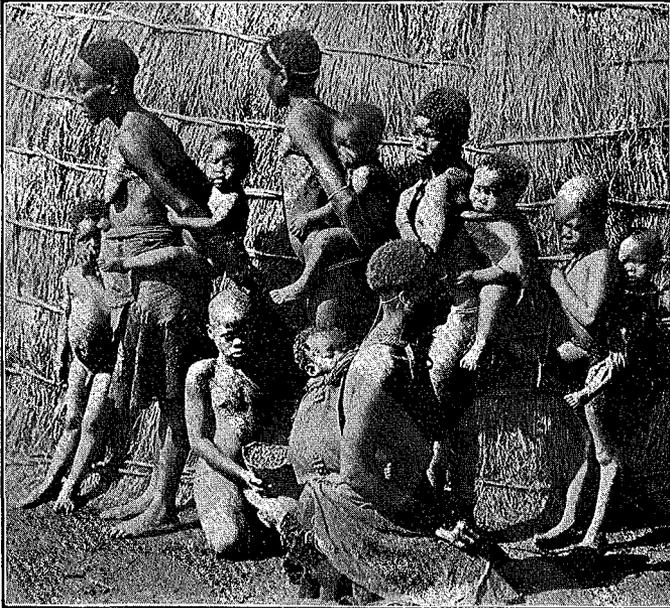
In 1861 it is the same story:

“This country has been in a very unsettled state, scarcely a week going past without one hearing of murders being committed, in some instances of whole kraals at a time.”

The belief in witchcraft superstition was the chief cause of these judicial murders, and Cetewayo, who sought to abolish capital punishment for crimes generally, advocated death as the punishment for the crime of witchcraft. In March, 1863, Mr. Robertson writes again:

“I am sorry to say that during the past three months there has been a good deal of killing going on in this country, chiefly on the charge of witchcraft. In this they

seem to be infatuated. . . . I have heard of I don't know how many cases, in some of which Cetewayo interfered and would not allow the man 'smelt out' to be killed. In one case near here a great man was smelt out, and Cetewayo said the doctors were liars; they must smell again; and the result was that the man escaped, but four of his people were killed." And again: "The whole country is so pervaded



A Zulu Family

with superstition and cruelty it sometimes seems appalling . . . yet outwardly their lives are so simple, so pastoral, so quiet." What a paradox!

A belief in witchcraft cannot be destroyed by Gatling guns, and it is a bad index of the future in store for a savage race when its barbarous practices are made a ground of offense against it by a more civilized neighbor. Even the Dutch, who have robbed, shot, and enslaved the Zulus without mercy, insisted, when they made Panda king, that "in

future he should allow no punishment of death to be inflicted for witchcraft or other ridiculous superstitious practices," nor "allow any woman, child, or defenseless aged person to be murdered." And from the day of Cetewayo's coronation in 1827 the government of Natal forced from him promises of similar reforms.

The principal reforms in question were to the following effect:

1. That the indiscriminate shedding of blood should cease.
2. That no Zulu should be condemned without open trial and public examination of witnesses for and against him, and that he should have a right of appeal to the king.
3. That no Zulu's life should be taken without the previous knowledge and consent of the king, after such trial and right of appeal.
4. That for minor crimes the loss of property should be substituted for death.

In 1875 Bishop Schreuder, the Norwegian missionary, was commissioned to present to the king a printed copy of these new laws, which the latter was supposed to have assented to at his coronation. The bishop told the king that his government would make comparison and determine whether his doings were in accordance with that law, and Cetewayo, pointing to the mat at his feet, said, "Lay it down there." "No," replied the bishop, "that will not do; the book is not at your feet, but you are at the feet of the book. . . . Do not make any difficulty." Cetewayo then put his head between his hands and muttered, "O dear, O dear, what a man this is!" He was, indeed, so far overcome that, instead of asking as usual for a royal cloak, he could only bring himself to beg for the present of a dog to bark for him at night.

Cetewayo did his best to abolish capital punishment for all crimes except witchcraft, having substituted for the supreme penalty of the Zulu law the loss of one or both eyes.

Livingstone says that one of the excuses by which the Boers pretended to justify their raids upon native African tribes has been "an intended uprising of the doomed

tribe;" and the British war party in Natal, which desired the annexation of Zululand, resorted to the same excuse; and the fear of a Zulu invasion was nursed until it culminated in the ultimate conquest of Zululand by the British.

Cetewayo was described by Mr. Robertson as "undoubtedly friendly to missions." Great hopes were entertained at first of his conversion, and it is on record that at a certain morning service "it was most striking to observe the deep interest of Cetewayo and his people. . . . As far as he could he joined in the responses most earnestly," and after the service buried his head in his hands for some time, as if in reflection. This favorable disposition on the part of the king, however, was of no long duration.

The following incident is illustrative of the Zulu feeling as regards missions about the year 1862. Two Zulu converts were laughed at by their neighbors, and one of them was threatened by his relatives with death. When Mr. Robertson pleaded their cause with Cetewayo he replied: "You see that to believe is a new custom. We follow the customs of our forefathers. I like you missionaries, but I wish my people only to attend church on Sundays and then return to their homes. I do not wish any of my people to become Christians. These boys are soldiers; there are the great kraals at which they are known and where they serve. By becoming Christians they are lost to me, and if I consent to them all others will follow them."

There is a traditional prophecy in Zululand which helps to render intelligible Zulu dislike to missions, and that is a prophecy said to have been made to King Chaka by one Jacob, an escaped convict. It was to the effect that "a white man, assuming the character of a teacher, would one day arrive, and would one day obtain permission to build a house; that shortly after he would be joined by one or two more white men, and in the course of time an army would enter his country, which would subvert his government, and eventually the white people would rule in his stead." It is remarkable how this prophecy was fulfilled.



Fair Zulus in Full Dress

There is no record of any missionary ever having been killed in Zululand, nor is it certain that converts as such have suffered persecution. When they were killed it has been generally as wizards, though the fact of conversion may occasionally have given animus to the charge. Cetewayo's treatment of the missionaries was on their own showing uniformly civil and hospitable.

The later wars of the British against the Zulus, the terrible slaughters on both sides, the capture of the noble Cetewayo, his imprisonment in Cape Coast Castle, and his subsequent death through grief at the fall of his kingdom, are doubtless fresh in the memory of the reader. I will, therefore, proceed to review the Zulu of the present day, and missionary work among his tribe.

To-day the Zulus are far more numerous than is generally supposed. In Zululand proper there are nearly two hundred thousand, in the Natal colony there are nearly five hundred thousand, in Matabeleland there are about three hundred thousand, in Gazaland about the same number. There is another tribe of Zulus called the Abangoni, numbering over one hundred thousand. In all about one million four hundred thousand Zulus are spread over the territory named. Besides this number there is another tribe of them at the lower end of Lake Tanganyika, which was discovered by Stanley during his search after Livingstone. This is the Amazonian tribe. They are cannibals, and no missionary has so far been able to make friends with them. In the Mountains of the Moon there is yet another tribe of Zulu-speaking people, all discovered by Stanley.

These people are intellectually bright, strong of physique, and capable of carrying heavy burdens. They are of varying shades of color, from light brown to black. The hue most preferred by them is the brown, or "black with a little red in it," as they say. Their language is philosophically constructed and easily acquired. Here is the Lord's Prayer in Zulu:

"Baba wetu ucsezulwini, mali dunnyiswe, igama lako,

umbruso waho ma uze, intando yako mayewziwe emhlabem lapa n'yeninga sezulwimi. U si pe nambla isinkwa setu, y si zekele izono zitu njeugo tiuna si za ba zakela ezono zabanya. U nga si ngenise ekulingweni, kodwa u sikulule ekwoneni, ngokuba umbuso u ngu wako uamandhls, uobukosi, ku be ngo npakadi."

"It took me about a year to acquire the language," said Dr. Tyler; "but for thirty-nine years I was employed in teaching in that beautiful tongue, and often, while speaking in English, Zulu words rushed into my mind demanding utterance, and at times I found myself thinking in Zulu."

One method of the missionary in gradually drawing the Zulu from barbarism to Christianity and manhood is as follows:

A young man comes for the first time to a mission station. He waits for the missionary to salute him, and the missionary when he sees him says:

"Upunanina?" (What do you want?)

"Ngiyatanda beusabien jela imali." (I want to work for money.)

He does not think of becoming a Christian. That is something he does not comprehend. He needs cash to buy something for himself or his mother, or to pay the annual hut tax levied by the British government. There he stands in his savage beauty, erect, dressed grotesquely with his head all stuck about with an abundance of hens' feathers, porcupine quills, and spoons. The vertebræ of snakes, or other odds and ends, and various things, as love charms, along with pieces of crocodile skins and panthers' teeth, are dangling about his neck, while the tails of monkeys and other wild animals wriggle about with every motion of his waist; a real representative of the native African barbarian; a genuine specimen of the heathen in his blindness; noble in form, forehead high, eyes sparkling and full of expression, of speech voluble, indicating energy and emotion. Set him at work in your garden, or taking care of your house, and you begin to work in him and for him.

## CHAPTER XXIII

**Religious Superstitions in Garenganze**

OME interesting particulars are given by Mr. Swan, the missionary. Speaking of Msiri, a great chief who happened to be sick, he says: "On June 7, 1889, I found the chief a little brighter; he was sitting with two of his wives, Mahanga and Nakuruwa, in the midst of a mass of charms such as I had never seen before—gourds, baskets, curious gongs made from lions' skins, spears, idols of various shapes and sizes, sundry wires with pieces of human skin or scalp stuck on them, stools, etc. One of these wires with its ghastly ornaments, he informed me, was given him by his father, Kalasa, when he (Msiri) left the country beyond Tanganyika to come to these parts. In the midst of all these I was requested to take a seat by his side. Native beer was brought and spurted over the charms, himself, and his wives. He then requested me to take some into my mouth and spurt over them, that they might have the white man's blessing; but as these charms represented the spirits of the departed I refused. They next brought a goat as an offering to the spirits. It was laid on a heap of stones and its throat was cut. Its inwards were taken out and carefully examined; the lungs were inflated, but all was found perfectly in order, and they seemed very well pleased. Had anything unusual been noticed it would have been counted an ill omen. The chief's brother, Likuka, then took some of the blood and sprinkled it on the chief's forehead and breast. Rings were cut out of the skin and placed on the fingers of the chief's left hand, after which the flesh was cut up and divided among those present. In reply to his ques-

tion, 'What do you think of these things?' I answered, 'It is all nonsense; for when people die their spirits go to God who gave them and do not return.' 'Ah!' said he, 'that is your wisdom; this is ours.'" "Three days after," continues Mr. Swan, "I visited the chief again, and was surprised to find him sitting outside dressed in European clothes. He explained that during the night he had dreamed he was in Portugal, England, and a few other places, so on rising he had dressed up in European fashion and told his people he had just returned from the white man's country. All who went to see him, young and old, had to come and shake hands and bid him welcome back." Again Mr. Swan writes: "The chief still continues his ghastly work of putting his people to death. I am sick at heart hearing of this one or the other being executed, some charged with witchcraft and others interfering with his wives. Only a few days ago two were tied up charged with witchcraft; one was put to death and the other mutilated in a shocking way. I might mention scores and scores of cases, as these executions take place every few days."

In his recent work on Central Africa, Sir Harry Johnstone studied the native subjects of the British Protectorate very closely, and they are very fair representatives of the whole of equatorial Africa. "The Negro," says he "believes that life does not finish when the body dies. He has been led to this vague hope of immortality insensibly. It has seemed impossible that the father of the household, the headman of the village, or the chief of the tribe, could abruptly vanish when he has exercised such an important influence during his lifetime. It would appear as if the Bantu Negro had built up God by degrees out of ancestor worship. Dr. Bleek pointed out years ago that the common word for God over the eastern half of Bantu Africa—Mungu—could be traced to the Zulu word 'Munkulunkulu'—the great, great one, or, the old, old one. There is some truth in this, but I think that a second belief has come to meet ancestor worship, a belief in the personification of the

heavens, of the sun, moon, and stars, the rain, thunder, lightning; some mighty being or agency who exercises ruling power over the universe, the chief."

They all undoubtedly believe in a supreme God, as the Yorubas believe in their Olodumare; but this is not altogether associated with their notion of life beyond the grave. They believe that the spirit lives perpetually if it inhabited the body of a chief of great influence. Once on a time they were in the habit of placing their dead in caves or hollows of mountains, and as a matter of fact there is to be seen to-day a large sepulcher in a ravine at Zomba Mountain where many dead persons have been thrown whose whitened bones can be seen. There are numerous legends about all the mountains of the Shiré Highlands telling about the great chiefs who have been buried in these mountains and the hills round about. Besides this, dense forests have been used for the burial of the dead, so that there are innumerable stories of haunted forests among the natives. They have firm belief in ghosts, and will believe any sort of a ghost story. They tell ghost stories, too, by the hour, giving minutest details in the most graphic and horrifying manner. Many of these are prosaic stories, concocted in the light of day. One woman will tell the other that while winnowing or pounding the corn in the noontide she looked out in the courtyard and saw the spirit of the old chief looking just as he did before he died. These ghosts are considered to be powers for good or evil, and they are often propitiated, though if they become troublesome, that is to say, if these descendants fall sick or meet with misfortunes, the bones of the dead to whose spirit the annoyance is attributed may be dug up and thrown away, or removed to a far place to be buried under some tree which is supposed to have a restraining influence over the restless spirit. Ofttimes one of these eccentric ghosts is believed to haunt some rock or waterfall, but I have failed to meet with a parallel to the Greek mythological stories of the souls of the river, the tree, the caves in the mountain. Dr. Cross, however, declares that a belief of

this kind in spirits of earth and water is held by the Wankonde, who are a somewhat peculiar people who have been isolated for centuries at the north end of Lake Nyassa. In some tribes there is a belief in an evil deity as the rival ruler of the universe or as an opposite to the god of goodness. This is common with the Yorubas, the Veys, and many other tribes. The Wankonde believe that Mbase, the spirit of evil, lives in a wonderful cave in the mountain called Ikombwe, and which contains an abundance of beautiful stalagmites and stalactites. As Mbase is considered to be the source of much trouble he is venerated and propitiated very often. Dr. Cross visited this cave and found it nearly full of old broken pots and rotten cloth. For centuries the pots had been deposited there full of meal, and the cave is now literally blocked up with them. The belief in this evil spirit received a salutary shock two or three years ago when the son of Chief Mwankenju set Mbase at defiance and robbed the cave of the accumulated offerings of cloth, brass wire, and beads. As the chief's son survived this sacrilege many of the natives lost faith in the spirit of evil. This circumstance, with the work of the missionaries, will soon end the worship of Mbase altogether.

At the north end of Lake Nyassa the natives constantly offer sacrifices to the spirits of the dead. Secret places for worship are known as amasieta (singular, ilisieta). These are generally thick clumps of forests or groves of trees, in which people have been buried for generations. Generally a bullock is sacrificed, being killed by striking it in the back of the neck with a sharp ax kept for the purpose. The blood is poured over the ground on one of the amasieta. The head of the ox is laid on the ground as a further offering, while the body is consumed by the worshipers and prayers are offered to the spirits of the dead.

In southern Nyassaland it is usual to draw lots or to ascertain whether a journey will be favorable by sticking a knife in the grass and leaning against the blade two small sticks, or else by laying two sticks upon the ground and placing a



Types of Lake Victoria

third one athwart the two. The person making the experiment then turns aside for a minute or two, and if when he looks at the sticks again one or the other is found to have fallen to the ground from against the blade of the knife, or if the stick laid athwart the other two is disturbed in its position, the omen is taken to be a bad one.

Among the more superstitious A-nyanja muavi or other medicines are given to goats or fowls. If the creature thus doctored dies it is an ill omen; if the reverse it is a good omen. Formerly this medicine or poison would have been given to a slave. This extraordinary test is constantly used to try the good faith of strangers. "Colonel Edwards, Mr. Sharpe, and myself have often sat anxiously waiting for the result of some such ordeal in visiting a suspicious tribe," says Johnstone, "and have been delighted to see the fowl eject the noxious dose from its crop, or the goat refuse the bolus, knowing then that our cause was gained."

There are other methods of testing the guilt or innocence of suspected persons than the muavi ordeal. One accused will often be compelled to plunge his hand into boiling water, and if he draws it forth unscalded he will be deemed innocent. The Waukunde use a divining stick, which is partly bent or broken below the part grasped by the hand, so that it is provided with a sort of hinge and susceptible of the least tremor. When a person is accused of stealing they commence by burning certain roots in a fire. The rod is then shaken over the fire while they call on the spirits of the departed to locate the thief by its variable motions. The thief catcher then starts off with the stick in hand to find the thief in whichever way the rod happens to wriggle, and at last he pretends to have been led to a certain house, and the unfortunate owner is taken to be the thief.

There is a man in the Bundale country, at the north end of Lake Nyassa, who is believed by the natives to have the power to make lions. He is a very old man and lives in strict seclusion, and is said to have several lions in the long grass round about his hut. He can make these lions do

his will, so the story goes, and for a price will make them go to a specified neighborhood and harass the people. "I have been astonished," writes Dr. Cross, "to see how tenaciously even the most intelligent cling to this belief. They are firmly convinced that lions do not roam aimlessly, but are sent to a neighborhood with a definite object in view."

When Johnstone was preparing with his Sikhs an expedition against a notorious slave-raiding chief, Matipwiri, in South Nyassaland, another Yao chief, Zarifi, who had been appealed to for assistance by Matipwiri, sent his son who was reputed to be a wizard. It was said that Zarifi's son could raise up all the lions, hyenas, and leopards in Matipwiri's country against the invading force, and it was even threatened that these animals should meet the enemy as they were marching through the wilderness and destroy them. The absurd thing was that Matipwiri and his brother chief, Mtiramanja, although they were intelligent men, actually believed that the wizard, Kadewere, could work the miracle he had threatened. They were so strongly convinced, in fact, that the wild animals would destroy the enemy in the forest that they remained in their villages until the British troops entered the suburbs; and even then on the first day made but slight resistance, being so amazed that the lions and leopards had not obeyed the orders of their wizard master.

There is a belief that certain persons have power over the atmosphere so that they can make rain fall or wind rise or drop at will, though it is not perhaps such a prominent subject of consideration as in Africa south of the Zambesi, where the farming interests of the country make the fall of a shower a necessity. There was an old man reputed to be a rain maker living at the north end of Lake Nyassa. His name was Mwaka Sungula, and he was much sought after on account of his power over the rain and wind, and by a few lucky circumstances his fame spread far and wide. It so happened that the African Lakes Company's steamer, *Domira*, was stranded some six or seven years ago in the

shallows a little to the north of Karonga, and hundreds of natives were hired to haul the steamer off, but without any result; she still remained stuck in the sand. As a last chance Mwaka Sungula was appealed to, and after having received a present he visited the steamer and made some incantations, winding up the day by sprinkling the blood of a white cock on the natives around the steamer. Next morning the steamer was afloat, the wind having changed in the night and blown up the water of the lake raising the steamer off the sand bank. Since that stroke of fortune Mwaka Sungula has been often employed with his incantations and blood sprinkling, and all his failures are forgiven and forgotten in the remembrance of how the spirits raised the steamer from the sand bank at his request. Among other superstitions in northern Nyassaland a woman will never tell her husband's name or even use a word that may indicate what his name is. If she were to call him by his proper name it would be considered unlucky. The women also do not use the general names of articles of food for superstitious reasons, but instead they use special forms peculiar to them.



A Curious Native Salutation

## CHAPTER XXIV

**The Legendary Lore**

THE legendary lore of a people often contains much of their history. It is handed down from father to son or mother to daughter, generation after generation. It may contain crude fragments of the arts and sciences and fanciful details of the ceremonies of regal pomp and splendor or an extravagant record of superstitious fantastic rites, but still it is a source from which the history of the dim past of a people may be gathered. When a race has advanced to a higher development of civilization the record in writing is substituted for the song or recited story, and so gradually the traditions, unwritten, become less and less important, until they are almost forgotten, and the searcher after the history of a nation's first glimpse of civilization finds them only among the illiterate people in the rural districts. Songs sung or stories told by the fireside in the dreary winter nights will tell of battles lost and won or glorious individual deeds of prowess or weird and awful visitations of God or the evil one. Or it may be that the glory of a nation long decayed is reflected in the singsong crooning of the rustic entertainer. If these are carefully gathered together and understood we may connect the prehistoric past with the history of yesterday and to-day. If we would learn the truth of Africa's past we must not be above entering her mud huts and listening to the talk of the old men and old women and catch the spirit of the unlettered legendary lore.

This has been done to some extent by Heli Chatelain and others who are familiar with the languages and dialects of

Africa. But with the African in America the tongue of the new country in which his lot is cast has been substituted. Consequently much valuable folklore has undoubtedly been lost, and the breaking up of families, one of the cruel results of slavery, has frustrated the transmission of traditions from father to son and from mother to daughter. Notwithstanding these misfortunes the Afro American collector of his people's folklore has the advantage of modern culture and enlightenment.

The legends of customs, especially in connection with birth, marriage, and death, are different from those of the whites. The old nurse who first takes the little baby in her arms has a fund of old-fashioned stories to start the child under favorable auspices upon the voyage of life. The bride receives many warnings, much advice, and the customs which follow death and burial change but little from age to age. What was once regarded as an honor to the dead is a propitiation for the dead one's soul, and must not be omitted, lest the dead seem dishonored, or the spirit—about which so little is known after all—wanders forlorn and lonely or works harm because some one failed to do what was needful. And so the past is linked with the present in the Negro's life, and through them we might trace the beliefs of his people for generations.

Rev. Dr. Crummell, in his eulogy of Henry Highland Garnett, says of that great man: "He was born in slavery. His father before him was born in the same condition. His grandfather, however, was born a freeman in Africa. He was a Mandingo chieftain and warrior, and, having been taken prisoner in a tribal fight, was sold to slave traders and then brought as a slave to America." This tradition was preserved for three generations; therefore there may be others that have been handed down from father to son, or from mother to daughter, through centuries. The slavery system doubtless destroyed all hope of gathering many pedigrees or legends, since it dissevered the family ties; but if such traditions are still found only here and there they are worth

gathering together as a source of light upon the origin of American Negroes.

Beliefs of the African in regard to the moon or other planets or stars, superstitions about animals, as well as the medical or magical properties of plants or stones, are of great interest, and also the legends about ghosts, witches, hags, and other supernatural influences. One story tells how to cork up a hag in a bottle so that she cannot disturb your slumbers, or how to keep her at work all night threading the meshes of a sifter hung up in the doorway and so escape her influence; another warns you how to avoid the evils of magic in any form, or how to escape the bad luck that must come if a crow flies over the house, or if your eye twitches, or if anything occurs which will bring bad luck if the evil is not averted by doing so and so.

I have gathered together a few specimens of folklore from various sources. Some of these, translated word for word by Heli Chatelain, I have endeavored to place before the reader in modern English. Others I have allowed to remain unchanged. These are, after all, but a few specimens of fables, stories illustrative of the customs of the various tribes of this most interesting part of the globe.

The first settler of the Veys was a strong and great man, who came with no companion but his wife. She bore him

**The First of the  
Vey Tribe.**

many children, sometimes giving birth to three or four at one time; but the strangest part was that the children were full-grown men and women when they came into the world. At a little over one year of age the females would bear children, and so in this way the territory soon became populated. Hera was the name of this first ancestor, and he was very kind-hearted and loved his children, and taught them about the gods and of their duties to these. Hera was of gigantic size and weight. So heavy, indeed, was he that his foot-prints are yet shown imbedded in the rocks, which yielded under his touch like so much clay. He was so strong that he could shake mountains from their foundations. And it

was said to be from him that the strong men of Vey received their great strength. One of Hera's sons was his father's equal in strength and was a great hunter of elephants, thinking little of knocking one of the largest in the forest down with a single blow. Then again his son was powerful and famous, and so on for two or three generations.

There is a story something similar to the Greek fable of Mercury. It is about a king who could fly with great speed far out of the reach of the weapons of the foe. He would fly before the army of his own tribe and find the hiding place of the enemy, who dreaded the flying king as though he had been a demon. He fell in love with a certain beautiful woman who belonged to a neighboring tribe, and married her. She knew nothing of his strange power of flight, but discovered him one day in the act of flying away, his arms being filled with large rocks which he intended dropping one by one upon the heads of his enemies, who were, unfortunately, her own people. She betrayed him to her people, who stole upon him while he was sleeping and killed him. Then there was much lamentation and mourning and weeping among his friends.

**The King Who  
Could Fly.**

A long time ago there was a king of the Vey tribes whose mother had been a lioness, so the people said; he was very cruel and fiendish. Day by day he would have hundreds of his people brought up before him, and for the delight and pleasure which it afforded him would have them beheaded by the score. Often four hundred of them would die in this way in one short day; the whole town would take a holiday to witness this dreadful spectacle. He would have days upon which he tortured, seeming to enjoy this more than when he had the victims killed outright. He would have the eyes gouged out of the heads of some; burned out of the heads of others with red-hot irons; others would have their lips bitten off by some slave as bloodthirsty as the king who employed him, or perhaps his nose or ears, whichever it might chance to be. In-

**A Wicked King.**

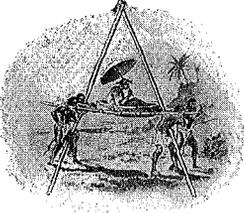
stead of dogs he kept lions and tigers, and quite tame they were; they would lick his hand and fondle about him, recognizing in him one of their kind. When these animals grew hungry he would snatch a babe from the arms of its mother and throw it to them for a repast, or a young, half-grown boy or girl, even a man or woman, if it so pleased him.

Under his reign the population began to decrease, as you might well imagine after such wholesale butchery of the people. One day, after a terrible slaughter and torture of innocent people, there came down to the earth a huge black cloud; it parted, and seated on a throne of fire, with blue flames licking him on every side, yet leaving him all unharmed, was the biggest, awfulest-looking man or creature. It was hard to make out which he was or to tell where the man stopped and the animal began. He reached out his long, hideous arms, and a darkness came over all the land as he did so. He took the wicked king, Hoodoo, into them; and the women could hear his bones being cracked as his lions had so often cracked the bones of their children. In a voice compared to which the loudest thunder is but a whisper faint and low, he said, "Come, you wicked one, to Cayanpimbi." Then the cloud closed and lifted from the earth, and the bad king was never seen again.



Punishment of a Prisoner

CHAPTER XXV  
Folk Tales of Angola



YOUNG man who had four brothers saw a beautiful girl and fell in love with her and she with him, and he married her. After the hon-

**The Bird Who  
Knew.**

eymoon was over she set about her household duties and put the house in order. The skins of the lion and leopard she spread out for her warrior lord, and made beautiful their hut with assegais and trophies of the battle and hunt. She pounded the root of the manioc into flour and put it in the pot on the fire, and cooked the delicious mush, the favorite food of her people. She gave a dishful to her husband, and took out another dishful for each of her brothers-in-law. They said, however, "If we eat the mush thou must tell us our names." But she replied, "I do not know them." "Then take away the dish," they said, "for we cannot eat the mush unless thou knowest our names." Then she returned to her home and ate her mush with her husband, and they retired to rest for the night.

In the morning she again cooked the flour of the manioc for breakfast, and again offered it to her brothers-in-law, telling them that she did not know their names. Once more they said, "Then take it away, for evil would fall upon us if we eat the food and thou tellest not our names;" and she returned to her hut sorrowfully and joined her husband in their morning meal. And she said to herself, sadly, "My brothers still refuse the food I prepared for them, because I do not know their names, and I cannot ask." And soon the sun was hiding its crimson face behind the hills, for the

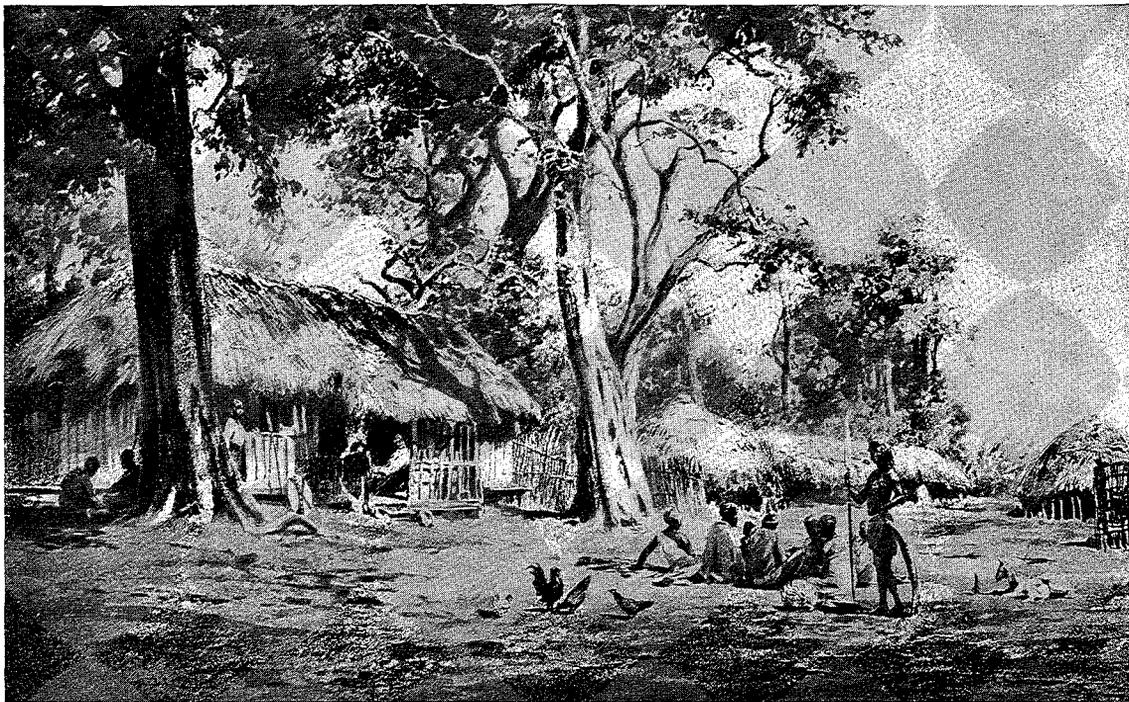
evening had arrived. The flour was all gone, and the patient wife took the manioc and said, "I will go and grind some more flour." And she began to pound the rock, when a beautiful bird espied her from the branch of a tree, and, knowing her thoughts, for a spirit dwelt in the bird, it sang these words:

"Thy brothers-in-law these,  
Thou knowest not their names?  
Listen, I will tell thee!  
Listen, I will tell thee!  
One is Tumba Sikundu;  
Another Tumba Sikundu Muna!  
Listen, I will tell thee!  
Listen, I will tell thee!  
And one is Tumba Kaulu;  
And the other Tumba Kaulu Muna!  
Listen, I have told thee!"

The young woman threw the pestle on the ground, and taking a stone threw it at the bird, and it stopped singing and flew away. She knew not that the bird spoke to her. By and by she had finished her task, and then she carried the flour into the house. Soon the flour was cooked into the appetizing porridge, and then she filled two dishes and took them to her brothers as before. They said again, "Tell us our names;" and all she could answer was, "I know them not." Then once more they said, "Take the food away;" and she returned to her hut with the dishes full.

In the morning she again went to the mill to pound the manioc root, and took up the pestle and began to pound as before. The little bird again espied her from the bough of the tree, and sang his sweetest notes as he said again:

"Thy brothers-in-law these,  
Thou knowest not their names?  
Listen, I will tell thee!  
Listen, I will tell thee!  
One is Tumba Sikundu;  
Another is Tumba Sikundu Muna!"



Mission Station in Native Location

Listen, I will tell thee!  
Listen, I will tell thee!  
And one is Tumba Kaulu;  
And the other Tumba Kaulu Muna!  
Listen, I have told thee!  
Listen, I have told thee!"

And she drove the bird away. But when she returned she reflected upon what the bird was saying to her. "Why, the bird was telling me the names of my brothers-in-law." Soon she had pounded all the flour, and her task was finished.

She returned to the house and put the flour into the pot, and made the most delicious mush that the wife of a great warrior and hunter of her tribe had ever made. She took again to her brothers-in-law their morning meal, and again they said, "If we shall eat the mush tell us our names." The woman pointed to one and said, "This is Tumba Sikundu;" and pointing to another she said, "And this is Tumba Kaulu Muna." Her brothers then smiled, and, seeing that she knew their names, received the food and ate it heartily.

A young man who was on a journey found a human skull in the middle of the road. It had been there some time and people had passed it by, but he, when he saw it, struck it with his staff and said, "Thou fool, thy folly was thy destruction." The skull, however, had a spirit within, and answered, "Yes, foolishness did kill me, but soon thy smartness will be thy death." The young man was alarmed and said to himself, "I will not go on my journey, for the head of a man has spoken to me, and that is an omen of ill luck."

**Folly and  
Smartness.**

And he returned home and told the old men of the village that he had encountered a strange and mysterious omen. The old men asked him, "What sort of an omen?" "Why," answered the young man, "the head of a person has spoken to me;" and then the men said, "O, thou hast lied to us. We all of us have passed by the skull at the

same place, yet we never heard it speak. How comes it that the head has spoken to thee and not to us?" The young man was indignant, and said, "Come, let us go and see it, and if, when I strike it with my staff, it does not speak to me, you may cut off my head."

And the men started off together to the place where the skull lay. The young man hit it with his staff and said, "Folly has destroyed thee." The head, however, said nothing. He beat it a second time, saying, "Folly has destroyed thee;" but still the head was silent. Then the men said, "Young man, thou hast told us a lie," and they cut off his head. When, however, they had done so the skull said, "Yes, folly killed me, and thy smartness has killed thee," and the people said, "Why, we have killed him unjustly, for the skull has spoken."

The young man found the skull and struck it, saying, "Folly has destroyed thee;" and the skull said, "Thy smartness shall kill thee." People who are oversmart are the equals of fools. The young man's smartness was his ruin.

King Kitamba kia Xiba, who was at Kasanji, built a great village and lived in peace and happiness until death came and took away his beautiful Queen Muhongo, who was his favorite wife.

**An Affectionate  
King.**

The sorrow of M'banza Kitamba was great, and one day he said to his councilors and headmen: "As my beloved wife is dead I shall mourn, and everyone in the village shall mourn with me. All work shall cease, and the young men shall not make a noise, and the women shall not grind mbomba, and no one shall even speak in the kraal." Then the chiefs said: "Master, thy wife is dead truly, as thou sayest, but under no circumstances did a king ever order that none should eat or speak or work in the village. We never saw such things." Then the king replied: "If you desire that I laugh and talk in the village and permit the people to rejoice and make merry, then bring me back my Queen Muhongo, my best beloved wife." And the head-

men said, "O, our king, she is dead, and we cannot bring her to thee;" and the king replied, "Then if you cannot restore her to me I shall mourn, and no person in the village shall talk, as I have said."

The headmen then consulted among themselves, saying, "Let us seek a medicine man." They sent to the doctor a gun for his consulting fee, and when he came they killed and roasted a cow, that he might eat. And when the doctor was ready he said to the chiefs, "Tell me why you sent for me?" and they replied, "The Queen Muhongo is dead, and the king has declared that he will mourn and that no one in the village shall be permitted to speak unless we bring him back his chief wife, Queen Muhongo. Therefore we sent for thee, doctor, to bring back the queen, that the people may rejoice." The doctor said, "All right;" and then he went in the country and gathered certain herbs and placed them in a mortar for pounding and made a liquid therefrom and said, "The king shall come to wash, and all the people shall wash." The king washed, and the chiefs and all the people one by one. Then the doctor said, "Dig a grave in my chamber by the fireplace;" and they dug the grave as he ordered.

And he went into the grave with his little child which he had brought with him. And he said to his wife, "Do not wear a girdle every day, but tuck it in only, and be sure and pour water on the fireplace here every day." The woman consented, and then the doctor ordered the men to fill in the grave. And they filled up the grave containing the doctor and his child, and rammed down the earth into it as hard as it was when it was a fireplace, and the doctor's wife never omitted to pour water on the fireplace.

The doctor, when he entered the grave, found an opening into a road. He walked along the road with his child beside him. After a time they arrived at a village, that is at Kalunga-ngombe's. The doctor looked over the village and said, "Queen Muhongo is yonder, sewing a basket." He approached the queen, and she, seeing a man coming

toward her, said, "Where do you come from?" The doctor answered: "It is thee whom I am seeking. Since thou art dead King Kitamba will not eat or drink or speak, and the people of the village grind no more corn, neither do they eat or speak; and the king said, 'If I shall talk, or eat again, you must go and bring my best beloved, my queen.' That is what brought me here, Queen Muhongo." Then the queen said, "Very well; look at him who is sitting there." And the doctor replied, "I do not know him." Then the queen said, "He is Lord Kalunga-ngombe, he is forever consuming us, every one of us." And again she said, "Who is that yonder who is in chains?" The doctor looked and answered, "He looks like King Kitamba, who I left in the land of the living, whence I came." The queen said: "He is King Kitamba. He will not be much longer in the world. It will not be many years ere the chief will die. Thou must know, doctor, that we who are here in the spirit world, Kalunga, having died, can never return again to the land of the living. Take my arm-ring which I wore when they buried me, and when thou returnest they cannot accuse thee of lying, and say thou never went to Kalunga, the spirit land. And above all, doctor, do not tell the king that thou hast found him already in Kalunga." She paused and then continued, "I cannot give thee aught to eat here, doctor, for if thou didst eat here thou couldst never return again." The doctor said, "Farewell," and then departed. He returned to the grave he had entered by the fire-place in his chamber, and by and by the faithful woman who had daily poured water on the earth, as he instructed her, saw great cracks open and she began to rejoice. As she gazed the head of the doctor came forth, and then his body, and he stepped into the room with the child. But the child could not bear the sunlight, and fainted. The doctor then gathered herbs and made a liquid in which he washed the child, and it revived. Then they retired, for the doctor was weary. In the morning he called the headmen of the town and said to them, "You headmen of the town

who commanded me, come here that I may report where I have been and what I saw." The chiefs came, and he told them all that the head queen had said. Then the doctor said, "I have finished, and you can now pay me." And they said, "It is well," and paid him two slaves. Then the doctor returned to his home. The headmen went to their chief, saying: "The doctor reported, 'I went to Kalungangombe's and found the king's wife, and told her that the chief did not eat or drink since she died and desired her to return, but she replied that none who go to Kalunga can ever return. Take my arm-ring, that they accuse thee not of lying when thou sayest thou hast been here.' That is what the doctor said, and here is the ring which the queen wore when she was buried." The king said: "He has spoken the truth. It is the same ring." After a few days the king began to eat and drink and gave the people permission to do likewise, and everything went on prosperously for a few years. Then the king died, and his people mourned him deeply. Then they divided and became scattered over the land.

A white man and a Negro had a discussion. The white man said: "There is nothing lacking in my house. I have everything I need." The Negro replied: **A Discussion.** "That is an untruth, for if I look for a thing in your house I shall not find it." Then the white man answered, "O, you Negroes lack everything, whereas I have to look for nothing."

The Negro was silent, but went home and remained there a month. He undertook to weave a mat, and when he had completed all but the center the cords gave out, and there was no place near by where he could get the cords necessary. He said to himself: "I know what I will do; I will go to the house of the white man and ask him for some cords, that I may finish my mat."

Having arrived at the white man's house he said, "Sir, I am in need of something." The white man asked him what he needed, and the Negro replied, "I was weaving a

mat and I was short of cord, and I said I will go to the white man and ask him for a few cords so that I can complete the mat."

The white man looked at him and laughed. Then he went into his store and looked over it, but could find no cords. "Negro," said he, "thou art lucky." Then he took a hundred macutas and gave them to the Negro.

The Negro thus beat the white man in his argument.

An old man had a daughter whose name was Nga Samba. She was a beautiful girl and had a number of suitors, but her father was in no hurry for her to marry. Each man who sought his daughter was asked for a living deer. They all gave the same answer: "We cannot get a living deer."

One day two young men came to see the old man who had this beautiful daughter, Nga Samba. The old man greeted them and asked them what they desired, and one of them replied: "I have come to ask thee for thy daughter; I love her and desire her for my wife." Then he asked the other what brought him there, and he said: "I have also come to ask for thy daughter. I, too, love her and want her for my wife."

Then the father said: "I have only one daughter, and you cannot both have her. The one who brings me a living deer first shall have her for his wife." Then they departed.

As they were walking along one said to the other, "I shall try to catch a living deer to-morrow in the forest." Then the other said: "I, too, will seek a living deer to-morrow. Where shall we meet?" The other replied: "Let us meet at the mimosa tree outside the forest to-morrow at sunrise." And then they both went home and slept.

At the dawn they each arose and dressed and took their machetes and met by the mimosa tree. Then they started off into the forest to find the deer.

They espied a fine deer and began to pursue it. They ran and ran, but could not catch up to the fleet-footed animal.



Type of Upper Congo Native

One of them became weary and sat down on the ground, for he could not run any farther. As he did so he said: "If I run farther I shall die. Why should I suffer further because of a woman? If I had her and she died, I should seek another. I shall run no farther to catch a living deer. It is the first time I ever knew a girl to be wooed with a living deer. I will, however, see whether my companion gives up the chase. It is better that we return together."

After a time he saw the other approaching him with a deer whose legs were bound. When he came up close to him he said, "Friend, didst thou indeed catch the deer?" And the other said: "Yes, I caught it. I would rather have died in the forest than have failed to catch it, for I love the girl very much."

And they went to the old man and gave him the deer. But he said, "Keep the deer and eat of it, and by and by we will talk matters over." Then he ordered his servants to cook the food for them.

After they had finished eating, the old man who had the beautiful daughter called four other old men together and said to them: "I have one daughter, and I want a good son-in-law, one who has a kind heart; therefore I demanded a living deer. These young men came yesterday and asked for my daughter, and I told them that as I had only one daughter he who first brought a living deer should possess her. To-day these two have brought a living deer. The two came to ask for the girl, but only one has brought a deer. I want to know why the other did not bring a deer too. You, my neighbors, I leave it to you to choose my son-in-law from these two young men."

Then the old men asked the suitors why one of them had not brought a living deer when it was said that he desired the girl also.

And the young men replied: "We both went in the forest to hunt deer, and we saw them. My companion gave chase to one and grew tired and gave up the hunt. But I, being very much charmed by the maid, pursued the deer

until he gave in. Then I caught hold of him and bound him and brought him here. My companion came only to keep me company."

Then the old men said: "Thou gavest up the hunt; what caused thee to give up if thou didst desire our daughter?"

"I never knew a girl wooed with a deer before," he answered. "I went with my friend to seek a deer, thinking perhaps I might catch it, but when I saw his terrible speed I said, 'No; it is too much, it might cost me my life;' so I sat down to await my companion and see whether he would continue the chase or give it up, so that we might return together. Then I saw him returning with the deer, and I accompanied him. I have not come this time for your daughter."

Then the men said: "Thou who gavest up chasing the deer art our son-in-law. This man who caught the deer, he may eat it or sell it. He is a man of strong heart. If he wants to kill he kills at once; he would not listen to one who scolds or gives advice. If we gave the girl to him, and she offended him, he would beat her and would not listen to the entreaties of her friends. We do not want him. This one who gave up the deer, he is our choice, because when the girl does wrong he will not beat her, but will listen to us and be pacified. Even though his anger be great, when he sees us, he will become calm. He will be a good son-in-law."

The Boar formerly lived with his kinsman, Mr. Hog, in the forest. One day the Hog said to his friend, "I am going to live in the village with the men."

**The House Hog** "O, don't go to the village," the Boar said;  
**and the Wild** "men hate animals." The Hog was deter-  
**Boar.** mined, however, and replied: "I will go to the village and eat the food which men eat. I am tired of the bitter plants of the bush."

And the Hog started off to the village, and when he had arrived the men built him a house which they called a sty,

and he proudly entered it and remained; but after a time the Hog had raised a family, and then the men took him to kill him.

And as they were killing him he squealed, saying, "O, miserable Hog that I am; the Boar told me not to go to the village because the men hate us; now I am punished because I would not listen to good advice." And as the Hog was breathing his last he whispered, "I die, I die; I, the Hog, I die!"

Once upon a time people had no hogs to eat, and the reason that hogs were brought to the habitations of men was because the food which the people eat is good and tempting. Thus doth appetite become a snare to him who is ruled thereby.

Two men who were traveling along a road met a tapper of palm wine and said to him, "Give us a drink of palm wine." One came forward and said, "I am Whence We Come;" and the other standing behind, said, "I am Where We Go." Then the tapper said: "Thou, 'Whence We Come,' hast a beautiful name, but thou, 'Where We Go,' speakest evil. I will not give thee palm wine." Then they quarreled, and to end the quarrel sought a friend to decide who was right or who was wrong. The judge says, "'Where We Go' is right, the tapper is wrong, because from where we have already left we cannot get anything more. What we desire to find is, whither are we going!"

**The Past and  
the Future.**

Two men were known by one name. One said, "I am Ndala, a careful builder." The other said, "I am Ndala, a rapid builder."

**Two Builders.**

They said, "Let us go and trade." They started off and arrived halfway on their journey, when a storm came on. "Let us build grass huts," said they.

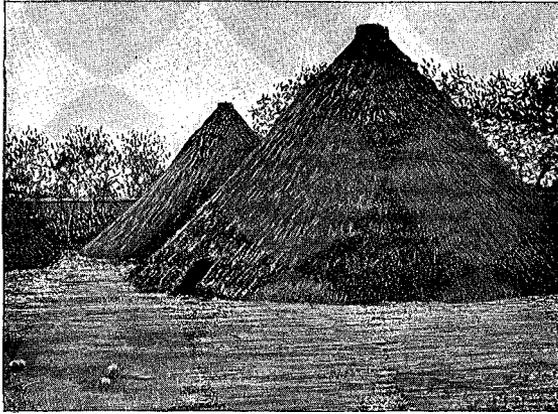
Ndala, the rapid builder, soon built a hut and sheltered himself in it. Ndala, the careful builder, was exercising his skill on the finish of his hut, when the terrible storm came and killed him outside, because his hut was not ready to shel-

ter him. Ndala, the rapid builder, escaped, because his hut was finished, and it sheltered him when the storm came on.

A woman was walking along with her two daughters who were of marriageable age, when they came across a skull.

**The God and  
the Mother-  
in-Law.**

The mother was alarmed when she recognized it as the head of a man who desired to marry one of the girls—the younger. The elder girl took up the skull and filled it with ashes and then threw it into the river. “How can that man marry my sister?” said she. Under the water the skull was



A Forest Habitation

transformed into Kianda, a demigod. In the morning he came as a well-formed man to the mother and said: “I want to marry thy daughter,” and the mother gave her consent, and then Kianda carried away the girl and took her with him to dwell under the waters of the lagoon. When she had arrived at the place where he made his home he dressed her in golden cords and strings of pearls, and her neck and arms were ornamented with other beautiful gems. When he had thus arrayed her he took her to the home of her mother. To the mother he gave a barrel of wine and a bale of cloth. Then the woman went to see a chief who

was her husband, and left Kianda and his bride together in her home. And there they remained for some time.

Kianda took his magic stick, the kalabunga, and tapped it on the ground, and there appeared in a moment a great body of slaves and houses for them to dwell in. By and by the young wife gave birth to a child, which died. Then Kianda said, "Our child is dead, and we must bury it, but I do not wish thy mother to come to the funeral." But the mother came to the funeral and found Kianda dancing. As he turned he saw his mother-in-law before him. Then he was angry and immediately returned to his house and said to his wife, "Did I not tell thee that I did not wish thy mother to come to the funeral of our dead child?" As soon as he had finished speaking he took his kalabunga again and tapped it on the ground and muttered some magic words. Then the houses and the slaves all disappeared in a trice, and sprouts of grass only were left in place of a pretty village. When he had done he wandered away, but the woman followed him wherever he went and sang to him as she walked along,

"O, husband mine, my love,  
O, husband mine, my love,"

and she heard voices from heaven singing, "Hasten, hasten, for soon the rivers will be dry and the rains will cease."

At last they came to a great rock, and the woman was amazed to see that the rock opened in the center at Kianda's approach; and when he saw the cleft he entered in, and the rock became as before. Long the young wife waited for her lord, but he returned not, and she never saw him again. Then she went to the home of her mother.

No sooner had she arrived at her mother's house than she fell sick and died. Then her mother died also, and all the others died but one person, a female, and she remained in the house.

There came to the house a Di-kishi, a two-headed being, who is a demigod, and took the woman away to his house,

and she became his wife, and soon after gave birth to a child with one head. And he said to the woman, "If thou hast another child with one head I shall call my people together, and they will eat thee."

Time passed and another child was born, but it had two heads. Then the woman became alarmed, took her child of one head and ran away and hid in a house which was empty. But, alas! there passed that way a Di-kishi, who scented a human being, and he entered, and finding her asleep with her one-headed child he ate her and the child also.

The Hare plaited his long wicker basket, saying, "I will go to bind squashes in the field." On his way to the field he meets a Leopard in the path, who greets him, saying, "Hare, thou art indeed courageous; where art thou going with so large a basket?" Hare replied, "My lord, I am going to bind a few squashes in the field." Leopard said, "Thou indeed, coy little friend; the basket is bigger than thou, and if it be filled with squashes how wilt thou carry it?" "Ho, ho," responded the Hare; "my lord, if it were thou thyself in the basket I would be able to carry thee!"

"Thou art indeed a presumptuous Hare," the Leopard replied; "and if thou fail to carry me what may I do to thee?"

"My lord, thou mayest eat me." The Leopard gets into the basket.

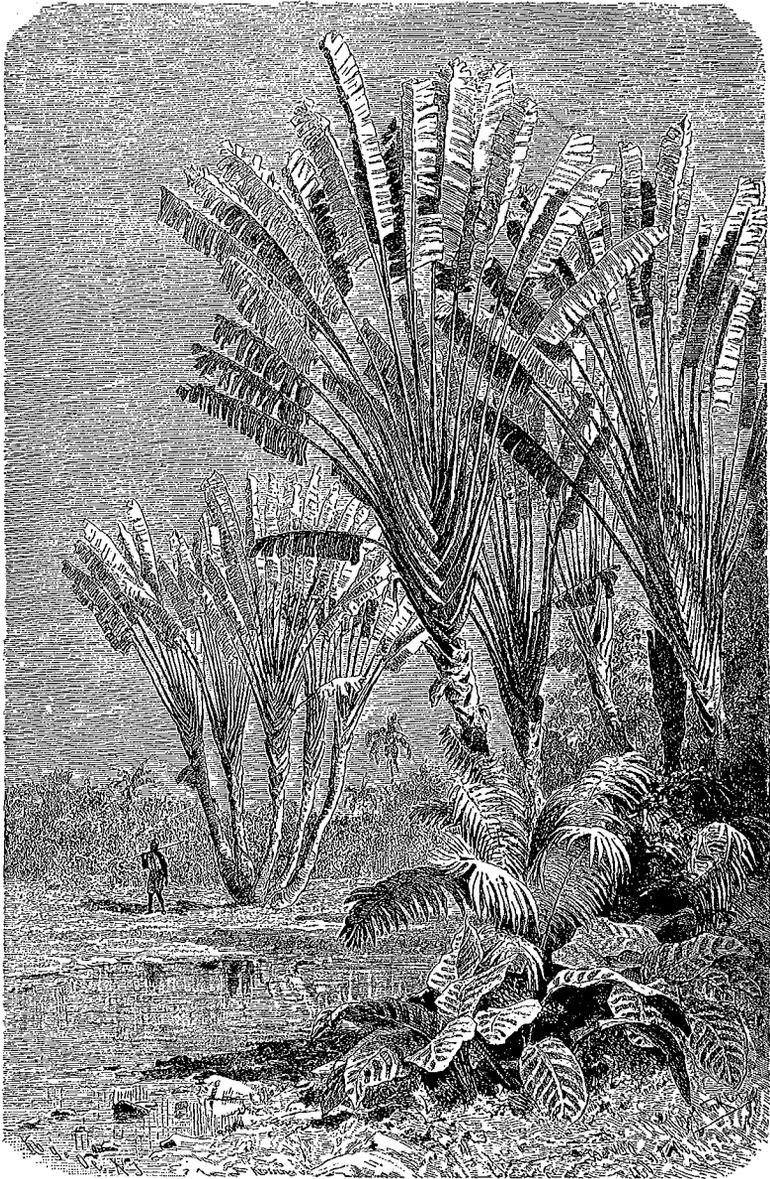
"My lord, stretch thyself out well," cries the Hare, "and when I fasten the ropes to the basket do not shriek lest thou fall to the ground."

"All right," called the voice from the basket. Having securely lashed the basket, the Hare took his hatchet from his belt, and with it knocked Mr. Leopard on the head.

"O, O," called the Leopard; "thou dost shamefully treat me, thou Hare!"

"Thou dost hate us," cried the Hare, as he dealt him a deathblow with his hatchet.

Better it is to meet thine enemy in the open field than to trust thyself in the hands of him whom thou hast wronged.



Mammoth Palms of Madagascar

# The Heathen's Redemption

## CHAPTER XXVI

### To a Sure Foundation



AFRICA must be redeemed. It is a contract high above human possibilities. But the power of God can do it, and for his success he requires the cooperation of holy men and women as "workers together with him."

The obstructions to the unknown interior of this continent have been the bane of the nations through all ages of the Christian era. To this day there are few paths open, but by these few it is possible to get in, and when in to go where we like. Here we behold millions of human beings for whom Christ died groping in the densest darkness of heathenism, and suffering its unmitigated woes. They are the victims of merciless slave hunters, who in the dark nights set their towns on fire, kill the men who dare to stand for the defense of their families and the little children who cannot keep step with the march of their caravans, and they seize and bind the women and the children who can travel, and lead both away, nude and starving, hundreds of miles, doomed to perpetual slavery.

The whole race of African heathen are victims of witchcraft cruelties, often decimating large communities of the people. They are also victims of the evils growing out of their ancient institution of polygamy. Nearly every girl born is bought by some polygamist before she is five years

old ; indeed, they are often bought before their birth, with the risks involved. It is impossible to get girls to educate in our schools to pair with our boys—the men we are educating—except by competing with the polygamists in the market and paying the price they pay or more, and have the transaction confirmed by the law under which they hold them in polygamous slavery for life. We simply redeem them and prepare them to join us in working for the rescue of the race.

The poor heathen, too, are the victims of oppressive laws, with their dreadful penalties, which neither they nor their fathers were ever able to bear. To all these we have to add the torturing terrors of their heathenish superstitions. All these woes are intensified by the inflow from Christian countries of a Mississippi of rum, engulfing and drowning millions of them in perdition.

Thus we see something of the work to be done, the obstructions to be overcome, and from this standpoint devise the means best adapted to the accomplishment of our great undertaking, combining human agency and divine efficiency. To effect this the first thing is to gain access to those perishing millions, access to their country, to their homes, and then to their heads and hearts. This personal contact of the few abroad implies the cooperation of the Lord's hosts at home, supplying the means of transport, and by their prayers giving moral momentum to the whole movement. After all this, to get access to their heads and hearts, we must by the mastery of a few of the "two hundred languages" spoken in Africa get the key to their understanding. The salvation of the heathen is the end at which all Christian missions aim, but preparatory to this end thousands of the most faithful missionaries of all the societies have spent most of their years in school work and in translations, teaching and being taught. Every foreign field, however, has its own peculiar advantages and disadvantages in regard to the access of the workers to the people, efficiency in their work, and their means of support. Hence

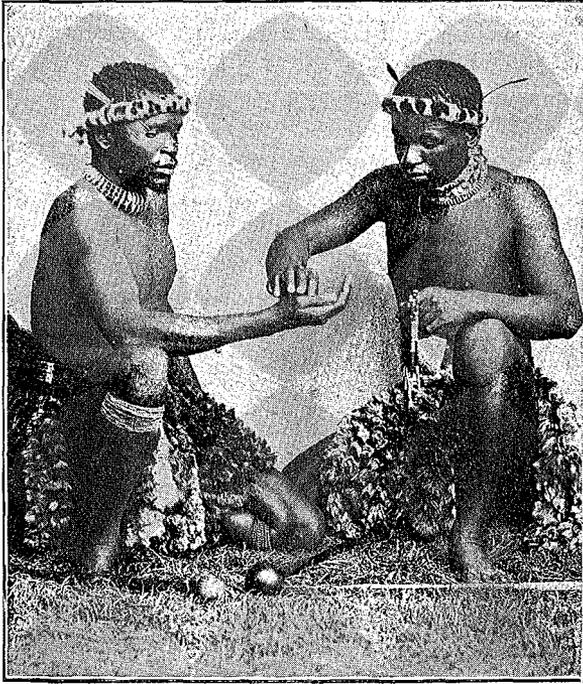
every field should be studied from its own standpoint, so that the workers may proceed by methods best adapted to the peculiarities of each field.

To evangelize the nations of Africa is an undertaking too great for any one man or generation of men, but the present generation of God's workers should be very careful to introduce and employ the methods which, under God, will be a guarantee for the final accomplishment of the whole work.

The native people of Africa are, in available resources, about the richest people in the world. Their debasing heathenism keeps them down on a dead level of hand-to-mouth subsistence. What they need is leadership to teach them to appreciate, develop, and utilize the indigenous resources of their own country for all the purposes of Christian civilization; hence, any plan of missionary work for Africa that does not teach, both in theory and in practice, the industries essential to that end is too narrow to meet the demands of the case. Brain culture and religious teaching are essential to the elevation of barbarous heathen to the plane of Christian civilization; but without hand culture it will be an arid plain on which they must starve or beg for subsistence.

To secure the best results of missionary labor in Africa we must provide for the education of head, heart, and hand simultaneously, and the shortest and surest way to success is to begin with the little children. "By the disobedience of one judgment came upon all men"—the human race—"to condemnation; even so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men"—the human race—"unto justification of life." Every child born, from Cain down to the present moment, inherited from the first Adam a fallen, sin-contaminated nature, and the death penalty upon the body, with all the disabilities belonging to it; but every such child inherits, through the redemptive provision of the second Adam, the free gift of eternal life under a justified relation to God. When does this statement, "that the free gift came upon all men to the justification of life," truth-

fully apply to all men? Certainly not after they commit willful sin, and hence come under condemnation, which is the opposite of justification. It can only apply truthfully to the infantile period of human existence, from the birth to forfeiture by willful rebellion against God. They show, meantime, the sinfulness of their nature; but "sin is not



A Native Salutation

imputed where there is no law." "That which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God hath showed it unto them. For the invisible things of him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things which are made, even his eternal power and Godhead."

This is God's infant object-lesson school, through which

he manifests himself "in" the little children of "all men." This is the school of which the royal psalmist sang a thousand years before Saul of Tarsus was born: "The heavens declare the glory of God; the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech"—God's day school, seven days of each week. "Night unto night showeth knowledge"—God's night school, seven nights of each week; God's universal public school, for "there is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." "From the creation of the world" this school has not had a vacation of two hours. God has a high school, under the provisions of a written and proclaimed Gospel, with its institutions, designed to be made known by God's witnesses and workers to "the uttermost parts of the earth," and "to every creature."

With such magnificent provision for the education and salvation of the human race why such estrangement of the human family from the eternal Father?

Paul's answer is this: "When they knew God"—they did know him, the whole race, one by one, during the period of their infantile "justification of life"—"when they knew God, they glorified him not as God; neither were they thankful." To submit wholly to the will of God, and to repose confidence and trust in him, was just the thing they could have done, and thus "glorify him as God," and abide in his household forever, and never fall victims to sin nor to the bondage of Satan.

Failing to abide with God the inevitable result is thus described by Paul: "When they knew God, they glorified him not as God; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things"—God renounced, and some idol enthroned in the heart of the poor apostate instead. Every sinner in the

world is an apostate from God, and under condemnation, not for Adam's sins, but for his own.

The countless millions of little children in Africa are not heathen, but are, in common with the children of Europe or America, the children of God. Hence my plan of founding missions in Africa was to secure a good mission farm, provide the necessary tools and implements for the development of abundant indigenous food supplies and marketable products; build plain but permanent, healthful houses for residence, school, and worship, and place in care of a good missionary matron about a dozen children under five years old, half of them girls, to be kept in God's family, where they belong, to be trained "in the way they should go"—trained in book knowledge suited to their station in life, trained in all the industries of the farm, workshop, and household duties, and brought to Jesus, and have him take them up into his arms, put his saving "hands upon them," "and pray" for them, and bring them into conscious spiritual union with God; and thus, being trained in all the duties of Christian life, they will, when they grow to maturity, pair off in holy marriage union and build homes of their own, establish Christian communities, and on a solid, abiding basis lay the foundations of Christian empire.

Every such mission requires a competent missionary matron far exceeding in ability and adaptability the average Christian mother of Christian countries; ability to stand the climate, endure the hardness of rough pioneer life, where the most of interior traveling must be done by walking in narrow slippery paths, wading rivers and climbing mountains; ability to learn foreign languages from the heathen without books; ability to superintend the industries of their missions, and a substation in their vicinity, as well as to teach the school, and especially to work together with God in leading all the little children to glorify him as God—to have them perfected in heart, loyalty, faith, and love before their appetences and affections can be perverted into sinful lusts.



Childhood Type

How do the young converts stand? In the main "they stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath set them free." I will give you an illustrative example which occurred at the Barraka Station. The missionaries were threatened with death and driven out, but they were faithful workers, and got a prominent man and his wife of that belligerent tribe saved, also two boys. Said man and wife were driven out with the missionaries. One of the boys, named Uriah, was seized by his people and told if he did not renounce Jesus and come back to his "country fash" they would beat him to death.

He replied, "You can beat me to death, but you can't make me turn away from Jesus."

Then they beat him till he was almost speechless, but he kept saying, "No, no; I won't give up Jesus."

They next tried drowning him, and threw him into a creek, holding his head under water till nearly dead, letting him up again and again to say yes, but he said, "No, no; I won't give up Jesus." Last of all they roped him and ran him up to the inner apex of one of their round huts and kindled a fierce fire under him, throwing into the flames a quantity of red pepper, and strangled him till he seemed to cough and sneeze himself to death, and then let him down; but as soon as he recovered his speech he said, "Kill me if you want to, but I won't give up my Jesus."

Then his people gave him up as an incorrigible, and Uriah and Tom, his fellow-convert from heathenism, took charge of the mission house and farm and held the fort alone, from the departure of the good brother and wife till Miss Grace White arrived from America to take charge of the station.

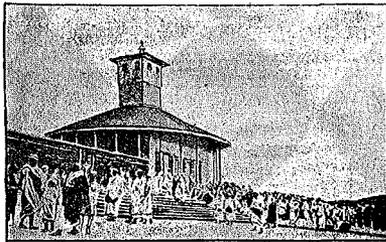
"How did you manage to adopt children from heathen families into your nursery missions?"

We gradually won the confidence of the heathen people, and some of them cheerfully gave us their little boys; but the girls have a marketable value, and the polygamists, in most cases, got the inside track of us and paid the dower price of most of them before they were three years old. So

we had in many tribes to pay the dower and redeem them from polygamous slavery. We already see the dawning of a brighter day. As we advanced we got influence over the lawmaking and governing rulers of the tribes.

In Malange, for example, where we had about thirty saved children, we were not under the necessity, through an occupancy of twelve years, to spend a cent for redeeming a single boy or girl. When I was at that station on one occasion I was introduced to a girl of three in their nursery, deeply pitted with small pox, and heard Ardelta Mead give in substance the following facts: A few weeks ago a powerful naked heathen man, bearing this child on his back, laid her down and said: "Now my work is done. Three months ago I saw this child's mother dying in Saint Paul de Loanda, and she said to me, 'I am dying; when you see me laid down in the ground take up my child and carry her to the Missao Americano at Malange and give her to the missionaries. Promise me before I die that you will give my child to the missionaries of the Missao Americano.' So I promised her. When I saw that mother buried I took up this child, and when I had carried her about halfway (whole distance over three hundred and ninety miles) she went down with smallpox, and I nursed her for more than a moon, and then carried her to this Missao, and now I am free from my promise, and leave the child with you."

"What is the name of the child?" "Rubina." A nice little Christian girl of about seven years, named Merikina, gazed a few moments at the little newcomer, and then ran and embraced her, saying, "This is my sister."



## CHAPTER XXVII

*Apostolic and Early Modern Missions*

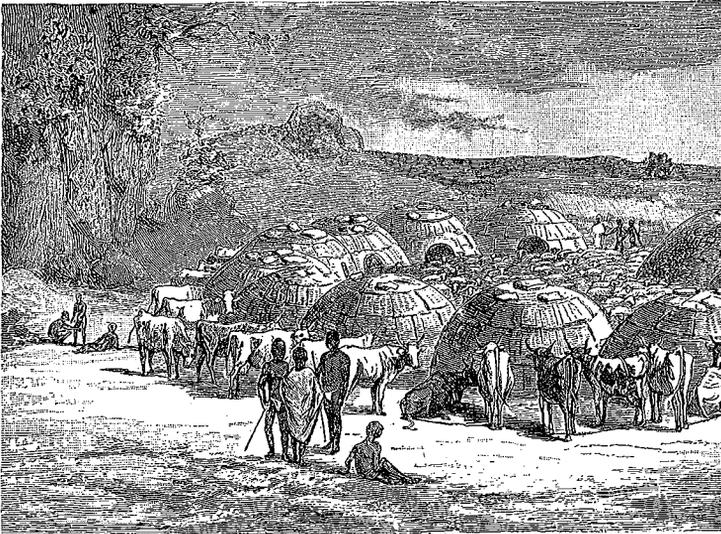
S the discoveries of the ruins of ancient walled cities whose treasures of art and science, belonging to a civilization that had nothing in common with their present surroundings, bear mute testimony to the commercial influence and military glory once their own, so in many of the tribal customs of Africa there are traces of the introduction and observance of forms of revealed religion. Antedating the Christian era there probably were missionaries of the Jewish dispensation whose proselytes were scattered over the entire length and breadth of the continent. The custom to this

day of some of the tribes of living in booths constructed from the branches of trees at a certain season of the year, observing ceremonies identical with those of the children of Israel; the liberation of a cock in the wilderness, to carry away the transgressions of the people; the practice of circumcision, so general among the Zulus, seem to link them with the period following the Exodus. The traditional history of Abyssinia connects it with that of the Jews a thousand years before Christ, when it records the visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon. It was at that time a rich, populous, and powerful state, and is the only portion of Africa, save Egypt, that maintained its type of civilization through the ages. For a thousand years it was shut off from the rest of the world by the tide of Mohammedan invasion, stayed at the rocky passes of the mountains of Abyssinia.

According to the prevailing traditions of the Abyssinians themselves, they received the first Christian missionary, a chamberlain of Queen Candace, called an Ethiopian eunuch in the Book of Acts, where is recorded the conversion and baptism of this important personage. Philip the evangelist departed from a great meeting amid the throngs of Samaria and turned southward into the desert, specially instructed by the angel of the Lord to preach to one man, a black man, and commission him as the first Christian missionary to interior Africa. We have the record of the presence of representatives from Egypt and parts of Libya about Cyrene on the day of Pentecost, who, doubtless, carried the glad tidings to their countrymen. Many Christian churches were organized on the northern coast, of which Alexandria and Carthage became leading centers, producing many famous theologians and preachers, among them Clement, Origen, Cyril, Athanasius, and Augustine.

The earliest modern missionary movement in Africa must be credited to the greatest missionary Church of the age, for their numbers, the Moravians. True, we have some trace of where the symbol of the cross was raised on the southern shores two and a half centuries earlier by the Portuguese successors of the bold Bartholomew Diaz on their voyages to and from India; but the earliest record of persistent missionary effort is that of the Moravian, George Schmidt, in 1739. The two English captains who took possession of the Cape of Good Hope in 1620 in the name of their king expressed the hope that "the savage inhabitants would soon become servants of his majesty, and then worshipers of the true God," and when, thirty years later, the Dutch built a fort at the Cape and claimed the country, their record of the transaction includes the wish that their "rule might tend to uphold righteousness, and plant and further pure Christian teaching among the wild and savage natives of the country." But a century later Schmidt found that the condition of the natives and their relation to the white colonists painfully showed that nothing had been done to carry out the good

wishes expressed. They had evidently proceeded on the principle that, like the Canaanites of old, the inhabitants were doomed to destruction, and those within their reach were reduced to moral and physical degradation and servitude. Into this debauched savagery, a condition worse than heathenism, hotly pursued by the fierce opposition of the rum civilization, was ushered a Christian hero who had been crippled for life by being chained six years in a Bohe-



A Hottentot Kraal

mian prison "for the sake of the Gospel." For five years George Schmidt labored amid a variety of adverse circumstances, astonished the colonists by the rapid enlightenment and learning of his native converts, built up a church with a membership of forty-seven, was driven with his little flock of faithful followers into "Ape Valley" by hostile farmers, and, finally, forbidden by government edict to continue his labor of love, died on his knees in Europe, praying for Africa.

It was fifty years before the work of the Moravians was

resumed, when the three missionaries sent out found only one survivor of the first church, an aged woman. And it was a Kaffir woman, bearing the baptismal name of Wilhelmina, whose piety and zeal, wit and wisdom, made possible the extension of the work at that time. A new station was opened in the country of the wild Tambookies, whither went the three missionaries, twenty Hottentot converts, and Wilhelmina. She proved a host in herself, interpreting, teaching a class of girls, dispensing the Word of Life along with bread to the hungry at her kitchen door, and preaching to the messengers of Kaffir chiefs. With all her noble self-sacrifice it was a year of disaster; the gardens were devastated by the locusts, the herds were driven away by the thieving Fetkameas, and most of the Tambookies decamped. The second year she saved the missionaries from massacre. The imposition of a government fine was attributed by a savage chief to the presence of the missionaries, whom he determined to destroy. Wilhelmina was at work in her garden when the rapid approach of her countrymen in their war paint proclaimed their cruel errand. She quickly ran into their midst, upbraided them for their treachery, and controlled them by her impassioned eloquence. Instead of killing the missionaries and the daring woman they withdrew, and afterward actually sent to apologize.

Amid trials and triumphs the work of the Moravians has continued in South Africa from that time on, an increasing number of stations and substations having been established, and, among other blessed institutions of Christianity, a leper asylum at Gnadendal.

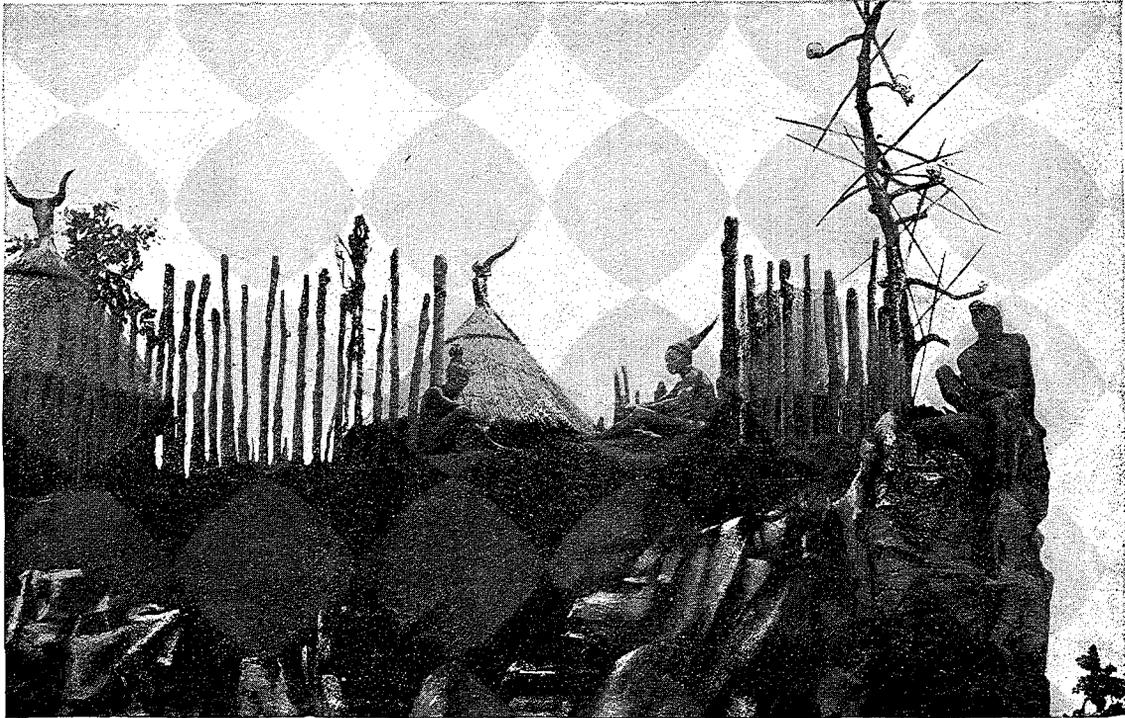
The next light-bearer in the Dark Continent was Dr. Vanderkampf, sent out in 1799 by the London Missionary Society. He had lived an eventful half century before he took passage for the Cape on a Cornish ship bound for New South Wales, and brought to opposing colonists and wild heathen natives a devotion of zeal that knew no discouragement. With three assistants, and a little later joined by a fourth, he addressed himself immediately to the surmount-

ing of formidable difficulties, not the least of which was the absence of written language among the natives. Patient toil developed a fundamental literature, and with the region about Algoa Bay as a basis they branched out in the country of the Hottentots. In twenty years they had established large schools, the natives making astonishing progress in intellectual development, introduced a printing press, and gathered some spiritual fruits of their labors. The immediate results appeared in the condition of the people. Extensive gardens were cultivated by Bushmen, who had hitherto handled only the bow and spear, but were now skilled in the simpler mechanics and industrial arts.

The Hottentots are a race peculiarly marked, with deep-set eyes and very high cheek bones; their faces on a line across the nose and cheek bones are very broad, narrowing above to the forehead and below to the pointed chin. Their powers of physical endurance are marvelous. On a journey to Namaqualand on horseback, but unarmed, Francis King and a young companion were halted by a band of Bushmen, who suddenly sprang out from a thicket and seized their bridle reins. King said to his companion, "Jim, don't show the least fear; keep perfectly cool, and we may providentially find a way of escape." They were soon joined by a Bushman having six toes on each foot, who seemed to be their leader, and who King found could understand a little Dutch. He asked for water, and still holding their bridles they conducted them about two miles to a spring, where they managed to get a little water, for they were nearly famished. King continued to address them as friends, and expressed a desire to purchase ostrich feathers. Two started off on a run, and after an hour's absence returned with a few feathers, for which he promptly paid, and offered a good price for an immediate delivery of a large supply. Under the impulse of the moment the Bushmen followed the native African trade instinct, and all trotted off after feathers.

As soon as they were out of sight the young men mounted and rode for life. They traveled all that night, and did not

dare to stop long enough to make a cup of tea until near sunset the following day, having, as they supposed, put more than forty miles between themselves and the savages. While they were enjoying their tea and talking of their narrow escape the six-toed fellow and his companions walked into "camp" and seated themselves in a circle around them without saying a word. King talked Dutch to Six-toes, but he made no reply. While he continued to talk and laugh (there was no laugh in their dreadful prospects!) his mind was busy planning another escape; and remembering a bees' nest he had discovered in the rocks a little way back he said to Six-toes, "Wouldn't you like me to show you honey? You must be hungry after your journey." King had touched another African tender spot, and, springing up to lead the way, they all followed. Jim called out in English; "Frank, are you going to trust yourself alone and unarmed with those savages?" He replied, "Our trusting ourselves with them is none of our choosing. Get the horses ready and take them to the other side of the ridge beyond the bees' nest." The hungry Bushmen eagerly pushed their way into the rocks to get the honey, and when one of them drew out a fine piece of comb King snatched it from him and began to eat it. To their angry protests he replied, "Dig away; you will find plenty of honey in there;" so their eagerness increased, while King walked up and down eating his honey and humming a tune to impress them with his assumed indifference, all the time watching his opportunity to run, which he soon did. They quickly mounted and pushed their horses to the utmost of their endurance for about thirty miles. Then in almost utter exhaustion they drew rein, off-saddled and knee-haltered their horses, and, half burying themselves in the sand, were soon asleep. As they afterward found, they had not slept long when King was awakened by something cold touching his nose. In the moonlight he instantly recognized the dog of those Bushmen, but he trotted away without a yelp of alarm. He awakened his companion, and in a whisper counseled perfect silence and



Rock Village of Mashakulombe

a sharp lookout. In a few minutes their pursuers ran past, only a few rods distant. They quickly mounted their tired horses, and doubling on their tracks finally made their escape. This is one of many perilous adventures that illustrate pioneer life in darkest Africa.

The organization of permanent missionary work among the Bechuanas dates from the arrival there, in 1818, of Robert Moffat, a name that will be forever connected with the Christianization of the country. The work of the London Missionary Society had been extended to the Orange River under peculiar circumstances. Tribal wars had devastated the country, whole towns being depopulated. A refugee lad from one of these towns found his way into the Basuto country, ruled by Moshesh, a monarch the Dutch had been fighting for several years. After many days of weary wanderings, subsisting on pumpkin seeds found in deserted huts, the lad fell in with Sekolette's tribe, called the Mantatees. They roughly treated the poor little refugee; but one day he told the chiefs he had seen a vision, and that a great army was coming from the north to destroy them and carry away their cattle. But they were then a strong tribe, warlike, rich in cattle, proud, and the chief said, "Who can conquer us?" But a mightier tribe came down from the north, killed many of them, and drove off most of their cattle.

Then they began to believe in their little refugee prophet. Long after, the boy had another vision; a copper-colored people, on horses, having guns to fight with, would kill many of them and take away their children, goats, and sheep. Not long after, the Korannas, the Hottentot bastard tribe, who from long intercourse with the Dutch had learned the use of firearms and were well supplied with guns, came and devastated the country. These incursions broke the proud spirit of the Mantatees; and again the boy prophet gave notice of a vision. A large company of people would come to reside among them, not for war but peace, and with them were men dressed in black clothes, who would bring glad tidings. Shortly after that there arrived

among them the people of three of the abandoned mission stations, in all about twelve thousand souls, under the care of three missionaries. Had they gone into that country before the pride of the Mantatees had been humbled not one of them would have escaped death. The prophet lad was one of the first converts to Christ among them, and previous to any knowledge on the part of the missionaries of his predictions they baptized him *Daniel*.

The story of the half century of work among the Bechuanas, under the leadership of Robert Moffat, is too familiar to make an extended account necessary here. In some respects it was like a second edition of the Acts of the Apostles, and, considered in the light of the results to the Dark Continent through the life, labors, and death of David Livingstone, it bears a unique relation to the progress made toward its Christianization.

Among the first converts baptized by Robert Moffat was Chief Africane, who had previously driven the missionaries from the Orange River; a robber and outlaw, upon whose head a price was set, transformed by grace into an effective preacher of the Gospel. After the removal of the mission to the Kuruman River the usual difficulties were augmented by the privations of the long drought followed by war. After peace was restored prosperity prevailed for a season. The natives manifested deep concern for their spiritual condition, the mission chapels were thronged, prayer from house to house became the usual order, and the converts gave good evidence of a new life. The women and girls were taught how to make clothing, in which they were soon arrayed, one of the many tokens of the great change that had come over the people, their persons, social customs, domestic relations, and public life. Their progress in knowledge was equally gratifying, while great progress was made in the better cultivation of the soil and the increase of its products. The first Scripture translation made by Dr. Moffat—the gospel of Luke—was printed at the Cape in 1830, and soon after the mission had its own printing press.

It was in 1840 that David Livingstone followed to this mission, a distance of seven hundred miles from Cape Town, and great prosperity continued until the breaking out of the Kaffir war, in 1846. This long and bitter struggle desolated the country, but could not quench the living fires that had been fanned into a blaze in those dark places. It was a crushing persecution in 1853 that led to the great lifework of David Livingstone, the perils and privations of the early years of which were shared by his wife, the daughter of Robert Moffat. The Dutch emigrants attacked the tribes among whom they were laboring, and not only killed or captured a large number of men, women, and children, but destroyed mission property. The missionaries themselves were "court-martialed" and banished from the country. This unwarranted interference opened the door to Livingstone for the inspiration of a greater task and cut him loose for its accomplishment. Of this turning point in his life he said, "The Boers resolved to shut up the interior, and I determined to open the country; we shall see who has succeeded, they or I." All the civilized world, and much of heathen Africa, knows the achievements of his life, and death, and in the movements of Christianization and civilization he still lives and will continue to live until the continent is won for Christ. As I walked in his footsteps, over some portions of the dark land that had been made brighter because of his presence, the tears that fell, like those I shed as I stood over his resting place in Westminster Abbey, were tears of joy at the coming dawn for which he prayed.



## CHAPTER XXVIII

## Christianizing Wild Tribes



T an early date in the period of the Moham-  
 medan advance in Africa the propaga-  
 nda pushed southward and attempted to set  
 up its standards and erect its centers of  
 influence in Zululand, but these stalwart  
 people steadily refused to become converts  
 to the teaching of the Koran or to be ab-  
 sorbed by its military or political power,  
 and hence the name Koofer (unbeliever)  
 was bestowed upon them, now modernized  
 into Kaffir. What would have been the  
 result had they yielded to the influence  
 of the religion whose tenets are enforced  
 at the point of the saber is illustrated by the condition of  
 many tribes in North and Central Africa now under Arab  
 dominion. What they now are in advance of their less  
 fortunate neighbors is due entirely to the emancipating  
 power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which has blessed and  
 elevated them up to the measure of their reception of it,  
 and many thousands have become the subjects of the  
 heavenly King.

Wesleyan missions have taken an important part in the  
 Christian civilization of South and West Africa. Their earli-  
 est arrival in Cape Town was in 1814, a solitary missionary  
 who was neither allowed to preach nor proceed, but advised  
 to turn his steps toward Ceylon. The following year their  
 pioneer mission founder, Barnabas Shaw, who proved a "son  
 of consolation" to thousands whom he found in densest  
 heathenism, experienced the same lack of welcome at the  
 Cape; but he insisted upon opening his commission, and  
 preached without the consent of the governor. His con-

gregations were mainly made up of soldiers, and as his mission was to the heathen he sought opportunity to proceed to the wilderness.

In 1815 he accompanied Mr. Schueler, of the London Society, in a journey toward Great Namaqualand, in the course of which he met his "providential man," sent to conduct him to his divinely appointed field of labor. After they had crossed the Elephant River they met in the path the chief of Little Namaqualand, accompanied by his body-guard, on his way southward to find a missionary to come and teach his people of the great N'zambe. This heathen "pastoral supply committee" were importunate in their desire to make Barnabas Shaw their prophet, and he gladly accepted the call as of God, as the event abundantly proved it to be. Leaving the missionary party he was journeying with to proceed on its way northward, he committed himself to the escort of the heathen chief, and after journeying with him for three weeks they arrived at Liliëfontein, the principal town of the chief of the Little Namaquas. Long before they reached the "great place" they were met by a company of natives mounted on oxen, coming at full gallop to welcome them. Their glad acclamations were subdued into reverence and awe at the presence of the missionary's wife, the first white woman they had ever seen.

After preparing for the hospitable entertainment of his guests on a scale worthy of their high calling and his official dignity, the chief called a council, in which they unanimously indorsed the appointment of their first minister, promising to assist him in the establishment of a mission. He immediately commenced to lay foundations that abide to this day, and during all the years have witnessed the dispensing of Gospel blessings to a once deeply benighted people. While the work of teaching the young was being inaugurated and patiently developed he preached in the open air to the assembled multitude.

Helpful industries were early introduced, much to the interest, not infrequently to the amusement, and always to

the marked improvement of the people. In the object lesson in gardening the rapid growth of vegetable seeds astounded them, and when they saw the use to which lettuce and other salads were put they laughed heartily, saying, "If our missionaries and their wives can eat grass they need never starve." A plow and a buzz saw proved to be helpful civilizing agencies. When the old chief saw the plow "tear up the ground with its iron mouth" he exclaimed, "If it goes on so all day it will do more work than ten wives." And so it proved here, as in King Khama's country, that the introduction of labor-saving inventions became an invaluable ally in battling against the hoary-headed customs of heathenism.

When thoroughly organized and reinforced by the arrival of Edwards, whose labors extended over half a century, and later by others, new stations were opened in the Unterveldt and among the Bushmen. In 1855 a handsome stone chapel, seating six hundred worshipers, was erected on the original site of the central mission, the cost of about five thousand dollars being met by the contributions of the people themselves, without any foreign assistance other than the present of a pulpit from Cape Town. Remembering the darkness of heathenism into which he had brought the first ray of light, and beholding the well-dressed congregation that filled the beautiful chapel on the day of its dedication as their gift to the service of Almighty God, well might this veteran missionary have exclaimed, "The morning cometh."

It was after the success of the mission in Little Namaqualand had been well established that Edwards was ordered to proceed from there to Cape Town, to make the third attempt to establish a Wesleyan mission there, this time a successful one. In 1820, with the consent of the governor, he began to preach to the slave population of the town and surrounding country. Chapels were soon built, Sabbath and day schools opened, churches organized, and the work, being well reinforced, extended to Simon's Town, Stellenbosch,



Uncivilized Native Girls of Pondoland

Somerset, and Robertson, the latter at a distance of one hundred miles from Cape Town. When this basis of operations at the Cape was established a line of missions was opened in the native territories adjoining.

The first Wesleyan mission to the Kaffirs was to the Amagonakwali tribe of the Amaxosa nation, then ruled by Chief Cato and his brothers Kobi and Khama. In 1820 William Shaw, assisted by William Shepstone, made their appearance among them. They showed him where to build his place, remote from their kraals, for they said, "This word of God will bring sickness among us." A native town grew up around the mission station, and was called "Wesleyville." In August, 1825, three natives were baptized in the presence of a large assembly of people—the first fruits of a glorious harvest. Among those who were afterward baptized in Wesleyville were Chief Khama and his wife, the latter a daughter of the great Chief Gaika and sister of Makomo, the leader in the great Kaffir wars. Wesleyville was destroyed by the Kaffir war of 1835, afterward rebuilt, and destroyed again in the war of 1848. The great chiefs Cato and Kobi came to grief in these wars. One was long confined on Robin Island, in Table Bay; but their tribe, under the leadership of Chief Khama, remained true to the British government and found a peaceful home on the banks of the Keiskhama, British Kaffraria.

A strong personal friendship between Shaw and Khama led up to the chief's conversion. On several occasions he took him with him on excursions to Graham's Town, where he had opportunity to observe some of the advantages of Christian civilization. Khama at this time was poor, and Shaw advised him to buy a wagon, telling him that it would help him very much. When Khama told his people he was going to buy a wagon they were afraid he would become converted, and they endeavored to hinder him in every possible way. But Khama would not listen to them, and gave Shaw ten fat oxen with which to buy a wagon for him in Graham's Town. The wagon was the founda-

tion of his fortune, earning for him three kraals full of cattle.

One morning Khama went to visit Shaw, when the latter said, "Do you know my face and name?" Khama replied, "Yes." Shaw said, "And I know your face and name," and then went on to talk to him about the next world, where they would know each other as they did in that room. This word came home to the heart of the chief, and led eventually to his conversion, which was soon followed by that of his wife, his brother, and a large number of others.

When I met Chief Khama at Khamstone he was in his prime, six feet in height, well proportioned, and corpulent. His head was very large, face broad, with a very benevolent expression, not black, but the usual coffee color of the "royal line" of Kaffir chiefs—altogether a noble-looking man. In a missionary address he thus related his personal experience: "When I became a Christian my fellow-chiefs and many of my people laughed at me, said I was a fool, and would never become ruling chief, that my people would throw me away, that I would become a scabby goat, a vagabond on the earth without home or friends. But just the reverse of all that has come to pass. I was then young, and had no people. My older brothers had a great people; but they rejected Christ, lost their people and everything they had, and I remain the only ruling chief of my tribe."

In the division of his tribe by civil wars he removed with his followers to the Tambookie country, where at that time there was no missionary; so Khama called the people together on Sundays and preached to them, his eldest son reading for him from the word of God. His two sons, Samuel and William Shaw (the latter became a Wesleyan minister), were converted under his preaching, as were a number of others, and William Shepstone came and baptized them, and thus was laid the foundation of Khamstone Mission, afterward visited by the Holy Spirit in the salvation of many souls. As king of the Eastern Ba-Mangwatos,

the farthest removed from civilized South Africa of the Bechuana tribes, Khama is to-day exerting a vast influence for Christianity in his own and surrounding heathen tribes.

Among the stations early opened by the Wesleyans Graham's Town became a center from which the work extended in many directions. After the Hottentot population, the Fingoes received the word of God. Large numbers of them had collected at Port Elizabeth, which became a strong mission. Through the province of Natal, as well as in Kaffraria, and higher up the country, with such centers as Craddock, Somerset East, Peddie, and Newtondale, industrial, Sabbath, and day schools were opened, and churches established. With the exception of Queens-town itself the missions in Kaffraria are among the native



Ba-Mangwato Woman at Work

populations. After Wesleyville came Butterworth Station, which was opened in 1827, and has increased to forty preaching places. Morley Station was opened for the benefit of a peculiar tribe of people, who seem to have descended in part

from a party of Europeans who were cast away upon the shores of Kaffraria many years ago. Afterward removed to New Morley, it has become a center of light to thousands of once degraded natives. At Clarkesburg, so named in honor of Dr. Adam Clarke, two of the early missionaries were murdered by marauding natives. During a night attack upon the mission one of them had rushed out of his house and into the midst of the fray, endeavoring to quell the disturbance, when he was pierced through with an assegai, thrown by one of the attacking party. Buntingville, although the most isolated of all the native missions, was the only one that was not destroyed, once or oftener, during the Kaffir wars.

The work of the Wesleyans has also been carried on successfully in Bechuanaland, where the first attempt, in 1822, was frustrated by war. A promising station was opened at Makwassi, in the upper region of the Vaal River; but from this place they were driven out by the Matebele, one of the most powerful tribes with which the British have come in contact. They finally settled to the north of the Orange River, where the Baralongs have become a happy and prosperous people through the spiritual, mental, and industrial training of the missionaries. The Bechuana District includes several missions among the Dutch, and stations have also been opened in the Orange Free State.

The vast amount of work accomplished by the Wesleyans in South Africa, here only briefly touched upon, is incalculable. Not the least important have been the linguistic achievements, in the translation of the Scripture, hymn book, Catechism, and many other publications, into five or six different languages. The construction of a Kaffir grammar, one of the most intricate of heathen tongues, was accomplished by W. B. Boyce. So perfectly do they speak their own language that he told me he had never heard a Kaffir boy make a grammatical error.

So varied were the difficulties encountered by pioneer missionaries in this, at that time, heathen country, and so

evident the necessity for preparatory work, that while there were many conversions and a general spiritual upbuilding, up to the time of my arrival in South Africa, in 1866, no "express train" of evangelistic power had been put on the track so well laid. "The way of the Lord" had been "prepared," and it was his time to reveal his glory in the salvation of thousands. The details of that revival campaign of seven months, during which twelve hundred colonists and seven thousand Kaffirs, according to the reports of the missionaries, were added unto the Church through saving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, have been related under my previous authorship. It will answer the scope of the present purpose, and be a fitting close to this chapter on Methodism in South Africa here to present a brief account of a portion of the work, that in Natal, just received from the Rev. Frederick Mason, of Durban, an eyewitness:

"One of the most memorable years, perhaps the most memorable, in the religious history of South Africa was the year 1866. The importance of the movement which then took place can hardly be overestimated. Methodism received at that time an impetus which it still retains. There was a great numerical increase, such as had never taken place before, but far more important than this was the development of a spiritual force and energy which, despite fluctuations, has never been wholly spent, and has been often renewed.

**The Great Revival in South Africa in 1866.**

"The chief agent in it was the Rev. William Taylor, of California, afterward a missionary bishop in western Africa. Previously he had preached only to Europeans; henceforth his work was to be chiefly carried on among the colored races of three continents. After several months of successful work in Cape Town, Graham's Town, Queenstown, Kaffirland, and other places, the momentum of it, so to speak, all the while increasing, he arrived in Natal. It is of his work in this colony that I now chiefly wish to write, as I was residing in it at the time, and had good opportunities for

observation. Others can tell the story better of what occurred elsewhere.

“On Sunday morning, September 9, 1866, he opened his commission in Pietermaritzburg (commonly called Maritzburg) by a powerful appeal addressed to the members of the church. In the evening there was a large attendance, and he preached an awakening sermon. The meetings continued a fortnight, the power and influence increasing every day. Still in Maritzburg there were none of those overwhelming manifestations which had been witnessed and were afterward witnessed elsewhere. About fifty persons actually professed conversion. The Church in this case was evidently not prepared for a larger movement or more abundant visitation of grace.

“From Maritzburg Mr. Taylor went to Durban. Here the work was greater and more widespread. All classes of the community were more or less influenced by it. Night after night the church was crowded with hearers and inquirers. Such scenes had never been witnessed in Natal before; that is, on so large a scale. Yet there was no extravagance, no ‘wild fire,’ as it used to be called. Excitement there certainly was, fervid and intense, but it was deep below the surface, and based upon intelligent conviction. Those veteran fathers, the Revs. James Cameron and Ralph Stott, threw themselves with more than youthful fervor into the movement. The former, with true Scotch caution, waited at first, almost with hesitancy, to see how things were going, but before long he joined heart and soul with the ‘Revival Preacher.’ His youngest son was converted, and entered the ministry four years later. Men and women, adults and children, alike yielded to the same mighty influence. Over one hundred persons professed to find salvation and joined the Methodist communion.

“The work of conversion went on for months after Mr. Taylor left. A new era dawned upon the Methodism of the colony.

“From Durban Mr. Taylor proceeded to Verulam. Here



Christianized Native Girls of Pondoland

this glorious work may be said to have culminated. The field, though small, was 'white already unto harvest.' Earnest prayer and zealous toil had been long going on, and the spirit of holy expectation was now raised to the highest point. 'The fire of the Lord fell,' the Holy Ghost descended with overwhelming power. People gathered from distant places to see and hear 'the wonderful works of God.' In that small and scattered population about one hundred and twenty persons obtained saving benefit from the services. 'The voice of rejoicing and salvation' was heard on every side, for 'the right hand of the Lord did valiantly.' The memory of those days of grace is still vivid and precious, nor will it ever pass away.

"Reference has so far been made only to the work carried on among the white people of the colony; but the natives were not neglected. Rev. Charles Pamla, who had just been received into the native ministry, accompanied the evangelist as interpreter. It was at Edendale that the most remarkable work took place. Mr. Taylor could only visit the station for a few minutes one day, give a short address, and sing 'The Eden Above.' Mr. Pamla conducted a few services there afterward. When the evangelists were gone the work began to deepen and spread. At one time it seemed as if the whole station would be converted. Zealous preachers carried the glad tidings to heathen kraals in the Zwaartkop location, which up to that date had been rarely visited. What was more important than anything else, our native preachers and leaders learned the sacred art of evangelizing, if one may call it so, and henceforth knew how to conduct revival meetings with vigor, judgment, and blessed effect.

"The least advantage of this glorious movement was the numerical increase to which it immediately led. Every interest and agency in the Church was strengthened. The foundations of religious life and work were laid or relaid or broadened, on which could rest the superstructure of a more vigorous Christian character and of more useful service in the kingdom of God. Some who had never before seen a

revival, except it may be in a very limited form, learned how to take part in such movements and to expect them.

“Looking back upon the thirty-two years which have elapsed since the now venerable Bishop Taylor visited South Africa, we are able to judge of the effect of his work. I had been over ten years in the country when he arrived, and was familiar with English and native work. Great advances have been made in both since that date, in the native work especially. After a long period of discouragement the way began to open for a wider diffusion of the Gospel among the heathen. Just then, by divine arrangement, as we fully believe, William Taylor came, ‘a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.’ He showed by word and deed how the work of God could be carried on with greater effect than before.

“A great advance has been made in South African Methodism during the intervening years. An affiliated Conference was formed in 1882, including all the districts except the Transvaal. The following statistics will serve to indicate one form of progress:

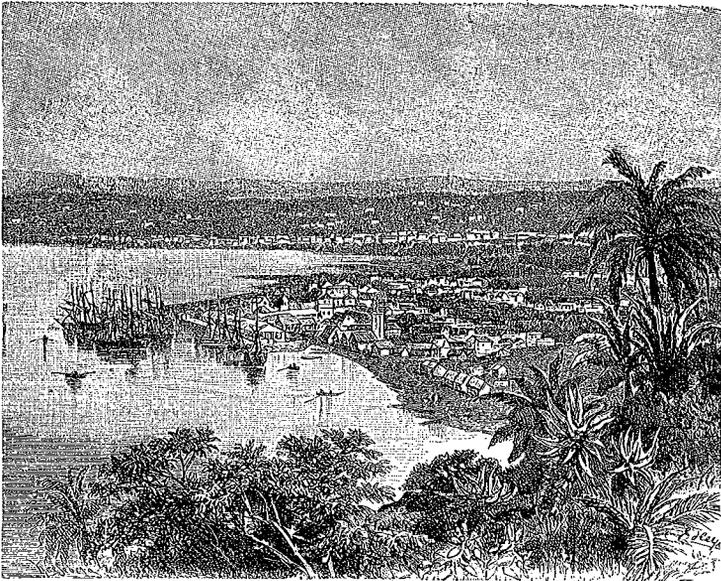
STATISTICS OF METHODISM IN SOUTH AFRICA.

YEAR.	Full Church Members.	On Trial.	Junior Society Classes.	Total in Church Fellowship.
1865.....	8,331	1,235	.....	9,566
1882.....	19,591	7,671	.....	27,262
1897.....	47,872	21,448	10,692	80,012
Transvaal, etc.....	7,945	3,111	.....	11,056
Total for 1897.....	.....	.....	.....	91,068

“Of these about 7,500 are Europeans, chiefly English. Those of mixed race may amount to about 4,500. It will thus be seen that 79,000 pure-blooded Africans have in this section of the continent been brought under the saving influence of the Gospel of Christ. Great numbers of them have been actually saved, and are walking in the light of God.

“There has been a corresponding increase in other branches of the work. The number of European ministers in the South African Conference is 115; of native, 76. There are also 161 native evangelists, 2,721 local preachers, and 3,564 class leaders.

“I will add but a few words more. What became of the great host of converts gathered in 1866? Some fell away, but the great majority remained steadfast. Many have gone to the ‘Eden above,’ about which they had learned to sing. Others continued to hold after all these years positions of trust and usefulness in the Church.”



Port Durban, Natal

## CHAPTER XXIX

## Increase of the Advancing Host



HERE have been many and varied agencies employed in the Christianization of South Africa, and vast are the aggregate achievements. The labors of different societies have oft been interwoven and not infrequently transferred from one to another; therefore no special meed of praise is intended or more than a brief outline attempted.

The Paris Society has found its most productive field in Basutoland, where they commenced operations under what they recognized as a special call of God in 1833. A Basuto chief had made his way to a trading post for the purpose of purchasing a gun, and received from the trader the news of a people who had come into the country, not to spread desolation and death, but to bring the glad tidings of life. He sent an embassy to the French missionaries, who had been driven out of the colony and across the Orange River, and who gladly proceeded to the "great place" of the chief, and Morijah became a refuge for Christians from all parts. It passed through many vicissitudes, principally on account of native wars; but after Basutoland became a crown colony their mission was firmly established and extended to ten substations, enrolling now upward of ten thousand native Christians. Their work at Wellington, for fifty years prosperously developed under their pioneer missionary, Bisseux, was transferred to the Dutch Church of the Cape.

Among the Hottentot tribes that were gradually forced by their warlike neighbors to find a home north of Cape Colony

were the Namaquas. They gave the name to the territory they settled, the soil of which being sterile, they took to hunting, and became nomadic. Having brought firearms with them, when game became scarce they pushed northward in successful robber raids among their near neighbors, the Hereros, who possessed abundance of cattle and no firearms. When the Hereros secured firearms they retaliated on the Namaquas, and for years a tribal war was maintained. In the midst of this state of disquietude, with the additional obstacle of one of the most difficult languages in South Africa, German missions, under the Rhenish Society, were introduced, and five of their stations in these two tribes have survived and prospered. Traveling northward from the Cape, the Hereros are the first real Negro tribe encountered. They are extensively engaged in the dairy business, the milk of their cows being their chief food. They are not as apt scholars as many of their race, are slow to surrender the form of their national religion, but on becoming converts to Christianity are very firm adherents. The Germans are the only occupants of this territory, their base of operations being Walfisch Bay, the only port of entry to Namaqualand.

The principal, if not the only prosperous missions of the Berlin Society, are in South Africa, where its first missionaries were sent in 1834, their objective point being Bechuanaland; but the way being closed in that direction they founded missions in the Orange Free State. The first twenty-five years witnessed a hard struggle for existence, chiefly because of governmental disturbances, but the work finally spread from Bethany, the central point, to Kimberley and Beaconsfield, the native location of that diamond field. They opened Bethel in Kaffraria, but their work in that territory did not grow to large proportions, and the stations in Natal are small. Their chief field is the Transvaal, which they entered in 1860. The first station, Gerlachshoop, was destroyed and its people scattered by tribal wars, as was also Khatlolu in 1864. The following year their principal

station was opened, Botschabelo, since when a degree of prosperity has attended their labors, a number of their stations being entirely self-supporting. As one indication of the prosperity of this branch of the work carried on by the German societies, they have over ten thousand communicants.

The German society remaining to be mentioned, the Hermannsburg, is of special interest because of its unique methods. This Lutheran branch grew from the labors of one man, Pastor Louis Harms, who devoted his life to the peasantry in the kingdom of Hanover, whom he inspired with such missionary zeal that a society was formed to carry the Gospel to the heathen. No funds were solicited, yet the true Christian spirit of his parishioners led not only to abundant freewill offerings to the work, but also to the offer of themselves. They were simple peasants, gifted only in spiritual life and its fruits and in industrial and mechanical skill. They founded a training school for missionaries, embracing in a six years' course only what would be of practical utility in the introduction of Christian civilization among heathen tribes. The plan of operations was not only to compass the conversion of individuals, but to infuse into heathenism the lessons of Christianity along all practical lines.

The first expedition of their colonization scheme was directed to the country of the Gallas, East Africa; but insurmountable difficulties awaited them, their ship was turned back to the south, and the colony settled on the northern borders of Natal, founding Hermannsburg in 1853. Here, and as they pressed northward into Zululand, the "community colony" was tested, and for a time seemed successful. Each labored for the common good, and none called that which he possessed his own, clergy and colonists all being on equal terms. This did not long continue with happy results; the latter accused the former of failure to assume an equal share of the burdens of life, and, what was possible in a community of unmarried men—and only such

were sent out—was found impracticable when their brides arrived from the fatherland. The ladies elected to have their own households and belongings, and as usual won the day.

From the start self-support was partly achieved, and its introduction proved a greater blessing to the natives, in the acquirement of a knowledge of the mechanical arts and the development of noble, independent character, than could be measured by the monetary advantages.

Their most encouraging work had been among the Bechuanas, whither they carried their methods, save the colonization scheme, in 1858, in answer to a call from a Bechuana king. Gradually the work extended across the South African Republic and into British Bechuanaland, where its missions were transferred to the London Society. Their central stations are Pretoria, Bethany, and Sharon, and their communicants number ten thousand.

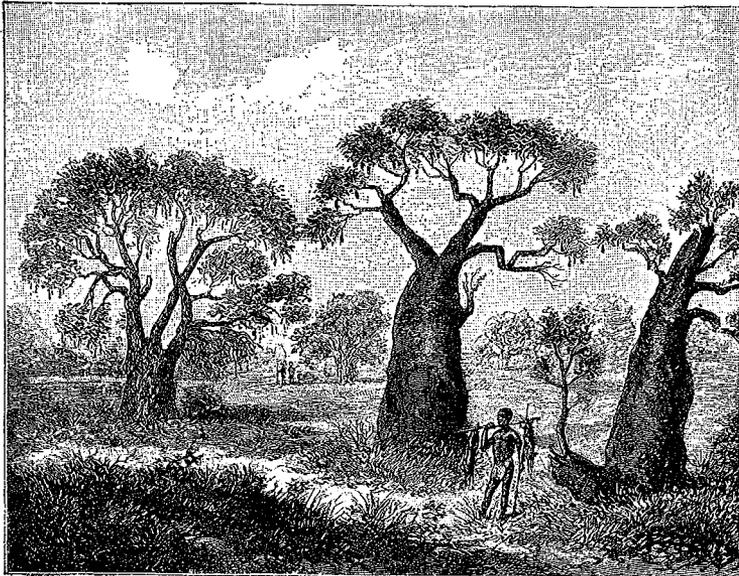
The first mission to the Zulus was sent out by the American Board in 1835. Two expeditions, consisting each of three missionaries and their wives, were organized and equipped. One party undertook the establishment of a mission in Natal, where Chief Dingaan received them kindly, schools were opened, and a printing press introduced.

The other missionary party had an opportunity to see a wide scope of heathen Africa. They "embarked" in Dutch wagons and trekked a thousand miles to the country of Mosilikatzi. The wars of this savage chief were so fierce and frequent the station at Mosika was broken up, and the missionaries rejoined their brethren in Natal, after a return journey of thirteen hundred miles, by way of the Drakenberg Mountains.

The usual war disturbances of these turbulent tribes caused the withdrawal of some of their missionaries. After the overthrow of Dingaan, his successor, Panda, favored their efforts for a time, but becoming suspicious he put to death many who had manifested a desire to become Christians.

In these dark days frequent disasters led the American Board to order the withdrawal of the missions, but before their instructions arrived in Natal it had become a British colony, and the faithful missionaries labored on with brighter prospects. They were strongly reinforced from America; churches were organized, new stations opened, and the work extended along all lines.

As a part of this enlargement a plan was formed to open



In the Baobab Forest

a mission in Umzila's country, about five hundred miles north, among a people who speak the Zulu language. The first ambassador, Mr. Pinkerton, fell by the way, a victim of fever. Erwin H. Richards was then detached for the perilous undertaking, and after encountering and overcoming many difficulties arrived at the "great place" of Umzila. He found the old king seated on the ground, and when offered a robe he said, "The earth is accustomed to have me sit upon it." He showed much kindness to the messenger

of peace, asking many questions concerning the white man's "Book," and pushed aside all other gifts with which he was presented to eagerly take an old and worn copy of the New Testament, and when he died this same little volume was found bound to his neck. He was succeeded by his son Gungunyana, and the way was not open for a mission settlement in his country. With the assistance of an educated Zulu woman, Erwin H. Richards completed the translation of the New Testament into the Tonga tongue, and all but the Book of Revelation was printed on the mission press. The Zulu churches under the American Board now number twenty-two, with a total membership of over two thousand.

The Zulu abode is quite general throughout heathen South Africa. A kraal is a circle of huts inclosing a cattle compound, from which they are separated by a thorn fence eight or ten feet in height, a similar one, but higher, inclosing the entire settlement. There is a hut for each wife of the chief or headman, who are simply his slaves. These huts consist of a strong roof of wattles, drawn together at the top and firmly secured by monkey vines, supported by horizontal poles resting on posts. The grass thatch is kept in place by willowy rods, sharpened at both ends to penetrate the network of wattles. The roof is quite frequently ornamented by skulls and bones of animals. They are perfectly water-tight, and so strongly built as not to be easily demolished.

The Zulus commonly build on the side of a hill, so that in time of heavy rains the water will not settle near them or enter the corn pits. These are jar-shaped, having a depth of about six feet, and in them are stored Indian corn, beans, etc., to protect them from the white ants and hide them from their enemies. Sunk in the cattle compound, covered with the refuse of the herd, there is no intimation of their location. In the Zulu wars the British soldiers finally learned to discover them by tapping on the ground with their gun rods, a hollow sound indicating a corn pit.

The entrance to these Zulu dwellings is so low that of

necessity you make your bow by entering on "all fours." When the eyes become accustomed to the smoky interior the floor presents the appearance of polished ebony. The Zulu women have taken the walls of the houses of the industrious ants to carpet their own. The clay is put through a process of manipulation, pounded hard, smeared with the fresh droppings in the cattle pen, and polished with smooth stones until it gives back a mirrorlike reflection. The stove is a saucerlike excavation in the center, around which they sleep on grass mats, with their feet toward the fire in cool weather and their heads resting on little stools to preserve their carefully prepared headdresses.

The household articles are usually confined to native-made earthen pots and the old stone mill of patriarchal days, a hollow in the heavy "nether stone," in which the grain is crushed by the small, oval, upper stone.

Natal has become a civilized territory, although in some places the old heathenism still crops out. But the preaching of the Gospel has reconstructed the hearts and manner of life of the people. Houses have taken the place of kraals, and these have been grouped into villages, the inhabitants of which are respectably clothed, and the old practices of polygamy and witchcraft, dissension and tribal wars have retreated before the oncoming Prince of Peace.

Among the younger and yet most prosperous Christian agencies at work in the British possessions is the South Africa General Mission. Under the personal care of its founder, the Rev. W. Spencer Walton, it has continually enlarged from a small beginning in March, 1889. One feature of its providential opening was the formation of an advisory committee of Christian merchants in London, and another the acceptance of the presidency of this interdenominational movement by the Rev. Andrew Murray, for many years one of the foremost leaders of Christian thought and activity in South Africa. During my series of special services in the colony in 1866 I first made his acquaintance, an occasion to which he reverted publicly in London and

New York as the period when he entered into the manhood of Christian life which he has so ably exercised in a vast variety of Christian activities.

Commencing with Cape Town as a base of operations this mission has in less than ten years advanced successively



Unchristianized Pondo Women

to purely native work in Swaziland, the evangelization of the conglomerate tribes in the Kimberley compounds, central missions in Pretoria and Johannesburg, an increasing number of prosperous stations in Pondoland, and the absorption of the important work begun by the Southeast Afri-

can Mission in Natal and Zululand. In the latter districts not only have they a population of seven hundred and fifty thousand Zulus to work among, but also the more than fifty thousand imported laborers from various districts of India employed on the tea and sugar plantations.

Perhaps one of their most interesting fields is Swazieland. The father and founder of the mission was graciously received by the queen of the Swazies, who, like the famed Matebele, are a branch of the Zulu tribe, of nobler character and finer physique than the majority of the South African tribes. On the opening of the mission among them about a thousand flocked into the station in their war dress of blue monkey and leopard skins, fully armed with assegais, knob-kerries, oxhide shields, and battle-axes.

Although many have been brought into the light of the truth as it is in Jesus, a great deal of cruelty is still practiced. One of many cases that came to the personal attention of Mr. Walton after crossing the Umtata was the result of a witch doctor's visit. A child was sick; an innocent man, who chanced to possess a greater number of cattle than his neighbors, was "smelled out" by this agent of the devil and accused of bewitching the child, and he was tortured to exact a confession. In the midst of it, while his tormentors were sleeping off the effects of eating half-cooked pork, he escaped, crawling on his hands and knees for three miles, and when the missionaries found him he had four wounds from assegai stabs, one penetrating his right lung, his scalp cut through in three places, and his stomach burned by hot cinders thrown upon him, while bound, by his tormentors. These, and the more noble Basutos of the Transvaal, are being led into the light of the Gospel by this society, which now has more than one hundred missionaries actively engaged.

"The Zambesi Industrial Mission" has made a financial demonstration of the principle of self-support on the Shiré Highlands. It is in the list of operations still, in point of time, in their infancy, but in six years has not only become self-supporting, but in a measure self-propagating.

Its pioneer and founder, the Rev. Joseph Boothe, on his individual responsibility, made a tour of observation along the coast from the Cape to the Zambesi and the Upper Shiré to Nyassa, having in view the specific object of discovering the location most suitable for an industrial mission. He had a practical demonstration of the success of coffee growing from the experience of a firm of planters who undertook it practically without capital, and in a few years were exporting one hundred tons annually, and of such superior quality that their gross receipts amounted to £10,000 sterling. He decided to utilize the same methods in laying the foundations of a line of mission stations that would early become financially independent.

To lose no time in making a beginning Boothe converted his personal outfit of guns, blankets, and even food, into cash, and with the £40 thus realized he purchased coffee and planted the seed for half a million plants. He found no difficulty in securing a large tract of land from the government, wisely selected for his purpose, and having thus set a million seeds to work in the rich soil he sailed for England to procure the capital to develop his "plant."

His practical presentation of his scheme resulted in his raising £20,000 in cash for the enterprise, and with a band of consecrated volunteers he journeyed back to his coffee nursery. In three years the maiden coffee appears, developing much more rapidly here than on the West Coast, and the first crop paid the initial expense and cultivation, including lands, labor, and seed.

In the selection of men a wide scope has been allowed, including good men who are traders, artisans, teachers, and evangelists, the idea being to have as great a variety of talent as can find practical employment on the field. None draws any salary, the aggregate profits being expended in the purchase and seeding of more land. The missionaries, clerical and lay, number over thirty, and the land area possessed one hundred thousand acres.

## CHAPTER XXX

## Scotch Missions and Methods



WHILE Scotland has furnished some of the greatest heroes of African travel and exploration, so that land of staunch religious principles and persevering endeavor in well-doing has sent forth some of the most successful missionaries into a land that requires quite as much of plodding determination as of brilliant talents.

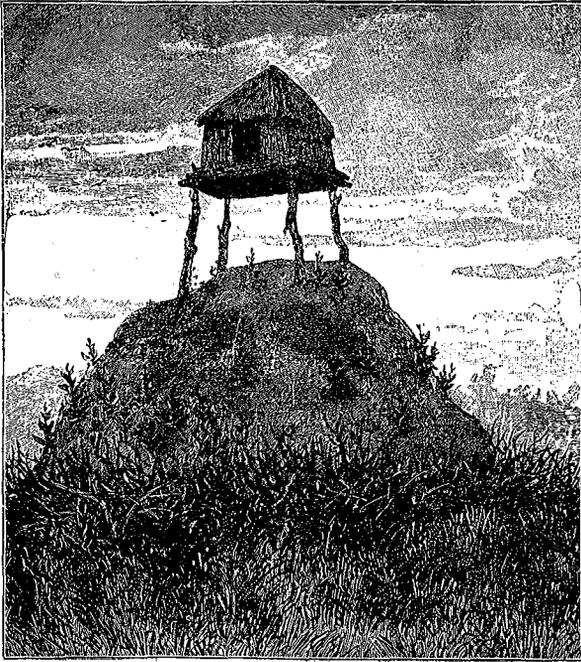
Although not all of them are as well known to the world as David Livingstone, there have been very many missionaries who have not been less noble in self-sacrificing devotion to the spiritual liberation of enslaved Africa.

Scotland might well rear the pillar of the immortal fame she has founded in Africa on four names; that of Peter Greig, the first missionary to West Africa a century ago, who was martyred by the Tussoo robbers whom he had befriended; David Livingstone; General Gordon, in the Soudan; and Alexander Mackay, of Uganda.

Next to the mission sent into the Tussoo country, inland from the rescued slave colony of Sierra Leone, which was founded by the father of Lord Macaulay, on the model of which many years later Liberia was founded, came the mission to Southeast Africa in 1821. The romance in real life history of that Kaffir mission would fill several interesting volumes. It has passed through the vicissitudes incident to seven wars in seventy years, suffered what seemed to be utter extermination at some points, but so deeply had it taken root, and so great its spiritual vitality and the deathless faith and consecration of its missionary heroes and heroines, that it has filled the land with churches and Christian

communities. Lovedale has been made one of the greatest centers of missionary influence in the world. Seven hundred miles northeast of Cape Town, in a beautiful valley, William Govan opened a missionary training school here in 1841. He gave it the name of Dr. Love, the first secretary of the Glasgow Society.

To educate young men for the ministry, train young men



Native Dwelling on an Ant-hill

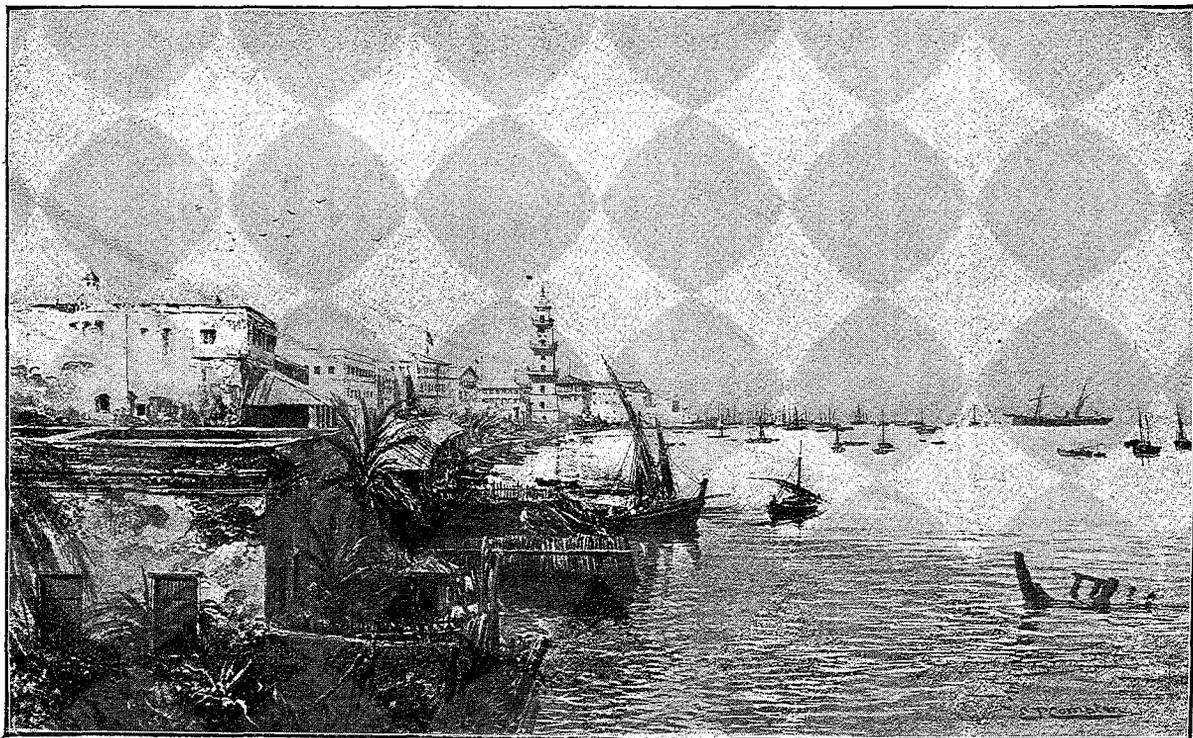
and women for teachers in the native schools, and impart a thorough industrial education, were the aims of the institution, and in their accomplishment its helpful influence has furthered every missionary endeavor of the societies of every name, from the Cape to the great lakes. For within its walls have ever been welcomed the adherents of every denomination on a platform so broad that all felt at home,

and yet so thoroughly Christian in spirit and practice that the unsaved among its students were converted to God, and all received the spiritual uplift inevitable in such an atmosphere.

For many years Lovedale Institution has been under the direction of Dr. Stewart, under whose holy life its spiritual interests have been kept at flood tide, and by whose wise business administration the institution has arrived within twenty-five per cent of entire self-support. Along the lines of a thorough English education, theological training, and industrial instruction it has developed into a native college. The industrial department, exceedingly important to all missionary movements in heathen countries, is thoroughly equipped for instruction in such useful arts as wagon and house building, blacksmithing, printing, bookbinding, telegraphy, and agriculture.

All colors and nearly all tribes of South Africa have been represented in this institution, more than a thousand of whom have gone forth as native pastors, teachers, interpreters, and industrial producers for the Christian civilization of darkest Africa.

It was after more than half a century of marvelous progress and wonderful spiritual success among the Zulu tribes that the heart of Scotland was stirred by the appeals of David Livingstone, and fired to action by his death upon his knees in the African forest and burial in Westminster Abbey, and the Livingstone Mission was the outcome. The united Scottish enthusiasm was directed by the greatest missionary of his time, Alexander Duff. As early as 1861 James Stewart, now of Lovedale Institution, then a student of Edinburgh, volunteered to open a mission in the Nyassa region, rediscovered by Livingstone, joined the great explorer on the lower Zambesi, and after the death of Mrs. Livingstone, at Shupanga, with him explored Lake Nyassa. Meanwhile Charles Frederic Mackenzie, Bishop of the Church of England, who had accepted Livingstone's invitation to open a mission on the Shiré Highlands, since



City and Harbor of Zanzibar

occupied by the Church of Scotland, died a martyr to the climate, and the first Universities Mission ceased.

It was in 1875 that the joint missions of the Churches of Scotland were established in the lake and river region now known as British Central Africa. It has reduced to writing the eight vernacular languages of the tribes of the uplands and Lake Nyassa, into which have been translated the New Testament in whole or in part, and the Spirit of God has blessed its teaching and preaching to the salvation of many thousands and the formation of native churches, the members of which support missionaries to their countrymen. Thousands of native children, young men and maidens, throng school buildings, many of which they themselves constructed, pay for the books they use and tuition fees to their instructors. On this line of developing self-support, the vital principle for African missions, the workshops, under godly skilled artisans, are laying the commercial foundation of Christian communities that are already extending into a Christian empire, a country the length of Scotland itself is being taken for Christ by the missionaries she has sent forth.

The Presbyterian elders who conduct the Livingstone Mission formed the African Lakes Company in 1878 as its necessary adjunct. This was not a mere trading venture, but a missionary enterprise to assist in developing the resources of these districts, introduce a commerce that would operate against the slave trade, and build up the industries of their missions. Beginning with small capital it gradually extended, placing steamers on the Zambesi and Shiré Rivers and Lake Nyassa, doing all the carrying trade for the four missionary societies of that region.

In the Shiré Highlands the Established Church of Scotland has expended over half a million dollars in the ever-increasingly successful Blantyre Mission. Its expanding operations at Blantyre, Damasi, and Malange, its medical missionaries and Scotch women teachers in the healthful climate of the Shiré Highlands, have laid firm foundations

already growing into a temple of the Lord. It has built the largest church in central Africa, reduced the Manjanja and Yao languages to writing and translation, and young men trained in their mission schools are teaching many thousands of children to read and write both in their own language and in English. Their elders learn and teach the dignity of labor in agriculture, roadmaking, brickmaking, carpentry, and other trades. Its medical missions have superseded the horrible practice of witchcraft, while the spiritual transformations wrought in many thousands of hearts and lives find illustration in the smiling wheat fields, productive maize patches, and valuable coffee plantations, before which the hitherto unbroken wilderness has fled away.

The second English Universities Mission has long worked harmoniously side by side in Nyassaland with that of the Free Church of Scotland, from Likomo, an island in the lake.

In 1891 Mr. A. L. Bruce, Livingstone's son-in-law, his nephew, Mr. Peter Mackenzie, and nine other Scots (three of them women) founded the East Africa Scottish Mission, under the leadership of Dr. James Stewart, lent to them for the purpose by the Free Church. With Dr. Moffat, grandson of the great missionary explorer, and a party of young Scottish missionaries, he established a mission at Kilaneri, on the high plateau between Mombasa and Uganda, where another Lovedale has been founded.

The plateaus upon which these missions are planted form more than two thirds of the area of British Central Africa, and at an altitude of six thousand feet present opportunity for healthful European settlement. For half of the year the temperature is moderate, and at no season is it oppressive. The varying altitudes permit of the cultivation of most of the products of temperate, semitropical, and tropical regions. The water supply is abundant, and the country is endowed with a great variety of beautiful wild flowers and flowering trees, as well as handsome forest timber.

## CHAPTER XXXI

## Abyssinia and Uganda



RANKING in many respects with the great missionaries, explorers, and Christian philanthropists who have poured out life and treasure upon the altar of Africa's redemption, John Ludwig Krapf is not as widely known as other names. His labors were not unlike those of David Livingstone in their general character, and, like him, he died on his knees praying for Africa.

In 1830 he was with Bishop Gobat in the Abyssinian Mission, from which they were soon driven. In 1839 he attempted to reenter that country from the south, where he was kindly received by the King of Shoa, who then controlled the Abyssinian highlands. He accompanied the king on several excursions into the Galla country, a heathen nation inhabiting a vast extent of territory extending southward almost as far as Mombasa, on the East Coast.

After three years among the people of Shoa, who are to a large extent nominally Christian, their form of worship being similar to that of the Coptic Church in Egypt, he was again driven out.

His representations to the Church Missionary Society determined them upon the extension of their work to the East Africa Mission, and to reach the Gallas from the south, having translated the Gospels into their language, he sailed away in an Arab ship and landed at Mombasa. Here he and his family were prostrated with fever, of the effects of which his wife and child died. Close to the parcel of earth where he laid them away until the resurrection morn thirty years later a mission station was founded. His Arab letter of

introduction to governor and people commended him as "a good man, who wishes to convert the world to God."

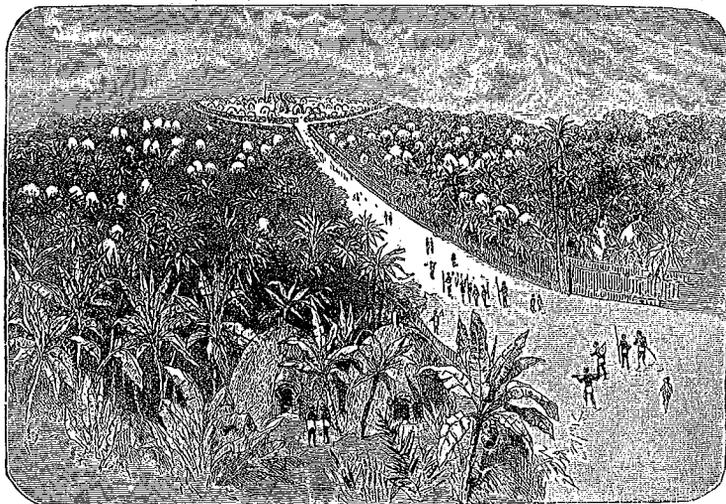
In 1846 he was joined by John Rebmann, and together they made the series of journeys of exploration that led to the establishment of much of the work of the Church Society in East Africa. It was their accounts of a "great inland sea," described to them by the natives, that led to the discovery of Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza, and consequently of Uganda. Rebmann was the first white man who beheld Mount Kilima-Njaro, and Krapf sighted Mount Kenia.

Impelled by his reports the Church Society sent out a party of missionaries in 1851, all of whom died or returned on account of illness; and Krapf himself was deserted by his native followers and suffered repeatedly from hunger and thirst, wild beasts, and savage tribes before he finally regained the coast.

Undaunted by perils, he again journeyed toward central Africa, and, although his only missionary companion soon died of the effects of fever, he penetrated far into Uganda, until finally deserted by his native servants and left a starving fugitive in a hostile land. After extraordinary adventures in heathen tribes and great physical suffering he again reached the coast. After returning to Abyssinia to open an industrial mission, and visiting Usambara, where King Kimeri received him kindly, he devoted the remainder of his life (twice revisiting Africa and establishing the noted "Pilgrim Mission" as a basis for the chain of missions to enter Africa from the north) to translating the Scriptures into East African languages, in his quiet home at Kornthal, in Wurtemberg.

On the return of Sir Bartle Frere from his special mission to Zanzibar for the suppression of the slave trade he urged the Church Society to establish a freed slave colony. For this purpose they called Price from India, where, first at Bombay, and afterward removed to the village of Sharampur, he had charge of a colony of liberated African slaves known as the "Nasik boys." The "Nasik boys" who accompanied Liv-

ingstone on his last journey, and displayed such heroic devotion in passing through many dangers to bring his body to the coast, were trained at this institution. Price brought one hundred and fifty of his boys with him from India and founded Frere Town, named in honor of Sir Bartle, close to the spot where Krapf buried his wife and child. Here, and at the older station at Kisulutini, many slaves liberated from slave dhows by British cruisers were gathered, Christianized, and instructed in agricultural and mechanical pursuits.



Rubaga, the Highest City in Uganda

Uganda Mission has a history of trials and triumphs unsurpassed since the days of the apostles. Its inception was one of the results of the memorable meeting between David Livingstone and Henry M. Stanley on the shores of Lake Tanganyika. The flames of zeal that were consuming the great apostle to the Africans in a life of daily self-sacrifice fired the heart of his God-appointed successor, who not only carried forward to a successful issue the great schemes of exploration in Africa, but took upon himself his share of responsibility for the Christianization of the Africans.

When he was able to report from the capital of the all-powerful central African potentate that King M'tesa had so far renounced the prevailing faith of Islam as to cause "the Ten Commandments of Moses to be written on a board for his daily perusal, as well as the Lord's Prayer and the golden commandment of our Saviour, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,'" he wrote to the journals he represented: "O, that some pious, practical missionary would come here! It is not the mere preacher, however, that is wanted. It is the practical Christian tutor, who can teach the people how to become Christians, cure their diseases, construct dwellings, understand and exemplify agriculture, and turn his hand to anything, like a sailor—this is the man who is wanted."

The missionary opening presenting itself on the occasion of Stanley's visit to M'tesa was marvelous. He found that heathen potentate surrounded by about two hundred wives, and wielding despotic power over a vast extent of territory populated by uncounted millions. And yet he asked Stanley three remarkable questions. The first was, "What do you know about angelic beings?" After listening with evident interest to what the Scriptures reveal concerning heavenly beings, their pursuits and pleasures, he said, "Will you convert me? I want to be converted." When the nature of the new birth was explained and the necessity of divine power for its accomplishment, he inquired, "Will you send missionaries to teach my people?"

Mr. Stanley says, "My letter had been committed to Colonel Linant de Bellefords, who, with his entire company of thirty-six Soudanese soldiers, was murdered by the Baris. Near the body of the colonel it was found by General Gordon, blood-stained and tattered, and forwarded to the coast."

Eight days after his appeal appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* the Church Missionary Society received a gift of £25,000 for this special purpose, the fund was soon increased to £75,000, and in the following March a party of eight mis-

sionaries was dispatched to this center of heathenism, a thousand miles from the coast. Sickness and death soon reduced the number to four; one of these died on reaching the southern end of the lake, two were afterward killed in a fight arising from a quarrel between the King of Ukerewe and an Arab, and but one remained in Ujiji. Although their experiences brought out to more prominent view the dangers through which the great traveler had passed before reaching the goal, they were continually reinforced.

Among those early to arrive was Mackay, a name that will be forever associated with the victories of this mission field.



A Home in Uganda

Like the pioneer Wilson, he was at one time the sole representative of the society there, but he patiently went on teaching, preaching, and, with his practical industrial knowledge, instructing the lads in mechanical pursuits.

The mission passed through many vicissitudes, suffered the loss of a number by death, and endured a season of anxious struggle during the presence of French Romish priests over whose teachings the country was divided. At the close of the year 1879 M'tesa was influenced by a sorceress and publicly prohibited Christianity.

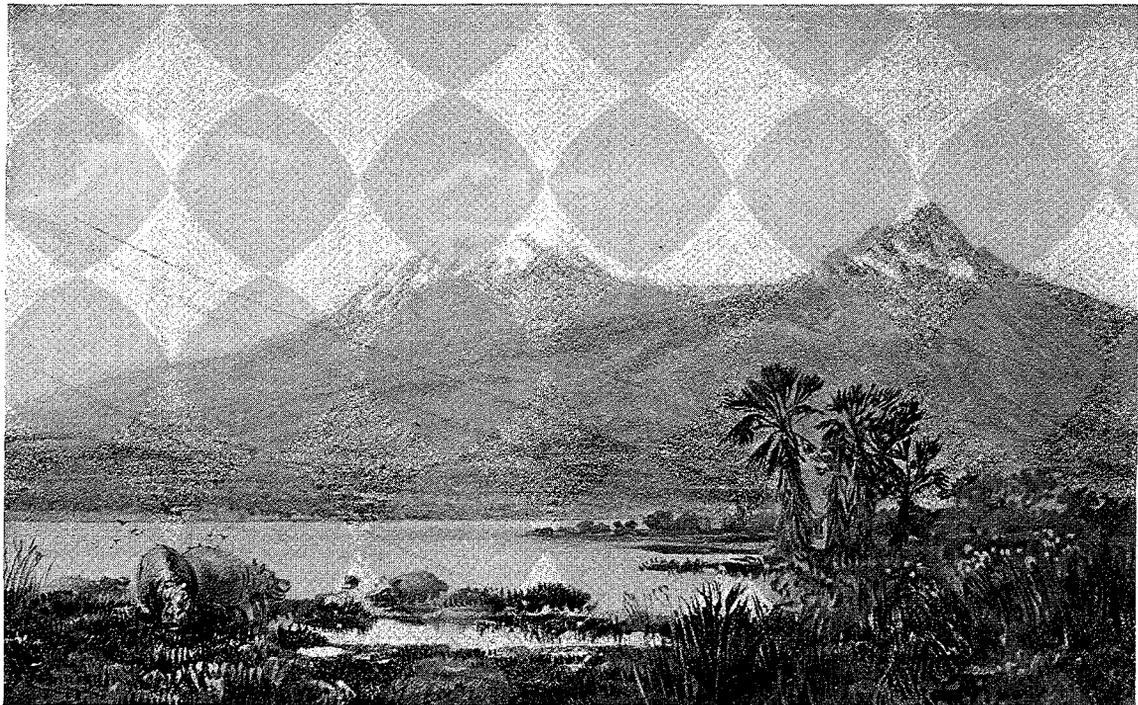
Brighter days came with 1881, and the work of teaching and translating made rapid progress. In March, 1882, after five years of patient toil, the first converts were baptized.

In 1884 M'tesa died, and the cruel M'wanga began a bloody persecution. Three Christian boys were the first native martyrs. They were offered life if they would return to their heathen superstitions. Remaining steadfast in their faith, they were taken to the burning funeral pyre, and two of them were dismembered and thrown upon it. Again the third lad was given opportunity to save himself by surrendering his faith, with the alternative of the horrible death he had just witnessed his companions suffer. He replied, "You do not know whereof you speak. If Jesus Christ died for me it is a small thing for me to die for him;" and he calmly met his death.

Even in the midst of their bitter persecution the work progressed, for in that same year there were thirty-five communicants and a congregation of one hundred and seventy-three.

Bishop Hannington, who had already made one journey to Uganda, arrived by a new route, which he had taken in the hope that, though taking him through the territory of the fierce Masai and the treacherous Wa-Kikuya, it would prove more healthful than the old route where he had so nearly lost his life. But he had arrived at Kwa Sundu, near the lake, at an unpropitious time, owing to the suspicions and cruelty of M'wanga, who ordered his death.

Of the fifty carriers who accompanied Bishop Hannington only four escaped to tell of his martyrdom. He had been decoyed away from his men by an Arab, violently dragged into a hut, where, during the eight days of his confinement he continued to write his diary, which was afterward purchased by a Christian lad of Uganda. On October 22, 1885, he wrote, "In a fair-sized hut, but with no ventilation, twenty men around me, and rats and vermin *ad lib.*, strained in every limb, great pain, and consumed with thirst." His men were speared to death, and he was shot with his own rifle. His last words to his friends in England, scribbled by the light of some camp fire, had been: "If this is the last chapter of my earthly history, then the next will be the first



Mount Kilima-Njaro

page of the heavenly—no blots and smudges, no incoherence, but sweet converse in the presence of the Lamb.”

A series of vicissitudes continued till 1888, when a succession of political revolutions left the Mohammedan Arabs in possession, and the remaining missionaries were expelled from the country. While in exile at Usagala they were encountered by Stanley on his return march after penetrating the recesses of darkest Africa. And these exiles were what he saw of the visible fruits of his invitation to the Christian Church to send messengers of peace to a savage nation! Was he discouraged? No; nor the Church of Christ. In one year after the mission was resumed the native Christians numbered two thousand.

In January, 1897, the Church Missionary Society reported for Uganda 23 ordained ministers, 699 native teachers, 6,905 baptized Christians, 2,591 communicants, 57,380 readers, 372 churches, and a cathedral accommodating 3,000 worshippers.

Of these marvelous results Mr. Stanley says:

“These figures do not represent the whole of what has been achieved by the zealous missionaries, for the Church of Uganda imitates the example of the parent Church in England, and dispatches native missionaries to all the countries round about. Nasa, in Usukuma, south of Lake Victoria, has become a center of missionary effort. In Usoga, east of the Nile, native teachers impart instruction at nine stations. Unyoro, to the north of Uganda, has been invaded by native propagandists. Toro, to the west, has been so moved that it promises to become as zealous as Uganda, and Koki witnesses the power of native eloquence and devotion to the cause. What is most noticeable among all these people around the lake is their avidity for instruction. Every scrap of old paper, the white margins of newspapers, the backs of envelopes, and parcel wrappers are eagerly secured for writing purposes. Books and stationery find ready purchasers everywhere. The number of converts has become so formidable that it would task the powers of a hundred white missionaries to organize, develop, and supervise them properly.”

## CHAPTER XXXII

**Triumphs in Madagascar**

CHRISTIANITY had its baptism of blood on the island of Madagascar. Once more it was demonstrated that the faith of God is the same in all ages of the world, and its real possession in any degree will give victory "though sorrows fall like rain, and troubles swarm like bees about to hive," and enable its possessors to endure the fiercest persecutions even

unto death, whatever their race or color.

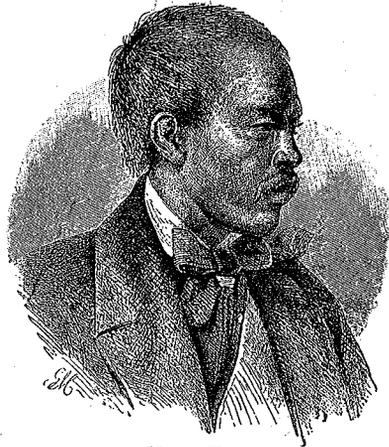
The lights and shades of missionary labors in Madagascar form very striking contrasts. When they were begun the darkness was absolute, a total eclipse save for the universal revelation of God to the soul, who they clearly "did not like to retain in their knowledge." Added to the depths of heathen degradation resultant from an indiscriminate mixture of the lowest class of natives of South Africa, first-known inhabitants of the island, with their Malay-Polynesian conquerors, was the introduction of Arab craftiness and the demoralizing influence of the slave trade. Not content with their capture on the mainland and purchase and sale with the leading nations of the world then engaged in that nefarious traffic, they preyed upon and enslaved one another. And the hopeless bondage to which they doomed others was no more real than that to which they universally sold themselves in every excess of vice. Virtue was unknown, it was represented by no word in their language, and they openly professed themselves devoid of any sense of honesty or justice.

Early in the present century the London Missionary So-

ciety sent ten missionaries and their families to this dark spot off the African coast, but of the party of six all but one fell before the fever of the coast; but this survivor, several times driven away by disease, returned, was kindly received by the chiefs, and when in 1820 the paramount chief, King Radama, accepted a treaty with the British government he proceeded to the capital with their representatives.

The society immediately sent reinforcements, the party including teachers and artisans as well as missionaries. To reduce the language to manuscript and print translations of portions of the Scriptures and other books was the first work undertaken, in connection with teaching the children. Nearly one hundred schools were established in Antananarivo and its vicinity, and before 1828 between four and five thousand pupils of both sexes received an elementary education, while instruction in the mechanical arts was made an important feature.

A short period of interruption immediately followed the death of Radama, and when work was resumed the British and Foreign Bible Society was prepared to render valuable aid in distribution of the printed word. The wicked Queen Ranaivalona, who succeeded him, commenced a series



Hova Type

of persecutions by dismissing a number of missionaries from the kingdom, but in a lull before the approaching storm permitted the baptism of converts, and in 1831 upward of two thousand received this outward symbol of the inward work that was in the immediate future verified in their heroic lives.

All the missionaries were driven out by imperative decree, the effort to exterminate the Christians commenced, and for a quarter of a century, with the despotic power of the queen and her prime minister, and a numerous army to enforce it, every means was tried for its accomplishment. Confiscation of property, the burning of every portion of Scripture that could be found by the spies of the queen, public whipping and condemnation to bondage were the first forms of persecution. Under this treatment the number of believers multiplied, and the queen determined upon



The Queen and her Sister

severer measures. In eight months over one thousand persons were put to death. Many of these were forced to take the African poison test, and those who escaped death thereby were ruthlessly speared. During this period no less than fifty-six were burned at the stake, and sixty crucified. One of the early converts, a young woman, found at a prayer meeting, was chained for the night in a manner to cause the most excruciating torture, and the next morning, while she offered the petition Stephen prayed for his murderers, she was thrust through with a spear.

In the midst of these fiery trials the number of Christians continually increased, and from 1843 to 1848, during the

period the queen was too busily engaged with England and France to prosecute her policy of extermination, the native evangelists went boldly about the service of their Master, and a great harvest of souls resulted.

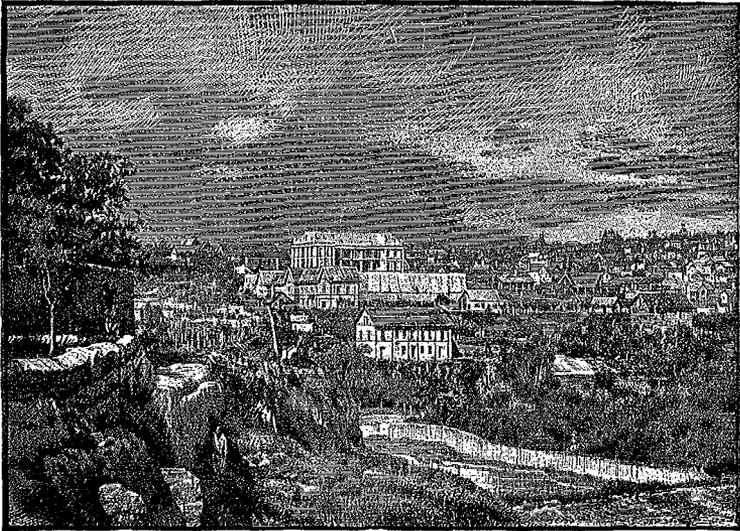
Seeing that her subjects were rapidly turning from their idols the queen determined upon still more severe measures in the fulfillment of her vow to destroy every Christian on the island, and from her palace windows watched the execution of her first orders. The Christians were taken to a perpendicular rock, with a fall of one hundred and fifty feet, and one by one lowered a little way over the precipice by ropes and asked, "Will you cease to pray to Christ?" Without a single exception the answer was an emphatic "No." The rope was cut, and they were hurled to the rocks below. Of all who were suspended from the "Rock of Hurling" only one was spared, a girl of fifteen, a relative of the queen, who, when she remained firm in her faith, ordered her banishment to a distant village. This noble girl lived to found a large Christian church in the place of her exile.

Among the martyrs at this time were four nobles of the highest rank, and as their blood could not be shed under Hova law they were burned. They walked calmly to the place of execution in a terrific thunderstorm. Two of them were husband and wife, and to the latter the pains of that awful hour were increased by those of motherhood. Yet they sang the sweet Malagasy hymns and prayed for their murderers in the midst of the flames. This was but the beginning of the tempest of unholy wrath that broke upon them. To death by stoning and crucifixion over slow fires were added forms of torture invented for the occasion and too horrible to detail. Those not killed were flogged terribly and sentenced to work in chains for life; thirty-seven preachers, with their families, were consigned to irredeemable slavery in unhealthy swamps.

And through all this and more than tongue or pen could describe, not only was a "remnant" left, but, hiding away

in caves and forests, in swamps, and even in the rice pits in their own yards, these souls of deathless faith, the faith of God, worshiped and increased in numbers until the two thousand Christians left like a little flock without a shepherd had up to a few months after the death of the cruel queen grown to be a witnessing host of forty thousand!

The heathen testimony itself corroborates the statement that not one of all these native converts, many of them ig-



Queen's Palace and French Residence

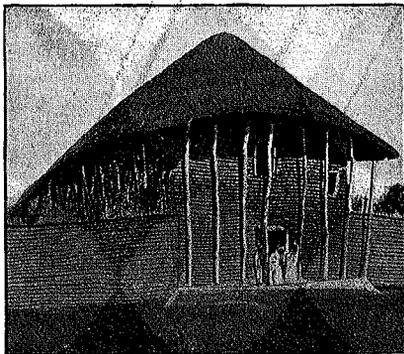
norant and only recently brought out of heathenism, faltered in their quiet heroism when facing an awful death. Officers of the royal household said, "We were near and saw all that took place. The Christians were not afraid, and did not recant."

After the coming into power of Radama II, a friend to the Christians, memorial churches were built at the four principal places of execution by friends in England, and the converts erected many churches that were quickly thronged with worshipers. In this time of general rejoicing over

deliverance more than a hundred thousand rejected their idols and desired to accept the faith. Careful discrimination by the missionaries, who immediately returned, did not succeed in preventing with many the substitution of a State for a personal religion, but many thousands were savingly converted.

The Church Missionary Society, whose work was afterward transferred to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, had large success in Andavourante, and in the province of Betsileo. The Society of Friends, English and American, entered the field in 1867, founded a printing establishment, opened many schools, and has accomplished a grand work. In the same year the Norwegian Missionary Society commenced their labors that have been productive of much good in the line of education and the salvation of many thousands of souls.

Grave apprehensions have been felt for the future of the work under the political conditions now existing. A record of unflinching fidelity, however, through many years of persecution, political changes, internal strife, and invasions, enables us to look forward to the building up of the Church of God in this island, and the salvation of the remaining two thirds of the population which is still in heathen darkness.



Semicivilized Habitation

## CHAPTER XXXIII

## The Gospel in Mohammedan Centers



THE valley of the Nile, so closely connected with Scripture history, the highway of many expeditions of exploration, the mart for the vast commerce of the countries southward, did not share in the early modern missionary movements. There was an attractiveness about the purely heathen countries of Africa that was not presented by a land of ancient civilization, however much degenerated, and a national religion so sadly corrupt.

And there were unusual difficulties in the path of the pioneer Christian missionary in the land of the Pharaohs. The presence of the Mohammedan power, a great factor in civil, and absolutely controlling social life, with a university at Cairo turning out a thousand missionaries a year to propagate a religion consisting only of ceremonies and outward form without pretense of transformation of heart and life, was a tremendous obstacle. The persecution to be expected from such a source, and the social corruption everywhere prevalent presented the first barriers to direct missionary endeavor.

The first society to enter this field in modern times was that of the United Presbyterian Church of America. In 1854 their representatives arrived in Cairo, and at once began to grapple with their first problem, the mastery of the Arabic. This is an exceedingly difficult task, not only be-

cause of the construction of the language, but because of the prejudice of the populace against those who do not make exact grammatical use of it, a failure to do so affecting their estimate of moral character. In the second year they were joined by missionaries transferred from Damascus, when the work can be said to have been begun.

The methods employed by them and by the reinforcements that have been sent to their assistance were adapted to the peculiar conditions of the field. The great physical suffering around them suggested medical work as a door of missionary approach, and free dispensaries were opened. Sufferers were brought long distances to these Bethseds, and while relief was administered the Gospel was preached unto them, and they returned to their far-away villages with portions of the word of God in Arabic. Later, when excursions to these outlying villages became an important feature of the work, traces of this seed-sowing were often found and watered until they brought forth precious fruitage.

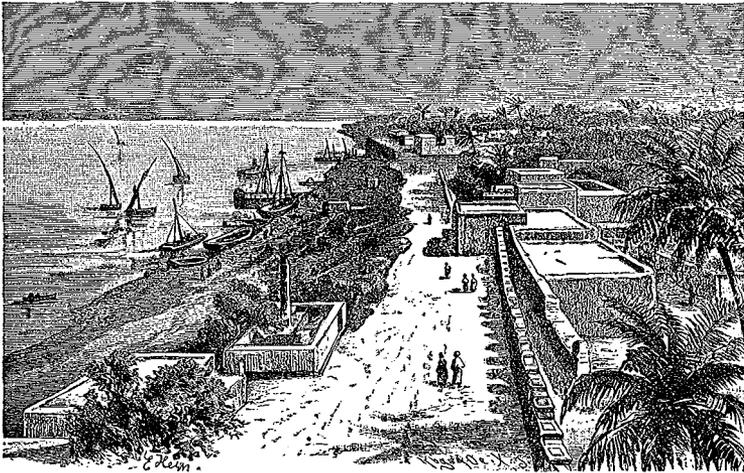


Arab Type

The early progress of the missions was of necessity very slow, the organization of the first native Protestant church in Cairo being effected in 1863. The nature of the work has demanded and received a strong force of lady missionaries. Realizing that the best opportunity was among the young, school work of an evangelistic order has been successfully employed. They have also engaged in a visitation of their homes that has in most cases been the only means of reaching the women of the land. Although not kept in

the strict seclusion of the women of the far East they were regarded as little more than the slaves of their owners, who not only imposed many restrictions, but were often guilty of the cruelest treatment. For a slight offense, real or imagined, they have been known to have been stripped of all clothing, chained to the floor, cruelly beaten, and left to suffer for days without food or water.

Into these prison houses, called homes, these angels of mercy have brought physical relief, in kindly ministrations or appeals to magistrates, and the message of spiritual deliverance from Him who was anointed to preach "deliverance to



City of Khartoum

the captives," many of whom have come forth in his glorious liberty.

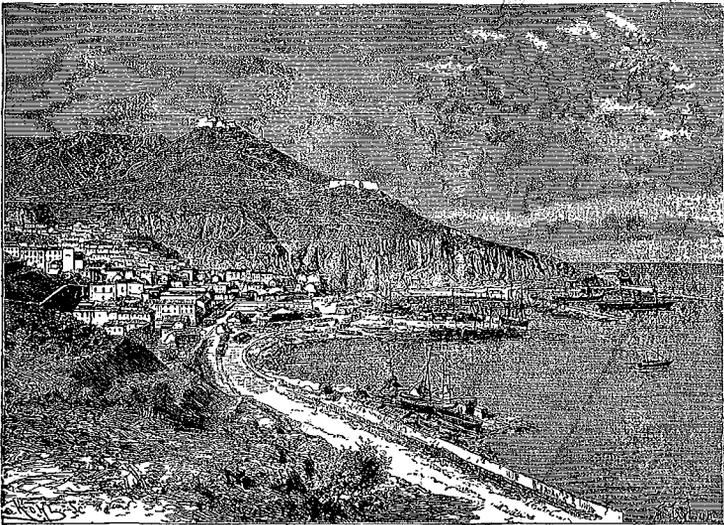
From 1863 the work of the society began to extend from Cairo and Alexandria and has reached many centers in the Nile valley as far southward as Assouan.

In the Coptic quarter of Cairo the mission has been enjoying a broad material foundation augmented by the gift of £10,000 received as a token of the appreciation of their work by Said Pasha and Ismail Pasha. The mission boat

*Ibis*, which proved of such valuable service on the Nile, was the gift of a Hindu prince, Maharajah Dhulex, who married one of the girls trained in the Cairo school. His annual gifts of money amounted to £18,000.

The impression made upon the Coptic Church has been very encouraging, and the influence exerted over the Moslems is indicated by the fact that more than a thousand of their children are found in the mission schools.

The North Africa Mission, with headquarters in London,



Oran, Algeria

is an interdenominational organization that had for its primary object the spiritual enlightenment of the Kabyles; but since its first missionaries were sent forth in 1881 it has enlarged its field to include not only Algeria, but Morocco, Tunis, Tripoli, and the Nile delta.

The Kabyles are a branch of the Berbers, a race that comprises the largest proportion of the population of North Africa. They inhabit the Ju Jura Mountains, eastward of the city of Algiers, and in the main are gardeners, living in

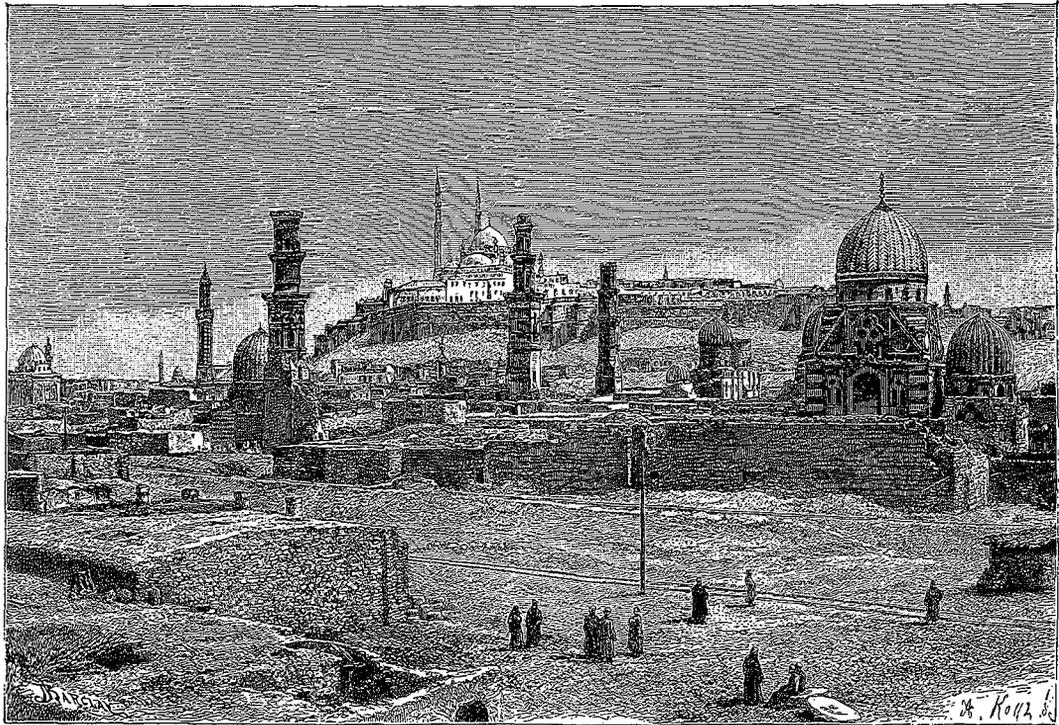
little houses built of stone, of mud, or of the branches of trees, and grouped in villages. These are not usually observed by the ordinary traveler, being hid away from the main routes of travel.

They were visited by George Pearse, in 1876, and again in 1881, and after his return to England he aroused an interest in this people and their spiritual needs that led to the formation of a committee, consisting of the well-known mission founder, H. Grattan Guinness, who had visited Algiers, and Edward H. Glenny, the present secretary. The latter accompanied the first missionaries dispatched to this field. The existing French administration was so unfavorable to the establishment of the mission that it had to be temporarily abandoned, but was reorganized in 1883.

In that year Mr. Glenny established a missionary band at Tangier, Morocco, as a base of operations in that country, and from that time a decided advance has continued until the stations of the society have been opened in all of these North Africa countries.

They entered a vast extent of territory where the Bible was unknown, a region stretching from Egypt to the Atlantic, and from the Mediterranean to the Senegal. The northern portion of it was once fertile and prosperous, but under the domination of the religion of the false prophet its agricultural and commercial interests have been ruined, and war and famine have oft visited its degraded people.

The missionaries, of which there are now more than one hundred, have wisely adapted themselves to the peculiar conditions of the country. On the introduction of the mission it was found difficult, on account of Moslem opposition, which often amounted to bitter persecution, and in some cases resulted in the martyrdom of converts, to assemble the people for worship; and therefore the word of life was carried to them and impressed upon them individually or gathered in small groups in their homes, on the streets, and in the bazaars. For this service translations of the Scripture



The Citadel in Cairo

were essential, and with the hearty cooperation of the British and Foreign Bible Society the four gospels have been printed in Kabyle, the gospel of Matthew in Riffian, and other portions preparing.

Next to the circulation of the Scriptures the most helpful agency has proved to be the medical department. At Tangier there is a hospital and dispensary, with a separate department for women. A dispensary at Fez has been the initial attraction that has brought thousands of the inhabitants of the capital of Morocco within the sound of the Gospel, and medical missions have been opened in all the centers of population.

As in the American Mission in Egypt, many lady missionaries are doing successful work in the homes of the Mohammedans to which they have access, and they are, fortunately in this case, regarded with less suspicion because it is thought they will not have sufficient influence to pervert anyone. Thus their ignorance of the capabilities of the best agency for the advancement of truth and righteousness in any land opens the door of opportunity for its accomplishment in their very midst.

The keen observation and practical adaptation of methods of the lady missionaries have often been more than a match for those who have so closely guarded these citadels of Satan. Many of them are evidently full sisters to a lady who labored so successfully in a Mohammedan center. Strolling down by the river, in deep meditation over the difficulty of approaching the hearts of the people, she observed a fisherman casting his lines. His success invited a closer inspection, and as she watched him preparing the hooks she said, "How is it, man, that you place a different kind of bait on the different sizes of hooks?" "O," he replied, "I bait for the fish I want to catch." The missionary retraced her steps with the prayer in her heart, "O Lord, show me the bait for my hooks." As she entered the mission house she observed an image of the Virgin Mary placed by the side of her door by some of the Roman Catholic element of the

community, ostensibly to prevent her having an evil influence upon them. Immediately she carried it into the house and placed it conspicuously on her table. There soon came a shoal of fish to whom that bait was adapted, and in reply to their astonished inquiries she said: "O, yes, I believe in the Virgin Mary, and gladly obey her. Do you not remember that the Virgin said of Jesus at the marriage feast, 'Whatsoever he saith unto thee, do it,' and how can we know what Jesus bids us do unless we read his word?" In their curiosity to know what Jesus said they listened eagerly while she taught them from the word of God.

For the Mohammedan hook she had the wisdom to provide a different bait. Early in the morning she walked down the village street, knitting as she went. Among the crowd that eagerly gathered about her to see her beautiful handiwork was an Arab sheik, into whose sacred precincts she was forbidden to enter. The people entreated her to teach their children how to knit, but several of them protested that she must not teach them the Bible when they visited her house for their lessons. To this she consented, with the understanding that they would be permitted to listen to the stories she would read to them.

The Mohammedan priest here interposed an exhortation that she should teach the Koran. Expressing an earnest desire to know what its teachings were, she received an invitation to accompany him immediately to his house. A beautiful copy of the Koran was carefully taken from its silken wrappings and selections read to the missionary, who said, "Why, that is like my Bible, only there is so much more of it in my book than you have there; let me read the rest of those passages to you." And taking the little book from its place of concealment in her dress she read the word of life to the astonished sheik. Never before had he received any intimation of what were the teachings of the book of God. She had baited her hook with the Koran, and landed one of its most enthusiastic teachers, who afterward became an evangelist to his people.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

## Land of the White Man's Grave

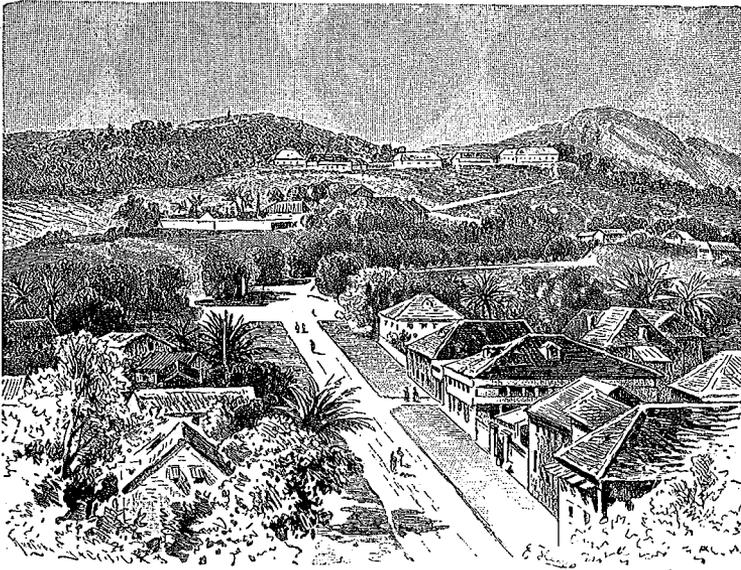


From the great host of light-bearers who have attempted to enter the Dark Continent through the inhospitable climate of the West Coast the vast majority have surrendered life in the endeavor. The earliest efforts made by the Moravian, English, and Scotch societies were soon of necessity abandoned. The first to maintain a foothold was the Church Missionary Society. Near the beginning of this century they sent missionaries to the Susu people, and soon after to the Bullom tribe, near Sierra Leone. Nylander labored nineteen years among the latter, and died without once returning to his native land. Of the twenty-six missionaries to these tribes fifteen had died, when work was undertaken in Sierra Leone, in 1816, in the British slave colonies.

Beginning amid surroundings of terrible depravity, with a congregation of nine, thousands of liberated slaves were brought under instruction, and in three years the church attendants numbered twelve hundred. The deadly effect of the climate upon white missionaries early suggested the development of a native ministry, and in 1827 Farrah Bay College was opened for that purpose. Of the eighty African clergymen ordained in half a century fifty passed through this college, the first being Samuel Crowther, afterward Bishop of the Niger.

It had been wisely foreseen that the establishment of independence would facilitate rapid and healthful growth, the object on this line being to make the native Church "self-governing, self-sustaining, and self-extending." Its success

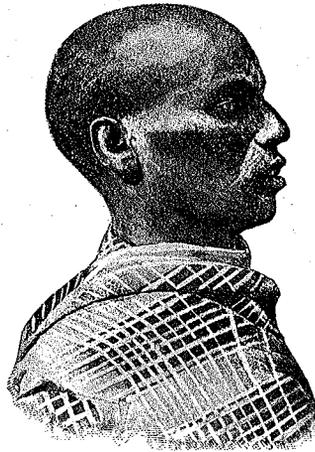
is among the marvels of achievement of this society. On the worse than savage borders of a heathen land, in a population consisting of the lowest types of many tribes, among whom Koelle found *two hundred* languages and dialects spoken, sunk to the vile depths of degradation by slavery with all its horrors, a native Christian Church has been developed that is not only self-governing and self-sustaining, but has its missions among the heathen.



Freetown, Sierra Leone

The work of the society was extended southward to the Yoruba, under which name are included the Egba, Ondo, Ifé, and other tribes of the well-known "Slave Coast." Among the traditions of their origin one designates Ifé as the cradle of the whole human race, and another declares them to be the remnant of the "children of Canaan who were of the tribe of Nimrod." Their country was frequently devastated by the slave trade, three hundred towns in the Egba district alone having been destroyed in fifty years.

About 1825 the refugees from ruined towns gathered about a rock rising to an elevation of two hundred feet, seventy miles from the coast on the River Ogun. Here they built a walled city, Abeokuta (understone), with a population of one hundred thousand. Some of the liberated slaves at Sierra Leone returned to this people and petitioned for missionaries to be sent to them. A preliminary visit, which was well received by the chiefs, was made by Henry Townsend in 1843, and the following year he attempted to return to them with two assistants, one of whom was Samuel Crowther, a Yoruba. Owing to the disturbed condition of the country they were detained on its border for eighteen months, during which time they devoted their labor to the Badagry people. The road was at last opened by the caravan of a slave dealer, with which the missionaries managed to send a trusted native messenger, who returned with an invitation to the "white men" to come up immediately. They were joyfully received by the native converts, and commenced their labors under favorable circumstances.



A Somall Type

In 1848 the Egba chiefs dispatched a communication to Queen Victoria expressive of gratitude for the suppression of the slave trade and commendatory of the labors of the missionaries, and received with a reply two beautiful Bibles, in English and Arabic, and the gift of a steel corn mill from Prince Albert.

Under such favorable auspices, although interrupted by persecutions bravely borne by the native Christians, the work made good progress and spread to other towns. It was through the influence of the missionaries that legitimate

commerce was fostered, one branch being the large cotton trade through the port of Lagos.

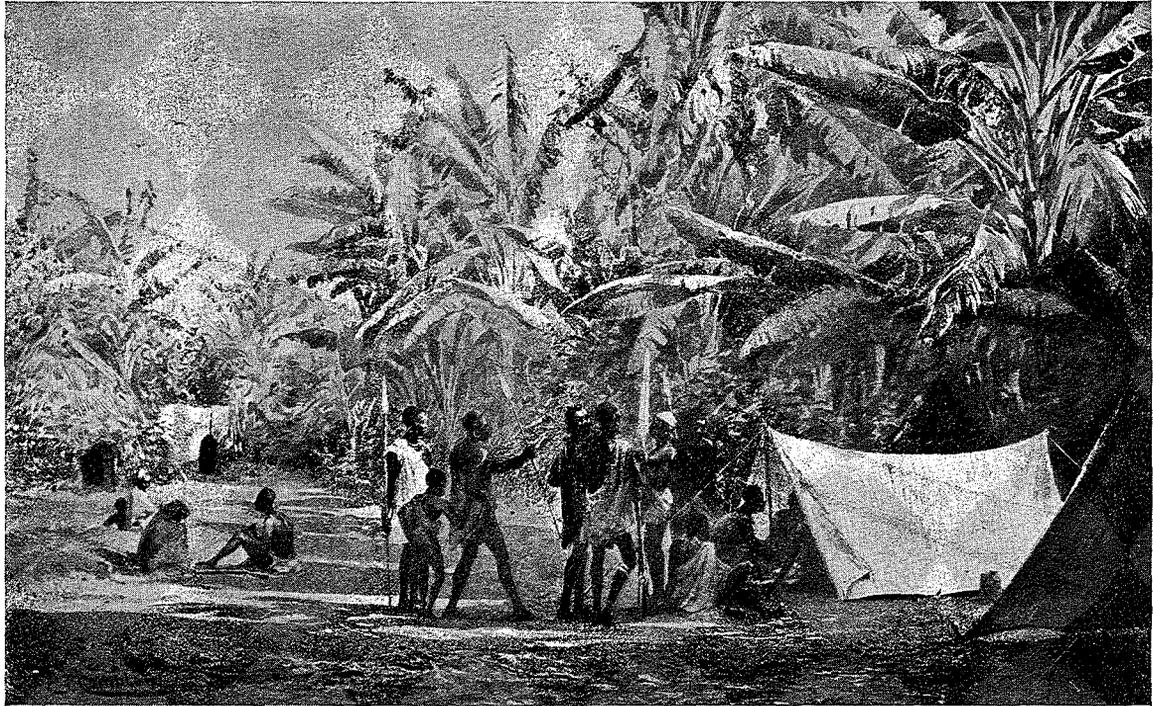
Invasions by the fierce Dahomans, and tribal wars, have given the mission a checkered history. Native Christians suffered captivity and crucifixion, but were steadfast in the faith. When all the white missionaries were driven out by an uprising against the British, fostered by ill-disposed renegades from Sierra Leone, and for many years were not permitted to return, the native ministry held the converts together, and they continued to increase in numbers in the midst of fiery persecutions; and although some of the outlying stations had to be abandoned, three thousand five hundred Christian adherents and five native ministers attested the permanence of the work.

The Lagos Mission, opened in 1852, is on the plan of that of Sierra Leone, and controls and supports the stations in its vicinity, its educational institutions being, however, under the direction of the society.

The third expedition up the Niger was attempted in 1857 in a small government steamer, the mission consisting of Samuel Crowther and one native assistant. This man he left in charge of Onitsha. The steamer was wrecked on the river at a point four hundred miles from the sea, and Crowther was unable to find a way of returning for a year and a half, when he journeyed to the coast through the Yoruba country.

Of the four stations opened, Gebebe, where the first converts on the Niger were baptized, was destroyed by civil war, and from Idda the mission was driven out by a treacherous chief, who seized Crowther and held him for ransom, and the British consul, Fell, who effected his release, was killed by a poisoned arrow.

The missions of the Delta were begun when Crowther returned as Bishop of the Niger in 1864. Bonny was entered at the invitation of its king, who had visited London. It had become a prosperous port on account of the palm oil trade, but was still largely heathen. Cannibalism had not



Camp in a Banana Plantation

become extinct; at the burial of chiefs human sacrifices were still offered; the ju-ju or devil houses were paved with the skulls and bones of enemies slain in battle, and the sacred lizards infested the town. Trade had not removed these and other cruel heathen customs. They could only be eliminated by the power of the Gospel transforming the hearts of the people. The first years of the mission saw no visible fruits, and when these appeared a fierce persecution arose and continued for years. Two native Christians suffered martyrdom rather than renounce their faith. When the edict against Christianity was withdrawn the chapels were crowded, and soon many professed conversion, among them several prominent chiefs, and the mission has continued to prosper. The ancient "god of Bonny," the idols and greegrees, were wholly abandoned and sent to the society in London as relics of the barbarous past.

The early missions to Liberia and the Kroo Coast, participated in by several missionary societies, and dating from the arrival of freedmen to locate a colony, were surrounded by difficulties that resulted in the withdrawal of all white missionaries who did not fall victims to the inhospitable climate. Two representatives of the Baptist Church accompanied the first colony; missionaries of the Protestant Episcopal Church soon followed, and the first foreign missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Melville B. Cox, was sent to Liberia, where, like most of his colaborers, he soon died. These organizations continued to assist the work after a quarter of a century of heavy loss by death, but entirely through the agency, with the exception of a few native evangelists, of the Americo-Liberians. In recent years the Protestant Episcopal Church has sent missionaries from America in connection with their work among the natives of the Kroo Coast. The extension of the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church is referred to in this volume in my account of personal missionary tours. The Baptist Society transferred their labors to the Congo region.

The Free Methodist Church has engaged in successful

work in Liberia, the work in Monrovia having been in charge of some of the choice spirits of that organization. Their labors have been principally directed along evangelistic lines; but here, as in the missions among the Zulus and that at Inhambane, they have made earnest effort to reach the heathen population. The African Zion Methodist Episcopal Church has been represented in this quarter of the globe by my friend Bishop Henry Turner, who has made extensive tours in the interest of the work committed to his care.

The Lutheran missions in Liberia group their interests around the life and labors of David A. Day, who for twenty-four years devoted his untiring energies to the development of industrial stations, and the missions that remain as his monument are substantial proof of the soundness of the principles upon which he worked.

The central mission station of those he established upon heathen soil was founded some years before he was sent to take charge of it. Muhlenberg Mission is situated thirty miles north of Monrovia, on the St. Paul's River, in a thickly populated, fertile country. With a clear view of the fact that among heathen nations industries suitable to the Christian civilization to which it was desired to elevate them must be introduced at the same time as the Gospel message and mental culture, Day commenced at once to teach the natives the simpler mechanics and better methods in the cultivation of the soil. With regular preaching services and a mission school were connected a smithy, a carpenter shop, and a sewing class.

The introduction of industrial features into these Lutheran missions resulted in the usual twofold success—the mind and heart of the native were more quickly understood by contact with him in the detail of daily life, and a more direct application of Gospel truth brought to his personal needs than could have been so quickly accomplished in ordinary missionary endeavor; and transformed by the grace of God he became a self-supporting, independent worker and witness for Jesus.

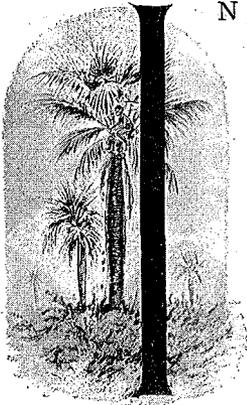
Many such have gone out from this mission to uplift and bless the heathen communities surrounding it; and some of them have become skillful in the different branches of industry in which they have been instructed. If you visit the Muhlenberg Mission and its substations, when you arrive at Monrovia, the port of entry, you will still have thirty miles to voyage up the St. Paul's River. If you do not make the trip in a surfboat or a canoe you will take passage in the *Mary Ann*, a queer little steamer of a few tons capacity. It is the property of the native man who built it, and who completed his mechanical training in the Muhlenberg Mission. To construct his steamer he divided a long canoe from stem to stern and built his conception of a boat between the divided halves. It is a safe and serviceable river craft, propelled by steam.

As another result of industrial education the Muhlenberg Mission is self-supporting, chiefly by the production of coffee. Extensive orchards were early planted, carefully cultivated, and now produce large and profitable crops.

I have often been entertained on these mission stations by Dr. Day, a charming personality and steadfast friend. His house was ever open to missionaries and other travelers, and when it was crowded he would sleep on the floor himself to give a stranger comfortable lodgment. On my recent return from Africa I met him for the last time on the steamer bound for New York. His face was set toward the eternal hills where so many brave spirits who have lived and suffered and died for the Dark Continent have gathered. Once more I took the hand that for a quarter of a century had been that of a brother to black and white alike, and once more the kindly light came into the gentle eyes before they closed to open when we shall meet again in the morning.

## CHAPTER XXXV

## The Gospel on the Gold Coast



IN spite of the perils attendant upon the establishment of a mission in what was considered the most unhealthy portion of darkest Africa, the Wesleyans ever renewed their endeavors to give it light. Among the refugees at Sierra Leone were a number of Methodist converts, and a hundred of these met for divine worship and prayed for missionaries. This call met response in the coming of George Warren and three school-teachers in 1811. He found a chapel already built, and the African Christians rallied to the work he vigorously extended for eight months, when he fell a victim to the fever, the first of a long line of reinforcements that quickly fell at their post. With a decrease of mortality among the missionaries after the first thirty years the work was firmly established, not only in Freetown, but in a dozen other locations, one of the most helpful institutions being a seminary for the training of native evangelists and teachers.

The Gambia Mission was opened in 1821, and after three years of heavy losses was established on a firm basis on the island of St. Mary's, at the mouth of the Gambia. Another island up the river was visited, a number of naked heathen children gathered into a school and left in charge of a native teacher, under whose devoted labors a successful mission was begun. These points were ably supplied by native preachers brought from the seminary at Sierra Leone, new stations were opened, chapels built, schools established, and

to the multitude of liberated slaves and to the Mandingo tribe the mission has been of untold blessing.

The Gold Coast Mission had a providential beginning quite as marked as that of Sierra Leone. At the British settlement of Cape Coast Castle some native boys learned to read in the government school, formed themselves into an association for the study of the Bible, and intrusted an order for a supply of these to the master of a merchantman, Captain Potter.

Not content with faithfully executing his commission the captain called at the Wesleyan Mission House and offered free passage for a missionary, with the added promise that if his endeavor was not a success he would bring him back to England free of all expense. The missionary appointed to accompany him did not need the return ticket, for after a few months of faithful labor he fell a victim to the climate.

Reinforcements followed, which were greatly strengthened in this difficult service by native agency, and the work was placed on a firm footing from Cape Coast to Lagos, and at some interior points successful evangelistic labors were engaged in.

The interest in the work of this society in the Bight of Benin is not lessened by the fact that the founder, and for many years the honored superintendent, was of African blood, the story of whose life is told in a little book of which his name is the title, *Thomas Birch Freeman*. The trials and triumphs of pioneer missionary labor were the daily life of this man, who himself gives an account of his first entrance into Ashantee, the city of blood.

"At 2 P. M. a messenger arrived from the king requesting me to proceed as early as possible. I immediately dressed myself, and while doing so three others arrived, each bearing a golden sword, requesting me to hasten forward. I then advanced toward the town, preceded by the messengers and some soldiers bearing arms.

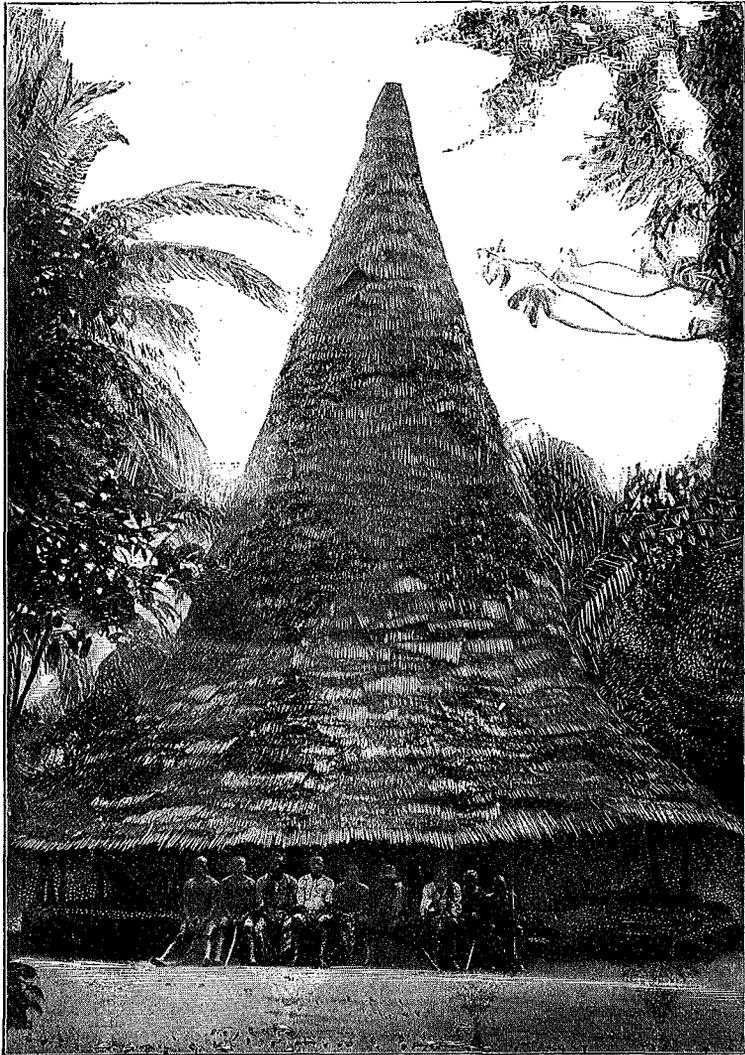
"Having reached the outskirts we halted under a large

tree, and there waited for another royal invitation. In a short time his majesty's chief linguist, the Apoko, came in a palanquin, shaded by an immense umbrella, and accompanied by messengers bearing canes nearly covered with gold. These took charge of my luggage, and saw it safely lodged in the residence intended for me. All this being properly arranged another messenger arrived accompanied by troops and men bearing large umbrellas. I was requested to proceed to the market place. 'The king's commandment' being 'urgent' we pushed along with speed, preceded by a band of music.

"As soon as we arrived at the market place I got out of my traveling chair. Walking through the midst of an immense concourse of persons, a narrow path being kept for me, I paid my respects to the king, his numerous chiefs and captains. These were seated on wooden chairs richly decorated with brass and gold, and under the shade of splendid umbrellas, some of them large enough to screen twelve or fourteen persons from the burning rays of the sun. These state umbrellas were crowned with images of beasts and various devices and covered with gold. Round about the king were the native troops and a multitude of attendants, lending impressiveness to the ceremony.

"I was occupied for half an hour walking slowly through the midst of this immense assembly, touching my hat and waving my hand, except before the king. In his presence I, of course, stood for a moment uncovered. I then took my seat at a distance, accompanied by my people and several respectable Fanti traders who were staying in the town. Here, according to the usual custom, we received the return compliments of the king.

"After I was seated the immense mass began to be in motion. Many of the chiefs first passed me in succession, accompanied by their numerous retinue. Some of them cordially shook me by the hand. Then came the officers of the king's household, attended by their people. Some bore on their heads massive pieces of silver plate, others carried



West Coast Fetich House

in their hands gold swords and canes, native chairs and buffets neatly carved and almost covered with gold and silver, and tobacco pipes richly decorated with the same precious materials.

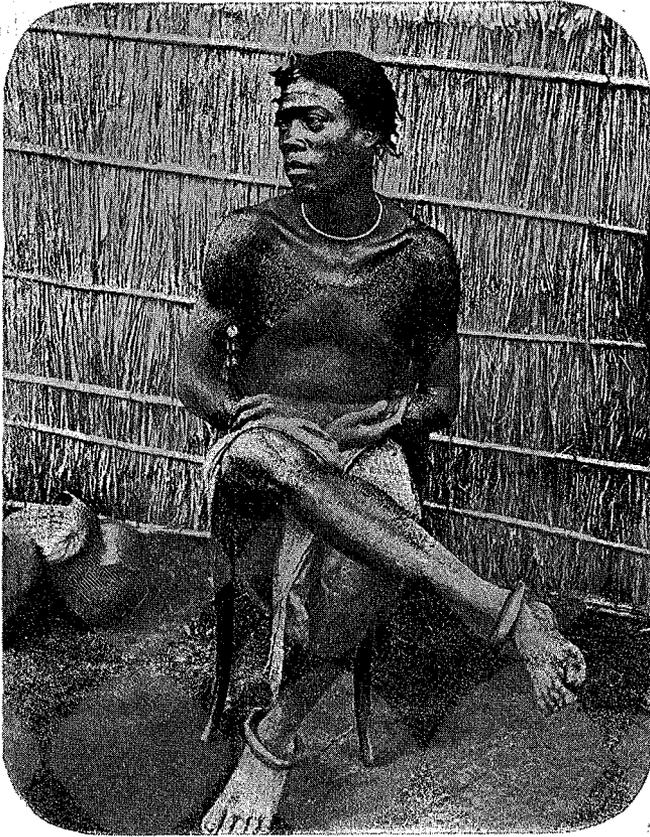
“Amid this ostentatious display I saw what was calculated to harrow up the strongest and most painful feelings. The royal executioners displayed the blood-stained stools on which hundreds, perhaps thousands, of human victims have been sacrificed by decapitation. They also carried the large death-drum, which is beaten at the moment when the fatal knife severs the head from the body, the very sound of which conveys a thrill of horror. This rude instrument, connected with which are most dreadful associations, was literally covered with dried clots of blood and decorated with the jawbones and skulls of human victims.

“Then followed the king, Kwaku Duah, under the shade of three umbrellas, the cloth of which was silk velvet of different colors. These were supported by some of his numerous attendants. The display of gold which I witnessed as his majesty passed was astonishing.

“After the king followed other chiefs, and lastly the main body of the troops. This immense procession occupied an hour and a half in passing. There were several Moors in the procession, but they made by no means a conspicuous appearance. I suppose the number of persons which I saw collected together exceeded forty thousand, including a great number of females. The wrists of some of the chiefs were so heavily laden with golden ornaments that they rested their arms on the shoulders of some of their attendants. The appearance of the procession was exceedingly grand and imposing.

“The contrast between the people themselves and the large umbrellas, seventy in number, and of various colors, which they waved up and down in the air, together with the dark green foliage of the large banyan trees, under and among which they passed, formed a scene which was novel and extraordinary. I gazed on this concourse of heathen with feel-

ings of sorrow and joy. I sorrowed in the reflection that most, and perhaps all, were totally ignorant of the great Author of their being, and without one ray of divine consolation to cheer them amid the changing scenes of this visionary world."



A Boy of the Coast

Such was the condition of the heathen peoples of this coast and its interior, and the marvelous changes that have transpired attest the power of the Gospel of Christ and the faithfulness of the men and women who have toiled and suffered and died for their salvation.

Among the varied agencies employed is the Technical Institution and the Training College. The latter prepares native teachers and ministers for successful service, and the former has been a large factor in the development of independence of individual character and partial support for the mission. On frequent voyages on the southwest coast and on the Congo I have met with numbers of "boys" who were engaged in the mechanical arts they had learned here, while many of them were witnesses and workers for souls. I have been informed that this Wesleyan institution supplies the mechanics for the coast.

The very interesting portion of West Africa known as the Calabar Country has been a mission field of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland since 1846. In that year there came thither from Jamaica, Waddell and Edgerly and their heroic wives, accompanied by ten young men. The following year Hugh Goldie and wife, and two years later Anderson, were transferred here from the West Indian Mission. These pioneers and their families maintained efficient service in this field for half a century. Calabar River is large, but not long. Cross River, which flows into the Calabar a few miles below Duke Town through a mouth twelve miles wide, is navigable for river steamers to the falls, a distance of three hundred miles. Their eight principal stations, in charge of missionaries from the home country, extend up Cross River about two hundred miles, with transport by their own mission steamer. The people and their language bear the name of Efik. The entire Bible has been reduced to manuscript and printed in Efik by these missionaries, and, among other good books, *Pilgrim's Progress*.

The United Presbyterian missionaries of Old Calabar have "fought a good fight," have been in "perils oft," have won many souls to Christ, and have had a decided success in putting down many of the cruel, man-destroying customs of hoary-headed, bloody heathenism, and not a few faithful men and women have witnessed a good confession when dying at their post.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

*Missions West and Southwest*

LITTLE before the commencement of the labors of the Scotch Church at Old Calabar the American Board opened a mission on the Gaboon River, which became the starting point for a number of stations of the American Presbyterians in the Gaboon and Corisco districts. Dr. Nassau has for years been the leader in this movement; and during his long term of service has witnessed the transformation from a few workers among entirely heathen surroundings to a strong force of foreign and native missionaries in charge of aggressive Churches that are continually extending their influence into the darkness beyond their borders.

Early in the history of the work the native language, the Mpongwe, and soon after the scores of dialects were reduced to manuscript, and the entire New Testament and portions of the Old Testament, together with other helpful books, were printed. Occupying French and German territory the native tongue has of necessity been the principal channel of communication with the people.

Barraka, ten miles up the Gaboon River, was the first station, and being the port of entry was the natural base of operations. The people made their homes in villages on the banks of the river for commercial purposes, their trade being in ivory, ebony, dyewoods, palm oil, and gums which they collected from the forests, where they also made clearings for their little farms. On the beautiful island of Corisco four stations were opened, and many devoted missionaries spent years in arduous toil, no small portion of the result



Efulen Mission, West Coast

being the development of a native agency. It having been found that the work could be more rapidly extended on the main land with no more climatic risk than was offered on the island the force was gradually transferred until Corisco was left in charge of efficient native preachers and teachers. Three churches have been formed on the island, the central one having a membership of more than a hundred, two congregations building their own chapels. A great change has been wrought in the moral tone of the inhabitants, largely through the education of the women and girls.

Mbade, at the mouth of the Benito River, was opened in 1865, and became the center for much consecrated labor and success. Among other obstacles to early progress here was the power of the great secret society, Nkuku, an organization of the devil that not only ruthlessly destroyed the lives of many innocent natives, but was a menace to the missionaries. Its authority was supreme, there was no appeal from the decisions of its tribunals, and it had long been a prime agency of evil. The native Christians met it fearlessly, and after an agitation that long threatened a different termination the power of the society was completely broken and the people released from their blinding superstitions.

The church of this center was finally placed in charge of a native pastor, who has supervision over ten substations, employing an intelligent and efficient native agency. One of these stations northward on the coast, Batanga, became a principal station, and the central point of the work in the Bulu country. One of the many interesting features of the extension of the work here, which developed four churches on and near the coast, is the growing desire of the natives whose towns have not been evangelized to have missionaries come among them. A number of these towns have constructed "prayer houses" of their own accord, and have sent deputations petitioning for Christian teachers, whom they promise to support and aid in every possible way. Truly here, as in many places in the dark land, they are "stretching out their hands unto God."

Large educational interests have been maintained at Batanga. Besides the day schools in the different towns there is a boarding school for boys and another for girls, and a training class for African preachers, from which they go to their fields of labor, not only with a knowledge of theology, but its practical application to the needs of the people. Medical work has proved very helpful, and the



Rev. Robert Nassau

natives built a small hospital, to which a dispensary has been added.

From this point Dr. Good made several tours of exploration into the interior, in furtherance of the plan of the society to open a chain of stations extending far inland. Accompanied by native carriers only, he crossed the forest belt and journeyed a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, choosing a mission site at an altitude of eighteen hundred feet, a place called by the natives Efulen (a mingling). Missionaries were sent forth, houses built, and an evangel-

izing itinerancy of the surrounding villages was early engaged in.

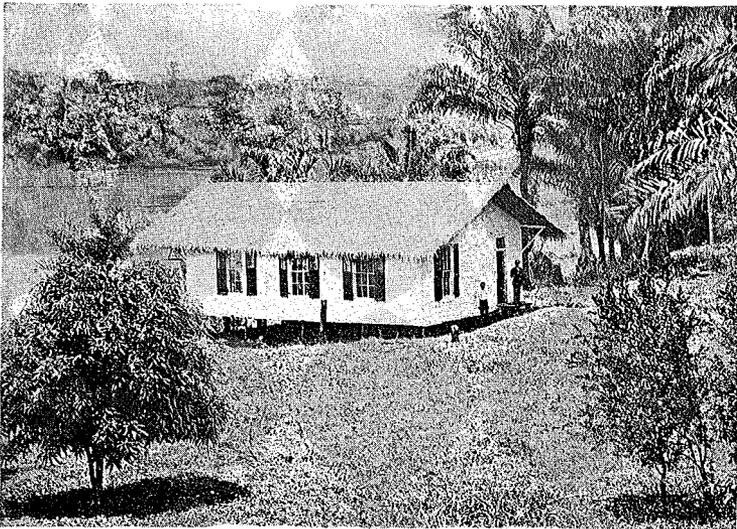
Dr. Good gave the Bulus a written language, a primer, and translations of the four gospels, which were printed by the American Bible Society. Under the direction of the Board he had made several exploring trips beyond this interior station, and after returning from one covering four hundred miles of travel and involving unusual hardship and trial he succumbed to the fever. Greatly beloved for his personal qualities and honored by the entire Church of God for the heroic work he accomplished, his labors will continue to bear fruit in the progress of the evangelization of Africa.

The missionaries at Efulen opened a station at one of the locations he selected, Elatte, seventy-five miles eastward. Here also permanent buildings have been constructed and the foundations laid in educational and evangelistic work for another center of Gospel light and life. The funds were provided for a station still farther beyond by a Christian lady in Scotland who was interested in the account given by Dr. Good of a village of dwarfs he visited in his last journey. Although of a migratory nature, missionaries have been sent to their villages to open a station and induce some of them to come to the educational institutions on the coast for preparation for evangelistic work among their people.

When there seemed little opportunity of carrying out the plan of opening a chain of mission stations to the interior from the more northerly coast centers, Dr. Nassau commenced operations on the Ogowe River, in 1874, at Belambila, one hundred and fifty miles from the sea. The station opened met with difficulties in tribal disturbances and was moved to Kangwe Hill. Here Dr. Nassau was joined by his sister, the first white woman to enter Ogowe, and from this outpost evangelistic tours were made by boat with great spiritual success. The Ogowe had been entered by trading steamers, and the expeditions of Count de Brazza demonstrated a river connection with the Congo at Stanley Pool. Three churches

were organized from the native converts resulting from the labors of Dr. Nassau and his sister Isabella, and afterward of Dr. Good; but owing to the requirement of the French government that only that language should be used in the schools a portion of the work was later transferred to the Paris Society.

The healthful, vigorous growth of the work of the Presbyterian Church Society in these regions is due to the well-directed zeal of its missionaries in the early utilization of



Church at Kangwe, West Coast

indigenous resources and agency. As soon as they had the key to the understanding of the people through their own language they preached the Gospel with the expectation of the immediate results that followed, promptly organized the converts into classes for work as well as worship, and judiciously selecting the best material specially prepared a native ministry. As soon as they were able to bear it the burden of the work was laid upon their shoulders, and the foreign missionaries were left free to advance educational

interests and extend toward the interior. A large number of men and women have entered this field, and many have fallen before the fever, but results have been achieved in the salvation of many souls and the laying of foundations for still greater future success.

One of the most healthful, comparatively speaking, and interesting portions of the province of Angola is along its southern borders, extending into the kingdom of Bihe. In this region the temperature ranges from forty to ninety degrees, the soil is fertile and capable of producing not only the variety of tropical fruits, but also fruits and vegetables of the temperate zone. The people belong to the great Bantu family, live in well-built "wattle and daub" houses grouped in villages, are clothed in a measure, and in the main have been friendly to the white man.

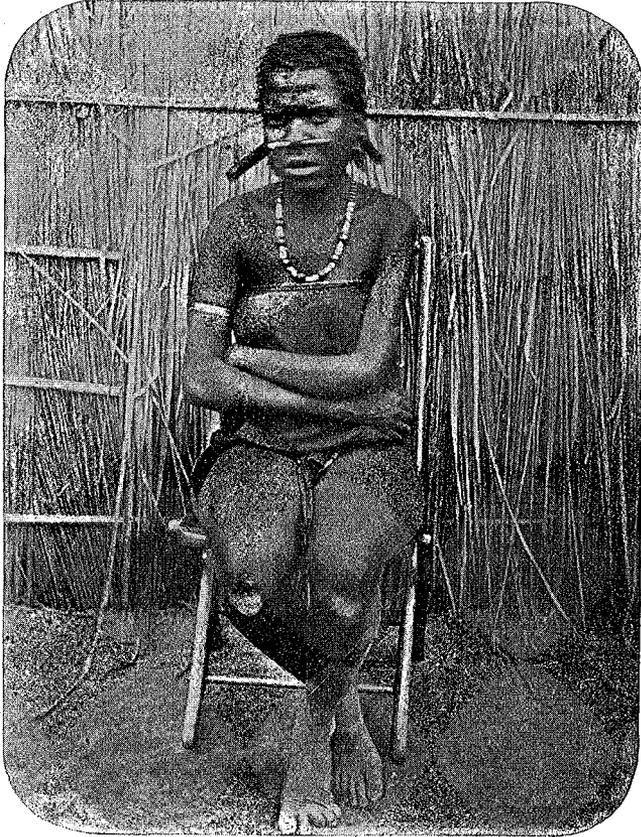
Among the  
Bailundu.

With Benguela, on the coast, as a base of operations the missionaries of the American Board entered this field in the autumn of 1880. The first interior station was opened at Bailundu, one hundred and ninety miles from the coast, and three years later, pushing on into the Bihe country, Kamundongo became an evangelizing center, and four years later Chisamba, in the same kingdom.

It was not, however, without difficulty and the cost of life and labor that this work was established. Although favored by the Portuguese government, and welcomed by the friendly brown people, the white traders proved an obstacle so formidable that their intrigues finally resulted in the expulsion of all the missionaries. It was to their interest to keep the natives in ignorance, that they might be able to buy for a penny what was worth a pound, to develop plantations for the extension of the rum trade, and continue the "contract" system of labor—simply another name for the slave trade. So the Bailundu King Kwikwi was bribed and cajoled into a hostility that resulted in a decree dismissing the missionaries from his country, with a nine days' limit for its execution. No opportunity of appeal being per-

mitted, the missionaries and their families fled from the hostile forces.

Representations were made to the governor general and government at Lisbon, the misrepresentations corrected in

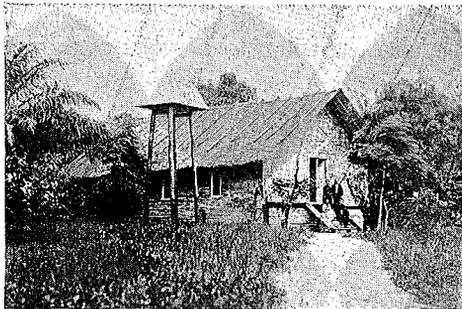


Woman of Bailundu

the native mind, and a return invited, and after an enforced absence of fourteen months the mission families reentered their homes in the Bailundu country. Their return was the signal of popular rejoicing, and what was intended by the enemy as their overthrow was turned to good account in the furtherance of the Gospel.

Among the reinforcements that have gone to the front during these years the Canadian Churches have supplied a quota that has rendered efficient service, Chisamba Station being manned by them.

It was thought best to construct the mission houses, in the main, "native fash" until the work was well established, giving thus more time to the study of the Mubundu. The gospels of Matthew, Mark, and John, a portion of the Psalms, and a primer have been printed, and the mission press established at Bailundu, where the first church was formed in 1887. Since then the converts have been gathered into church fellowship at every station, a purely native church, with their own officary, evangelists, and native pastor, all under the direction of the missionaries, thus wisely laying the foundations for the expansion of the work along the most effective plan—the evangelization of Africa by the Africans! With the awakening of their dormant powers, enlightenment of mind, transformation of spiritual nature, and baptism from on high they become rapidly multiplied flaming evangels of salvation in the regions of heathen gloom.



## CHAPTER XXXVII

## Light in the Valley of the Congo



THE publication of Henry M. Stanley's letters from the Congo in the autumn of 1877 led to the formation of the Livingstone Inland Mission, and they became the pioneers of Christian missions in the Congo basin. Their first station was at Palabala, near the mouth of the river, but at an elevation of about sixteen hundred feet. The friendly

King Kangampaka gave land and assistance, and the first mission houses were constructed of poles and mats with thatched roofs. The second station, Banza Manteka, inland about sixty miles, was opened in the center of a cluster of native villages, composed of small oblong-shaped huts, the only opening being a small door at the end, serving as well for window and chimney.

The early years of the mission were those of struggle with overwhelming physical and moral difficulties, involving the loss of many precious lives. Two of the stations were destroyed by fire, Bemba and Palabala; but their number was increased to seven, and persevering devotion established them on a firm basis. In the third year of its existence this mission became identified with the East London Mission Institute, and came under the personal direction of Dr. H. Grattan Guinness, whose successful missionary movements have entered three continents.

An added impetus was given to the work in the acquisition of many new friends, among them Mrs. Henry Reed, of Tasmania, who made the extension of the mission on the upper Congo possible by the gift of a steamer, the *Henry*

*Reed.* Dr. Sims had obtained land at Leopoldville from Mr. Stanley, which was made a base of operations for the vast extent of territory now open to them. The condition of the country as it presented itself on a voyage of exploration is well described by Dr. Sims, who wrote from the steamer:

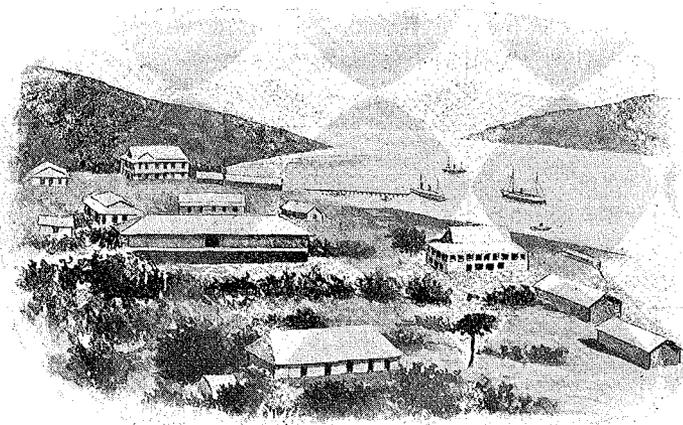
“The voyage, of which at the moment I cannot speak in detail, permitted me to see in a very complete way the enormous work to be accomplished. The horrid practice of cannibalism prevails everywhere, from Bolobo upward. One poor man was killed the Sunday we were in Mangala, and three while we were absent. When we remonstrated the reply was, ‘You kill your goats without our interference; permit us also to kill our meat.’ The roofs of houses are ornamented with the skulls of such victims, and about the Aruwimi squares and circles of them are formed on the ground. The victims are cut up and roasted or boiled at discretion, the brains and face being chosen pieces; and even the little children are given a taste, to endear to them the same habits. That stretch of river from the Aruwimi to the Falls is deserted by its inhabitants, utterly devastated and burned by the natives themselves, so that the Arabs may find neither refuge nor food in their towns; the gardens and the fishing are neglected, and the poor people flying like hunted beasts to the islands and forests.”

It was in 1884 that the missions were transferred to the American Baptists, and light-bearers were sent forth into these regions of darkness on the upper river. Land was secured and four stations opened, the most remote at Stanley Falls. Already spiritual fruit had been gathered on the stations opened earlier on the lower river, in several instances seasons of spiritual awakening being followed by a large ingathering of converts.

At an aggregate expense of nearly fifty thousand dollars a year the Baptist Missionary Union is fulfilling the trust committed to it in the transfer of a mission that had

cost a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars and far more in many precious lives, together with the missionaries then engaged in the field. This was an unprecedented gift of opportunity and responsibility from one nation to another.

While full of difficulties arising from sickness and strife between the natives and the State, last year was one of the best in spiritual blessing. There were about fifty converts at Palabala, over two hundred at Banza Manteka (where there is a church membership of seven hundred and thirty-



Matadi, on the Congo

nine), while the more recently founded missions on the upper river have shared proportionately in the spiritual harvest, where much of it has been gathered by converted native agencies.

The missions on the Congo were founded and transferred to the Baptist Society, but Dr. Guinness and his associates of East London Institute did not therefore feel that their work was at an end, their responsibility for Africa fully met. There were ever present in their minds and hearts, their prayers and publications, the "regions beyond," and they felt impelled to push on thither. The American Bap-

tists had quite all they could provide for, and heartily indorsed their next Congo project. Their attention was directed to the Balolos by the return to England of Missionary McKittrick with a young lad of that tribe, Bompole.

The Balolos ("people of iron") were a strong nation that had crowded out the Bantus of the south bank of the upper Congo, conquering a territory five times as large as England. It occupies the "Horseshoe Bend" of the river, and contains a population estimated at ten millions. Grenfell, the pioneer of the English Baptist Mission, in the *Peace* first navigated the tributaries of the Congo that intersect this country, and found a people superior in many respects to the inhabitants of the lower Congo. As their name indicates, they are a powerful people. They are agriculturists, and manufacture their own tools and weapons of war, every man possessing well-tempered knives, spear, and shield. The village blacksmith—for they live in villages where the forest has been cleared for the cultivation of maize and mandioca—is skillful also in the production of the many ornaments worn by the people.

After an interval of four years, in 1888 the Congo Balolo Mission was organized, and a party of eight volunteers went forth, led by McKittrick. Among those who immediately contributed the "necessary funds" his countrymen were represented in the entire cost of the required steamer, £1,400; the Young Men's Christian Association of Belfast promising £500, and an "Irish friend" sending in a gift of £900.

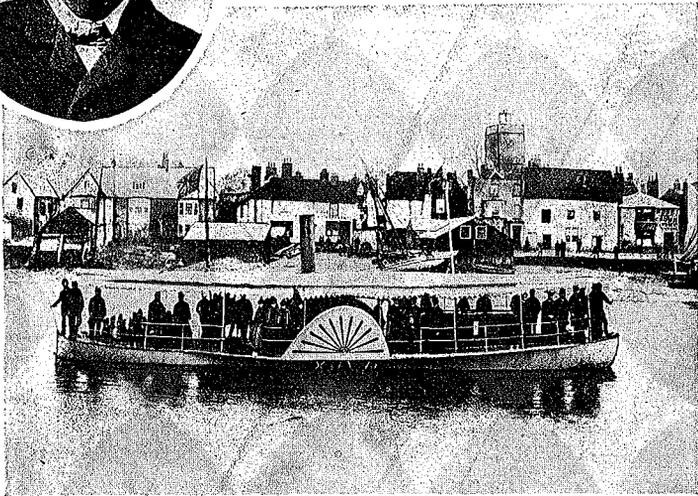
The steamer *Henry Reed* was loaned to the mission for one year, during the construction and launching on the river of the *Pioneer*. Four central stations were established in the heart of Balololand: Lulonga, at the junction of the river Lulonga and the Congo, Borginga, Ikam, and Bongandanga, the latter situated no less than a thousand miles from the mouth of the Congo. It is on the Lopori, a tributary of the Lulonga. For the maintenance of a base of supplies there are three transport stations: at Matadi,

the starting point of the railway; Bamba, in the cataract region, and at Leopoldville, on Stanley Pool.

Of the seventy missionaries who have freely laid down their lives for Christ and his Gospel in these ten years that have been so busily employed in founding these missions twenty-three, among them McKittrick, have been called to surrender them on the field. There are now forty missionaries at work, and no lack of volunteers to carry forward the present plans of extension. These include a new station beyond Bongandanga, and one on the river Juapa.

As in all pioneer missionary work, it is impossible to estimate what has been accomplished. The material improvements were carried forward with the disadvantage of long distance from sources of supply. The Lulonga language has been reduced to manuscript and the gospels of Matthew and John printed, as also a grammar and vocabulary, an outline of Bible history, smaller Scripture portions, and a small book of Proverbs, a hymn book, and a primer for the schools. To the steamer *Pioneer* have been added the *Evangelist* and two steel canoes for evangelistic tours. On each station there are numbers of native converts, and of these several evangelists have already been trained for efficient service. One of the early converts, Lofanza, baptized by Dr. Harry Guinness on his visit to the Congo work, carried to England his sweet Christian spirit and from thence took his "departure."

The great need of Gospel work among this people is daily apparent to the missionaries. Some of these, home on furlough, have described some of the dark places of these habitations of cruelty. They have witnessed the binding of slaves whose heads were to grace the funeral of a chief, and women and children taking part in the feast of human flesh. Like other African tribes, they have a belief in the one God, the Creator, and have no idols, though many charms connected with their superstitions. They have a vague idea of the Trinity, represented by their Lianza, his niece, Nsonejo, and Nzaka Nzaka, the Spirit. They have



Lofanza—Congo-Bolobo Steamship "Pioneer"

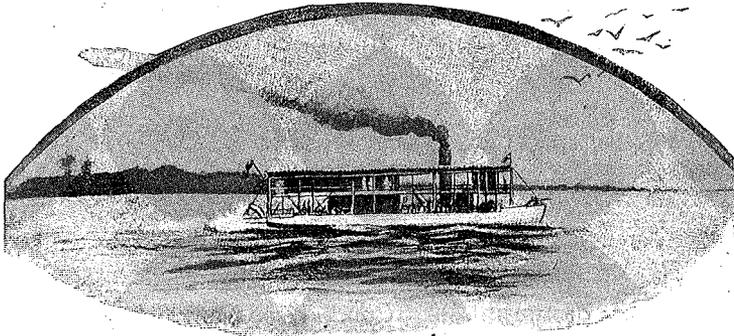
also traditional accounts of the fall of man and the flood. How long shall the nations of heathen Africa grope in the dark while we hold the light of truth in the revelation of Jesus Christ?

Cotemporaneous, or nearly so, with the founding of the Livingstone Inland Mission, the English Baptist Society was providentially led to send missionaries to the Congo. The pioneer of this movement, **English Baptist Missions.** George Grenfell, in the extensive explorations of the tributaries of the Congo that enter it from the north, has not only added largely to the scientific knowledge of the country, but has opened the path for the onward march of the Church into a country densely populated by interesting peoples previously unknown. The record of the many years of service of this faithful missionary, his scholarly achievements in the mastery of native languages, and numerous eventful voyages in the *Peace* among unknown peoples on African rivers, will not be closed while the missions of the Baptist Society on the Congo continue their successful labors. His associate on the first journey, and sharer in many trials and perils in the early years of the mission, Comber, not only gave his own life, but the lives of his entire family, including a sister and brother, were ended on earth by the inhospitable climate.

Commencing in 1878 the first impetus to the work was the gift of Mr. Arthington, of Leeds, of £1,000, followed later by others from the same source for the opening of a Baptist Mission on the Congo. A station was opened and a substantial house built at San Salvador, seventy miles from Congo Mouth. The barrier imposed by the conduct of traders, who endeavored to keep out all possibility of enlightenment, is illustrated by the fact that thirteen attempts were made, in one of which Comber received a bullet wound, before they were able to proceed toward the interior. They finally were enabled to follow in the wake of Stanley's march with boats to the Pool, and on his advice sent to England for a steel boat to navigate the "middle

passage," and Crudington brought out the *Plymouth*. The great explorer, who was now building Congo State, also gave them a mission site at Stanley Pool. Among the earliest reinforcements was W. Holman Bently, who among other labors proved of great value to the mission in the production of a grammar and dictionary and in the translation of the Scriptures.

As soon as the line of transport to the Pool was open Grenfell returned to England to superintend the building of the steamer *Peace*, for service on the upper rivers. Two engineers sent to construct it, after its transportation to the



Mission Steamer on the Congo

Pool on the heads and shoulders of men, died of fever; a third immediately sent shared the same fate; and Grenfell was obliged to put it together himself.

The mission premises at Stanley Pool were destroyed by fire in 1886, but were quickly rebuilt by the prompt financial response of its friends. With the same spirit of sacrifice the many vacancies caused by death have been promptly filled by reinforcements.

Good work has been accomplished at ten mission stations, now well manned and served by two mission steamers. There are several organized churches, half a thousand children under instruction, and a successful work is in progress above and below the rapids.

Mukimungu was occupied by Swedish missionaries when the Livingstone Inland Mission was transferred to the American Baptists, and it was mutually agreed that they should retain that station and continue their labors on the Congo under their own organization. The territory they

Swedish Mis-  
sions on the  
Congo.



Children of Swedish Mission

occupy is a populous strip of country between the north bank of the lower Congo and the French possessions. For twelve years they have been reinforced by the Swedish Missionary Society, a score of whom have laid down their lives in the unhealthy climate. Upward of forty missionaries are now at work or absent on furlough, and they have

increased the number of stations to five, with twenty-two substations, where the work is mainly carried on by native evangelists and teachers who have been trained in these missions. This force of half a hundred zealous native workers have been greatly blessed in their labors for the salvation of their people.

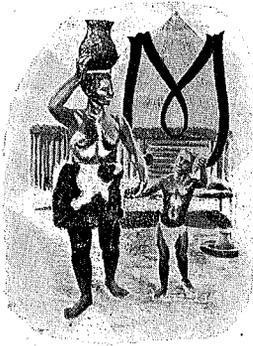
The instruction of children is given the prominence its importance demands, those in the mission schools now numbering over a thousand. They have also a seminary for the training of a native ministry, and the largest printing press on the Congo, which recently turned out an edition of six thousand copies of the New Testament, translated into Fiot by one of their own missionaries. From this press is also issued a monthly paper, entitled *Minsamu Miayenge* ("Messenger of Peace"), that for six years has been carrying the glad tidings to the people in their own language. An annual almanac is published, and a number of books have been printed and bound, all by converted, trained natives.

The spiritual interests of the mission have responded to the faithful labor and patience of these noble missionaries, under the divine blessing, and, although numbers have removed to other parts and many have fallen victims to the "sleepy sickness," the communicants number over six hundred, and there is a multitude who have fully forsaken their idols and are receiving instruction. This is one of the most persevering and hopeful agencies at work on the Congo.

The Christian and Missionary Alliance laid the foundation for a great work on the Congo through the devoted labors of their pioneer missionary there, Rev. M. Hunter Reed. His courage and zeal, wisdom of plan and patience in execution, and tireless labors in every branch of mission work opened the way for the recruits that have since been sent to that field.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

## The Gospel in South Central Africa



MISSIONS to the Barotse are inseparably linked in the mind of Christendom with the name of M. Coillard. To the special work to which he has devoted his life he served an apprenticeship in Basutoland half as long as was that of Moses in the wilderness. I have already referred to the work of the Paris Society in connection with South African missions. Their training school at Morijah prepared the native workers for

this far-away Barotse Mission, which was really the outgrowth of the zeal and self-sacrifice of the native Christians themselves.

When their missionaries had been driven out by wars they not only remained true to their faith, but so greatly were their labors blessed of God that on returning their missionaries found increase of native agency and great extension of the work. Such a spirit soon sought opportunity for missionary endeavor. Asser, a remarkable man, leader of the catechists, accompanied by a companion, made a journey to the far country, and on his return his reports were so favorable, his appeals so impassioned, that the Basuto Christians spontaneously contributed £500 to send forth missionaries. The first expedition to respond to the call that had been brought by Asser from the heathen chiefs was halted and turned back from the Transvaal by the Boers.

François Coillard's connection with this new missionary enterprise began with the Banyai expedition, which left

the Leribe Station, Basutoland, in the spring of 1877. Seventeen of his twenty years of labor among this people had been shared by his wife, a daughter of the Scotch missionary Bishop Mackenzie, and they had planned a return to Europe for rest when this call to a perilous journey came.

They were accompanied by their niece, Elsie, a girl of eighteen, Asser, and three other Basuto catechists, with their families, and four wagon drivers. After they had crossed the Limpopo River they plunged into the almost trackless wilderness, cutting their way through forest and prairie grass. The difficulties of travel were increased by the loss of some of their cattle by disease, and but for the dauntless courage of their leader, that had carried them through perils of wild beasts and swollen rivers, they would have been destroyed by a treacherous Mashona chief who intercepted them. His demand for gunpowder was not appeased by other gifts, and his savage warriors surrounded the little band as they were preparing for a day's journey. The danger became so imminent the Basutos seized their guns, crying, "We will die in defense of our wives and children!" But they were restrained by M. Coillard, who reminded them of their own helplessness in the presence of such overwhelming numbers of savages, and with the assurance, "They that be with us are more than they that be with them," gave the order to trek. As this command to move forward was obeyed a shower of weapons was expected, but the Mashona warriors fell back as they proceeded on their perilous journey.

Only a few weeks after passing through this danger they were seized by a band of Lobengula's warriors and carried captive to Buluwayo. That powerful South Central African king was then in the zenith of his power, and claimed dominion over the surrounding tribes, among them the Banyai, to whom he was unwilling that they should convey any enlightenment.

During their long detention in the capital of "Lobengula the Cruel" they met some refugees from the north of the

Zambesi, who had fled from their country, then in a revolution, during which many were slain. They were Barotse, and spoke Lesuto, the native tongue so well understood by the missionaries, a language which the conquering Makololo had introduced on the Zambesi. From them came the call to which the Barotse Mission was the response. Seeing the missionaries held captive for months and treated with indignity by Lobengula, whose cruelties they were compelled to witness, even to the sacrifice of fifteen human lives at his



Encampment on the Plains

national feast, these representatives of the northern tribes said to them, "Why do you not come to us and save our nation?"

But the way did not immediately open to their far-off land. When they were permitted to take their departure, after perils and privations extending over nearly a year, they traveled southward and found a safe haven among the missionaries at Shoshong, and a cordial welcome from King Khama. How different the unaffected, loving greeting of this Christian king from the harsh treatment they had received from Lobengula! What a contrast between these peaceful settle-

ments of contented farmers, who had found that "one plow was better than six wives," and the devastated territory of a tyrant who could slay his people at will, but could not govern them, whose subjects were never without their weapons of war, for "when not defending themselves, they were slaying others!" All the difference is due to the coming of the "publishers of glad tidings of peace," for "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

A short excursion was taken into the Barotse country from Shoshong, and after a brief sojourn at Shesheke, where they "broke ground" for Gospel work, the expedition returned to the coast, and the opportunity for the contemplated visit to Europe was improved.

After more than two years in Europe, representing the need of a mission to the Barotse, and securing funds for that purpose, the Coillards returned to Basutoland in 1882, only to find that the devastating wars had left the people in such temporal and spiritual poverty as required their labor there for a year and a half. There came to their assistance at Leribe Station the first foreign missionaries of the Waldensian Church, that company of poor but noble Christians who maintained their loyalty through the Dark Ages, though compelled to hide away in the mountain fastnesses of Italy.

In January, 1884, the second expedition started for the Barotse valley, and after enduring many hardships and surmounting innumerable difficulties arrived at Shesheke seven months later. After opening a station here, and of necessity awaiting the return of their wagons, sent to Pretoria for supplies, they pressed onward toward the "great place" of the king of the Barotse. This part of the journey was full of interest and adventure over a country governed by fifteen chiefs, who resided at Shesheke. The turbulent condition of the heathen population was well described by the daughter of Sebetuane, who he had installed as queen in the second capital of the kingdom, Nalolo.

Maibiba, in whose presence not even her husband may sit, and who is approached with the royal salutation, "Tautara" ("Great Lion"), said, sadly, when she graciously received the missionaries, "Ours is a land of blood. Kings and chiefs succeed each other here like shadows. They are never allowed to grow old. If you return in a few months shall we still be in power? After all, one might envy the Makelaka ['the serf population']; revolutions do not touch them. Ah," she added, sighing, and addressing herself to her counselors, "Rubosi is no longer king, and has fled for his life; but if he has been received by people like these he has nothing to regret."

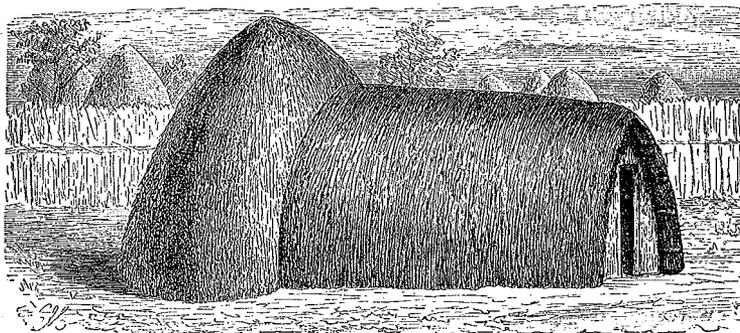
The missionaries had been traveling through a valley sprinkled with the graves of Barotse kings, surrounded by a strong inclosure of beautiful reed mats, shaded by magnificent clumps of trees, each one guarded by chiefs and retinue appointed for the purpose. In every way the king dead for many generations past or recently assassinated is treated with the deference demanded by a live sovereign. They present him with offerings of milk and honey and fine clothes, bid him farewell when they depart on a journey, and salute him and tell him the news on their return; a touching illustration of their belief in the future life, and a cry for light on the pathway that leads to heaven.

After passing through the capital, Lealui, almost totally destroyed by the recent revolution, they arrived at the future site of the mission, Sefula, nineteen miles beyond.

On the return of Rubosi from exile and his accession to power he took the name of Lewanika, by which he has since been known. Something of the independence of his character manifested itself on the occasion of his meeting the missionaries who had braved so many perils to bring the glad tidings of salvation to his people. As their boats approached the town of his temporary abode on his pilgrimage to the graves of his ancestors a messenger intercepted them with the king's command to ascertain who and what they were. "Soon after a boat, covered with a tent of mats,

glided alongside, and a man of about thirty-five glided out of it. He was strong, well-built, and intelligent-looking, with prominent eyes and pendulous lower lip. His only clothing consisted of the skins of small wild animals, attached in bundles around his loins. He held out his hand, smiling, 'Lumela moruti oa ka ntate' ['I greet thee, my missionary, my father']. He made a few inquiries concerning their health and travels, attested his hospitality by sharing a roast goose with them, and made an appointment to meet them at the capital after he should have completed his pilgrimage.

Beginning at the very foundation, the establishment of



A Barotse Hut

this far-away station of necessity required much patient toil, but the daily routine of building and planting, teaching and preaching, was faithfully continued, and the mission was reinforced by the Paris Society.

The utter moral degradation of the people among whom they labored required Christian fortitude and unwavering faith in their divine call to liberate them from their bondage of superstition, ignorance, and savage debauchery. The slight value placed upon human life, none at all upon that of children, who were cruelly killed, often for no other reason than that they cried when in pain, the entire absence of home life and slight regard for the marriage relation, and

the cruelties of their system of slavery form the outline of a picture of heathen degradation too horrible to present in detail. To inculcate ideas of humanity, justice, and goodness, to eradicate the various forms of sorcery, and the crimes engendered thereby, to be ministers of mercy, to protect the weak, and with boldness withstand the wrong, were a portion of the allotted task of these pioneers in the depths of darkest heathenism.

But these bearers of the light of truth into these habitations of cruelty never faltered nor turned back. Sickness and death visited them, discouragements on account of the slow growth of the work assailed them, human aid often utterly failed, yet they kept the beacon lights burning, and were rejoiced by the tokens of the progress of a moral reformation in the nation and the salvation of individual souls.

The heaviest trial of the many years of toil and suffering that had come to the faithful minister of Christ, around whom this work centered, was the death of Madame Coillard. She had literally worn her life away in devoted service when the fever opened the door to the rest and reward that awaited her. Thirty years before at their marriage she had said, "I have come to Africa to do the will of God with you, *whatever* it may be, and *wherever* it may be; and remember this, wherever God may call you, you shall never find me crossing your path of duty." She had never wavered.

In October, 1862, M. Coillard realized his hope of founding a mission station in the capital of Lewanika, Lealui, the fourth to be opened. The king himself was often touched by the preaching of the word. His judgment was convinced of the evil of the customs he followed, but he lacked strength of moral character to break away from them. He oft confessed he had been moved almost to tears by the earnest appeals, the hymns and prayers of the missionaries. He "did many things" like Herod of old, but, like him, did not do the only thing that could save him—forsake his sins and receive the Saviour.

During the twelve years' progress of this mission decided

improvement has been manifested in its heathen surroundings. The prohibition of rum and the slave trade, the discontinuance of the barbarous practice of "smelling out" witches and condemning them to torture, the value placed upon human life, and respect for the rights of property, are some of the outward signs of which these faithful, self-sacrificing workers have accomplished, under God's blessing, in the nation itself.

M. Coillard reported last year eight European missionaries, seven ladies (doubtless the most valuable missionaries in these pioneer days of patient teaching), and six native evangelists and their wives. These occupy five stations, with schools, the nucleus of churches in Christian converts, one school for evangelistic training, and one industrial school. These latter are of vast importance among barbarous heathen, who need to be taught the first principles of civilization as well as of Christianity, and will prove large factors in the development of a work that has successfully passed through its pioneer days, and has commenced to see the unfoldings of a glorious future of Gospel light and liberty for the dwellers in the depths of the Black Continent.



## CHAPTER XXXIX

*Mission to Garenganze*

O the northward of the Barotse empire, in the country of Garenganze, south-east of Lake Tanganyika, a solitary missionary took his journey in 1886. The mission of Frederick Stanley Arnot has in its history demonstrated the increase of difficulties attendant upon planting a station far from the base of supplies and in an unsettled country, but it was a manifestation of his personal heroism and of the heroic fidelity of the reinforcements that during these years have rallied to his standard.

The large territory he entered, now a portion of the Congo Free State, had a history known only through the violent rule of a heathen king, Msiri. His was a remarkable career—from the son of a black trader to the absolute ruler of a large and populous territory! His father, Kalasa, lived in Nuyanembo, a hundred miles eastward of Lake Tanganyika, and numbers of native traders came to him for the purchase of copper. He made frequent trading trips to Garenganze, and on one occasion sent the little caravan in charge of his son, Msiri. This young chief had possessed himself of four guns, the foundation of his fortunes, and finding on his arrival in the Garenganze (or Katanga) country that his father's friend, the old king, was at war with some of his northern neighbors, he hastened to his assistance. The invading enemy had never before heard the sound of firearms, and were so appalled at the reports of the rifles and the results in their midst that they took to their heels and did not stop until they were well out of the country.

This exploit captivated the old chief, who loaded Msiri with ivory and urged his early return. The aspiring young warrior did not forget the invitation, for he returned the next year, accompanied by his wife and children and as many of his friends as he could induce to embark in the enterprise. As the feebleness of age increased, the old king appointed Msiri his successor, presenting him with the shell that symbolized supreme authority, and installing him as king.

Immediately Msiri proved himself to be a black Napoleon. He ordered the instant execution of all who opposed him, carried on aggressive warfare with the surrounding tribes, even defying the powerful chief Kosembe to the eastward, and rapidly added to his possessions. With the expansion of his domain he saw the necessity of opening up a trade that would give him war materials, and having heard vague rumors of a west coast he dispatched a native exploring expedition to discover it. The news of its progress reached the Portuguese trader, Silva Porto, who equipped a trading caravan that supplied Msiri with powder and guns in exchange for ivory. Having thus opened trade westward he defied his powerful eastern neighbors and continued to carry out his policy of forcible expansion.

The construction of his court was unique even for central Africa. Each of the minor chiefs was supposed to have some relative married to the king, and these wives were their "friends at court" through whom all communications were made. Msiri's wives were therefore his officers of state. The capital of this trader-king was for many years a great trade center. There could be found representatives from trading houses as far north as Uganda, from Lake Tanganyika to the eastward, from the far western coast, and all through the basin of the Zambesi southward.

His country was productive of abundance of rice, corn, and sugar cane, and its copper mines, worked on really scientific principles, were far-famed. In the course of his travels Missionary Arnot frequently heard of this powerful king,

and at Balunda he met a large company of his people, sent as an embassy to his brother-in-law, Coimba, who lived at Chiondu. Three years before this man had received a New Testament from a missionary, had become deeply interested, and desired more instruction, and Arnot visited him. He had many conversations with Coimba, who finally declared that he would live "according to the Book."

Coimba showed him a letter from Msiri, written in Portuguese and containing an earnest appeal to Coimba to send



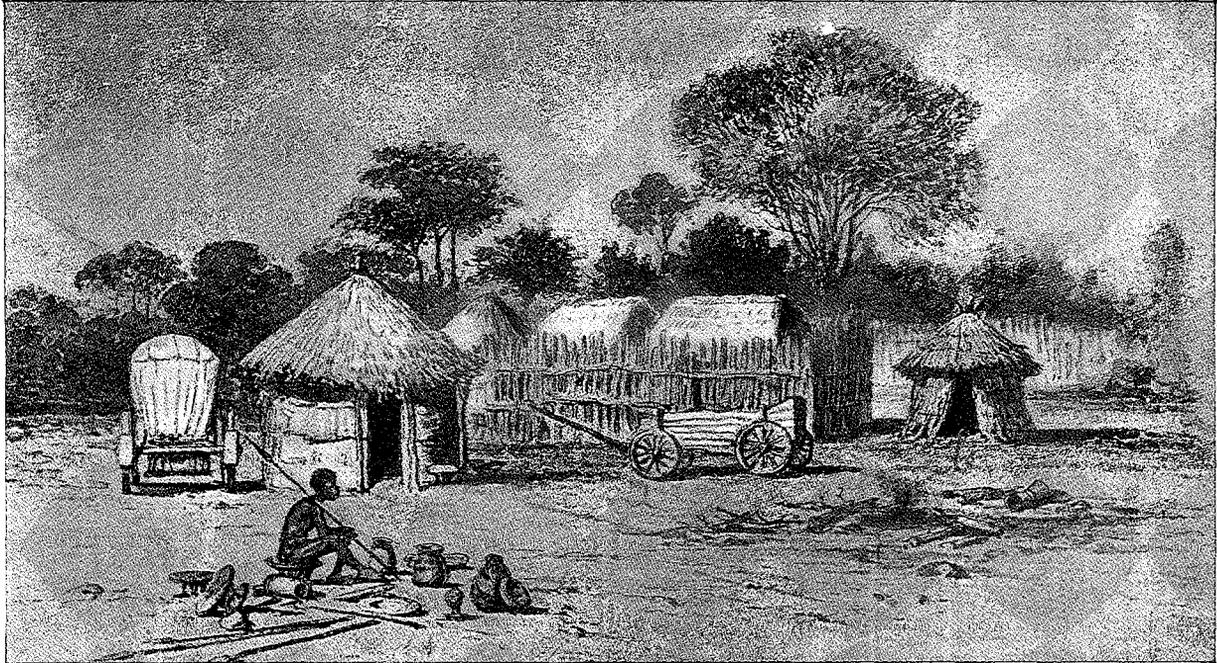
The Entrance to the Palace

him some white men if he knew any. "It was as traders that he wanted white men," wrote Arnot; "but I felt that I had something better than even good trade, which, if Msiri could only comprehend, he would gladly receive. Coimba was delighted with my purpose to go thither, and sent for a slave who knew the country, and who had been to the place where Livingstone died, to show me the way." The journey, with its difficulties of refractory carriers and hostility of chiefs of intervening territory, occupied eight months of travel and adventure, and on his arrival he was kept waiting

until several secret tests of his sincerity were made, among them the soaking of a bit of bark in native medicine, the soundness of the bark attesting that the traveler's heart was sound.

Msiri was then advanced in years, but as the visitor approached the king arose and welcomed him with an embrace. He knew of Livingstone's approach from the east, of his death at Ilala, and was much interested when told that Arnot was from the same country and was also a man of peace. He had many interviews with the king, and one day said to him, "Great and mighty chief as you are in the eyes of men, in the sight of God there is no difference between you and the poorest slave in your country, and you need God's mercy just as he does." He was visibly affected, and for a few minutes it seemed uncertain what the result might be. Then with an effort he leaned forward and said, thoughtfully, "It must be so if God is as great as you say; and if he is so high above us all, then we must be all the same in his sight."

Arnot's appeal brought reinforcements to open a mission and funds for their long journey from Benguela, on the southwest coast. They commenced by applying themselves to the mastery of the Buba language, the vernacular of the common people, and gathered a class of little children to instruct and be instructed. It was while dressing the sores of one of these who was afflicted, as were a number of others, with a loathsome disease, that one of the missionaries was inoculated and for three years suffered with the dreadful eruption. This was only one of the many more or less annoying experiences on a central African station. Snakes and scorpions oft shared their sleeping quarters. Awakened one night by the striking of an object fallen from the ceiling, on procuring a light a four-foot snake was found on the floor. The same missionary sat reading while a native boy was cooking some beans on the fire, when the lad suddenly cried out, "Ngana!" ("Sir,") and the tail of a snake was seen hanging down from the ceiling of mats. When dropped



Outbuildings of Coillard Mission, near Leshumo Valley

*(Drawn by Dr. Emil Holub)*

with a shot and quickly speared, it was found to measure nine feet.

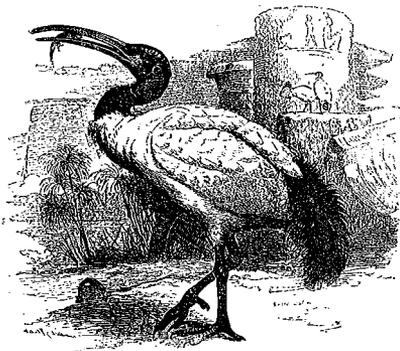
Msiri was very friendly to the missionaries, who received a flying messenger announcing that the king was about to pay them a visit. He had dreamed the night before that he was on a visit to the missionaries, and took it as a sign that he should come. He quickly followed his messenger, accompanied by five of his wives and forty attendants. After partaking of the good dinner they had hastily prepared, he astonished the missionaries with the announcement that he would stay all night. They were unprepared for such an honor, but surrendered their quarters to the royal party, not a little fearful lest they would prove more destructive guests than the snakes. The medicine chest took the monarch's eye, and he exclaimed, "Kapali vale okufa!" ("No more death.") The native faith in the remedies of the white man was a valuable aid to their work.

Stations were opened along the line of transport from Benguela, at Kwanjilula, in Bihé, and at Nana Kandudu, in the Balunda country, and at both a good impression was made on the people, the women being taught to wear some clothing and the men encouraged in lives of industry. The usual pioneering work had to be done in the construction of buildings, opening of farms and gardens, and mastery of the language. Evangelistic visits were made to many of the surrounding villages, and frequently seed was sown in the caravan, where the natives were taught to sing Christian hymns and listened attentively to the preaching of the word and the testimony for Jesus.

The kingdom of Msiri was doomed to fall. It was founded on blood and maintained by murder. With him war was not "the *last* argument of kings," it was the *only* argument presented. His war parties devastated the country and dragged into the capital the surviving victims of their cruel raids. His death and the disintegration of his kingdom came with the Congo State expedition, led by Captain Stairs. The king at first seemed friendly, but removed to

another village ; disregarded messages from the captain and detained the messengers ; was visited by Captain Bodson, upon whom he sprang with uplifted sword, and by whom he was shot dead, Bodson in turn being mortally wounded from behind. Dying in the arms of his friends, who had rushed in on hearing the shots, he said he had done a soldier's duty, had rid the Garenganze country of a tiger, and when he had shouted, " Long live the king ! " this loyal subject of Leopold expired. Under the direction of the Belgian officers the country was returned to its former principal tribal divisions, under the sovereignty of the State of Congo.

In the midst of tragic and beseechingly helpless heathenism the missionaries are endeavoring to reach the priceless soul within. Every morning meetings are held for all comers, and when the new moon appears a moonlight service is held. In common with other tribes the people of Garenganze have a belief in the living God not acquired from missionaries. Some of their names for God are interesting. Shakapanga is rarely used alone, but is accompanied by " Wi tu panga, ne ku pangululu " ( " He who creates us, who uncreates [death] us, and who created all things " ). Another name applied to God is " Ka fula mova, " of which the literal translation, " He of many suns, " falls far short of conveying the African meaning. He asks, " Who can count God's years ? When did they begin ? " His meaning is, " The eternal God, " who he knows by the direct revelation of his Holy Spirit.



## CHAPTER XL

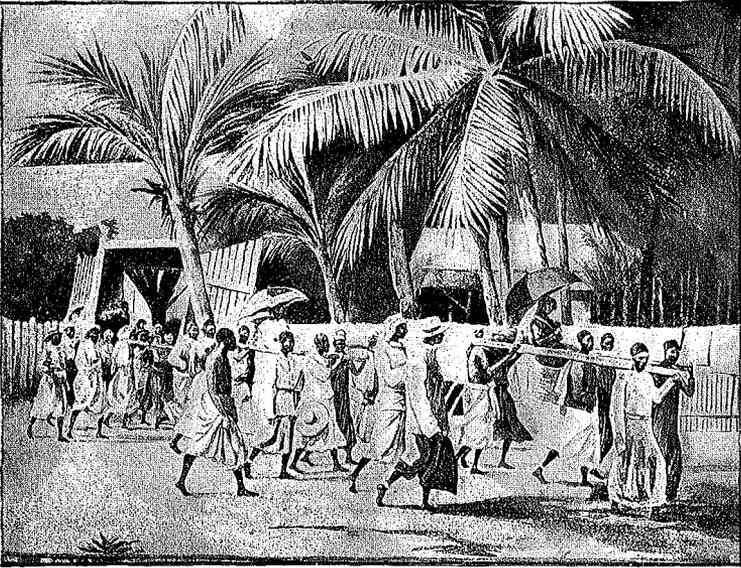
## Methodist Industrial Missions



EARLY in the year 1885, under a general commission from the Methodist Episcopal Church and the episcopal authority conferred by its General Conference, I took a party of over forty missionaries to South Central Africa. The denomination I represented had opened missions a half century before in the little republic of Liberia, in West Africa, but had confined their operations almost entirely to the Americo-Liberians, descendants of liberated slaves who had colonized that small portion of the African coast. The first white missionaries sent to this field either died or returned home on account of ill health, and for many years none others had been sent. During the latter period the work has been carried on by the Americo-Liberians themselves, who twice received brief episcopal visits from America. In each case the visiting bishop took a portion of African fever away with him, which was thought to have brought their earthly labors to an untimely termination. They did not spend a single night on shore, but chartered a vessel to lie in the offing, to which they retreated at sunset. If I were going to prescribe for the decent killing of a bishop it would be that he should move about very quietly during the day so as not to excite the least perspiration, eat imported food, and at night sleep on the water level in easy reach of the malaria. The way for him to live and prosper physically would be to eat where he works, the healthful products of the country, and sleep where he eats, with an abundance of fresh air. To maintain health in the tropics he should at least once a day take sufficient exercise to secure profuse perspiration and good digestion. The

human system, with its million of pores, utilizes them when it has opportunity to carry off anything that would be detrimental to its healthfulness or comfort. If the sewerage system of a great city should be suddenly closed up disease and pestilence would stalk forth at noonday.

There was much apprehension as to my personal safety in conducting such an enterprise, and still more for the party of men, women, and children who accompanied me.



A Royal Party on the March

A dear friend in bidding me a tearful good-bye said, "Alas, my brother, I shall never see you again!" "O, that depends," I replied, "on whether you are here when I return." Friends and foes alike predicted that I and my deluded followers would all be dead in three months. Even the traders on the coast steamer in which we voyaged from Liverpool expressed the expectation of hearing of the early death of all the women and children at least. Of the eleven traders that with our party made up the passenger

list of the little African ship seven were dead before the close of the year, up to which time we had lost but two of our number. The rum traffic, in which they were largely engaged, more disastrous to the natives than any of their own native customs, proved to be the boomerang which slew the most of them. It was early reported that we were all dead, but the African coast is noted for the unreliability of its news. Men isolated from accustomed surroundings are so hungry for intelligence from the outside world that the occasional trader or "skipper" is tempted to follow the advice given by an Irish editor to a new reporter, "If your mimicry fails ye, invint." On one occasion I was picked up early in the morning by a coast steamer, and sitting by the side of the captain at breakfast I heard a fellow-passenger's question and his reply: "Captain, what became of that American Bishop, Taylor, who brought such a large party of missionaries to this coast?" "O, he was taken down with the deadly fever and tried to make his escape, but he died and was buried at sea, poor fellow." I knew that was a lie as soon as I heard it!

The sailing from the port of New York of the largest party of missionaries up to that date that ever sailed from any port was significant on account of the fact that they were to lay the foundations of self-supporting industrial missions. The missions which under God I founded in India and in South America were self-supporting from the first opening; but, going among naked barbarous nations not in a position to appreciate either educational or Gospel work, I knew we should have to build tents, like Paul and Barnabas, or its equivalent in some productive industry. So it was arranged before we left New York that through the liberality of our fellow-workers at home our transit supplies should extend to the development of adequate indigenous resources, and instead of having to turn aside to secular employment for a living we would combine a variety of industries with the study of books, and thus from the fruits of our legitimate labors procure at an early day ample sup-

plies of wholesome food, and later on marketable products to exchange for our needed imports. The industrial department is essential to the highest success among barbarous heathen nations. In India there are industries suited to the type of civilization known in that land for many ages, and in large portions of South America they have a civilization that only needs to become Christian; but in heathen Africa we have to begin at the beginning. To instruct them in the knowledge of God and salvation is our highest mission, but that involves the laying of foundations



A Mounted Trader

that will give the work an enduring character through this and succeeding ages. To give naked heathen an intellectual development only is to educate them away from the industries of their mothers and give them nothing whereby they can sustain themselves in the life of civilization to which we elevate them. They aspire to be lawyers or doctors, and as there is little demand for such they simply

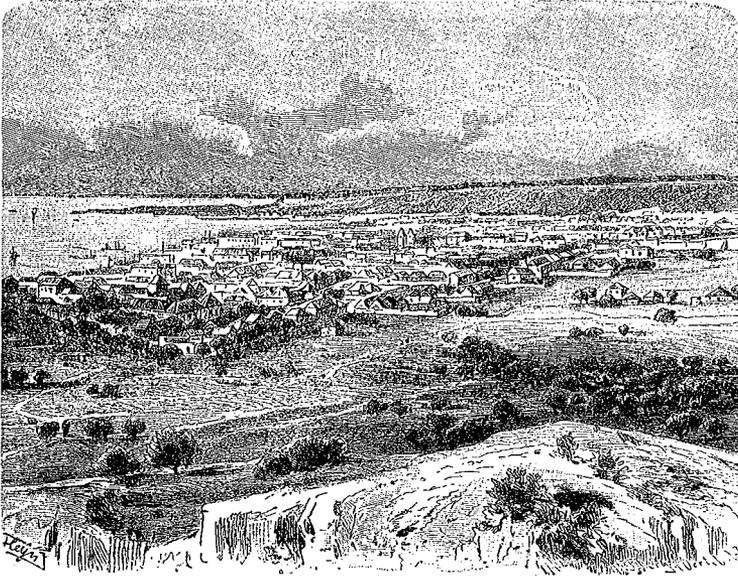
become pedantic beggars, and soon disgrace their instructors. Industrial education has continued to be a prominent part of our curriculum.

Intellectual training, though also essential, is not as direct a path to the heart of the heathen as is afforded by the knowledge of God through the proclaimed word of God and testimony for Jesus, but we would not undervalue liberal education.

One of the West African kings took a full course in a

seminary on the coast, from which he graduated with high honors; but during all this intellectual development he still remained a heathen, and, retaining only the Christian name given him, Charles Hodge, returned to his people, doffed his American suit and girded himself with a bandanna handkerchief, took half a dozen wives, and sat down in the darkness of heathenism. The first time I saw him I preached to him for a solid hour as he sat on the floor of his mud hut; and although he admitted the truth of all I said he was unwilling to give up his evil practices. What education failed to do simple Gospel methods finally accomplished. I sent to a suburb of his big town a lady missionary from Oregon, Miss Lizzie McNeill, who adopted a number of children before they had become heathen, and they were soon witnesses to the saving grace of the Lord Jesus. Then with her little family of about twenty children she held open-air meetings under a breadfruit tree, and he and his chiefs were soon attracted to them. Her method was to read and explain the Scriptures and then give her converted children a chance, one by one, to give their testimony before their heathen neighbors. They might have their doubts in regard to the statements of the foreign missionary, but the simple, straightforward story of the guileless children carried conviction to their hearts. A great revival resulted, during which the king, several of his chiefs, and a number of his people were converted to God. There were a number of agencies employed to bring about this glorious result, but the work commenced with the testimony of the children. The plague of smallpox broke out in his tribe, and in his sore distress he sent to Cape Palmas for the Methodists to come and pray for his people. A number of them went, including several of our noble missionaries. They included in their petitions earnest requests for the salvation of the king, and he became a zealous Christian. He had eight wives, as had also his principal chief, who was converted at the same time. The question immediately arose what they would do with them. Each

one lived on her own farm, the cultivation of which brought her ample subsistence, though by law all belonged to the king and the chief. They met the difficulty at once. Retaining the lawful wife only, the others were given their freedom and their property, with guarantee of protection in its enjoyment and permission to marry if they chose. During the years that followed their rights were never in-



Saint Paul de Loanda, Angola

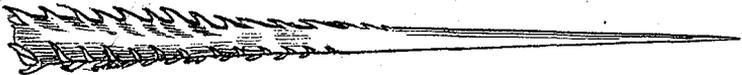
fringed; and the old king was a very zealous Christian until the day of his death.

As there was no place of worship in his town he called his people together and superintended the building of a Methodist chapel, native fashion, where he was installed as preacher-in-charge, and in which he addressed his people every Sunday. The last time I met King Hodge was in a quarterly meeting at Cape Palmas, a great occasion, during which four generations of heathen partook of the holy sacrament. When he arose to speak in the love feast he was

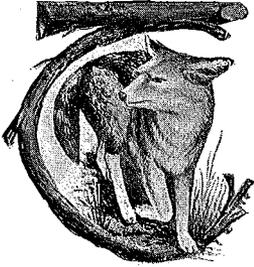
almost choked with conflicting emotions. With tears streaming down his cheeks he said: "I am very happy to-day in this blessed salvation of Jesus, and yet I am sad when I think of so many of my people sitting in darkness. O, if only my people could know the joy of this better life! Many of them do believe, and many others are coming into the light; and I desire you to pray for them, that I may lead them to Jesus."

Some have thought it was to be deplored that learned ministers of the Gospel should waste their time in the use of tools and implements, but they have to spend years in learning the native language before they can begin to preach, and need vigorous exercise for their health, and familiar intercourse with the people to learn their language and real life. But while we took some learned ministers to Africa the large majority of our workers were fresh from the farms and workshops of our own country, and went to devote to God and to his sable sons their knowledge and skill in said industries, as well as to proclaim the Gospel message. This opens a wide door for thousands of consecrated laymen and women who could not otherwise get into foreign missionary work.

We arrived at Saint Paul de Loanda, capital of the Portuguese province of Angola, on the 20th of March, 1885. We were kindly received by the governor general of the province and by Mr. Newton, the British consul. One of the largest and best houses in the city was procured for the temporary residence of our people, it being our purpose to open a chain of missions toward the interior. Here we afterward purchased a suitable site and built a substantial two-story house conveniently arranged for all mission purposes.



## CHAPTER XLI

**Practical Principles of Self-support**

THE Lord has incorporated into his Gospel system and plan of work three financial principles, with their appropriate methods of application. The first two are commercial principles; the third, a charity principle. Principle number one is a pioneer principle, represented by the men who, at their own cost, without any guarantee of compensation, open up new resources and new industries.

I once saw a tunnel which had been drilled and blasted through solid basaltic rock nearly as hard as pig metal into the heart of a California mountain. The work had been executed by a class of hardy pioneers bearing the name of the "Live Yankee Company." They put in three years of solid work before they had any assurance that they would "find the color." They finally "struck it big," as the miners express a great success; but thousands of others were equally industrious who did not "strike it" at all. The vast armies of prospectors, inventors, commercial explorers, and pioneers of all sorts, who open up new resources and new industries at their own risk, represent principle number one.

The commercial principle, number two, applicable to opened fields, proceeds on the line of estimated values, covering the law of supply and demand:

1. In regard to labor and compensation.
2. In regard to all varieties of commercial equivalents.

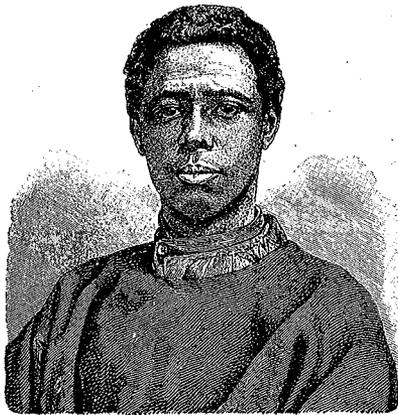
Under the Gospel utilization of principle number one the pioneer ambassador for Christ pays his own expenses and

preaches the Gospel free of charge. Paul and Barnabas were Gospel pioneers, working under principle number one. In his farewell address to the elders of the church at Ephesus St. Paul said to them: "Remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn everyone night and day with tears. . . . I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me" (Acts xx, 31-34). Paul and Barnabas had as good a right to claim a support as any other ministers called of God to preach his Gospel. St. Paul sustained himself under principle number one by making tents; Dr. Coke by his inheritance; Mr. Wesley by his authorship. Some years ago Brothers French and Booth and a few others started a little Sunday school at Hanson Place, in Brooklyn, N. Y. When that became quite too large for their "hired room" they went to work and built a church edifice. The first Sabbath after their new house of worship was dedicated, and for three weeks, I led for them a series of special services, and from the harvest of new converts the Lord gave us during that time over two hundred joined the pioneer band of John French and Company, and we launched Hanson Place Church, which took rank from that time as a first-class self-supporting station in that city. So in the olden time most of the churches of all our cities were founded.

Under the Gospel utilization of principle number two "the Lord hath ordained," as under his Jewish economy, so under the Christian dispensation, that "they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel" they preach. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," to be paid by the people who get the benefit of his labors. Under these two Gospel commissariat principles the apostles and their coadjutors conquered the Roman world.

Under these two principles Methodism had its birth and its development in England and America to stalwart manhood before we had any missionary societies. I believe the same is true of all branches of the Church of God in

America. All the charitable institutions in the world worthy of the name are the offspring of Gospel achievement under the operation of principles one and two. The greatest of these charities is that of sending the Gospel prepaid to poor people who are not able to support the ministers who bring them the glad tidings, and to pay the other current expenses of the movement. We thus deduce principle number three, which is a charity principle. The three principles are coordinate; each one constitutes an essential part of God's Gospel commissariat arrangement; the first two, in relation to the third, standing as antecedents; those



Galla Type

fundamental, this secondary. Under the first two the mountains are tunneled, the railroads built, the machine shops run, the wheels of commerce turned. All the legitimate commerce of the world is conducted under these two principles and regulated by them through the equipoise of the law of demand and supply. Under principle number three all the asylums,

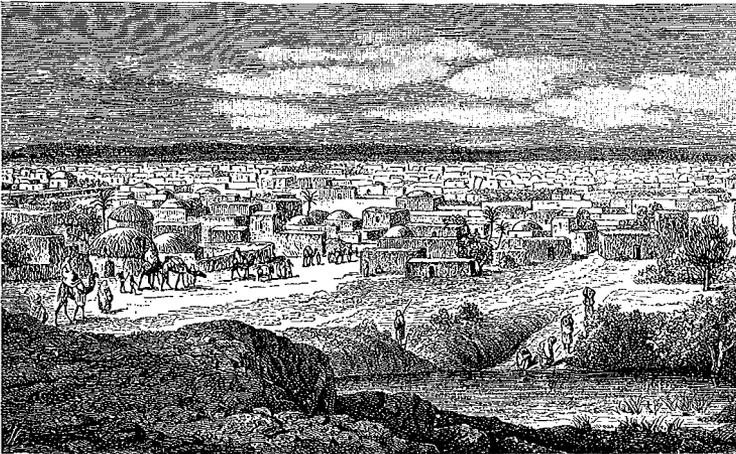
almshouses, hospitals, charities of every variety, public and private, are established and sustained. There is no collision between any of these institutions and the railroads. If, however, the board of directors of a hospital, or of any of these charities, should claim jurisdiction over the railroads and their machine shops, then the question of jurisdiction would have to be settled. Great charity institutions are a peculiar glory of a Christian people, but they don't run the commerce of the nation.

All the missionary societies are based upon this heaven-born principle number three. They constitute the greatest

benevolent institutions in the world, tending not only to alleviate the physical woes of millions of the human race, but to rescue their souls from destruction and restore them to filial union with God and to eternal life. I have labored for years in many lands with missionaries of most of the great leading missionary societies of the world, and claim to have a higher appreciation of the men and women employed, and of their heroic self-sacrifice and grand success than any of their home officials can have, who have not had the same opportunity of personal contact and labor with them in their remote fields; so that nothing that I may say in regard to self-supporting missions, under principles numbers one and two, should be construed as implying any antagonism with the charity principle, and the institutions based upon it, nor invidious contrasts between the two kinds of work.

The Pauline plan of planting the Gospel in heathen lands was to plant nothing but pure Gospel seed, not a grain of Jew tares, cockle, or cheat, naught but the pure wheat of Gospel truth. When sowers of mixed seed came into his fields Paul put up the following notice: "There be some that trouble you, and would pervert the Gospel of Christ. But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed" (Gal. i, 7, 8). Paul laid the entire responsibility of church work and church government upon his native converts, under the immediate supervision of the Holy Spirit, just as fast as he and his tried and trusted fellow-missionaries could get them well organized, precluding foreign interference. His general administrative bishops were natives of the foreign countries in which he had planted the Gospel, such men as Timothy and Titus. Paul "endeavored to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace" with the home Jerusalem churches by all possibilities short of corrupting his Gospel seed, or allowing the home churches to put a yoke of bondage on his neck, or of laying any restrictions on his foreign churches.

On the principle of equivalents, or value for value, which he expressed in terms like these, "The laborer is worthy of his hire," "They that preach the Gospel shall live of the Gospel," he took it for granted that the Gospel was worth to any country incalculably more than all the cost of "food, raiment," and traveling expenses of the messengers devoted wholly to its promulgation; "for," says Paul, "if the Gentiles have been made partakers of their spiritual things, their duty is also to minister unto them in carnal things." Hence he went, and sent, according to the teaching of the



Kano, in Sokoto

Master, without "purse or scrip," or an extra coat or pair of shoes above the actual requirements of their health and comfort.

God's Gospel arrangements and provisions as revealed in the Book are adapted to all the peculiarities of all ages, and adequate to the spiritual needs of all the "nations" and "families of the earth;" but there is a remarkable correspondence between the providential conditions of Paul's day and of our day favorable to a rapid soul-saving work of God throughout the world. For the wide domain and far-reaching influence of the Roman government, and the potency

of her literature and laws, we have the modern counterpart in the Anglo-Saxon empire of nations, including Great Britain, her American daughter under the Stars and Stripes, and all her colonial governments, and her representatives among all the nations of the earth. These Anglo-Saxon Protestant Christian nations are the owners of a large share of the land and command the resources of all the seas of the globe. That was purely heathen and bitterly opposed to Christ and his Gospel; this avowedly Christian, and pledged to defend and extend the religion of the Lord Jesus; and high above the designs of men the English colonization system, whatever the motive and methods of its endless variety of agency, is part of a providential program for the permanent establishment of universal Christian empire in the world.

Paul took advantage of the wide diffusion of the Greek language and literature of his day. We may utilize more effectively our own English language, which is manifestly a God-ordained medium through which his word may flow "to the uttermost parts of the earth" and flood the nations with Gospel light. The scattered Jews constituted the entering wedge with which Paul opened the heathen nations of his day. Our English-speaking people, dispersed through the earth, ought to be as available and as potent for good as the dispersed Jews of Paul's day. Those were, in the main, refugees, prisoners of war, and slaves, and at best occupied a social position of no great influence. What of the dispersed English-speaking people as compared with the dispersed Jews? The currents of English and American commerce have deposited on all the coasts of heathen and semi-heathen countries vast resources of men, of money, and of merchandise. These adventurous, heroic men of every class are not bound by bands of exclusive caste like the Jews; they are liberal and often wasteful to a faulty extreme. They have not the systematic training in regular voluntary payment of the tenth of their income that was common among the Jews, but the sight of real distress or

need will always touch the hearts and open and often empty the pockets of the dispersed Englishmen.

Instead of thumping about on the Mediterranean Sea and off the west coast of Europe in the fellow to an old leaky Chinese junk, as did Paul and his heroic compeers, we circumnavigate the globe in floating palaces driven by modern mechanical forces, the discovery and application of which result from the enfranchisement of the human intellect through the power of the Gospel.

All the regular missions should be adequately reinforced and sustained by home churches, but their next grand achievement is to utilize on a purely spiritual soul-saving base the native agency and resources connected with their work. In no way to hinder, but in many ways to help the work of foreign missionary societies God has used me and my fellow-workers as an humble but special body of agency to make a practical application of these Pauline principles of self-supporting missionary work. The chapters that follow are not intended to be an exhibit of the work accomplished, and therefore do not present a consecutive record of the opening of the forty mission stations among the raw heathen, or of the noble deeds of our heroic men and women who constituted a part of the advancing host of pioneer missionaries. The vast scope and purpose of the present volume do not afford space for more than the presentation of a few illustrative examples of missionary work from personal experiences in darkest Africa.



## CHAPTER XLII

## Fate of the First Party



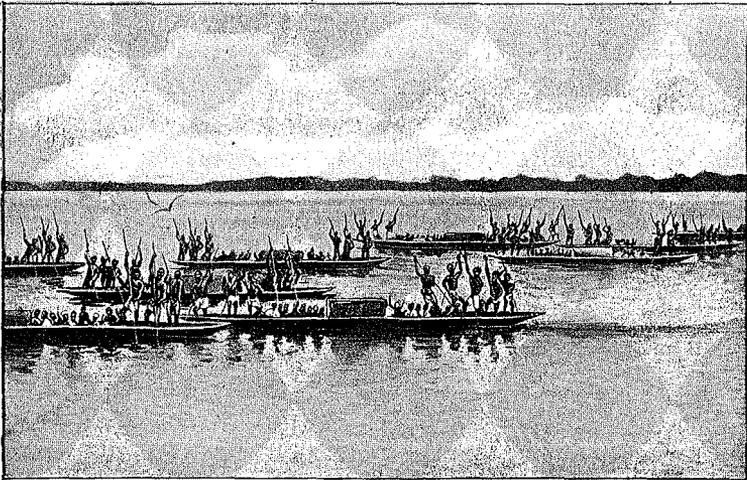
FROM our large party of missionaries at Loanda, the port of entry, I chose six as an advance guard to select locations for mission stations in the interior of Angola. I called to say good-bye to the governor general of the three Portuguese provinces on this coast before we embarked for the two-hundred-and-forty-mile river voyage to Dondo.

He had visited us several times, and on this occasion received us cordially, but said: "I do not feel willing to allow your women and children to go into the interior. I want you instead to settle them at Mossamedes, four hundred miles south, which has almost a European climate." Then he brought some photographs of a variety of persons in Mossamedes, including many children, to convince me of the healthfulness of that more southerly climate in which our families could live and prosper. "But," said he, "if you take them into the interior of Angola they will all die of fever." He then gave me an account of three different attempts of the government to plant a colony at Pungo Andongo and two other centers; "but all came to grief—most of them died, and those remaining were scattered."

I assured him that it was our purpose to proceed on an original plan, having accepted his kind invitation to select suitable sites and settle in the best centers of population. He inquired, "Are you going into the interior of Angola yourself?" "Yes, your excellency; I expect to start to-morrow with a small pioneer party, to select and open stations in which to settle my workers, and especially the families." The governor expressed sorrow for the women

and children, but made no further objection to our going at our own risk.

On the 20th of May, 1885, I and my little party, with supplies, took passage on the *Serpa Pinto*, a side-wheel river boat. When the waters, after their heavenward flight and their percolations through the depths of the mountains, hills and vales, and the rush of thundering cataracts, return to their ocean home through the Coanza River there is a great commotion, perilous to the passers-by. We there-



A Fleet of Canoes

fore left Loanda at midnight, to arrive at the bar, sixty miles distant, at daylight. Inside the bar we anchored off the company's shipyards and the Dutch trading post. After steaming a couple of hours we came to an anchorage again to take on wood, where we laid all day while a dozen fellows lazily carried the wood on board in their arms.

The Coanza is about the size of the Hudson, not running rapidly between high banks, like the Cavalla of the West Coast, but a more sluggish stream, with broad, marshy flats. After "lying to" until two o'clock in the morning, thus giving the mosquitoes an excellent opportunity at all hands,

we again weighed anchor, but stopped in the morning to take on a few casks of rum. This immense distillery, used to convert the saccharine of the sugar into rum, is sacrilegiously named Bom Jesu—Good Jesus. What an ingenious trick of the devil! Thousands of heathen here have never heard the name of Jesus except as the name of this stillhouse, and thus they associate it only with making and drinking rum!

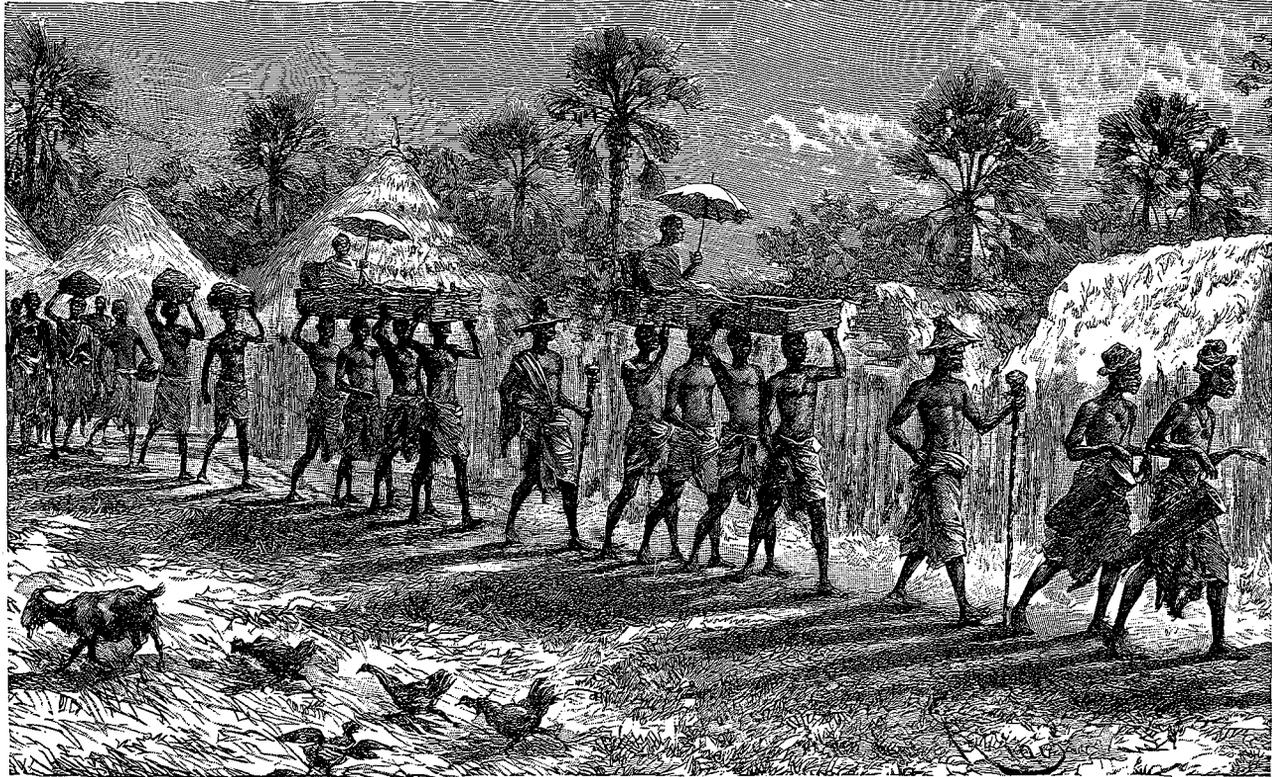
When we reach Cunga, a large trading station about sixty miles from the sea, the ranges of hills seen in the dim distance on both sides of the river are not widely separated, and in some places stand as bluffs near the water line. The back water from the ocean tides extends up to Cunga. As we ascend the stream the native villages are larger and more numerous. The lowlands are almost entirely given over to beautiful water lilies and unsightly alligators. While we lay at anchor a huge hippopotamus passed the night in grunting around, apparently for our entertainment.

At Dondo, at the head of steamboat navigation on the Coanza River, we opened our first interior station, where we afterward constructed a house of solid masonry, one hundred and fourteen feet front and twenty-six feet wide, developed a self-supporting day school, a free night school with seventy persons in attendance, and a self-supporting mechanical shop. These, like similar institutions opened and successfully operated at Loanda, were affected by the departure of missionaries for home after several years of valuable preparatory work in the field. In the locating of our missionary families in this and the other interior stations, extending to "Malange in the wilderness," the mortality anticipated by the governor general was happily not realized. The prediction of death to all the women and children and most of the men within three months, and the anathemas poured on me for such cruelty, rang in our ears from Liverpool to Loanda, and soon after our arrival it was published in the daily papers throughout Portugal and England that half of my people were dead, and

the remainder begging subsistence from resident people! It will be interesting to note what became of that missionary party in the first four years of pioneer work, the time of most severe test. One young man died at Loanda of fever shortly after our arrival there; four men, three women, and four children returned to America without entering into the work; five men, one woman, and one child left the field for service elsewhere after doing good work for two, three, and four years. After two years two children of the beloved Mead family died, and having completed three years of patient toil and untold hardship and suffering as a volunteer advance guard to the far-away Tushilange country, Dr. William R. Summers died at Luluaburg, and near the same time Mrs. Mary Myers-Davenport, M.D., died at her post in Dondo. So that of the doomed thirty-one men, women, and children who actually left the coast to go with me into Africa those two children and those two eminent physicians were the only ones who died in the first four years!

From Dondo we proceeded along a narrow path over rugged mountains and hills, a tramp of fifty-one miles, to Nhangue-a-pepo, our third station. It was not located in a town, but near a large caravansary, where a new congregation from the far interior can be found daily, and contiguous to many native villages. This became a receiving station and also the location of our farm, where we soon had one hundred and fifty-five head of horned cattle. Our missionary at this point wrote to me afterward: "I am running a big McCormick plow with two yoke of our cattle. I turn over half an acre every forenoon, six days in the week. The afternoon of each day I have for teaching and study, and find real pleasure in my work."

Proceeding by the same path thirty-nine miles we reached, on a mountain elevation of extraordinary concrete formation, the ancient capital of a remarkable Negro queen, known to history, her palace still remaining, Pungo Andongo, where we opened our fourth station. It was not



Carriers on the Path

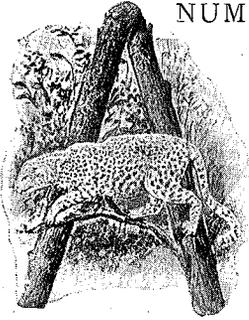
possible to open an industrial department here, but we maintained a school for old and young alike. This wild, mountainous region was infested by lions. Some of these became so bold that they descended upon the villages, and were not content to feast upon the cattle, but carried away native children. One old lion became noted for his depredations, and the natives determined to pursue him to his lair. They found it was located among the inaccessible rocks of one of the peaks of these granite hills. The few passes through which it was possible for him to escape were blocked by fires. But the king of beasts would not surrender. For a moment his form was seen in majestic strength on the ledge of the highest peak, and with one wild roar of defiance he leaped to his death on the rocks below.

We followed the narrow path sixty miles farther to Malange, our interior station. Although it is the caravan trail of the ages it is rough and narrow and often interrupted by barriers. When a forest tree falls across the path Africans do not clear it away, but walk around it. The hundreds of thousands of slaves sold in Loanda for two hundred years past trod this weary way mid tears and blood—poor captives whose fathers had been slaves because they had dared to defend their homes, and their aged kindred burned up in the destruction of their towns. On each side of this path is a continuous graveyard one hundred and fifty miles long. Many a dark night on that dreary way, often attended only by a single carrier, I seemed to hear the dead speaking to me and saying, "O, messenger of God, why came you not this way to speak words of comfort to us before we died."

Our entrance into Malange, which became one of our most prosperous mission stations and center from which other successful missions have been established, is thus described by Rev. Samuel Mead, who has for fourteen years been in charge of that work: "On the 10th of September, 1885, a small party of travelers might have been seen walking up the street of an African village. The sun was very

hot, and their faces were covered with dust and sweat. As they looked to the right and the left you would quickly see they were strangers and did not know just where to go. But we will follow them to the upper part of the village, where a large tree lent its cooling shade to these weary travelers. They rest for a moment under its branches. An inquiring look seems to be on some of their faces as their eyes turn to their leader, a well-built man, with a long white beard falling down over his broad chest. You could easily imagine yourself in the presence of a Moses or a Joshua, whose eye was not dimmed nor strength abated, although his sojourn on earth had been nearly threescore and ten years. He broke the silence by saying, 'Let us pray.' Kneeling down he addressed himself to the great King of kings: 'I am thine; this thou knowest. These who are with me are thine. We are here by thy loving mercy and order. We are dependent upon thee for all needed in this life and the life to come. Direct our steps to thy glory. Amen.' And then he arose from his knees and said to a young man who was a little downcast in his looks, 'Let us go and inquire at this house and see what the Lord will reveal to us.' When they crossed the street and knocked at the door a young man bade them enter. After resting a moment this aged servant of God addressed the young man with these words: 'We are strangers in this land; are Christians from America. We have come here to teach the natives the knowledge of books and of the Lord Jesus. We now lack shelter and a place to arrange our food.' This plain statement seemed to affect this young man, who was foreman in a large trading house, and at once he commenced to serve, and soon he had a large table spread with delicacies very refreshing and cheering to these footsore, dusty, and hungry travelers; and he said, 'You must make my house your home until you can arrange things more conveniently.' This night was the first time a Methodist prayer meeting was held in Malange, South Central Africa."

## CHAPTER XLIII

**The Church in the Wilderness**

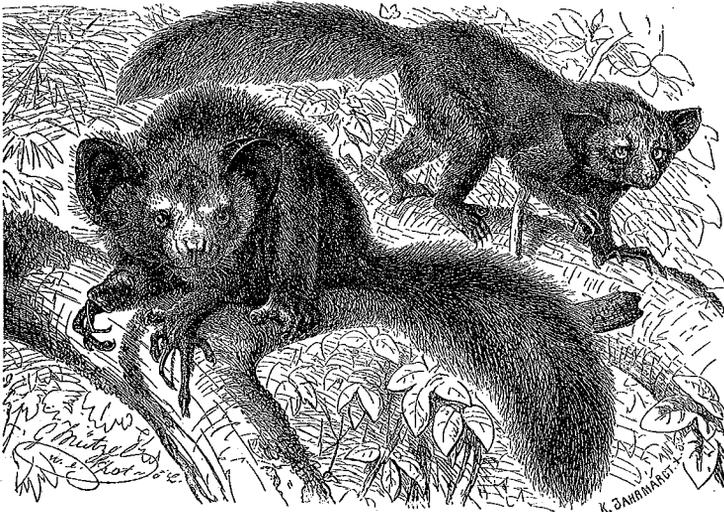
NUMBER of the difficulties surrounding pioneer work in Africa, and the practical methods of overcoming them adopted by missionaries on the industrial line, were experienced at our inmost station in Angola, "The Church in the Wilderness." When a mission school was opened a number of boys who came on the first day were faithfully instructed for two hours, and the missionary attempted to dismiss them, saying, "Go home and get your dinner and come to-morrow." But they did not move. After much explaining that the school session was finished they replied, "No, we shall not go until you pay us; we came here by your call, did what you asked us to do, and now you must give us money to buy our dinner." A nice boy came to the mission and said he wanted to work and learn to read while he lived with us. Arrangements were made the next day. The father came with the boy, and other members of the family, and sat down very homelike. When asked what they were going to do, and if they were going to work, they replied, "O, no; we have come to stay and eat with our boy." It was a small matter, but funds were low and the income had not commenced, so this crowd created not a little uneasiness. Next a king's son came with a boy and gave him to the mission. He was thankfully received, and when the young king wished to stay overnight he was shown a little house in the mission yard where he could sleep. He seemed thankful for the privilege. Returning home a few days after, the missionary saw many people coming in and going out of

his yard. On investigation he found that the young king had brought two women and a lot of corn beer, and, greatly to his surprise and mortification, was selling it in the mission yard. "We do not want you here, nor your women, selling beer," said the missionary. "But I am here already," replied the native. "But you must go." "No, no, not yet; for I am here with all my things, and am going to stay." It was useless to beg or persuade him, as he said he liked the Americans and wanted to stay with them; and the missionary retreated to sleep and pray. The next morning he went to him and said, "We want to buy your house, and desire the timber now." This struck a chord of interest in his heart, and he sold it for twenty yards of white cloth.

The beginnings of self-support were very small, and in this land might be thought humiliating, but, as will be seen, were in every way turned to good account in the general advance of the work. One day the proprietor of a trading house said to the missionary, "Do you want a fifty-dollar job?" He was sure he wanted the fifty dollars, but not sure about the job. Pointing to a large pile of guns, the trader said, "For every one you put in trim I will give you fifty cents." They were sent to the mission house, and in a few days all were in order. Another trader had an organ shipped to him, but in the long overland transportation it had become a wreck. The missionary went to work upon it with glue-pot and screw-driver, and in two days it was in perfect order. The next day a servant called at the mission house to deliver a bag of money, twelve dollars in copper coin, in payment for the service.

Most of the business of the labor market of Angola is transacted through copper coin currency, of irregular size and denomination, and so heavy as to require the attendance of a carrier when marketing for family needs. It is so difficult to procure and keep a supply of it on hand that to purchase it even with gold ten per cent premium has to be paid. This was one of the reasons for opening a variety shop, as patrons pay for their purchases in copper coin. Another

reason was the existing conditions of trade with the far interior. When the long caravans came in laden with ivory, rubber, dyewoods, and gums, the weary carriers were invited into the compound of the white trader, where they deposited their loads of from sixty to eighty pounds each. Then for several days they were debauched with trade rum, a fiery liquid, and when they began to recover from its effects were told by the trader how much they might expect for the



Aye-aye, Squirrel of Africa

valuable products of the country which they had carried on their shoulders for many miles; in many cases hundreds of miles, under the vertical rays of the sun. If they demurred at the low price they were simply informed that there was now no alternative but to accept what was offered. When thus forced to surrender their products they were paid mainly in rum and tobacco, also at the valuation of the trader. The missionary preached Christ in the caravansary, and when the carriers came to the station they were told at once what would be given for their products, payable in coin, cloth, needles and thread, or whatever else they required.

It was explained to them why they were not paid in rum and tobacco; and returning to their distant tribes they reported that they had met a new people at Malange, God men, who would not cheat them. Thus was laid the foundation of the commercial department of the mission work. The practical industrial department was opened on similarly useful lines. There were mission houses to build, old buildings to reconstruct, wells to dig, gardens to cultivate, farms to open; and in all this it was necessary to teach the natives by object lessons. They were as crude as the material that had to be handled. Of this the walls must come from the clay of the soil, the timbers from the forest, and the tools at hand were of the most primitive order. The trees were felled in the forest and the logs dragged by oxen to a pit, where they were cut into plank and timber with a pit-saw propelled by a man who stood on the log and another who was in the pit beneath.

The importance of introducing industrial methods for the healthfulness of the missionaries themselves is clearly shown in the statistics of fourteen years' service in Angola. Out of the total of forty missionaries of the first party, including children, who arrived in Angola, only three of the men have died in or out of Africa. Of these three only one died of the African fever. Another of the three, after exposures incident to conducting single-handed an expedition to the far interior, died of consumption; and the third worked himself to death by an unrelieved service of nearly seven years. Of the seven women in this first party only one died in or out of Africa. Her death was evidently the result of two years' exhaustive labor in Dondo, which is known as the "furnace of Angola." The total death rate of the pioneer band up to the present, covering a period of fourteen years, has been only twenty-five per cent, including seven of the sixteen children. Entering a new country, living in towns where the sanitary conditions were exceedingly unfavorable, combatting all the difficulties of pioneer work, this exhibit is a marvelous record of divine care.

The development of self-support in Angola has been very satisfactory, as the following brief exhibit will show :

INVESTMENTS IN ANGOLA MISSION PROPERTY, INCLUDING TRAVELING EXPENSES AND OUTFIT.

Contributions from Africa Fund.....	\$67,946 67
Income on the field as follows:	
Day Schools.....	\$3,415 31
Mechanics.....	3,128 96
Farms.....	522 40
Medical Practice.....	500 00
Live Stock.....	1,554 48
Rent of Property.....	1,461 54
Trade in Merchandise.....	16,813 10
Total.....	<u>\$27,395 79</u>

One of the most successful mission stations connected with the Malange Mission was located in "Gan N'Zambi" ("The Garden of God"). In this Angola Eden we opened Munhall Mission and placed it in charge of some of our own native converts. My first journey to this place of fertility and beauty commenced early one bright morning in June. After following the path for about seven miles northwest of Malange we struck out through the high grass and ascended to the top of La Quess Mountain. From the summit cliffs of the mountain we had a grand view of the vast undulating valley spread out between us and the high ridges which form the backbone of the Lombi Mountains, twenty miles distant. We saw the La Quess and Lombi Rivers meandering through the valley, and beneath our feet at the base of the mountain are Munhall Mission house and farm, with its fields of mandioca, sugar cane, Indian corn, and fruit trees in their tropical variety. We had much difficulty in working our way down between high precipitous cliffs, right and left, to the mission premises. These are located about seventy yards from two immense springs that gush from the base of the mountain, water which, in sparkling transparency, purity, and sweetness of flavor, can hardly be

surpassed in any part of the world. The flow from these and many smaller springs, including a salt spring, fifty yards below their source constitute a river, the La Quess, thirty feet wide, with average depth of about a foot. A similar gush of water from the opposite side of the mountain gives rise to the Malange River, a noble stream. The sources of the La Quess are so buried and surrounded by a forest of tall banana trees that it is difficult to approach



A Forest Encampment

them. This banana orchard was the means by which Missionary Mead discovered this beautiful site for a mission station. He was in the forest a mile or two east, getting out logs for his saw pit, when a native told him about these springs, and that they were covered by N'Zambi's garden of banana trees, which he had planted long before the oldest inhabitants of the country were born. He said that everybody knew that he had planted them, and that the garden belonged to him; so no man had ever set up a claim of ownership to great N'Zambi's garden. Native



Temporary Mountain Encampment

mountaineers come every spring to clear the garden and prune the trees, but the fruit was free to everyone who was hungry and would come to get it. The wonderful garden was sought and found, and soon after, when negotiating with the Soba (native king) for peaceable possession of a mission farm covering the river sources and garden, the Soba solemnly informed him that he could not acquire a title to God's garden, but was at liberty, in common with others, to use the fruit. From the mountain summit we counted fourteen native villages in the vales below, but none of them very close to the mission house. In addition to a common school and general missionary work we founded in this mountain home a nursery mission for native girls, preferring a location a short distance from the town. In the afternoon of my visit we had a call from the Soba and five of his big men. My niece, Jennie Taylor, M.D., with the accompaniment of her autoharp, sang a number of hymns to them in their native tongue, K'mbunda. The king was so taken with them that he said he would "like to come and live at the mission." In the evening I preached and Brother Charles Gordon passed the word in K'mbunda.

This station was placed in charge of Matthew Perara, who in the following letter, written originally in his native tongue, tells of his conversion from gross heathen idolatry:

*"My Brother in Love and Truth, Bishop of the American Missions:*

"I send you greeting in all love, and pray God to give you many years for the good of the African. I give my testimony: I was born in the Ambacca country, in the month of October, 1848. My father died with blinded eyes, and he left me with blinded eyes too, because he just knew God with his mouth. He knew to write and to read the books of sin. We were not taught to know God, that he is the Father of love; but the love of Jesus Christ was told to my nephew, and he told me and said, 'My uncle, if you want

to be saved go and buy the Bible, and this will teach you the way to heaven.' I bought a Bible from Missionary Gordon, and read the words of God, and soon found that I had sin in my heart. Then I journeyed to Dondo, and Missionary Shields began to teach me, and I repented of my sins. Then the Lord proved my heart. I have brothers; they said, 'Hear what we shall say to thee; thou hast left thine idols, and thou shalt see thy three sons going to die, and also thy servants and thy cattle.' From Dondo my nephew and I came to Malange. It was Sunday, and we came into the church of the prophet Mead, and when I came out I received a letter that my slave was dead, and I went to my house. All of my brothers said to me, 'See, you have thrown away your idols, and if you and your wife Seraphina do not return to worship your idols you will die.' We said unto them, 'It is better for us to die with the Lord Jesus than to worship the idols.' Soon after this my son Antonio died. My brothers and friends gathered together and said that we must pay for the boy's life, 'because we threw away the idols and thus caused his death.' My wife and I answered nothing. A few months later I was sick, and my brothers said again, 'Return to the idols.' I said, 'No,' and the faith made me better. A month later I was sick nigh unto death, and my relations and friends said, 'Return to your idols, that you may have life.' I said, 'My life is in God's hand. My life is not in the idols.' Because of my faith God made me better; then I saw that I must flee to the church of the prophet Mead. Arrived at Malange I went to the house of my brother-in-law, who gave me a place to stay. I was not strong when I came, and was taken very sick again, and my brothers, when they heard it, wrote me a letter, and said, 'Do hear us! the wolves are eating your cattle. The idols that you threw away, they shall make you sick and you shall die. We beseech you to return. We pray you come and let us worship the idols together.' I replied, 'When I was born I was naked, and the Lord gave me my son and my slave, and

the cattle, and the Lord took them away, and he has done good.' The Lord gave me another son, and they gave me a place in the mission of the prophet Mead and his wife, the house of great love. I continue to praise God that my son, and my three cousins, who are called my disciples, are here with me seeking the ways of the Lord. My brother of love, the bishop, I beseech you to pray for me and my brothers in the country of Ambacca, from whence I came, that the Lord who saves me may teach them the true knowledge of God, and send prophets to Ambacca, that they may hear the word of God. I have great thanks to the Lord that he has sent in his love his prophets to Angola to teach us the way of life. Your brother,

"MATTHEW PERARA."

The Jesuits established a school in the Ambacca country over two hundred years ago, in which a few native heathen through all these years have learned to read and write.

The best working agency under the Holy Spirit for the evangelization of Africa is her own native agency, and the best place for its development is where it was born. If there were a thousand such trainers as Samuel Mead and Ardella, his wife, there would in a few years be twenty thousand native evangelists and pastors in Africa under the leadership of our all-conquering King. Among the many others converted and trained through their agency was Bernardo, the strong carrier. He was about eighteen years of age when he first came to the chapel, where he listened to the word of God with great interest. He manifested a desire to learn to read, and was told by the missionary that if he would take a place then vacant in the saw pit he would receive wages for each day's work and be instructed each evening. His reply was that he could hold up his end of the work with any man, but that he would not accept any other pay than to be taught to read. As the sawing had been interrupted for a few days he was first employed in carrying beans, mandioca, and flour to the

mission station at Nhangue-a-pepo, a distance of fifty-five miles. When he reported for duty he was given the usual load of seventy pounds. After balancing it for a moment above his head he said, "Give me another load." He then tried the double burden, and said, "Give me half of another load." With this large, bulky cargo he walked off with a steady pace, made good time on his journey over mountains, through swamps, and across rivers, and when he returned he carried about the same weight of goods from the lower station. While he labored daily in the saw pit he continued to attend the services in the evening at the chapel, and finally said, "I believe these are the true words of God." Missionary Mead said to him, "Believe and trust him; if you believe and cannot trust him that is not good." Now commenced the struggle for the liberty of his soul. He went to his home, threw away all his charms, and said to his people, "God has bought me with his blood, and him I am going to serve." They laughed at him, thinking it was a notion that would soon pass away; but he was firm, told them of the foolishness of idol worship, and commenced to teach them the way of God. When he was taken dangerously ill the witch doctor came to see who had occasioned it. Bernardo dismissed him at once, saying, "I belong to the great God, who made all things, and he will make me well or take me up to himself in the sky." As he belonged to the family of the king of the tribe they set the witch doctor at work to discover who had bewitched him. When they had gathered for that purpose, and spent some time in their incantations, they looked into the room to see how the patient was getting along. To their great surprise, the place was empty; he had skipped out. That night the missionary heard a knock at his door and a feeble voice calling his name. He opened it quickly, and Bernardo said: "I have the fever; will you give me a place to lie down? I cannot let them call on the idol for me, so I left them. If you will give me a place to rest I think I will soon be well again." In a few days he was up, and desired to live at the mission, but he



Grinding at the Mill

was told that he should let his light shine among his people. He returned to his village, and soon had a large class of boys, and though bitterly persecuted, and finally almost killed, he remained true to his faith, and led many others to Christ. When Rev. George Grenfell, the Congo pioneer and superintendent of the Baptist missions, visited Malange he heard a sermon from this eloquent Christian orator, and inquired, "Where was this man educated?" "Over there in our little schoolhouse." "Impossible! I have not heard such preaching in Africa." "And yet it is true; when he came to us he was an ordinary carrier, except in his extraordinary physical strength, and now he stands like a giant for the truth." Bernardo was married to Luzea, a girl who had been trained in our mission school. Her talent for music was developed under the personal instruction of Mrs. Ardella Mead, and she became the organist for the church services. Being one of the oldest students and an apt scholar, she became the assistant of the teacher in the day school, Miss Bertha Mead, and finally her successor. On one of my visits Miss Bertha translated my sermon to the native congregation, and the same afternoon delivered an address in the Sunday school service which was attended by an embassy from the Lunda country, six hundred miles distant, including one of their great potentates. As she graphically described the sin of the first Adam and its consequences, and the interposition of the second Adam, who drank the cup of death for the whole human race, the old king's face brightened; then he laughed and yelled and clapped his hands for joy. Six weeks later this lovely young missionary was stricken with a fatal African disease. Luzea clung to her teacher and friend and cried, "O, Bertha, you must not leave me!" Bertha replied, "God has called me, and I must go." With a despairing cry she exclaimed, "Then take me with you, for I do not want to stay when you are gone." "No, Luzea," said the dying missionary, "God has a work for you to do, and you must take it up where I leave it."

## CHAPTER XLIV

**Missionary Heroes and Heroines**

FEW of our successful missionaries have returned home on furlough. As a rule they have adopted the country to which the call of God brought them, and have become so in love with the work, so absorbed in the best interests of the people they came to lead into the light, that they could not be persuaded to be separated from the work even for a brief season.

Many noble lives, heroes and heroines for Christ and Africa, have taken a quick passage for heaven after a short or long period of service. If the story of their self-sacrifice and devotion unto death should be written this volume would not be sufficient to contain it. Not a few of these repeatedly declined the offer of funds for passage home, or to the islands, for rest, preferring rather to apply the proceeds of drafts sent to them for that purpose for the furtherance of the work in which they were engaged.

Of the many pictures of missionary devotion unto death that cross my inner vision now is that of Grace White, the godly mistress of a wild West Coast tribe brought into subjection by her unflinching courage and tireless zeal. In the driving away of their first missionary and his wife they had demonstrated their all but untamable spirit, but when I said to this girl who had been tenderly raised, "Would you be willing to go to live among this warlike people?" she promptly replied, "I am here for any duty to which you may assign me." She won their hearts, and gave her life in years of ceaseless service. And she is a type of our West Coast martyrs.

On the bank of the Congo I see Bradley L. Burr sitting by his cot after a hard day's journey, and he writes: "It is

nearly midnight, and my body is so covered with sores that with difficulty I can lie down at all, but I must seek a little rest, as my ulcerated feet have a long path before them on the morrow, for I must get to my people at Kimpoko, where I am greatly needed." His dauntless spirit was fellow to a score who left Congo shores for the banks of the river of God in paradise.

Of those who have "counted it all joy" to suffer for the sake of the Gospel in Angola, a mother who has lately returned with the remnant of her family is an illustration. The two children of the first number to give their lives for Christ in that province were the children of Minnie Mead. When her husband died at Nhangue-a-Pepo his own boys constructed his coffin, his weeping widow read the service for the dead, and the little family were the only white faces that looked into his grave. Shadows there are, but every one of them has been brightened by the divine presence and transformed into a holy joy.

The far interior line of these Angola missions was touched by a martyr spirit. Dr. William R. Summers was not physically robust, but full of zeal and devotion; "his sword was too sharp for the scabbard." He conquered almost unsurmountable difficulties to reach the Kassai. His outfit was the purchase of his own medical service in the province, his caravan the outcome of his own labors. Thrice his death by poison was attempted by his own attendants, but he pushed on fearlessly. He preached his first sermon under peculiar circumstances. A man he was hastening on the path to aid died before his arrival—a trader and a Roman Catholic. The grave was in unconsecrated, heathen ground; the service was read in English by a Protestant and translated into Portuguese by a Jew, and Summers spoke from the text, "I am the resurrection and the life." From Luluaburg he wrote of the people casting their idols into the river when they heard of his coming; of their hunger and thirst for the word of life; of his construction of mission buildings and struggles with the language. And

then, more than a thousand miles from supplies, his medicine chest empty, his last letter a loving tribute to the goodness of God in his personal experience, and an appeal for missionaries to enter the open door, he breathed out his gentle spirit on the bank of the swiftly flowing Kassai.

These are but types of the noble manhood and womanhood that has been laid on the altar of Africa's redemption in our Methodist missions; and many of them are still at the front; of these quite a number are of the pioneer band—the Witheys, Gordon, Dodson, the Meads, pillars of the work, reinforced by others.

Only after fourteen years of toil, with the investment of all their worldly goods and physical strength, have Samuel and Ardella Mead consented to accept a little rest in the home land. As many of our friends are familiar with articles from his pen I will close this chapter with a little letter describing their departure from Africa:

“On the morning of the 11th of April we had said good-bye to all of our precious family at Quessua, and at 9 A. M. commenced our long journey to our native land, America. We little thought what it would cost us to look into the tearful eyes and hear the sobs and cries of our dear native children; but our God helped us, and our dear brother, C. W. Gordon, was a comfort to us, knowing of his true, tender heart. He had come up from Malange, and was with us on the Lord's Day. Many of our boys in the mission helped to carry our things to Dondo. The latter rains had fully come, and our journey was slow. We reached the banks of the Lucalla River Monday, the 18th. We found the rains had swollen the river; it had overflowed its banks; the tumbling, rushing water seemed to be in a rage, and the little jangadas that we were to cross the river on did not inspire confidence. Jangada is the name of a reed that grows plentifully on the river banks. They take the reeds, tie them in bundles, take three of these bundles and tie them together, and when finished they are like the letter A. The one that floated us across this river was six feet nine inches long, and



Main Buildings of Angola Plantation

the widest place was two feet six and a half inches wide. Your feet hung over the wide end in the water. The point is too narrow to lay wholly on the jangada. The pilot swims along between your feet, pushing his little craft in front of him. They tell us they are perfectly safe, but observing them nine days on the banks of the river convinced me they were safe enough on dry land, but not altogether safe in the water, and especially when the water was dashing around us as it is at this time of year.

"I will give you what we saw the third morning on the banks. It had been raining much in the night, much flood wood was passing down the river, and the current was stronger than ever. The first to cross was our boy Susa. He had been up to a village to buy us some food. He landed safely, but the man that came next went down the river. I was watching him with my glass and could see the expression on his face; it was not a comfortable look he had. But just before he reached the rapids he caught on the grass and was saved. The next man had a sack of copper and salt and some cloth. They went down and he lost all, but the man escaped. This put an end to crossing the river while the water was so high.

"On the 27th of April we thought it safe to cross. We sent our trunks over first, then Mrs. Mead and I placed ourselves on these little grass rafts. My wife commenced to pray, and I thought it was the most proper time to pray, but before Ardie had finished her prayer she heard one of our boys say, 'Here you are, Aunt Ardie; you are across the river.' She opened her eyes in surprise, not aware that she had got into the current. But my raft at the start gave me a good ducking into the water and kept at it till I was across. These little rafts are so light the pilot lifts them up and down on the waves at his ease; but I was not as light as dear wife, and so I went through the water, and the water went over me. But we soon heard a very cheerful voice say to us, 'Come up to my house; I have a good room for you to change your clothes.' We were conducted

into a very comfortable room, and as soon as we had on our dry clothes a good dinner was prepared for us and heartily



Rev. S. J. and Ardella Mead

enjoyed. Everything was done for us that could be done by this kind-hearted trader. Edward A. Monteiro de Siloa, the head of the government at Ambacca, ranks as captain in the regular army. He had heard we were lodged on the banks of the river, and showed us much kindness. His office was about five miles from the river at a place called Pambas. He had sent us a box of nice food, canned fruit, fish, bread, and crackers. He procured men and furnished hammocks to take us to Dondo, and invited us to dine with him.

“We reached Delatanda the next day about 11 A. M. This is quite a large place, about sixty trading houses and

about a hundred white people ; some very fine houses. I saw a large redwood house, with two hundred feet front veranda. As soon as I reached it the foreman of the establishment greeted me with 'Come in, and have your dinner,' with a hearty good will I have never found save in the Angola Portuguese people. This house belongs to the rich firm of Susa, Lara & Co., who have about a million in trade in Angola, a house in Malange, Dondo, and Loanda. The company does a good business, and the kindness of the foreman to the native traders speaks well for the firm.

"We were off Friday morning, April 29, in good season. The first twelve miles was the most beautiful road I ever traveled. It was through the plantation of the National Bank. When I first came to this plantation I got out of my hammock, saying to myself, 'I will walk through this garden;' so I walked till I got tired, then I got into my hammock and rode and looked till my eyes got tired, fell asleep, awoke, and still we seemed to be in the midst of a most beautiful garden. Soon we came to a place where we could hear the puffing of an engine and the clashing of machinery preparing the coffee for market. In the midst of a grove of tall palm trees was a fine house, with all the modern improvements to promote ease and comfort. This was a new mansion just finished. While I stood with hat in hand, looking with admiration and astonishment at the beautiful surroundings, a pleasant and smiling gentleman said to me in a very kind voice, 'Would you like to look over the house and grounds?' We then walked through the grounds and up to the house on the bluff. We saw a rubber plantation, where they had just commenced to plant and cultivate the rubber tree, also the cotton tree, grapes, the tree from which we get our quinine, and all kinds of fruits, but, thank God, there was no cursed rum manufactured on these beautiful grounds! This plantation from the beginning to the end was four leagues, or twelve English miles, long."

## CHAPTER XLV

## Heroes of the Congo



OUR second line of mission stations to extend from the coast to the interior was opened on the lower Congo. The first of these was located at N'tombe, an hour and a half by boat or canoe from Banana, the port of entry, at the mouth of the river. For ten years it continued to be in charge of its first missionary, an educated Irish lady, who paid her own passage to Africa to devote her life to the elevation of the African people. Tall and commanding in

appearance, characterized by great simplicity, sincerity, candor, and courage, Miss Mary Kildare was well calculated to become a successful missionary. Her courage was a terror to the oppressor. On one occasion, soon after arriving at her mission house, I heard the heavy strokes of the lash on the bare back of one of Africa's oppressed sons, and she rushed into the presence of the official who ordered the infliction, shouting, "Quit that! quit that!" and the operation soon ceased. On a visit to her station two years later, we heard the shrieking of a woman in a village near by. Mary sprang to her feet in an instant, saying, "It's a man beating his wife!" and hastened to the scene of strife. In a few minutes she returned, leading the weeping woman by the hand, and, seating her on a rock, gave her some sugar to sweeten her up.

I inquired, "What was the trouble, Sister Mary?"

"As I ran up I saw her husband strike her over her bare

shoulders with a pole," she replied, "and I put out my hand and said to him, in his own language, 'Don't you dare to strike her again!' and he did not."

"Won't he beat her when she returns home?"

"No; he will get over his anger in a few minutes, and there will be no more of it until he gets into a passion on some new occasion."

Miss Kildare's fearlessness in her dealings with the natives was one reason of her excellent control over them, and has been the occasion for saving many a poor fellow from dreadful torture. In their utter disregard for human life and bondage to witchcraft they add to the sorrows of life the horrors of heathenism. Their tortures for one accused of witchcraft were revolting. Mary Kildare heard of a man who was to endure such before being put to death, and hastened to the place of execution. Some one had died; this man was ac-



On Congo Shores

cused of bewitching him and must prove his guilt or innocence by taking a draught of poison. When he was pronounced guilty preparation was made for the death torture. The witch doctor with a piece of chalk indicated on his face and naked body the lines to be followed by the point of the executioner's sword. Just as this poor fellow was about to be submitted to this cutting torture the scream of a woman rang through the vale, the crowd of heathen parted, and the tall form of Mary Kildare

stood between victim and executioner. Stooping over his prostrate form, she with her white cambric handkerchief wiped away the chalk lines and quickly arose to bid defiance to his tormentors. They stormed and threatened in vain; she maintained her position for three hours, until the poor fellow died in peace. She was no more afraid of savage beasts and poisonous reptiles. One night she heard a commotion in her poultry yard, and in the moonlight discovered an immense cobra in the act of swallowing one of her hens. Calling her adopted native children to her assistance, with true Irish grit she armed them with shillalaha, and they beat the reptile to death.

From Banana we ascend the river one hundred miles on the north bank. Old Vivi, founded by Mr. Stanley, is reached by climbing a steep ascent of half a mile or more from the steamboat landing. Proceeding by the same road along the slope of the ridge on which old Vivi stands, and thence across a deep glen and up another steep hill, we reach "Vivi Top," the site of the first capital of the State. It is located on a broad and beautiful plateau commanding a full view of several miles of the river, with its whirlpools and sweeping currents. The villages of Matadi, starting point of the Congo Railway; Tundua, the site of Underhill Mission of the English Baptists; and several trading stations, all dressed in white paint, grace the scene presented on the south bank of the great river. When Boma was made the capital the government buildings were removed, and we bought the property, comprising about twelve acres of land and a few small buildings, for our mission purposes. Although intended as a receiving station the soil proved unexpectedly productive; mango and palm trees made a remarkable growth and early fruitage, and the garden produced so abundantly as to early become a means of self-support. This department received material assistance from the early introduction of some live stock, consisting of eight choice African sheep, twenty-five goats, and a hundred chickens. All had to be kept safely housed at night to pro-

tect them from the leopards, but even then one of these dangerous customers reached his paw through a slight opening in the wall one night and killed a goat. The first morning I saw them come rushing out of the door of their fortress I was surprised and amused to see three monkeys mounted on the backs of goats, as pompously riding out to the grazing grounds as if the flock belonged to them. They lodged with the goats at night and spent most of their time with them through the day, and were often seen riding as erect as a



Missionary Postal Service on the Congo

drill sergeant of cavalry. A lesson of sad experience led our missionary, Rev. James C. Teter, to build a snakeproof poultry house of solid masonry. Mrs. Teter went into the house first used for that purpose, and, stooping over a nest, felt something like a jet of spray coming into her face, quickly repeated two or three times, filling her eyes. It came from a "spitting snake" which lay coiled up in the nest. All that night she suffered, in total blindness, indescribable agony of pain. By the prompt application of powerful remedies her life was saved and sight restored, but her

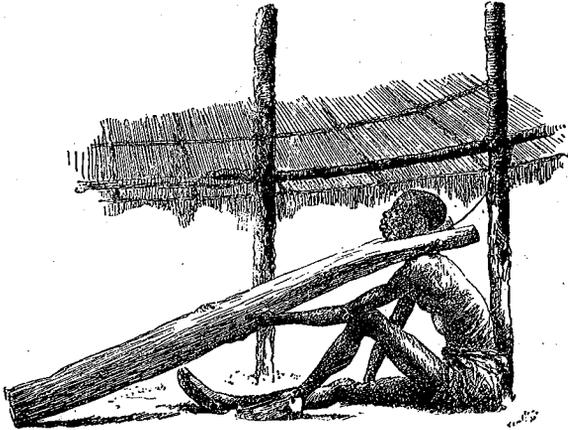
health was seriously impaired by the poison. Our missionary, Teter, had a happier experience with his poultry in the early days of his sojourn on the Congo. A young pullet took kindly to the big Virginian and made its nest under the cot in which he slept. He observed it with a friendly interest, and after a few weeks was much gratified to see her come forth followed by eleven little chicks. Looking into her nest he found one egg remaining, and as he was just starting out for the work of the day he placed it in the crown of his hat. He was a tremendous worker, always teaching the natives by vigorous example, and, laboring with pick and shovel under the vertical rays of the sun, he had almost forgotten the egg in his hat till toward the noon hour, when he was surprised by a chirp and found himself the happy possessor of a little white chick.

Foreseeing that the work on the lower river would be of less importance, it was my resolve to push up to Stanley Pool and use that for a base of operations in the work in the interior. For this work a steamer was needed for the upper river.

An appeal was made to the American people for popular subscriptions of one dollar each; they responded grandly, and I left an order with a Liverpool firm for the boat, and sailed back to Africa. But through a misunderstanding of our needs the order was changed, and when we came to the machinery of the steamer it was found impossible to get it over the steep Congo mountains. Brothers White and Rasmussen, who were among the first missionaries on the Congo, had had almost exclusive oversight of the transport work and had already moved all the other parts as far as Isangila. Had the railway which is now running from Matadi to Leopoldville been in operation, the solution of the matter would have been easy. As it was the ocean steamers had not advanced above Boma, and it was not thought that they could go farther; so, after due consideration, it was decided to launch the steamer on the lower river for work between Matadi and Boma. It is worthy of note that so

carefully had each piece of the steamer been guarded that although taken up and brought back from Isangila to Vivi, a distance of some sixty miles, over steep mountains and through rivers, not one piece was lacking in the final construction. But in the meantime Captain Buoy, a Danish pilot in the government employ, had spent months in a little boat taking soundings and observations of the water between Boma and Matadi, and at last became convinced that he could take an ocean steamer up, which he did shortly before the *Anne Taylor* was launched.

The first of the Congo party to be mortally stricken was



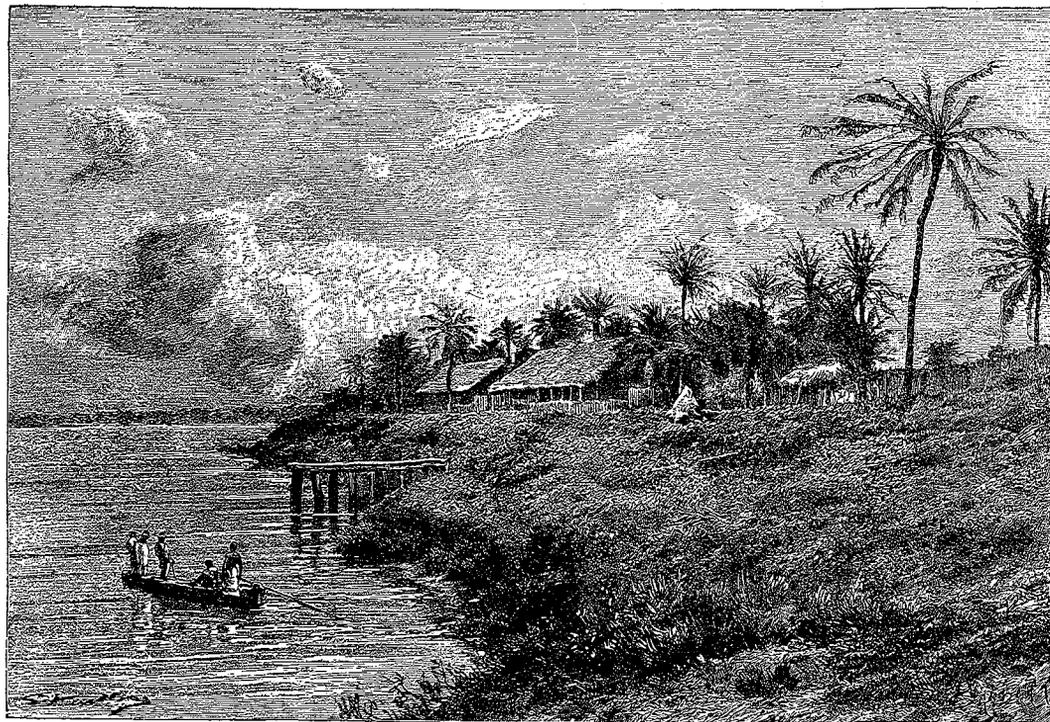
Punishment of a Congo Slave

Rev. John A. Newth. He had located in a beautiful spot in the thrifty town of Sadi Kabanza, and was happy in his work. On the 8th of February, 1888, messengers came from there to Vivi, saying that Brother Newth was sick. Brothers White and Rasmussen went up the next morning before the break of day, but found that he had passed away the evening before. Brother Rasmussen made a coffin of empty boxes, and in the afternoon of February 9 they laid him to rest under a tree near the house, Brother White reading the burial service. The work was not then what it is now, and the discomforts necessarily connected with pio-

neering discouraged many, who retired from the field. Several of the true-hearted died, and the heavy care and burden fell on the faithful few. It is likely that few if any deserve more credit of the first five years' work on the Congo than Sister Teter. She had a great deal of faith and lots of grit. Although her body was weak, she was so plucky that she took charge of the domestic work at Vivi, and made herself of greatest usefulness to the men who bore the heat and burden of the day, cooking, mending, sewing, nursing, trading with the natives, and teaching the boys.

It is a singular fact that of the twenty missionaries connected with the Congo work who have been called to their reward only three were women, and not one of those died on the field. Sisters Walker and Snape both died at sea, while Sister Jensen died in Copenhagen.

On the 16th of August, 1889, I arrived at Isangila, having made the trip from Vivi to visit the Isangila Mission for the first time. This station was expressly for transport, it being at the foot of the lower waterway of eighty miles between Isangila and Manyanga, although later on used for a successful school by Brothers Snape, Rasmussen, and Jensen successively. One of the first pupils in this school is now preparing for the ministry. Uweba was a little slave boy of the upper hills. Some carriers from his town in passing a village stole and ate a pig. The thieves were discovered, restitution demanded, and Uweba was given to the owner of the pig in its place. This brought him to Sala Mpue's town, five miles or so from Isangila. Here he got a native sore on his heel and became useless to his king, who brought him down to Brother Snape. He took the boy, doctored and taught him for over three years, and under his tuition Uweba progressed wonderfully. While Brother Rasmussen had charge of the mission he professed conversion, but when the king threatened him with death if he were baptized he began to be afraid. When his three years were up his king demanded that he should return to his town, for the sole purpose of bringing him back into heathenism. At last his king took



Bangala, on the Congo

him down the river as a State carrier, and being near Vivi he escaped to that place, when he began immediately to prepare for evangelistic work under Miss Larsen's guidance. So thoroughly did he prove the genuine love he bore to Christ that he was baptized at his own request by my successor, Bishop Hartzell, on the 25th of April, 1897, together with a girl, Nsala, who had been rescued from the dank mangrove swamps by Sister Kildare. These two, with the latter's little brother, Mala, were taken by Miss Larsen to Angola, where she was transferred by Bishop Hartzell.

Near Isangila was a large populous district known as the Banza Yanga country, governed by seven kings, each having a large town. These kings had repeatedly asked for a missionary, so I appointed Brother Rasmussen to that station. A brief description of the country, methods of our missionaries' work, and the eagerness of these people for the Gospel, is contained in Brother Rasmussen's report of his trip :

“May 14, 1891. Left Vivi for Banza Yanga, to make arrangements with the natives about a site for a mission. From Sala Kindunga we traveled on a large plateau, where the grass in most places was so high nothing could be seen. Finally the grass became thinner and shorter, and I saw that we were walking on the edge of a large valley in which numerous towns appeared among the woods and tall reeds. About 5 P. M. we descended the plateau into the valley and entered a small town called Madiata. The tent was soon pitched and my traveling bed put up, which astonished the natives a good deal. While a man was cooking my rice the king came along and dashed me a chicken. Of course he expected to be dashed in return. After supper I wrote a little, and some natives came around my tent. I commenced to converse with them and gave them a little talk on the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. They seemed interested, and begged me to stay to settle a palaver between the king of this town and another king. I consented, and they went to fetch the king. I was told that this king had bought a woman from the other king and paid a big price

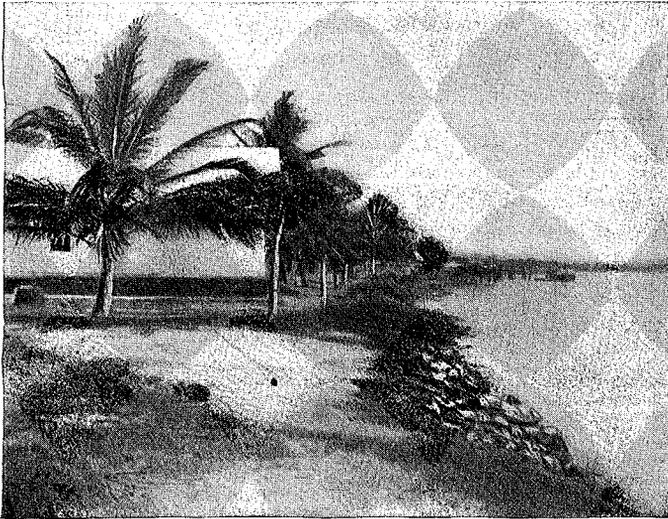
for her. When he had received her she died, and the former owner now refused to pay back his cloth. A king from yet another town came along with a number of people, and they sat down in front of my tent. I used the opportunity to give them a salvation and temperance talk. They listened with great attention, and were much amused when I reasoned out that their fetiches were good for nothing. And when I then told them that Nzambi Mpungu, who made all things, alone has power to help and save, they said, 'It is true.' In the evening a little congregation gathered around my tent. They listened attentively and asked many intelligent questions, although a leopard was bellowing in the bush near by and they stood with their guns ready; but this did not detract from their attention. They said they would like us to come and teach them about God. Soon after the king brought me a large bunch of plantains and two chickens, and he made a little speech, the substance of which was that he was glad I had come to build in his country; that he was the big king and would give me land on which to build."

Brother Rasmussen at last gave his life in the attempt to build this station. He was followed, a year after his death, by Brother Jensen, who succeeded in erecting a comfortable grass house, cook house, goat and chicken house. Just as they were rejoicing over months of labor crowned with victory, a grass fire swept over the place and laid all the work in ashes. This brought on weeks of illness, and at last he was invalided home, where his good wife died. Isangila Station was self-supporting for nearly three years, or until the State refused to pay their carriers in silver.

It is to be deeply regretted that the reports of the noble lives of Brothers Bradley L. Burr and Dr. Harrison, who spent seven years at Kimpoko, on Stanley Pool, are too meager to give much information. They succeeded in making self-support and in erecting comfortable buildings and in cultivating the ground. Dr. Harrison did a great deal of medical work, especially among the natives. Brother Burr had been appointed presiding elder and made a thorough investiga-

tion personally of all the stations down to Vivi. But in the midst of his large plans, after having returned to Kimpoko, he sickened and died. Dr. Harrison was relieved by Brother Snape, and started home, only to die in London. The Rev. William O. White was appointed presiding elder in Brother Burr's place. He spent his first five years on the Congo with only two fevers. Desirous of a rest he then spent a year in the United States. When he returned it was but a week or two after the sudden deaths of Brothers Walrath and Pixley, and he took charge of Vivi Station. On the arrival of Brother Jensen and wife he took the steamer *Anne Taylor* using her to financial advantage for the mission.

There were many well-authenticated cases of conversion in our missions, and some of the boys went back from the schools to their towns to live out the religion they learned, while others died in the faith. Only the last day shall reveal how great a harvest will be reaped from the patient sowing of these faithful ones who suffered unto death.



The Landing at Banana Beach

## CHAPTER XLVI

**Early Days of the Republic of Liberia**

SI shall have occasion to say something of Liberia as it is I will first give a few glimpses of what it was half a century ago. Long anterior to this, Captain Stockton, of the United States Navy, to prepare for the coming of a few score of emigrants from America, had a palaver with the kings and chiefs of the tribes claiming to own Cape Mesurado, on which the town of Monrovia now stands, and bought the cape for the colonists. But the kings and chiefs went back on their bargain and took possession of the cape, and on the arrival of the newcomers they were not allowed to set foot on it; so they landed on an island of less than an acre in extent, only a few rods from the mainland, and within range of the deadly missiles of their enemies.

The King of Boporo, who had been to sea in his early life, and bore the name of King Boatswain, came to their relief, and threatened to throw the kings and chiefs into the sea if they did not keep their contract with Captain Stockton and let the colonists have possession of the land he had bought. So they secured possession of the cape, and in the wilderness began to prepare rude homes for their families.

After they built their shanties and started their little gardens the tribes near them came in great force to destroy the new settlers and seize all their stuff. The colonists had a few guns, a limited supply of ammunition, and one cannon. They could muster only about forty-five men for the defense of their new home against thousands of their enemies. Elijah Johnson, who afterward became a Methodist preacher, was one of the defenders. An accomplished presi-



Heathen in Full Dress

dent of the Liberian Republic, who served his second term, was a son of Elijah Johnson. The old hero fought in defense of himself and his fellow-colonists with his little daughter strapped to his back to prevent her being kidnapped by the savages. That daughter afterward became the wife of Bishop Roberts.

The overwhelming forces of the heathen drove the forty heroes from their defenses, but instead of pursuing and destroying them the natives hunted for plunder, and gathered around the cannon with excited curiosity. Tradition has it that an old woman of the emigrant party, Elizabeth Newburyport, beckoned the natives to look into the muzzle of the gun. It had been loaded, but, not being in position to be of service, had not been fired. The old woman got a long line of them endeavoring to satisfy their curiosity, and then applied a live coal from the fire. Off went the big gun, the savages hastily retreated, and Liberia was saved.

For many years afterward some of the largest slave markets of Africa were located on what is now the Liberian coast, with their incitement to tribal wars, night attacks, burning of towns and killing of defenders of their homes, and seizing as slaves the women and children.

George S. Brown, who was sent out by the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, founded a mission, which he named Hedding, after Bishop Hedding, who had ordained him to the ministry. It was located in a heathen town five hours' walk from Monrovia. He preached through interpreters, and about two hundred heathen professed to receive Christ. They burned their greegrees, or idols, and those who were polygamists renounced it and became consistent Christians.

Even such towns could not be exempt from slave hunters. King Boatswain, the friend of the "Americans," as the colonists were called, had died. The new King of Boporo, Gotarah, was the terror of all the native tribes of that region except the Vey, his confederates. This savage chief boasted that he would eat Brown for his breakfast

some morning, and called upon the missionary for that very purpose.

Brown gives an account of Gotarah's attempt to eat him on the morning of March 7, 1840. About four o'clock an old native woman came running in from the forest crying, "War in the path! War in the path!" King Thon, who lived half a mile from the mission, turned out with a dozen men for the defense just as the enemy appeared in sight. They paid no attention to his hail, but rushed on toward the house where the missionary was still in bed. The defense consisted of two Americans, the missionary, two native men, and a few boys, and one hundred rounds of cartridges for the muskets. The women and twenty-six mission children were stowed on the floor of an upper room, and the missionary loaded the guns while his boys passed them to the men who were firing on the approaching savages, who were riddling the house with bullets. When the native shooting from the upper window fell wounded Brown took his position and kept up a rapid fire. The enemy halted at a little picket fence that surrounded the house, but when the old war chief Gotarah, like a mammoth leopard, dashed to the front with a shout his warriors followed him to within two rods of the open door where two men stood continuing their defensive fire. King Thon had kept up an attack on the flank of the enemy, but now all seemed lost. Brown says: "It was an awful moment. I stood at the window and saw in the rush, as I fired, *men hewing down each other as if a third party was in the field.* Their screams were terrific. Our ammunition was nearly all gone; Gotarah attempted to rush through the door and fell lifeless. Some of his body-guard slipped their slave ropes around his neck and hurried away with him." After the battle the repulsed savages were permitted to carry away their many dead, but as they had more than they could manage six big fellows, measuring six feet four inches, were left behind. For twelve miles they left a track of blood through the forest from the open veins of the wounded. The confusion in their ranks that led to

their defeat was afterward explained. When the Christian native fell at the upper window Missionary Brown, with the remaining supply of gunpowder and some buckshot, ran to take his place. The approaching savages could not see the two men who were firing from the open doorway; Brown's scattering buckshot was doing fearful execution at such short range, and as he had been awakened from sleep by the early morning attack, as he stood in the open window in his white night robe the warriors thought it was a woman; and their heathen superstition attributing the havoc among them to witchcraft, in their fright and desperation they fell upon one another with a dreadful slaughter.

These incidents illustrate the perils to Church and State on the Liberian coast fifty years ago, and the altered and peaceful conditions under which I opened twenty mission stations among as many heathen nations on the same coast.



Natives on a Journey

## CHAPTER XLVII

## Heathen Tribes on the Cavalla



VEN in a tropical storm the Cavalla River is beautiful, nearly as large as the Hudson, flowing between high banks through the midst of a hilly country of great fertility, and finding its home in the Atlantic Ocean at eighteen miles southeast of Cape Palmas.

The kings of a number of tribes occupying territories adjacent to this beautiful river had heard through a trader at Cape Palmas of the object of my approaching visit to that coast, and desired that we should "make mission" for their people. Just prior to my arrival on the coast a war scare loomed up with such magnitude that it was thought that we were shut off from an advance in that direction. Twelve years before, the Grebos drew twenty-seven other tribes into a combination that purposed a war of extermination on the Americo-Liberians. After seventeen battles the war tribes came to terms of peace, which were now broken by the open rebellion of the Half Cavalla tribe and its confederates. There was high excitement on the coast and almost a panic at Cape Palmas. The Episcopal minister stationed at Half Cavalla, with the pupils of his school and many of the members of the mission escaped for their lives under cover of night.

I was not to blame for the war cloud, but responsible to my King for the delivery of his message to this people, and although it involved the crossing of a dangerous bar at the Cavalla mouth and eighty miles' voyage up the river through the disturbed district, I determined to go in.

Early on Monday morning we embarked in a surfboat manned by seven Kroomen. Our passenger list was made up of our friend the trader, J. S. Pratt; the famous evangelist, Amanda Smith; her companion, Sister Fletcher; my two interpreters, Tom Nimly and Saco, and myself. Tom was a man of almost gigantic proportions, standing six feet four inches, had good natural ability, and could read a little in the New Testament. He had been converted to



Ma-Shupia Woman (Drawn by Dr. Holub)

God under my preaching at Monrovia, and at baptism received the Christian name of Africanus. Saco was a youth of about eighteen, possessed of a little English education. The brave captain of our little craft was a powerful Krooman of long experience and quiet, even temper.

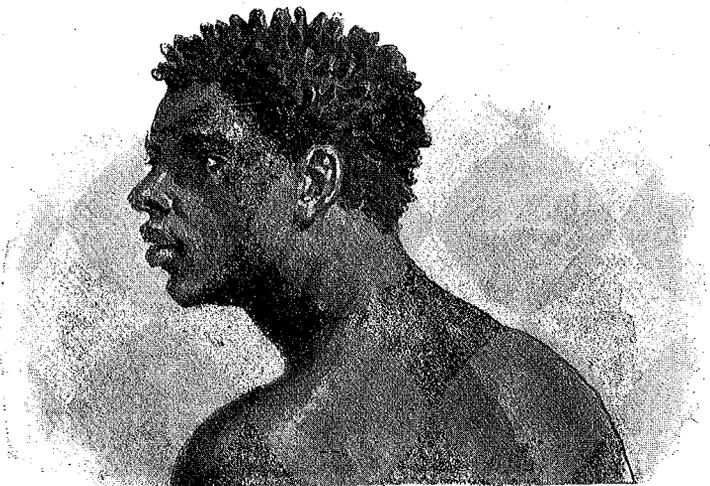
The bar at Cavalla mouth is always a place of danger, and more especially so when there is a high sea running. We reached it a little before sunset. As we gazed upon it on our approach its turbulent waters made us think it impossible for us to get over it, but probable that we would get under its fearful surf. Amanda could not bear to see

the clash of the recoil of the river current and the swell of the great Atlantic, and, covering her face with her hands, cried, "O Lord, deliver us." All who know her have faith in her prayers, and they helped us to make the attempt. Africanus sprang to his feet as we entered the angry flood, and displacing one of the ordinary sailors took the oar in his powerful hands. Urged on by the shouts of our captain every muscle was strained in this pull for life, but before we had passed halfway through the breakers we had to "bout ship" and pull for the open sea to avoid being utterly swamped. We bailed out the water and made a second attempt, only to be driven back by the fury of the waves. The captain never for a moment flinched, and the face of Africanus glowed with determined hope, while every man stood bravely at his post. Again we made the charge, and after the heroic effort we shot beyond the breakers into the calm waters of the river. The undaunted pluck and pull of our Kroo boys brought tears to my eyes.

We made a landing near the Dutch trading house, where we rested for the night. Placing my portable bed on an open veranda facing the sea, I slept in its refreshing breezes. Early the following morning we again embarked, and after a heavy pull against the current for eight hours and a half we camped for the night at a native village called Baraboo. Here we were kindly received by the people, who had learned of our purpose, and desired that we should also open a mission for them. I was gazed upon by a crowd of women and children until I gave them to understand that I desired to retire for my night's rest. I had scarcely fallen asleep in the rude quarters that had been provided, when I was awakened by a great commotion and an invitation to come and partake of a feast that had been prepared in my honor. I respectfully declined the invitation, which, however, was accepted by the other members of our party. We took our departure early on Wednesday morning, and our brave boys pulled against the stream all day. About four o'clock in the afternoon a small cloud ap-

peared in the west, which caused little alarm to us who were not accustomed to the storms of that coast, but I saw a look of anxiety on the faces of our black friends. In a few moments the small cloud had darkened the whole sky, from which the lurid lightnings flashed and the thunders roared, and the rain descended in torrents upon us in our open boat. Like all tropical storms, it was short-lived, and once more we rowed under blue skies and bright sunshine.

At sunset we disembarked at the town of Eubloky, where



Ma-Rutse Man (Drawn by Dr. Holub)

we were to tarry for the night. The people received us with characteristic hospitality, and soon had an excellent dinner prepared of boiled rice, palm butter, fish, and venison steak. As usual I slept in the open air, and we had a peaceful night's rest. But we found that we could not take our departure in the morning because of the earnest desire of the people that we should enter into an agreement to send them a missionary. The king called an assembly of the chiefs and people, and a very enthusiastic assembly it was. They required no persuasion, but entered readily into an agreement for the opening of an industrial school, where

all comers were to have "book and plenty of hard work and God-palaver." The mark of the king and his chiefs was attached to the articles I had drawn up, and we all went forth to select lands for the mission farm. As we had no missionaries to leave at this time, and in fact were only on a tour of exploration and selection of suitable centers for missionary operations, I appointed the king of the tribe to take charge of the farm lands, which he was to clear and prepare, and bring materials to the site selected for a mission house; it was thus that the heathen king of the Eublokies became my first industrial missionary on the Cavalla.

On the afternoon of Thursday we arrived at Tataka Tabo, eighty miles inland, our objective point when we left Cape Palmas. The last town we passed before our arrival here was Yahkey, where people hailed us with the usual questions put to strangers: "Who are you?" "Where did you come from?" "Where are you going?" "What are you going there for?" When such questions come from the ruling authorities of the town the only thing to be done is to stop and answer them, and it is important to give them an unequivocal reply. We were not permitted to pass until we had promised to return and establish a mission among them. There was a grand demonstration when we arrived at Tataka. As soon as the king had learned who we were we were promptly permitted to land, when he shouted and danced for joy. At his order a company of black soldiers marched forward and saluted us with four or five rounds of musketry, and immediately the whole town assembled to welcome the God-man. The reception was royal in its heartiness, the king declaring through our interpreter that we must "sit down till next day." So we promised to remain over Friday, and in the afternoon we had our big "palaver" and selected a beautiful location for our mission, upon high ground, in full view of the town, but over a quarter of a mile distant. We attempted a preaching service at Tataka, but our interpreters were not sufficiently acquainted with the language of the people to

make much progress, and even although they finally resorted to Kroo English our ideas were not presented with the clearness requisite to an intelligent understanding of the message of salvation. The people were evidently anxious to know something about the God-man's religion, and later, when the missionaries told them the story of the cross in their own language, many of them were led to the Saviour.

Saturday afternoon we embarked for Gerribo, but had to pass the town of Beáboo on the way, and were not permitted to do so until we had given them a pledge to open a mission there also. At sunset we were welcomed at Gerribo by the king of the tribe, who led a demonstration of welcome. The next day being the Sabbath, we arranged for a general preaching service. The text of the morning was in harmony with their universal belief in the God who made the heavens and the earth, "All things were made by him, and without him was not anything made that was made." The word was passed in Kroo English, which limited the number of intelligent hearers, and on that account we arranged that the captain of the boat, who, I discovered, was acquainted with their language, should be my interpreter for the evening. At the close of the preaching Africanus seemed to get the mastery of the language and told his experience, earnestly exhorting the people to turn to God. Then Saco told his experience and Amanda Smith talked in her wonderful way, Africanus interpreting. This was followed by a talk from the king and two chiefs, who talked calmly and sensibly. The substance of what they said was that they were ready to give up their greegrées and devil worship, and turn to God as soon as they could get light enough to see which way to go. At this Amanda became very jubilant, singing and shaking hands with all in the house. So ended the first religious meeting ever held among the people of the Gerribo tribe.

Each town in which we founded a mission on the Cavalla River represented a different tribe, and some of them at

war with each other. They had severally fought their way to the waterside in order that they might have canoe access to the sea, but the principal towns and the great body of their people are in the interior. The big town of the king of the Gerribo tribe was about twelve miles distant. The king sent messengers inviting us to visit him, and a dozen carriers to take us to the great place. They wanted to carry me, but as it is my custom to walk when in Africa I respectfully declined the honor of being "toted" on the shoulders of men. Journeying westward behind a range of mountains, we thrice crossed a small river in canoes, and waded several mountain streams of clear, cold water. Our path led us through two towns, at the first of which we rested and partook of an excellent dinner which the people quickly prepared for us. As we entered the second town we escaped a heavy shower of rain by taking refuge in some native huts, but when we resumed our journey the bushes bending over our path were dripping with water, and Amanda said we might as well have stayed out in the rain. We passed through large rice fields, where the young growing crop was being cultivated by women in native heathen dress, who fled like wild deer at our approach. When about half a mile from the big town our ears were saluted by the booming of a big drum that announced the arrival of strangers. Upon drawing near we found the town surrounded by a stockade constructed of saplings driven into the ground close together and lashed with vines. We were conducted by our guides to the secret opening that gave entrance to the circular inclosure in which were the huts of which the town consisted. We were received in great state by the king and chiefs and assigned to temporary quarters in native huts. This big town was the residence of the king, who ruled twenty-seven other towns, and became the center for our missionary operations among them. The missionary I appointed (Rev. William S. Miller) preached regularly in twenty-three of these towns, and for two years carried on extensive and successful missionary operations.



Natives of the West Coast

The missionary I sent to take charge of the heathen king, chiefs, and people at Tataka Tabo was a little Canadian girl who had volunteered for any service that might be assigned to her, and although short in stature she measured up grandly to the difficulties of her wild surroundings. She had to deal with wild animals and wilder men, but was always equal to every trying occasion. A great council was called to pass a law forbidding her to employ as carriers other tribesmen. This involved inconvenience, if not impossibility, as supplies must of necessity come from Cape Palmas through tribes at war with this one. According to the custom prevailing in such cases a law could not be passed without giving opportunity for all concerned to be heard in the council. African etiquette required that no one participating in the debate could speak a second time until all had spoken. The golden-haired little girl who sat alone amid the dark-skinned warriors was more than a match for the eloquence with which each presented his argument for the passage of the law. When all had spoken, and it was her turn, she said simply: "King Mahara, have all spoken what is in their hearts? Then I have nothing to say on this occasion." They could not speak again, she would not, and the palaver was thus brought to a close.

Miss Whitfield was quite as successful in managing wild beasts, which she met with measures as unique as the one employed in the council. She was annoyed by the depredations of an old leopard, which attacked the domestic animals on the farm and even presumed to help himself in her poultry house. There were many leopards in the forest, but none so bold as this old fellow. One dark night she heard him capturing her hens, and calling her family of adopted native children together she supplied each with a pine torch, and leading the charge in person rushed out at the leopard in the darkness. The animal was so badly frightened at this onslaught that he made a precipitous retreat for the forest, and never returned.

## CHAPTER XLVIII

## Advance up the Sinoe River



HE steamer *Roquelle* changed her course and anchored near the mouth of the Sinoe River, as we had some precious freight to land in the form of some high-bred, registered English roan short-horned cattle. We wanted to supply our mission farms with some good cattle for milk and meat, and oxen for plowing, as we had already done in Angola. Liberian cattle are very small—beef done up in small parcels. For the great benefit I hoped this would be to the material prosperity of our missions, I personally took all the risks of the experiment. The expense was not small, as, additional to the first cost, I had to provide stalls on shipboard, and on account of the peril of landing them in the heavy surf of the Kroo coast I provided an iron lifeboat, 28x8, and a complete outfit for opening a mission station on the Sinoe River. Soon after the *Roquelle* swung around at her anchorage I set off for shore in the ship's boat accompanied by the third mate. At that moment a boat was crossing the bar outward bearing a peculiar-looking flag. Captain Healy shouted from the ship's bridge, "That looks like the Russian flag." As we neared the boat bearing the strange flag we recognized our agent, J. S. Pratt, with his boat and crew from Cape Palmas. He had run up a mission flag bearing these letters, "S. S. M. of Bishop William Taylor of the M. E. C." He soon provided eight men to man the lifeboat, and the work of disembarking the cattle commenced. By the aid of the steam jimmie they were lifted out of the hold and carefully lowered overboard to the level floor I had provided in the

lifeboat, and they were soon safely landed on the African shore.

In the early morning, accompanied by two missionaries and a Christian merchant, I sailed up the Sinoe River to select a suitable location for our cattle mission station. The Sinoe is a beautiful, placid stream, nearly as large as the Hudson. We continued our journey twenty miles up the stream, spending an hour or two at a native town on the east bank. As usual at this season the chief and principal men were away at work on their farms, remote from their



Mission House

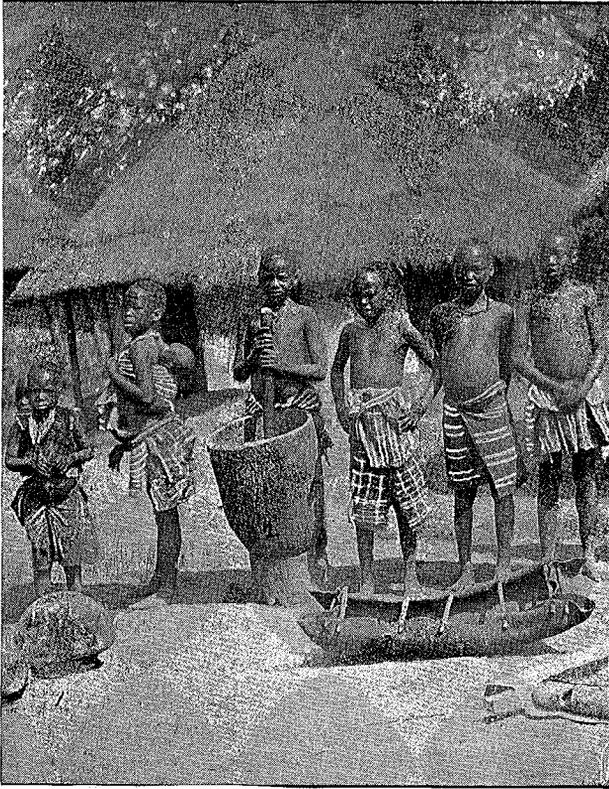
village. Fleet-footed messengers went to inform them that God-men had come to see them. Meanwhile the missionary who had charge of the cattle examined the locality, and satisfied himself that the tall, dense forests of that region did not admit sufficient sunlight and circulation of air for the good health of our valuable animals; so we came away without seeing the chief. As we returned past this town a large company of natives were assembled on the river bank, and when our boat was about opposite to where they stood they became frantic in their endeavors to attract our attention, waving palm branches, leaping into the air, and shouting for us to draw nigh. As our boat continued down stream and was almost beyond the sound of their voices, a wail

of sorrow came up from those darkened hearts that still echoes in my own. O, my soul! what a pitiable sight! These people had been waiting through the centuries for the coming of most needed help, and a ray of hope had flitted across the disk of their dim vision, and suddenly went out, leaving them in the darkness.

We pulled for Jacktown, which is located on the east bank, about five miles below the falls, and belongs to the Jeppo tribe, ruled by King Tyneyo. An exploration of the region round about resulted in finding plenty of grass, water, clear country, sunshine, and fresh breezes, so we concluded that this was the right spot for our central herd of cattle, from which to supply our stations far and near. Jacktown is the Liverpool of the tribe, of which there are many villages within a radius of a few miles. The king, chiefs, and headmen were away in the fields at work putting in the rice crops. When we returned to the town after our explorations, and expressed our purpose of founding a mission there, the people became wild with delight. Not satisfied with sending messengers to call the high officials, they beat two big war drums that aroused the country.

While waiting for the heathen potentates I took photographs of men, women, and children and other objects of interest. The first chief that put in an appearance was fantastically adorned with creeping vines, with leaves and flowers suspended from his neck and shoulders fore and aft, and musket in hand. He leaped and danced, dropped on one knee, threw his gun up and caught it as it came down, and then ran wildly about the town. Afterward he went into his house to prepare himself for presentation to the God-man. He came forth to shake hands, with the hollow of his eyes and his cheeks painted blue, wearing an indescribable headdress, from under the front of which appeared a live bird, larger than a swallow, of glossy blue and green colors. Its shining wings spread over the temples of the chief, while its neck, head, and open mouth rested on his forehead. Many ladies in civilized life delight to adorn

themselves with the bright plumage of dead birds ; but this wild son of the forest was crowned with a full display of the glossy feathers of a living bird in all its beautiful symmetry, and without indication of fear or discomfort. I took a near



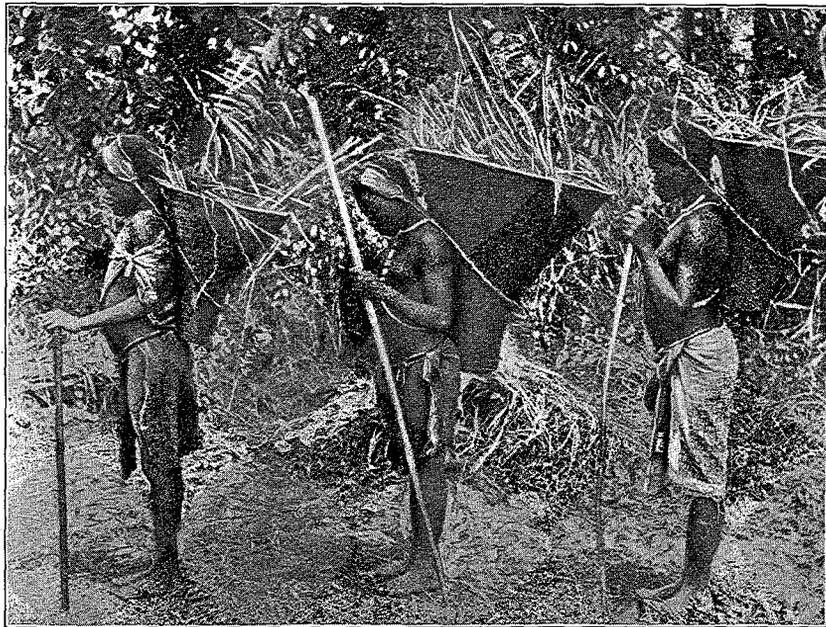
Group of Boys

photographic view of this chief and his bird, also of the king and a group of others in the palaver.

They soon returned answer from the council house that they would do whatever we wished in assisting to establish a mission, and we returned to the coast. Early on the following Monday morning three of the cattle were lowered

into a boat by means of a derrick, and they were started up the river in care of Missionary Wright. How they were to be lifted out of the boat on arrival at the heathen town we did not know. I made inquiry of the missionary on his return. He said that as soon as the boat reached its destination they leaped out on the bank like dogs, and then ran into the river for a bath. When Wright arrived at Jacktown the king danced, the people shouted and ran to and fro, the soldiers fired many rounds of musketry—a God-man had come to live with them. They had not believed he would come till they saw the cattle. They promptly went to work on the following morning and quickly constructed a native house as a temporary habitation for the missionary.

After commencing work on the Sinoe River we prepared for the extension of a line of missions on the Kroo Coast, which extends from Cape Palmas to Sinoe, a coast line of about one hundred miles. There is also a large Kroo town at Monrovia, three hundred miles to the north, and another at Sierra Leone, as many miles beyond. They represent many powerful tribes far in the interior in regions unexplored by white men. Enterprising colonists from those nations have fought their way to the waterside and conquered a sufficiency of the Atlantic coast to give them subsistence from the soil and easy access to the sea, where they are employed on the coast steamers. With slight dialectic differences they all speak the same language, and all bear the same national mark—a very black line nearly an inch wide extending up through the center of the forehead from its base at the nose and often extending down the ridge of the nose. It is a distinguishing mark of their nationality, and is produced by pricking in an indelible dye in their childhood. It is the boast of the Kroomen that through the generations they never bought or sold a man, and not one of them has ever been enslaved or sold. Of the crime of men-stealing their hands are clean, and their backs, always open for inspection, show no scar of the slave driver's lash. Refusing complicity with the crime of slavery, they have escaped its



River Carriers

curse. Physically, men and women alike, they are a powerful people. On arrival at one of our new locations on the coast, among other articles of outfit was a bundle of knocked-down chairs, weighing one hundred and twenty pounds, which a Kroo woman carried on her head without stopping to rest a distance of a quarter of a mile uphill to the mission house. I was present when she laid it down, and she showed no sign of fatigue.

So many generations of this tribe have been employed on the steamships that a dialect called Kroo English has become the commercial language of the coast. As it is generally spoken by all connected with the ships little progress is made in teaching them pure English. As an illustration of this dialect I here present their version of John iii, 1-17:

1. There be one man he name Nicodemus. He be one big headman for Jew people.

2. Dat same man he come for Jesus for nighttime. He say, Dat be one true ting you come from God. Dem tings you live for do God helpee you for true.

3. Jesus he say to Nicodemus, Dat be true ting I say. Posee man not be borned again some more, he not see God he country.

4. Nicodemus he say, How dat man be borned some more when he be old? he live for to be pickaninny some more?

5. Jesus say, Dat ting I say be true. Posee man he not be born for water and for the Spirit, he not see God he kingdom.

6. Dat ting he be born for meat he be meat. Dat ting he be born for Spirit he be spirit.

7. Dat be true ting, You must be born some more again.

8. Dat wind he live to blow so-so. He make noise plenty. Where he come you no tell. Where he go you no tell. Posee man he be born for the Spirit so he do.

9. Nicodemus he say, I know not how dat ting be.

10. Jesus say, You be headman for all them Jew people, you do not know all dem tings?

11. Jesus say, For true true, we talk what we know, and we say dem tings we done seen; how you no hear us?

12. Posee I live for talk country, you no hear me, how you hear me I live for talk God-palaver?

13. No country man done go up for heaven, only God he Son. He done come down, he live for heaven.

14. So-so Moses he done lif up dat snake. So-so the Son for God be done lif up.

15. So-be man he believe dat Son for God. He done live all time. He no can die.

16. For God he done love dat world too much plenty. He done give he only Son he done born. So be all dem people believe him. Dey no die, dey live so-so all time.

17. For God he no tell him Son dat world wa-wa [bad]. He say posee you live for go, so be dat world live and no die.

Having decided to open a mission station on this coast, I started from Cape Palmas in a surfboat early one morning, but when the shades of night enveloped us we had not gone more than three or four miles against a heavy head sea, with very little wind to help us. The captain of our little craft said: "Shall we return to port, or beat about all night?" "No surrender, captain," I replied; "we will hold on to what we have, and trust for a breeze before morning."

The early part of the night was beautiful, radiant with the light of a full moon, and not a cloud in the sky. Before the dawn dense clouds suddenly gathered and awful thunder and heavy rain quickly followed, but the storm passed around, and we soon caught a good breeze that helped us on our course. Just at the dawn of day a heavy sea swept over our little bark, drenching me thoroughly from head to feet. I sat still and dried my clothes by the heat of my body, suffering no inconvenience except a little discomfort. Garraway has a beautiful harbor, but to enter it we had to pass through the roaring surf of the river bar, which would have been impossible for a craft larger than a surfboat. Islands of ironstone in the rear, cliffs of rocks to the right, great water-washed rocks to the left and in front, shut in this peaceful haven.

We made our way to the palace of the king, a building about fifteen feet square with rustic native adornments, where his majesty received us kindly. After we explained through our interpreter the object of our visit and the peculiar character of a self-supporting industrial mission, a council was called for the morrow, to give time for the appearance of chiefs of distant villages. Although it rained steadily and heavily through the night and the forenoon of the next day, at the mid-afternoon set for the big palaver about thirty headmen of the tribe assembled. Most of them were aged men, of immense physical proportions and venerable appearance. After a free discussion they all consented to the agreement, and wanted to know where I wished to locate the mission. "On that big hill back of the town," said I. There was a general laugh in the council, and the king said, "That is the best place in the country, but how did you find it out?" "O, I went yesterday evening and looked that hill all over." "That is just the place we meant to offer you, as it is the best we have." For beauty of situation and fertility of soil this was true. Its immense cottonwood trees constitute a landmark far out at sea, and from our veranda we have a lovely view of prairie plains, a beautiful little lake up Garraway River, and a wide reach of Atlantic swells breaking over its many little islands of solid rock.



## CHAPTER XLIX

## Kroo Coast Experiences



ASSTOWN is the chief village of a warlike tribe of the Kroo nation, and the port of entry for its interior towns. Its heathen inhabitants had become a terror to the small craft that sailed up and down the coast, on account of their petty piracy, and they were

constantly at war with their near neighbors, the Piquinine Sess people. There was seldom a pitched battle, but they intercepted and massacred small parties, or pounced upon women at work in the fields and carried them away into captivity.

The Kroos are a powerful people physically, and for many years their various tribes have furnished sailors and stevedores for the steamships trading with West and Southwest Africa, and laborers for the "factories" or trading posts. When these steamships arrive on the coast of Africa they take on a crew of from sixty to a hundred black men, who approach the vessel from the shore in canoes when signaled by the trade flag. Standing on the deck of our good ship, the instant this signal was given an intensely interesting and exciting picture was presented to our view as the light canoes, propelled by the powerful blacks, shot out from the distant shore. They approached in fleets from different points, representing rival towns, each brawny Krooman bending to the paddle, inspired by the helmsmen's impromptu song of past victories, all joining enthusiastically in a familiar chorus. The tropical sea, lately smooth as a mirror, was now dashed by the flying paddles into clouds of spray that at times hid the participants from view. The

wild war whoop uttered by "the conquering hero" as he sprang upon the deck was echoed by a savage yell from the canoes now surrounding the ship.

Now that we have him at close range we can scrutinize the representative of a great race. We are facilitated in taking his measure by the fact that he is not much encumbered by clothing. In the South the natives affect to wear two coats—a coat of grease and one of yellow ocher; but on the West Coast they are, in the main, content with a coat of grease. It will be remembered that we are now speaking of the raw heathen, and even they wear some clothing when they come in touch with the outposts of civilization. This lusty Krooman, like his fellows who are now following him up the side of the ship, wears a loin cloth and the unusual addition of a superannuated silk hat. The hat he has carefully covered with brown paper to protect it from the elements. Erect, broad-shouldered, his full six feet of stature and fine muscular development denote his great physical strength and powers of endurance. His skin is glossy black and shines like polished ebony in the sunlight. His hair is short and curly, but not woolly, and his large bright eyes indicate clearness of perception. The nose is aquiline, and the lips large but not protruding. His general bearing is so princely that it seems a little odd to see him handling cargo or engaged in menial work on deck. When they are employed in the factories on shore they are paid at the rate of twenty-five cents a day, and on the steamers receive half of that wage, which was formerly paid to them, at the end of a two or three months' coast voyage, in rum and gunpowder; but, according to a more recent ruling in trade regulations, they are now paid in currency.

Having decided to respond to urgent appeals for the establishment of Christian missions on the Kroo Coast, some of which came from kings and chiefs of various tribes, I left Cape Palmas in an open surfboat, accompanied by a few missionary recruits, and, after a pull up the coast, arrived at Sasstown without more serious mishap than a drenching

in a tropical thunderstorm. The mode of disembarking, where there are no wharfs or landing stages, is for the natives to rush out into the water as the boat approaches, and, taking the passengers on their shoulders, "tote" them to the beach. Our first business was to present ourselves to the king, who received us cordially and appointed a place of lodgment in a native hut, promising to call a "palaver" on the morrow for the purpose of "making mission." True to this promise, the following morning we found king, chiefs, and counselors in solemn assemblage to hear our proposals. Through our able interpreters I communicated to them our



Camping Under a Mimosa

purpose of establishing one or more mission stations in their country, and outlined the cooperation we would expect from them. The agreement to be made required that they should supply us with all the land necessary, clear away the brush, cut and carry timbers for building purposes, and render any other general assistance required, without pay. This was commencing on the basis of self-support and giving them from the start a personal interest in the enterprise. The usual animated discussion on such occasions was augmented by the warlike spirit of this council, and although the king and chief councilors were favorable to us the contention became so strong that it culminated in an uproar. The wild yells and frantic gesticulations made one fancy himself in the New York Stock Exchange rather than in heathen Africa. So great was the confusion that the king finally adjourned the discussion until the following morning to give the belligerent spirits time to cool off. The second palaver afforded opportunity for dispassionate consideration of our proposals, which were unanimously accepted,

and a formal agreement made, which was signed by king and chiefs by a cross, and attested by witnesses.

As I intended to commence work here at once and spend several weeks in opening this mission station, we decided upon the immediate construction of a temporary chapel, pending the arrival from Liverpool of material for an iron house. Although the rainy season was approaching we hoped for sufficient time to complete an adobe building. Adobes, or sun-dried bricks, common in Spanish countries, are made by adding a portion of sand to the clay soil and mixing with water to the proper consistency for molding. To accomplish this result we doffed our shoes and hosiery, rolled up our trousers, and manipulated the mixture with our feet. We then molded it into bricks measuring eighteen inches long, twelve inches wide, and four inches thick, and dried them hard in the sun. When a sufficient quantity was prepared we commenced to build the walls of a Methodist chapel. The building had not proceeded many days when a heavy shower destroyed a portion of our wall; but, hoping that some days of fair weather might still remain before the arrival of the rainy season, we manufactured more bricks and continued our work. But this shower was quickly followed by another, and another, and we were forced to change our plan of construction. Natives brought the poles from the forest, which were placed in the ground at a distance of about three feet apart, these interspersed with smaller saplings, and the whole intertwined with branches. This furnished a base about six inches wide for the three inches of plaster within and without that gave us a solid twelve-inch wall, which we roofed over with thatch skillfully twined by the natives.

Meantime we had commenced religious services in this section of the tribe, preaching a plain Gospel "short-cut" into the way of salvation. Marvelous results attended these meetings, which developed some striking illustrations of the aptitude of the heathen mind to receive divine truth on the foundation of faith in God, implanted in every human

breast. The belief in the Supreme Being is universal in heathen Africa. They have different names for God, but they all signify the Almighty, the Creator of heaven and earth. In South Central Africa he is called "N'zambe," the Zambesi River receiving its name from him, and Zambesia, the new British territory, signifying "God's country." On the West Coast he is known as "Niswa." A heathen man, awakened under my preaching through an interpreter at Sasstown, arose and said :

"From a child I knew 'Niswa,' my great Father, and often talked with him in my heart; but when I grew up and shipped with wicked sailors in the coast trade I was influenced by my companions, and finally lost the knowledge of Niswa out of my heart. When the light went out the darkness led me almost to despair, and I said, 'How shall I regain that which I have lost?' Then I remembered that I had heard of a cannibal tribe, living more than a hundred miles toward the interior, some knowledge of whose language I had acquired from men of their towns who had voyaged with me down the coast. This tribe had not come in contact with the coast civilization, and I thought it possible that they had retained their knowledge of Niswa and might lead me back into the light. After my journey to their chief town I was cordially received by their headmen, and spent some time in making the acquaintance of this savage people. Watching my opportunity, as they were assembled on one occasion in their place of worship, in the midst of their idols and jujus, I arrested their attention and suddenly inquired, 'Do you know Niswa?' 'O, yes; O, yes,' came in chorus from those about me. 'And where does he live?' said I, watching to see if they would point to their idols. To my great joy every hand pointed toward the sky, and they said, 'Niswa lives there; he is our father.' Thus the savage cannibals led me back into the path of light and peace."

Before the completion of the chapel our services were held in the open air, and crowds of natives, attracted by our



Entrance to the Village

singing, were gathered beneath the trees. The king himself and his chiefs and counselors were in daily attendance, seated in a group in the center, listening very attentively to the Gospel message. Behind them stood their warrior escort, and a miscellaneous mass of heathenism crowded the outer circle. They were not fair-weather church attendants, for so deep was their interest that a shower of rain did not move them from their position. Beginning with the foundation already laid in their hearts by the Holy Spirit, I made a close application of the moral law and emphasized their personal responsibility to God. Had I struck at their tribal customs and immediately denounced polygamy and witchcraft, it would have awakened controversy that would have resulted in an uproar, and possibly our expulsion from their country. Instead of attacking specific sins I have always sounded the savage heart with the plummet of God's truth, and allowed them to make their own application. For example, I have never attacked their custom of wearing ornaments and charms, but have often seen them tear these emblems of heathenism from their persons and cast them under their feet as they rushed to the altar of prayer.

On one occasion a chief came forward among the penitents, and, after a painful struggle of about two hours, was enabled to surrender to God and receive Christ as his personal Saviour. His face all aglow with the new light in his heart, he sprang to his feet and began to give glad expression to his new-found joy. When for a moment he paused, a voice, proceeding from the heathen crowd who pressed around the circle of worshipers, shouted the question, "Hi, hi, what are you going to do with your wives?" This was a vital question, and the great crowd listened almost breathlessly for the answer. It came without an instant's hesitation, an object lesson in the marvelous working of the Holy Spirit in the human heart: "I will show you what I will do with them," the chief responded. He had six wives, and they were all in the audience. He called them to come to

the front, and they immediately came, not daring to disobey him. Addressing them, he said: "You know how much you have cost me, and how valuable you are to me in tilling my fields, gathering my harvests, and how large a part of my wealth you represent, and you know that yesterday I would not have given one of you your liberty to save your life. Then I had a wicked heart, but to day I have met the God-man, and he has changed my wicked nature so that now I want to do that which is right in his sight. You are all strong and able to do well for yourselves, and I now set you free, retaining only my first wife." He then took each one by the hand and, after exhorting her to seek the Saviour, said, "Now you are free."

Our meetings at Sasstown resulted in a number of conversions and the starting of a good work, which I placed in charge of K. V. Eckman, who was a remarkable man in many ways. He was born in the island of Gottland, in the Baltic Sea. His ancestors received a title from the King of Sweden for service rendered in a time of danger, and royalty was often entertained at his father's house. After the death of his mother he journeyed to England, and from there to Germany and Belgium, after which he determined to visit the gold fields of Australia. He missed connection at a railway station, near Sydney, and started across country alone with a hundred pounds sterling in his pocket. He was overtaken by eight robbers, and when they opened fire upon him he backed up against a tree and defended himself until he had emptied his carbine and revolver. He was found by the constabulary robbed and unconscious, and carried to a hospital in Sydney. After his recovery he enlisted and served for six months in the Zulu war. After several years of experience as a sailor in many waters he arrived in the port of New York. Receiving a kind invitation from a lady missionary to attend a religious meeting, he accepted, was converted to God, and was received into the membership of Hanson Place Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. After very efficient service as

city missionary he enlisted for Africa and accompanied me to the Kroo Coast.

His only assistant was his native interpreter, Nimly, a man of heroic mold, who became a great factor in the glorious work that followed. In less than two years, through their united efforts, a church membership of a hundred and fifty converted natives was secured. The king and several of his chiefs were efficient members of his official board, and the transformations wrought in the tribe were truly marvelous. In the midst of the revival which started while I tarried with them the council of the tribe met in a great palaver and passed three remarkable laws, which were immediately enforced. The first of these established the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath, imposing a fine of a bullock upon any man found doing ordinary work on that day. The second forbade the giving of the sasswood test to persons accused of witchcraft, and thus struck a heavy blow at a heathenish practice which had deprived many thousands of their lives. The third law was a decree forever banishing the "devil" from their country. This was brought about in an amusing incident in which Missionary Eckman figured very prominently. The Kroo "devil" is a wild heathen, who usually lives in a large hollow tree in the forest, and keeps the superstitious natives at a respectful distance by the unearthly sounds which proceed from it. As I was following a forest path I passed close to one of these strange habitations, and the yells and screams which greeted my ears certainly sounded demoniacal, and I was constrained to pass by on the other side. The "devil" comes to town fantastically dressed in the skins of wild animals, and when he makes his appearance the women and children run screaming to their huts, and even the men hide themselves until he takes his departure, which affords him opportunity to help himself to whatever he can lay hands on. On one of these tribute-collecting excursions he met Missionary Eckman in the midst of the deserted village, and with wild gesticulations and screams endeavored to intimidate

him. Failing in this, he attempted bodily harm ; but the missionary, who was armed with a slight stick with which he quickly responded, "whipping the devil around the stump, giving a lick at every jump." The missionary was soon joined in the pursuit by the now reassured natives, who had hitherto believed that to lift a hand against the "devil" would mean instant death. The chase was not given up until the forest was reached, where he disappeared, never to return to their village.

Some of the practices of witchcraft were too deeply rooted in the tribe to be as quickly disposed of as the outlawed "devil." In connection with the central mission station at Sasstown Mr. Eckman opened several substations in the interior and put them in charge of converted natives. These were amid savage surroundings, and time was required to bring the wild spirits into subjection to the new tribal laws resulting from the introduction of Christianity. On the very day that America was celebrating her national independence Mr. Eckman witnessed a scene that illustrated the bondage to Satan of his heathen neighbors. After retiring for the night his interpreter, the faithful Nimly, came running to his quarters with the announcement that Chief Toba, the kind friend who had furnished the house for "God-palaver" at Martin Station, had been condemned to drink the sasswood poison. Some one had died suddenly, therefore some one must have bewitched him ; Chief Toba was accused, and must take the life or death test. If guilty, the poison will kill him ; if innocent, he will live. Although weak and ill, just recovering from a serious fever, Mr. Eckman sprang from his hammock and quickly prepared for the twenty-mile journey on foot. The night was dark and stormy, and he and his two native companions were obliged to pick their way carefully through the dense forest, while their ears were almost momentarily greeted by the growl of the leopard and the roar of the lion ; but they were on the King's business and remembered his promise, "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night." Before the dawn they



The Devil Doctor

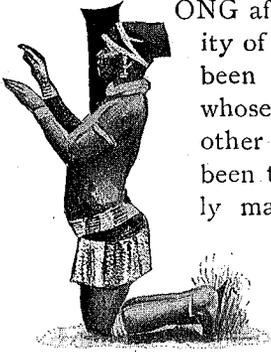
arrived at the village, where by the light of the camp fire they saw the noble Toba standing calm and dignified in the midst of a howling mob. After the sweet notes of one of Charles Wesley's hymns had soothed the savages into silence Brother Eckman, through his interpreter, told them the sweet story of the Saviour's redeeming love. Then he was permitted to speak with the prisoner, with whom he prayed, pointing him to Jesus. At daylight the entire town was in wild excitement. From the center of the circle of protecting chiefs and warriors the prisoner recounted his noble deeds and his devotion to his people. Then the executioner arrived with mortar, pots, water, and the sasswood. A small drum was placed before the prisoner, who tapped it to signify that he was ready. A procession was formed, the executioner leading, the prisoner close behind him, and after him the warriors brandishing their knives and spears. They halted at the entrance to the forest, and while the executioner pounded the sasswood bark and mixed the deadly potion, according to custom many came to make their peace with the prisoner. The faithful missionary's appeal for mercy was drowned by the wild yells of the now infuriated mob. All was ready; the prisoner again beat the drum, the executioner stood ready with the poison (two gallons and a half), which the prisoner must drink. After taking a portion a march around the town was commenced, which continued for some hours, with occasional halts while more of the deadly drug was administered to the prisoner. During the march he was taken to his home, where a tribal ceremony was performed. His brother took a mouthful of water and blew it upon him, signifying rest in peace. His mother came forward, holding in her right hand a shell filled with water. Thrice she poured a little into her left hand and allowed it to fall to the ground; then she took a mouthful from the shell and blew it upon him, a token of her blessing. He was now ready for death, which released the spirit from the tortured body late that night.

After two years of arduous toil, in which he spared not

himself, Brother Eckman's frequent exposures in swamp and forest resulted in a fatal disease, and a brother missionary was summoned from a distant coast station to take charge of the work. When he arrived he found a number of native converts tenderly ministering to the dying man. They were kneeling in prayer around his couch. The sad, anxious look on their black faces gave way to one of joy when they saw the missionary approaching, and, running toward him, they cried, "O, God-man, save him! save him! he must not die!" But at a glance he knew that dear Brother Eckman was beyond the aid of human skill. Just before the soul took its flight he said, "Brother Harris, I have given my life for the children of Africa, but it pays, it pays; glory! glory!"



## CHAPTER I

**The Gospel in Tonga**

ONG after the mission stations in the vicinity of Inhambane Bay, southeast coast, had been given up by the American Board, whose missionaries had been removed to other locations, native converts who had been trained as evangelists were steadfastly maintaining the mission schools and preaching to the people. They were surrounded by a heathen population estimated at three millions and a half, without a white missionary. Faithful men and women had pioneered the field, and the American Board had expended seventy thousand dollars in its development. Of those who had taken a prominent part in this work I have already mentioned Rev. Erwin H. Richards, who translated the New Testament into Tonga and gave them other Christian literature. His love for this people, for whom he had toiled and suffered for ten years, would not permit him to consent to their abandonment, and on Christmas Day, 1892, he received appointment to renew and extend the work to which he had devoted his life. It was a Christmas present to the Tonga people, for which very many of them will rejoice in eternity. As he was intrusted with entire control, and I did not have opportunity to visit that portion of the continent, the descriptions of the work are from his own pen.

Rev. and Mrs. Richards returned to Inhambane in June, 1893. At the earliest opportunity every one of the converts on the four mission stations came to greet them with a thank offering of rice or fowls, and entreated them to remain. From Makodweni came Tizora, who had been a

pupil of Mrs. Richards for four years. He had been preaching every Sunday and teaching day school, and brought with him the money to pay for a few slates for his scholars. Supporting himself and his family from his little garden, he had continued to labor for the salvation of his people without any compensation. "The teachings are given by Jesus Christ," he said, in the love feast, "that we may know him. His mercies are very great. I care little for the mercies of earth, but these mercies of Christ, how great they are!



Tizora and Muti

How he wishes us to know him! He loves to bless his people. Matthew left a tableful of rupees to follow him, and what did he find? He received something as far above rupees as heaven is above earth. His love is of more value than pounds sterling. I rejoice that my little lonesome path has at last run into the King's highway." Makodweni has a mission house and twenty-four hundred acres of land, with the nucleus of a church membership. Muti had charge at Kambine, where, in company with a handful of others, he was making such a fight for Christian liberty as cannot

be accounted for outside of living inspiration. The chief and all the fathers of the tribe had repeatedly forbade their holding any meetings for worship, and once the chief came in and tore up the seats, carried off the door, and finally they tore the house down. But the little band met under a tree and sang and prayed and preached as boldly as ever did the three Hebrew children, and took up a collection to carry the Gospel to any who were beyond their range of fire, everyone giving all the money they possessed. From Mongwe came Mabumbi and her brother Farangwana, where,

in the absence of a mission house, they gathered a little congregation around their torchlight to show unto them the way of salvation. They built a grass chapel for Sunday services, in sight of which were twenty thousand unevangelized heathen, and the work moved on as if in charge of a regular missionary. This is that same Mabumbi who years before had knelt by the side of Mrs. Richards and prayed, "O Lord Jesus, send down that big soap of thine that is able to take the dirt out of my soul." In the love feast she said: "Jesus

Christ came to die for sinners. I am filled with sorrow because the whole country is full of sinners." The next to speak was Fazenda. The third finger of her left hand was bitten off by her former husband. She was redeemed by the missionaries and became a successful Christian worker at Makodweni. She is the daughter of a chief, and had the joy of seeing several members of his family converted. "Christ remembers," she said, "all about each one of us. It is impossible for him to forget us. His word teaches me this.

They are truly blessed who know him. He has made me clean. I rejoice in him exceedingly. I have entered into his temple, and his name is very sweet. I follow him every one of these present days. I would not leave him for other ways, not if I were offered this table filled with sovereigns." Among others who spoke in the meeting was Zamutayo. When she determined to enter into the Christian pathway her husband, who also ruled over two other wives, was angry and tried to frighten her. Failing in this, he tried to kill her outright, which he frequently attempted till she ran away to the mission house. "God never forgets," she



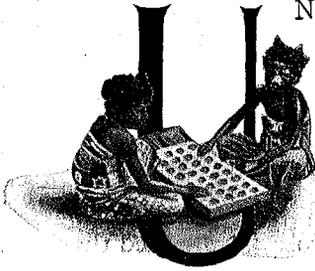
Farangwana and Mabumbi

said. "I care nothing for men; I fear them not. I care for Jesus Christ. I am trying to read his word, that I may find his paths and walk in them. I am following him every day. The kingdom is his, I shall not want." This from one who had been robbed of every stitch of clothing and had frequently to escape for her life into the forest! It was a pathetic picture presented by these native converts, like a little flock in the wilderness, imparting mutual encouragement while they prayed for missionaries.

By the liberal responses of the friends of the cause Mr. Richards was enabled, after weeks of weary negotiation with the government authorities, to purchase back all the mission property. A large proportion of the funds required was secured by the personal efforts of Mr. Richards during the two visits he has made to the United States, and nearly all the work on the four mission stations he and Mrs. Richards accomplished, and when she fell in the midst of ceaseless toil he carried the burden alone for years. Four recruits were sent to his assistance, but their stay was brief. On his latest return to Inhabane he was accompanied by three other missionaries: the estimable lady who was to be a full partner in his joys and sorrows, and Mr. and Mrs. Buckwalter, who were long successful workers in Liberia. With these reinforcements and additional funds to extend the work, including the special gift of a thousand dollars for the opening of the "Christian Blinn Memorial Hospital," the work is becoming well established. The hospital was greatly needed in a population including many who are sadly afflicted physically, and it was fitting that it should bear the name of my friend who was so long connected with our Missionary Society.

## CHAPTER LI

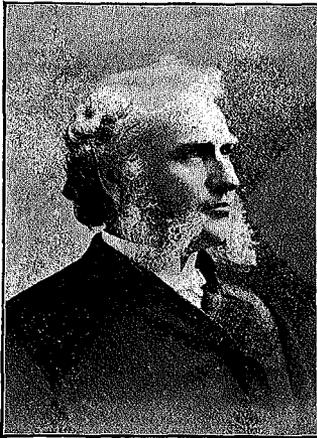
## The Torch in a Strong Hand



UNDOUBTEDLY great events in the history of missionary movements are preceded by a providential preparation not always immediately perceived, but unmistakably clear in the unfoldings of subsequent history. There is a preparation of the people, as in the case of Cornelius and company; the spiritual stirring of the Bechuanas, whose chief journeyed southward to find a God-man; in the Basutos, whose wild prophet-lad foretold the coming of "pale men in black coats," who would bring them a message from the great N'zambe. These witnesses innumerable are oft illustrated in this volume. Then there is the preparation of the messengers chosen of God; a long apprenticeship like that of Moses, or a "short cut" like that of Saul of Tarsus.

When the General Conference of 1896 decided that fifty-five years of service in every clime demanded rest as well as recognition, God's chosen man was ready to bear the standard into the depths of the Dark Continent. They did not know it; he did not know it. He had just made an impassioned appeal for the selection of a black man to lead on the Methodist missionaries in Africa. But He who had specially prepared him for that difficult service in the development of a splendid physical constitution on the Illinois farm; of a healthful Christian manhood in Wesleyan University and Garrett Biblical Institute; of heroism in the rescue of lives on the stormy lake, or standing at his post of duty in the South when hundreds around him fell victims to the dreaded

“yellow jack;” of a clear insight into Negro nature and needs as pastor, editor, and business and spiritual overseer of the work of a Church in the South that developed so systematically under the touch of his mind and heart—He who had his man ready for the occasion as clearly revealed him to the Conference as he did David for the anointing of Samuel. No nominations were made when they proceeded to an election. On the first ballot two hundred and twenty-three members voted this conviction, and when the second was announced a shout of victory simultaneously echoed



Bishop J. C. Hartzell

from every heart. I accepted the action of the General Conference as from God, and as I arose and clasped the hand of my successor my soul went out in a prayer for the brave heart and broad shoulders upon which had fallen a mantle of toil and sacrifice such as only God and himself would ever know in carrying on the great work now committed unto him; a prayer oft expressed since in my public and private petitions.

Having been called of God to a special evangelistic mission in South Africa, I could not accompany Bishop Hartzell on his first tour of the continent, and cannot supply the link in a way that will be more appreciated by my readers than by here introducing the man himself and listening with you to his personal account of some of his observations in darkest Africa:

“I sailed from New York December 9, 1896, and returned to the same port March 30, 1898. During these nearly sixteen months I made my first episcopal tour of Africa. My travels included about forty thousand miles by sea and by land. Over seven thousand miles were traveled on the conti-

ment of Africa itself, my determination being to see all the missions in Africa, both of the Methodist Episcopal Church and those which have been inaugurated by my distinguished predecessor, Bishop William Taylor, which missions had been transferred to me by him, and accepted as foreign missions by the Church, and also to make extended tours of observation with a view to the opening of missions in the future at such places as Providence might indicate and the interest in the African Church at home might justify. I spent two months in Liberia, one month in Sierra Leone, both on the West Coast north of the equator. My next trip was up the Congo to the falls and back again, entering the mouth of that great river nearly two thousand miles south of Liberia. My next tour was in Angola, entering the country on the coast at St. Paul de Loanda, three hundred miles south of the Congo mouth; thence up the Coanza River one hundred and sixty miles to Dondo, the head of navigation, and then by caravan route nearly three hundred miles to the farthest station at Malange. This tour in the study of work in Angola, including tours of inspection, occupied two months and required nearly one thousand miles of travel in the interior, by boat and hammock, on bullock, on foot, and lastly a short distance by rail.

“Returning to England, Mrs. Hartzell met me there from America, and together we sailed for Cape Town, six thousand miles south of London, and from thence made the tour one thousand five hundred miles northward to Buluwayo, thence through the Orange Free State and the South African Republic or Transvaal eastward to Delagoa Bay on the Indian Ocean, then northward five hundred miles to Beira, just south of the Zambesi River, and then in the interior two hundred and twenty-five miles to Umtali, in eastern Rhodesia. Bishop Taylor had already, under Dr. E. H. Richards as superintendent, developed missions at Inhambane, between Delagoa Bay and Beira, with several stations interiorward. Returning, crossed the continent to Cape Town and northward to the Madeira Islands, where Mrs. Hartzell remained

until I made a second tour to Liberia, and for a second time held the Annual Conference in that republic.

“The work in Liberia consists of churches, stations, and missions among the Americo-Liberians, who are either emigrants from the United States or their descendants, and who speak the English language, and work among the heathen of that republic.

“There are five presiding elders' districts, and each one includes a section of the three hundred and fifty miles of the Liberian coast line, and extends into the interior in proportion as the authority of the government is maintained over the natives and we have been able to push the work.

“Among the Americo-Liberians we have, besides the five presiding elders, thirty stations and circuits. The church at Monrovia is vigorous and self-supporting, and has a fine property; the church at Cape Palmas is also strong and practically self-supporting. A few other appointments will soon take care of themselves, but as a rule such is the poverty of the people and such are the difficulties which surround them, being hemmed in on all sides by demoralizing paganism and aggressive Mohammedanism, that there seems to be needed a large increase in the number and efficiency of the preachers and teachers. It will require continued aid for some years if we are to accomplish work among this people worthy of the Church or its opportunities.

“The past year has been one of faithful service among the Liberians. Properties have been improved, the Sunday schools looked after, a spirit of self-help has been encouraged, work among the surrounding heathen enlarged, and at several points there have been gracious revivals.

“While for many years some work was carried on among the heathen in Liberia, it was not until Bishop William Taylor inaugurated an advance movement in 1885 that any large work in this important field was attempted. Heroic men and women have given their lives in this pioneer service in a difficult field. Among many others was Miss

Grace White, in charge of the work at Barraka Station. The day before she died she said, 'If God has finished with me in Africa, and if my work is done, I am glad of it.' The native kings and headmen of the surrounding country came and begged the privilege of carrying her body to the nearest village, where so often she had preached the Gospel to them, and having the funeral services held there. They also made a formal demand that her body should be buried near the station, and not taken to the coast or America, which they feared might be done. After the services in the village they reverently carried the plain coffin containing the precious dust back to the mission graveyard, and assisted at the burial. There were fully one hundred of these men, all dressed with scrupulous cleanliness in new native clothes. When Miss White began her work there she was very much opposed by the natives. Now they say, 'Miss White always told us the truth, and she must be buried in our midst, and we want the missionaries to stay and labor among us.' A most fitting thing would be to establish the Grace White Hospital at Barraka as a memorial to her life and work.

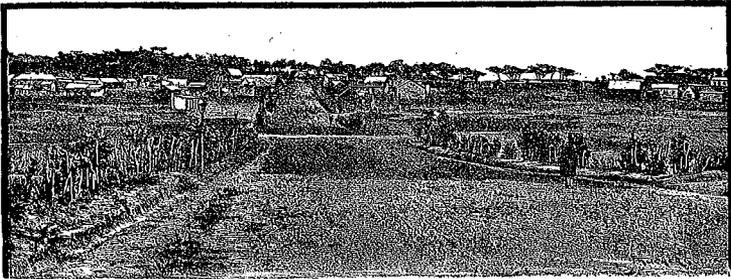
"The educational work of Liberia I found to include the Monrovia Seminary, with an enrollment of fifty-six, to the principalship of which I appointed Professor A. B. Camphor, who, with his wife, had sailed with me from America; also Cape Palmas Seminary, at Cape Palmas, with an enrollment of fifty-four pupils; and the White Plains Seminary, on Saint Paul River, under the care of Mr. E. H. Greeley and his wife, with an enrollment of forty, fifteen of whom were natives.

"The statistics of the Conference showed 2,598 members, 442 probationers, 55 local preachers, 56 Sunday schools, with 498 officers and teachers, and 2,540 scholars; 42 churches, valued at \$50,805, and 3 parsonages, valued at \$1,950. There was paid during the year on building and improving churches and parsonages \$1,877.50, and there has been raised among the churches, as shown by the statistics,

\$1,098.49 for the support of pastors, and \$169.55 for the support of presiding elders.

"I reached Congo April 22, 1897, and found missionary stations at Banana Point, near the mouth of the river, and at Vivi Station, one hundred and twenty miles up the river, at the head of navigation. There were also properties at Boma, the capital of the Congo Free State, and at other points. As a result of a combination of unavoidable circumstances all the other mission stations had been abandoned, several of the missionaries had died, and many had returned home.

"Eternity alone will serve to demonstrate how much good



Salisbury, Mashonaland

was accomplished by the devoted and heroic labors of Bishop William Taylor's missionaries on the Congo who lie buried at various stations awaiting the resurrection of the just.

"It was my great privilege to baptize two native converts, a boy and a girl, who gave evidence of being converted.

"One of the many times when Bishop Taylor during his long and eventful career was led by the Holy Spirit was when in March, 1885, he landed with a party of forty missionaries and entered upon the heroic movement of inaugurating a line of stations far in the interior of Portuguese West Africa. Of the many fields in different sections of the African continent presenting opportunities for successful missionary work among its native people scarcely any other

offers as favorable opportunities as this section. The province includes over seven hundred thousand square miles, and extends from the Congo River on the north, six degrees south of the equator, to Great Fish Bay, eleven degrees farther south. This means eight hundred miles of coast line. On the north it is bounded by the Congo Free State, on the east by the Congo Free State and British Central Africa, and on the south by German Southwest Africa. It extends over seven hundred miles from St. Paul de Loanda, its capital, on the coast, into the upper Congo valley, which is drained by the southern tributaries of that great river. Loanda is a city of eighteen thousand people, beautifully located, and has more white people than any city on the West African coast. The Portuguese began its settlement over four hundred years ago, and Angola is now the most important African possession of that nation. The province is divided into four great sections, Congo, Loanda, Benguela, Mossamedes. The Presbyterians have missions in Bihe in Benguela, and the Arnot missions are southeast of that. The missions of American Methodism are the only ones in the territory of the northern half of the province, which includes nearly four hundred thousand square miles. After leaving the coast at Loanda and passing the usual continental belt strip of lowlands, you begin to ascend, rising first upon one plateau and then another, until at Malange, three hundred and fifty miles inland, you are five thousand feet above the sea with a comparatively healthy climate.

“In 1854 David Livingstone made his first trip across the continent from the Zambesi to Loanda, and back again; in 1885 Bishop William Taylor, starting from Loanda with a company of missionaries, passed over the same route, opening a series of stations as far interior as Malange. Last June it was my privilege to go along the same paths in a hammock, on bullock, or on foot, accompanied by the Rev. Amos E. Withey and the Rev. W. P. Dodson, both of whom were members of Bishop Taylor's first party.

“The Kimbundu language is spoken by millions of

natives occupying this vast region. The natives are of a fine class, and are ready everywhere to give a respectful hearing to the representatives of the Gospel. If ever Bishop William Taylor was led providentially to enter a missionary field he was so led to open the work in the province of Angola. Stations were opened at Loanda, Dondo, Nhan-gue-a-Pepo, Quihongoa, Pungo Andongo, Malange, and Quessua. There has not been as much accomplished in these stations as had been hoped, but in what missionary field among native heathen is this not true? The ground has been occupied, and in uniting the work in Angola and on the Congo on the West Coast, and the Zambesi work on the East Coast, I was able to organize, June 9-15, 1897, the Congo Mission Conference with a missionary force of thirty.

“We met in the neat little chapel of the mission station. The building has adobe walls with tiled roofing. The structure has been erected under the careful supervision of Brother Dodson, and together with three other buildings is substantially made with a view of resisting the encroachments of the white ants and the changes of heat and cold, and months of dry or wet weather, which are permanent factors in South Central Africa.

“We had a gracious session of prayer before beginning our work. All realize that the organization of the Conference was a most important epoch in the history of our missions in the southern half of Africa.

“This company of Christian workers commanded my thorough respect as consecrated and faithful servants and handmaidens of the Lord. Their lots have been cast in a difficult field, death had thinned their ranks, and precious children, blooming into womanhood, had been taken from sorrowing parents.

“Chief of this little group, in the midst of heathenism, was Amos E. Withey, who, as presiding elder, business manager of the trading interests, and general counselor, had faced all difficulties, and with faith in God had held the work to-



A Madamba, the African Piano

gether, waiting for reinforcements and the sympathy of the whole Church. Brother Dodson, besides taking his share of responsibilities, has come to be the physician of the Conference. He is lovingly called 'Our Dr. Luke.' He took care of me during a week of fever, and although he does not carry the sheepskin of a medical college he has tact and good medical sense, and is trusted by his fellow-workers. No doubt he has been instrumental in saving a number of lives. Brother Gordon is a man of rare business ability and consecration. Brother Mead is a man of heroic mold, and has the spirit of Christ in a marked degree and lots of common sense in planting missions and reaching the natives. Brother Herbert C. Withey, a son of Brother Withey above mentioned, was twelve years old when he arrived with his parents at Loanda in 1885. He has grown up into beautiful and symmetrical Christian manhood. The value of one such man being produced in a mission field is beyond computation. Brothers Shields and Miller are faithful and successful missionaries. All the above are married except the younger Withey and Brother William S. Miller, and the wives of these five men are consecrated and brave. Mrs. Mary B. Shuett, from the Chicago Training School, buried her husband about two years ago, but she could not leave the field, and so with her little boy she proposes to make Africa her home. Miss Susan Collins, also from the Chicago Training School, shows rare tact in taking care of her little family of ten natives. Mrs. Minnie Mead, widow of the late William H. Mead, with her four children, are a part of the group. Her noble husband died at Nhangue-a-Pepo, a victim to overwork in the midst of complicated and insurmountable difficulties. The family was alone at the time. His own boys made his coffin; his weeping widow read the burial service; when the natives were carrying the coffin to the burial ground they became dissatisfied and put it into the middle of the path and demanded more money, which had to be paid before they would proceed. I felt as I sat before the company that I

was on holy ground, and thanked God I had been permitted to come to them and share with them the responsibilities of their difficult work and be instrumental, to some extent at least, in putting them and the work they represented into the heart and on the conscience of the Church.

"Nearly all the adults have mastered both the Portuguese and Kimbundu languages. They have nearly fifty hymns translated into these languages.

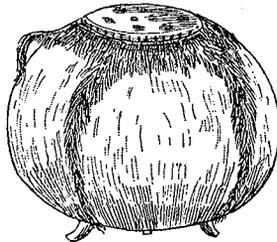
"The Sabbath was a blessed day indeed. After the morning sermon I ordained Brother Herbert C. Withey, deacon; in the afternoon the services were held in the native church, which was filled. The first service was the ordination of Brother Withey as an elder, and was to all present a profoundly solemn occasion. Then followed my first sermon to a native heathen congregation. I had looked forward to such an occasion with the greatest interest. Brother Withey, whom I had just ordained, was my interpreter. It was a gracious season to my own soul, and from the attention given by the audience we all felt that the Lord was present and directed in the line of thought and in its presentation. One native woman, pointing toward me, said to one of the missionaries, 'There is a whole man.' She evidently meant it as a compliment, and I only wish that it was true.

"The Conference session occupied seven days. We tried to consider everything in relation to properties, stations, building methods, building outfits, home life of the missionaries, native village and home life, and how to put practical Christianity into them, the character and qualifications of the workers we had, and how many more of the right sort we ought to have, Conference studies, Sunday school work, missionary collections, self-support, how much there has been done during the past twelve years, and just how far secular matters should enter into missionary work and life. One conclusion was reached, that there must be concentration on a few centers. It was thought best to transfer the remnant of missionaries, as far as might be done, from the

Congo to Angola, and concentrate for the present in South Central Africa, in the establishment of a few first-class stations which shall make centers of real evangelistic, educational, and industrial power, and that these shall not be nearer than fifty miles to each other. From these stations substations can be organized in native villages. The upper Congo, by way of the Kassai, can be reached from Malange by shorter distance than from the mouth of the river.

"The work was arranged so as to utilize the forces we have to the best advantage, and we adjourned Conference with our faces toward the future, our hearts open to God, and our faith resting in the great Church back of us, that in due time many more workers consecrated to God would come, and that the beginnings of success which the past twelve years have achieved will multiply into permanent and large developments for Christ.

"Livingstone made his first journey across the continent from the Zambesi on the east to Loanda on the west, and back again, in 1854. His pathway took him within a few rods of where our Conference met, and it was my high privilege to follow the paths where he walked for hundreds of miles. At Pungo Andongo he climbed to the summit of one of the largest rocks, under the shade of which is our mission property, and was charmed with the country which he saw. In the diary of his trip he uttered the prayer that the Church might have some fruit in this field also. The answer to that prayer has been begun."



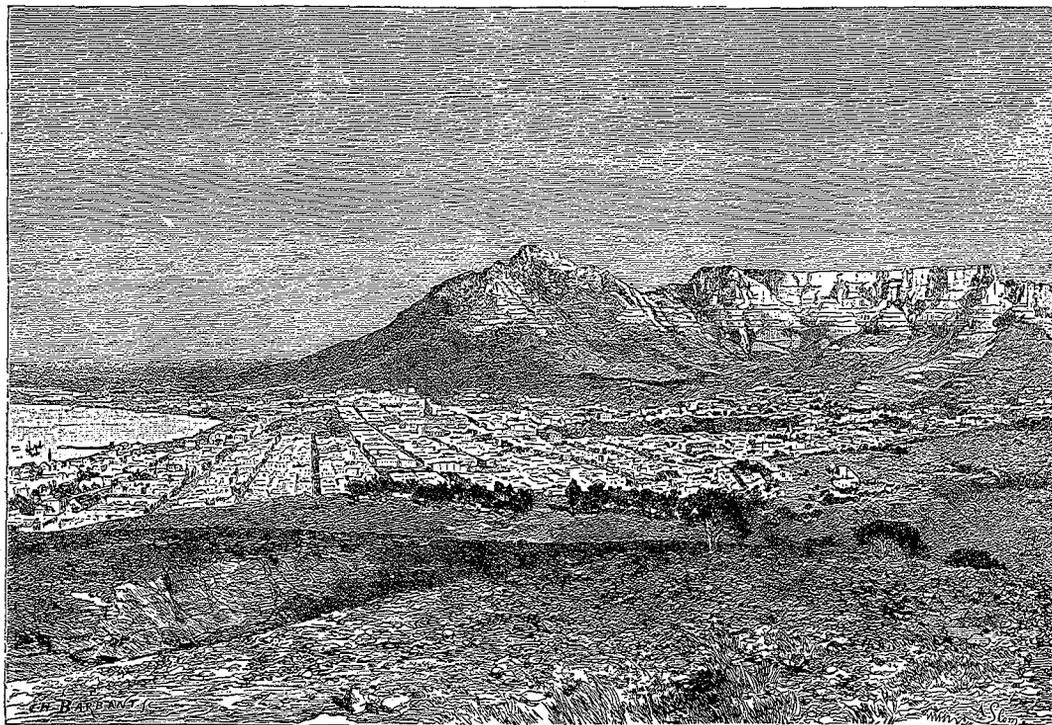
## CHAPTER LII

## My Latest Evangelistic Tour



**J**UST as the good ship *Wilcannia* cast anchor in beautiful Table Bay, and I saw once more the silvery-leaved sides and level crest of Table Mountain spread with the cloth of snowy cloud glistening in the sunlight, glad shouts of welcome rang out from loving voices. Thirty-one years had passed since I voyaged here from Australia, and there were still those who remembered with gladness the great spiritual victories that attended that visit. And truly those were marvelous times, days of pentecostal power when the Spirit of God was poured out upon the people and shook the centers of heathenism. Its manifestations began soon after my arrival, and twelve hundred souls were converted among the English-speaking colonists. This was followed by seven months' campaign among the natives of Natal and Kaffraria, and the missionaries enrolled over seven thousand converts from heathenism.

I was anxious to reenter this field of Gospel service as quickly as possible, but the missionaries at Cape Town, seconded by strong appeals from Johannesburg, urged me to commence the work with a few weeks' special services among the English-speaking populations of the mining districts. On the day that I secured my gripsack from the steamer I took the evening train for Johannesburg, over a thousand miles distant. We crossed the most picturesque part of the country during the night, and awakened on the almost boundless and desert plateau over which the journey



Cape Town and Table Mountain

of the day is made. Puffing up the inclines and flying down the slopes, the occasional glimpse I caught of the engine reminded me of my trip across the Isthmus of Panama, nearly half a century before. We were returning from California, where there were no railway trains in those days, and as the train whirled along through the open country my Charlie said, "Pa, where is the horse?" "Wait a little while, Charlie, and I will show him to you." On the next curve I pointed out the puffing, snorting monster, and with wide-eyed amazement the lad inquired, "Where did they get him, pa?"

This desert, called Karroo, over which we are passing at an average rate of twenty miles an hour, is strewn all over with brownish or greenish pebbles, stones, and fragments of rocks, with here and there a tuft of shriveled shrubs, very much like the valley of the Jordan near the Dead Sea. In the evening we passed Beaufort West, a small town shaded with eucalyptus trees. This forest tree is indigenous to Australia, and makes a very rapid and beautiful growth. On its native soil it sometimes attains a height of four hundred feet, and as the wood is very hard and will not be touched by the destructive teredo it is used in making docks and building ships. On my last visit to Australia I secured some of the seeds and sent them to California, where the tree was previously unknown. It proved to be so productive that fifteen years later I found extensive forests in different portions of the entire length of the State, all of which had sprung from that handful of seed.

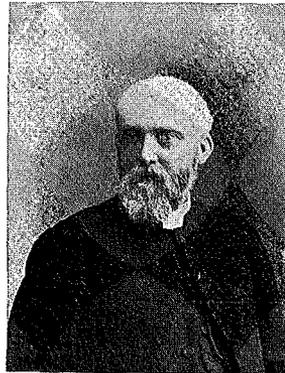
On the second morning we crossed the Orange River, narrowed into a small stream on account of the dry season. This accounts also for the absence of fertility in the Orange Free State. Here we see cattle, horses, and sheep, in charge of native herdsmen on horseback draped in long red mantles and sheltered by wide-brimmed felt hats. Decidedly African, too, are the thousands of white ant-hills, dotted like tents of a camp over the boundless plains, which is frequently relieved along the horizon by a

mirage that gives the illusion of shady rivers or a hazy blue ocean stretching over the vast expanse.

In the afternoon of this day we reached Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, which was like a refreshing oasis in the midst of an arid steppe. Another night in the railway carriage, and we approach the Witswatersrand district, about six thousand feet above sea level, on the watershed between the Orange and Limpopo basins. Here is the dividing line of the waters, which speed away for their homes in the Atlantic and Indian Oceans. It is not a moun-



Rev. William Flint  
*Editor South African Churchman*



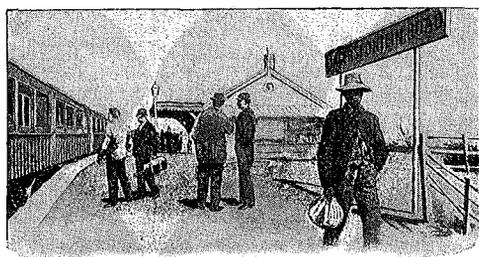
Rev. James Thompson  
*President of Wesleyan Conference*

tainous country, but the top of a gradual slope which we have been climbing from the sea. This greatest gold mining district of the world has on its surface few indications of its vast operations. As the train passes one mine after another all that is seen is a few inferior structures shining in the sun, some scaffolds and huge piles of débris at the dumps. The red dust of the light soil, raised into clouds by the strong winds, has given the few buildings and their surroundings a rusty color.

We were due in Johannesburg late Saturday night, but did not arrive until three o'clock Sabbath afternoon, and I preached the same evening to a large congregation. The

village of tents of ten years ago has become a city with a population of one hundred and sixty-two thousand. It is located between the hill of Witswatersrand on the north and a line of gold mines on the south, occupying a space of four miles long and one and a half miles broad. There are some beautiful and substantial squares near the center, but for the most part the houses are constructed of corrugated iron. The abodes of the large native population are curiously combined of timber, iron, stone, and brick. This was a barren spot when the mining camp took possession of it, but the English miners planted eucalyptus and weeping willow, which now afford shade from the hot sun and rest to the eye, and have completely transformed the scene.

The cosmopolitan population is in general engaged in



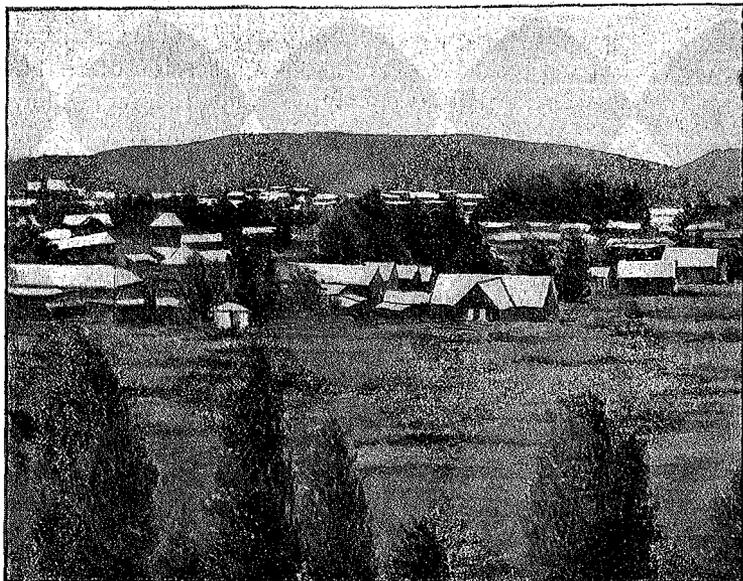
Railway Station in the Karroo

the wild rush for gold, but Christian work was early commenced, and there are a number of substantial churches, six being under construction at the time of my visit.

From Johannesburg I went by rail to the capital of the Transvaal Republic, Pretoria, which is a beautiful town, with comfortable cottages, clean streets shaded by tall trees and lined with rivulets.

The presidential mansion of this republic is an unpretentious cottage on a quiet street, where the president himself can be seen seated on the veranda smoking his pipe, while an artilleryman stands guard at the gate. "Oom Paul," as the people fondly call their president, speaks English well, and is a plain Christian man, who has family prayers every

morning at six o'clock, and preaches a good sermon to his people every Sabbath. During the week he rises at daybreak, and after worship is ready to receive callers, who are indeed numerous, as matters which in other countries are referred to heads of departments here have the personal attention of the chief executive of the Transvaal, who is the busiest man in all South Africa, except Hon. Cecil Rhodes.



Bloemfontein, Capital of Orange Free State

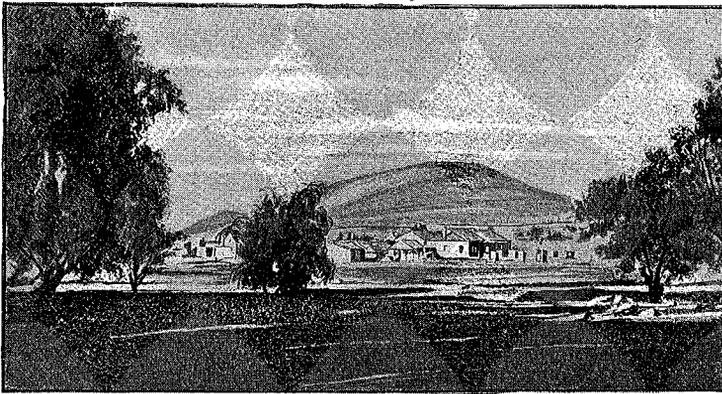
He received me cordially, and I presented him with a copy of my book, *Story of My Life*.

Pretoria has a population of probably ten thousand Afrianders and Europeans besides the Asiatics and natives. There are churches of nearly all denominations, and there is a good work in progress among the natives.

I visited the Senate chamber in company with one of the pastors, President Kruger in the chair. There were twenty-five members present, three of them lawyers, three engineers, one superintendent of public works, the remain-

der farmers, all fine specimens of the Dutch Boer. The capitol is a handsome three-story structure, with a frontage of two hundred and forty feet, a depth of one hundred and ninety-two feet, and is reported to have cost \$720,000.

The evening I preached in the chapel of the South Africa General Mission twenty blacks came forward to the altar as seekers of salvation, but just then the curfew sounded, and my black penitents went scampering homeward. The law requires every native to be at home by half past eight o'clock. Hard lines for the former masters of the soil!



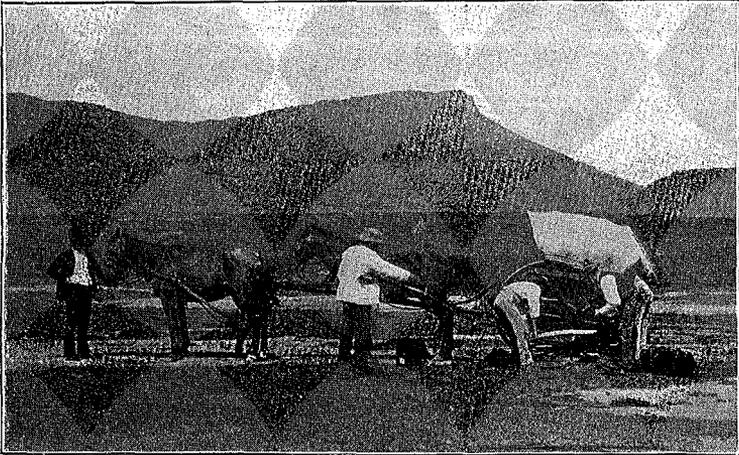
Pretoria, Capital of the Transvaal.

A little more than a day's journey by rail from Pretoria brought me to Queenstown, where I was cordially received by my old friend, Rev. Robert Lamplough. I found that this veteran missionary still believed in my effectiveness, for he had planned revival meetings in fifteen circuits and twenty-two other fields beyond.

After a few introductory services in the English-speaking congregations we had the beginning of the work of salvation among the native population of this town in South Africa. My interpreter, Mdolomba, had been converted thirty years before during my series of meetings at Healdtown. He was, therefore, in perfect sympathy with my manner of conducting a meeting, and was a preacher of

great power and effectiveness. In the few services we held in Queenstown over fifty natives came forward as seekers of pardon, and their testimonies were marvelously clear and original, as is usual in our native work.

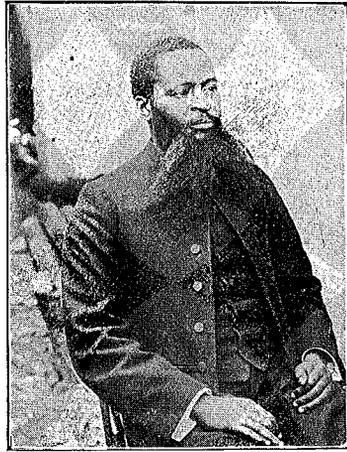
We commenced the campaign of the fifteen native circuits with Lesleyton, where a two-days' meeting resulted in many seekers coming forward and the continuance of a successful meeting after my departure. The next point



A Breakdown on the Road

was Khamastone, where I preached the first sermon at eleven o'clock one morning after a drive of thirty miles in a cart from Queenstown. The native congregation crowded into the same chapel in which I had preached to some of them thirty years before. It seats six hundred persons, was nearly full at the first service, and there were thirty seekers at the first call, eight or ten of whom professed to find pardon. All of the services are of necessity held here in the daytime. I preached again on Sabbath morning, this time in the open air, as the crowds could not be accommodated in the chapel. At this meeting and the one held at three o'clock, also in the bright sunshine, when the ther-

momenter registered ninety-two in the shade, over a hundred penitents knelt on the grass, about a third of whom professed to have found the Saviour. I preached in the chapel again the same day, when fully as many natives earnestly sought salvation. It was a day of marvelous Gospel success; in fact, I do not recall any greater in my lifetime. The effect of the divine message on the native mind and heart and the transformations accomplished by the Holy Spirit were clearly shown in the wonderful testimony of a devil doctor who was saved in one of these meetings. He had long deluded the heathen people by his artful practices, and seemed wholly given up to the one whose name he bore. Attracted by the singing and the appearance of a great crowd, he soon became an interested auditor. His queer attire presented a most grotesque appearance among the well-dressed native Christians and many red-blanketed heathen. He was partly dressed in the skins of wild animals, which did not entirely conceal the red paint with which he was daubed. His ankles and wrists were



Interpreter Mdolomba

weighted with charms and amulets, and witch medicine dangled from his rough girdle. A headdress of feathers completed his outfit. At first he stood in the outer circle of onlookers, but gradually drew nearer and joined the congregation sitting upon the ground. As the direct Gospel message was delivered through the interpreter it struck him with telling effect. He moved about uneasily, then, rushing forward, cast himself upon the ground among the seekers. His penitential struggle was like that of the one

possessed of demons at Gadara. At last he was enabled to make a full surrender and receive Him who giveth power to become the sons of God. As he arose to his feet to testify to the facts in the case the transformation that had taken place in his heart was reflected in the brightness of his countenance. The drift of his remarks was translated to me by the interpreter while he spoke. For years he had felt that he was under the demoniacal power and was wholly given up to obey its behests. As he sat upon the ground in the audience for the first time he had a view of his inner self, and saw there a serpent coiled up as if asleep. As the preaching proceeded the serpent gradually uncoiled and thrust forth its ugly head as if for combat. When almost overcome the devil doctor had a vision of an approaching pillar of light, and when it drew near he saw the form of the Son of God, to whom he cried for help. As the hand of the Redeemer was stretched forth to save, the serpent was cast out, and his heart was filled with light and peace. What a contrast to his former self was presented as he sat among the Christians voluntarily stripped of the emblems of his priesthood to the devil!

During this my latest evangelistic campaign a number of mission stations were graciously visited with seasons of salvation and spiritual upbuilding. A few illustrative facts, however, will suffice to accomplish the purpose of this chapter. As it will convey some idea of the progress of the mission work I will quote a few facts from the pen of Rev. Theodore Robert Curnick, in charge of Butterworth Circuit:

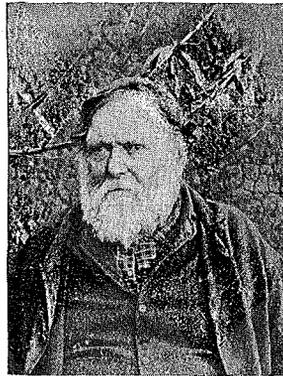
“Butterworth is one of the oldest mission stations in Kaffraria. Thrice destroyed by savage chiefs in Zulu wars, the devoted soldiers of the cross each time returned and planted Christ's banner here. When William Taylor arrived here thirty-five years ago, soon after the Fingoes were settled in the land, he found that the method of work was *centralization*, or the maintenance of work on a central station to which all converts would repair, and he introduced a system of *expansion*, the spreading of the work by



Bishop Taylor, and Part of Outdoor Congregation

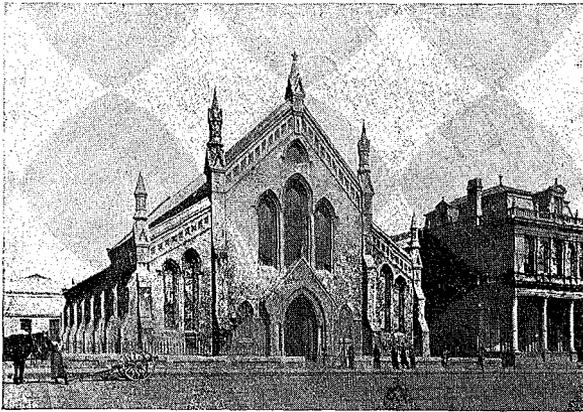
the utilization of converts in their respective locations. This feature has proved the glory of Methodism in South Africa, and has done untold service in the spreading of the Redeemer's kingdom. This circuit is an illustration of its practical results, and is now only about half what it was two years ago, when the work was divided because so great. Under one English and two native ministers we have eight evangelists, one hundred and twenty-six local preachers, one hundred and eighty-eight class leaders, who have charge of a total church membership, including probationers, of over thirty-five hundred. This native ministry has fifty-five preaching places accommodating seven thousand five hundred people, with an average attendance of six thousand. They hold two hundred and seventy-five services each week, besides the twenty-two Sunday schools and thirty-two day schools, and have nine thousand adherents. We have also 'The Lamplough Training and Industrial Institution for Girls,' where nearly three hundred native girls have already been prepared for useful lives, and an industrial department for boys. All are members of the Church. An interesting and instructive item from our latest financial report is the fact that of the income from all sources, of fifteen thousand dollars, two thirds is derived from the native people.

"Although we had been eagerly anticipating Bishop Taylor's recent visit, and hoping that he would eventually reach the Transki, his arrival was so sudden we were not able to make known his presence as generally as we would have desired. However, there was nothing to disappoint in the huge congregation that assembled in the Ayliff Memorial Church the second Sunday in May. How different was the



Mr. Hully  
*Founder of Shawbury Mission*

size and character of the present audience from the one to which Rev. W. Taylor preached on the banks of the Ceg-cuana River thirty-one years ago! A more attentive and appreciative congregation he could not desire, for the people hung upon the forceful words that came from the bishop through the interpreter; and 'tis no wonder that the power which seems to be, as ever, an accompanying element in the bishop's service bowed the hearts of many and brought them to the altar as seekers for peace, pardon, purity, and power. Nor is it strange that this should have been the



Wesleyan Church, Durban, Natal

case during the four following daily services, and that at the last the feeling should have been so intense and the influence so impressive that the vast crowd seemed reluctant to stir from the mercy seat, but continued in prayer and praise for some considerable time. A sense of awe and solemnity filled the hearts of all in the building.

“On the 16th of May we proceeded to the Mpukane Circuit, and the bishop conducted a three-days' mission at Tyinira. Here-also there were many signs of God's wonderful readiness and willingness to save and to bless men's souls.

“On the 30th he began a series of services at Fort Malan.

Here the church accommodation was found too limited for the good-sized congregation, so all adjourned to a beautifully sheltered nook in a forest close by. The gracious work grew day by day until at our closing service the power



A Pondo Herdsman

of the Spirit was so mighty that fourteen young men came forward as seekers; of these one had a veritable tearing by the devil, and it was a cause for joy to see the subdued face of the youth at the close of a most remarkable service.

“ There is reason to believe that the presence of God’s

messenger has resulted in much good to our church. As St. Paul wrote to the Romans so the bishop said in effect to those who had been converted during his former mission, 'I long to see you, that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift, to the end ye may be established.'

"The sight of that venerable face, with its kind, genial expression, reminded us of the beautiful legend told about St. John, who, when aged and infirm, was borne by loving hands to the church at Ephesus, and there, stretching out his feeble hands, would say to his beloved people, 'Little children, love one another.'"

The providential leadings under which I went to South Africa were to my mind unmistakable, and equally clear were those that indicated the time of my return. The rinderpest slaughtered countless millions of cattle and blocked the transportation lines northward, preventing the farther extension of the work in that direction, while my increasing hoarseness prevented extensive work among the white population. The preaching through interpreters to native congregations struck fire every time. The last week of my special services was in a wild but populous mountain region, where in the last four days I preached nine times. Eighty natives professed conversion, and forty others were seeking deliverance. My last sermon in Africa was preached in a mountain region equally wild, but less populous, and at its close seventy-eight seekers went down on their faces, and nearly forty of them professed to receive Jesus and his great salvation. These are only average results, but I mention them as illustrative of a probable finish of my unbroken term of fifty-five years of itinerate ministry. Glory to God! I expect to be admitted from the kingdom of grace to the kingdom of glory on the same conditions as the crucified thief, and in God's own time.

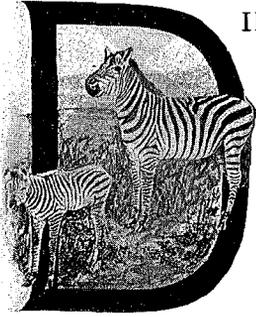


Street Scene in Johannesburg

# Division of the Continent and Future Development

## CHAPTER LIII

### Africa's Partition and Promise



DIFFICULT it is to believe at this day that the plain, unvarnished tales of Stanley's journey and discoveries were generally doubted, but such was the fact, and the dense fog hanging over the center of Africa seemed to communicate itself to the brains of the "stay-at-home" geographers. They treated Stanley's achievements with apparent indifference or contempt; which has often been the experience of others who have solved grave problems for the benefit of mankind. Only about one tenth of Africa was known at that time, and many years of toil and many lives had been the price paid for the knowledge of that fraction of the great continent.

Stanley's experiences during his search for Livingstone convinced him that many of the stories of the dangers which beset the traveler in Africa were greatly exaggerated, and that many misfortunes had arisen through recklessness and insufficient provision and protection for the arduous work. The alacrity with which he agreed to make his second journey in 1873 proves this conclusively. In 1874, during his journey to explore the unknown Victoria Nyanza, he was convinced that Africa was misunderstood and deserved

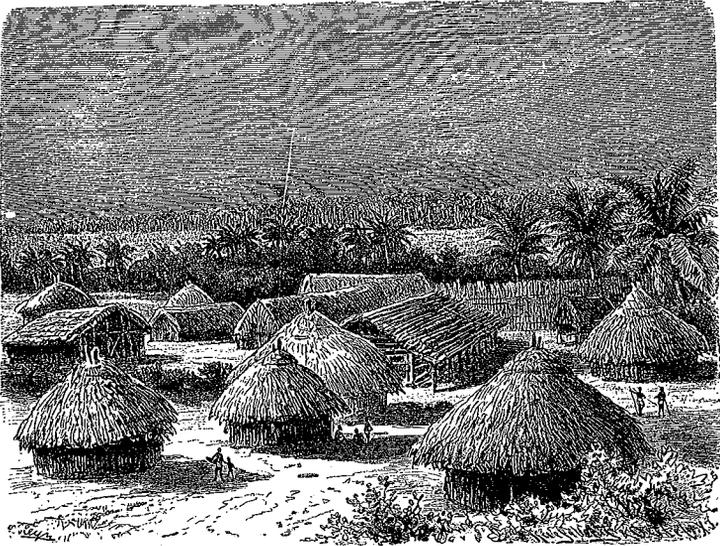
thorough scientific exploration, not of the perfunctory sort which had accomplished so little in the past, but the investigation of men of the greatest intelligence, backed by power and wealth to possess and develop this land of superlative promise.

The idiosyncrasies of the savage or the terrible difficulties of travel did not prejudice him against the country. "Balm succeeded bane," he cheerfully records, "and compensated me for past sufferings." After Mr. Stanley had finished his work at the source of the Nile he was so favorably impressed with the natives that he unhesitatingly declared that "Africa should be explored for its purely human interest," apart from every other consideration.

A divine hand seemed to guide this brave man and speak to him by the voice of intuition. I firmly believe this, and that it is the keynote to the awakening of the sphinxlike continent after centuries of slumber. When he reached the mighty Lualaba in 1876 he was fascinated by its magnificence. He knew that it was an all-important waterway to Africa, but as yet a mystery to the world. When he started on the perilous descent he felt confident of success, and when he had surmounted many seeming impossibilities for nine weary months and reached the Atlantic Ocean, eighteen hundred miles from the farthest point which Livingstone gained, he felt that he had achieved something for Africa and his fellow-man the world over; so he wrote to the newspapers of his discovery and its great importance: "It is bound to become the grand highway of commerce to central Africa. A word to the wise is sufficient." The words were prophetic, and to-day the cynics are dumb indeed, for Stanley's dream is a thing of reality.

After he returned to England in 1878 he urged the commercial communities of Europe to take possession before it was too late. To arouse the cynics of Europe to the value of Africa was not an easy task; but Stanley, who had solved an impossible problem in Africa, was equal to it. That divine consort was with him even then, moving in

mysterious way wonders to perform. The king of the Belgians startled the world by his alertness to the reality of Africa's need of resuscitation. Doubtless Stanley could have waited fifty years had it not been for King Leopold's magnanimity. The climate of Africa, in which he thrived, may have convinced him that he would outlive many of the skeptics who retarded his efforts on behalf of Africa at that time. But he had not to wait half a century, for the private purse of



A Portion of Ujiji

a king was opened that he might prove by practice that African lands were inhabitable, their cannibals controllable, and lawful commerce with the natives possible. How courageously Stanley made his record during the first six years the world knows well by the result. In 1884 the nations of Europe began a scramble for slices of Africa. It has been nothing else but a grab and scramble, and polite words would be superfluous. At the close of the Congo Conference in 1885 France, Germany, Italy, Portugal, and, last of all, Great Britain, wanted their share, and agreed to the regulations laid down by the

ambassadors. Since that period the division of one third of Africa by annexation has been as follows:

	Square Miles.	Population.
Congo Free State.....	905,900	16,300,000
French Congo.....	496,290	8,950,000
Portuguese Africa.....	810,450	5,140,000
German East Africa and Cameroons.....	544,610	7,370,000
British Central Africa, Zanzibar and Pemba, Uganda and White Nile, and East Africa..	954,540	9,568,000
Italian Somali and Galla lands.....	277,330	800,000
Total.....	3,989,120	48,128,000

This area is as large as the whole of the United States, including Alaska, and two thirds of Mexico.

The Congo Free State has made rapid strides since 1884 to the present time. When Stanley left the State three steamers and three barges had been launched on the upper Congo, one large steamer was on the way overland, and a mission steamer was "on the stocks" at Stanley Pool. Since the railway along the two hundred and thirty miles of rapids on the lower Congo is now completed it is not necessary to convey everything destined for the upper river on the backs and heads of porters. There are now forty-five steamers and twenty to thirty barges and rowboats made of steel on the upper Congo. Of the steamers twenty belong to the Congo Free State, four to France, eight to the Belgian Commercial Company, one to the Anglo-Belgian Company, four to the Dutch Company, four to Protestant missions, and three to Roman Catholic missions. The importance of the navigable rivers above Stanley Pool may be understood when it is known that they exceed eight thousand miles in length. Mr. Stanley began urging the necessity for a railway connecting the upper with the lower Congo in 1878, but the capitalists he succeeded in interesting in the matter deemed it best to defer the organization of a corporation until his expedition from 1879 to 1884 had more clearly demonstrated the nature of the country over which the rails were to be

laid, and the general practicability of the scheme. When Stanley returned from that expedition he again began the agitation and finally succeeded in his efforts, and a charter was drawn up and over a million dollars were subscribed. Unfortunately there was one clause in the charter which King Leopold would neither change nor eliminate, and which the capitalists would not allow, consequently the company was not finally completed, and for a time the project fell through. The success of the Emin relief expedition, however, revived interest in the railway scheme, and when Stanley again returned, in 1890, a Belgian company was formed and surveyors were sent out. The first rails of the road were laid in 1891, and it is now about completed. The line extends from Matadi on the lower Congo to the port at Stanley Pool, and is about two hundred and forty-seven miles in length. At the piers at Matadi the ocean steamers discharge their freight, and at the terminus on the Pool the cargoes are received by the upper Congo steamers. The cost of constructing this line was first estimated at \$25,000 a mile, but the mileage cost of the road has been a little under this estimate. The difficulties in some parts of the road were so great that a single mile cost \$50,000, but many stretches of level plateaus were railed at comparatively slight expense.

M. le Comte de Brazza was commissioned by the International Association to form a line of stations from the Ogowe River to Stanley Pool, "but his method differed from mine," says Stanley. He took with him a number of French officers, whom he distributed along the route, and delegating to them the task of building he marched lightly to his destination, making treaties with the natives as he went. Since these treaties were made on behalf of France it was only then discovered that the International Association had no control over the territory acquired by De Brazza, and on this basis French Congo was founded. It has now expanded to an area covering half a million square miles and has become a confirmed possession of the French by the treaties with Germany and Congo Free State.

The white population of the territory numbers to-day over three hundred, exclusive of the coast garrisons. The Gaboon portion, however, was settled as early as 1842, and in 1862 the mouth of the Ogowe was occupied by the administration. Twenty-seven stations are established in the interior, eleven of which are along the Ogowe. The seat of government is at Brazzaville, at Stanley Pool. Although France has not been overliberal toward her colony the settlement exhibits the aptitude of the French for giving a



Blacksmith at Bongandanga

civilized appearance to whatever they touch. From all accounts the houses are better built and the gardens and avenues are finer than those on the Belgian side, although the practical results are not so favorable.

The proximity of the Congo Free State has been of great advantage to Angola, just as Moçambique has benefited by having Nyassaland for a neighbor. The condition of Angola and Moçambique

until the nineteenth century was deplorable. High protective duties stifled enterprise, and it is easily surmised that the Portuguese officials were very poorly paid, and therefore easily corrupted. The example of their progressive neighbors, however, has latterly improved matters. The trade of Angola has doubled during the past seven years, and it is now valued at \$7,650,000. Moçambique, north of the Zambesi, seven years ago only showed a trade amounting to about \$500,000, whereas it now has a trade of \$1,520,000 annually. Doubtless this increase is owing to the enterprise of the British Lakes Company.

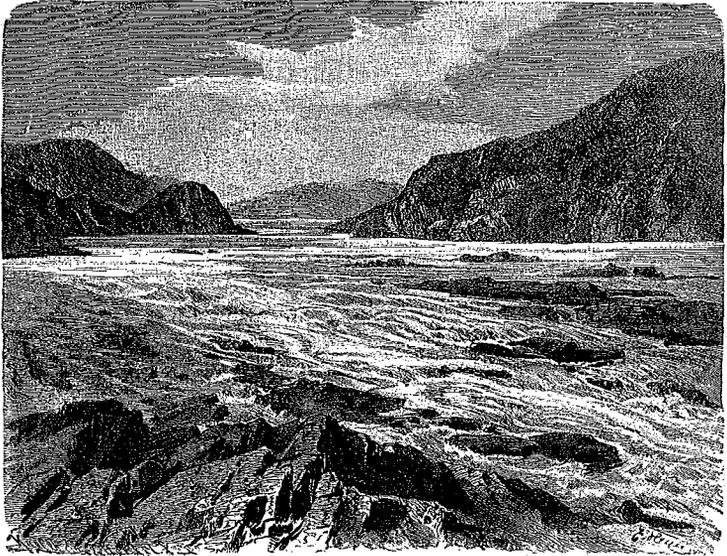
Germany owns East Africa to-day by the usual Bismarckian methods of aggression and possession. The boundaries of German Africa were arranged at the Berlin Conference of 1885. France could not afford a conflict with her enemy so soon after her former humiliations, and England was controlled by Gladstone, and it is only surprising that the soldiers of the Kaiser have not had a wider field in Africa. But there is ample time yet. Germany makes no pretensions of moral right, protection of natives, or establishment of missions, or philanthropy, and the rule of the despot prevails—might over right. But the news of Germany's aggression in Africa, sent to England by Stanley and other explorers, stirred the Britons to the core, and thus good came out of evil, for it is doubtful whether England would have moved to acquire a foothold in equatorial Africa but for Germany's methods. Stanley has justly arraigned Great Britain for her treatment of Africa at this period. "She had absolutely refused to move in the matter of the Congo," he declares; "she had turned a deaf ear to the reproaches of her pioneers in East Africa; and she had miserably equivocated in Southwest Africa, although for forty-four years she had patrolled the two coasts, had been the protector of Zanzibar for nearly fifty years, had explored the interior, and had planted all the missions in equatorial Africa. Fortunately, before it was too late, Lord Salisbury was roused to write a few dispatches which saved for England a small portion of East Africa, and it may be that we are indebted for this small mercy as much to admiration of Germany's energies as to the entreaties of Englishmen. We ought, certainly, to be grateful that Germany is our neighbor, for she is likely to be as stimulative in the future as she has been since 1890. Indeed, without the influence of her example I doubt if England would have treated Uganda any better than Portugal has treated Angola."

The Europeans in the German East African territory number about one thousand. In the Tanga district there are 151 Germans; in the Kilima-Njaro district there are 26

Germans ; on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza 18 Germans ; in Kilossa 12 Germans ; and there are 171 German officials in the constabulary force. There are 2,000 soldiers, with 58 pieces of artillery. A railway has been laid from Tanga to the interior, a distance of about thirty miles, and this line will doubtless be to the lakes. The principal port of Lake Tanganyika is Ujiji, with a population of 20,000, where Stanley met Livingstone in 1871. Stone buildings two stories high have now been erected for the use of the government, and the place has an aspect of importance and civilization, vastly different, I imagine, from what it must have appeared to Livingstone and Stanley. The trade of German East Africa is estimated at \$2,907,500 annually. The revenue reaches the sum of \$1,092,500, while the annual expenditure is about \$1,517,450. The Cameroons, also German territory, which would be properly included in equatorial Africa, has a white population of 236, and an annual trade of about \$2,419,220.

The British Central African Protectorate has a native population of 845,000, and covers an area of 285,900 square miles. This Protectorate has grown mainly from the efforts of Scotchmen who revere Livingstone's memory. In the year 1856 the British government commissioned Livingstone to open up the territory about Nyassa Lake to commerce. At the same time Bishop Mackenzie and a number of missionaries were sent out with a view of benefiting by Livingstone's experience. Unfortunately, as I have mentioned elsewhere in this book, the missionaries had trouble with the natives, and owing to this and fatal fevers and other misfortunes few of them survived long. In 1881 Bishop Steere went to Lake Nyassa and decided to reestablish the Universities Mission in Nyassaland. This territory was taken in hand by the British government in 1891, with an annual subsidy of \$50,000 from Cecil Rhodes. The administration has been under Sir Harry Johnston, and from the reports and proofs of prosperity it is evident that he has been unusually successful. In Sir Harry's book,

*British Central Africa*, he has given a very interesting account of the British Protectorate since it was founded. There are twenty post offices in this territory, through which no less than 29,802 letters and parcels have passed. In 1896 5,700 acres of land were under cultivation against 1,600 acres in 1891. In 1896 the natives paid \$110,000 taxes. In 1891 there was only about one mile of road, that between the mission station at Blantyre and the African Lakes Com-



The Lower Falls of the Congo

pany's store, over which a vehicle could be driven. By the end of 1896 there were about 390 miles of road suitable for wheeled traffic, while about 80 miles of broad paths have been cleared through the brush for the passage of porters and "machillas," a sort of hammock slung on poles and borne by a native at each end. Attempts have been made to improve the Shiré River by removing the snags from the approaches to Chéromo and the sharp stones from the Nsapa rapids on the upper Shiré and by deepening the bar on the upper end of Lake Nyassa. On this lake there are five

steamers and one boat, and on upper Shiré two steamers and fifteen boats, on Lake Tanganyika one steamer and one boat, on the lower Shiré and the Zambesi there are sixteen steamers and forty-five boats; altogether twenty-four steamers and sixty-two steel boats or barges, the property of the British Protectorate. Sikh soldiers have been imported from India, and are a great success, being impervious to the climate and unaffected by the heat. There are two hundred of them and five hundred natives as policemen.

In the summer of 1895 the British government assumed the entire control of the company's territory in Uganda at an expenditure of only one and a quarter millions annually. Since July, 1896, the Uganda Protectorate has embraced the intermediate country lying between Lakes Victoria, Albert Edward, and Albert, with Usoga. Although the produce and goods had to be transported by porters a thousand miles overland the trade in 1896 amounted to \$150,000. Uganda being the youngest and most distant protectorate, the commerce is meager, but the results exceed those from all the rest of equatorial Africa when viewed from a moral and Christian standpoint. When Uganda is connected by railway with civilization there will be great development of trade; and Uganda, judging by the intelligence and tractability of the people, may become, as Stanley puts it, "the Japan of Africa."

I am afraid that the two hundred thousand square miles controlled by the Italian government in equatorial Africa may yet cause that government much concern. Italy cannot afford to develop the land, and past experience demonstrates that she is not able to defend it. The hoisting of a flag, with a few soldiers to guard it, does not constitute ownership, according to the Berlin Conference; but the claimant must protect and develop the country.

The following tabular summary (from Mr. Stanley) shows very clearly the difference between the tropical Africa of 1872-77—in which Livingstone, Cameron, and Stanley were the only white visitors, and with neither mission, school,

church, nor trade—and the equatorial Africa of January, 1897 :

NAME OF STATE OR TERRITORY.	White Population.	Railway in Miles.	Missions, Schools, Churches.	Christian Converts.	Value of Trade.	Revenues, including Subsidies.
Uganda Protectorate....	68	...	372	97,575	\$142,000	\$250,000
British East Africa.....	90	68	6	600	1,094,000	86,000
British Central Africa...	289	...	55	5,000	611,480	100,000
Congo Free State.....	1,500	165	67	10,000	6,226,302	1,873,860
French Congo.....	1,300	...	25	2,500	2,261,414	618,100
German East Africa....	378	30	15	2,500	2,907,500	1,092,500
German Cameroons.....	236	...	5	900	2,419,220	176,705
Total.....	2,861	263	545	119,075	\$15,661,916	\$4,197,174

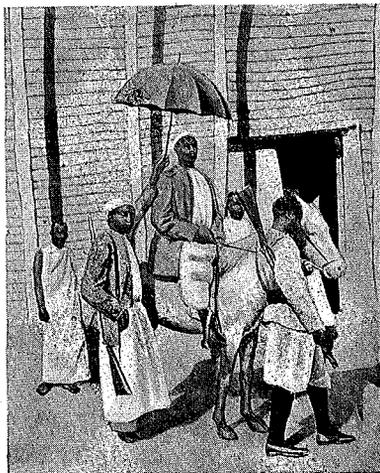
A quarter of a century ago Africa was very little understood. The native and the climate inspired terror in the pioneer, but since the advent of Livingstone and Stanley merchants and travelers generally may come and go over the once Dark Continent in safety. The white man has become more familiar with the natives, and those who have labored among them and with them retain the kindest memories of the Negro in his native element. Those whose business has located them in Africa for a few years or permanently take occasional holidays to their native land, but I have heard many say that they longed to return to their dusky friends. This feeling is common with both officials, missionaries, traders, and planters. Africa is a country which grows upon them, and they are amazed to find that the land so much dreaded a few years ago should have become dear to them. The word "Nigger" is seldom used in Africa. When it is used it is by some one newly arrived in the country. The whites who have labored hard to master the dialects and languages of the natives and to understand his nature are well repaid. They know that the native who can, untaught, fashion a canoe or sword or assegai, may be taught to mold bricks, or use a lathe, or build a wall, and in a thousand ways become a valuable workman. There are seven thousand two hundred native navvies on the Congo

railway, and the stone piers and steel structures which bridge the ravines and rivers have been made by the native African.

The comparisons which Mr. Stanley has made between central Africa of to-day and a quarter of a century ago may be startling to the American reader, but since I know the country well, both past and present, I can vouch for their truth. "Twenty-five years ago," he says, "the explorer might land on any part of east or west equatorial Africa unquestioned by any officials as to whither he was bound or what baggage he possessed. To-day at every port there are commodious customhouses where he must declare the nature of his belongings, pay duties, and obtain permits for traveling. In 1872 the whole of central Africa, from one ocean to the other, was a mere continental slave park, where the Arab slave raider and Portuguese half-caste roamed at will and culled the choicest boys and girls, and youths of both sexes, to be driven in herds to the slave marts of Angola and Zanzibar. To-day the only Arabs in central Africa, excepting some solitary traders who observed the approach of civilization in time, are convicts, sentenced to hard labor for their cruel devastations. Twenty-five years ago," continues the explorer, "it took me eight months to reach Ujiji from the coast, whereas now it takes a caravan only three months. Up to four years ago it required five months to reach Uganda from the coast, but to-day loaded porters do the journey in less than ninety days, while bicyclists have performed it in twenty-one days. Fourteen years ago the voyage from Stanley Pool to Stanley Falls was made by me in the first steamer that was floated in upper Congo in three hundred and seventy-nine hours. Now steamers accomplish the distance in one hundred and twenty hours. In 1882-83 I was forty-six days going from Europe to Stanley Pool. The ordinary passenger in these times requires but twenty-five days; two years hence the trip will take only twenty days."

How melancholy the record of early explorations, to which I have devoted many pages of this book on account

of their wonderful interest and heroism, seem when we make a close comparison of results with the record of these last twenty-five years of explorations! Africa appears to have been a vast field for adventure and some individual fame at home. The nineteenth century, so far, is the most important in the world's history, and I can only marvel in dumb astonishment at the seeming impossibilities which have been overcome as its years have rolled by, and wonder what the next century will bring forth. The dawn of day in the dark land has realized my highest hopes for my dark-skinned brothers and sisters there, and my cup of joy runs over as I view the prospect of the salvation of all the tribes of Africa with the certainty of their ultimate civilization. We may yet have native African teachers and preachers in the Whitechapels and Bowerys of our great cosmopolitan cities. Missionaries are needed there truly, but the present need



M'wanga Abroad

in Africa is ten thousand times greater. These millions have been for ages lost in a moral darkness so dense that only God's own search light could penetrate it; and again, the ravages of the Arab thief of these poor people is sufficient, when understood, to touch the heart of the civilized world. The mystery is, that God permitted this terrible thing to go so far. But he called a halt when he sent Livingstone and Stanley there, as the forerunners of the missionaries who are bearing the light of truth through the length and breadth of the land.

If we estimate the public murders of equatorial Africa at

two millions a year up to a quarter of a century ago we cannot be very far wrong. Every village witnessed on the average once a month one kind of a tragedy or another, always the result of superstition or witchcraft. The death of a chief, the outbreak of a pest, the delirium of a debauch, the birth of twins, a lightning stroke, a bad dream, the acquisition of property, a flood, or a thousand other things, and the witch doctor or medicine men proclaimed that expiation was necessary, and some trembling victims were soon dragged to their doom. Then again, there were the tribal wars. Small causes often led one tribe to attack another, and the slaughter on both sides was at all times appalling, followed by the customary sanguinary method of dispatching prisoners. The wholesale extermination under such chiefs as Mtesa, Kabbu Rega, Merambo, Nyungu, Msiri, and the destructive raids of Said bin Habebm Tagamoyo, Tippu Tib, Abed Salim, Kilongu-Longa, and many others, point these men out as monsters in human form. It would be wrong to say that these murders have ended entirely in equatorial Africa, or even in the British Protectorate, but when we consider that five hundred and forty missions, schools, and churches, and as many military forts, are spread across the continent, aided by the cruisers on the great lakes and the steam flotillas on the Congo, we can conclude that the native despots and Arab raiders and the murderous witch doctor have met their Nemesis. And the "cleansing light of civilization" will soon sweep right into the far interior and protect the innocent and helpless from the fiends in human form, and share with them the benefits the white man enjoys.

The division of Africa commenced in reality with the Berlin Conference in 1884, and the delimitations marked out at that time will have much to do with the history of the Dark Continent for a century to come.

CHAPTER LIV

Dr. Ravenstein's Political Division of Africa in 1893

**I**N 1893 Dr. Ravenstein, a celebrated statistician, gave to the world the following details as the correct political division of Africa to that time :

	Square Miles.	Population.
<i>British Africa :</i>		
British Guinea: Gambia.....	2,700	50,000
Sierra Leone.....	15,000	275,000
Gold Coast.....	46,600	1,905,000
Lagos and Yoruba.....	21,100	3,000,000
Niger Territories and Oil Rivers.....	269,500	17,500,000
	354,900	22,730,000
British South Africa: Cape Colony (with Pondoland and Walfish Bay).....	225,940	1,728,000
Basutoland.....	10,300	219,000
Natal.....	20,460	544,000
Zulu and Tonga Lands.....	9,790	173,000
British Bechuanaland.....	71,430	50,000
Matebele, Mashona, and Nyassa Lands, etc.	524,000	1,600,000
Bechuanaland Protectorate.....	99,500	80,000
	961,420	4,394,000
British East Africa: Zanzibar (Protectorate with Northern Ports).....	1,040	200,000
Ibea to 6° north latitude.....	468,000	6,500,000
Rest to Egyptian Frontier.....	745,000	6,000,000
Northern Somali Coast.....	40,000	200,000
Socotra.....	1,380	10,000
	1,255,420	12,910,000
Mauritius and Dependencies.....	1,030	393,000
St. Helena, Ascension, and Tristan d'Acunha	130	6,500
	1,255,420	12,910,000
Total British Africa.....	2,572,900	40,433,500
<i>French Africa :</i>		
Tunis.....	44,800	1,500,000
Algeria.....	257,600	3,900,000
Sahara.....	1,550,000	1,100,000
	15,000	180,000
Gold and Benin Coasts.....	50,000	600,000
	525,000	10,000,000
French Congo and Gaboon.....	320,000	6,000,000
Tajura Bay (Obok and Sibati).....	7,700	70,000

	Square Miles.	Population.
<i>French Africa</i> (Continued):		
Madagascar and Dependencies.....	228,000	3,520,000
Comoros.....	760	64,000
Reunion.....	770	165,000
Total French Africa.....	3,000,630	27,099,000
<i>Portuguese Africa</i> : Portuguese Guinea....		
Angola.....	11,600	150,000
Moçambique.....	517,200	3,500,000
Madeira.....	310,000	1,500,000
Cape Verd Islands.....	320	134,000
St. Thome and Principe.....	1,490	111,000
	460	21,000
Total Portuguese Africa.....	841,070	5,416,000
<i>Spanish Africa</i> : Tetuan, etc., Morocco....		
Sahara (Rio de Oro, etc.).....	30	16,000
Canaries.....	210,000	100,000
Gulf of Guinea.....	2,940	288,000
	800	33,000
Total Spanish Africa.....	213,770	437,000
<i>German Africa</i> : Togoland (Slave Coast)...		
Cameroons (Kamerun).....	16,000	1,150,000
Southwest Africa.....	130,000	2,600,000
East Africa (with Mafia).....	322,000	117,000
	353,950	2,000,000
Total German Africa.....	821,950	5,867,000
<i>Italian Africa</i> : Eritrea.....		
Abyssinia.....	52,000	300,000
Somali, Galla, etc.....	195,000	4,500,000
	355,000	1,500,000
Total Italian Africa.....	602,000	6,300,000
<i>Summary</i> : British Africa.....		
French Africa.....	2,572,900	40,433,500
Portuguese Africa.....	3,000,630	27,099,000
Spanish Africa.....	841,070	5,416,000
German Africa.....	213,770	437,000
Italian Africa.....	821,950	5,867,000
Congo State (Belgian).....	602,000	6,300,000
Boer Republics, Swaziland.....	864,000	15,600,000
Liberia.....	168,120	948,000
Turkish (Egypt and Tripoli).....	37,000	1,000,000
Unappropriated.....	836,000	7,980,000
Lakes Tchad, Victoria, Tanganyika, Nyassa, etc.....	1,486,710	23,919,500
	67,850	.....
Total Africa.....	11,512,000	135,000,000

The famous explorer and authority on Africa, Stanley, gives the following, however, as the correct political division in 1898.

	Square Miles.		Square Miles.	
France.....	3,000,000	} .....	Boer Republics.....	178,000
Germany.....	884,000		Morocco	
Great Britain.....	2,190,000		Egypt	
Italy.....	549,000		Soudan	
Portugal.....	825,000		Liberia	
Congo Free State...	905,000			2,435,000

This division, says he, "leaves about 500,000 square miles" (not included in the European political partition) "out of the 11,500,000 said to be the superficial area of Africa."

Just before going to press I received a statement of the European as well as the native population of South Africa from Mr. Frederick Mason, of Durban, Natal. This I am informed has been compiled from the best available sources, and is the latest calculation made.

SOUTH AFRICA AREA AND POPULATION IN 1898.

COUNTRIES.	Square Miles.	Europeans.	Natives.	Total Population.	Remarks.
<b>I. BRITISH COLONIES, ETC.</b>					
Cape Colony and Territories	277,000	425,000	1,750,000	2,175,000	} 589,000
Natal and Zululand.....	30,000	49,000	490,000		
			Indians		
			50,000		
Basutoland.....	10,500	1,000	240,000	241,000	} Estimated
Bechuanaland Protectorate.	386,000	500	700,000	700,000	
Rhodesia.....	750,000	10,000	1,100,000	1,110,000	
	1,453,500	485,500	4,330,000	4,815,500	
<b>II. DUTCH STATES.</b>					
Orange Free State.....	50,500	85,000	150,000	235,000	} Population Un-
Transvaal, or S. A. Republic	122,000	225,000	650,000	875,000	
	172,000	310,000	800,000	1,110,000	known
<b>III. PORTUGUESE TERRITORY.</b>	271,000	.....	... ..	.....	} Estimated
<b>IV. GERMAN TERRITORY.</b>	322,000	1,000	116,000	117,000	

N. B.—East and West African Territories not included.

## CHAPTER LV

**Africa: Present and Future**

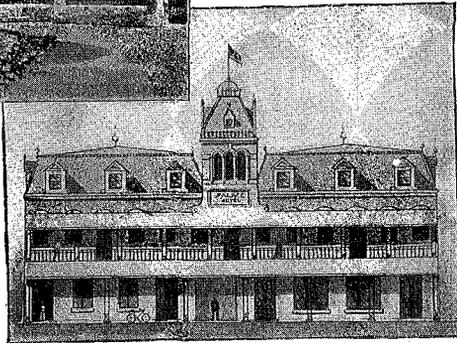
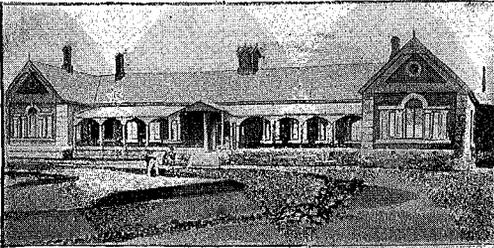
BRITISH supervision has for sixteen years ministered to the prosperity of Egypt. Her revenues have increased, her army has been trained to a state of efficiency, and her methods of government have been entirely reconstructed and patterned after the best form known to nineteenth century civilization. She has just regained her lost provinces in the Soudan and practically recovered from Ismail's wretched rule, the revolt of Arabi Pasha, and the losses entailed by the revolution in the Soudan; and her future, as Stanley tersely puts it, "depends largely upon the state she will be in when England retires from the care and control of her." England, however, will not forget the importance of her position as the guardian of the millions of human beings in the valley of the Nile. Even if she does withdraw the British forces from Egypt and the Soudan it will be when she is assured that the superior training and arming of the Egyptian forces, officered by Englishmen, will not only guarantee the safety of Egypt, but also of the Soudan. Fortifications will shortly be spread over the Soudan and railways will be laid so that merchandise, troops, and travelers can readily be conveyed from point to point. Agricultural pursuits will be encouraged, and the sun of prosperity will once again shine over the north, west, east, and south of the Soudan.

Experiences of forty years have produced a lasting impression, and the thought of ever again appointing a khedive despot, who will go backward in his methods and bring

about the old corrupt order of government, overriding councilors, vetoing legislative enactments, neglecting the schools, and overtaxing his people, is not for a moment to be thought of. Such an appointment would foreshadow ruin and disaster. But, thanks to England's protecting influence, this thing can never be, and I can see in the future an Egypt, independent of Turkey, ranking among the second-class powers of the world, governing in peacefulness

the millions at home and in her provinces regained.

The future of



East Africa under British rule is not without promise. In 1877 missionaries sailed over Lake Victoria and commenced the evangelization of Uganda under trying conditions. I have else-

where referred to this more fully. To-day, however, missionary effort wears the crown of success in Uganda, for no less than three thousand churches and one hundred thousand converts are scattered over the land, and this is the foundation of the certain future evangelization of that country.

The completion of the great railway between Uganda and the sea will facilitate trade throughout the land and save enormous sums, both to the British government and regular merchants, who have hitherto been compelled to pay exorbitant charges for the transit of their goods by

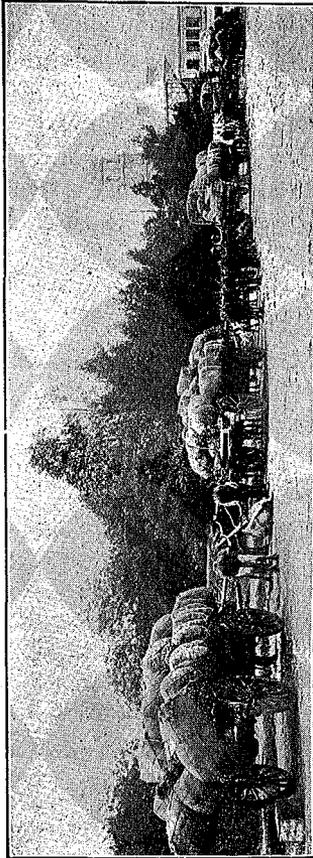
Hospital and Palace Hotel, Buluwayo

"bearers" or carriers from the coast inland. Fifteen million dollars were subscribed by England for the development of that railway, and it has been pushed along rapidly until now almost two hundred miles are in actual running

order. On Lake Victoria, where the terminus of this railway will be, a regular line of steamers will sail from port to port, and extensions and branches of the railway will be made so that the frontiers may be adequately protected and the entire region open to trade, secure against invasion or disturbance of any of the marauding tribes round about.

The German military government in East Africa, the Cameroons, Namaqualand, and Damara will never Christianize the barbaric mind and conscience. Apart from this, however, the natives themselves are decidedly of a lower type than those of British East Africa. The tribes may be "protected from mutual slaughter," and "increase and multiply," and supply

laborers for plantations and every kind of operation where mere labor with low intelligence is required, but military rule in Africa is a certain preventive against moral or intellectual growth. The Gold Coast to-day may be taken as a fair example of what the German African possessions

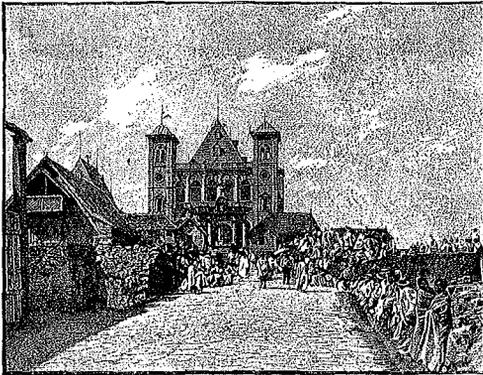


Arrival of Wool at Queenstown, Natal

will be in years to come—great material development, but the native will remain a raw barbarian.

Unfortunately for East Africa north of the Zambesi, the climate and location will retard progress. I am referring now to what is known generally as Portuguese East Africa. Little may be expected from the Portuguese government for the moral and intellectual improvement of the natives.

South of the Zambesi River the possessions of the Portuguese are somewhat at the mercy of the settlers of the Transvaal and Rhodesia, but since the country is generally lowland and extremely malarious the Portuguese are con-



Madagascar Queen's Palace

vinced that neither the Boer nor British settlers are desirous of invading their territory, and they allow free access to the ports of Beira and Lourenzo Marquez.

The region of Nyassaland and northern Charterland is too far in the interior to be otherwise than in the mere dawn of development at the present time. Malarial fever is a certain barrier, and the natives are far from being intellectual. They are strong and willing to labor and learn, however, and in a few years a great change may be expected.

The region of Lake Tanganyika is growing in importance owing to the progress of the territories round about it. Coffee, cotton, sugar, tea, and other commodities are grown

and exported, and the revenues of Nyassaland increased thereby.

Portuguese Angola is rich in natural resources; the soil of the highlands yields abundant harvests of cereals and provides excellent grazing, and coffee, tea, cotton, and sugar are grown in the rich soil of the valleys with ordinary effort. Copper and tin ore are abundant and can be readily mined.

Thanks to French aggressiveness, Great Britain has been compelled to pay particular attention to her colony in West

Africa, which, including Nigeria, contains over four hundred and eighty thousand square miles, and at the present day the amount of trade is estimated at \$30,000,000 annually. Capital has been subscribed for the construction of railways both from Sierra Leone and Lagos into the interior, while it is intended to run another line from Cape Coast Castle to Coomassie.



The Negus Menelek

It is impossible to exaggerate the advantages these railways will be to the merchants and others trading between the coast and the interior, and the shareholders may rest contented with the certainty of their future dividends.

The native population to-day of the Congo Free State is about sixteen millions, while the number of Europeans is about fifteen hundred. Speaking of the future, Stanley declares that "ten years hence, by the accelerated means of transport, there will be five thousand Europeans in the State, and that by 1998 there probably will be two hundred

and fifty thousand within the State, and railways to the Tanganyika, the Nile, and Katanga. . . . But how easy it were to efface this fair prospect by imagining the destiny of the State consigned to other hands than that of Belgium!" The question whether King Leopold will be succeeded by Belgium after the year 1900, when his agreement to furnish funds for the development of the Congo Free State will expire, cannot yet be answered. There is every prospect, however, that, considering the successful completion of the railway connecting the upper with the lower Congo, and the enormous benefits the State must derive therefrom, that Belgium, notwithstanding her past objections, will generously contribute the funds necessary when her king's subsidy shall cease. The trade of the State is already enormous and constantly on the increase, and the shares of



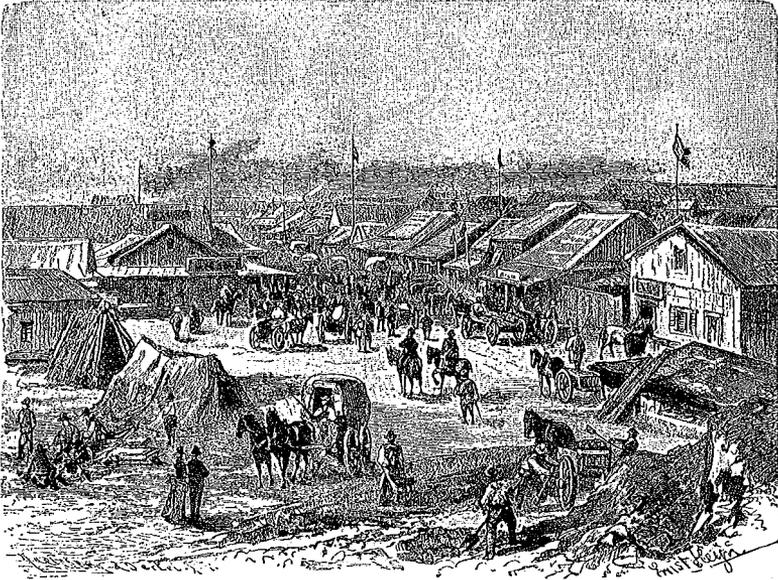
Empress Tauti

the Congo Railway are already commanding double their face value. The mortality caused by malaria and other climatic diseases is rapidly decreasing, thanks to the railway and the modern river steamers, and altogether the future prosperity of the Congo Free State is assured, providing Belgium succeeds Leopold, after 1900, for a few more years with financial support.

France has not been slow in annexing territory, and it is to be feared that she has already more than she needs. Her African territory now includes Gaboon, French Congo, Dahomey, Senegal, Algeria, Tunis, the Sahara, Nigeria, and

the huge island of Madagascar. Her revenues will not permit her to support an African empire and an Asian empire too. Granted that Algeria, Tunis, and Senegal are firmly established, the remainder are suffering for want of the sinews necessary for development.

Italy is unable to develop her claims in Africa. The land she professes to possess south of Abyssinia is a decided burden to her, and the natives have no protection.

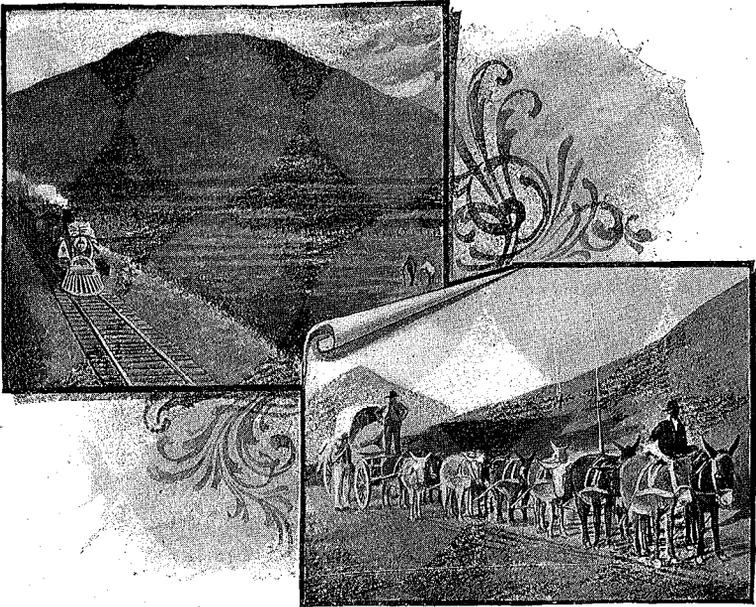


Barberton, in the Transvaal

“Becoming infected with the craze for African territory,” says the great explorer, “and puffed up with vanity, she attempted to swallow more than she could digest. The result was satiety and disgorgement. Her Somali and Galla lands, two hundred and eighty thousand square miles, are of no value to her, but are coveted by both France and Abyssinia. It is obvious to me that they will be a cause of trouble, expense, and humiliation to her yet. The sentiment against absentees is as strong with rival powers as with private ten-

ants. Italy, not daring the cost of proper occupation, must decide quickly what other alternative she will adopt in regard to them. This section, then, being in a state of suspense, there is no certain basis for a forecast of the future. A few years hence it will be safer to pronounce it."

Regarding Abyssinia proper much can be said as to her present development and prospects of future progress. The



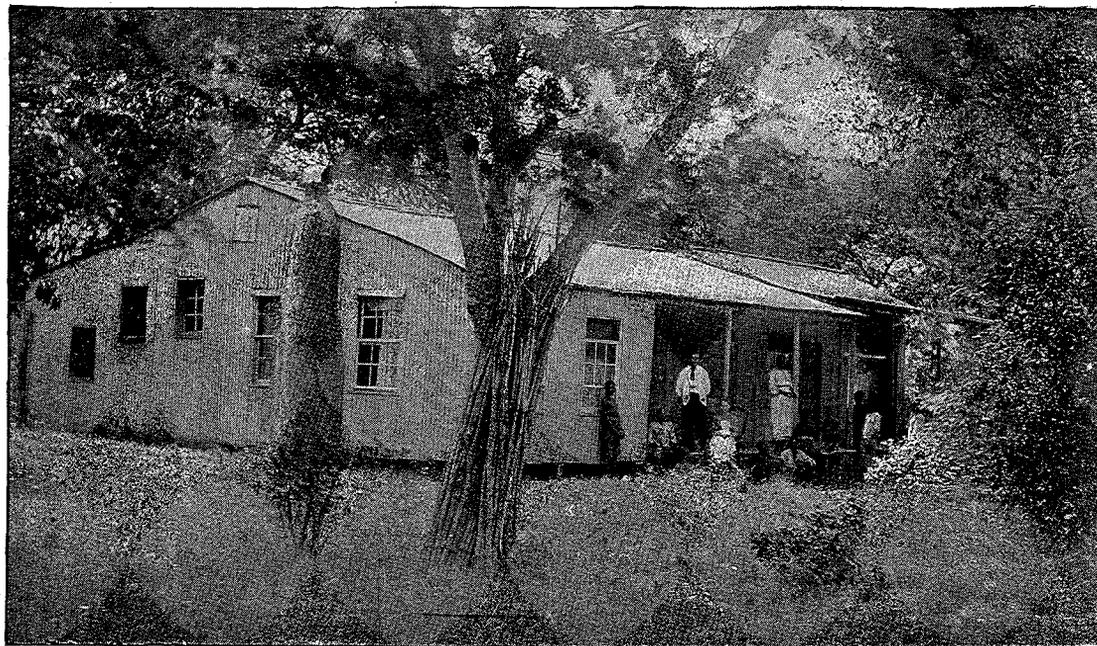
Cape Town to Buluwayo, Past and Present

country is mountainous in the extreme and far removed from Mohammedan influences. While this isolation has been a protection, it has retarded Christian civilization; but the prominence attained by the kingdom under the warrior-statesman, Menelek, has attracted the interested attention of the civilized world, and as a result permanent good must come to the Abyssinians.

South Africa embraces South African Republic, Orange Free State, Cape Colony, Natal, and Bechuanaland. "The

most marked advance in Africa," says Stanley, "during the next century will be in this region, because it is suitable to the constitution of the European, and for two hundred and fifty years he has proved himself adapted to it and has already founded several flourishing states within it. Even the youngest state is possessed of all the advantages necessary to the fullest expansion; railways, telegraphs, and steam lines bring it in direct contact with the center of the civilized world. Nevertheless, there is a peculiar condition of things in South Africa, found in no other part of the continent, which, as we look forward along the coming century, satisfies us that there must be a troublous future in store for these colonies and states. The worst danger, I think, to be apprehended is from the stubborn antagonism which exists between two such determined races as the British and the Dutch. Years do not appear to modify, but rather to intensify the incompatibility. Already they have lived side by side under one flag for over ninety years, but the feeling has been more hostile of late years. The South African Bond (Boer) and the South African League (British) represent the variance of feeling existing. Though the Boers are in the majority at the present time appearances are in favor of the ultimate predominance of the British.

"The imperial supremacy is an altogether different thing and not worth considering. What we want to know is that it will be of such a character as to assure us of the largest possible civil and religious liberty to the people of South Africa. If the British are in the ascendant the principles which triumphed in the United States, Canada, and the Australias, will triumph here also; but if the Dutch gain the ascendancy the outlook is not so bright. In my opinion the latter can scarcely be the case, though at present Boer ideas and views preponderate. If a happy solution of the problem be arrived at, South Africa in 1998 must have a population of European descent approaching eight million and a colored population of sixteen million. Sectional revolts of blacks against whites will doubtless happen, but any combination of the Negroes of



Wesleyan Mission House

the various states is impossible. Long before the end of the century the connection of South Africa with Great Britain will be very slight, unless common interests will have invented some form of nexus whereby Britain and her colonies may have the utmost freedom of action in domestic matters, while yet restrained from pursuing opposing politics in foreign affairs."

The probable changes which will take place in Africa during the next century may not be prophesied, but we can venture to declare that they will be startling when compared with Africa a century ago, or even at the present day. The railway from the Cape to Cairo is by no means an impossibility. Fifty million dollars, it has been estimated, would rail the entire distance from Buluwayo to Lado on the White Nile, and with a complete service of well-equipped steamers on Lakes Nyassa, Tanganyika, Albert Edward, and Albert, and also on the White Nile, there would be direct communication between Cape Town and Alexandria.



Country Seat of Hon. Cecil Rhodes

## CHAPTER LVI

**Africa's People and Languages**

Y aggregating the estimated population of the various territories we may fairly conclude that the total number of Africa's inhabitants is not less than 210,000,000, or eighteen to the square mile, a density five times less than that of Europe, but still considerable, regard being had to the great extent of absolutely desert, forest, and other waste lands. "Of the whole number," says a writer in *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, "probably less than 1,000,000 are recent immigrants from Europe, settled chiefly in the extreme north (Egypt and Algeria), and in the extreme south (Cape Colony, Natal, and the Boer States). About 34,000,000, all of Semitic stock, are intruders from Asia, some in remote or prehistoric times (3,000,000 Himyarites in Abyssinia and Harar from South Arabia), some since the spread of Islam (over 30,000,000 nomad and other Arabs, chiefly along the Mediterranean seaboard, in West Sahara, and Central and East Soudan). All the rest, numbering about 175,000,000 altogether, may be regarded as the true aboriginal element. These are classed by Lepsius in two great physical and linguistic groups: Hamites in the north, Negroes in the south, meeting and intermingling in the intermediate region of Soudan. But this broad grouping is inadequate to explain the present conditions, for there are probably more than two indigenous stock races, and certainly more than two stock languages in Africa, while the races themselves are intermingled in the southern plateau quite as much as, if not even to a

greater extent than in Soudan. The Arabic term, Beled-es-Soudan, 'Land of the Blacks,' answers to our somewhat obsolete expression Nigritia, Negroland, which is commonly regarded as the true home of the black race. Certainly more ideal Negro peoples—that is, ideal in their departure from the European standard—are found in upper Guinea, for instance, and among the Bari and Shilluk Nilotic tribes, than among the Bantus, as the Negro or Negroid peoples of the southern plateau are collectively called. In general, it may be said that, viewed as a whole, the Negro family presents as profound deviations within itself as do the Caucasian and the Mongolic—that is, the two other great families of the eastern hemisphere. The deviations are even greater, if in the typical Negro group are to be included not only the aberrant

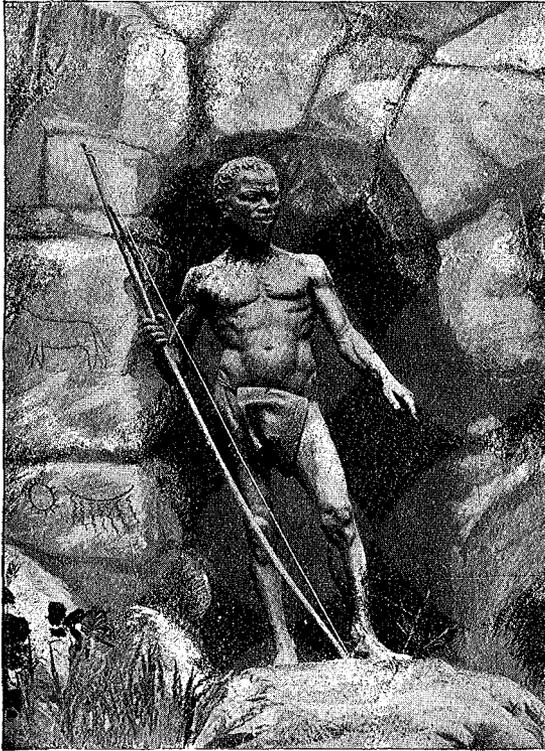


Ama-Khosa Chief

Hottentots of the extreme southwest, but also the pygmy peoples, such as the Bushmen of the Kalahari steppe, the Obongos of the Gaboon, the Akkas south of Monbutland, and the diminutive Batwas, averaging four feet three inches in height, discovered in 1886 by Dr. Ludwig Wolf in the San-kuru (middle Congo) basin. These western Negritos, scattered sporadically over the southern table-land, seem to stand in the same relation to their taller neighbors as the eastern Negritos (Andamanese, Malayan Samangs, Philippine Aetas, Javanese Kalangs) to their taller Papuan neighbors; while their languages, such as that of the Bushmen, abounding in,

to us, unpronounceable sounds known as 'clicks,' are said by some to form a sort of connecting link between articulate and inarticulate speech.

"Radically distinct from these idioms is the Hottentot, which differs fundamentally from the Bantu, a vast linguistic



Type of Bushman

family, current among nearly all the other people of the plateau, from the Ama-Khosas of Kaffirland northward to the Wa-gandas of the Somerset Nile and the Duallas of the Cameroons. This wonderful Bantu group, comparable in extent as well as in complexity of structure to the Aryan, Finno-Tartar, Athabaskan, and other widespread families in

the other continents, gives a certain unity to the Bantu populations, who could not otherwise be distinguished by any hard and fast line from their northern Negro and Negroid neighbors in Soudan. Here the diversity of speech is as great as is the diversity of types produced by immemorial interminglings with the conterminous Hamite peoples.

“But amid the general chaos of tongues awaiting future classification certain relatively large linguistic groups have already been determined, which have so far helped to diminish the prevailing confusion. Such are the Mandingan, with many branches, in Senegambia; the Sonrhai of Timbuctoo and the middle Niger; the Foulah and the Houssa, both widely diffused throughout western Soudan; the Tibbu, ramifying from South Fezzan across the central Sahara to Kanem, Bornu, Wanyanga and Darfur; lastly, the Nuba of Kordofan and the middle Nile to the Egyptian frontier.



Malagasy Type

All these, except the Tibbu, while differing radically from each other, seem to be essentially Negro forms of speech, although the true Foulahs are not a Negro, but apparently a Hamitic people. On the other hand, the Nubas, hitherto supposed to be related to them, are now known to be true Negroes, whose type is preserved in Kordofan, and greatly modified in the Nile valley. The recent researches of Nachtigal have also helped to determine the hitherto doubtful position of the Tibbus, who occupy the whole of east-

ern Sahara, from about twelve degrees east longitude, and whose true home appears to be the Tibesti highlands. Physically they are not to be distinguished from their Tuareg neighbors; but the race has been gradually displaced southward to the Tchad basin, where their speech, fundamentally distinct from the Hamitic, has been adopted with considerable modifications by the Kanuri, Kanembu, and other true Negro peoples. Other large Negro groups are the Batta of Adamawa; the Nupe and Yoruba of the lower Niger; the Mosgu, south of Lake Tchad; the Maba of Wadai, the Dinka, Shilluk, Bari, and Monbuttu of the upper Nile and upper Welle; lastly, the Zandeh and Fans, occupying most of the still unexplored region between Soudan and the Congo and Ogowe basins. All of these appear to be true Negroes, except the Fans, who have in recent times reached the West Coast about the equator, and who are described as quite distinct (Hamites?) from the surrounding black populations.

“The remainder of North Africa, except where encroached upon by the intruding Semites, is the proper domain of the Hamites—that is, the African branch of the Caucasian family. Their physical type is essentially Mediterranean, often characterized by extremely regular features, and in places even by blue eyes and fair complexion. But their language bears no distinct relation to any other Caucasian form of speech, beyond a certain faint resemblance to the Semitic sufficient to suggest a possible primeval Semitico-Hamitic organic tongue. It has a geographical range in the north analogous to that of the Bantu in the south, being spoken with great dialectic diversity by the Berbers in the western Sahara, and Mauritania (Shluhs, Kabyles, Mzabs), and in the east by the Gallas, Somalis, Masai (?), Afars, Agaas, and Bejas—that is, generally between the Nile basin and the East Coast. But it is now extinct in Egypt, where Arabic is current, and where the old Hamitic speech is represented only by the liturgical language of the few surviving Christian Coptic communities.

“In its inhabitants, as well as its natural history,

Madagascar forms a region apart, the dominant Hovas of the central plateau, the Sakalavas of the west, and the Betsimisarakas of the East Coast being either of pure or mixed Malay stock. The Malagasy language also, which is spoken with a certain uniformity all over the island, is an outlying branch of the great oceanic (Malayo-Polynesian) family, which stretches eastward to Easter Island. Nevertheless, there is evidently a considerable intermixture of black blood, due to the importation of slaves from the Mozambique coast, and possibly also to the presence of a Negro element in the island before the arrival of the Malayan intruders from the Eastern Archipelago."

The foregoing remarks will be rendered more intelligible by the subjoined general scheme of all the African races :

I.

NEGRO AND NEGROID PEOPLES.

*Negritos* (Pygmies).

Bushmen (San).....Kalahari Desert.  
 Batwas.....Sankuru River, Congo Basin.  
 Obongos.....Ogowe Basin.  
 Akkas.....South Monbuttuland.

*Hottentots* (Khoi-Khoi).

Namaqua.....Great and Little Namaqualand.  
 Koraqua.....Upper Orange, Vaal, and Modder Rivers.  
 Griqua (Half-castes).....Griqualand West.

*Bantus*.

Zulu-Kaffirs, Basutos, Bechuanas.....South from the Limpopo.  
 Makua, Matebele.....Between Limpopo and Zambesi.  
 Manganja, Waiyau.....Lake Nyassa.  
 Barotse, Barua, Balunda.....Between Zambesi and Congo.  
 Waswahili, Wanika, Wapokomo.....East Coast.  
 Wa-ganda, Wanyamwesi, Walegga.....Equatorial Lakes.  
 Ovaherero, Ovampo, Bacongo, Bateke, Duallo.....West Coast.

*Soudanese Negroes*.

Kroo, Fanti, Ashantee, Yoruba, Nupe.....Upper Guinea.  
 Mandingan, Wolof, Bambara, Sonrhai.....Senegambia.  
 Houssa, Batta, Kanuri, Baghirmi, Mosgu, Kanem.....Central Soudan.  
 Maba, Nuba, Dinka, Shilluk, Bari, Monbuttu, Zandeh..Eastern Soudan.

## II.

## HAMITIC PEOPLES.

*Mixed and Doubtful Hamites.*

Fans.....	Ogowe Basin, thence inland.
Foulahs.....	West and Central Soudan.
Tibbus.....	East Sahara.
Agas.....	Abyssinia.
Masai.....	Masailand.
Fellahin.....	Egypt.

*True Hamites.*

Berbers	{ Shluh.....	Morocco.
	{ Mزاب, Kabyle.....	Algeria, Tunis.
	{ Tuareg.....	West Sahara.
Gallas, Somali, Afar, Bejas.....	Northeast Coast.	

## III.

## SEMITIC PEOPLES.

Arabs.....	Mauritania, West Sahara, Central and West Soudan.
Himyarites (Amhara, Tigre, Shoa).....	Abyssinia.

The lands occupied by the native African or Negro tribes are rich in minerals, and, being watered by rains and rivers which overflow, are abundantly fertile. The same field will under the tropical sun yield two and sometimes three yearly crops of fruits and vegetables or cereals. The same soil in the temperate zone will only yield once a year. Unquestionably the native African is industrious and peaceful, disposed to agricultural pursuits and trade. The purest stock of woolly-haired mankind are the Bantus. Heli Chatelain declares that "the distinction between the Bantu and Negro races is a myth," and that the Negroes of upper Guinea and the Soudan form "one compact and homogeneous race with the Bantu of the Congo basin;" their physical, mental, and moral characteristics and folklore are about the same. South of the equator the natives speak the Bantu languages, which form one great family of languages, having one grammatical construction and a common store of words. The natives north of the equator speak languages which have retained more or less grammatical forms

of Bantu grammar and word roots of Bantu origin; "but these ruins," says an authority, "are overgrown by a rank and wild vegetation which it takes philology a long time to penetrate. It is, however, easy, in some of the better known languages spoken by Soudan Negroes, to discover traces of distinctly Hamitic influence." The physical characteristics of the native races are: a large skeleton, long and thick skull, projecting jaws, skin from dark brown to black, woolly hair, thick lips, flat nose, and wide nostrils.

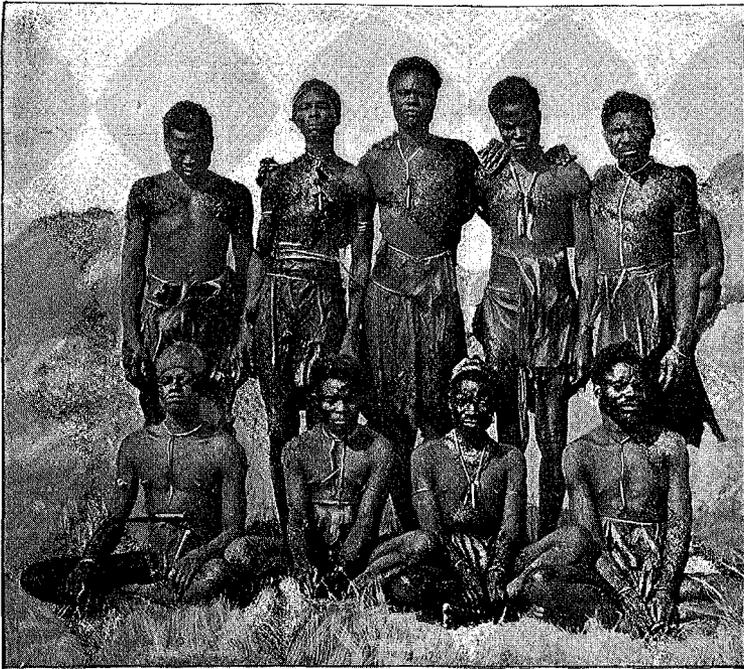
In the North the Tibbus hold a large tract of the Sahara Desert north of Lake Tchad, while from Senegambia to Lake Tchad we have Negroes that are ruled by Foulah conquerors, who have crushed up many native Negro kingdoms and their names. The Negroes of Wadai, east of Lake Tchad, have maintained their independence against the Arabs and Foulahs, owing to their Mohammedan



An Ama-Tonga

fanaticism. The Negro population of Borneo is strongly mixed with Imoshagh and Arabs, all professing the Mohammedan religion. The Houssas of Sokoto are Negroes, "slightly mixed with Hamites." They are the most promising people of the Soudan, and their language will compete with Arabic and English in the territory between Lake Tchad and the Niger. In French Senegambia, near Saint Louis, are the Wolofs, a very black, well-built people, whose language differs from that of their neighbors. The people of upper Guinea are generally heathen. The Temne and Nende and Susu tribes have a language very

similar to the Bantu. In Liberia the Vey tribes are remarkable for the intellectual development reached under the original syllabic characters invented by one of their chiefs, Doalu Bukere ("the king"), about sixty years ago, and who was supposed to have been under the influence of a dream. The industrious Kroomen of the West Coast form another nation of great promise in Africa's future.



Young Men of the Garenganze Country

On Gold and Slave Coasts the Eplie, the Ga, and Tshi-speaking people, including the once important kingdoms of Ashantee and Dahomey, are rapidly becoming civilized under the influences of Christian missionaries. The Yoruba, the Nupe, the Ibo, and the Efik, in the lower Niger basin, are rapidly emerging out of heathenism. At Cameroon we reach the field of the Bantu languages, which the explora-

tions of Livingstone, Stanley, De Brazza, Wissman, and Holub have brought into prominence, and around which Christendom has formed a protectorate. South of the equator the Negroes are in some respects remarkable. Separated from the rest of mankind by wide oceans, impassable forests, and the Sahara Desert, they have been less subject to foreign influences than any other tribe, and their physical condition, as well as their language, is comparatively unimpaired.

Dr. Cust, the author of *Languages of Africa*, gives four hundred and fifty as the total number of African languages, with over one hundred and fifty dialects; the Soudan languages numbering two hundred and twelve, with fifty-six dialects, and the Bantu languages one hundred and eighty, with sixty dialects. The same learned authority also says that the natives of Angola speak seven different languages; but Chatelain, who is, in my estimation, an unparalleled authority, declares that "these seven languages are simply dialects," and, speaking of the Moluas, the Barua, the Barbula, and the Bashilange and other tribes in the region between Tanganyika, Bangweolo, and the confluence of the Lulua and Kassai, he tells us how his friend Dr. Summers "labored two years at one end of this field, among the Bashilange, and gathered valuable linguistic material which he bequeathed to him while at the other end of the field, in Garenganze." Mr. Swan, the missionary, also learned the language and published a vocabulary with a few chapters of a gospel. "By comparing these materials, collected at a distance of about six hundred miles, I was," declares Chatelain, "surprised to find that it was the same language, and that the natives gave it the same name. At the same time I had opportunities to consult a Belgian explorer who had traversed the region comprised between these two points, and also native Angolans who had accompanied him on his expedition. Their testimony confirmed my discovery. Further comparative study revealed the fact that other dialects are comprehended within

the boundaries of this great Luba language, and that Luganda, at the north end of Lake Victoria, has practically the same grammatical structure.

“ During my second stay at Loanda I collected a vocabulary of U-iaka, the language of the Ma-iaka, or Ma-iakala. On my return to America I discovered, by comparison, that U-iaka was practically the same as Ki-teke, in which Dr. Sims, of Stanley Pool, had published a gospel and a vocabu-



Tailors of the Ba-Mangwato Tribe

lary. Further research disclosed the fact that several other tribes, the Northern Mbamba, the Buma, the Mbete, and the Tsaia speak dialects of the same language. Still further investigation into the physical appearance and the customs of these tribes showed them to be identical in all points in which they differ from their neighbors speaking other languages. These facts combined proved that between the equator and the eighth degree south latitude there is a cluster of tribes speaking the same language and having the

same customs, forming, therefore, one great nation. This nation, the powers assembled at Berlin in 1885 have, without knowing it, and without the nation's knowledge, divided between France, the Congo Free State, and Portugal, France getting the lion's share."

In the government schools at Cameroons the Dualla language is being taught by order of the German government; this language is also taught in the stations of the Basel missions. The dying tribe of the Mpongwe in the French Congo are being superseded by the fighting Fang tribes, who speak a sort of Bantu language.

The Ovi-mbundu, of Bailundu and Bihe, away in the highlands of Angola, bring the produce of the mighty Congo's streams to Benguela, which is a seaport town. There they barter it principally for wretched European firewater and firearms and cartridges or powder, which enable the Makioko to carry on their vile slave raids. The men of this tribe are fine athletic specimens of black-skinned manhood, wearing long plaited beards. These magnificent savages have crushed the once powerful empire of Lunda, making slaves of the subjects of Muatyamo, their former suzerain. The Kioko tribe are said to speak the same language as the Ambuella of the Zambesi River.

In German South Africa the Ovaherero, famous for the raising and herding of cattle, are beginning to show signs of improvement since the troops of the German emperor have protected them from the raids of the Hottentots and curbed the marauding propensities of Witboy, the Nama chieftain.

South of the Zambesi are the Zulus, the Kaffirs, the Bechuana, the Batonga, the Matebele, the Mashona, and the Ba-nayai. These are all Bantu nations, whose territories are gradually being grasped by the greedy hunters of gold and the grabbers of land, who retard the work of the missionaries, unfortunately.

Between the Rovuma and Zambesi Rivers in Portuguese Moçambique, is the Ma-kua tribe, and the Lomve, Metu,

Ibo, and Angroche. Their territory is always being invaded by Europeans with the permission of the Portuguese government.

In the neighborhood of Lake Nyassa the British and German authorities protect the Wa-yao, the Ma-konde, and the Manganga against the fiendish Arab slaver and the



A Kabyle Type

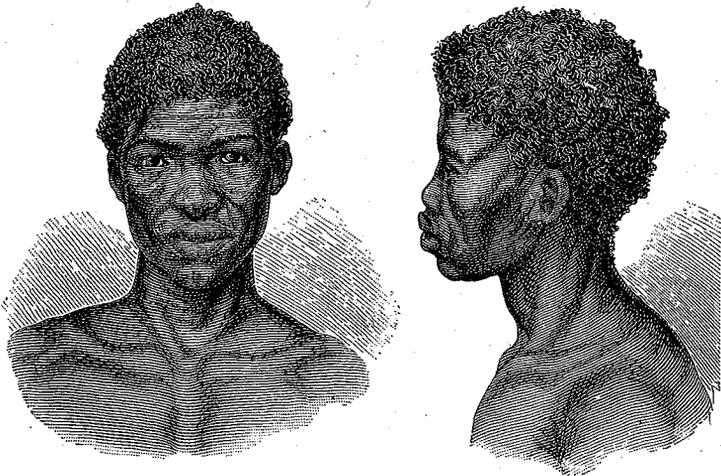
plundering Maviti; while in German East Africa, the Wa-Zaramoo, Wa-Sagara, Wa-Gogo, Wa-Zeguha, Wa-Hehe, and the Wa-Nyanwezi tribes are the stronger, speaking languages very similar to the K-Suahili of Zanzibar.

There seems to be little doubt that the future destiny of Africa, in its nationalization, its language, and system of government, will be principally upon an English basis. Time has proved the language of the Briton to be the most useful in its general adaptability. And the grand system of civil govern-

ment brought down from the Romans to the nineteenth century perfection of the English and American governments is the best that has or can be adopted, since it allows the citizen all possible freedom of thought, speech, or action consistent with the safety of the State. I agree with Mr. T. Thomas Fortune when he declares that "the Christian religion is destined to supplant all other religious systems of belief, because it is the best code of moral philosophy ever

given to man as an inspiration or as a development, an evolution of the social life of a people." The English-speaking people represent the strongest force in the Dark Continent to-day, and I will venture to prophesy that in a few more years they will be the leaders of all other European and native forces. Neither language nor religion may produce a homogeneous people, but language, religion, and considerations of general welfare will eventually bring about the same result in Africa as they have brought about in America.

Out of the race elements on the somber continent there



Two Views of the Koranna Type

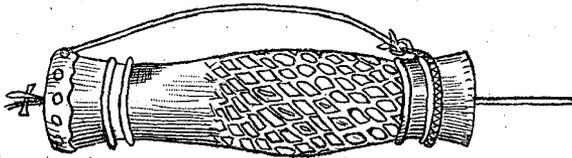
will yet be a civilization whose glory and strength shall equal the most perfect that now exist, or that have passed away, and "Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hand to God" and receive his loving smile with humble and fervent gratitude. The African's greatest crime, after all, has been his ignorance in morals and manners, wherein animalism has had unguided sway. As the redemption of the African has commenced this will surely be changed. The future of Africa gives the thoughtful investigator something to think about. Its agricultural opportunities, its commerce, yet in its infancy, and its gold and diamond mines, have already awakened

prosperous nations of Europe to acts of covetousness. Thousands of aliens to-day are endeavoring to get a slice of Africa. Is there not a danger in the future that knowledge will give the native this fever for gain and a desire to regain the country he has lost through his ignorance? It is a danger not to be overlooked. Unnumbered millions of enlightened desperate men would be a formidable foe against all the invaders put together. One thing is certain, and that is that sooner or later the African native will surely awaken to the fact of the material value of all he has unwittingly abrogated and submitted to in the treaties which he has signed under the representations of pretended benefits to his race and civilization generally. The European invader might do well to consider and reform his avaricious methods.

As the Africans say when they put the seed of a mango into the ground when they are on a journey, "I plant it, that my brother who comes ten years hence may have fruit to eat;" so let us plant seeds of truth and honor, that in ten years hence we may reap peace and brotherly love.

The African, despite his ignorance, is human. He will fight for his country, for territorial boundaries, for natural rights, for his beliefs, for his homes, for his women and children, and to establish possessorship over weaker countries. He will fight too, when self-interest is at stake, when even minor governmental or petty individual differences arise, if he imitates the nations of Christendom at this very time.

The whole world has been paying a mistaken tribute to the peaceful attributes of the African, to have presupposed that he will never turn fiercely to throw off the shackles of subjugation and repossess himself of his birthright.



War Drum

## CHAPTER LVII

## The Open Sore



**D**OUTBLESS the estimate that there are still fifty million slaves in Africa is not in the least exaggerated. The British Antislavery Society, which has received a large number of reports from sources which cannot be doubted for a moment, declares that fully half a million of the poor African natives are annually killed in the prosecution of this vile business.

From the Atlantic to the Red Sea and from Zanzibar to the Nile the slave trade is carried on, notwithstanding British and other European protection. Take Zanzibar, for instance. Here are two small islands governed by English officers, yet out of a population of four hundred thousand people there are two hundred and sixty thousand slaves, whose average lives are only seven years, according to the calculation of the owners themselves. These slaves are all held illegally; the British authorities admit this much and have continually promised to rectify this terrible wrong, but at the present time matters are just about the same.

It is estimated that for each twenty thousand slaves imported into Arab territory more than sixty thousand natives have been ruthlessly murdered in their kraals in various parts of Africa. The British government is well aware of these facts, but hesitates to make a commotion among the Arabs of Zanzibar and other places where the revenues are obtained from the labor of these poor wretches. If America would atone for her past errors in the slave trade she has ample opportunity at the present time in Africa.

When you are told that cannibalism does not exist any more in Africa you are deceived. Cannibalism and slavery are very closely allied in some parts of Africa to-day.



Gathering Nuts of the Fan Palm

This is the fact in the neighborhood of the Mobanghi River, the boundary between Congo Free State and French territory. There the slaves are far more numerous than the

natives who are free. The flesh of dumb animals is despised, and the chiefs kill their slaves regularly for their feasts, which are many. Young slaves are used instead of money to pay for goods and chattels of every description. The lords of these lands keep no banking accounts. Their wealth is in their slaves.

Whenever a hunt is arranged to take place on a given day a young boy of ten or twelve years must first be cruelly sacrificed to the river god. The natives are very pious at Nyange, Butome, Irebu, and Busmide, for a Catholic missionary writing from Liranga, says they make human sacrifices two or three times a week. This correspondent even gives the horrible details of the arrangements and misery of anticipation which the victim suffers; but I will spare my readers.

The natives themselves carry on the largest traffic in slaves, without violence, in the everyday social customs. Unfortunately it is "a constituent element of native African society;" a system introduced by American and African slave hunters. And the slave owners of Africa think and argue that if the slave trade is entirely abolished chaos will reign.

At present, where native rule is in the ascendant, parents have the right to sell their children. Every child that is born is the property of "its maternal uncle;" in some tribes of its father. This right has been so abused by the Lubolo tribe in Angola that these cruel people actually "consider the breeding of children as an easy way to earn a livelihood." Then again a man has the right to sell himself, and this he never does so long as he has a nephew or cattle or house to sell. The poor debtor who cannot pay his debts may be sold to the highest bidder by his creditors. Criminals are also sold in like manner. Witchcraft and adultery are the principal crimes which supply slaves to the voracious dealer. The crime of being a supposed witch is punishable with death, but it often happens that the chief or witch doctor can have the unfortunate victim

sold into slavery. Kidnapping is very frequent, not only by the Arabs, but by the natives themselves. They think it very smart to kidnap one of their fellows and sell him to the Arabs without being found out. Prisoners of war are either butchered or sold into slavery. Women when they are young or middle-aged are very seldom



Gathering and Drying Dates

killed, because they are easily sold either for the harem or field labor. Chatelain declares that "most of the slave raiding wars are caused, not immediately, but through one, two, or three intermediary links, by the demand of semicivilized Mohammedan Hamites or Negroes, in the Soudan; of well-to-do Egyptians, Moroccans, and Arabs; of oil kings, in the Niger basin; of white planters, wherever sugar cane, coffee, and cocoa are grown on a large scale, and last, but

not least, by the demand of the European governments and expeditions for native soldiers or carriers."

The native African will always work up to the measure of his needs, or according to the incentive offered. The European now sometimes resorts to the shallow subterfuge of *redeeming* slaves. The men and women are captured by powerful native chiefs and sent to the European contractors or planters, who redeem them and put them to work in their fields or making roads, under the lash. It was an open secret that redeemed slaves were employed for some time in the building of the Congo Railroad. The cry raised against this five years ago, however, caused the British authorities to investigate, and as far as possible, be it said with all honor to those in power, it was stopped. The men were fairly paid and left absolutely free. The real trouble exists between the planter and the contractor.

Civilization in Africa in some respects has increased the difficulty in its great demand for laborers. The contract system which obtains in the Portuguese colonies is acknowledged openly, even in Parliament, to be the same old slavery made legal under another name.

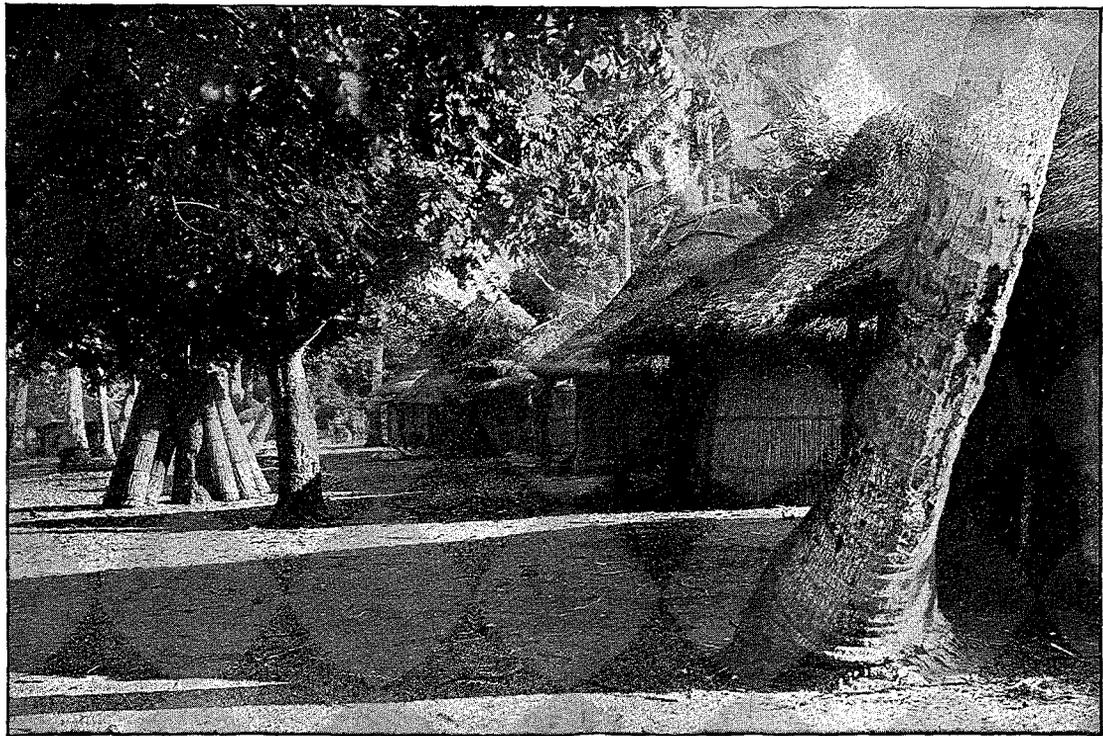
Stanley declared in 1893 \* "that the final blow had been given by the act of the Brussels Antislavery Conference, wherein modern civilization has fully declared its opinions upon the question of slavery, and no single power will dare remain indifferent to them under penalty of obloquy and shame." The first article of the Brussels act contains seven paragraphs which were drafted with the sole object of suppressing this trade in human beings. Great Britain, Germany, and the Congo Free State are the three powers most concerned in the carrying out of this act, but Great Britain has done the least, although in the past she was ever the leading spirit in the cause of the poor slave.

"The slave trader," continues Stanley, "has disappeared from the East Coast almost entirely and is to be found now on the lake coast of the Victoria or within British territory.

\* *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, March, 1893.

The ocean cruiser can follow him no farther; but the lake cruiser must not only debar the guilty slave dhow from the privilege of floating on the principal fountains of the Nile, but she must assist to restrict the importation of firearms from German territory, from the byways of Arab traffic, from the unguarded West; she must prevent the flight of fugitives and rebels and offenders from British territory; she must protect the missionaries and British subjects in their peaceful passage to and fro across the lake; she must teach the millions on the lake shores that the white ensign waving from her masthead is a guarantee of freedom, life, and peace. To make these great benefits possible the Victorian lake must be connected with the Indian Ocean by a railway. That narrow iron track will command effectively one hundred and fifty thousand square miles of British territory. It is the one remedy for the present disgraceful condition of British East Africa." Since Stanley uttered those words in 1893 I know that the British government has done much to alleviate the condition of the native African and the contract laborer. The divine hand which has opened up Africa to civilization will not forsake his dark-skinned children at this juncture. The planter or contractor, be he British, German, Dutch, French, or Arab, who deceives and oppresses these children of nature will reap a certain, though it may not be swift, retribution, for God has declared that Africa shall be redeemed.

The spirit of Livingstone will live in the heart of every Christian man and woman who desires that this open sore of slavery shall be healed. And what Christian can do otherwise?



Tonga Town of Kambine

# South African Diamonds

## CHAPTER LVIII

### The Mines at Kimberley



ERTAINLY South Africa is at present the world's chief source of supply for the splendid gems which the wealthy prize, the needy covet, and lovers of the beautiful admire the world over. The diamonds of Hindustan and Brazil were the ideal gems before Kimberley dazzled the world with the fabulous wealth of the new Golconda.

The great diamond mines of South Africa are situated within a circle of about three and one half miles in diameter. There are five principal mines, the largest of which is forty-five acres in extent. These are known as the Kimberley, Bloemfontein, De Beers, Du Toit's Pan, and Wesselton mines. It is in this vicinity that the famous town of Kimberley has sprung up, where diamond mining is carried on in a way never before dreamed of. The best scientific skill of the world has been brought to the development of these mines, and a perfect military organization has been evolved for their protection.

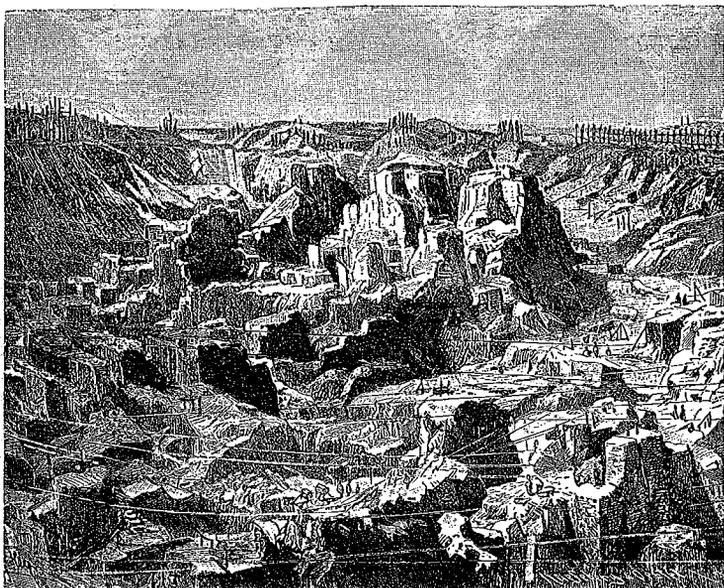
The mines lie at the northern end of a plateau, about four thousand feet above the level of the sea, which extends from the Bokveldt Mountains near the Cape of Good Hope to the border of the Transvaal. The Orange Free State possesses other diamond mines. Two of these are of considerable size, one thirty and the other sixty miles away.

In most parts of the district the excavator, after clearing away the surface soil, comes upon a dark, coaly shale a hundred feet or more thick, beneath which lies a mass of igneous basaltic rock. This is succeeded by a blackish shale with bands of hard sandstone. Here and there, however, is a mass of curious rotten earth in which is found sometimes fragments of shale and hard mineral grains. This is of a yellowish shade, but gradually to about one hundred feet below it becomes green and is found to be more solid. The two substances are identical in origin, but the upper or yellow ground is more decomposed than the lower or "blue ground," as it is called. As we dig deeper and deeper we find that pick and shovel are useless, and the substance has to be quarried in the ordinary way. Its appearance now is entirely different, consisting largely of fragments varying in shape and size. Some are pieces of rock; others are minerals with the appearance of crystals. These are all set in a greenish-colored matrix. This substance, whether rotten or solid, is the diamond-bearing rock, and seems to fill huge "pipes" or shafts which appear to have been driven through the shale and underlying rocks vertically downward, to what depth is unknown; but it is certain that it is not less than fifteen hundred feet. At first the material was "pegged out" in a number of small claims, and the soft stuff was easy to work. Gradually, however, difficulties arose as the excavations were deepened. The material was constantly slipping and falling, not only from the "pipe" itself, but from what the miners call the "country rock" at its side. Water became troublesome and working expensive, and therefore cooperation and capital became absolute necessities.

In 1880 the mines had been acquired by companies, and they are now combined under the name of the De Beers Consolidated Mines. Deep shafts have been sunk through the "country rock" from which levels are driven to the "pipes." The diamond-bearing rock is quarried away, as it were, layer by layer, and is taken up to the surface. During this process a diamond may be discovered, but it is only

a mere chance. It is necessary that the rock be exposed to atmospheric action in order that it may crumble to pieces if possible, to avoid the risk of splitting the diamond it might contain if it were crushed by machinery. Sometimes the crushing cannot be avoided; but whether by crushing or action of the air the fragments are carefully washed and searched over for diamonds.

It is impossible for the outside world to gather the exact



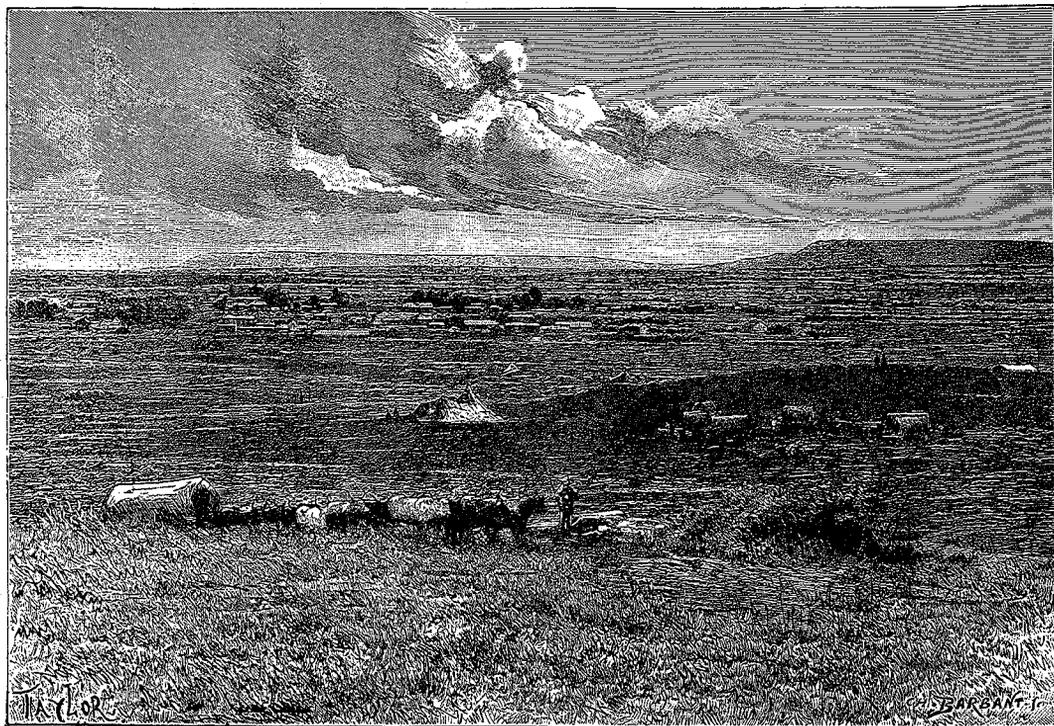
The Kimberley Diamond Fields

facts regarding the quantity of diamonds discovered in these mines. Doubtless the world would be amazed if the truth were known. The directors, however, keep the matter a profound secret, and, moreover, they place a decided limit on the output lest the market should be glutted. It has been whispered by good authority that up to the end of 1892 no less than ten tons of diamonds had been taken from the mines. A writer in the *Cosmopolitan* gives the

figure at seven tons, but I believe ten is nearer the mark. These were valued at sixty million pounds sterling, or three hundred million dollars.

Crookes, a well-known English scientist and lecturer, stated in a lecture he recently delivered, that these diamonds would fill a box five feet square and six feet high. The annual product is now about half a ton. Eight thousand persons are employed by this corporation, of whom about sixteen hundred are white, the remaining six thousand four hundred being chiefly Kaffirs. In giving the above estimate of the diamond output we include bad and good. Some may be gems of the first water, while others may only be fit for cutting purposes. Colored diamonds from these mines are rare, while those having a slight yellow tinge are common. The expert can generally tell the locality from which the stone has been obtained the moment he examines it, which indicates that the diamonds of each mine have something of an individuality. The largest diamond which has yet been found at Kimberley measured somewhat less than two inches from point to point and weighed nearly four ounces Troy weight.

Geologists are not yet decided as to the real nature of the rock where these diamonds are found. The rock contains olivine, garnet, mica, augite, and serpentinous stone and shale. The late Professor Carvill Lewis believed the rock to be of igneous origin, and that the included fragments had been broken off by and embedded in the molten mass as it forced its way upward. The majority of geologists, however, believe this rock to be a kind of volcanic breccia produced by a series of explosions of gas and steam, modified afterward by the passage of hot water—in other words, that the "pipes" are the throats of volcanoes which only discharge broken rock, steam, and water. Others believe that the diamond was produced just where it has been found, while some believe that these diamonds have been formed deep down in the earth, like the garnet, augite, etc., and brought up with other fragments during the explosion.



The Landscape of the Transvaal

Professor Lewis maintained that the diamonds were formed by the action of the molten magnesian rock on the carbonaceous shales. Of course we all know that diamond is only one form of pure carbon, of which carbonado and black lead are other forms. The presence of olivine and other ferromagnesian minerals may be significant, for diamonds have been found in meteorites composed mainly of iron.

A visitor from New York to-day would not find Kimberley a very picturesque place. There are a few comparatively fine buildings, and the majority are constructed of galvanized iron. But notwithstanding the lack of the beautiful in outward appearances Kimberley possesses all the luxuries of modern civilization. Previous to 1871 it was but a spot in a dreary desert waste; now it is a thriving town with a population of twenty thousand, the diamond center of the whole world.

When a blast is about to be made in one of the mines a bell is rung. You may look into the pit and watch the burning fuse; the Kaffirs are scampering off to places of safety in all directions; you hear a roar as of thunder, and see the ground heave and the earth shoot up into the air and fall back again. There are generally a series of these reports, one following another, and then a bell is rung again to indicate that the danger is over, and the Kaffirs go back with their picks to delve and dig the blue ground in the darkness of a shaft or on the surface in the light.

Do the Kaffirs steal diamonds? Yes; they do when they get a chance. Formerly, when vigilance was only a theory and not a fact, it is believed on good authority that fully one half the diamonds were stolen. Now, however, with an elaborate system of espionage and the fact that the Kaffir must live in the compound for the three months for which he engages to serve the company, and be under the strictest surveillance all the time, it is estimated that not more than five per cent of the diamonds are stolen. The trader and rum are blamed for making thieves of the Kaffirs. Formerly a diamond thief, when caught in *flagrante delicto*,

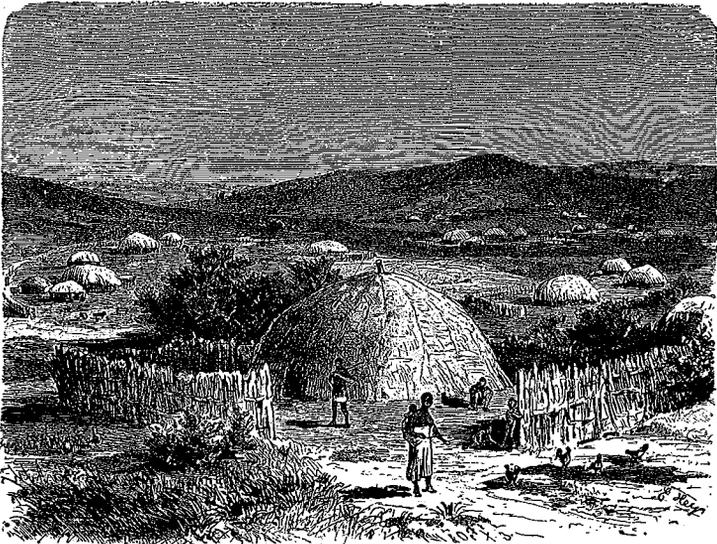
was immediately lynched. Now, however, that law and order are said to prevail, the poor ignorant Kaffir is flogged almost to death and imprisoned for a term of years. The devices for concealing the precious stones are many and various. If the three months' service should be about up the Kaffir will generally swallow all the diamonds he can manage to put into his mouth without being caught. These he can readily dispose of to the dealer in smuggled



Krelli, the Great Kaffir King

diamonds for a tithe of their value, providing he can get away with them. Some of the Negroes cut gashes in their flesh in order to conceal diamonds, but this dodge is now too well known. One of the most cute tricks of concealment was that of a man who was lynched some time ago. His scheme had been to cut the skin of his dog and make pockets to hold the diamonds. The poor dog suffered terribly, and it was the dog's wounded body that finally led to the man's arrest and execution.

It will be impossible to close this chapter without a word about the fantastic holiday attire of the natives who work in the mines, and, indeed, out of them too. Dealers in second-hand wearing apparel do a thriving trade at Kimberley. Old hats, coats, pants, women's dresses, and fancy underclothing are imported from London and sold at a high price to the Kaffir dude. It is not the article he purchases, however, which is strikingly ridiculous, but it is the absurd manner



A Kaffir Kraal

in which he wears it. Just imagine, if you can, a tall, athletic Kaffir with his legs shoved through the sleeves of a coat, the body of the coat being tied around his body or suspended over his shoulders with cords. To make matters worse he has upon his head a silk hat upside down, for the crown was out when he purchased it, and he concluded that the gap where the crown should have been was the place for his head. I have seen the photograph (taken instantaneously) of a Kaffir with his arms pushed through the legs of a pair of pants and his majestic head adorned with red

feathers and an old bridal veil. The wildest imagination cannot picture them more grotesque than they really are in all these discarded odds and ends of civilization. They have no idea of being funny. A Kaffir is never more serious and solemn than when arrayed in garb most ridiculous. Notwithstanding all this, there is a wonderful difference between the Kaffir of to-day and a very few years ago. Better a fantastic dresser than the murdering savage that he certainly was. Daily contact with white people is producing its effect, and by and by he will desire to dress like the white man. Already the missionaries in the compounds are bringing them to the light of the truth as it is in Jesus.

One of these, who preaches in a number of compounds, and comes in contact with about ten thousand natives, relates some interesting cases of conversion among them. One was a Zulu, familiarly called Jim. The second time he heard the preaching of the Gospel he surrendered to God, and received Christ as his Saviour. Soon after, on one occasion the missionaries did not appear when expected, so Jim gathered his fellow-workmen about him, and addressed them with such earnestness that one of the natives fell upon the ground and prayed aloud for mercy. After Jim had prayed with him he professed to have found pardon and peace. Even when dug up out of the compounds, where the natives have quickly added to the sins of heathenism the vices of the rum civilization, the best agency for reaching the masses of the people can be secured and trained for efficient service. Although opposition is often met with it is not infrequently turned to good account in the furtherance of missionary work. On one occasion a mine foreman forbade the missionaries' entrance into the compound, but finally said to them, "You may give an exhibition of a sample service." Although he entered it in this jesting mood he soon showed an interest by borrowing a hymn book from one of the bystanders, a little later was seen to be earnestly engaged in studying a copy of the Bible, and at the close of the meeting was found on his knees.



Slatin Pasha

# The Cross in the Soudan

## CHAPTER LIX

### Retribution and Restitution



AHDISM has met its Waterloo at Omdurman. Gordon has been avenged! The Khalifa, with his hosts of dervishes, has been routed from his stronghold, and Mahdism is a thing of the past. To-day the Union Jack of the British empire waves proudly over Omdurman. By its side is the flag of the Khedive of Egypt. The natives, who have suffered long and deeply from the cruel despotism of the Khalifa, will soon learn to rejoice in the blessings to be enjoyed by obedience to the laws of a beneficent and permanent government. Christianity is at the foundation of England's greatness, and I do not think I am far wrong when I say that Christian influences will follow in the wake of her reconquest of the Soudan. The victory at Khartoom was but the beginning of the end—the divine will—the Christianizing of the Soudan. Mahdism sounded its own death knell when Gordon was murdered on the 26th of January, 1885. The fiendish work on that memorable day acted upon the British government as a mighty incentive to win back the Soudan to civilization and avenge the death of the man the whole Christian world loved. To-day the pages of civilization's history are illumed with the record of one of the most brilliant achievements the world has ever seen; and the monster of Mahdism, with its fanaticism, its cruelty, ignorance, and treachery, is wiped out. The hosts of the once great Khalifa are dead or scat-

tered, his kingdom and country are his no more, and even his ill-gotten wealth which he had carefully hidden away in the desert is a reward of his conquerors.

The reconquest of the Soudan actually began in 1882, when Sir Evelyn Wood was commissioned by Lord Dufferin to organize a new army in Egypt. The achievements of the Egyptian soldiers before Omdurman tell the world how well Sir Evelyn's work has been done. Lord Dufferin was not satisfied that Egypt should only have a new army, but he personally entered into the work of reorganizing Egypt's government, and left no stone unturned to strengthen her, politically and financially, so that she might one day regain possession of the provinces she had lost. Lord Dufferin landed at Alexandria November 7, 1882, and at once commenced the arduous work of reorganization which was to be her salvation. And on the ancient Nile, whose history is the history of empires lost and won, whose age is obscured in the dim shadows of the past, a new and better civilization has begun. It is this same great and ideal civilization which has marched with irresistible force to the equator and driven before it the malevolent fanaticism which has, alas! too long made blacker the shadows of darkest Africa and steeped them with the hue of human blood.

The slaughter of a few thousand dervishes, who followed their master in blind faith, does not complete the avenging of Gordon. It was a grim and ghastly sacrifice, and enough, surely, to satisfy all natural desires of vengeance. The genuine work of compensation, however, must begin where Gordon was cut off. As the Soudan flourished before Mohammed Ahmed was forced by the Egyptians to leave the island of Abba, whither he had retired to compel the indignant Arabs to salute him as their Saviour—the Mahdi—so shall it flourish once more. Neither native ignorance nor Egyptian corruption must again be allowed supremacy in this land of promise. Dinka, Shilluk, and a few other tribesmen, who have suffered from the cruel oppression of the Khalifa, greatly assisted Gordon and were honored



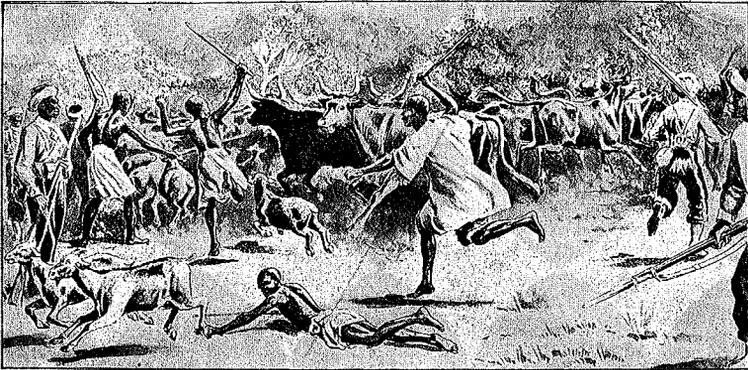
Egypt and the Sudan

and beloved by him. Let peace, security, and just government be given to these at once. Whether Egyptians can govern themselves, or not England is fully conscious of her responsibility, and will never dream of permitting her noble and far-reaching work on the Nile to be injured, shadowed, or retarded. England will protect the millions of grateful human souls of the Soudan as she will those of Egypt, and give them what they have never had hitherto—untainted justice, pure administration, and a permanent government.

A brief *résumé* of the chief events which have taken place in Egypt and the Soudan during the past twenty-three years is an historical record of unusual interest. In November, 1875, the Khedive of Egypt was in great financial need, and the British government responded by purchasing 177,000 Suez Canal shares from him for £4,000,000 sterling, and Egypt was saved from bankruptcy. On the 26th of June, 1879, this same Khedive was deposed and exiled to Naples, and succeeded by his eldest son, Mohammed Tewfik. In 1881 the Mahdi's influence began at Abba Island (above Khartoom on the Nile). On the 9th of September, 1881, the notorious military revolt under Arabi Pasha, at Cairo, took place. In May, 1882, the combined fleets of England and France gathered at Alexandria. June 11, 1882, will ever be memorable for the rising at Alexandria, and the massacre of Europeans. In the same month the conference of the Powers took place at Constantinople. July 11, one month after the massacre of Europeans, the British fleet bombarded Alexandria. On the 27th of the same month the British government voted a credit for the suppression of disorder in Egypt, and two days later the French Chamber of Deputies refused a credit for the same purpose, and immediately afterward the French fleet withdrew to Port Said. On the 10th of August, the month following, the British troops landed at Alexandria, and five days later Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived to take command. On the 25th the enemy's camp was captured. On the 28th the battle of Kassassin took place, and fifteen days afterward the famous

battle of Tel el Kebir was fought before sunrise, resulting in a splendid victory for the British. At this battle Sir Garnet Wolseley advanced his entire force to within one day's march of Arabi's intrenchments, which he had ascertained by careful reconnoissance to be very formidable, determined upon the night march which enabled him to win the battle. "To have attacked so strong a position," says Sir Garnet, "by daylight with the troops I could place in line would have entailed very great loss. I resolved, therefore, to attack before daybreak, doing the six miles which intervened between my camp and the enemy's position in the dark." At one o'clock in the morning the orders were given in low tones to the troops, and they marched onward, the sound of their footsteps being deadened by the sand. "The silence was broken only by the occasional clash of steel. The certainty that the great struggle would commence with dawn, and the expectation that at any moment we might be challenged by the Bedouin horsemen far out in the plain in front of the enemy, all combined to make it an impressive march, and one which none who shared in it can ever forget. By early dawn the troops were within the enemy's lines. Swiftly and silently the men moved to the attack. No word was spoken, no shot was fired until within three hundred yards of the enemy's earthworks, nor up to that time did a sound of the Egyptian lines betoken that they were aware of the presence of their assailants." Then an awful fire burst forth from the intrenchments, and the Highlanders dashed forward. In a few moments Tel el Kebir was won and Arabi had fled. On the next day Cairo, with its 27,000 fanatics and a citadel garrisoned by 10,000 men, was surrendered to Sir Garnet Wolseley. On the 15th he entered Cairo and was received with rejoicing by the people. He telegraphed to London: "The war is over, send no more troops to Egypt." Lord Dufferin arrived at Alexandria November 7, and Arabi was tried by court-martial in December and sentenced to death. This sentence, however, was afterward commuted to exile to the island of Ceylon.

At the time that England had won her way to Cairo the Mahdi was besieging El Obeid, the capital of Kordofan. Six months afterward the Mahdi was victorious and Kordofan was lost to Egypt. In October, 1882, Arabi's disbanded soldiers went to Khartoom, officered by Englishmen, to fight the Mahdists. The recruitment was not popular, and the men went unwillingly, and in March, 1883, General Hicks, a famous Indian veteran, with nine European officers, found himself before Khartoom at the head of an army of ten thousand disconsolate men; but the worst of all was that intrigue and jealousy, fostered by the offi-



Cattle Captured from the Enemy

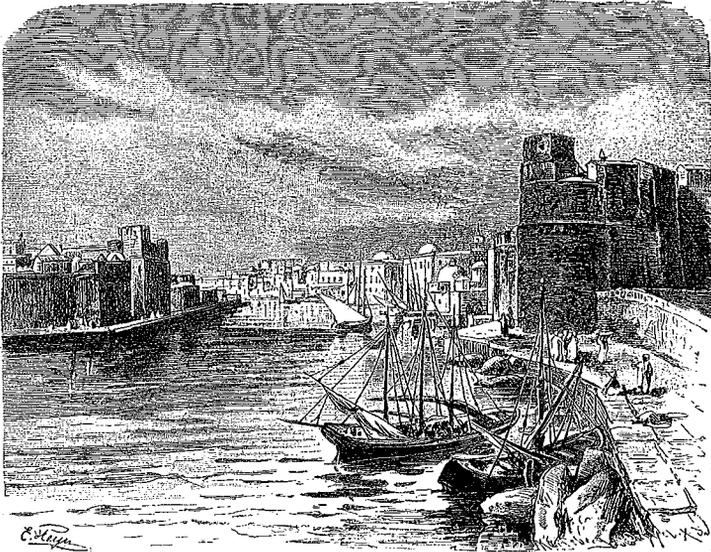
cials at Khartoom, surrounded him on every hand. The general resigned, but was at once appointed to the chief command of the army in the intended expedition for the relief of El Obeid. He started from Khartoom a week before the battle of Tel el Kebir. On the 5th of November, 1883, Hicks's army, suffering greatly from thirst and fatigue, was attacked by the Mahdi thirty miles from El Obeid. Hicks formed his men into squares for the defense, but the Arabs, issuing in great numbers from the surrounding woods, charged with savage yells, completely encircling Hicks's small army. Terrible confusion prevailed, the squares even firing on each other in their fright. The mas-

sacre which followed was too awful for description. Hicks himself was the last to fall, fighting until his revolver was empty and his sword fell from his hand.

From Dongola to the equator and from the Red Sea to the confines of the Sahara the news of the Mahdist victory spread, and the fanatics believed that the true Mahdi had appeared. Britain's plans were frustrated for a time, and the Mahdi, elated with his victory, sent Osman Digna, a former merchant and trader at Suakin, to the tribes between the Nile and the Red Sea, as his emir and apostle. Sinkat and Tokar, with their Egyptian garrisons, were surrounded and cut off. On November 4, 1883, Mahmud Pasha Taher led an expedition consisting of 550 men for the relief of Tokar, but in an hour after they had left Suakin they were attacked by 150 of Osman's dervishes and completely defeated; 153 of Taher's men were killed, including Commander Lynedock Moncrieff, the British consul. Kordofan lost, the route to Suakin and Berber blocked, dismay in Cairo, and pandemonium at Suakin. General Valentine Baker was at once given command of 2,000 Egyptian infantry, 520 cavalry, and 100 volunteers from the European police force, and ordered to the relief of Tokar. He had ten English officers, and the world-famous Colonel Burnaby joined the expedition as a volunteer. On the 4th of February, 1884, Baker marched from Trinkitat, south of Suakin, at the head of 3,700 men. He was attacked near the wells of El Teb; his cavalry were driven in, and the infantry, panic-stricken, were unable to move. Although a square was at once formed, it was of no avail; the dervishes rushed on to it, and the Egyptians became utterly demoralized. Baker was defeated, with a loss of two thousand three hundred Egyptians and eleven European officers.

Egypt and England were now face to face with disaster on the Nile as well as on the Red Sea. The empire of the Mahdi extended about six hundred miles up the Nile from Khartoom, including Kordofan, Darfur, and Darfertit on the west, and all Sennaar on the east to Abyssinia, and to the

Suakin district, on the Red Sea, in the northeast. About this time Slatin Bey was in El Fasher. Even there Mahdism had penetrated. When he learned of Hicks's defeat and Baker's defeat, and that the entire country was in the hands of the Mahdi, he concluded that his only hope of saving his life was in surrender. He surrendered to the Mahdi at El Obeid and accompanied him to Khartoom. On the death of the Mahdi he was made a Mulazim, or one



View of Tunis

of the bodyguard of the Khalifa Abdulla, remaining at Omdurman until his memorable escape.

At this juncture England decided to take upon herself the responsibility of the relief of the eastern Soudan. The Egyptians had measured their strength against the dervishes and failed. British regiments of the line were now to measure their strength with the dervishes and the warriors of Osman Digna. There could be no doubt of the ultimate result, but the experiences of the next few months were full of surprises for the British government. Sir

Gerald Graham, at the head of 4,000 British troops, landed at Trinkitat, near Suakin, and marched on Tokar—guns, horses, and camels supplied by the Egyptian army. At the wells of El Teb he encountered Osman Digna and his horde of dervishes, and the British soldiers learned for the first time what a charge of dervishes really meant—charging with sword and spear and shield, sometimes in groups, sometimes singly, continuing for half an hour to hurl themselves against the glistening bayonets and deluge of bullets and fire. The dervishes were finally defeated, and the guns which Baker had lost in his recent defeat were recaptured. Baker, who had accompanied Graham in this expedition, was wounded. March 13 found Graham and his victorious troops at Tamaai, where Osman Digna had his headquarters. This time there was a fiercer battle than before, the enemy being in greater force. One of the British squares was broken by the terrific rush of the dervishes and forced back. Supported by the other square, however, they rallied, and the battle was finally won, with the destruction of the enemy's camp. The British loss, however, was 357 men and 33 officers.

For the third time General Gordon went to Khartoom, arriving there on the 18th of February, 1884. History's record of the 18th of the following September is stained with blood. Colonel Stewart, Mr. Power, and M. Herbin were murdered at Hebbel on that day. On the 29th Lord Wolseley departed from Cairo to the front, and November 14 the main body of the army arrived at Dongola. On the 8th of January, the following year, Sir Herbert Stewart began his famous march across the desert. On the 17th the battle of Abu Klea was fought, and two days later the battle of Gubat. On the 24th Sir Charles Wilson started out for Khartoom, but two days afterward Khartoom fell, and the civilized world stood aghast, for Gordon was murdered.

On the 10th of February, 1885, a battle took place at Kirbegan, and on the 22d of March a more important engagement occurred near Suakin. This was called McNeil's

Zeriba. On the 3d of April Graham was greatly disappointed because the enemy, after some skirmishing near Tamaai, vanished among the hills, where they could not well be followed.

“After the fall of Khartoom the Mahdi took his first respite from the wars by which his empire had been created.” What many would look upon as the judgment of God, how-



Expedition Crossing a Palm Tree Bridge

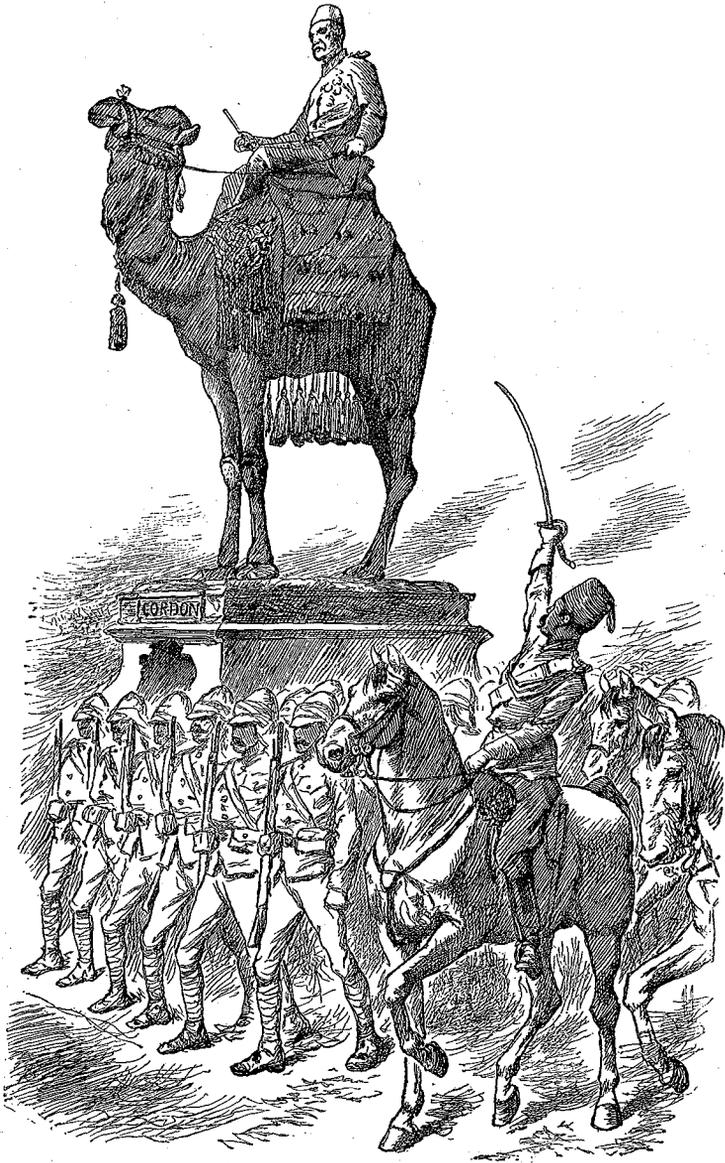
ever, visited him and his people. A plague of smallpox came upon them, and the average deaths for a time were about three thousand a week in Omdurman and its immediate neighborhood. The Mahdi himself fell ill, and six months after the murder of Gordon he was dead. A grave was dug for him beneath the bed on which he died, and, having been wrapped in a shroud after the Moslem fashion, the body was sprinkled with perfumes and lowered into it amid great wailing and lamentations of the people. “Ya

Rahman, Ya Rahim!" ("O gracious God!") was the constantly repeated cry.

Since no man appeared who was brave and bold enough to place himself at the head of the anti-Mahdists, Khalifa Abdullah, at Taashi, succeeded the Mahdi in accordance with a proclamation made by him long before his death.

Another decree had also been made by the Mahdi, which was that Egypt should be invaded, and the Khalifa tried to obey the decree. A battle was fought at Ginnis on December 30, 1885, resulting in a loss of nearly one thousand men to the Mahdists, while the British only lost forty. Although the ardor of the new Khalifa received a severe check at Ginnis, Wad el Njumi, the general of the Mahdist army, departed from Omdurman in April, 1886, but before going he burned his house to the ground, vowing that he would never return again until he had conquered Egypt. A second invasion was checked for a time by a revolution breaking out at Darfur.

The unexpected happened in April, 1887, when the Khalifa sent envoys to Wady Halfa, bearing letters to the Queen of England, the Sultan of Turkey, and the Khedive. They were permitted to present the letter to the Khedive at Cairo. It was a long letter advising his highness to submit to the Khalifa or expect invasion of his country, etc. The letter to the Sultan was similar, and Mahdist prayer books were sent with each letter. There can be no more extraordinary letter in the whole collection of British curios than the one addressed to her majesty Queen Victoria. "From the servant of God whose strength is in the might of his omnipotent hand, the successor of the Mahdi, peace be upon him, the Khalifa, Abdullah Ben Mohammed, the successor of the faithful, to the beloved of her people, Victoria, Queen of England. If thou hast thought in thy error that the hosts of the Mahdi, which stand in the strength of the law of Mohammed, were as the soldiers of Ahmed Pasha Arabi—among whom worldly deceit had entered so that they were turned aside from their faith, and the banner was



From *Punch* .

Gordon Avenged!

turned from its victory, so thou wast enabled to gain possession of the land of Egypt, and they became the lowest of captives, unable to defend themselves—this is a vain thought and a futile delusion. For the men of the Mahdi are men of iron. God gave them a nature to love death. He made it sweeter to them than cool water to the thirsty." After much more of a similar strain he concludes this wonderful missive by telling her majesty that if she does not submit to him the Lord of hosts will raze her house to the ground and let her "taste of sorrow." The letters were returned to the bearers and they were sent back to Omdurman with the verbal message that their majesties would not deign to accept the Khalifa's overtures.

Osman Digna, with a horde of his wild warriors, was back again in the neighborhood of Suakin in January, 1888, determined to attack the Amara tribe, who were not friendly to the Mahdi. He made his headquarters at Handub, a few miles to the northwest. Colonel Kitchener, the present Sirdar, was at Suakin at the time, and made arrangements for a sudden attack on Osman. On the 17th he attacked the Mahdist zeriba at night, when the faithful were at prayer. The zeriba was captured, but Osman managed to escape among the hills. Colonel Kitchener was severely wounded in the face during this engagement. In March, 1888, the Mahdists besieged Suakin, establishing their camp within two thousand yards of the gates. This continued until December 20, when a determined attack was made by three Soudanese regiments, which were marched to within two hundred yards of the enemy. They rushed the position, and five hundred dervishes lay dead in the trenches, while the remainder were driven off. In 1889 Njumi, the Khalifa's general, received permission to make a second invasion of Egypt. On the morning of August 3, when this mistaken brave man beheld the British and Egyptian army arrayed to meet him and his soldiers, he exclaimed, "We must all stand prepared to meet our Maker to-day." These words were prophetic, for on that day he died in the famous battle of

Toski, with many hundreds of his men. The bravest fanatical leader of the Mahdists was slain, and the year 1889 closed on the frontier in peace. Peace, in fact, reigned supreme until February 19, 1891, when the battle of Afafit was fought and Osman Digna's camp was captured. Osman again escaped to Kassala. After this battle the fame of the Mahdi wavered in the Suakin district.

No blood was shed in Egypt for the next five years. In those five years her soldiers were trained and the army strengthened in every way possible. The reconquest of the Soudan was a foregone conclusion, and Colonel Kitchener, who had been appointed Sirdar of the Egyptian army, was destined to avenge the death of Gordon and crush the subtle power of Mahdism.

The time when the grand movement for the reconquest of the Soudan commenced was when Italy suffered her terrible defeat in Abyssinia. This was the battle of Adowa, on February 29, 1896. Sir H. Kitchener left for the front on March 27, 1896. On the 1st of May the dervishes were defeated at Akasheh, on June 7 the great battle of Firket was fought, and on the 23d of September Dongola was reoccupied by the British. In 1897 and 1898 the Nubian Desert Railway from Wady Halfa to Abu Hamed and the Atbara River was constructed under the direction of the Sirdar. On the 7th of August, 1897, Abu Hamed was captured, and on the 7th of September Berber was reoccupied. Metemmeh was bombarded October 25, and on Christmas Day, 1897, Kassala was transferred by the Italians to Egypt and British protection. On April 8, 1898, the battle of Atbara took place, and in August the British and Egyptian troops were concentrated for an advance on Khartoom. Metemmeh was occupied by the Sirdar on the 21st of August, 1898, and on the 2d of September, 1898, the great battle was fought which forever decided the fate of Mahdism and the Soudan. This was the battle of Omdurman.

A Moslem writer in *The Nineteenth Century*, while regretting the wholesale slaughter of the Mahdists at Omdurman,

which he gives as eleven thousand killed, and sixteen thousand wounded, portrays in plain language the benefits which Islam will enjoy through the British conquest. "The greatest service to the reunion of Islam is being done by the government of the queen," he declares, and foreshadows a grand amalgamation of the various sects of Mohammedanism by the aid of the Sultan of Turkey. It will not be the policy of Great Britain to interfere with the Moslem's religion, but it will be the duty of the Christian world to send the search light of truth into the darkest corner of the Soudan.



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