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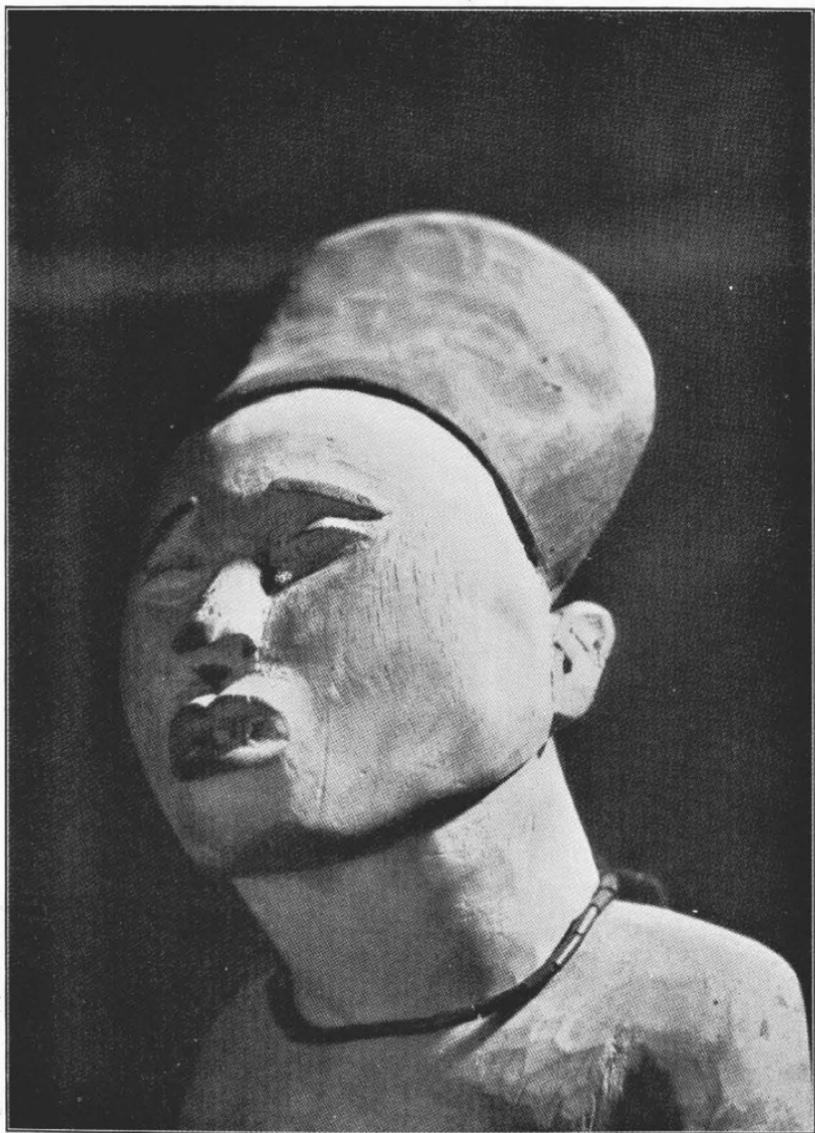


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THE LISTENER

This figure, carved in wood and thinly painted, is from the Belgian Congo, and may be seen in the Cambridge University Museum.

The illustration is reproduced from a plate in *The Arts of West Africa*, published for the International Institute of African Languages and Cultures by the Oxford University Press.

THE LAND AND LIFE OF AFRICA

BY
MARGARET WRONG



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THE
"LAND AND LIFE" SERIES

No. I

THE LAND AND LIFE
OF CHINA

No. II

THE LAND AND LIFE
OF INDIA

No. III

THE LAND AND LIFE
OF AFRICA

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

NIGHT comes quickly in Africa and the fires in countless villages make points of light in the darkness. This book does not attempt to be more than a small fire throwing a feeble light. Africa is very complex and full of variety. It is also going through a period of change so rapid that what is true for yesterday may be untrue for to-morrow. Detailed study of political and economic questions and of relations between races, of education and the work of missions must be sought elsewhere. Religion cannot be dealt with in one chapter because, for the African, religion is woven through the whole of life.

An effort has been made to let Africans speak for themselves. They do not all speak with one voice. If through these pages some of their voices sound clearly this small book will not have failed in its purpose.

The West has grave responsibilities in Africa for the destiny of over 100,000,000 people of many tribes and races. These responsibilities are largely unrealized. It is hoped that this book may help to interest citizens, including older schoolboys and schoolgirls, in the peoples of Africa who have been swept so suddenly into all the devious currents of modern life and upon whom we make such heavy demands.

My thanks are offered to friends, both African and European, in many parts of Africa, for their help, to Miss B. D. Gibson and the Rev. T. Cullen Young for criticism of the manuscript.

4 THE LAND AND LIFE OF AFRICA

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MARGARET WRONG

LONDON, May 1935

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DESIGN ON JACKET

The border design is based on *motifs* used by the Bushongo people of the Belgian Congo for the decoration of pottery, etc.

THE LAND AND LIFE OF AFRICA

CHAPTER I

VILLAGE LIFE

MDIMA stirred and stretched his feet towards the white ash where the fire of the night before had been. Every opening in the hut was closed against cold and the spirits who can steal the souls of men from their bodies while they sleep. Yet the chill of the hour before dawn was great in that rolling hill country on the borders of Nyasaland and Tanganyika. Mdimma rolled against another boy, grateful for the warmth of his bare brown body. But his toe hurt. He sat up and looked at it. Rats again! He could hear them scuttering in the thatch. They were getting over-bold to nibble the toe of a herd-boy who had left the huts of the women to sleep with other herds. Mdimma scratched himself. What with rats and bugs there was, indeed, overmuch biting in that hut. A cock crowed persistently. "He who checks a crowing cock will himself be interrupted when he is stating a case before the elders," thought Mdimma, and dreamed of the day when he would sit with the elders in council. Sounds of movement outside roused him. He jumped to his feet and, picking his way over the sleeping bodies of his fellow-herds, drew aside the reed door and passed out.

The circle of the village lay in the grey light of dawn.

White mist hung low on the peaked thatches of the round huts and made the trees and bushes surrounding the clearing look like flat ghosts. Mdimma shivered as he ran across the compound. There might be some scrapings in the porridge pots or morsels of last night's food to be found. Anything would help to fill an empty stomach.

Other herds followed him and all crouched shivering round a newly-lighted fire. The sun rose over the hill. When its rays had dispelled the mist on the tree-tops Mdimma saw that his shadow lay beside him along the ground, ready to go with him through a new day. Then he and the other herds opened the cattle enclosure in the centre of the village clearing and drove the cattle and goats out towards the scrub-covered rolling lands beyond the valley. They had some ado to keep them from straying into the gardens in the valley bottom where dry season foodstuffs were being grown in the river-bed, for pasture was hard to find in this lean and hungry time before the rains. Soon the headman would order the burning of the bush that the land might be cleared of long grass and weeds and fertilized with ash for the sowing.

At the crossing of two paths Mdimma walked carefully round an overturned pot. "Who can have taken medicine and buried his disease here?" he thought, and herded the goats off the path into the bush that they too might avoid danger of illness. They passed a track leading to a lonely hut where a man and his wife, who had given birth to twins, were spending their time of isolation; for twins can be dangerous. One had died and was buried by the water away from other graves, because it is well known that if a twin is buried in dry land it prevents the rain from coming.

On the open highlands cattle and goats sought food, and the herds followed suit. Mdimma went to get an edible mushroom. Yesterday he had seen the crack in the ground where it would appear and had plucked a twig and placed it on the spot as a sign of ownership, so that no one else would dare to pluck it. But when he came to the place his joy was turned to sorrow, for a chameleon was crawling slowly up the twig and it is fatal to interfere with a chameleon, living or dead. So Mdimma left the chameleon in possession and went on in search of field mice.

When the sun was high in the heavens and shadows had shrunken, the herds made fires by the rubbing of sticks, and roasted stolen maize, small birds, mice, grasshoppers and other prey. After eating they lay in the sun. Mdimma rubbed his stomach and muttered contentedly to himself: "What one has inside one, one may indeed call one's own." Stories were told, riddles asked and songs sung. "What is an old lady whose body is formed only of ribs?" asked one. "A basket," answered another. "A chief presided and the people surrounded him." "That is the moon and the stars," said Mdimma. "What accompanies me wherever I go and then back home?" "My shadow," cried several. They rolled on the ground and held their stomachs in mirth as they sang the song of the grumbler:

*Woe is me!
Grandfather of Mruma,
He hasn't a cow,
He hasn't a goat,
He hasn't a chicken,
No, not even a rat in his house . . .*

and so on, naming all conceivable possessions.

One of the older boys sang praises of the cattle :

*O black cow, leader of herd boys,
You run not, you trot not,
But filled with high pride you pace by in anger.
The grey cow, the mother of silence,
Long ago is she silent, refusing to speak.
Her silence is that of a daughter-in-law.*

In intervals of herding the cattle they wrestled, threw spears and performed feats of strength, made models of villages and peopled them with beasts and men of clay ; and all were skilled in the hunting of small game and the lore of the bush.

“ The life of a herd is not too bad a life,” thought Mdimá, “ in spite of the beatings the older boys give for the love of beating, and the men of the village give for punishment when goats and cattle wander.”

Distances were blue in the evening light before they herded the beasts towards the village. Mdimá's heart sank, for one of his goats was missing. He followed a track to the valley bottom and saw a black and white patch of wickedness among the vegetable gardens. He drove the offender roughly before him up the hill, wriggling his shoulders meanwhile at the thought of the precision with which the stick would fall on them were a demand for compensation made by the owner of the garden.

But future sorrow was soon drowned in present joy for, as Mdimá climbed the path from the valley bottom, he heard a shout of “ Meat ! Meat ! ” He joined a crowd of men and boys surrounding two hunters and their dogs who were entering the village carrying a reed-buck strung on a pole. Here was good relish for the porridge ! The animal was quickly skinned

and cut into portions which were allotted, as custom dictated, to headman and kin, to men and to women; and the smoke of the fires and savoury smells soon rose on the still air. When cattle and goats had been tended and shut into the enclosure to be safe from leopards, the herds lit a fire and squatted round it, hugging their stomachs in pleased anticipation.

The village hummed with life. Women and girls came from the water with brimming calabashes on their heads. As they came one sang :

*My brother out yonder,
Who art hunting in the plain,
What matter it if your arrow-shaft break,
So long as you return,
With your little stick.
I will replace it.*

*My sister out yonder,
Who art fetching water,
What matter it if the pot break
So long as you return,
With your little head-pad.
I will replace it.*

Between each line all joined in the refrain, "*Eyabe ! eyabe !*" Other women returned from the day's work in the gardens, their babies on their backs and their hoes balanced across the baskets on their heads. Others were stirring the porridge in clay pots set over the fires.

Babies, who had been taken from their mother's backs and set naked on the bare ground, protested loudly until small sisters, skilled in the art through carrying their dolls, bound them carefully on their backs and comforted them with songs :

Lu! lu! lu! lu! lu! lu!
The baby cries and cries for its mother,
And she has gone to the water,
Lu! lu! lu!

and again,

In the throat is a little lump of porridge
And the mother is the porridge stick,
The father scrapes out the pot,
Lu! lu! lu!

Darkness fell and the fires made points of light round the circle of the village as did the stars round the circle of the heavens. The herds waited expectantly, for now the women were carrying food to the men's talking-place and, when the old and young men were served, their turn would come. Each woman carried the dish of relish placed on the dish of porridge. A man watched a young wife whose well-oiled body glistened in the firelight, and said to his companion, "There is a woman whose heart is changed. Yesterday she carried away the dishes in a different order. It is a sign that her marriage is in danger."

"It is a wonder that her husband has come back safe from the hunting," said another. "If his wife's heart is changed, that is enough to bring death to him on the way."

"It is well to have meat again. That wretched green relish, it turns my stomach!" exclaimed a man. "I would have hunted to-day myself but I met monkeys in the path and came back, for I should only have found a leopard after such an omen."

"Where did you pick up the track?" asked the headman of the hunters. "We found the footprint of

an antelope across the valley. It had been made during the night, for the edges were sharp in the damp ground. We lost it in the hard clay. The sun was high and we were about to turn homeward when we came on the track of this reed-buck, and here is meat."

"Here is meat! Here is meat!" cried all.

Mdima and the other herds listened spellbound to the talk of hunting which followed. Elephant and buffalo, lion and leopard, and all manner of smaller game were known to one or other, for now that there was peace among the tribes men travelled far, and in their journeys saw and did many wonders.

While the men and boys ate and talked round their fires, women and little children ate by the huts. Mdima was glad that he was big enough to leave the women, for discipline there could be stern. His hand still bore the scar where it had been closed on a hot ember because he had persisted in playing with fire. "When a child says he will catch hold of fire let him catch hold of it," said his mother. "When it burns him he will soon throw it away." He had thrown it away, but the scar remained. The firelight flickered on the faces of the children playing cat's cradle, asking riddles or telling each other stories which not the smallest child would dream of telling before night fell for fear of bringing disaster.

"My children," said one old grannie, "a story of stories!"

"A story! A story!" cried the children.

So Grannie began:

A man had three children. The eldest and the second one went for a walk in the forest. The mother said to them: "If you see any large fruit you must not eat it." In the forest the eldest saw a fine, large fruit

hanging on a tree. He plucked it and broke it open to eat the pulp. His younger brother said, "Take care. Mother told us not to eat it." But the elder beat him and said, "Be quiet." Soon they saw traces of a snake in the sand. The elder said, "I'm going to follow the tracks!" "No," said his brother, "Mother told us not to." But he only got another beating and was forced to hold his tongue. The tracks led to a spot where they found a python, which the elder killed. He lit a fire by rubbing together two pieces of wood, cooked part of the python, and ate it. The younger one refused to eat his share, but the elder went on cooking and eating until he had swallowed the whole snake. When it was time to go home he could not move. The younger brother had almost to carry him. With great trouble they got home, but the poor boy was very ill.

The parents sent a messenger to call Big Snake, the great physician. The messenger came to his hole and sang:

*Do come and see the sick child,
His father has sent me to you.
He told me to seek for the doctor so clever,
The doctor so wise.*

All the listening children joined in the song. Then Grannie continued:

The snake poked his head out, and the messenger was afraid and ran away. Other messengers went and they also ran away. At last the mother went herself and sang:

*Do come and see the sick child,
His father has sent me to you.*

Again the children's voices joined in the song:

*He told me to seek the doctor so clever,
The doctor so wise.*

The great head came slowly out of the hole and the two big eyes glared at her. In her fright she threw down her basket and ran away. Then the youngest child said, "I can't bear to see my poor brother die like this," so he went alone to the hole and sang in baby language :

*Do tum and see sz sick tild,
His fader has sent me to 'oo.*

The big snake's head came slowly out of the hole and looked at the child, who never moved but stood quite fearless and sang again : *Do tum and see sz sick tild.* The big snake said, "Very well. Wait while I fetch my calabash of medicines and my vapour bath." He came out of his hole and said, "Carry me." "How tan I?" said the child, "I not big 'nuff!" "Never mind, try," said the snake, and he wound himself all round the child so that only his legs and eyes could be seen, and so the child carried the snake to the village. Birds, fowls and people all fled at the sight of them. The patient was terribly swollen, for the fruit which he had eaten had resumed its original shape and the python he had cooked had become alive inside him. The snake doctor gave the boy medicines and a vapour bath. While the bath was going on the little child sang :

*Mother told us you know,
Not to follow the tracks of the snake.
Yet you started by picking the fruit you know,
And you swallowed it down just as fast as t'would go !*

All the listening children sang the song :

Yes, you swallowed it down just as fast as t'would go !

Then the python inside the boy began to crawl out of his mouth and the fruit came out first, pushed by the python, and the python pushed it in front of him back to the place in the forest where the boy had eaten it.

The father gave the doctor snake an iron ring. The snake thanked him and said to the youngest child, "Take me back to my hole." The father offered to send some grown men. "No," said the snake, "I wish to be taken back by the little one." So he left the village as he had entered it. Later the little one came safely home.

Meat and porridge were long since finished, but all sat on. The herds listened to the talk of their seniors. Mdimba drew near to a group of young men who had been initiated into the full responsibilities of manhood and were seeking wives and the means with which to meet the dowry which had to be given to the girl's family.

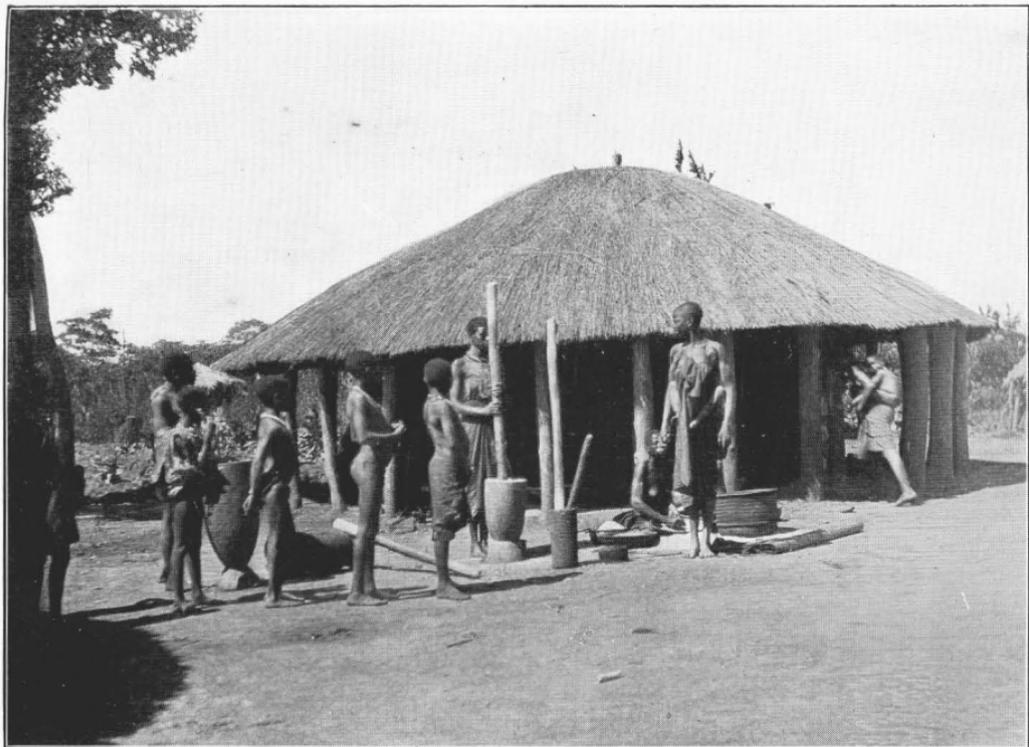
"I shall not take the girl my uncle has arranged for me," said one young man. "I have been to her village to see her. She is only a child. What can she do with the porridge stick? But I am seeking another girl, for I am tired of the bugs and maggots in the hut and of the little lumps in the porridge and relish too poor and small for a mouse."

"There is a girl in Ntondo's village," said another, "who is indeed marriageable. She is tall and light of colour and the beads on her neck are lovely. I am going to get my uncle to send a message to ask for her for me."

"He will not wish you to go from the village," remarked one who was sitting beside him.

"I shall only go for a time," said the young man, "then my kin can arrange the necessary gift and I shall return bringing my wife with me."

"I have heard," remarked one who sat close to the fire, "that men who have been to the mines give money and cotton cloth to the woman's family instead of



VILLAGE IN NORTHERN NYASALAND

Photo, T. Cullen Young

Note the large and small mortars and grinding sticks for adults and children and other household utensils.

cattle, and that women ask for these things. This new custom will take us from the village, for where but at the mines and in the white men's towns can money and cotton cloth be found."

"Women who ask for such things and who are slender and of a light colour are not good wives," exclaimed another. "A woman dusty and unwashed is a good worker. The prideful ones who are always washing themselves are not the right sort of women who will care properly for a man."

"Those are true words," said one who had been silent. "There is only one essential thing to look for and that is the porridge stick. A woman who can cook, even though in other things she may not be what you like, makes a good wife."

A woman approached a group of young married men and said to her husband, "All last night our child cried and in the day it has not ceased to wail; go and seek the intestines of a weasel for medicine." The husband asked the men if any one had these intestines. But they were a common remedy and all were used. "You are indeed a child," said one, "and unfit to have a child if you do not know that the intestines of a house rat put in the child's porridge in the morning serve as well, and there is no dearth of rats." The husband went to catch a rat, followed by shouts of laughter and cries of "Did you know enough to weave the mats for your wife when your child was born?"

At last the fires in the huts were tended and doors were closed against dangers seen and unseen. For a little while Mdima and the other boys discussed the events of the day, but soon there was quiet, broken only by the innumerable small noises which make the silence of the night.

RAINS AND HARVEST

Mdima's mother sat in the sunshine with other women making baskets in readiness for sowing and harvest. The red maize cob had been sent round as a sign that the time for the burning of the bush had come, and next day men and women would be cutting and piling branches in readiness for the fires. Mdima's mother thought of the burning bush and the blackened land with its smouldering stumps, of the new growth of red and copper leaves and flowers starring the soil, and her heart rejoiced, because these things were tokens of the time of plenty following the rains.

But the rains did not come properly. Day by day a dry wind rattled the dead leaves and brown grasses, and the sun shone on land blackened and scarred by the fires. Women in companies had hoed the gardens, cheered to effort in the burning heat by the thought of the pots of beer brewed by the owner of each garden in turn, to be drunk when the work was done. But now the soil was baked with the heat and the new growth withered. There were deep cracks where once water had lain. Storehouses were nearly empty and leopards were becoming so over-bold that herds watched their cattle, and mothers their babies, with special care. The ribs of the livestock showed in ridges beneath the skin and the fear of famine darkened every heart.

One evening as Mdima's mother was stirring the porridge a young man came along the path to the village, walking in a golden haze of dust in the eye of the setting sun. After greetings he announced, "I come from the chief to bid the villages join in worship for rain. This shall be at the new moon at the chief's place."

Mdima's mother and the other women brewed beer from the scanty store of millet which remained. Two days before the new moon the senior women, bearing calabashes of beer upon their heads, led a procession from the village down the dusty track to the chief's place. Only little children, those ceremonially unclean, the very aged and the sick stayed behind. An old leper limped on his crippled stumps to the parting of the ways and shaded his ravaged face with his fingerless hand as he watched them start on their journey.

A great concourse of people had come to the chief's place, and on the day of the new moon all gathered at the sacred tree. "We have come to beg rain; you who are the spirits and the High God be on our side!" cried the chief. "Be on our side!" repeated the people. "We who are your people cry to you. Send rain that we may live!" And the cry went up from all the people, "Be with us, we who are your people; send rain! send rain!" Then came the sprinkling of the beer. Mdima's mother knelt when the others knelt and clapped her hands and, turning her face to the sunny sky, sang, "The cloud yonder! The cloud yonder! May it bring rain, bring rain!"

With the others she set out to go back to the village singing the rain-songs or talking of the old days, when, instead of beer, the vital parts of a man were used for rain medicine. Some told of the burning alive of evil-doers who, by their deeds, had held back the rain. At dusk when they turned into the familiar track, lightning flickered across the sky, dry leaves rustled and, in the night, rain fell. The spirits and the High God had hearkened to their supplications.

When the maize was grown Mdima's mother looked

at her garden and said, "It is time for the harvest." Others spoke the same words and thought joyfully of the beer drinks and dances which were at hand. But none plucked the maize until the headman called the people to the sacred tree where each placed samples of their crops. The medicine man boiled these in a pot and all partook in order of seniority, and so the gardens were declared open for harvest.

When the busy days of the harvest were over and first-fruits had been given to chief and headman, there was a great brewing of beer. Elders went from village to village to visit and drink. Young men attended dances and looked for wives. Chief and headman were unready to sit in council. Unless cases were brought early in the day to the headman for judgment he would say, "I have heard. Away you go. I wish to lie down for my eyes sway to and fro," and he lay down and judgment was not given. There was food. Beer flowed. The days of plenty had come.

DAYS OF MOURNING

One morning a man went to the men's talking-place and in the grey dawn others joined him. Women left the early pounding of the maize and squatted on their heels on the outskirts of the group. The babies on their backs whimpered in the cold.

"Have you slept?" said one to another, and, "Is all well?"

"Things are only slightly well," said the headman. "This man has dreamed a dream which all should hear."

The wife of the man in question, an elderly woman whose skin hung in folds on her bare, dusty body,

spoke. "Long before the cocks began to crow the man who is my husband stirred in his sleep and cried aloud. I said, 'What is it?' Whereupon he opened his eyes and looked at me with strange looks, saying, 'Call the headman, for I have dreamed a dream which must be told.'"

The husband took up the tale. "This is the dream I dreamed and I am full of fear. I entered a land of great darkness where I could not see the path and my heart was faint within me. I ran as a blind man runs and, as I ran, a lion roared behind me and a fox barked before and I awoke trembling."

A low murmur went round the group and one whispered, "It is a double omen of evil!" Another asked, "Who has angered an ancestor?" And another, "Do the offerings at the graves no longer content them?"

"Yesterday," said one, "the husband of my sister came back from hunting with pains in his head. In the night a snake writhed in his belly. We brought a splinter of a tree struck by lightning and roots from paths where men travel, but the pains continue and now he burns with fever. I fear there is an evil-doer at work in the village and that he has been bewitched."

The talk went back and forth until a man said, "One can grow thin with thinking. Let us now do what we may."

The wife of the sick man spoke. "We must go to the village of him who is my husband and, together with his kin, consult the diviner."

"That is well," said the headman. "Go, lest his kin make a case against us because of his illness. Here we will offer beer to the ancestors because of the evil omens in the dream. If this does not appease them there must

be a public confession that we may discover the doer of evil who would harm our village."

Women went to brew special beer for the offering to be placed in a calabash in the fork of a tree. The relatives of the sick man's wife set out for the village of his kin, carrying beads and maize for the diviner.

The herds were quieter than usual that day, for the thought of a public confession oppressed them. Mdimma remembered a stolen hen on which he had feasted. There was no one who had not taken something from the gardens. One garden alone had escaped, and that one was surrounded by a powerful magic placed there by a great medicine man. On stakes surrounding it were stuck large tubers, and anyone who stole from the garden would develop swellings on his body as large as these roots. For these swellings there was no cure. Even the owner of the garden would not go near it at night lest the magic work on him too.

In the evening the talk of the elders was grave. The relatives of the sick man had returned and reported on their visit to the diviner, made together with the sick man's own kin. The diviner had tapped with his hammer on a piece of wood and asked the usual questions. When he had put the question, "Is there by chance any hostility?" the wife of the sick man had clapped her hands and exclaimed, "I and my brother have quarrelled, for he thought I had eaten his hen which had merely spent the night in my hut, and my heart is still hot within me."

"An offering must be made to the ancestor who has been roused by the quarrelling," said the diviner, "that he may again rest in peace and the sickness be stayed."

When the offering was taken to the graves of the ancestors the headman cried to the ancestor of those

who had quarrelled : " Here we are assaulted on account of these descendants of yours : on account of the fact that there was hatred between this brother and this sister. We know that we have sinned. Do you forgive us ? Our gifts we will bring to-morrow. Oh, old man, leave him who is ill alone that he may get well."

" Deal lightly ! deal lightly ! " cried all who were present.

Though the omens showed that the offerings were acceptable the old women tending the sick man reported that he was no better, and in the morning of the fifth day the village rang with mourning for the dead.

Some spoke in low voices of witchcraft and sorcery. " You remember that child," said one, " which was born quite healthy and soon began to crawl. Then it fell ill and died. We carried the body to the grave, opened it there and found that it had no bladder. The evil spirits had carried it off. All wondered who could be the witch who had bewitched the child. The father and mother drank the poison drink but both got rid of it and lived, yet there are those who still think that it was the woman who bewitched it. Can this too be witchcraft ? "

The kin of the dead man charged the wife's kin with the death because of the quarrel between her and her younger brother. It was not until beads had been exchanged between them, as a sign that compensation was offered, that the young men were free to dig the grave. When the work was at last done and darkness fell, the headman called aloud on all absent kin who were in places so distant that news of the death had not reached them before the burial. " Hear ! one of the clan has died," he cried, " may all be well with you !

May people not rise up against you ; though you may not hear, yet, wherever you may be, may you travel well ; may the ancestors be kind to you ; may there be no darkness before your eyes."

The mourning lasted for many days. Kin came from far to pay their respects lest their absence should anger the spirit of the dead man. The hair of the mourners was not cut during all these days nor was there much washing. At last when these days were ended heads were shaved and there was dancing and drinking of beer. Offerings were placed at the grave, and the headman cried to him who had died, " We have come, friend, that you may return again to the village." Even young herds, such as Mdimba, knew that this man of the village, though dead, was still a member of the community and a force to be reckoned with.

The village of Mdimba is one of hundreds of thousands of villages spread over the face of Africa. Some lie in rolling uplands ; some cling to the slopes of steep mountains ; some are spread out on treeless plains where the fear of drought is ever present ; others are hidden in dense forest and marshland where drought is unknown. In the villages men follow many callings. There are hunters and fishermen, keepers of cattle and farmers. Those who live by rivers or lakes or on the seashore are expert boatmen. Weaving, carving, pottery and metal work are practised by some tribes. The huts and houses used are many and various : round or square, made of mud, wood, bark and grass. Between some communities there is exchange of commodities produced by one or the other. Some tribes are noted for their prowess as warriors ; others are peaceable people. The size and government of the many tribes vary from that

of a kingdom to that of a small tribal unit under a chief. There are large towns and small villages. Many villages may be united under one great chief with local headmen in each village, or the village group may be very loosely related to other groups.

Though custom, ways of life and government show great diversity, all are alike in that members of each community know their place within that community and the behaviour required of them as members of it, according to kin, age and sex. In tribal life the individual has few possessions which are not shared with kin. The spoils of the hunter are divided according to custom; and wealth, brought back to the village by young men who have worked in the mines, is often divided among a large circle. Responsibilities, as well as possessions, are shared. Young men are assisted by their kin in finding the presents which must be given to the bride's people on the occasion of marriage, and fines levied on an individual are often met by relatives. To fit into a recognized place in the community is necessary for its well-being, and those who are exceptional in any way are in danger of being regarded as undesirable members and may even be suspected of witchcraft.

The customs of kinship vary. In Mdimas's village when a man married he went to live in the village of his wife's people, and the brothers of his wife exercised much authority over the children. In some parts men have several wives placed in different villages. In many tribes the wife goes to the husband's village and, if a man has several wives, each has her own hut and garden and the husband's kin are in a position of special authority in relation to the children. On many occasions the relatives of both husband and wife must be informed

and consulted. Correct behaviour towards kin is taught to children from babyhood.

A code of behaviour towards spiritual powers is also established. Seedtime and harvest, the care of cattle, hunting, fishing, moving a village or building a house, birth, marriage and death all have their appropriate ritual to ward off evil and to enlist the help of friendly powers in the unseen world. Chiefs and medicine men are essential intermediaries in these matters and in discovering and protecting the community from sorcerers who traffic in black magic and witchcraft and are a constant menace. Spirits of ancestors share the daily life of the people and have to be reckoned with for good or ill. Absent kin hurry back to the village on the news of a death that they may pay their respects to the spirit of the departed. Sacrifices are offered at the graves. In some parts men are buried under the cattle kraal and women under the hut that in death they may be conveniently near to the absorbing interests of life. Disease and other disasters may follow offence given to the dead by the living. Life is regulated by a protective ritual against the untoward activities of spirits, a ritual which brings comfort and security if correctly performed; a ritual which is the measure of the fear of the incomprehensible underlying all life.

CHAPTER II
WAYFARERS

“I AM your light ; let no one turn back at the steepness of the hill !” The words rang out in the gathering dusk. The speaker was the leader of six shadowy figures marching in single file along a narrow track through stunted trees, scrub and long grass. The outlines of the travellers against the evening sky showed loads upon their heads. “Did you notice a water-hole yonder ?” said one. “Shall we perhaps be near a village where we may seek a place to sleep ? My feet are worn with the stony ways of the dry land.”

“I liked not the thick papyrus grasses by the great lake and the rivers yonder,” said another. “In crossing the wide waters fear of the crocodiles was ever with me.”

“Yet,” said a third, “it were well if in our country we had the great, smooth-stemmed trees. Often I have sought for poles for the huts, and there is little bark here for the making of string for our snares. I would that we had brought some of the bark back with us.”

“Our heads are already sore with the loads, and our bellies are empty. It is foolishness to talk of carrying still more,” exclaimed another. “God gives to each his homeland,” said one who limped last in the line. “I had like to have died of loneliness on the farms of the white men. Did I not say to my white man, ‘Now

I must go.' He who always asked questions wanted a reason. I told him there was mourning for the death of one of my kin and that I must mourn with my own people. He said, 'Come to me again when the mourning is over.' So I left him but I shall not go again."

"Yet we bring wealth, do we not?" said the leader, "wealth which will make the marriageable girls desire us. Is it not also good to have gone to the white men and filled our eyes with strange sights? The elders must hearken to us because of the wisdom we bring."

As they rounded a turn of the path slender columns of blue smoke rose before them on the still evening air. A village lay in a clearing of the bush. Silently the travellers advanced to the circle of huts and, halting at the men's talking-place, they eased their loads to the ground and sat down. Children gathered round them; women stopped stirring the porridge to look, but none gave greeting, for all knew their manners and the headman must be the first to welcome strangers. A tall old man came forward. He wore a skin round his loins. His face was lined with age and the wisdom that comes with years.

"What is it that you will?" he asked.

"We are journeying back to our own people from the farms and towns of the white men. It has darkened on us while we are still on the way and we seek a village where we may pass the night, for it is not good to sleep in the bush."

"Surely you will have news to tell," said the headman. "There is indeed a hut for you in this village. In the matter of food it will soon be ready. My wife is even now preparing it."

The young men of the village followed the travellers to the hut where they laid down their loads.

“Is it good where you have been?” asked one.

“It is indeed good,” was the reply. “Such food and such wealth as your eyes have never seen, and stores full of wonders are to be found there. Many of these wonders we have brought away with us in our loads, and besides, we have money for the tax.¹ If you want wealth go and work for the white man!”

“Have you travelled far?” asked another.

“Truly, it is a long journey and we have met many dangers. Elephants and lions have we seen, and the crossing of the great river was rough and perilous. When we reached the other side I had nothing left within me.”

“The dust of the way is thick upon us. Would there be water for washing?” asked one, and took a cake of soap from his load. “This little thing makes the body sleek and sweet smelling,” he added.

“Such beauty, who has seen?” exclaimed one of the young men.

“Lu-lu-lu-lu-lu ; lu-lu-lu-lu-lu !” cried an old woman who stood before a hut.

The young men turned to look. “She calls twice, it is a boy,” said one of them. “Mnjondu has added another arrow to his quiver.” Women left their fires and hurried across the compound to where the old woman stood in the evening light repeating the double cry which announced the birth of a son.

“It is a beauty and the birth was propitious,” she said. “But we await the father to perform the necessary duties during the days before the child is presented to the world. He has been called away to the government station to help mend a bridge.”

“Who will get the medicines? Who will prepare

¹ See p. 107.

the new bark cloth for the mother? Who will give the presents if the father is away?" cried the women.

A man pushed through the crowd. "Has a messenger been sent to tell the father what has befallen? Has an announcer of the birth gone to the kin in the husband's village that all may be witness to it?"

"No," was the reply, "for the father is not here to perform these duties."

"I, the mother's brother, will see to these things. But it is unseemly that the policeman should have removed this man at this time."

"Are men paid for this work for the government?" asked one of the travellers. "Yes, there is pay, and a visit to the government post is not without interest," replied a man of the village.

"I have a reason for asking," said the traveller. "One night when we left the lorry on which we had journeyed on the great road, we slept in a village with men of other tribes. They told us that work for governments is done without pay, and that chiefs paid by some governments to get workers are not always merciful in what they ask."

"I have been in villages where men have gone to work on building railways and have never returned," said another. "There have been many widows."

That night all sat late round the fires to hear the news of the strangers. After the evening meal they showed the wealth of trinkets and clothes which they had brought in their loads. "Here is a wonder," said one. "For this box I gave all the wealth I gained among the white men." He stooped over the box for a moment, and from it came voices speaking in strange tongues. Children hid their faces in terror, even some of the old men looked alarmed.

“What white man’s magic is this?” exclaimed one.
“Are these spirits who speak?”

The travellers laughed. “In the box are no spirits,” they said, “only little bits of metal intertwined and one large piece which turns round and round. With each round piece of metal the box speaks with a different voice.”

“*It’s a long, long way to Tipperary,*” sang the box. Some of the small boys rolled on the ground with mirth and the crowd was soon swaying to the rhythm of the song.

The elders asked the travellers many questions.

“On this matter of the tax,” said the headman.
“How long must you work for the earning of it?”

“Some six moons probably,” was the reply. “After that the wealth that we earn is our own to buy boxes such as we have shown you and bicycles and cloths which the women desire.”

“How is it with the customs there?” asked another.
“What of the rites of seedtime and harvest?”

“The white man does not know these customs,” said the leader of the travellers. “In the towns many white men have no gardens. When they desire food they buy it in the market-place or from a trader in a store, and we also have to do this if we work in the towns. That is why it takes so long to earn the tax. White men who have farms tell black men to do the work but not according to our customs. If the white man had not black men to work for him and money with which to buy many things I do not know how he would keep life in his body, for his women cannot hoe.”

“With the white man all is different,” said the traveller who had limped behind the others in the path.
“When I was working for my white man an illness

seized me. I knew the cause: a curse had been laid upon me, but my white man would not listen. He sent me to the place where one of their medicine men gives medicines. I would have died because of the curse if it had not been for a white woman with understanding. I told her of it and she got a medicine more powerful than that curse, a medicine so strong that the taste of it was with me for hours. It broke the curse of my enemy and I am here. That woman was one of the few white people of understanding, and many came to her when they were ill. But now she has gone to her own country, and the one who gives the medicine we call 'tongue of brass,' for she speaks loudly with many words and is without sense. It is useless to go to her."

"What blindness is this that afflicts these white men?" asked an elder.

"It is the blindness that goes with the colour of their skin," said the leader of the travellers, "and it is a very great blindness indeed. Here is another strange custom. When men steal, instead of seeking compensation from kin, they put the thief in prison. At night prisoners are behind walls, in the day they work at many things. Some go there who cannot pay the tax. The white man is not ungenerous with food in these places. Indeed, if there is famine it may be well to go there, for one is fed."

"Do men give gifts after receiving this hospitality of the white man in prison?"

"No, among the white men gifts are not given for this. Why, I cannot tell you. It is true that I have heard that all prisons of the white men are not desirable. Some who came to work on my white man's farm told of prisons where there was no food but many beatings,

and men died in them of the beatings and the hunger. There are different tribes of white men as there are of black. They are not all the same."

"What of the ancestors?" asked another. "Are there graves where worship is held?"

"Worship is not held at the graves," said a traveller. "The white man's ancestors are not always near him as are ours. His God I do not understand. It is possible that he is a High God who often sleeps. They do many things we would never do for fear of the anger of the spirits."

"I would know more of this God of the white man," said one who had been staring into the fire. "A white man with more knowledge of our ways than have most of these people spoke with me when I was in prison. He said, 'Our God is the God of the black man as well as of the white,' and he spoke of one called Yesu, the son of this God, who was in such a relationship of love with all people, black and white, that he died for all. And now he is the Chief of a very great tribe called the tribe of God—a larger tribe than any that we know."

"When we passed through a village we found some members of this tribe," said another. "They had a teacher who knew many things, and he taught the people in a school. Each day he rang a bell and when the people came to the meeting-place they sang such songs that I envied them, and the teacher made requests of God as we do at the sacred tree, and spoke of this Yesu and his commands for members of his tribe. I will perhaps return there and learn more of these matters."

"I have heard," said an old man, "that among people of this tribe dances, ceremonies and offerings to the spirits are forbidden, and that a man may have only

one wife. It is true that many men do not take more than one woman but they should be permitted to do so, or how will widows be cared for or the chief have his gardens hoed? Who ever heard of a chief with one wife only with all the work there is to do? These new ways break up the community, and who can desire such a thing?"

"The leaving of the village and the breaking of old custom is unseemly," said an elder. "To-day Mnjondu is not here to perform his duties as father of a newborn child. When there is a death kin are not here for the mourning. The girls talk of following the men that they may find husbands. Men who do not return leave widows to be cared for."

"Those who are of good repute learn evil abroad, and those of bad repute are confirmed in their ways," said another. "Do you remember Mbanga? He was full of ill-will. He insulted the elders. He stole from his kin and from strangers. He went to the government station where he learned many tongues, and expounded the commands of the government to people of different tribes. But much beer in his belly, together with knowledge of white man's ways, drove the little sense he had from his head. He came back to the village with the rudeness of white men added to his former unpleasantness. He was stricken with illness. His kin cared for him until one night he fell on the fire in his hut and died. He was bad to begin with, and going abroad made him worse."

The headman spoke:

"He who wanders is no real person. Even for the tax I would not have our young men go to seek this wealth. They will come to disregard the ancestors, and so bring evil on the village. They will cease to

obey the chief and the elders. The young will no longer respect their parents and one will do harm to another. Even one person in a village can work great harm and spoil the village. Much of what we have been told seems to me to be foolish talk, it is merely gurgling like a water pipe."

That night in the privacy of the huts young men had many questions to put to the travellers. "It would be well to go abroad and learn," said one. "The policeman who came to get Mnjondu to mend the bridge was well fed and his clothes were beautiful. When I went to the government post there was a black man there dressed like a white man. He sat in an office and gave commands. He wrote and he read in a book. I should like to go where men are taught to do all this sitting in offices."

"You will easily find a wife with all your wealth," said another young man to one of the strangers. "It will soon be difficult here for a man to get a wife unless he has been abroad. Yesterday I spoke with a certain woman, but she laughed at me and said: 'I like men with enough spirit to go away and bring back clothes and other things,' and she called out so that women working in the gardens could hear: 'The man who sits in the village is full of sloth.'"

"I weary of the demands of the elders," said one who had been silent. "You may well weary," cried several. "Who took green maize from the gardens before the blessing of the harvest? Who was beaten by order of the elders for stealing from the huts? It is indeed a life of great weariness for you!"

*Stones are very hard to break
Far from home in a foreign land,*

sang another, and all joined in the refrain of the song of workers returning to their villages from the mines.

Next morning the travellers went on their way, but their words were not forgotten, and before many moons had waned six young men set out from that village. Desire for adventure, desire for wealth, desire for the learning of white men, desire to be free from the domination of the elders drew them to the towns and mines of the south, from the old paths of the past to the new paths of the future.

CHAPTER III

TOWN LIFE

THE morning sun shone on crowds of people of different tribes who thronged the wide roads of Accra, the capital of the Gold Coast, West Africa. A policeman in khaki uniform stood where four roads met directing the traffic of foot passengers, cyclists and motorists. A lorry laden with goods, topped by a superstructure of passengers, roared by. A bus slowed down under the stern eye of the law and the flow of words which reinforced that look. Women in brightly coloured cloths of Manchester cotton, with babies on their backs and produce on their heads, went on their way to the market, where the servants of Europeans and rich Africans pushed through the crowd, bargaining for delicacies for their masters' tables. News and gossip was exchanged round the hydrants while empty petrol tins were filled with water. Children, chickens and goats rolled, scratched or foraged in the dust according to their natures. In the shade of trees or under the eaves of huts or houses women cooked over small fires, and here and there one squatted in the dust before a sewing-machine. Men and women clerks in European dress walked or cycled to their places of business. The cars of African and European officials and professional men drew up before large buildings. Boys and girls in uniforms of khaki shirts and shorts or cotton frocks hurried to the schools of the town. Customers and visitors from the interior crowded into shops and

stores to examine Manchester cottons, tin and enamel ware, crockery, gramophones and trinkets. A smaller number came and went from a large bookshop run by a Christian mission, or gazed at the varied literature, the typewriters and writing materials displayed in its windows.

The morning train for Ashanti was on the point of departure. A few Europeans and Africans were scattered through the first-class carriages, but the third-class compartments were full to overflowing. Conversations were carried on in several languages; the subject was usually the same—the price of cocoa and the size of shipments travelling down the line to Takoradi harbour for transport to the factories of Europe and America. African farmers, like farmers elsewhere, voiced the conviction that the middleman had the best of it. They and their families, often assisted by hired tribesmen from the North, had picked the orange cocoa pods from the dark green cocoa trees, had seen to the spreading of the beans in the sun and had transported them to the stores of trading companies or other centres where buyers gathered to bargain for the crop. The state of the world market affected these African growers directly, and there was much speculation as to why cocoa did not fetch the price which it had fetched in the golden days of the cocoa boom.

By sheds and warehouses on the beach African and European officials gathered for the landing of passengers and goods from a liner anchored off the shore. White surf boats, manned by African boatmen with trident-shaped paddles, rode in on the swell, were swept ashore on the crest of a wave and beached before the next wave broke. The songs of the boatmen rose above the roar of the surf.

In a shady room in the government hospital a European woman doctor sat with a group of elderly African women dressed in the cloths of the country. Clinics and wards in the great building were run by African and European medicals and nurses according to the latest scientific methods. But in this room new science and old custom met. In one of the languages of the country these midwives of the town discussed the relative merits of their own methods and of those of Europeans. "It is true that many babies die," said one old woman, "and it is true that cleanliness is good and may save some lives, but there are causes of death, such as the curse of an enemy, which clean hands will not touch. But in our talks with you we have learned many things."

"I, too, have learned from you," replied the doctor.

"To think what we believed long ago!" exclaimed another. "How long ago?" asked the doctor with a smile. The women laughed. "Only last Monday," said one, "we believed many of these things."

"We can perhaps continue to discuss matters together," said the doctor as she turned to cross the sunny court to a waiting crowd of women and children.

A few soldiers marched along the palm-bordered road to Government House. An important chief, who had received a title from the British Government, passed them in his car on his way to discuss with the governor questions coming before the Legislative Council, of which he was a member. The car drew up at a gateway in a white wall, where sentries stood to attention. The chief acknowledged their salute and passed across a courtyard to a staircase leading to the upper rooms of the old castle. Two men, playing a game with counters and a board under the chequered shade of a great tree

crowned with scarlet flowers, paused between moves to discuss the purport of the visit. They sat on the spot where slaves in chains had been herded in the old days before being consigned to the dungeons which, then as now, resounded to the roar of the Atlantic surf breaking along that open coast.

A wealthy African barrister and a leading African merchant sat together in a house set in a garden. The room was large and cool. Recent English books and English and Gold Coast papers lay on the tables. A subdued light filtered through the bougainvillea which festooned the wide veranda.

“I see that several leading chiefs are interviewing the governor,” said the barrister. “I hope that this does not mean that the Governor will be unduly influenced by them. Sometimes I think that the British welcome the preservation of old customs in order to hold us back. They do not want us to be like white men.” He put his hand into his pocket and drew out a letter. “Listen to what my son says. He has just been called to the Bar in London :

I find that white men do not wish to know me. When I eat my dinner in the Inns of Court few will sit near me. I have been refused rooms in a country hotel because I am black. I have arranged to go to Paris for a holiday as it is pleasanter for black men there. London is delighted with a film which shows many savage, old customs, but gives no indication that there are any educated Africans. White men laugh at educated Africans or forget that they exist.

“That is not true of all white men,” said the merchant. “There are missionaries and also government officials who believe in us ; but it is true that many white men do not believe in educated Africans, and we must insist

on education. The reduction of government grants to schools and the lowering of the teachers' pay is bad. It hits the missions and I am anxious to see their educational work strengthened, for our people must not separate religion and knowledge, as many white men try to do."

"One thing is perfectly clear; we must insist on a European education for our children," said the barrister. "My daughter is to go to England as well as my sons when she has passed her school certificate examination. Like them, she is learning Latin."

"I have heard," said the merchant, "that less Latin is being taught in English schools."

"Do not advocate its being dropped here," replied the barrister, "until you are sure of this. I say again, our children must have the same education as the European. How else can we have African leaders who will govern the country?"

"We are producing leaders to an encouraging extent," said the merchant. "Another African bishop has been consecrated for a Nigerian diocese; our medical men and our barristers increase, and, year by year, Africans advance to positions of authority in the services of the Government. We can combine a European education with respect for our own culture. On the whole I am pleased with what our college of Achimota is doing in giving English higher education and, in addition, in teaching children in our own languages and encouraging respect for our customs. Government did well in founding that college."

"Give me the French policy," said the barrister, "by which the African is given the same education as the Frenchman."

"We shall not agree on this," replied the merchant.

“Have we not argued it before? I would only say that education in British territories is more general than in French, where only a few Africans are educated and accepted as French citizens.”

A girl in school uniform entered the room and greeted her father, the barrister.

“What have you done at school to-day?” he asked.

“It has been very interesting,” she replied. “We are beginning to make an African cookery book in which we shall write down many African dishes.”

“What has this to do with your examinations?” asked her father.

“I am not sure, father. But at school they say it is good to learn what our own people do as well as the ways of white men, and it is very interesting.”

“I must protest,” said her father. “I do not send you to school to learn what your mother and grandmother can teach you.”

“Do you not see,” said the barrister, as the child left the room crestfallen, “that we can make no compromise in demanding exactly what the white man has? In South Africa and in Kenya, where there are permanent settlements of white men, the African is losing his land. In South Africa he is not permitted to do skilled work for fear he shall compete with the white man. If he has not the white man’s training he will be for ever the tool of the white man. That is why I insist on a European education.”

The merchant rose to go. “Here we have no permanent white population, and the land is our own so that we have not the same need to protest. But there is still much to be done. Are you coming to the meeting in the cinema this afternoon on the control of leprosy? There are to be pictures of the leper town

at Itu, Nigeria, where a mission has done amazing work. We have nothing equal to it here." He stepped out into the sunlight and entered his car.

Accra is one of a number of West African coastal towns with fine government buildings, schools, hospitals, and shops. Houses of wealthy Africans and bungalows of Europeans are set in gardens. African professional men, who live permanently in such towns, tend to lose touch with country people and traditional beliefs as do town-dwellers in other parts of the world. They look to Europe and demand the same institutions and education. Though a small minority of the total population, their opinion carries weight.

All coastal towns are not modern. St Paul de Loanda in Portuguese West Africa, with its fort and prison, recalls the early settlements of the Portuguese, as does the fortress at Mozambique in East Africa. Castles, such as Government House, Accra, were centres for European administration in bygone days. The differences between those days and the present are that European administration then extended only a few miles inland, while to-day it reaches the far interior, and that the main trade then was in slaves, while to-day it is in the fruits of the soil and in mineral wealth.

Besides these European towns West Africa has an indigenous town population. Of the 20,000,000 people of Nigeria some five-eighths live in towns which range in population from a few thousand to over a hundred thousand. These towns, unlike those of European origin, are not divorced from the life of the country. Many of the inhabitants are farmers cultivating crops inside and outside the town, and hereditary crafts are highly developed. In such towns the individual has

his recognized place in the community of which he is an integral part, while in the European towns he moves out of his traditional setting, becomes a wage-earner in competition with other wage-earners, and finds communal life challenged by the individualism of the West.

In some European centres a permanent industrial population is growing up. At the copper mines in the Belgian Congo towns for workers and their families have been carefully planned and excellent welfare services have been established. On retirement opportunity is given to families to settle on land in the district, so that a local permanent labour supply may be, in time, available. On the copper belt of Northern Rhodesia a similar but less organized development is taking place, and in South Africa the number of Africans living in urban centres is increasing.

THE DRIFT TO THE TOWNS

The drift to the towns and industrial areas affects remote parts. Young men, such as those of the Nyasaland villages described in previous chapters, set out for towns and mines in search of adventure, freedom and wealth. An ambition to get more education than a village school can give calls others. The demands made by European governments for the payment of taxes, the influx of Europeans and their demands for both land and labour, compel Africans to seek work in towns and mines, on farms and on plantations.

The usual form of direct money tax is either a poll or a hut tax. In amount it varies in different territories from under 10s. to over 20s. a year. The length of time a man requires to be absent from the village in

order to raise the tax depends on the rate of wages paid, on the distance to be travelled to a European settlement or farm where money can be earned, and on whether the individual is responsible for his own tax only or for the taxes of several of his kin.

In some parts shortage of land drives Africans to European centres. In South Africa to-day less than 50 per cent of the African population of over 5,000,000 hold land in the Native reserves, which include about 10 per cent of the land of the Union. These reserves are so over-populated and over-stocked with cattle that from 45 per cent to 70 per cent of the men leave them for a period yearly to seek work with Europeans. Outside the reserves only slight provision has been made for Africans to lease or to purchase land, so that they are driven to squat on the farms of white men or to find work in the towns. The result is that year by year the number of landless men drifting to the towns increases. In Kenya the amount of land taken for white settlement has created unrest among Africans, as has the invasion of a Native reserve by prospectors for gold. Taxation and land shortage must be added to desire for adventure, freedom, wealth and education as causes for the drift away from the communal life of the village to the individualistic life of the town.

In a village in Kenya Colony an old Kikuyu squatted beside his son in the shadow of the eaves. "How can we pay the tax on four huts?" said the old man. "The widows of my brothers are too old to earn it. I am feeble. Must we tear down huts to reduce the tax?" For a long time the son sat silent. "I must seek work with a white man," he said at last. "It will take me six months to earn the tax for four huts and I shall have to

walk many days to reach farms or towns. You and the women must manage while I am gone."

An old woman came out of the hut behind them. "The work in the gardens is too much for me and for the widows of your brother, and I can no longer carry the firewood." She looked towards a woman bent beneath a load of over a hundred pounds, and added: "Once I could carry more than that but now my strength is gone from me."

"These are lean days," said the old man. "Since the white men came the land has melted from us. White men press on our borders. In the old days there was warfare with the Masai who took our land, but it was better to fight them than to leave our country to work for white men for this tax."

A young man in European dress gave them greeting. "What news?" they asked. "On the great road there is much talk," he said. "I sat by an Indian store with a man of Kavirondo. He told that white men in great numbers enter his country where the huts of the people are already as thick on the hills as mushrooms. They dig for gold. They pay young men well for working for them and buy timber from the chiefs."

"What do the elders think of this?" asked the old man.

"Some are pleased because they get wealth, but others do not like it, for they think the land is being taken from them. In the last moon the people were summoned to the government post to do honour to King George on his birthday. All marched past the flag. Some of the old men think this means that the land has now been taken from them."

"What do the young men think?" asked the son.

"They do not always share the fears of their elders and

they like earning much money. But some think as the old men think. There is talk of sending messengers to England to lay the case before King George himself.

“There are other strange things going on in the Kavirondo country. There is one who raises the dead. Many people go to him. It is said that he is a great prophet who will bring deliverance to the people in these days.”

The old man turned to his son. “Our tax must be paid. You will have to work for the white men. Go and get the money for the tax and also bring back word of this prophet. Who can tell? A new power may arise and the land be ours again.”

Next day the young Kikuyu left his village to find work in order to pay the hut tax.

Some months later the same man walked slowly through the shaded streets of the European quarter of Nairobi. He passed the plate-glass windows, hotels and offices of the business quarter, and turned into the dusty road leading to the Native location. Here were lines of one-roomed barracks with padlocked doors, which turned blank faces to the world during the day while their tenants were working in the European town; here were mud huts with corrugated iron roofs, whose outlines had none of the symmetry of village huts because they had been added to until a single hut had become a slum tenement. The Kikuyu passed the tin church, which every Sunday was filled to overflowing with the devout and the curious. He skirted the hospital, which rose above the lower buildings, and, looking neither to right nor left, went on until he came to a tumbledown hovel a little apart from the rest. He stood by the low doorway and called. A voice bade him enter. An old man wizened with age, dressed in a

torn shirt and trousers, squatted before a fire in the centre of the hut. The young Kikuyu greeted him, looked to see that no one was within earshot, and spoke in a low voice: "I have come to you, O father, for help. My European master is angry with me. All that I do is bad. At night my dreams are disquieting. I fear witchcraft is being worked against me. I have come to you for medicine which will keep witchcraft from my door."

The old man nodded his head. "I have such medicine, my son. I have also another medicine. This other medicine will make it possible for you to enter the house of a European and take his goods. You will come out unobserved because the medicine will make black darkness. If you want this kind also from me and have the money I will give it."

The sun was setting when the young man stepped out into the dusty track. His savings had gone, but he was armed with two medicines to help him to meet the new and confusing life of the town.

IN JOHANNESBURG

The day shift was over in the Johannesburg gold mines. Men poured back into the compounds where members of many tribes lived in great dormitories with double tiers of bunks. Some sat round fires and talked and laughed. Some collected before a white wall where a film would be shown, and speculated as to whether their beloved Si-Dakwa (Charlie Chaplin) would appear that evening. Others left the compounds, bent on pleasure or profit. Some made for buildings belonging to one or other of the three hundred African Christian sects of South Africa or to chapels or clubs

run by missions. A crowd turned towards a house where a gramophone was grinding out dance music. Inside, African women waited to dance with men hungry for women after the bachelor life of the compounds. These women disregarded old morality and custom and, like many of the men, would no longer suffer the control of village life gladly. At the tables round the dancing floor beer, brewed illicitly by the women, circulated freely.

Some of the Native locations are twelve miles away from Johannesburg. From them crowds of Africans travel daily to the city to work for Europeans. They come on foot, on bicycles, by train and tram. Africans are not permitted to use the same trams as Europeans. There is great shortage of transport, and fares are a serious drain on very limited resources. The Colour Bar does not permit the use of African skilled labour, so white labour has been used for building the new locations. Capital expenditure has therefore been high, with the result that rents are out of all proportion to the wages paid to Africans, amounting in many cases to over a quarter of a man's monthly wage.

Many Africans will not live in the locations if they can possibly avoid it but prefer slum yards in the town. There, though they pay a high rent for wretched accommodation, they are saved expensive transport, and their women can more easily augment the family income by taking in washing for Europeans or by the illicit brewing of Native beer for African customers.

One such yard, containing one hundred and seven tumbledown rooms with rotten floors or none, defective roofs and broken windows, was full of women washing or cooking over braziers in the narrow alleyways.

Children played in the filth which overflowed from the inadequate rubbish bin by the entrance, or tried to draw water from the two communal taps, one of which was perennially out of repair. Petrol tins and packing cases were piled by the doors of the rooms, there being no space inside for all the family possessions. Inside the rooms the amount of European furniture, bought on the hire-purchase plan, was an indication of poverty or of prosperity. But even in the most barren rooms women took infinite pains to preserve order and cleanliness.

Men came in from work and made their way to one or other of the tumbledown doors. Few greetings were exchanged, for in this place of many tribes where men and women came and went constantly, there was none of the communal life of the village. Many customers frequented the yard to buy the beer brewed illicitly by the women. When sales were good, loud argument and song resounded and drunken forms added to the congestion in the alleys. Most of the women in the yard were law-breakers in this matter of illicit brewing. This offence, together with those of being out at night without one or other of the twelve possible passes Africans are required to carry and the non-payment of taxes, made the yard into a community constantly subject to arrest and imprisonment.

A boy strolled up to a woman sitting in a doorway.

"Have you news of him?" she asked.

"He is in gaol," replied the boy. "The police took him for not paying the tax. Hundreds of others have also been taken."

"We must manage," said the woman. "I shall brew more beer. You must see to it that you always carry your passes, for you must not join your father in gaol."

The boy felt in the pocket of his shirt. "They are here," he said, "but even though I have them I think I shall not return to-night, for the police are very rough at present and arrest without reason. I go to a concert and a meeting." He left the yard.

In another part of the town he joined a crowd in a hall run by one of the Christian missions. Some thousand people had gathered there to enjoy a concert given by a social club. On the programme were forty-seven items, most of which were encored. One item was part of the *Gondoliers* performed with dramatic power and musical skill. Another was a song in the Xhosa language which made fun of young Africans who had adopted the fashion of wearing the voluminous trousers once dear to Oxford undergraduates and therefore known as "Oxford bags." The programme was going on until dawn, but the boy slipped out amid the peals of laughter which greeted the third encore of this song.

He made his way to another hall—also filled to the doors—but there was no laughter there. On the platform a row of young Africans in European dress faced a large audience which listened intently to one speaker after another.

Brothers [said one], let me recall to your minds what you all know, that before the white man came to Africa all this great country belonged to the black people. We were what the white man calls "savages," but we had a social system that worked well—I think even better than the system of the white men. You know that in our old tribal organization material things—things to eat and wear—were held in a community of property. Each man and woman and child shared in the good things of life. If I had two bags of mealies and my

neighbour had none I shared my mealies as a matter of course.

When the missionary came to our villages, he told us that we were doing right in this matter. He put his stamp of approval on that way of doing. He said, "That's the Christian way, too. Keep on in that fashion."

But when we left the mission station and came to this big city, what did we find? Why, we found that the missionary didn't know what he was talking about! We learned that it is the custom for civilized men to grab all they can for *themselves* and hang on to it. The most successful man is he who grabs the most, cuts the throats of his competitors, and advances himself to the top. The missionary didn't know all this when he taught us, or he deliberately lied to us, for he didn't equip us for success.

We must give up this unpractical Christianity if we wish to be successful in this white man's civilization.

Another speaker jumped to his feet.

We know that what the previous speaker said is true. What is this Christian religion, anyway? It's a white man's religion. It teaches us to follow the teaching of a white man, this Jesus Christ. They say the Devil is black. When we black people get a religion we're going to worship a black God, and when we paint the Devil we're going to paint him white, for all white men are devils.

The boy from the slum yard sprang to his feet and cried:

I have heard Christian Africans say that God made both White and Black, but the white people treat us as strangers in our own country and think we cannot understand because we are Africans. We are black, black as a pot in which the people cook food. We

pray to a black God. We do not worship a white God, for He cannot understand us. Even in the churches white people will not worship with us. The message of Jesus Christ is a good message but the ways of white men who call themselves Christians I do not understand.

Another speaker stood up :

I have read that in 1930 50,102 Africans were imprisoned for not paying taxes. How can we pay 20s. a year, when all that most of us can earn in our jobs is about 18s. 6d. a week, while it costs a family of four at least £1. 10s. a week to live. Yet even our boys of eighteen must pay this tax and our old men who can no longer earn. They say that in one year 42,611 people were in gaol for not having passes, and 36,644 for brewing Native beer. White men are not so treated. I read also that this country is rich. Who has this wealth? It is not the black man.

All over Africa villagers, whose intercourse with white men has been limited to missionaries and an occasional official or trader, are being plunged into town life. Even a short stay in town or mining compound breaks down a number of old beliefs and sanctions, and shows that many white men are not practising Christianity. Allegiance to old custom is shaken, and confusion reigns.

THE WESTERN GATEWAY TO THE COPPER MINES

Two tall Africans, immaculate in European dress, walked along the wide street of Lobito Bay, West Africa. On either side were large business houses selling all manner of European wares, for Lobito is the West African gateway to the Katanga copper mines. The men were deep in conversation in their own language

about their work in the Native town, where one was teacher and the other was pastor. Both had studied on equal terms with Portuguese in the government high school in Loanda, and both had come near the top of the school. They spoke and read Portuguese as well as their tribal language, and had some knowledge of French and of English.

“The people lose the old ways but they do not understand the new,” said the teacher. “They learn to use and love the machinery of the white man, but beyond that many do not go. They are like those setting out on a journey who do not know where the road will lead.”

The pastor agreed. “We have qualified as Portuguese citizens; we have studied with Europeans, but the ways of the white men are often strange even to us.”

As the sun dipped below the sea and swift dusk fell, the two joined the stream of Africans passing down the long street of the European town built on the sand spit forming the harbour of the bay. The Atlantic swell beats perpetually on its western side, while to the east the calm waters of the bay reflect the grey cliffs of the waterless desert which guards the interior and the liners gliding on even keel to their berths at the docks.

At this hour from shops, docks and offices came Africans of different tribes who, during the day, worked for Europeans in many capacities, ranging from stevedores to confidential clerks in big trading firms. Women with babies on their backs and loaded baskets on their heads swelled the throng. The faces of all were turned to where the sand spit broadened into flats at the base of the grey cliffs. Here reeds and marsh grass were the only vegetation. The grace of the water birds and passing clouds were reflected in still pools. In this wilderness of marsh and sand lay the Native town.

A merciful dispensation had provided a wooden causeway over marshland and water which saved a detour of some miles across the flats. Men and women poured on to it in close formation and then advanced in extended order upon the wide expanse of sand on the other side. Each evening this procession streamed over the flats to the crazy mud huts, roofed with untidy thatch or old iron, which made up the Native town. Even the evening light failed to beautify this settlement. Material for building was hard to find and any makeshift shelter had to serve. The flats were parched by the sun in the dry season and flooded by rain and sea water in the wet. In both dry and wet the town suffered from a shortage of fresh water, for there were only two hydrants for the thousands of inhabitants, and the desert country bordering that sandy waste was waterless.

The pastor and teacher turned into one of the long straggling streets. At the end a half-roofed building rose against the evening sky. The pastor looked towards it. "It is late," he said, "and the people will be coming to learn. Remember to bring the lantern."

This skeleton building of mud and iron was the church and school which the people were building, as they could find time and material. In the evening men gathered there round a hurricane lantern to pore over reading books; in the daytime children bent over the same books while the sun, shining through the old nail-holes in the iron roof, cast dots and specks of light on their dark heads. On Sundays the congregation overflowed on to the sand beyond. Some followed the Portuguese service easily, others strained to catch a word here and there; and others again sat, blank patience on their faces, until a hymn in their own tongue galvanized them into life and song.

The two men walked down the road where they lived. In passing they greeted groups crouching round the fires which twinkled before the huts. Talk and laughter, argument and song were heard on every hand. Here and there in the dusk a man strummed thin, plaintive airs to himself on a small instrument made of wire and wood. Much of the talk showed an intimate knowledge of the seamy side of European life and acuteness in estimating the character of white employers. Few old men were to be seen and few women, for this town on the sand flats is a port of call rather than a permanent habitation, and in age and illness the villages reclaim their own. Young men go back to the village to seek wives, and wives go back to the village to bear their children if they are strong enough to walk, fortunate enough to get a lift in a lorry, or rich enough to board the train. The village is still the centre of life, and men fly from the monotony of work for Europeans to the variety of the agricultural and pastoral year where periods of strenuous labour alternate with seasons of luxurious repose.

"Those are newcomers," said the pastor, as they passed a group of men dressed in the cloths worn in the villages. "I must see if they need the rest hut for the night." He stepped forward and gave the usual greeting. The teacher walked on to his own door. On either side of it stood petrol tins set in a pattern of white stones, and green things grew in them in that desert of grey sand. Within the mud hut he and his wife achieved not merely decency but a measure of comfort. The walls of the two rooms were decorated with photographs and post cards. A writing table and a shelf of well-thumbed books stood in one, and through the doorway was to be seen a bed draped with a mosquito

net. The young wife was tending her fire in the well-swept yard, and crouching beside her was a girl who, with seven others, had arranged to sleep in a neighbouring hut in order to be protected from the licence of men hungry for women in a community where the restraint of old custom was breaking down and new custom was still in the making.

The moon was rising and the throb of a drum filled the air. A singer by one of the fires began to improvise a song.

*The white men make machines,
We learn this wisdom,*

he sang, and others joined in the refrain :

*The white men came up out of the sea,
Where they came from who can tell?*

*The white man's road is strange,
Who knows where it ends?*

sang the soloist, and again the chorus rose to the moon :

*The white men came up out of the sea,
Where they came from who can tell?*

CHAPTER IV
UP AND DOWN THE LAND

IN the desert of the Sahara two tribesmen stood on a hillock of sand gazing upwards into the pale, molten sky. The roar of an aeroplane shattered the stillness of the quivering heat and a black speck moved across their line of vision.

“That is a strange bird,” said one. “I have not seen its like before.”

“Where have you been hiding,” asked his companion, “that you have not seen this thing? They pass overhead alone or in flocks so that we have ceased to wonder at them.”

The other murmured, “Is it the will of Allah that such things should be?”

The two waited until the aeroplane was lost to sight and hearing, and then lay down to sleep away the hours of heat.

Twice a week one of the “strange birds,” laden with passengers and mails, follows the charted highway of the air from Cairo to Cape Town.¹ In seven days it travels some 5000 miles. Could those in the plane see far enough they would get a clear impression of the main geographical features of the continent. First is a belt of yellow—the desert of the Sahara stretching east and west from sea to sea. Yellow gives place to the light green of plains and parkland which border the southern edge

¹ See route marked on map at end.

of the desert, and light green in turn merges into the dark green of the great equatorial forest belt across the centre of the continent. Flying south, the dark green shades into the light green and brown of open plains, uplands and high veld. This in turn changes to the darker green of lowlands by the sea. Shadows of hills and valleys are thrown across the land. Near the Equator the sun catches the high lights of snow-covered peaks and glaciers.

Could the traveller by air look across the continent from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean he would see that at some points dun-coloured deserts extend to the sea. He would also note on both the west and east coast stretches of dense green tropical vegetation along the shore. He would notice that the land often rises rapidly from the coast to central plateaux of plains and tumbled hills. He would see a gigantic Y-shaped cleft in the earth's surface extending northwards from Nyasaland to Abyssinia and beyond Africa to Palestine, and in this Great Rift Valley of volcanic origin he would see a chain of lakes, filling old craters, the largest of which—Lake Victoria Nyanza—is the main reservoir for the Nile. He would see many rivers, great and small, and would single out four as the greatest. The Nile, rising in the lakes of the Rift Valley over the Equator, flows north for 4000 miles through reeds and marshland and the sands of the desert, to empty at last into the Mediterranean. The Niger, rising in mountainous country behind Sierra Leone, flows east bringing fertility to the edges of the Sahara, and then turns in a great loop to the south-west, flowing through parkland and dense forests and mangrove swamps, to empty at last by many mouths into the Atlantic Ocean—a course of some 2600 miles. The Congo, rising in the centre of the

continent south of the Equator, flows north, then turning westward in a great loop, flows south-west, emptying into the Atlantic by a narrow bottleneck in tumbled hills. Most of its course of 3000 miles is through equatorial forest. The Zambezi, the fourth of the great rivers, rises in the south central part of the continent and flows some 1600 miles from west to east, plunging on its way 400 feet over the Victoria Falls, then roaring through a narrow, winding gorge to lower levels, and emptying at last into the Indian Ocean.

Though the traveller by air cannot at one time see the whole continent spread beneath him from coast to coast he can learn much of its size and of its variety. Beneath him the sun catches the glint of great bodies of water and shines on hills and plains, on desert and on rich vegetation. He experiences wide varieties of temperature. In the burning heat of the desert, the hot darkness of a night in Khartum is almost as oppressive as the hot light of the day while flying over the desert. In the Southern Sudan, when the plane rises into the air before dawn between a double row of guiding bonfires, the traveller shivers in the cold mist which blots out the shining stretches of the upper waters of the Nile and the forest and marshland of Uganda. The mist clears at last over the wide waters of Lake Victoria Nyanza. Winds blow cold from the glaciers of Kilimanjaro as the plane crosses mountain ranges to the scrub-covered uplands of central Tanganyika, studded with baobab trees and rich in game. These, in turn, give place to the rolling country and blue hills of higher plateaux and to the desolate bush and long grass of the copper belt. Above the Zambezi and the vivid rain forest of the Victoria Falls the plane flies; it passes over the mine dumps, farms and towns of South Africa, and drops at

last where Cape Town shelters between Table Mountain and the sea.

Should the traveller take another route over the Congo basin he will see the dense vegetation of the equatorial forests looking like a carpet of green moss beneath him, broken by the channels of great rivers and the treacherous sandbars on their banks, and by occasional clearings for towns, plantations, villages and mines.

In his journeys he may catch a glimpse, when the plane flies low, of some of the wild life of the country. Lion, leopard, elephant, giraffe, zebra, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, buffalo and many varieties of antelope may be sighted on the plains and by watering-places. A crocodile, the terror of Central African rivers, may be seen sunning himself not far from a village, for so bold is the crocodile that men are dragged from canoes and women seized while washing clothes on the banks.

The scale of the country is vast. Europe, India, China and the United States could all be fitted into its area and still leave a margin to spare.

From the air not only roads but paths stand out with startling clearness. In old days—less than fifty years ago—the only means of transport in many parts of Central Africa was on foot. A network of paths on which travellers walked in single file wound through the forests and over the plains. When the long grass was still drenched with dew and the dawn was chill, caravans of laden men and women set out to walk all day through impenetrable forests or to plod over burning open plains. On long journeys the loss of life was often great. Men of the lowlands died in the cold of the highlands, and men of the highlands were prostrated by the heat and fever of the coast. The

terrors of travel are still many ; and charms, both ancient and modern, for protection on the road are valued by those who go far afield. In one Central African village of a tribe of noted travellers who carry the produce of the interior to the coast stand two small huts. In one is a photograph of a European official whose exactions in the matter of taxation and roadmaking have made him both feared and disliked. In the other a Toby jug smiles blandly. Both photograph and jug are used in protective rites against the dangers of the road.

Wild beasts, wild men, waterless wastes, flooded rivers, disease, ill treatment, and the demands of black and white men for transport have taken and still take a heavy toll of life. In Southern Rhodesia the first rays of the rising sun light a granite cross rising from a bare crag near Umtali. It stands in memory of the thousands of Africans of many tribes who laid down their lives as porters and soldiers in a war not of their making. Their names and numbers are unknown, as are those of the many who have perished as carriers in time of peace and as builders of roads and railways.

Though lives are lost in the making of roads and railways, mechanical transport is saving the African from being a beast of burden. For as roads and railways are built governments discourage the use of human carriers. But in many parts for a long time to come burdens will be carried by men and women. Songs, jokes and gossip enliven the day's march of fifteen to twenty miles. It may be through dark, dank forests where the sun never penetrates to the paths and where creepers and underbrush turn it into a green tunnel. It may be under gigantic trees with grey trunks rising for hundreds of feet above the sun-flecked way, and through glades of matchless beauty. It may be through grass six feet

high where, during the first hours of the march, the traveller is drenched with dew. It may be over sandy, sunbaked plains where the air quivers with the heat or over grass-covered uplands starred with innumerable flowers. Rivers are forded, or crossed in dug-out canoes or on rafts, on logs flung from bank to bank, or on bridges of stout creepers which may swing high above the water or sink beneath it with the weight of the load. Sometimes carriers will walk across rivers under water, their hands holding the loads above the surface. A cowhide filled with grass on which the load is placed may be pushed over by swimming men, or gourds tied together form a perilous float. There is no end to the ingenuity they display. When white men no longer demand carriers Africans will still go on foot taking produce to market, visiting friends, attending funerals, going on business to a chief's village or to a government post, or travelling to industrial and educational centres.

PASSERS-BY

A cosmopolitan throng passes up and down the great north road from Ashanti to Timbuctu. Near Kumasi groups of Ashanti women, wearing brightly coloured cloths of Manchester cotton, laugh and gossip together as they carry produce to market. Here are women of a northern tribe, draped in white with covered heads, passing by. African soldiers in khaki uniforms march smartly past a long line of thirty men plodding northward on a trek of some thousand miles with baskets of kola nuts to be sold in the markets of Tunis, Tripoli or Khartum. Men, wearing only loin cloths, sing and shout on their way from the north to work on

farms or in mines, where they hope to make their fortunes. They call greetings to those returning from the coast who carry their fortunes in boxes on their heads. Itinerant musicians with various instruments go up and down.

On the road are migrations more ancient than it and than the coming of white men. Cattle slowly make their long journey from the highlands of the interior to the lowlands of the west coast. Behind walk the herdsmen, stately in long robes and broad-brimmed hats. At night they camp in villages by the roadside with others of their people. They are Moslems from the great Moslem communities of the north. Five times a day they turn their faces to Mecca and offer the prayers the Prophet has decreed. In the great markets others sit behind their wares of fine workmanship—displaying baskets and leather, cloth and metal. When the motor roads were only tracks through the forest, merchandise, cattle and men came down them, and in the far interior caravans from North Africa crossed the deserts carrying wealth back and forth. To-day this old trade goes up and down the new roads. Hausa, Fulani and other trading people travel far even as they did before white men came.

Masters of herds and lesser travellers alike have to give way to the motors going up and down. A bus roars by, loaded to the running-board with travellers and their belongings and driven by an African Jehu whose fearless optimism surmounts many obstacles. Lorries with produce pass and repass. A chief goes by in his own car, and a white government official, setting out for a tour of his district, looks with disfavour on the more daring of the African drivers, and is moved to call stern words of warning to those whose

loads and speed seem, to the limited imagination of the white man, precarious and impossible.

NEW ROADS

The opening of a new motor road may be an occasion of joy or sorrow.

In a district in the interior of the Gold Coast, long before the sun rose men, women and children left their villages and set out for a new road cut through the forest which passed over a bridge across a swift river, where before there had been only a dangerous ford. By noonday a great crowd had gathered at the bridge. Beside it stood an assemblage of chiefs, resplendent in robes of many colours with ceremonial umbrellas held over their heads by their retainers. Drums beat and people shouted and danced on the hard surface of the highway.

The district commissioner in khaki shirt and shorts stepped forward from the crowd of chiefs, raised his hand for silence and addressed the crowd. "We rejoice together to-day, because this road is finished. We have worked together upon it and now we see the fruit of our labours. We know that in the rains we can pass in safety over this bridge and that all in this district will find life better because of what has been done."

Shouts of joy burst from the crowd. Again he raised his hand. "You give thanks for this road and this bridge in your way to your gods," he continued. "Now I would give thanks in my way to mine. Those chiefs who would join with me in my giving of thanks stand with me on the bridge." He walked to the middle of the bridge and stood with bent head. One

by one the chiefs, from the greatest to the least, stepped forward and joined him over the rushing river. A silence fell on the crowd, broken only by the rush of the water under the bridge. After a moment the official raised his hand. "I declare the bridge open," he cried, "and may it bring blessing to us all."

Men, women and children surged forward and the drums beat out the good news: "The bridge is finished. To-day the new road is open."

In another territory a road had been finished by the unwilling labour of the people, many of whom had been called from distant farms and gardens to work on it at the time of the sowing. A number of workers had died. When at last it was finished a white official drove rapidly over it in his car, looking neither to right nor left. Women crouched low in the bush as he passed and cast fearful glances after him. Men stood silent and gave no greetings. "This is a dark day," said one to another. "He will now be able to come swiftly to villages near the road and demand labour and taxes. We shall no longer have warning of his coming. It will be well to consult the omens for a new site for our village far from here, for the shadow of this man is ever the shadow of sorrow."

RAILWAYS

The traveller by air will see not only roads built in joy and sorrow but railways unwinding their length across the land. He will see that the railways of East and West Africa lead from ports to the plateau of the interior or connect stretches of navigable waterways. He will see a long finger of line from the south running through the copper belt of Northern Rhodesia and the

Belgian Congo to the rivers and great lakes of the interior. In the spring of 1935 the opening of a bridge across the lower stretches of the Zambezi gave Nyasaland direct rail connection with Portuguese East Africa and with the network of railway lines of South Africa.

The building of railways has not been accomplished without hardship and loss of life. Labour has been imported from great distances, and in the construction of some railways, as in that of roads in certain areas, forced labour has been very thinly disguised by legal fictions. When once it is built, keeping the line in repair is often fraught with anxiety and danger.

The Lower Congo railway links Leopoldville, the capital of the Belgian Congo, with the coast, across over 200 miles of hilly country through which the Congo river falls in a series of cataracts to the sea. In the head office of the railway set on one of the hills, African clerks and white men watched the rain driving across the face of the land. It fell with a persistence which cast a haze over the hills and made motor roads into mud holes, and streams into raging torrents.

"The cuttings cannot stand much more of this," said one. "There is sure to be trouble and the mail boat is due to-morrow."

An African telegraph operator came forward, a message in his hand. The white man glanced at it. "As I thought," he said. "Line blocked by landslide near Matadi. Gangs must go to clear it."

During the three following days the telegraph operator received several similar messages, and all available men, African and European, even to clerks from the office on the hill, turned out to clear the way for the mail train, whose non-arrival in Leopoldville would hold up the departure of river boats carrying mails, passengers and

produce over the 7,500 miles of navigable waterways in the Congo basin, and also the air service connecting the various administrative districts.

A week later, as dusk fell, black men and white stood knee-deep in mud and water to watch the mail train, loaded to the doors, pass slowly over the emergency line which bridged the last wash-out between the coast and Leopoldville. Flares lighted the bronze faces of cheering Africans and the pale faces of silent Europeans who lighted cigarettes with a sigh of relief as the last coach passed slowly on its way. "Until the next time," they said, and turned wearily to their rain-sodden camps.

In Uganda to-day there are men and women, European as well as African, who have journeyed on foot from the coast before the railway was built. The line starts from the palm-fringed shores of the Indian Ocean, passes through a narrow coastal belt rich in tropical vegetation, and then climbs through scrub-covered country full of game to rolling plains 8000 feet above the sea. It drops over the great Escarpment into the crater-strewn Rift Valley and skirts one end of Lake Victoria Nyanza, 3726 feet above sea level.

The story of its building and the wonder of it are still fresh in the minds of the people. A group of African teachers, men of different tribes in training for work in village schools in Kenya Colony, stood in the sun singing songs of their childhood which they would teach to the children of to-day. One of them stepped to the centre of the circle and sang of the building of the railway, of the warring tribes through which the line passed, of lions and other wild beasts, of the fevers of the low-lying coastal belt and the bitter cold on the great Escarpment, of the madness of white men in thinking that rivers could be bridged and mountains scaled by

an iron road from the coast over the highlands and down again to the papyrus-fringed shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza. Between the verses sung by the soloist all chanted a dirge-like refrain :

*The railway will never go through to Kisumu,
The railway will never go through.*

At last the soloist sounded a note of exultation. The iron road had reached the lake, and the chorus burst into a chant of triumph :

*The railway has gone through to Kisumu,
The railway has gone through.*

ON THE RIVERS

Great lakes and rivers are another means of transport. Since the early eighties steamboats have navigated African waterways. In the Congo basin transport by land is subsidiary to transport by water. Week by week river steamers with iron barges lashed to their sides go up and down the Congo and its tributaries. Company boats put in at plantation wharves, where oil palms in every stage of growth are to be seen and piles of orange and scarlet nuts glisten in the sun. At dusk they stop for the night at a wood post, where a trader's store and some huts and bungalows stand on a narrow strip hewn out of the forest. As the gang-plank goes down, men who all day have taken their ease on the iron decks of the barges—smoking, singing, gambling, eating or just lying in the sun—spring to life and load the boat with the wood to feed her engines which is stacked ready on the shore. On the great rivers and also on the lakes navigation is difficult. Shallow waters quickly become turbulent, sandbars are constantly shifting and,

in the dry season, the danger of running aground is considerable. When storms sweep across the wide waters of the Congo or churn the narrow channels, boats tie up as they can, sometimes casting moorings round forest trees along the banks.

Africans and Arabs navigated lakes and rivers long before white men came. They used a great variety of craft. Arab slave-traders plied dhows on the great lakes. Tribes on the shores of lakes and rivers carried on war, fishing and trade in dug-out canoes, ranging in size from a frail craft propelled by one upright paddler to great war-canoes propelled by fifty men paddling in perfect time. Fishermen by lakes and rivers know the lore of their craft and pass it down from generation to generation.

A NETWORK OF TRANSPORT

From the air it is possible to see the principles on which modern transport has been developed. Effective government control of a given territory for military and administrative purposes is one of these. In the French Cameroons and in parts of the Belgian Congo villages on the main roads are frequent and are laid out with a surprising uniformity. These villages have been moved from more remote districts to the motor roads to facilitate control, the collection of taxes, health measures or some other end of a European government. The necessity of exporting the wealth of the country and of importing manufactured goods from abroad is also a guiding principle. Cocoa, palm-kernels, groundnuts, coffee, cotton and other produce go to the sea by road and rail and river. Timber is floated down the great waterways. Railways connect East, West and South

Africa with the copper mines. Gold from the Rand is taken by rail to South African ports. Gold from East and West Africa is carried to ports in the Indian Ocean and the Atlantic. While the wealth of Africa flows to the sea, European manufactured goods are carried from the sea into the heart of the continent. To-day there is scarcely a village, however remote, where life is unaffected by the importation of European manufactured goods and by the contact with other tribes and with western civilization made possible by the development of transport.

THE SLAVE ROUTES

Some of the new roads follow the lines of old paths trodden in the past by caravans of slaves journeying to the west coast to be sold to European traders, or to the east to be sold to the Arabs. European trade in African slaves started towards the end of the fifteenth and lasted until the beginning of the nineteenth century. The discovery of the Americas and the development of a market for slaves on West Indian plantations as well as in Europe made the trade profitable. Traders of different nationalities competed with each other in it and companies sought to obtain monopolies. Slave ships of 300 to 400 tons sailed up West African rivers and took on cargoes of 500 to 800 slaves, or anchored opposite the castles on the coast whose doors on the sea were opened to transfer slaves from noisome dungeons on land to still worse quarters afloat. A Dutch trader writes of shipment of slaves from one of the West African ports :

They are put in prison all together and when we treat concerning buying them, they are all brought out together in a large plain, where, by our surgeons . . .

they are thoroughly examined and that naked too, both men and women. . . . Those who are approved as good are set on one side. . . . The invalids and the maimed being thrown out . . . the remainder are numbered and it is entered who delivered them. In the meanwhile a burning iron, with the arms or names of the companies, lies in the fire with which ours are marked on the breast. This is done that we may distinguish them from the slaves of the English, French or others, which are also marked with their mark. . . . They come on board stark naked as well women as men.

The Arab trade in slaves was more ancient than the European and endured after the European trade had been abolished. Its strongholds were in East Africa. To-day the traveller who lands on the island of Zanzibar, or at certain settlements along the mainland, finds himself in an eastern setting. Arabs in long robes walk the streets or sit behind their wares in the crowded bazaars. Tall white houses, with carved doors studded with brass, hide their secrets from the passer-by. Men and boys leave their shoes at the open doorways of the mosques and five times a day prostrate themselves in prayer. Arab dhows with brown sails ply between Zanzibar and the mainland. Zanzibar and these Arab coastal settlements were centres for the export of African slaves collected by Arab traders in the far interior.

Campaigns on the great lakes, along the east coast and in the desert were waged by Europeans in efforts to abolish this trade which, even to-day, is not entirely dead. In 1879 General Gordon engaged in a series of whirlwind desert campaigns attacking dealers in slaves whom he found taking their victims across the desert. "You can scarcely conceive the misery and suffering of those poor slaves," he wrote. "Some are mere skeletons." And again, "The gate of mercy is shut

and locked, and the key lost." He, like Livingstone, believed that the only hope of breaking the trade lay in opening the country to good administration, legitimate trade and the spread of Christianity.

The European and Arab trade was strengthened by the fact that slavery was indigenous to the country. Moslem peoples in what is now Northern Nigeria carried on slave raids against pagan tribes. Dr Barth, the explorer, accompanied such an expedition in 1851-52. A host of 20,000 cavalry and a large number of foot, including many women, set out. They spread like locusts over the fertile country which was beautiful and well cultivated, murdering and destroying as they went. When prisoners were captured only women and the young were kept. Full-grown men were massacred. On one day a large number of slaves was taken and not less than one hundred and seventy full-grown men were killed, most of them having a leg severed from their bodies and being allowed to bleed to death. The expedition eventually returned to Bornu with over 3000 slaves and 10,000 head of cattle. In the beginning of the twentieth century an emir of Northern Nigeria, when urged by a British official to give up slave-raiding, replied: "Can you stop a cat from mousing? When I die I shall be found with a slave in my mouth."

Pagan tribes held as slaves prisoners taken in inter-tribal warfare. An African teacher, alive to-day in Southern Tanganyika, describes in his autobiography his capture, about 1891, by a neighbouring tribe, his boyhood spent in slavery, and his subsequent escape. Of his life in slavery he says:

Though I had pleasant work in Muenisungu's hut, I did not cease thinking, "I will escape and run away, and go back to my home and to my people." But I

could not carry out my plan, for I had forgotten the way home. I had been only a child when they brought me to this country. I had forgotten the customs of my people ; I only knew the customs of the Inamanga. . . .

The thought of returning home had taken hold of me, but my brother was content to remain. But I knew that though we lived in peace in this land I did not love it. I thought, "Here we are, two slaves, alone in this country. My brothers and sisters and relations have all been sold. Some of them have been sacrificed to the ancestors on the graves of chiefs." And then I thought, "One day Mkoma will die, and they will come and kill us, that we may die with him. We shall be sacrificed, for there are no other slaves. We alone are left." For it is a custom among the Inamanga on the death of the chief to bury four people with him : one of the elders, one of his wives, and two slaves—a man and a woman. They are strangled and their throats cut so that the blood flows into the grave, in which they are all buried with the dead chief. These people are to look after the chief and to serve him among the spirits in the land of shadows. . . . I have seen these things with my own eyes. One of my own brothers, who was carried away with me from Chitete, was sacrificed by Mkoma on the grave of his ancestors.

Prisoners taken in inter-tribal raids were often sold to Arab slave-traders by their captors. Many an old person in East Africa to-day can tell of similar experiences to that of one woman in Tanganyika who has dictated the story of her life :

Our land lies near the borders of the Bemba country, and the Bemba are our enemies. While I lay asleep with my sister in her hut the Bemba attacked the village. There had been a beer drink the day before, so that everyone was drunk. The enemy killed all the men ; not one escaped. Then they cut off their heads, put

them in baskets and carried them to their own land to show to their chief. Two of the enemy burst into our hut, seized my sister and me, and set out with us for luBemba. . . .

In luBemba the chief said to my captor, "This is the first person you have taken in a raid, so she belongs to me, for it is the custom that the first person taken belongs to the chief."

I stayed in luBemba for three years until I was ten or eleven years old. Then four coast people, an Arab, and three black men, came to luBemba. After the chief had spoken with them in secret he brought them to the hut where I was, and said, "Chisi, these men are my relations. You are to go home with them and stay with them." I wept bitterly, but it was of no avail. The coast people took me to their hut, and there I met four boys and two girls. The coast people put food before me. I would not eat, but screamed and cried. At sunset we started our journey and travelled by night for the moon was shining. . . . As we walked, the other girl, who was bigger than I, said, "Child, let us run away and hide in the tall grass, for these coast people will kill us. One of us has already been left behind in Zambi. She has been sold for the ivory they are carrying. They will sell us too. Come along, let us hide in the grass and later we can make our way home."

She put down the Arab's cooking pot which she carried and we plunged into the high grass and fled.

In villages round the fires at night old people still sing old, sad songs of the slave caravans, while the young gossip of travel to mines, plantations and coastal towns, of trade and transport and the wonders of the West.

CHAPTER V

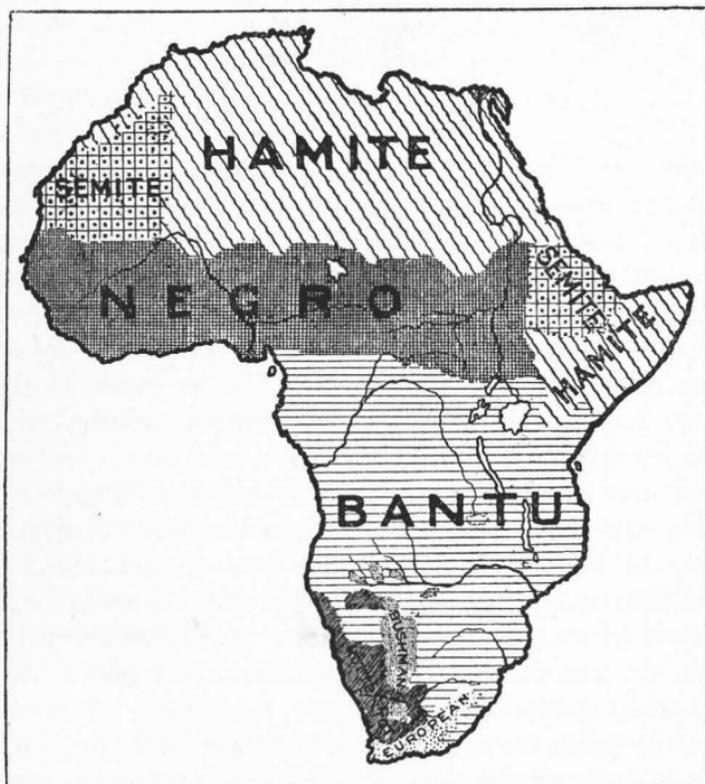
AFRICA'S PAST

THREE races at least are ancient inhabitants of Africa : Hamites, Pygmies and Negroes. The Hamites, light-skinned people of the same stock as most European peoples, were established in North Africa as early as 3200 B.C. They crossed the Sahara in very early times and mixed with the dark-skinned Negroes who inhabited great tracts south of the desert. The Pygmies, in the Congo forests, with whom the Bushmen of South Africa may be connected, are probably a still more ancient stock than the Negroes. Semitic peoples—Phœnicians and Arabs—invaded Africa from the north and east later than the Hamites. These invasions of light-skinned Hamites and Semites have moulded the history of large areas of Africa south of the Sahara. In the first centuries of the Christian era the Christian Church of North Africa influenced some of the tribes of the desert. But the great invasion from the north was that of Islam, producing an extensive mixture of Hamites and Semites with Negro peoples, a fusion of cultures and of religions.

EMPIRES OF MELLE AND SONGHAY

The peak of a mixed Arab and Negro civilization, south of the Sahara, was reached between the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries in the great black Empires of Melle and Songhay. These empires not only controlled

the caravan routes across the Sahara, but extended south beyond the Niger, eastward to Lake Chad, and westward to the Atlantic. Small states paid tribute to them



Map showing the Approximate Distribution of the African Races.

and a strong central administration existed. Ibn Batuta, a fourteenth-century traveller, writes: "Of all people the blacks are those who most detest injustice. Their Sultan never forgives anyone who has been guilty of it." He noted that those who travel and those who remain

at home have nothing to fear from brigands, thieves or violent persons, for "complete and general safety is enjoyed in the country."

From the latter part of the fourteenth to the sixteenth century Timbuctu, situated near the bend of the Niger, was a stronghold of Islam and the learning of Islam, and was the centre of government and trade. The wealth of Europe and the north was carried to it across the desert. Produce, slaves and gold came to it from the south and west. The trade in gold brought merchants into touch with Negro tribes on the Senegal River, who bartered gold for salt and manufactured goods. The merchants placed piles of goods and salt in a given place and, beating a drum, retired; the Negroes then put the gold they offered beside the merchandise. This "silent trade" went on for many years. The use of horses and camels made rapid transport possible. Huge caravans of camels and men crossed the shifting sands of the desert from oasis to oasis bearing salt and merchandise to the "land of the blacks," and returned to the north with gold and honey, kola nuts, ivory and slaves. This contact of Negro people from the south with people from the north extended across the open plains and parklands of the Sudan.

Great walled cities with thousands of inhabitants grew and flourished. With trade went learning and the Moslem faith. In Timbuctu and in the towns to the south of the Niger the paganism of Negro peoples was tempered by the faith and learning of Islam. Scholars of Timbuctu were in touch with scholars of the north and of the west. Its libraries were famous. When, in 1594, the Moors sacked the town and Moorish soldiers drove young and old across the desert to Morocco, the exiles included men noted for their learning who

mourned the loss of their libraries above all else. "I had the smallest library of any of my friends," said one of them to the Sultan of Morocco, "and your soldiers took from me 1600 volumes."

Emperors of Melle and Songhay went on pilgrimage to Mecca and made the pilgrimage an occasion for visiting rulers to the north, for studying the administration of other peoples and for making links with learned men. In 1324 Mansa Musa, the Emperor of Melle, travelled to Mecca with a caravan of some 60,000 persons, including a personal retinue of 12,000 young men dressed in tunics of brocade or Persian silk. He carried gold dust to the value of nearly a million pounds sterling to defray expenses. In 1494 Askia, the Emperor of Songhay, went on the same pilgrimage, taking with him a retinue of nobles and holy and learned men of the Sudan and paying his way with gold pieces. On his journey he studied many questions of administration, including "principles of taxation, and especially land tax and the tithe or tribute to be taken from newly conquered peoples." In Mecca he set up a charitable institution for the benefit of pilgrims from the Sudan. While Vasco da Gama was sailing to India round the Cape of Good Hope and Columbus was voyaging to America, the Emperor of Songhay was developing links with the north and the east, establishing an enlightened administration in his vast dominion and extending its influence among the Negro peoples to the south.

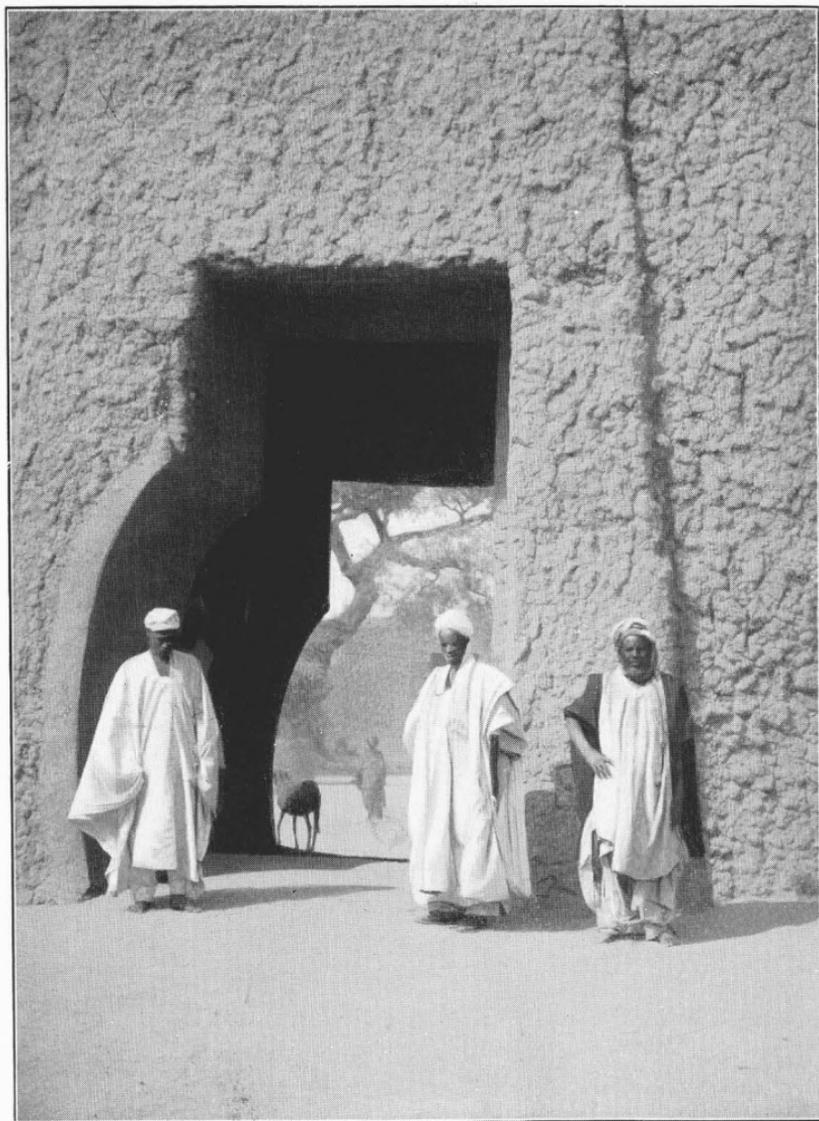
At the end of the sixteenth century the Empire of Songhay fell before Moorish invaders from the north and west, and anarchy replaced ordered rule. The great caravan routes were infested with marauders and oases were not kept up, so that the perilous journey across the desert became still more perilous. This break of

communications with the north ended the great days of Arab civilization in the Sudan.

To the south of Timbuctu there had grown up seven Hausa city states, of which Kano, Katsina and Zaria were leading members. The Hausa are an agricultural and commercial people of mixed Hamitic and Negro blood. They accepted Islam and assimilated surrounding pagan tribes. In the days of the great empires they preserved their identity, and when the empires fell they survived, and with them survived some of the Arab civilization. Early in the nineteenth century the Fulani conquered the Hausa states but preserved the existing form of government. The Fulani are descended from a light-skinned people of uncertain origin and are known to have been in Africa for 2000 years. They have held positions of importance and responsibility under many rulers. They ruled the Hausa states until their conquest by the British at the beginning of the twentieth century, when these states were incorporated in Northern Nigeria.

INVASIONS OF EAST AND SOUTH AFRICA

In East Africa also, Hamitic and Semitic influences reached tribes to the south of the desert. The Nile made a highway of communication between Egypt and the south, so that Egyptian civilization has left traces on tribes of the Nile valley and the surrounding territories. In 2000 B.C. the reigning Pharaoh decreed that the First Cataract of the Nile should be the northern boundary of the land of the Negroes, and that no Negro should pass it by water or on land save on a definite mission or to trade for a limited period. Semitic influences from the north and east were strong in Abyssinia—the Empire



Photo, F. Deaville Walker

THE EMIR'S PALACE, KANO

This gateway in the mud wall has been widened to allow the Emir's motor car to pass through.
For a description of Kano and its Moslem inhabitants see pp. 98-101.

of Ethiopia—where there are to-day black Jews who trace their origin to the visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon. Abyssinia is also the home of a very ancient Christian community.

Invasions from the east have left their traces far to the south of the Sahara. Arabs established their rule on the island of Zanzibar, off East Africa, and extended it to a strip of the coast, whence Arab traders penetrated the far interior in search of slaves and ivory, established trading centres in Central Africa and spread the religion of Islam. In Southern Rhodesia the ruins of mines and extensive settlements, culminating in the remains of the temple of Zimbabwe, raise the question as to whether people from Arabia or India once were settled there, or, as some hold, whether some people of mixed Hamitic and Negro stock raised these great monuments. The discovery of Chinese coins in Kenya points to some intercourse with Chinese mariners, and Indian communities play an important part in East and South Africa.

HALF-HAMITIC PEOPLE

The mixture of Hamitic and Semitic peoples with Negroes south of the Sahara has produced a great variety of types; in some Negro and in others Hamitic characteristics predominate. The invading Hamites, aristocrats and owners of cattle, regarded the Negro agriculturist as inferior. Wave after wave of Hamitic invasion tended to drive the Negro people farther south. Intercourse with Hamitic people developed in the Negroes a desire to keep cattle like the invaders. In East and East Central Africa to-day, the language, culture and appearance of many tribes bear evidence

to Hamitic influence. The Masai of Kenya Colony, a war-like nomadic tribe and great lovers of cattle, are typical of a half-Hamitic people. Their warriors are nourished on the blood and milk of the herds. The tribe ranges over wide areas in search of pasture, saying, "God gave us cattle and grass. We will not separate the things God has given us." The Dinkas of the Southern Sudan are another half-Hamitic tribe and great lovers of cattle. On a Saturday evening when the boys of a mission boarding-school in the Southern Sudan gather round fires under the stars for songs, stories and dancing, the Dinka schoolboys move in and out of the firelight dancing dances in praise of cattle, their arms raised above their heads in imitation of the branching horns.

Kingdoms with a high degree of organization ruling subject tribes have been developed by half-Hamitic people. Long before white men came to Uganda the kingdom of Uganda was a centralized state. Chiefs were required to connect their towns with the capital by building roads, taxes were collected, and military efficiency was great under the rule of the king.

THE BANTU

The name Bantu has been given to the great collection of tribes forming the bulk of the population of Central and South Africa, who probably originated from a mixture of Hamitic and Negro people in the neighbourhood of the great lakes, whence they spread farther and farther south. The name Bantu comes from certain common characteristics in the many languages which they speak. An irregular line from the mouth of the Rio del Rey on the Atlantic between Southern Nigeria

and the Cameroons to the mouth of the Juba River on the Indian Ocean separates the Bantu from peoples to the north. From the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries they overran the southern part of the continent until they reached the sea, where these Bantu invaders met the European invaders of South Africa.

The variety of government and custom among the Bantu tribes is very great. From Hamitic forbears they have inherited a love of cattle. The herds are usually tended by the men, while agricultural work is left, in the main, to the women. They have been accustomed to range over wide areas, moving their villages frequently. Though many of the tribes are small units without a highly centralized form of government, kingdoms and confederations have arisen among them. The western Bantu kingdom of the Bushongo in the Belgian Congo has been highly organized under a hierarchy of ministers presided over by the king. Great Bantu chiefs have formed powerful confederations in the south. Chaka, the Napoleon of the Southern Bantu, at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century conquered the tribes of Natal and Zululand and founded the Zulu nation, organized on a military basis. Leaders who revolted from his over-lordship went north with bands of followers, overthrowing and conquering lesser tribes. The Matabele of South Rhodesia and the Angoni, who conquered weaker peoples as far north as the great lakes, are offshoots of the Zulu people. In the nineteenth century Moshesh united the tribes of mountainous Barotseland into a nation, and in the same century Khama exercised wide authority over the peoples of the plains of Bechuanaland.

NEGRO PEOPLES

Negro people least touched by mixture with Hamites or Semites are found to-day in West Africa round the Guinea Coast from the mouth of the Senegal River to the Cameroons, or even as far south as the Congo. In the equatorial belt of dense forests and malarial swamps Negroes have lived, cut off from the north by mountainous country, by rivers difficult to navigate, and by a climate deadly to the people of the deserts. In general, they are characterized by black skin, woolly hair, broad noses and thick lips, but among them there is considerable variety of feature, colouring and physique. Where the forests and lagoons of the coastal belt give place to the grassland and plains of the interior, the fusion of Negro with Hamitic blood becomes evident in aquiline or straight noses, thinner lips, hair which is sometimes wavy or almost straight, and every shade of complexion from yellow to black.

The history of the Guinea Coast before European governments established their rule was the history of the rise and fall of Negro kingdoms, of constant inter-tribal warfare and of pressure from peoples of the north. According to modern ideas, the Negro kingdoms were not of great extent. Forests were impenetrable, war and wild beasts added to the dangers of travel, and, save for transport by canoe on the rivers, everything had to be carried by men and women. Ashanti, Benin, Dahomey and Yoruba ranked among the highly organized Negro states. They were not absolute monarchies but, in some ways, resembled the feudal states of Europe in the Middle Ages. The king ruled as paramount chief over a hierarchy of chiefs and headmen, who paid tribute and exercised a considerable

influence on policy. In some of the kingdoms, notably in that of Yoruba, the land was thickly populated by agriculturists and there were towns of considerable size—labyrinths of mud houses with thatched roofs behind walls and stockades.

Among the Negroes, as among other peoples of Africa, wastage of life was great. Negroes, as well as the mixed Hamitic-Negro peoples, practised human sacrifice. Where kings ruled, a reason for this was that on their death they must not go unaccompanied to the land of spirits; hence the necessity of killing wives and retainers to provide a suitable escort. In the kingdom of Dahomey it is said that 595 women of the palace, as well as soldiers and courtiers, died in 1789 to accompany the king on his last journey. Year by year at the Annual Customs criminals were sent to swell the retinue of the kings in the spirit world. Sir Richard Burton writes of the Customs he witnessed in 1864:

The approach to the Palace was not pleasant. The north-eastern or market-shed was empty; out of its tenants, nine had perished. Four corpses, attired in their criminals' shirts and nightcaps, were sitting in pairs upon Gold Coast stools, supported by a double-storied scaffold, about forty feet high, of rough beams, two perpendiculars and as many connecting horizontals. At a little distance, on a similar erection, but made for half the number, were two victims, one above the other. Between these substantial affairs was a gallows of thin posts, some thirty feet tall, with a single victim hanging by his heels, head downwards. Lastly, planted close to the path was a paribulum for two, dangling side by side. Fine cords, passed in several coils round the ankles and above the knees, attached them to the cross-bar of the gallows. . . . In front of sundry little

black dolls, stuck in the ground, lay a dozen heads. They were in two batches of six each, disposed in double lines of three; their faces were downwards, and the cleanly severed necks caught the observer's eye. Around each heap was a raised rim of white ashes.

The necessity of sending a report to the spirit world of acts performed by the king involved, in Dahomey, the sending of a messenger from the living to the dead. The message was given to a captive together with a coin and a bottle of rum for the journey. He was then gagged and beheaded. The death penalty was also imposed for a limited number of crimes.

Human sacrifice was practised to avert the wrath of an angry god from the community. People thought to be possessed by evil spirits were also killed. This explains the killing of twins at birth, which has been practised by many tribes. The conviction that death and misfortune are due to ill-wishers who practise magic has resulted, and results even to-day, in the "smelling-out" of witches and other anti-social people by poison and ordeals which lead to their death.¹

Cannibalism was practised by certain tribes. Some sought human flesh as food, others performed a ritual cannibalism based on the belief that by eating certain parts of an individual his admirable qualities would enter into the eater. The areas where cannibalism is practised have steadily contracted down the ages until to-day it is confined in the main to some areas in the forests round the Equator. It is not alone European influence which has discouraged cannibalism, but the presence and inter-mixture of peoples from the north and east who abominate the practice and despise those who indulge in it.

¹ See pp. 105-7.

Among the Negro people of West Africa secret societies have played and still play an important part, socially, economically and politically. They take many forms, and women as well as men have their organizations. Some of these societies are really mutual benefit societies; some exercise judicial functions; some regulate the seasons for fishing and harvest. Others are anti-social. One, known as the Human Leopard Society, which has operated as far north as Sierra Leone and as far south as the Belgian Congo, has plunged whole communities into a state of terror. Its membership is secret. The bodies of the victims are found mutilated, with the marks of leopards' claws upon them. In 1933 in a district in the Belgian Congo twenty-five men were held by the government on a charge of murder as members of such a society. People had disappeared, and later their mutilated bodies, bearing the marks of the leopard's claws, were found in the forest. Among other victims was a woman who had gone from the village when the sun was high to draw water and did not return. Her mutilated body was discovered not far from the stream. The countryside was panic-stricken, for none knew who were and who were not members of the society, or who might be the next victim.

A philosophy of life and a faith which resulted in such wastage of life did not preclude kindness. Over and over again Mungo Park, the Scottish explorer of the Niger, commended the humanity of the Negroes, especially of their women. He tells how in 1796, alone and without food or shelter on the banks of the upper waters of the Niger, he was about to spend the night in a tree to escape the dangers of wild beasts when :

A woman returning from the labours of the field . . . perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into

my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle and bade me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut she lighted a lamp, spread a mat on the floor and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry she said she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish; which having caused to be half-boiled before some embers, she gave me for supper. . . . My worthy benefactress (pointing to the mat and telling me that I might sleep there without apprehension) called to the female part of her family . . . to resume their task of spinning cotton; in which they continued to employ themselves for the greater part of the night. They lightened their labour by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it . . .

*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.*

Chorus. *Let us pity the white man;
No mother has he.*

THE PYGMIES

In the great equatorial forests are the Pygmies, who live by hunting and are a remnant of an ancient stock. A European, writing at the beginning of this century, describes one of their settlements. It was in a part of the forest so dense that not a glimpse of the sky could be seen. A dozen tiny huts were arranged in a circle and in the middle of the circle was built a larger

and more elegant hut, in which lay little pots of honey, a few fruits and a piece or two of meat. "That is our temple to the great God!" said one of the inhabitants of the settlement. "The great God who made these trees and all the wonders of the forest, and who made you, white man, and me. God is cruel and strong and hates us and can bring death and our enemies into our forest. So we give him food and offerings so that he may be kind to us."

THE BUSHMEN

The Bushmen of South Africa may possibly be related to the Pygmies and may once have occupied the greater part of East and East Central Africa. Implements such as the Bushmen of the south use have been found as far north as the Southern Sudan, and rock paintings of men and animals have been discovered in Tanganyika Territory which some think were executed by their forbears. Now the settlement of their wide hunting grounds has driven them to desert places and is leading to their extermination.

THE HOTTENTOTS

The Hottentots of South Africa are another remnant of a dying people. They probably sprang from a mixture of Hamites and Bushmen near the great lakes and migrated to the south driven by invasion of other peoples. They kept cattle and sheep, worked in iron and practised various crafts. At the Cape they mixed with Europeans and East Indian slaves, producing a coloured population which is to-day largely Europeanized.

Hamites and Semites in the north, Negroes and the various fusions of Hamitic and Semitic peoples with Negroes forming half-Hamite and Bantu races, Pygmies, Bushmen and Hottentots form the very varied African population of the continent.

RECORDS OF THE PAST

Save in the north history is largely unwritten, for African tribes have preserved their records from generation to generation by word of mouth so that history soon merges into tradition and tradition into myth. Part of tribal education has been the learning of records, including lists of ancestors and praises of their deeds. These records are rehearsed at intervals.

The night was moonless and the flames of a fire in the centre of a mat-walled courtyard made darkness visible. The king of the Bushongo people lay on a low couch. By his side stood a hurricane lantern which shed feeble rays on a group of his counsellors sitting near. On the far side of the fire there crouched in a half-circle some hundreds of his wives. A senior wife gave a note, drums beat time and this chorus sang the names and deeds of a hundred and twenty kings. They sang until the lantern burned dimly and the fire turned to white ash under the cold stars. That verbal record, a carving of each king in wood, and a design chosen by each monarch which is woven into mats and reproduced in carvings, together with certain ceremonial objects, form the records of the kingdom. The design of the present king is symbolic of a new order. It is the pattern on the tyre of the first motor bicycle ridden into his capital. On his accession in his address to his

counsellors and warriors gathered to pay him homage he said, "Elephants go in herds; monkeys travel in companies; but the leopard walks alone. My predecessors followed each other like the elephants and the monkeys; like the leopard I shall walk alone." Through his reign he has "walked alone" in opening his kingdom to western education. School buildings have been erected by him near the grave of a former king. In them a mission has been asked to open a school, and to-day mischievous small boys play and learn where human sacrifices were once offered.

It is through the art of writing, which has come to most of the peoples of Africa south of the Sahara from the West, that much of the history of Africa may still be preserved. Some African teachers and scholars are alive to the importance of this.

Boys of a number of Gold Coast tribes were gathered in the classroom of a mission boarding-school for a history lesson on Africa. The master was the son of a local chief. "You will remember," he said, "that we are beginning to study the history of Africa. Most of it is unwritten and we who can write must preserve it. To-day I have asked each one of you to sing a song or tell a story giving some of the history of your tribe. I ask you, Kofi, to begin."

A tall boy with an infectious grin stood up and, glancing out of the window across the tree-covered plain to a rounded hill in the middle distance, he sang a song of tribal raids. Over and over came the refrain: "Go fetch your father's head from the Krobo mountain." The tribe living on that hill to be seen from the school-room window had raided a market of the tribe of the plain, killed a number of men and carried off women and children. The heads of the men had been put on

stakes round the village on the hill. The song was sung to incite the young men of the plain to avenge the raid and retrieve the heads of their people.

Boys in the class who belonged to the mountain tribe then gave their version of the episode as recorded in their traditions. Records agreed to by all were eventually written down. So African schoolboys are beginning to write the varied history of the past.

CHAPTER VI

RULERS AND RULED

INTO this continent of many peoples and traditions came white explorers. In the fifteenth century the mariners of Prince Henry the Navigator sailed down the west coast and claimed huge tracts for the Portuguese Empire and for the Church. At the end of the century the Portuguese rounded the Cape of Good Hope, sailed up the east coast and discovered the route to India. From that time on for many years the main importance of the Cape was as a half-way house to India, where ships could put in in the middle of their long and dangerous voyage. Scattered European trading posts appeared along the east and west coasts. Here and there Roman Catholic missionaries penetrated some distance into the interior but, until the nineteenth century, there was little permanent settlement, save in South Africa; and European interests in Africa were those of trade in men and merchandise with, here and there, a measure of philanthropy and missionary zeal.

At the end of the eighteenth and during the nineteenth centuries scientific exploration was undertaken by a succession of Europeans. Some managed to cross the Sahara by the old caravan routes; others penetrated up and down the rivers and round the great lakes. In the nineteenth century missionary zeal and the interests of science were combined in the explorations of Livingstone, who reached the Zambezi overland from the south, crossed Africa and died while seeking the

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sources of the Nile. Stanley followed him into Central Africa, crossed and recrossed the continent and traced the course of the Congo River. By the beginning of the twentieth century the map of Africa, which had been mainly a series of coast lines, was largely filled in.

The public conscience about the slave-trade was aroused by information furnished by explorers and missionaries, and opinion in Europe hardened in favour of a determined effort to abolish it. Pressure for European control in Africa in order to end the slave-trade coincided with a realization of Africa's potential wealth and the growth of imperialistic ambitions on the part of European powers. Before the end of the nineteenth century European powers were competing for Africa, so that to-day, south of the Sahara, only Abyssinia remains under a hereditary African government, and Liberia, originally founded as a settlement for freed slaves, is ruled by Africans with a constitution modelled on that of the United States. France rules vast territories in North and West Africa and holds a small strip on the Gulf of Aden in East Africa. Portugal holds territory in both East and West Africa, as did Germany before the Great War. Belgium has the Congo basin. Italy has territory in the north and in the east bordering on Abyssinia. Spain has some islands off West Africa and some possessions on the west and north coasts. Great Britain holds colonies in East, West and Central Africa and, in the south, Dutch and British have created the Union of South Africa. After the War France, Belgium, Great Britain and the Union of South Africa added German colonies to their territories as mandated areas.

The presence in Africa of Europeans with different aims and interests complicates the problem of govern-

ment. Europeans engaged in commercial and industrial undertakings tend to be interested in Africans primarily as labour or as providing a possible market for their commodities. White settlers, in areas where the climate encourages permanent settlement by white men, seek prosperity and security for themselves and their children. They require African labour but suffer from the underlying fear, natural to a minority living beside a majority of another race, that if the African develops he may challenge their supremacy. They feel their stake in the country is deeper than that of government officials, missionaries or traders who come and go, and therefore they demand a dominant voice in government. Missionaries see the African, not primarily as potential labour or as a potential menace, but as a human being who must have the opportunity of fullness of life. Government officials have the task of dispensing justice to both Black and White. They must create and administer public services, preserve law and order and find ways and means of meeting the cost of administration. In addition to the claims of Africans and Europeans they have to consider the claims of Arab and Indian communities permanently established in East Africa, and of Indian communities and of peoples of mixed blood in South Africa.

EUROPEAN ADMINISTRATIONS

There is a great variety of administration in Africa. South of the Sahara, with the exception of Abyssinia and Liberia, government is under ultimate European control. The Union of South Africa is a self-governing dominion with a white minority ruling a black majority. Europeans in Southern Rhodesia have a measure of

self-government, and there too a white minority rules. Reports on the mandated areas are made by the governments concerned to the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations; otherwise, colonies are under the direct control of European governments which appoint officials to administer them. The senior official—a governor, or governor-general—has wide powers, and has under him a staff of white officials in charge of districts and departments, such as justice, public works, health and education. In many colonies legislative councils have been set up. Some are composed entirely of Europeans and some have African members. A number of officials sit on these councils by reason of their office and, in addition, there is usually a minority of unofficial members who are sometimes nominated by the government and sometimes chosen by the constituency they represent. In all branches of government there is a large African staff and in West Africa some senior posts are held by Africans. A number of areas under British rule are called protectorates. Three of these—Bechuanaland, Basutoland and Swaziland—though surrounded by or adjacent to the territory of the Union of South Africa, are directly under the Imperial Government by reason of old treaties made with chiefs.¹

The broad difference between the policies of different European administrations lies in the degree of recognition given by them to hereditary African rulers and to forms of government established before the white man came. French administration shows a centralization which seeks to relate the African directly to France and to give him the benefits of French civilization. The preservation of indigenous forms of government,

¹ See map at end for list of territories with form of administration.



KING PREMPEH II OF ASHANTI

For description of ceremony of his installation as ruler of Ashanti, see pp. 102-4.

languages and cultures is incompatible with this object of making French colonies into a larger France. France, alone of European powers in Africa, sends African conscripts to France for part of their period of military training. A minority of Africans have privileges of French citizenship. Theoretically, at least, there is no Colour Bar. In government service Africans may be promoted over the heads of Europeans. Hereditary African chiefs may be made salaried officials of the government, helping to administer this centralized system.

In contrast to centralized administration on a European pattern, Great Britain is now trying in a number of colonies to rule more through traditional forms of government and hereditary African rulers. British administration in Africa is not even centralized under one department of the Imperial Government. The protectorates of Bechuanaland, Basutoland and Swaziland are under the Dominions Office; the Sudan is under the Foreign Office, while other colonies and protectorates are under the Colonial Office. Where local government is carried on by hereditary rulers more or less according to traditional custom there is, of necessity, great variety. The British Government is the final authority over these Native Administrations and is represented in each district by an Administrative Officer who holds courts for the trial of certain offences, hears appeals, supervises census returns and tax rolls, and performs a number of other duties. While France and Portugal make French and Portuguese respectively the language of government and of education, Great Britain to-day encourages the use of selected African languages as well as of English.

Government through hereditary rulers can be seen

in an advanced form in the Moslem states of Northern Nigeria. In these states a British Resident and a small staff of British officials superintend the carrying on of government by the Native Administration, to which some British engineers or other technical experts are attached.

Kano, behind its fifteen miles of massive mud walls, lay bathed in sunlight which threw deep shadows under the archways of the thirteen town gates and along the streets of the city. Beggars, lepers and the blind crouched in the gateways seeking shade, and asking alms of those who went in and out. Caravans of camels passed disdainfully; heavily laden donkeys trotted by; scantily clad tribesmen and Moslems in flowing robes stood aside to let a messenger of the Emir on a finely caparisoned horse gallop out of the city with a despatch to the British Resident, who lives without the walls where all strangers dwell. Cyclists threaded their way through the press. By one gate stood the stocks in which criminals could be confined by order of the Emir's court. Police in smart uniforms were on duty at the gates and kept a sharp look-out on those who came and went; for Kano and the district have been noted for a guild of thieves of initiative and resource, who have earned an ample livelihood in this town of 60,000 inhabitants and in the surrounding villages.

There was talk of thieves that morning in the great market lying within the walls. Hajji heard it as he wandered among the crowds. He passed tawdry trinkets and Manchester cotton, enamel basins, tinware and other European commodities and paused before the beautiful homespun made and dyed within the walls.

Earthenware of ancient design and metal work such as had been made in these parts longer than any man could remember, baskets so closely woven that they would hold water, and leather, soft and pliable, were there in profusion, as well as all manner of foodstuffs from the countryside and from far afield. Hajji pushed through the crowd of customers bargaining for provisions, who showed no distaste for the swarms of flies, for did not Allah send flies as well as food? Why complain about what is a natural affinity?

"Allah be praised," he overheard one man say to another, "thieving grows less. But have you heard the rumour that the Emir's court will follow the English custom of calling witnesses to give evidence?"

"A strange custom indeed," said his companion, "for thieves, being rich, can more easily pay witnesses than can those whose possessions they have taken, and so they will go unconvicted."

Hajji wandered on. The rumour he had overheard was encouraging to him as a professional thief; the adoption of British rules of evidence by the Emir's court would offer many possibilities. If a judge could not convict a known thief without witnesses, thieves would prosper even as the stranger had said, for the calling of suitable witnesses could always be arranged.

He left the market and strolled through the town. Round the gate of the great compound of the Emir were police and mounted men. Hajji did not linger there. Plaintiffs were gathered at the Revenue Office to plead over-assessment in the matter of income tax; for officials of the British government took an interest in questions of taxation and people were not afraid to come to the Mallam in charge of the register of tax papers to lodge their complaints. Hajji thought regretfully of what he

had heard of the days when the white men were at war and many of them had left the country. Then embezzlement of taxes was an easier matter. Now, when white officials were more plentiful and worked in harmony with the Emir and his ministers, operations by thieves suffered serious curtailment.

Hajji paused near the gateway of the Treasury and watched men go in and out. He cast a covetous eye on the bicycles led by some. Many of these officials were versed in modern mechanisms of all kinds, in methods of book-keeping and the uses of the telephone. Yearly estimates were drafted in that great building, where were recorded the salaries of officials from the Emir down. Taxes were brought there from the district and were then deposited in a European bank outside the walls, half being credited to the Native Administration and half to the British Government. Hajji, in the interests of his profession, found deplorable this blend of white men's ways with old custom.

He slipped into the great arched room of the Emir's court where the chief judge sat, assisted by Mallams learned in Moslem law. The judge's rich robes made a splash of colour in the cool shade. As Hajji entered, the court vibrated to the shrill tones of a woman's voice. An official repeated the words to the judge, for women might not appear in court. They gathered in a room behind the judge and stated their complaints through a window in the connecting wall.

"The usual divorce trouble," Hajji said to himself. "How these women cackle!"

A thief was brought in. He and those who accused him squatted on the floor before the judge and accused and accuser stated their case. The judge convicted the man, imposing a sentence of imprisonment and flogging,

and the prisoner was led away. Hajji followed him and walked towards the prison. Life in the prison was not too uncomfortable. Lepers were confined separately. At night prisoners were not herded into dungeons, as in the old days when some were sure to die of suffocation before morning. They were not flogged to death, tortured or walled up alive in the town walls as they had been in the past. If a man were sentenced to death for murder he was beheaded decently after the sentence had been confirmed by the British Governor of Nigeria. But in spite of these advantages Hajji deplored the lost opportunities of bygone days.

He made his way to the great mosque where he joined other worshippers who, like himself, sought the blessing of Allah on their undertakings.

Africans with a European education are not necessarily in favour of rule through hereditary rulers, and are ready to suspect the white man of supporting it because of his racial prejudice which refuses to allow the African equality with the European or a share in common institutions. They find that the young African with a western degree does not necessarily get scope for his abilities under chiefs and hereditary rulers. Procedure in Native courts, for instance, has no place for the European-trained African barrister, whose activities are largely limited to areas where courts administer English law. The conservatism of a society ruled by custom which allows little scope for individual initiative is irksome to them. Under French rule the few Africans who attain to French citizenship have opportunities of advancement. But, on the other hand, it is doubtful how far African officials can successfully administer a foreign system of government which is not rooted in

African life without the supervision of a larger number of Europeans than it is possible to provide.

THE KINGDOM OF ASHANTI

Among many of the peoples of Africa national sentiment has not died even when hereditary rulers have been removed, and the reinstatement of these rulers is an occasion for rejoicing on the part of educated and uneducated alike.

Thirty-five years ago three British officers and a few emaciated African troops marched out of the fort at Kumasi on the occasion of the raising of the siege in a war which had been precipitated by lack of knowledge of Ashanti beliefs and customs on the part of British officials. The war dragged on until at last the old Queen-Mother sent a message to the British General, saying, "You will find my army at Obasu; then this war can end; I am tired of it." The old lady was defeated and deported with the reigning monarch to the Seychelles, whence the King returned some years ago as a private citizen and a Christian. Since that war and during the subsequent thirty-five years of British administration the Ashanti people never forgot that they were a nation.

On the morning of 31st January 1935 the streets of Kumasi resounded to the sound of distant drumming. Before the sun was up chiefs in gorgeous robes and gold ornaments, with attendants carrying ceremonial umbrellas of many colours and troops of followers, converged on the valley near the old fort. The railway station was a riot of colour, for special trains had brought in great numbers of people to swell the immense crowd waiting in the valley for the ceremony which would

instal Prempeh II as ruler of the whole of Ashanti under the British Government. Thirty-eight head chiefs and some four hundred sub-chiefs were drawn up in horseshoe formation. Their state umbrellas, some of them large enough to cover thirty to forty people, made bright splashes of colour. At the open end of the horseshoe were stands for the British Governor and for African and European spectators. Behind and around pressed a crowd of some 50,000 Africans. In the centre of the horseshoe a galaxy of umbrellas marked the spot where King Prempeh II waited.

After the Governor had greeted the chiefs they passed before him, preceded by their sword-bearers dancing backwards and holding gold-hilted swords. Golden images and other regalia were carried in procession. Prempeh advanced accompanied by a guard surrounding the golden stool, the symbol of the Ashanti nation. Blasts on the long death-horns, through which departed enemies are said to speak, answered the beating of the drums. The King was so laden with golden ornaments that he had to be helped up the step of the dais to shake hands with the British Governor. Then, before a microphone, King and Governor spoke to the country that all might know that Prempeh II had been declared the first Asantehene under British rule. When Prempeh and his followers came forward to swear the customary oaths of allegiance the exuberance of the crowd broke loose. Heavy ornaments were discarded. The Queen-Mother chanted the traditional song of welcome. Prempeh, surrounded by warriors, danced the traditional dance. Over the valley as far as eye could see were leaping, shouting figures. All the wild noise and movement kept time to the constant rhythm of the drums.

On the following Sunday crowds of people gathered

outside the Anglican church in Kumasi, of which Prempeh II is a member. There were to be seen chiefs with their ceremonial umbrellas, drummers, the special attendants on the Asantehene, and many more. Inside the church were the golden stool and other regalia. The crowd awaited the arrival of Prempeh II to attend a special thanksgiving service for the restoration of the Ashanti kingdom. Among those who took part in the service were two African priests. A new chapter in African administration had begun.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT

In the Africa of to-day, as in the Africa of the past, it is still the local government which touches the life of the people most nearly.

A district chief and his elders were holding a court in a village in Northern Rhodesia. They sat in a dim hut crowded with men, most of whom were smoking long pipes, for the lighting of which one or other called periodically for live embers. Plaintiffs and defendants spoke at length about thefts of cattle, inheritance and domestic differences. The chief presided. His judgments were given according to custom and after consultation with the elders, and were usually accepted. As the day wore on a complicated case came before him involving the theft of cattle, a woman and inheritance. The accused sat with his face covered with his hands and when asked what he had to say remained silent until the chief announced that he should pay a cow. Whereupon he cried, "You good-for-nothing chief, I care not what you say!"

Shouts of "He curses us! He curses us!" broke

out and all was confusion. When order was restored it was decided that the young man should be banished from the district as one who would not submit to recognized authority.

In the next case a ne'er-do-well was fined £5 which he was ordered to pay himself, as his kin had already been impoverished by giving compensation for his misdeeds. "If you do not pay," said the chief, "we shall take you by force to the district officer and ask him to sentence you to work for the money."

The case of a girl belonging to the chief's village came next. She had been away at the mines. When she came back she was disrespectful to the elders. She had now reached the length of beating her aunt. The chief delivered a long address on the sins of the young and the evils of the day. After consultation with the elders the girl was fined half a crown, to be paid to the court, and was ordered to pay five shillings to her outraged aunt in order that she might be happy again. She went out from the court shamed before all the people.

An old woman was led in looking dazed and broken. The hut and doorway filled with interested spectators, for this old woman was accused of being the most dangerous of public menaces—a witch. The evidence against her was that a baby in her village had died and the medicine man could discover no cause; rain did not fall; the crops were poor; then influenza came to the village and many died of it, but through these misfortunes the old woman prospered. It was whispered that she had familiar spirits and that she was undoubtedly a witch.

"I am no witch," declared the old woman. "I will prove it by drinking the poison."

The medicine man prepared the draught. As it was put to the old woman's lips he said, "Oh, woman, if you are innocent, why should you die? If you are no witch, do not die; if you are, die."

Some weeks later the European district officer came to the old woman's village to check the tax rolls and census returns, to hear appeals and cases referred from the chief's court, and to do other miscellaneous business. The old woman's name was crossed off the roll. "She is dead; they say it was snake-bite," said the clerk.

Later in the day the official talked with the chief and a medicine man of the district. "Things do not go well," said the chief. "You white men destroy the community for you will not allow us to deal with witches. How can we prosper when witches do as they please? I have banished one who caused four of my wives to swell up and die, but that is a small punishment. He should have been buried alive as in the old days. Mboza has died, and before dying he made known that he had seen Timoteo who is dead. You know as well as I what that means. Timoteo has become the evil spirit of a witch and seeks companions."

"I say you destroy the community by forbidding us to follow the old custom with regard to witches," said the medicine man. "We can smell them out. Is it not better to destroy them than that the community should be destroyed by them? Why will not the government recognize charges of witchcraft in the courts?"

When the chief had gone a tall, gaunt young man came forward. The district officer recognized him as a prosperous villager. After greetings he said, "You look ill; what misfortune has come upon you?"

"I am about to die," replied the man. "I have

been cursed. I know that my enemy has obtained some of my hair. When it was cut I buried the ends, but when I returned to the place my enemy had been there and the hair was gone. Now he has me in his power and he has put a curse upon me. In a month I shall be dead." On the district officer's next visit to the village he found that name too was crossed off the tax roll.

Up and down Africa the fear of witchcraft and of curses haunts the lives of the people. A witch is a menace to the community. Those who put witches to death are therefore, in the eyes of Africans, public benefactors, while in the eyes of Europeans they are murderers. How many people die each year as witches, who can tell?

TAXATION

Some tribes have connected the payment of a tax to the government with the preservation of peace.

"What do you want?" asked a district officer of two men who stood before him holding a young jackal.

"We bring this for the tax," said one. "Work at the mines is no longer to be had. Locusts have been in our country, crops have failed and there is no money. Will the Bwana accept this jackal in payment of our tax?"

"What use has the government for a jackal?"

"We cannot tell, but we and our people wish to pay the tax, for since we have paid it there has been peace in our land, and if we do not pay it we fear that our enemies will raid us as of old, for, without payment of the tax, the justice of the white man may leave us."

But taxation is often unpopular, and taxes in money

bring widespread changes in their wake. In some areas the amount demanded in money taxes is reasonable, in others it is so high that great hardship is involved. It has been shown in previous chapters that the earning of money for the tax may involve protracted absence of men from the villages and consequent disorganization of village life. In some areas of permanent white settlement, services for Africans—such as education—receive an unduly small percentage of the revenue raised by the taxation of Africans. In addition to money taxes, labour on roads and on other public works is often required. This form of taxation is not foreign to tribal Africans. In many areas pay is given for such labour and the number of days which may be exacted is strictly defined. But in some parts no pay is given, chiefs are pressed to supply workers, and neither the duration of the work nor the distance the worker has to go from the village is sufficiently regulated. Serious abuses result.

LAND

Pressure on government by European interests for the exploitation of the wealth of the country is persistent and involves extensive demands for land and labour. This pressure is particularly great in areas where there is permanent settlement of Europeans. In South Africa it has resulted in the African majority of 5,500,000 having only 21,000,000 out of 300,000,000 acres of land set aside for it; and the recommendations of government commissions on the inadequacy of this provision have not yet resulted in a readjustment, owing to the animus which would be aroused by expropriation of land now held by Europeans. Wherever mineral wealth is discovered there is a demand from Europeans

for mining rights. In Kenya Colony this pressure has resulted in the beginning of gold mining by European prospectors in the crowded Native reserve of Kavirondo and the consequent doubt in the minds of Africans as to whether guarantees given them by government with regard to land tenure will be honoured. Large concessions for plantations or for timber rights have been granted to European companies in French, Belgian and Portuguese colonies, while in Uganda and in British West Africa the government has adopted the policy of leaving land in the hands of Africans, with the result that Africans are themselves growing cotton and cocoa for world markets, and on the slopes of Kilimanjaro in Tanganyika, Africans are producing coffee for export.

Before white men settled in Africa there were few areas where there was shortage of land. The result was that the African's use of land has seemed highly wasteful to the European. Hunters ranged at large; cattle multiplied and were and are valued for quantity rather than for quality; timber was ruthlessly cut or burned, with the result that soil was washed away in the rains; land was exhausted by cultivation and then abandoned, so that villages were constantly moved. Europeans have therefore argued that the only hope of economic development is development of land by Europeans. On the other hand, progress made by African farmers has shown that the African will change old methods if he is convinced that new ones will produce better results.

Conflicting theories of land tenure have resulted in both confusion and exploitation. The European thinks in terms of individual ownership of land, while the tribal African thinks in terms of individuals and families

having the use of land which belongs to the tribe. Land treaties made by Europeans with African chiefs have therefore frequently been based on a misapprehension of what was being granted.

The policy of European governments with regard to taxation, land and labour, and the manner in which that policy is carried out, directly affect the masses of the people for good or evil. In some parts of Africa white men travelling through the country are greeted with cheerful and friendly curiosity by the Africans they meet. In others greetings are perfunctory, and white men are avoided. These are signs of the kind of administration which the white man has established.

CHAPTER VII

GOING TO SCHOOL

A BROWN baby took two faltering steps and then sat down with violence on the bare ground, and the village compound was filled with the sound of his grief and rage. His small sister, Elidina, ran forward, pressed her hand three times on the bare earth and then laid it on the indignant infant's head. "Now you will not fall a second time," she assured him. "You have learned to walk. After two moons you will run." The baby chuckled, no whit oppressed by the pitfalls of education opening before him. Elidina looked at him proudly. She had already helped her mother to feed him by holding his hands when he was only a few weeks old while her mother forced thin gruel down his throat; for everyone knows, except the protesting infant, that mother's milk is not sufficient food for a baby.

Elidina was proud of all she had learned in her village in South-East Africa. She could balance a little basket on her head and fill it with leaves from the bush for relish with the porridge. She could make a tiny bundle of firewood and carry it to the village, trotting behind the women with their heavier burdens. She knew how her mother stirred the porridge. Already she could pound grain in her small mortar. She had even tried to lift her mother's heavy pounding stick, but her mother had laughed and taken it from her saying, "A child can break a snail but not a tortoise. Wait until you are

grown before using this thing." She had made herself a doll out of a maize cob and her mother showed her how to bind it on her back like a real baby. She danced about while men and women each did their part in the building of a house, and she tried to sing with them :

*I will sleep in you, I surely will,
I will dream in you, I surely will ;
Enemies beware when I am in you,
Friends come near when I am in you.*

and many other songs besides. One day she would learn to make the beautiful food baskets and the clay pots with their designs full of loveliness and meaning. To-day she had her head-ring of grass ready and a little pot and would go with the women to the lake to fetch water. She would carry it to her father, and offer it to him kneeling, as all the girls did the first time they carried the brimming pot safely.

The lake was low and Elidina watched to see how the women skimmed the surface to avoid the mud. At last her pot was full and safely balanced on her head and she followed her mother up the narrow path through the long grass. The shadows were lengthening and her mother walked quickly, thinking of the cooking of the evening meal. Elidina broke into a run to keep up. There was a crash. A broken pot lay on the ground and all that was left of the water was a damp patch on the sand. Elidina gave a cry. Her mother turned and came back. "It is truly said that the child who goes for water is the one to break the pot," she exclaimed. Elidina sobbed, "To-day I would have taken to my father the first water I had drawn."

The carrying of the water pot was only one of the many things needing much practice. In the early

morning Elidina went to the gardens with her mother and hoed beside her with a small hoe. In the evening she sometimes carried food to her elder brother and knelt before him when she offered it. She learned which people were her kin and how she should behave in their presence and in that of strangers. When darkness fell she sat with other girls of her own age listening to the teaching and the stories of the old people. She learned of the dangers of witchcraft and of the dark deeds of witches and was afraid of all the evil powers which might work harm. She was anxious to know how these could be warded off by sacrifice and ritual. She learned of the omens which must be consulted before a journey and of the blessing of the first-fruits. She saw what was done when a new hut was finished—the killing of the fowls for sacrifice, the placing of the ashes of the old fires at the cross-roads and the lighting of the new fires with embers taken from the fire of the medicine man. He sprinkled the kraal with soup from the pot in which a hen and herbs had been cooked, and declared: "This kraal is blessed; sorcerers cannot enter because I have used my medicine, because I have driven away evil spirits, but the good spirits will remain." Elidina knew well that the village held not only the people above the ground but the ancestors beneath it, for whom all must have regard in every undertaking. She rejoiced in the great festivals and the drumming and dancing under the moon.

There were long hours of play, games of counting and of cat's cradle, of housekeeping and dancing and sometimes fights. But the old people made no secret of the difficulty of finding a husband for a quarrelsome woman, and Elidina knew that all she learned was in preparation for her marriage. She used to admire the

older girls with their beautifully tattooed bodies and their hair carefully dressed, and was filled with wonder at their knowledge of how women can be made beautiful and desirable to men.

At last a day came when the chief ordered that all girls approaching the age of marriage should pass through the rites of initiation. After the spring hoeing of the fields special training was given, and in the autumn for one month Elidina and her companions attended an initiation school. Elidina's father called on the chief and paid him a fee for Elidina. Elidina's mother and the mistress of the rites taught her many things having to do with her body and with all the duties of women and with marriage. Sacrifices were offered. There were tests of endurance and many rites to be performed. Girls who were afraid and tried to escape were reviled and beaten. At last Elidina had passed through it all, and feasting and dancing celebrated the end of the school. Marriage was now near.

While girls learned the wisdom of women, boys learned the wisdom of men. Elidina's little brother, Muholo, played games with other boys. When he was old enough he went to herd first goats and then cattle; he learned skill in hunting and the lore of the veld. As boys grew bigger they were instructed in crafts—mat-making, house-building and thatching—and they helped the men in the yearly burning and clearing of the land before the sowing. Muholo listened to the teaching and talk of the old people and, at last, he entered the boys' initiation school, living apart in the bush with other boys, where many rites were performed more painful and more terrifying than any previous experiences. There were tests of courage and endurance, instruction in all a man should know and in how he should behave

in the tribe. All were enforced with unmerciful beatings. Muholo slept on the bare ground without blanket or clothes and went to bathe in the chill dawn. He and the other boys had to stand in the water until they were permitted to come out. Those who fell ill and could not go on a day's hunting were beaten by the hunters on their return.

Muholo's instructor spoke often with him about behaviour. "Beware of other people's things," he said. "People will curse me because I have not taught you wisdom if you do not respect all the things of other people. Honour all the people of the community; especially your chief. If you are travelling with an elder in the road help him with the things he is carrying so that people may praise you for being good and kind. Let there be no conceit, no rudeness." He taught him how to treat the ancestors as well as the living members of the tribe, and much about women.

For three months the instruction went on, the tests became more severe, the beatings and other punishments more frequent. Muholo and two others fell ill and one morning even beatings would not make Muholo rise. That evening when the hunters came Muholo lay still. In the night a grave was dug secretly in the bush.

The next day Muholo's mother walked with the other women to the spot where they placed pots of food for their sons, to be fetched when they had gone. Muholo's mother walked along the path thinking of the rejoicing at the end of the school when her son should have proved himself a man and a full member of the tribe. In the long grass at the appointed place she looked for her pot. It lay half hidden. She stooped to pick it up. One side had been broken away, the edges showing clean cut and new. She gazed fixedly at it. "It is the

sign. He is dead," she whispered. "What sin have I committed? What sin did my son commit that the spirits should do this thing, or is it that some enemy cursed him?" The talk of the other women ceased. Silently they took their empty pots and turned towards the village. She too was silent, for mothers of sons who die in initiation schools may not cry out.

The details of education given in the tribe vary. Initiation schools for boys and girls are general but not universal, and in length and severity courses of instruction are not uniform. But the aim of tribal education, whatever form it may take, is everywhere the same—to make the individual into a good member of the community. Boys and girls learn largely by the imitation of their elders. Definite instruction shows them how to behave to the living and to the ancestors; it tests their skill in the variety of occupations they must master and their endurance in the face of hardships. Much instruction relating to marriage is given, and in certain tribes painful and sometimes dangerous operations are performed. Those who have been through this system of education know what the community expects of them and have a recognized place in its life. The community is usually a small one beyond which the consciousness of its members hardly extends.

EUROPEAN EDUCATION

Education as it is known in the West was first introduced by missions. Schools on a European pattern have been established wherever Christianity has been preached. Missionaries have transcribed African languages and translated the Bible in whole or in part into over two hundred of them. Such schools were

originally started to teach old and young to read the Bible. These schools have been developed and expanded, until to-day over 90 per cent of all kinds of schools are under missionary auspices. During the last fifteen years governments have established Departments of Education, have founded schools and colleges, and are regulating the standard and subsidising the work of educational institutions.

Desire to learn about Christianity and desire to master the knowledge of the West leads Africans to school. The demands of European governments and commercial firms for trained employees have been added to the demand of the missions for educated African leadership and have given an added incentive to European education. To-day schools of every type and degree of efficiency or inefficiency exist. All introduce the African to a world of knowledge and of men undreamed of in the small tribal community, and much that is taught is directly and inevitably at variance with the old system of tribal education, for it challenges fundamental assumptions about the nature of God, the incidence of disease, drought, flood, and other calamities, and attributes a scientific cause in many situations where the African has found the cause in witchcraft and in the anger of offended spirits. It is small wonder that conservative African leaders look with apprehension at the establishment of a school as being subversive of their authority.

The language of education is much debated, for it is impossible to give instruction and have a literature in the hundreds of African languages which exist. European languages are used for instruction even in the villages in French and Portuguese colonies, but in British colonies selected vernaculars are increasingly employed.

Africans teach in the village schools. They have received some training, often very limited, in a central boarding-school or training institution. The people put up a shelter or a school building; perhaps they cultivate the teacher's garden. Books are few and often unsuitable; writing materials are hard to come by; even a blackboard may be lacking, and insects and animals may destroy what little equipment there is. The African teacher is often alone in the village in setting a new standard of life. In the grey dawn and at sunset he holds prayers for the people. He teaches children and adults in the school. He may try to discover how the work of the school can be related to the life of the village; or he may give instruction far removed from that life.

Though many schools and some colleges exist, in no part of Africa is there adequate provision for the education of Africans. On the Gold Coast, which is more advanced than many other territories, not more than 5 per cent of the children of school age are in school. In South Africa, though the percentage is somewhat higher, official reports show that both accommodation and staff are utterly inadequate and that teachers and pupils are poverty-stricken. A conservative estimate is that over one thousand additional teachers are needed for existing South African schools, and that eight hundred schools are waiting for government grants.

As the evening meal was being cooked two young Africans walked into the compound of a remote village and asked for the headman. When courtesies had been exchanged they said, "We have come for love of your people to ask if we may start a school."

"Your words are strange," said the headman. "You are not of our tribe."

"We are of the tribe of God," replied one, "to which you too may belong. It is a tribe bigger than any you know."

After further talk the headman said, "This matter is too weighty to decide in a moment. We must take counsel with the elders." When all had gathered the headman said, "We have heard both evil and good of these schools. White men are behind them, and where a school is they have forbidden certain of the old customs and so the community has been broken up and the young men who have been in the school have ceased to respect the old, and many of them have left the villages. I have heard that the drinking of beer is forbidden and that men may have only one wife."

An elder spoke. "Initiation rites and dances have been stopped. If these cease the community dies."

"If boys are in school," said another, "how can they do the work of boys in the herding of goats and cattle?"

One of the young teachers replied: "It is true that we do not practise certain of the old customs, for in our tribe witches and evil spirits lose their power and the fear of them dies. This makes many old customs unnecessary. But we too teach that each man has a duty to all."

"You talk of one tribe," said the headman. "That I do not understand. I have met some who call themselves Christians but they have not lived in peace with other Christians, and to some villages they have brought strife. A school can divide a village and your teaching is contrary to the old ways. In my opinion we are better without a school."

A young man took the floor. "I am a child among you," he said, "but I and other young men wish to learn the things of the school. We would read books and know how to write that we may get and send news to those of the village who are far away."

Another spoke. "It is bad for a village to have none who know book in it, for when the government sends papers with writing on them we are as fools not knowing what they say."

"There is much that the members of this tribe of God know," said another. "I have been in a village where there were many of them. Their houses were good. Their children were well. Their crops were plentiful."

The talk lasted on far into the night. At last the headman and elders gave a reluctant consent to the founding of a school, saying, "The child who cries for the medicine from the newcomers, let the result be on his own head."

THE SCHOOL AND THE COMMUNITY

Outside Nairobi in Kenya Colony is a village of small brick houses, bungalows and school buildings. It is inhabited by a succession of African teachers and their wives and children from all over the colony. They have been sent by different missions to train in this government institution, and will go back to their own districts as supervisors of village schools. In their districts these supervisors go from village to village, often spending a week or ten days in one place. They help the teacher with method. They talk with the chief and elders about the wellbeing of the village and with the school children about how they may be of service.

Nothing touching the life of the people is outside their scope.

One of these African supervisors wrote in his diary :

I made an inspection of the trees we had agreed to plant last year at our district meeting. Each had agreed to plant a few trees at his own village. I am now able to say that many trees have been planted. Our work in the way of school gardens has had widespread effect. Many of our people planted their gardens with English potatoes as a result of the teaching given in our schools. . . . In going round the district I try not to confine myself to the school ; I went regularly this month to the homes of the people and urged them to plant English potatoes. I also went to the chief and got him to help by instructing them to do this. . . .

These Jeanes schools, as they are called, have been established in several colonies. The school in Nyasaland, in addition to a course for teachers has a course for chiefs, who are invited to come with one of their wives and her children for a period of some months. They go back to their territories with new understanding and a new sense of responsibility for schools in the villages.

At Garkida in Northern Nigeria an American mission has established a community school among the Bura people. From this centre teachers and dispensers with their families go out to establish similar schools through the district. Part of the day is spent in the schoolroom and part in work on the land or in the village. The time-table is arranged to fit in with sowing and harvest so that children can take their part in the life of the village as they did before the school came.

One day boys and girls gathered in the schoolroom to consider the care of babies. " Uncle is a good nurse

for our baby," said Gana. "He plays with her. She climbs on his bed and he lets her slide off him. He gives her food out of his calabash. Uncle has plenty of time to look after her for he is a leper. His toes are gone and he cannot work in the fields."

"My aunt can pick up our baby even though she has no fingers left," said Mwalaku. "They sit together and play under the baobab tree."

"Lepers make fine nurses for our babies," said another.

"But," said the teacher, "may not the babies get leprosy from them?"

"That cannot be," cried Gana, "for all the world knows that leprosy is cooked in food by leper witches and can only be taken through eating this food."

"It would perhaps be a good thing," said the teacher, "if we counted the number of lepers in each family. You can now write words and numbers so each shall write down what is discovered."

It took a long time to get the numbers, but when that was done it was found that in families where there was one leper others appeared. Mwalaku was the first to admit that perhaps some people got the disease from contact with other lepers. Then the children began to wonder if lepers should be driven away. Gana, who loved her leper uncle very much, asked if there was any medicine which would make new fingers and toes for him. The teacher told them of a treatment that was helping lepers, though it could not make new fingers and toes, and said that the government would give that treatment without asking for payment. News of the government treatment spread through the village. At last a schoolboy with leprosy

said he would go to the leper colony for this treatment, and one day a letter came from him. He wrote :

It is not true that government gets lepers here in order to fatten them, kill them and cook the oil out of their bodies for gun oil. We are well treated and already I am better. I advise other lepers to come to this place.

After that letter came there was much writing in the class, for each boy and girl decided to pass on the news by writing a letter to a leper they knew, and the whole class joined in writing a letter to the local government officers to thank them for what government was doing for lepers. Later a group of leper schoolboys in whom the disease had been arrested by treatment went through the district telling their good news. "The leper witches' food may have started the first leper," said Gana to Mwalaku, "but we know now how to keep others from becoming lepers and also how to help those who are ill."

CENTRAL STATIONS

From village schools some boys and girls go on to central mission stations. At such stations there are often schools of all grades, technical courses, classes for teachers and evangelists, and training of hospital assistants in a mission hospital. There may be a large farm in which food for the community is grown. From these stations go out Christian leaders, and men who take responsible posts under government or in commercial firms, at the mines or on plantations. To the central stations come village teachers and their wives for refresher courses, who then go back to the villages taking new knowledge and inspiration with them.

On the upper waters of the Congo River is such a central mission station. Up and down the palm-shaded avenues between school buildings, hospital and bungalows go many people. Small boys and girls dressed in a string of beads dash towards the kindergarten, where some three hundred children from the surrounding villages gather. A cripple crawls slowly towards the boys' school. Day by day he starts from his village before the sun is up in order to reach the school in time. Girls of the boarding-school hurry to their classes and teachers in training to their lecture rooms. Workmen in the carpenter shops and in the mission press go to their day's work, and people with all manner of diseases to the hospital. Round the wards an old blind man feels his way from bed to bed. He came to the hospital years before in an advanced stage of sleeping sickness, and the treatment which arrested the disease left him blind. His old face shines with joy and peace. "There is other light besides that of the eye," he says. "I have no more darkness at all."

One afternoon women with babies on their backs and toddlers by their sides came down one of the sun-flecked paths under the palms. Some wore bright cloths or European dresses, others had only a twist of stuff around their waists. Old grandmothers with wrinkled bodies and pendulous breasts took the same road as young girls whose firm bronze flesh glinted in the sun. Some walked wearily after a morning in the hubbub of the markets, where they bartered garden produce for fish from the river people.

A ripple of talk flowed back and forth—repartee of the market, gossip of the village, news of births and deaths and crops, of quarrels with husbands and the doings of children. "I took my children to the market

for two days so they did not go to school. But they gave me no peace," said one woman. "They cried for school, and to-day I brought them back and paid the price—even four eggs—for the days of their absence."

"Truly," exclaimed an old grandmother, "all the world wishes to learn book, and the wisdom of the white man leads the young from the wisdom of our fathers. They go to the great towns and return to laugh at us. Even the girls forsake the old customs at childbirth, and some eat eggs in spite of the teaching that such doings make childless women."

"Grannie, grannie," broke in a young girl, "why do you walk in this path to the house of life where we women learn the white man's wisdom, if you believe in all the old ways?"

"I walk in this path, impertinent one, because I find *some* wisdom in the white man. Did not the white man bring the spirit back into my grandchild's body even after it had flown and we had begun the wailing?"

They crossed the palm-shaded lintel of a long, low building where benches faced a platform. On the walls were pictures of African mothers and children—babies with sores and babies with smooth, brown skin, crying babies with bad eyes on which flies settled, and smiling babies with good sight, babies terribly burned by rolling into the village fires, and babies guarded from that danger. Groups of women gathered round these pictures and blank faces brightened as meaningless lines took form under the guidance of one of their number versed in the reading of pictures. Some settled down to sewing or knitting. Some few took books, and with the aid of whispering lips and guiding finger, read to themselves, suckling their children meanwhile. Others

just sat and stared vacantly before them, glad of the cool shade after long hours of toil. When each had followed her own bent for a time a tall old woman, decorated, rather than dressed, in a chintz jacket, her face lined with age and experience, stepped to the platform. "My sisters," she said, "we who live in villages near the house of life have had glad hearts because the wives of teachers from the far villages have been learning with us for a time. Before the new moon these will return to their villages, and I would say to them and to you that the following of the new way is more than praying and preaching. It is doing. We must keep our houses and gardens well; we must live at peace with our husbands; we must care for our children. Here we learn of our enemies, the germs who kill our babies. We must fight these enemies. We must not only talk, we must walk in the path of the new wisdom; then others will follow us even as we follow our husbands on the paths of the forest."

A murmur of "Aa, Aa, these are words!" broke out as the speaker sat down to give place to a young woman who wore only a twist of cloth round her waist. "I go back when the sun rises to my village, two days' journey through the forest, where my husband will build a school. There I would teach the women the new wisdom and show them how to walk in the new way. But I am a mere woman and know not book. I hear words but I forget. I have therefore a thing to ask of the white mother, and this thing I ask is not for myself alone but for the wives of all the teachers. These pictures we have learned to see help us to remember the new wisdom. With them we can teach other women, without them we forget. Therefore we ask for these pictures for all the villages to help the women to walk

in the new way." She turned to the white woman, "Mother, because I know you will grant our request, we thank you now for these pictures."

Again the clapping, again the murmur of "These are words!"

The white woman rose to her feet. "My heart is moved to give all the villages these pictures but I am poor and they can only be bought for a great price. One set alone costs what one of your men earns in a month in the town. Therefore I cannot send these pictures to all the villages."

Silence fell. Then from the back of the room the old woman who had talked of the impertinence of youth spoke. "Our sisters of the forest villages are in need. We are all poor but here we have our white mother to show us the new wisdom which keeps death from our huts. It is true that we give to church and school, and labour with our own hands at the building of them. But can we not give a little more? The white man brought the spirit of life back into my grandchild even after the breath had gone from his body. Let us give more that the villages of the forest may have pictures and that children in them may live."

Another woman stood up. "I have lived long and followed the old ways and my children died. Then I learned of the new way and found that even we women may work with God to keep our children well. Let us give what we can that other women also may work with Him, for life."

The level rays of the sun filled the room. It was time for the lighting of the evening fires and the cooking of the food. The first speaker committed all who stayed and all who were setting out on the paths to the villages to the guidance of the Leader of the new way that each

woman might be an instrument of life. Then with cheerful din they gathered their belongings and sorted out the toddlers. Before they crossed the palm-shadowed threshold woman after woman came to the platform and laid upon it eggs, or copper coins or garden produce, for pictures for the far villages. One young woman lingered behind the rest. From her cloth she took a silver coin and held it out to the white woman. "Mother, take this," she said. "It is all my wealth. It will buy pictures for one village. My child has died for lack of the new wisdom and the white doctor says I can never bear another. I would that other women should be spared the sorrow of my heart."

BOARDING-SCHOOLS AND TRAINING COLLEGES

Boarding-schools and training colleges of many types exist, run by both missions and governments. Some are remote from the life of the people, modelled on similar institutions in the West without much regard for the need of the country, and are hampered by preparation of their pupils for examinations little suited to their needs. Others are closely related to the life of the people and are sending out leaders in many walks of life.

On a hill a few miles out of Kampala, Uganda, stands the King's School, Budo. A group of fine school buildings, a chapel and bungalows for staff are surrounded by tall trees, grass and flowers. Before them falls away a great panorama of open country. For centuries kings of Uganda have been crowned on that hill. In 1917 the ceremony took place in the school quadrangle, while African choirs sang, "*O God, our help in ages past.*" Year by year in the school chapel there is a service of remembrance for the martyrdom of the Baganda boys who were

burned alive for their faith scarcely fifty years ago. Out from this school have gone boys who are now ruling chiefs, professional men, clerks, mechanics, farmers and teachers. Some go on to the government college which one day may become a university, and from there a few have gone for further training to Europe or to America.

When morning classes are over the boys follow all manner of pursuits—some help to build school buildings, some do agricultural work, some go bug-hunting, some do carpentry, some help with welfare work in neighbouring villages; they play games with zest, and rehearsals for school plays and concerts are held.

One afternoon several prefects gathered to discuss a new play on the life of Apolo Kivebulaya, how he went to preach Christianity to the Pygmies and hostile tribes in the great forests, how he lived through persecution to win their love and respect, and at last how he died among them. A tall lad who hoped later to be a doctor said with a grin, "I can act the Bishop well. I studied him when he was here the other day; let him come in often." A member of the first XI, whose interest in books was slowly being aroused by a desire to read Edgar Wallace, said, "I'll do the chief who had Apolo beaten nearly to death." A third boy took a piece of paper from the pocket of his shorts. "Here are the words of Apolo's will," he said. They stopped laughing and listened while he read: "I have two cattle and the profit from these I leave to the church at Mbogo. I have no money at all." The boy added, "In this play we must show those who did not know him what he gave and what he was like." "Don't have the rehearsal on Saturday morning," said one who had been silent, "because I'm going out to one of the twelve village schools we are helping, to help them dig their garden. They must

get their coffee planted or there will be no crops from which to meet the school expenses. I can't put it off."

INSTITUTIONS OF HIGHER LEARNING

A few institutions of higher learning exist. Famous among these is the Prince of Wales College of Achimota. It stands some eight miles out of Accra, the capital of the Gold Coast. Ten years ago there was only a rolling plain with tall red anthills rising from it to the height of twelve feet or more. To-day large concrete buildings and many bungalows stand in what looks like a great garden, and avenues of young trees connect one building with another. Here are over four hundred students, boys and girls, men and women of many tribes. The work ranges from that of a kindergarten to that of a university. This institution of Achimota is a government Christian college made possible by the vision of both Europeans and Africans. In equipment and teaching it offers the best the West can give to enrich the life of the people. It is sending on a few men to study in English universities. During holidays students seek to give to others in different parts of the country something of what they have learned, a task which often involves hard work in the making of roads and other practical schemes. On the College Council sit African chiefs and professional men, European officials and representatives of the college staff. To the yearly gathering of old students men and women come from all over the colony. One of the functions at this gathering is a dinner in the college dining hall at which Africans and Europeans sit down together.

A great crowd had gathered on a sunny hillside not

far from the missionary institution of Lovedale, South Africa, and the University College of Fort Hare, where Africans may take a South African degree. A group of chiefs and white men stood together. A chief spoke: "I declare the joy of the Bantu people who dwell south of the Kei that the son of Umfundisi Bokwe has come from overseas as the first fully qualified doctor of our race. I wish to say to the Scottish friends who are present— 'This is your work; you have done this thing.'"

Another chief spoke: "I, too, am glad to be present." He glanced at the young African fresh from Edinburgh and at his immaculate European dress, and continued with a smile, "Not long ago it was the custom among the Amaxhosa for one being recognized as a 'doctor' to wear a skin robe." He continued:

If education is put into a man who has not the instinct of goodness in him it will just develop that evil instinct in him to become worse and worse, whereas if education is put into a man who by nature is good in his tendencies it strengthens those good tendencies and it makes him better and better. . . . If our nation is to be respected by the world it must first get education. To be respected a nation must have its majority educated and only its minority illiterate.

When others had spoken the young doctor knelt before the silent crowd while the senior chief laid his hand on his head in blessing. "In the name of the people of Ngqika all around you, being our first doctor among them, I wish you a long life and I wish you to succeed in your work and to be an inspiration to more who come after you."

The young doctor rose and faced the assembled chiefs: "I wish to unload my mind of something," he said. "You have thus honoured me. But the honour is not

mine. All I have done is to say that I wanted to go to Edinburgh to get something there and then come back. I have done it, but the burden of it all has been on those at home. That is what I wish to unload from my mind. There has been a great piece of co-operative work. They have struggled and fallen, and struggled. If this should serve as an example of self-help, I should be quite satisfied. We need to help ourselves. I shall also thank a great many friends, both Black and White, who have never failed to think and pray for my success."

The first African Vice-Principal of Achimota, the late Dr Aggrey, used a parable of the keys of a piano to express a vision of the Africa of the future. "You can," he said, "play a tune of sorts on the white keys and you can play a tune of sorts on the black keys, but for harmony you must use both the white and the black." The shield of Achimota is a design of white and black keys. The young African doctor knew the meaning of that design as he stood on the sunny hillside with the chiefs of his own people and with white friends.



EPILOGUE

IN the old communal life the African found a unity in which spiritual and material were part of one whole. The preservation of the community against attack by enemies from without and forces of disintegration from within, from evil spirits and witches in league with powers of darkness, was the concern of all its members. In this small world the life of the individual was rooted in the life of the group.

The West has broken in on the old communal life with a new faith, new knowledge and new demands. The spread of a new faith has emancipated many from old fears. New knowledge has led to increased control of disease, to greater material comfort and to the discovery of possibilities undreamed of before. New demands on the African for labour and taxes and for the filling of a variety of posts under Europeans have led him out from his own people into a world where there is much that cannot be reconciled with the old life, and much that is confusing and contradictory. Europeans have discouraged tribal warfare as a manifestation of barbarism, but war on a scale undreamed of in tribal life has been extolled by them as patriotism. Slave-raiding has been forbidden, but, in some districts, methods of labour-recruiting not far removed from slave-raiding have been used. Racial discrimination against the African has delayed his development and closed doors of advancement to him and, in areas of permanent white settlement, landless men are found. The African has not discovered among Europeans the unity of life he found in the tribe. Europeans are not united by one faith; there is dissension among those who call themselves Christian, and

worship of black and white Christians together is not common. It is difficult for the African, in all the variety of belief and practice the white man has brought, to distinguish between the civilization and the barbarism of the West.

In a land of sandhills, marshy lakes, green glades and fertile gardens on the shores of the Indian Ocean the people carry baskets of seeds to the chief's village at the time of the sowing. Then the medicine man offers sacrifice and blesses what they have brought. At dead of night he and his helpers plant a few of the seeds in the chief's gardens, for the chief is the guardian of the community. Next morning no columns of smoke rise from village fires; even the chief's hearth is cold and dead. Men go far and near to see that not one smouldering ember of the old fires has been left alight. One fire alone burns—the sacred fire of the medicine man. This fire is fed continually with fuel brought by the people. Round it is feasting and rejoicing. When shadows lengthen, telling that night is near, the medicine man and his helpers take a bowl of sacred water and torches lighted at the sacred flame. They go from hut to hut purifying them with sprinkling and lighting new fires so that the life of the one sacred fire kindles new life on the cold hearths of the people, and all know that in the community is the life of its members and from the community goes life to each one.

In the Africa of the future what seeds will men bring to be blessed for the sowing? With what fuel from far and near will they feed one sacred fire which shall bring life and light to the circles of cold ash? Where is the one community in which the life of each shall be rooted?

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Note.—This bibliography is in no sense exhaustive. In many of the books listed are suggestions for further reading. A few anthropological works and books of reference on government are included. Views expressed by authors are not necessarily in harmony. Biographies of missionaries and other Europeans have been omitted owing to lack of space, nor are lists of histories of particular areas included. Teachers using this book who wish to recommend general reading to senior pupils in schools are advised to make their own selection from the Section marked A. Many of the books may be obtained from Libraries.

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3. ORANGE FREE STATE (Union South Africa).
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5. NATAL (Union South Africa).
6. SWAZILAND (British Protectorate).
7. TRANSVAAL (Union South Africa).
8. SOUTH-WEST AFRICA (British Mandate).
9. RHODESIA (British Colony).
10. PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA (Portuguese Colony).
11. NYASALAND (British Protectorate).
12. ANGOLA (Portuguese Colony).
13. BELGIAN CONGO (Belgian Colony).
14. RUANDA-URUNDI (Belgian Mandate).
15. TANGANYIKA TERRITORY (British Mandate).
16. KENYA COLONY (British Colony and Protectorate).
17. UGANDA (British Protectorate).
18. ABYSSINIA (Hereditary African Government).
19. ITALIAN SOMALILAND (Italian Colony).
20. BRITISH SOMALILAND (British Colony).
21. FRENCH SOMALILAND (French Colony).
22. ERITREA (Italian Colony).
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25. RIO MUNI (Spanish Colony).
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27. BRITISH CAMEROONS (British Mandate).
28. NIGERIA (British Colony and Protectorate).
29. FRENCH TOGO (French Mandate).
30. BRITISH TOGO (British Mandate).
31. GOLD COAST (British Colony and Protectorate).
32. LIBERIA (African Government modelled on U.S.A.).
33. SIERRA LEONE (British Colony and Protectorate).
34. PORTUGUESE GUINEA (Portuguese Colony).
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37. RIO DE ORO (Spanish Colony).
38. MOROCCO (French Colony).
39. ALGERIA (French Colony).
40. RIF (Spanish Colony).
41. LIBYA (Italian Colony).
42. EGYPT.
43. MADAGASCAR (French Colony).

