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NGOMBE WARRIORS

Pioneering on the Congo

BY THE

REV. W. HOLMAN BENTLEY

CHEVALIER DE L'ORDRE ROYAL DU LION

AUTHOR OF 'THE DICTIONARY AND GRAMMAR OF THE KONGO LANGUAGE'
TRANSLATOR OF THE NEW TESTAMENT INTO KONGO
'LIFE ON THE CONGO,' ETC.

VOLUME I

*WITH A MAP AND 206 ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
SKETCHES, PHOTOGRAPHS AND MATERIALS*

SUPPLIED BY THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY, SEVERAL OF THEIR MISSIONARIES
AND THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CONGO FREE STATE

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY

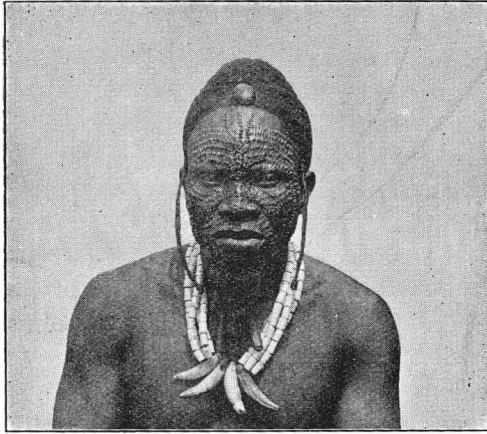
56 PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 65 ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD

1900

Oxford

HORACE HART, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF
THOSE LOVED COLLEAGUES
WHO LABOURED WITH US IN THE EARLY DAYS
NOT COUNTING THEIR LIVES DEAR
UNTO THEM
AND WHO HAVE NOW ENTERED INTO REST



EBEBO, CHIEF OF MBUMBA

PREFACE

FOR several years it has been the opinion of those best qualified to judge, that the time had come to place on record an authoritative account of the pioneering work which has been accomplished in the opening up of the Congo basin, and the remarkable development of that country which has taken place since 1879. Twenty-five years ago the region was unexplored, the maps were blank; the 200 miles of cataracts and hilly country, commencing at Matadi (100 miles from the coast), effectively barred all access to the million and a half square miles of the interior. To-day the region is known, and charted over the whole of its area; while Government officers, missionaries, and traders, are carrying on their operations far and wide throughout the country.

There are very few men, besides myself, who have known the Congo for twenty years. My colleague, the Rev. George Grenfell, visited the country in 1878, in company with Thomas Comber, to reconnoitre; and after the starting of the mission joined us at the end of 1880. The Rev. Henry

Richards, of the American Baptist Mission at Manteke, was a fellow-passenger with me to the Congo in 1879. Mr. Anton Greshoff, of the Dutch Trading Company, has been in the country since 1877. There are a few traders on the coast who have lived there for twenty years, but they have never seen the interior. No others remain who have seen the whole work. The task of telling the story thus falls to me.

A missionary naturally sees things from his own point of view ; but there should be much in this story of twenty years' work—in such a country and at such a time—which should appeal to those who take interest in matters geographical and ethnological, and in the progress and development of barbarous peoples and wild countries. We found the people practically untouched by any foreign influence ; now all is changing and changed, and this alone more than suffices to *compel* one, who has been closely in contact with the native life, to state the condition in which the country was found and people, and to note how the great changes which have occurred have come about.

I have also endeavoured to give, very briefly, the past history of the country during the 400 years since the coast was first visited by white men, so far as we have any reliable information ; and I have ventured to gather together the hints as to the remoter history of the country itself, of its interesting peoples, and the formation of the Congo river.

In writing this history I have had constantly to regret the frequent recurrence of the first personal pronoun ; but it has been unavoidable. I write of what I have seen and known intimately, and it is because of my intimate knowledge that I have had to write.

Another lively cause of regret is the brief and superficial manner in which I have been obliged to write. The book has already far exceeded the intended limits, and yet so little of all has been told. The development of the Congo State, its brilliant achievements and energy ; the conquest of the Arab slavers ; the courage and enterprise with which the Belgians have sought to tap the resources of the country ; the commercial prospects and possibilities ; the natural and

physical history of the country ; to have treated all these in an exhaustive manner would require another volume, at least, of the present size.

For the long list of illustrations, which add so largely to the value and attractiveness of the book, my thanks are due to the Government of the Congo Free State for their great kindness in giving me *carte blanche* to avail myself of all their resources. The assistance which in this way they have rendered has been most liberal and prompt. I have specially to express my indebtedness to Commandant Liebrechts, General Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Monsieur Droogmans, General Secretary of the Department of Finance, the Baron de Haulleville, Librarian to the State, and to Monsieur E. de Keyzer, of the Department of Finance, who has been my intermediary in all the correspondence and arrangement. I must also acknowledge my indebtedness to Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., for permission to use some etchings from the facile pen of Sir Harry Johnston, K.C.B., drawn when he was on the Congo, and to Messrs. Debenham & Gould, of Bournemouth, for the excellent photograph of Thomas Comber.

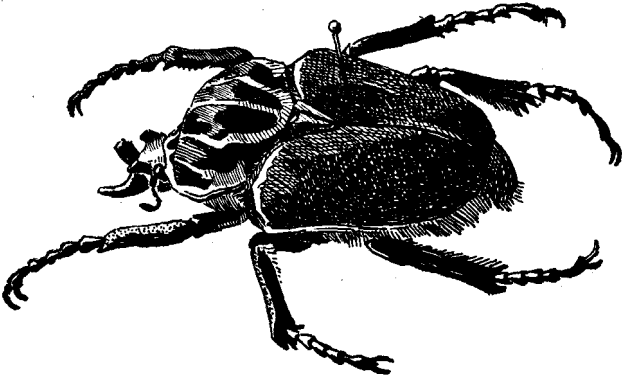
The Baptist Missionary Society have laid me under deep obligation by the loan of originals and blocks of other illustrations, and by placing at my disposal the map which was prepared to accompany the Society's Centennial volume. On the map our farthest station is represented as being on the Lubi river. That was at one time intended, and a site was chosen ; but for several reasons the station was ultimately built at Yakusu, at the mouth of the Lindi river. The new station at Zombo is exactly one degree due east of San Salvador. In the small inset map of the Cataract Region, Tumba should have been marked on the railway, just south of Luvituku.

I have also to thank several of my colleagues for permission to make use of their photographs for the purpose of illustration—the Rev. W. L. Forfeitt, who has very largely helped me, also the Revs. George Grenfell, T. Lewis, H. R. Phillips, Kenred Smith, and my friend, Mr. J. R. Wade. The sketches

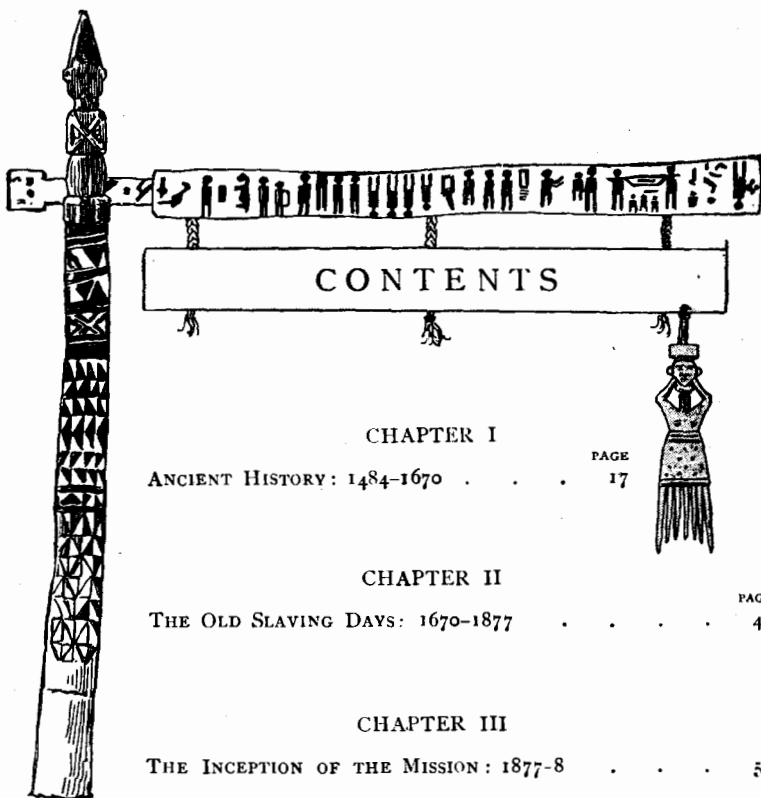
of fishes on pp. 111 and 114 are by my late colleague, the Rev. H. White.

The story of our work here told will be of interest to the many friends and supporters of the Baptist Missionary Society, as well as to the wider circle of those who have followed our operations with kindly feelings. All friends of missions have sympathized with us in our losses and trials; the opportunity is now given to share our joy in our less known successes and blessings. I trust that the story will not suffer too much from the telling.

W. HOLMAN BENTLEY.



GOLIATH BEETLE



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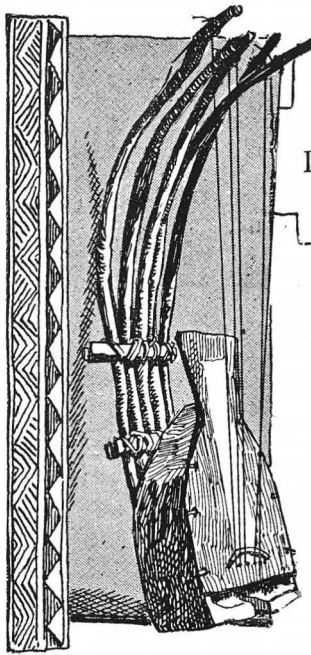
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CONGO COINS



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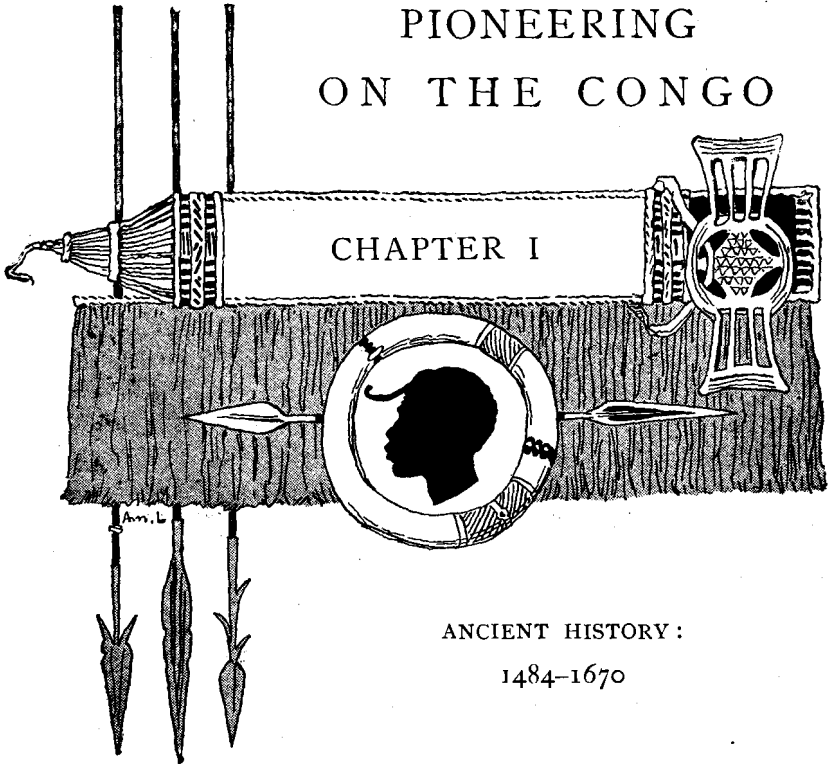
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BOPOTO FUNERAL DANCE

PIONEERING ON THE CONGO



ANCIENT HISTORY :

1484-1670

'Alli o mui grande reino está de Congo,
Por nós ja convertido á fe de Christo,
Por onde o Zaire passe claro e longo,
Rio pelos antigos nunca visto.'

There lies the Congo kingdom great and strong,
Already led by us to Christian ways ;
Where flows the Zaire, river clear and long,
A stream unseen by men of ancient days.

The Lusíads of Camoens, canto v. 13.

PRINCE HENRY 'the Navigator,' to whose enterprise and devotion to geographical research the discovery of the western coast of Africa is due, was born in 1394. He was the fourth son of John I, 'the Great,' King of Portugal. It is of interest to note that his mother, Philippa of Lancaster, was of the English royal house, for she was the daughter of

John of Gault. Prince Henry was therefore the grandson of Edward III and cousin to Henry V of England.

In 1414 Prince Henry was twenty-one years old. It was then more than 150 years since the Portuguese had driven the Moors out of the province of Algarve, and so had rid the whole of their country of the Moslem yoke. Since King John's marriage with Philippa in 1387, there had been peace with Spain. Prince Henry and his two elder brothers, Edward and Pedro, had never seen any fighting, and they longed to win their knightly spurs. Accordingly an expedition was planned to attack their old enemies the Moors on their own ground in Morocco. In 1415 the three young princes led the flower of the Portuguese nobility with a sufficient force on this crusade, and laid siege to Ceuta, opposite to Gibraltar. The Moorish stronghold was stormed and taken on August 24. Henry and his brothers highly distinguished themselves in the whole campaign.

The capture of Ceuta is justly regarded as the first step in the modern exploration of Africa, and the partition of the continent among the European powers, which was reaching its consummation in the closing years of the nineteenth century.

While at Ceuta, Prince Henry learned from the Moors of the caravan trade with Timbuktu, and of far countries whose soil was rich in gold. It became his great ambition to discover those lands, and to add their possession to the crown of Portugal. Venice, at this time in the height of her power, dominated the trade of the East; but here was a new field open and free for Portuguese enterprise. There were still greater possibilities, for as Henry directed his wistful eyes along the surf-beaten strand, the idea dawned upon him that by following the mysterious coast of Africa, a new route by sea to India might be found, and that thus the Venetian monopoly might be broken.

On the death of his father in 1433, Prince Henry, absorbed in his great idea, retired to Sagres, at the extreme south of Portugal, close to Cape St. Vincent. There he built an observatory, and founded a school of navigation under Jacome (Jayme), a Majorcan; thence he sent out his pupils on

voyages of discovery. Being Grand Master of the knightly Order of Christ, he was able to make use of its rich revenues to aid him in this work. Year by year his expeditions were sent out, and one of the earliest of them was rewarded with the discovery of Madeira in 1418. In spite of costly failures and ridicule, he continued with indomitable perseverance. By slow degrees point after point was rounded. In 1447 Sierra Leone was discovered; forts were built on the coast, and the countries were claimed by the crown of Portugal. A company was formed to trade in slaves and gold dust. Its first expedition brought back some 200 slaves among other things.

On November 13, 1460, Prince Henry died; but the enterprise which he had initiated at his private expense had been already taken up by others. Chartered companies had been formed to discover and exploit new stretches of coast. Alfonso V (1438) and John II (1481) did not allow the work to flag. The royal edict of April 14, 1484, commissioned Diogo Cam¹ to further extend the exploration of the coast, and in the end of that year he discovered the mouth of the Zaire or Congo river. It was known to the natives as the Mwanza or Nzadi; this the Portuguese corrupted into Zaire.

The natives told Cam of a great king at Congo (Ekongo), some days' journey into the interior to the eastward. He prevailed on them to take some of his men to the capital. They were ordered to return by a certain time, but failed to do so. After waiting double the time which he had arranged, Cam took four men of noble birth, belonging to the district, as hostages for the safe return of his men, and sailed away to Lisbon in 1485. He took good care of these hostages, treated them well, taught them Portuguese, and on his arrival at Lisbon presented them to King John. The king was so pleased with the result of Cam's voyage, that he ordered him to return with the least possible delay, taking back the hostages, with valuable presents to the King of Congo.

¹ The natives still preserve the memory of his name; one of the king's counsellors told us, a year or two ago, that the first white man to reach their country was Ndo Dioko Kam (i. e. Dom Diogo Cam).

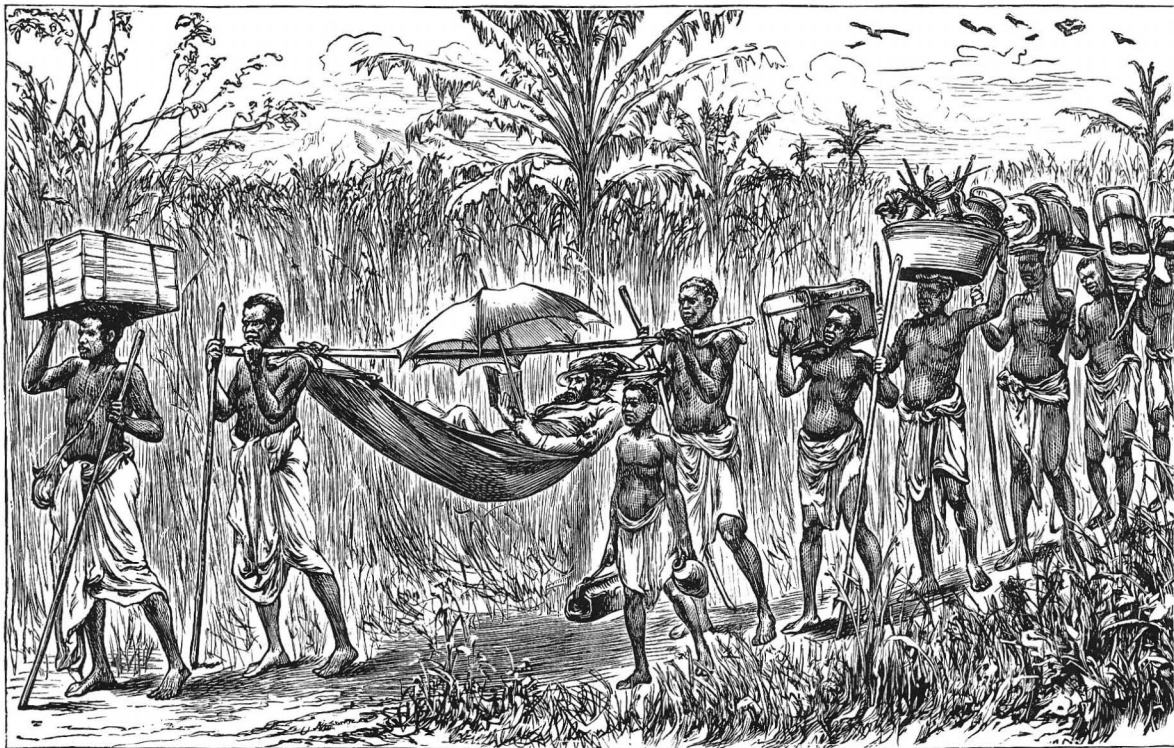
He further instructed Cam to urge the king to become a Christian.

Cam returned accordingly in 1486, and found his men back from the capital. They had great stories to tell of the reception accorded to them, and of the style of the King of Congo. Cam dispatched a proper embassy to the capital with the presents sent by King John. The embassy was accompanied by the four hostages, who were delighted with their treatment, and with all that they had seen in Lisbon. Meanwhile Cam sailed further south, and pushed his discoveries to Cape Negro, 1,100 miles to the south of the Equator.

Returning to the Congo river, Cam went himself to the capital, and was accorded a great reception. He told the king of the greatness of his royal master, and of his dominions, of his laws, customs, and government, and especially of his religion. The king was much impressed, and desired to become himself a Christian.

When Cam returned to the coast, the king begged him to take Nsaku—one of the first four hostages—back to Lisbon with him, as his ambassador to the King of Portugal, to beg for missionaries to teach the Christian faith to him and to his people. He conveyed a present of ivory, mats, and palm-fibre cloth (*mbadi*). A number of young Congos accompanied the embassy to be instructed in the holy faith. He left a priest to teach the people, and erected a stone pillar (*padrão*) to commemorate his discovery of the river, which now became known as the Rio do Congo, or Zaire, a corruption of Nzadi, the native term for a great river.

In 1486 Bartholomew Dias de Novaes reached Algoa Bay and doubled the Cape of Good Hope; on May 20, 1498, Vasco da Gama reached Calicut in India. By 1520 the whole of the east coast as far as Cape Guardafui had come under the power of the Portuguese, and Africa was laid down on the charts with remarkable accuracy. The dream of Prince Henry the Navigator was realized, Portugal had large possessions in India and the East, and the trade of the Orient had been wrested from Venice, and was firmly established in the hands of the Portuguese.



TRAVELLING ON THE CONGO

In 1536 the Inquisition was introduced into Portugal; this led to the expulsion of the wealthy Jews who had largely financed and aided Portuguese enterprise. The tyranny and oppression which ensued at home and in the colonies increased the difficulties. In 1580 the house of Aviz became extinct.

The dominion of Spain for sixty years was disastrous in the extreme to Portugal; she was thrown terribly back; her colonizing energy never returned; but notwithstanding this deplorable fact, the glory of these great geographical achievements remains to Portugal.

There is much to indicate that the King of Congo was very powerful over a wide area, and lived in great style when Cam first heard of him in 1484.

A certain Duarte Lopez, 'a Portuguese hermit,' who had lived twelve years in Congo, related to Pigafetta the wonders of the land; he wrote an account of them, and published it in a book dated Rome, 1591.

Lopez said that in 1491 the King of Congo made war upon his rebellious Bateke subjects on the islands of Stanley Pool, 'in the province of Makoko, one of which (Mbamo) contains 30,000 souls.' At the same time the king was supreme at the mouth of the river. The kingdom of Congo therefore extended over an area 300 miles wide from east to west, and probably 200 miles from north to south; say, 60,000 square miles. Beside this, the Kings of Congo have exercised a suzerainty of some kind over the kingdoms of Kakongo—*Little Congo*, better known as Kabinda—and Loango. It was an old rule that before any one could succeed to the kingship of Kakongo, he must marry a princess of the blood royal of Congo; while the successor to the throne of Loango must marry a princess of Kakongo. These two vassal kingships died out about seventy years ago. The natives say that they have no kings now, for no one had appeared rich enough to bear the expense of the marriage 'progress.' The would-be king had to be fêted for days, and distribute largess in every town through which he passed on the way to fetch the royal bride—a *sine qua non*. These suzerainties were probably 15,000 square miles in area.

Lopez speaks also of the six provinces, and of the government of the country, and gives much exact information. The provinces were Sonyo, Mbamba, Mbembe, Nsundi, Mpangu, and Mbata. All are well-known districts to-day, with the exception of Mpangu, the position of which, however, is clearly indicated. The king appointed governors of these provinces, who, until late years, taxed their districts, and remitted to the capital. The last Governor of Nsundi died about 1835, and still lies unburied, because no priest has come to bury him; neither has a man been found wealthy enough to incur the expenses of succession. A house is kept in repair over the great bundle of cloth which enshrouds his remains.

The date of the rise of the Congo empire must remain unknown, but it occurred at some time sufficiently near to that of the discovery of the country for the earliest missionaries to gather some details.

Emini-a-nzima was chief of a township on the banks of the Lower Congo; he married a woman named Sanzi. 'Emini-a-nzima, after this alliance, began soon to be weary of seeing so many equals around him, and to listen to the dictates of his ambitious spirit'; so quaintly does the historian—probably Father Cavazzi—record the beginning of things. Emini, having made himself secure in an impregnable position, attacked his wearisome equals, and after a great deal of trouble conquered them. It took years to do it. His stronghold commanded the river, and enabled him to blackmail all who passed up and down.

One day Emini went out raiding, and left his son Lukeni in charge at home. A canoe belonging to his father's sister was passing, with the good lady on board. Lukeni demanded blackmail, which she, as his aunt, refused. The young ruffian drew his knife and killed her with one sweep. His father was furious when he heard of it, and wanted to punish him as he deserved; but Lukeni had many friends among his father's soldiers, and they prevented violence. The end of the affair was that they declared Lukeni a 'king,' a title which even Emini had not dared to assume. But Lukeni

was a king without a kingdom, so he set to work to make one. With a rapidly growing force he raided and fought, until he had subdued even the district of Mpemba-Kasi, which was afterwards named Congo. He made San Salvador his capital, and conquered Mabambulu, the Mani-Mpangala who owned the country between San Salvador and the mouth of the river. Having subdued the district of Mbata, on the border of Zomboland, he married the daughter of Nsaku-elau, and made his father-in-law Governor of Mbata. Then it is said that he subjugated the districts of Matamba and Angola,



CONGO WOMEN

and governed wisely. This is all the information to hand as to the founding of the empire; but of the interval between the times of Lukeni and the first visit of white men in 1485 nothing is known.

They found a well-organized kingdom, and to this present day the King of Congo is styled *Ntotela*, *Ntinu a Lukeni*, 'Emperor, Lukeni King,' although no one knew what Lukeni meant. Father Cavazzi's account explains it all.

On March 29, 1491, a large expedition of Dominican

missionaries, workmen, and agriculturists, with the Congo embassy, landed at the port on the south bank of the Congo, after a good voyage of 100 days. Gonzalez de Souza was in command, but he died of small-pox on the voyage, and Roderigo de Souza took his place. They were well received at San Antonio (Sonyo), as the port was then named. The native governor of the district, an uncle of the King of Congo, was baptized, and a rough church was built, containing three altars, 'in honour of the most Holy Trinity.'

Leaving the religious work in charge of the priests and monks, Souza went on to the capital, Mbanza Kongo. Full details of the great doings in these early days are extant. The path was widened, and the tall thick grass beaten down on each side over the whole journey from the coast to San Salvador, a distance of 150 miles. At three days from the capital, nobles with their retinue came to meet them. When only an hour from the city, a dense crowd came to welcome them, and convey them to the king, who received them in the great square of the town, outside his own compound, seated on a throne, on a raised platform, 'as is the ancient custom.' After a very gracious reception Souza informed the king of his purpose in coming, presented the Dominicans, and told him of the conversion of his uncle 'the lord of Sonyo.' Mass was performed; the king and people looked on with awe at the ceremonies, the vestments, 'holy vessels,' and ornaments, and especially the crucifix, before which all the white men knelt in adoration. The Congos soon followed their example, prostrating themselves before it in Congo fashion. They begged to see all the religious paraphernalia, and to have their uses and meaning explained. The king decided to build a church 'for the reception of these holy men and utensils.' He set diligently to work, and in a few months the church of the Holy Cross was consecrated. Shortly after, the king and queen were baptized, taking the names of John and Leonora, out of compliment to the King and Queen of Portugal. The king's native name was Nzinga-nkuwu.

While all this was going on, the king's eldest son,

Mvemba-Nzinga, the Governor of Nsundi (the district of Tumba and Wathen), was away fighting the Bateke in the province of Makoko, about Stanley Pool, who had revolted. It became necessary for the king to go to his aid. Souza gave him a banner emblazoned with the cross, and is said to have accompanied the king. The king was victorious, and returned with his son Mvemba, who embraced the new faith and was baptized, taking the name of Alphonso (Afunsu), the Infante of Portugal.

Alphonso is the Alfred of Congo history. His name lingers to-day among the people, and the old histories extol his virtues and zeal for Christianity. He had a bad brother, Mpanzu-a-Kitima, who was strongly opposed to the new faith. He hated the priests, and their doctrine that a man should have but one wife; this was the sorest point of all, and one which turned the masses against them. He became the head of the heathen party, and persuaded his father to renounce Christianity and to banish his brother. The priests were ill-treated, and 'stripped of the lands, houses, and slaves which had been given to them for their maintenance.' For a while all seemed lost. The Christian chief of Sonyo came to the rescue. He persuaded the weak king to inquire as to the charge of treason which Mpanzu had brought against Alphonso. He found it to be false, and restored Alphonso to his governorship of Nsundi. Alphonso set vigorously to work to Christianize his district, forbidding fetishism under the severest penalties. The people appealed against him, and he was recalled; but he refused to leave his district. Shortly after, the king died; this was in 1492. The Prince of Sonyo and Alphonso's mother kept the death secret, until her son arrived and took the throne.

Mpanzu gathered a large force of heathen followers and attacked his brother. Alphonso reckoned on 10,000 supporters, 'amongst whom were about 100 Christians of the country, besides a few Portuguese (37), who happened to be there.' Alphonso prayed earnestly for help, and vowed to exalt the true faith, God's holy name, and the doctrines of His salvation, all the days of his life. A solar halo appeared,

in which they discerned five flaming swords, and were not a little emboldened by the heavenly vision. There was a desperate fight for several days; at length Mpanzu was driven into the swamp of Pondani, on the north of San Salvador, in the mud of which he had buried pointed stakes. So he met his death. The fiction has been added that the Virgin Mary and St. James, as a Red Cross Knight, on a white horse, dazzled the heathen and aided in the fight. So all opposition to Christianity was removed, and a zealous king was on the throne.

Osorio and other Portuguese writers declare that the king was a great preacher, built monasteries and churches, and even learned Portuguese, that he might interpret for his teachers and enforce their doctrines. He opened public schools, and sent his son and other boys to Lisbon to be educated. He studied Portuguese law, and admired it, but thought that it went into too many details. He is said to have been irreproachable in his morals, a great reader, well versed in the Holy Scriptures, and he had acquired a great deal of his knowledge by frequent conversing with priests, to whom he paid great attention. He reigned thirty-three years, and died in 1525. Five years before his death each of the three great religious orders, the Dominicans, Augustines, and Capuchins, sent five monks to Congo. With his dying breath Alphonso urged his son Pedro to protect the new religion.

Pedro I seems to have followed in his father's footsteps. During his reign the Bishop of San Thomé, a Portuguese island on the Equator, had the kingdom of Congo added to his diocese. He went to live at San Salvador, although he had often to go to San Thomé. When he died, he expressed a wish to be succeeded by a native bishop. One of the young princes educated at Lisbon was chosen, and approved by the Kings of Congo and Portugal. The pope found him qualified, and consecrated him. He died, however, shortly after landing, on the way up country. The experiment does not appear to have been repeated.

Next year, 1530, Pedro I died, and was succeeded by

his brother Francisco, who, on his death in 1532, was succeeded by his first cousin Diogo. He wrote to King John III of Portugal, begging for more missionaries. The Jesuit order was then about six years old, and had just passed a new rule, by which the order placed itself at the pope's disposition for missionary purposes. In answer to Diogo's request, a fairly large number of Jesuits offered for this very promising field. This must have been one of the first foreign missions of the order. Diogo was a man of energy and a great warrior; he had a weakness for fine clothes and furniture; he dressed as a Portuguese, and affected the 'white man.'

Another Bishop of Congo arrived, and was well received, but had a great deal of trouble with his priests and friars, whose morals were scandalous. They would neither heed his protests nor obey his orders, and things were going from bad to worse. The king interposed, and tied up the unruly ecclesiastics; some were sent prisoners to San Thomé, and some to Portugal. 'So that, instead of the Christian doctrine growing, it rather diminished, and this from the fault of those who taught it.' Pigafetta gives this story from Lopez' lips.

Diogo died in 1540, and a scramble for the throne ensued; three princes claimed it. One was promptly killed. The Portuguese took the part of another, who would have been their tool; the people chose the other. The Portuguese managed to kill the chosen one of the people, to secure the election of their man; but while they were doing it, their man was killed by the people's party for the same purpose. Finding that both were dead, the people were furious, and massacred all the Portuguese at the capital except the priests.

Henrique, said to be brother of Diogo, was made king. He fought the Bateke of Stanley Pool, returned home defeated, and died in 1542. With him the ancient royal line became extinct.

He was succeeded by his stepson, Alvaro I, who made things right with the Portuguese. The bishop died, and things went wrong again; the king and his nobles multiplied wives, a certain Francisco Bula-matadi leading the immoral party. Bula-matadi died, and was buried in the cathedral.

The story goes that during that night demons fought over his body with horrible noise, and bore the wicked corpse away. But even this did not arrest the wickedness, or lead the people to abandon their evil ways.

A terrible calamity now befell the nation. The Bayaka (Jagga, Giaga, the sound *y* being written with a *j*, and then again italianized in *Gi*) from beyond the Kwangu river, a fierce, cannibal, marauding scourge, raided the whole country with overwhelming numbers, enslaved all that they could catch, ate up the food, pillaged the towns and villages, and only retired when there was nothing more to eat or steal. The king fled to one of the islands of the lower river, with a number of followers; but there hunger and pestilence decimated them. When the Bayaka had gone away, the remainder of the people ventured out of their hiding-places, and began to cultivate; meanwhile, many died of famine. When the young crops sprang up, locusts came and devoured them, and the famine became more acute. The people sold themselves wholesale to the Portuguese, who bought all that they could house or ship. In their dire emergency, a certain Captain Govea came to help them, San Salvador was restored, and a great wall was built round the city, part of which remains to this day. It was built with mortar of iron-stone, with layers of limestone, from 15 to 20 ft. in height, and about 2 ft. 6 in. to 3 ft. thick. Govea heard something of gold-mines, and reported it. Mining experts were sent out by the King of Portugal; but Alvaro's father confessor, Barbuto, advised him to send them on a wild-goose chase, and not to show them any mines, so nothing was found. The country was ruined, it was no place for traders, and the priests had most of them gone away. In Portugal the Inquisition was at work; the Jews, who had financed most of the Portuguese enterprise, had been expelled. Seven years before Alvaro died, the house of Aviz became extinct, and Portugal was assumed by Philip II of Spain.

Alvaro wrote to Philip, begging for missionaries, promising that if they were sent, he would disclose the position of the mines of gold. The ship conveying the message was wrecked,

but the casket enclosing the letter was washed ashore, and delivered at Madrid. Alvaro became impatient of delays, and sent Lopez, one of the men who has provided us with the history of these times. Lopez waited eight months for a leaky ship of 100 tons, which landed him at Grenada, in the West Indies, where he had to wait eighteen months for a vessel to take him to Spain. Mercantile affairs were in a bad way, evidently, for such difficulties to exist. We who chafe at a twenty-five days' voyage to Congo cannot realize the privations and difficulties of those far-off times. Poor Alvaro sent yet another message by the second man in the country, Antonio, with a Portuguese. The ship was wrecked on the English coast, and Antonio was drowned. The Portuguese escaped, and reached Spain to find Lopez just arrived. Philip sent Lopez to the pope, who was much interested, but thought that it was the business of Philip. Meanwhile, in 1587, Alvaro died, and was succeeded by his son, Alvaro II. He sent an embassy to beg for priests, and met with good success, for a number of missionaries were sent out, and the work revived to a remarkable extent.

During this king's reign, November, 1610, the Dutch, who were engaged in their long war with Spain, and so with Portugal, its vassal, made a descent on Loanda, the capital of the Portuguese dominions, with a fleet of seventeen ships. They drove out the Portuguese, and took possession. They did not hold it long, for it is said that they lost 1,000 men by fever, including Verdoes, or Van der Does, their commander.

Alvaro II died in 1614. The next king, Bernardo, was killed in less than a year, and was succeeded by his brother, Alvaro III, who had brought about his assassination. He built a church to atone for his deed. Pope Paul V sent more Jesuit missionaries. A little later, another embassy was sent to ask for more Capuchins, and to beg for some further regulation of the religious orders and their work, for the priests, monks, and friars were very numerous at this time, and there was a great deal of friction between them. Paul graciously received them, and did as desired. The king died in 1622, and was succeeded by his son, Pedro II.

An incident in his reign throws a little light on the times. Five Portuguese merchants were out trading, as was common—slave-trading, of course—with a rich caravan in the kingdom of Makoko, in the neighbourhood of Stanley Pool. The wild people plundered them and tied them up. A messenger was sent to demand their release, but it was refused. An expedition was planned, but the distance to be travelled, and the danger of murder to the imprisoned, led their friends to send a friar to ransom them. He died on the way. Famine and pestilence visited Makoko's people, and were attributed to the presence and imprisonment of the Portuguese. They were sent back to San Salvador, with full payment for their losses.

After this king died, three quiet, well-disposed kings followed, who are little more than names—Garcia, in 1624; Ambrosio, in June, 1626; and Alvaro IV, son of Alvaro III, in March, 1631. Alvaro V followed in February, 1636; he was jealous of the power of his brother Garcia and another notable, and attacked them. He was defeated, but they magnanimously restored him to his power. He soon after raised another force, attacked them, and was killed. All this happened in six months; then Alvaro VI came to the throne. In 1622 missionaries were abundant, but now, in 1636, we learn that things were once more in a bad way, and fresh missionaries had to be begged of Pope Urban VIII. The mild king was murdered by his brother, Garcia II, who succeeded him in 1641. He well received the new Capuchin missionaries, who brought him a crown from the pope, and the instructions that Capuchins alone had the right to crown Kings of Congo. He gave them convents and churches, land for their maintenance, and slaves to cultivate them; but when he tried to kill off the princes of the blood, to secure the succession of his son, the missionaries protested. He turned against them and imprisoned them, and treated them badly. Heathenism became rampant once more. He died in 1663.

During this reign the Dutch once more took Loanda, and held it from May, 1640, to August, 1648. Count Maurice was in Brazil, and when he planned the expedition he did not

know that Portugal had revolted, and was free from the yoke of Spain, so attacked what he believed to be a Spanish colony. A Dutch embassy visited San Salvador in 1642.

Antonio I became king in 1663. He was no better than his father. He commenced by a slaughter of all his brothers, and such notables as he feared, and finally determined to kill all the Portuguese and missionaries in his country. While he was making his preparations, the Portuguese talked of taking the country of the mines, which had been given to them long ago, and under that pretext raised a force said to have numbered 400. They attacked and killed the king. Antonio II seized the crown in 1666, but was such an intolerable wretch that the people rose against him and killed him the same year, putting Alvaro VIII in his place. He was deposed in 1670 by the 'Marquis of Mbembe' (Pemba). With this the history of Father Cavazzi closes. After this the history of Congo remains practically a great blank.

In 1888 the old Ntotela (king) Pedro V, Elelo, gave me the names of a few of the kings who preceded him, as follows:—Zuzi; Henrique Nlengi; Kafwasa; Garcia Nenkanga Mvembi; Andre; Henrique Lunga; Pedro V, Elelo, Marquis of Katende, who died Feb. 14, 1891. Since then there have been: Mfutila, who died Nov., 1896; and now Nteye-kenge.

In volume xvi of *Pinkerton's Voyages* (1808) may be found an account of a residence on the coast for eighteen years, by Andrew Battel, of Leigh in Essex, about 1589.

In volume i of *Churchill's Voyages* is the relation of a voyage to Congo of two Capuchin friars, Angelo and Carli, in 1666-7. They travelled about the country teaching the people.

J. Merolla da Sorrento's account of his voyage to Congo is found in the same book. He was there in 1682-8, and speaks of a King John Emmanuel Gritho (? Christo; natives pronounce it Nkiditu sometimes). He protests against slaves being sold to English heretics. He was an Italian Capuchin. He tells us that the king offered him slaves, but he declined, on the ground that they had plenty in the monastery. He seems to have carried things with a high hand, for he tells of the sound beatings he gave to those who brought children

to be christened with fetish strings and charms on their necks.

In the same volume also is the account of a voyage to Congo by Barbot, in the good ship *Don Carlos*, of London, in 1700. He says (p. 503), 'The blacks (on the coast) are all Christians,



DOM PEDRO V, KING OF CONGO

wearing beads and a cross'; and adds, 'many Kabinda people speak English.'

In 1778 a mission of Italian Barbadinos was sent to Congo, and a little later twenty more missionaries, with a native, André de Castro Godinho, Bachelor of Canon Law; and again another ten missionaries. But they were forced to abandon the country when the religious orders were expelled

by the Portuguese governor. Since then the priests in Angola have been naval chaplains, and from time to time one of them was sent up to visit San Salvador. But, judging by the behaviour of the last specimen sent in 1878, a mulatto priest, named Lazaro, they did more harm than good.

When we reached San Salvador, in 1879, it was to all intents and purposes a heathen land. King and people were wholly given to fetishism and all the superstitions and cruelties of the Dark Continent. Some of the ruined walls of the cathedral remained, the chancel arch and part of a Lady chapel. The sad relics of a failure. In a house in the king's compound were kept a large crucifix and some images of saints, but they were only the king's fetishes. If the rains were insufficient, they were sometimes brought out and carried round the town.

Some old people about the country called themselves *minkwikizi*, 'believers,' in some of whom there seem to have lingered some faint glimmerings of such light as had been brought in the old times. At the funeral of a *munkwikizi* there were always some special ceremonies, marks of crosses on the shroud, sprinkling of water, &c., which only a *munkwikizi* could perform; they were, in fact, a caste of masters of ceremony at great funerals, and very little else.

The best case I have heard of was that of the old uncle of Nlemvo, the young man who has helped me in all my literary work. This old man had a small brass crucifix—his Christo—to which he prayed every day, asking a blessing on himself and people. Later on, when he was dying, too weak to raise himself, he had the crucifix stuck up on the wall beside his bed, where he could see it, and there he lay dying, sure in his heart that his Christo would take him safely to heaven. Later on, when we were holding our services at San Salvador, on two occasions after the sermon, have people, visitors to the town, risen to urge the people to listen to the teaching, and to receive it; for old relatives had told them long before of a Saviour who died for us, and now the same story was brought to them again by us. Once a man, and the other time a woman, gave this testimony.

A flat wooden cross, about 2 feet long, 4 inches broad, is the common fetish which confers skill in hunting. It is called *santu* (*santa cruz*, 'holy cross'), and whenever the possessor of a *santu* kills an animal its blood is daubed on the *santu*. It is said that a *santu* loses its power if the possessor is guilty of any immorality; in such case a fine has to be paid and a ceremony gone through before its power can be restored by a doctor of *santu*. This association of the necessity of a pure life with the effective possession of a cross,



CATHEDRAL RUINS, SAN SALVADOR

is an interesting relic of the old teaching. Old crucifixes are to be found among the insignia of some chiefs; and now and then a Portuguese missal.

This, then, is all that remains after four centuries of Romish mission work! How are we to account for such a failure? Let us hear what Catholic missionaries have to say.

The Abbé Proyart, who was on the coast in 1776, writing of this Congo work, says:—'The stay of the Portuguese must have altered in a great degree the innocence and simplicity of the manners of its inhabitants. All that can reasonably

be concluded from this decline of manners, which has followed the preaching of the Gospel in Congo and elsewhere is, that if it be worthy the zeal of a Christian prince to favour the propagation of the faith among infidel nations, it is also worthy of his prudence, and his duty not to destroy with one hand what he builds up with the other, by sending on the track of the missionaries a set of men who have nothing of the Christian but the name, which they dishonour, and whose worse than heathenish conduct makes the idolaters doubt whether the gods whom they worship be not preferable to that of the Christian religion.

‘Such is the might of the empire of grace, that it had never ceased to make some progress in Congo; and among all the licentiousness to which the Portuguese abandoned themselves, barbarians, who had become Christians, recalled them to a sense of their duty, and condemned their excesses by the practice of contrary virtues. But since the natives have driven out the Portuguese, and they no longer receive any but missionaries among them, the latter find it a much more easy task to persuade them to the practices of evangelical morality¹.’

Padre Barroso, a Portuguese priest of San Salvador from 1881 to 1887, now Bishop of Mozambique, writes in his paper read before the Lisbon Geographical Society, in March, 1889:—‘This *résumé* of missionary labours in Congo, and especially at San Salvador, labours sustained with heroic courage, shows us that these labours did not obtain a worthy recompense. Christianity did not penetrate deeply, it passed like heavy rains, which scarcely wet the first layer of earth, leaving the subsoil dry and sterile. It is hard to confess it, but it is true. The Christianity did not adapt itself to the native, and left scarcely any traditions of its passage among the populations of the Congo. Very varied causes brought about this disaster. I will just note the principal of these.

‘First, in rude states of society, as well as in those which are not so, the force of the strongest example has the greatest influence. The missionaries preached, without doubt, that men are brothers, who were all redeemed by the sacrifice of the

¹ Translated in *Pinkerton's Voyages*, vol. xvi. p. 563.

blood on Calvary; they treated tenderly and kindly those who were subject to them. This is shown even to-day by the fact that townships which belong to the missionaries, in which the blacks say, without any attempt at hiding it, that they were their slaves. This, too, when one remembers that the greatest offence possible to a Congo would be to call him a slave.

‘But, by the side of the missionary who conveyed the word of redemption to the helpless race, stood the slave-trader, who sundered the ties of son to father, and of mother to daughter; the depopulator of the district; the destroyer of all affection; the heartless man who gained handfuls of gold by selling him whom religion had declared to be his brother.

‘The Portuguese did not invent this system of enslaving, which was much earlier than their time; but whatever its origin, they carried it on as well as all other European nationalities, and perhaps in a milder manner than others. The law permitted this social evil, custom was not violated, and the trafficker in human flesh was regarded as a man as honourable as he who underwent fatigue and toil to gain his daily bread.

‘This had the worst possible influence on the civilization of the negro. He saw and compared, with his rude intelligence, the teaching and the works, which did not coincide. While the missionary administered to him the cleansing waters of holy baptism, and proclaimed the lofty dignity of a child of God by grace, and inheritor of the glory of heaven, another man of the same faith and the same baptism counted one “piece” (*peça*, piece, i. e. slave) more for his gang.

‘For numberless years the slave trade was pretty nearly the only trade which we had on the Congo; except a few mats coming from Makuta, and a little ivory, all the trade was supplied at the cost of the depopulation of the country.

‘The celebrated return made in 1548 in San Salvador, by the King of Congo, a document noteworthy in every way, which the worthy secretary of this Society (Geographical) drew from the dust of the archives, gives us most interesting information in reference to this trade. By it we know that

there were more than ten European exporters of "pieces"; that from the port of Pinda there sailed, annually, twelve to fifteen ships, each one of which took on board from 400 to 700 slaves, and that the merchants suffered great loss by those who died at the mouth of the Congo river. Then, too, the number of ships was insufficient to take all whom they wished to send away; this brought about quarrels between the people on the ships and the exporters, who wished to send off all they had.

' These things came to such a point, that now and then a Portuguese would note the imminent ruin of the country. These cries of reason and justice were stifled, however, and their echo died out, drowned by the unrestrained clamour of inhuman and selfish interests. These times, happily, are passed and gone, but the main results accruing from such deeds are adverse to the Christian civilization of Africa, and remain to-day, rendering it difficult.

' Whence comes this antipathy, this distrust, so notable in the bearing of the black toward the white man; this antipathy which we call race-hatred, and which to my mind is only the far-off echo of the cruelties and bad treatment of the European, enacted upon the race he was exploiting? The slave trade was without doubt one of the most potent influences which opposed itself to Christianity; but it was not the only one.

' The organization of the missions of those times leaves much to be desired, as indeed is the case to-day with all which have not an efficient staff. I refer to the lack of the



IMAGE FOUND IN RUINS
OF CATHEDRAL, SAN SAL-
VADOR

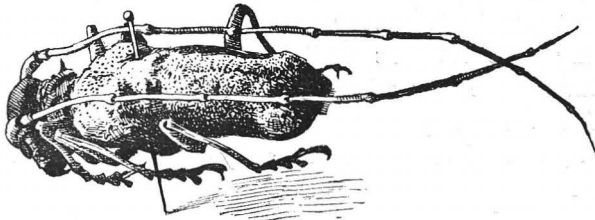
female element in the education of the native woman. However zealous the missionary may be for the education of the black woman, there can never result that which follows the scholastic sister.'

Bishop Barroso discusses further the need of native clergy, and the immense difficulties of the climate.

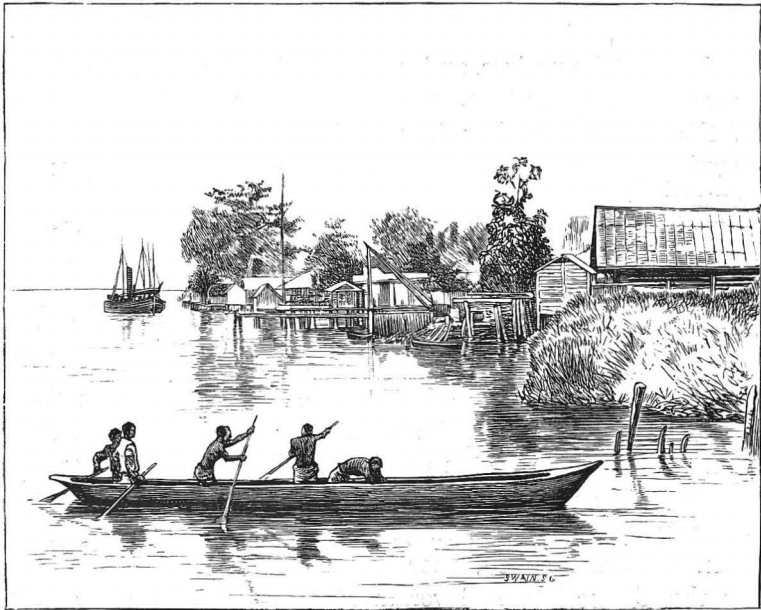
It is well to have this summing up from other pens than ours. No doubt the appalling behaviour of other white men militated against the work of the Catholic missionary; we cannot wonder that in such an atmosphere of unbridled licence and violence, the priests themselves became vitiated and immoral. They, too, had slaves, and made great revenues by the growth and production of indigo. There were doubtless good and earnest men among them, but the light that was in them was dimmed by false doctrine and superstition.

No proper efforts were made to instruct or elevate the people. That never has been the policy of Rome. Roman Catholicism did no more for Congo than it has done for Spain, Portugal, and Italy, which supplied the missionaries. Fine peoples; but Roman Catholicism has not uplifted them; it cannot, and will not. 'If the light that is in thee is darkness, how great is that darkness!'

There were no proper schools, no translations of the Scriptures, nothing that could give an element of permanence to their work, however devoted and earnest they may have been. We cannot wonder at it all, but only pity the poor Congos, to whom was presented this modicum of Gospel, exemplified by violence, cruelty, and vice.



A CONGO BEETLE



PONTA DE LENHA

CHAPTER II

THE OLD SLAVING DAYS: 1670-1877

‘He that stealeth a man, and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death.’—EXOD. xxi. 16 (R.V.).

FROM the end of Father Cavazzi’s account in 1670, until 1816, we have no definite information about the Congo region. The river and district generally was given up to the slave trade. Slaving had been practically the only trade from the beginning, as is clear from the statement of Padre Barroso, quoted in the preceding chapter. Eighty years from the discovery of the country, according to the return made by the King of Congo in 1548, about 7,000 slaves were being shipped annually from the Congo. The figures ran much higher than this later on, probably to 30,000 per annum, and so the country was being continually drained of its inhabitants. The white traders bought all the slaves who were brought

to them by the natives, and crowded with them all the ships that offered for freight. In spite of the fearful mortality of the sea passage, they drove a thriving trade, and the slave merchants amassed large fortunes well on into the present century.

The chief port on the Congo for the shipment of slaves was Ponta de Lenha. The last traces of the barracoons there have only recently disappeared; the rotting piles of the wharves were there long after the foundation of our mission.

Denmark was the first European state which prohibited the slave trade to its subjects; that was in 1792. In 1807 Great Britain enacted a like statute. Other nations followed suit. In 1815 only Spain and Portugal carried on the trade. In 1817 it was made piracy, and cruisers watched the coast; but cargoes still slipped away.

In 1898 some men, once slaves in Cuba, were engaged by the Congo State Government to carry out in the best way the cultivation and preparation of tobacco in the State plantations. On their arrival it was discovered that they were natives of the cataract region, near to my own home at Wathen. They had been smuggled away twenty-six years ago—that brings us down to 1871. Other Congo ex-slaves from Cuba have come back to their old country, and have been settled at San Salvador for the past twelve years.

No small district could furnish so large a supply of slaves: they came from far and near. In the preceding chapter the story is related of Portuguese traders in the neighbourhood of Stanley Pool in 1622. In 1880 the San Salvador people were afraid to go far from home; and when we inquired closely as to the reason, we learned that not only did they fear on account of the general insecurity of the country, but because slave-raiding had so often been perpetrated by the king's people, that if they travelled they feared retaliation.

They used to make up a party, and fall upon some small helpless village before daybreak. They would kill the first strong men who rushed out in defence, and when the rest were cowed, they would tie the people together and carry them off. Sometimes they would find the birds flown—the

village empty; then they would search the woods. They would burn Chili pepper to windward of a wood; in a few minutes the pungent aroma would be disseminated, and would cause all in the wood to cough violently, and to betray their hiding-places, so they were caught. Every trick and scheme that cunning wickedness could devise was made use of to swell the stream of slaves for the coast. People living near Stanley Pool have told us that they used to take their slaves for sale to the Lembelwa market, twenty-five miles north of San Salvador. Sadi-kia-mbanza, chief of Manzi, halfway between Vivi and Isangila, used to pay, in 1881, a yearly tax of five slaves to his superior chiefs at Nsanda, who in their turn paid a slave tribute to the chiefs of Boma. Charges were trumped up on all sides, so that fines of slaves could be imposed, and weak, impoverished families had to sell their junior members, when their slaves were exhausted. Whole clans would sometimes be enslaved on some small pretext. A man would gamble away all his slaves over a game of cards, and even become a slave himself through his inability to pay all that he staked.

In 1878 the Portuguese Government abolished the slave trade in all their possessions. It still goes on, however, but in a form modified, and so 'regular,' that no one can interfere. Plantations are worked entirely to-day under the *engagé* system. The slaves are brought from the interior, and sold to the planters, who register them as *engagés* for an interminable period of seven to ten years. Others, thus engaged, 'agree' to emigrate to the Portuguese colonies of San Thomé and Príncipe. They are shipped as 'colonials.' There are no *natives* on those islands, and in no other way can the plantations be carried on. So long as the system is in vogue no free labour can spring up, much as it is desired. The present state of things is most unsatisfactory; the so-called 'colonials' seldom live eight years: they die very soon. One hundred and fifty of them were put ashore at San Thomé from the steamer in which I went home for my first furlough in 1884.

When we reached the Congo in 1879 nearly all the labour



BOPOTO TYPES

of the trading factories was performed by slaves. At each place, however, there were three or four local natives provided by the chiefs, who received the monthly 'customs' (rent).

'Kru boys,' from the Kru coast about Liberia, were the labourers on the coast steamers and factories higher up the coast; so, to throw dust in the eyes of those who would make inquiries, the factory slaves about the Congo were called *Krumanos*. The average price of a *Krumano* was £5. He lived in a hut 9 ft. by 6 ft., and if he behaved well, his master provided him with a wife bought in the same way. He would in some places draw part of his rations in beans, rice, and 'stink-fish,' a fragrant dried fish from Mosamedes. The rest, or often all the rations, would be given in bottles of gin, with which he could buy food from the natives on the local market. I have often seen these factory slaves working in chains, four to six chained together by a ring on the neck. Sometimes there might be among the chain-gangs a rowdy slave or two in the chain for punishment; but, as a rule, they would be ordinary *Krumanos*, new or not trusted, kept in the chains to prevent their flight.

If a *Krumano*, or an entire chain-gang, ventured to escape, they could not, of course, travel very far without being seen by the natives of the district. If then the natives did not promptly seize, and bring in the runaways, the first trading party from the district resorting to the factory would be put into a chain, and set to work in the place of the fugitives. When the chiefs came down to inquire why their people were 'tied up,' the trader would tell his tale, and would ask the chiefs what they do when their slaves run away; do they not do the same? They could but assent to this, and acknowledge the 'justice' of the trader; for such was local law. They would promptly return the runaways, or, if they had really managed to get away, they would have to redeem their people with other slaves bought for the purpose. Such was the general custom approved by the traders and by the natives themselves; runaways were therefore brought in, and, of course, soundly beaten for the trouble which they had given. So the investment of £5 in a *Krumano* was a fairly safe one.

In one of the factories at Boma all the men slaves combined, and succeeded in running away from their hard master. They escaped by canoe, so no natives could be tied up. The trader was not without resource. He called up the wives of the Krumanos, and told them that, as they had allowed the men to escape without warning their master, they should do the men's work. So for years the work of that factory was done by women. Sunday was kept as a day of rest and discipline; any floggings incurred during the week were administered on Sunday morning before eleven o'clock. I remember one Sunday morning hearing the women of that factory yelling for two hours, as, one by one, they received the punishments allotted to them. They must all have been beaten that morning, one would think. There was nothing to do in the matter: no responsible government then; no gunboat of the nationality in question ever came to the river.

Another form of punishment much used in those days for mild offences was the *palmatorio*. A short piece of board is trimmed as a handle-piece a foot long, and at the end a circular broadening of the size of the palm of the hand. I have seen a cook, for something wrong in the cooking, ordered to administer to himself a hundred blows. The poor wretch had to stand in the yard, and, holding the *palmatorio* in one hand, strike his other hand with it, counting with a loud voice; if he did not strike hard enough, addition would be made to the number remaining. Such was slave-life and discipline. Terrible wickedness and frightful cruelties were perpetrated in those wild days.

Early in 1877 the factory of a Portuguese named Oliveira, near Kisanga, was burnt; whether by accident or purpose who can say? It was customary in such cases, where no satisfactory explanation could be found, to kill the slaves. The buildings were all of 'bamboo' (*raphia frond stems*), with palm-leaf mats for the roof. Such an establishment was quite at the mercy of the slaves, who could any day set it on fire in spite; hence the severity of the custom. Other white men hastened to the burnt factory. In spite of the torture of some of the slaves, nothing could be learned. They decided

on killing the slaves, who were secured until morning in a yard. They shot them, men, women, and children, until they were sick of it. Some forty remained. They were made fast to a long chain, put into a cutter belonging to the house, and sent to a John Scott, of Boma. He was a half-caste from St. Helena, and figured as an Englishman. He had traded long on the coast, and had made and lost several fortunes. When the cutter reached Boma, and Scott read the letter, he said, 'What have they sent the rascals to me for? I do



PAPYRUS SWAMP

not want them to burn my place down, or teach my people such ways.'

'What is to be done with them?'

'Throw them into the river as a warning to others.' So just below his pier the heavy chain was thrown overboard, and the poor wretches attached to it were drowned.

A day or two after a British gunboat came up the river as far as Boma, and of course the officers enjoyed the princely hospitality of Scott. On such occasions the ham was boiled

in champagne, and everything else in that style. After a day or so at Boma, the gunboat was starting back, and when the pinnace had conveyed the officers on board, the command was given to weigh anchor. The anchor fouled something. What? A chain. It was the chain with the forty corpses on it! It did not take Scott long to see what was the matter; still less to bolt off, and hide away in the jungle. A warrant was made out for his arrest, but he could not be found. A year passed by; the warrant lapsed. The naval officers had served their time on that malarial coast, and had gone away. There was another staff, who knew nothing of the crime, although Consul Hopkins had reported it. So it was all forgotten and dropped, and when the gunboats came up again, John Scott entertained as before. When we commenced our work, he showed us always the kindest hospitality. In 1880 he went to live in Spain, with Donna Isabella, his Spanish wife. Some of those Kisanga slaves managed to escape. One named Garcia afterwards became our cook at San Salvador, and another, Jimadika—who figured as his *slave*, forsooth—was a general labourer for us for years.

If the masters were sometimes cruel to the slaves, the slaves sometimes wreaked a terrible revenge on their masters. A little way up the coast a trader had maddened his slaves by his cruelty. A man knocked at the shutter of his window one night. He opened it, and immediately a hooked stick was slipped over his neck, and his head was held down to the window-sill, until it was battered to pieces. Some of the slaves concerned in that affair lived for a long while in the swamps behind Landana. The slaves were often very provoking, and brought punishment on their heads by their own wickedness and folly; no system, however draconic, will keep Africans from wrong-doing.

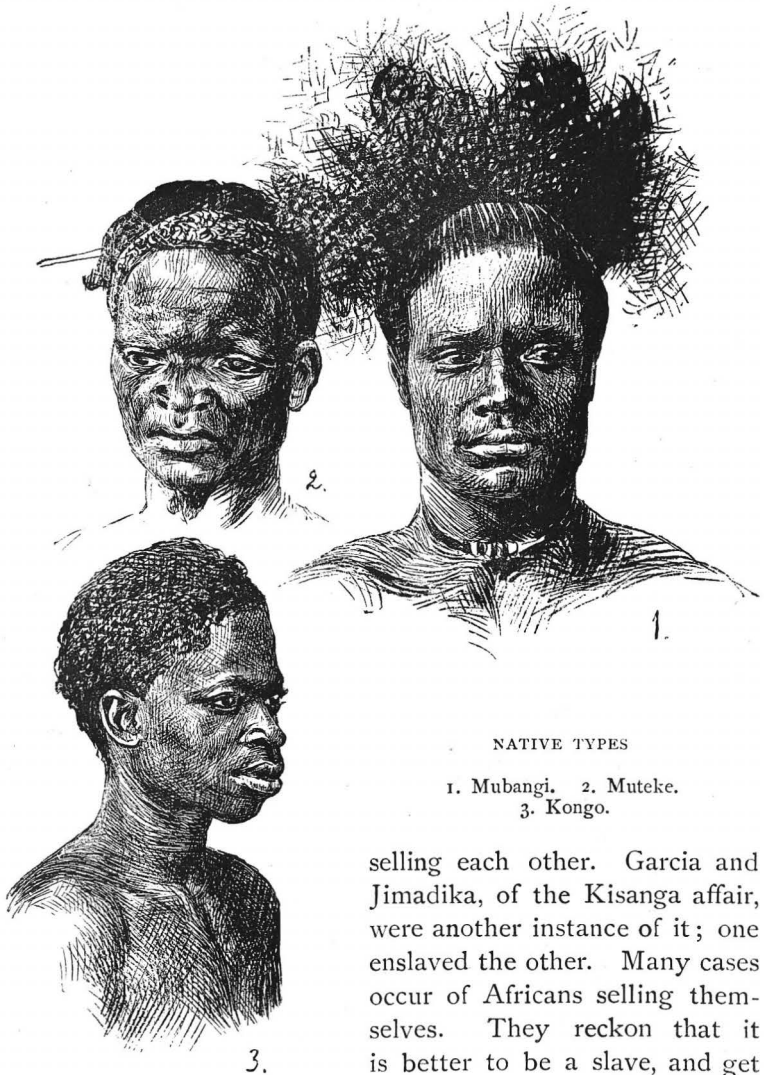
A trader, who was always very kind to us, was ill, and Thomas Comber and I went to see him. He was recovering from a bad fever, and was very weak. Comber advised him to have some good strong fowl soup. He complained that his cook was serving him shockingly. 'Look at the soup

which he made for me to-day, out of two fowls.' It smelt and tasted as if he had boiled the feathers instead of the fowls. Probably he had eaten the fowls himself; what the soup was made of, no one could tell; and that for a sick man whose life depended on it. There was no lack of fowls. The cook was called, and in our hearing ordered to make a good strong soup of two fowls for his master's evening meal. The soup that evening was as bad as that of the morning, and the trader, maddened by such treatment, took his rifle and fired twice through the thin wall of the kitchen; if the cook were hit or only frightened, he did not care. The trader told us himself next day what he had done.

Some time later we paid the same trader a passing visit. He asked us to go with him to his store. There he showed us a man chained to a post. He said, 'I bought that man last night, from this caravan which is here selling india-rubber. The foolish fellow is furious at his enslavement, and will not eat, he wants to kill himself; you know the native language, talk to him a bit, and urge him to accept his lot.' We of course declined to do anything of the kind, and protested against such an action on his part. He said that he did not like to do it, but his chief agent had lost some men, and wanting others to fill their place, he had ordered him to buy some. There was nothing for it but to obey, or receive his dismissal; so, as the man was offered by the head-man of the native traders, he had bought him.

Sometimes the slaves, or a portion of them, were set at liberty at the death of their master. I knew a case of the kind in which it happened. Three slaves were set free on the death of their master at Boma; they went to live eight miles up the river, on the south bank, at Kayi. They asked leave to live near the factory there, that they might trade for the white man. It was not long before two of them brought the third, and sold him as a slave; then, of the two that were left, one sold the other. I forget the end of the affair: I believe that at last the third man sold himself, but am not sure; it would not be at all extraordinary for him to do so.

Released or escaped slaves generally played this trick of



NATIVE TYPES

1. Mubangi. 2. Muteke.
3. Kongo.

selling each other. Garcia and Jimadika, of the Kisanga affair, were another instance of it; one enslaved the other. Many cases occur of Africans selling themselves. They reckon that it is better to be a slave, and get a sum of money down, and have

with it protection, support, and society, than live as a free man alone in the jungle.

So the wretched system acts and reacts, brutalizing both master and slave.

The repression of the slave trade by sea had been so vigorously carried out, and for so long a time, that, when we arrived, not many stories of those days remained current.

We have heard of a fit of zeal on the part of a Portuguese lieutenant, perhaps new to the coast, who came up the river in a pinnace to see that these old ways had been abandoned.

He arrived at one of the factories at Ponta de Lenha, which had been reduced to buying palm-kernels and 'bamboos' by the repression of the slave trade. He wished to satisfy himself that there was no collection of slaves on the premises, beyond the ordinary workmen of the place. He was assured there was nothing of the kind, but would see for himself. He looked over the factory, and found nothing.

'There is that store there: I have not seen into it.'

'Sec, by all means.'

The door was opened: he entered.

'What is in that part cut off from the rest?'

'Salt; but see for yourself, then after this we shall not be troubled again in this way.'

He went to look. The door closed with a clang. The lieutenant was a prisoner for a day or two. At length, one afternoon, faint with hunger he begged for release.

'Will you go away quietly if we let you out?'

'Yes.'

He was ready to promise anything. They put him into his pinnace without oars, rudder, or foot-boards, and pushed him out into the strong current, to drift down helplessly, and away out to sea in the night. So the old slaver paid off his grudge!

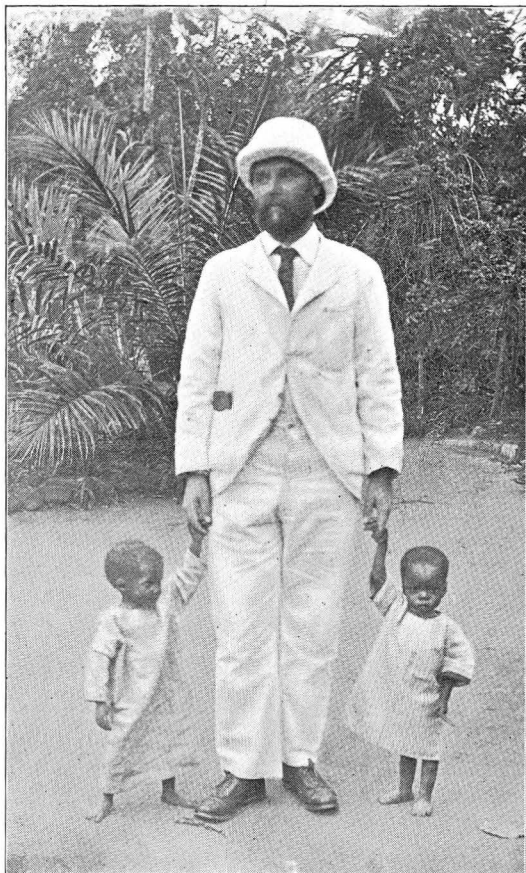
Late in the sixties several men-of-war lay at anchor in Banana Creek, at the mouth of the river. It was many a long day since a slaver had been caught, and the repressive cruising had little of interest in it. After a sultry morning, a small vessel was seen in the offing, a little before noon; the sea breeze had just sprung up, and life became a little more liveable. The white sail came in past Shark Point, and made

up along the south bank. She was seven miles away, so no one could make much out about her. Running before the stiffening breeze, she made about ten miles up the river; for had she ventured to sail across at the mouth, the strong current of the river, which knows no tidal check, would have borne her out to sea again. At the proper place she crossed, dropped clear of the surf on Bula-mbemba flats, slid into Banana Creek, dipped her flag to the men-of-war lying there, and let go her anchor a little astern of the largest of them.

What was she? Not one of the coasting schooners which pick up the produce collected at the small factories on the coast, to amass it at the chief dépôts. She was every inch a yacht; but who ever heard of a yacht on that part of the African coast? There was no port-master or collector of harbour dues; no one to ask questions; but the men-of-war were there to be on the look-out. The question, however, was soon solved. A boat was lowered, and three gentlemen were rowed to the English gunboat, to pay their respects to the captain. They explained that they were tired of the Mediterranean, and were now on a cruise round the world in their beautiful yacht, the *Wanderer*, and related their experiences so far. They were going round the Cape of Good Hope and intended to see the east coast; so to India, China, and the sweep of the two coasts of America. The other vessels were visited. In the cool of the afternoon the visits were returned, and the officers of the three gunboats met at the yacht. Champagne flowed, and the success of the voyage was toasted. The yachtsmen inquired what there was to see up river; they had heard of Ponta de Lenha, and thought that there was nothing worth seeing beyond. The run up so far would be interesting, just to see the Congo. So they chatted. She was a beautiful vessel, rich in paint and gilding, plush seats, and luxurious state-rooms; everything that heart could wish.

Next day, when the sea breeze blew again, a little before noon, the beautiful yacht weighed her anchor, and dipping an adieu to the naval friends, she ran up the thirty miles to Ponta de Lenha. That night there was little sleep on

board ; the plush fittings were torn out, and the vessel was crammed with slaves. By noon, she was back again off Banana Creek. Once more a dipping of flags, and she stood out to sea, as if intending to go to Loanda. Out of sight of



CONGO INFANTS

land she headed for New Orleans, but, finding that the look-out there was too sharp, she made for Cuba, and the slaves were sold there at a high price.

So was run the last cargo of slaves from the Congo; and for some time naval officers became cross and reserved, whenever the subject of the yacht *Wanderer* was broached.

Of expeditions into the interior in more modern days there is not much to tell. Lieutenant J. K. Tuckey was sent by the Admiralty to explore the Congo in February, 1816, with a botanist, zoologist, geologist, and a good equipment. They reached the river on July 6, and ascended it in their pinnace, which they left at Vivi (100 miles). There they obtained some carriers, with a great deal of trouble. By dint of good presents, and plenty of rum, they managed to get as far as Isangila (fifty miles further), with much difficulty and great loss of life. There they took a canoe, and paddled up river for a few miles above the Isangila Falls; then in crossing the river, or rounding some point, the canoe was upset, and many useful, necessary things were lost.

Utterly discouraged by the difficulties of road, natives, and river, and now by this loss, worn out with fatigue, poor Tuckey turned back at 150 miles from the coast. He struggled back to the pinnace, and so to his ship, and died in a day or two, as his scientific companions had done before him. But for the fact that they kept good careful journals, close up to date, which were published, and that their collections reached this country safely, Tuckey's expedition must be reckoned a terrible failure.

I once heard a native (in 1881) speak of that expedition. He said that his father had pointed out to him a tree at Yinga, which had been cut down by a white man with a cross-cut saw, 'quite flat on the top; not as when we cut down a tree.'

After Tuckey, a Dr. Bastian made his way from the coast to San Salvador in the fifties.

At the end of 1872 the Royal Geographical Society sent out two expeditions to find Livingstone, who had not been heard of since Stanley left him, early that year, at Unyanyembe. The expedition under Commander Cameron started from Zanzibar, and met the dead body of Living-

stone being conveyed to the coast by his faithful servants. Cameron continued his journey, and crossed the continent.

The other expedition, under Lieutenant Grandy, was the first to start, leaving Liverpool Nov. 30, 1872. He started inland from Ambriz, on March 12, 1873, intending to make his way eastwards until he found Livingstone. He was well received at San Salvador, and stayed there from May 15 to June 21. In three weeks, after much trouble, he reached Tungwa, sixty miles to the north. Returning thence to the lower river, he waited about there until April 11, 1874, when he heard of Livingstone's death, and returned home.



A CONGO AXE



THOMAS COMBER

CHAPTER III

THE INCEPTION OF THE MISSION: 1877-8

‘Expect great things from God.
Attempt great things for God.’—WILLIAM CAREY.

IN 1834 some of the slaves, liberated in Jamaica by the Act for the Abolition of Slavery in British possessions, turned their eyes to the land of their fathers, and longed to carry the Gospel to Africa. The attempt was made at Sierra Leone, but, without proper organization or training, the effort of these poor ex-slaves was fast becoming a failure.

In 1840 the Baptist Missionary Society took up the work, and commenced its first operations on the Spanish island of Fernando Po. In 1848 the Spaniards would no longer tolerate Protestant worship, and the mission folk had, all but one, to cross over to the mainland. In process of time the work, under Alfred Saker and J. J. Fuller, was flourishing at Victoria, Bimbia, and twenty-five miles up the Cameroons river, but nothing more was done inland.

George Grenfell joined the mission in 1874, to be followed, in 1876, by Thomas J. Comber. They entered energetically on their work, and sought to find their way into the interior; but the natives blocked their efforts, lest they should destroy their trade monopoly with the hinterland. Fifty miles was the limit of their explorations.

Whilst they were struggling with these difficulties in the Cameroons, there were new developments at home.

Mr. Robert Arthington, of Leeds, who had been greatly interested in missionary pioneering in Africa, wrote as follows

to the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society under date of May 14, 1877:

‘Dear Sirs and Brethren,

‘I trust the time has come when the Christian Church must put forth far greater efforts to preach the Gospel in all the world. “All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.”

‘These words of Jesus, in connexion with His command, to “go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,” are very encouraging. If each section of the Christian Church would do its part in the energy of true faith, we might make great advances in our day in extending the knowledge of saving truth throughout the world. There is a part of Africa, not too far I think from places where you have stations, on which I have long had my eye, with very strong desire that the blessing of the Gospel might be given to it. It is the country Congo, an old kingdom; once possessed, indeed is now, of a measure of civilization, and, to a limited extent, instructed in the externals of the Christian religion.

‘Within three hundred years it appears that Romish missions, in connexion with Portugal, gave the people of Congo some information of the Christian religion, so as to have left permanent traces existing there at the present day.

‘In Livingstone’s time (see p. 426 of the 1857 edition of his travels), the Prince of Congo was professedly a Christian; and report said that there were some churches there kept in partial repair, and that many of the inhabitants could read and write. There is not, however, much knowledge of the Christian religion in Congo. In the last lines of chapter xxi, Livingstone speaks either of Congo, or of Congo written Angola, as a “fine missionary field.” Commander Grandy, who was sent out under the Royal Geographical Society of England to explore the Congo River, in answer to a letter from me in a communication dated “131 Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill, W., December 22, 1874,” writes, “Only three or four of the inhabitants of Congo, the San Salvador of the Portuguese, can read and write. The king’s secretary, and two of his sons, I know, can speak and read Portuguese. The

inhabitants of Congo are partly Christianized, and follow the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church ; but the King of Congo, hearing that I held service on Sundays, attended twice, remained the whole time, and showed much attention. He afterwards told me he came from motives of curiosity the first time, as he had been told we knew nothing about religion ; but now that he saw us reading from books, and praying and singing, he was convinced ours was a good religion.

“At several of the native towns where we remained on Sundays, and service was read, the natives attended, squatting in a circle, and remaining always quiet and observant.

“The language of the Court of Congo is the original African, Mushicongo. There is also a secret language called Enkimba, employed by the chiefs. Portuguese is employed only in dealing with the factories on the river, and in correspondence with the Governor of Loanda, or the chiefs of Bembe, or Ambrize.

“The old king strongly expressed his hopes to me that some English (white men) would come to them.”

‘It is, therefore, a great satisfaction, and a high and sacred pleasure to me, to offer one thousand pounds if the Baptist Missionary Society will undertake at once to visit these benighted, interesting people with the blessed light of the Gospel, teach them to read and write, and give them in imperishable letters the words of eternal truth. By-and-by, possibly, we may be able to extend the mission eastwards on the Congo at a point above the rapids.

‘But, however that may be, I hope that soon we shall have a steamer on the Congo, if it should be found requisite, and carry the Gospel eastwards, and south, and north of the river, as the way may open as far as Nyangwe. The London Missionary Society takes twenty miles west of Lake Tanganyika.

‘Yours in the Lord,

‘ROBERT ARTHINGTON.’

Later on he writes :

‘It is to the King of Congo, and the existing communities of the ancient Christian Romish civilization now decayed, at

San Salvador, of the country called Congo, that I have so long and so strongly desired to send, in all its life-giving freshness, the Word of God, and to give them in their own tongue, *never to be forgotten*, the words of Jesus and His apostles.

‘Then, besides that, I want us to be on the Congo river by-and-by (when we get the intelligent interest and co-operation of the King of Congo) *above the rapids*, and sail the messengers of the everlasting Gospel on the mighty river up as far as to Nyangwe.

‘Does not God call us by His providential indications to attempt great things for His Christ and the Gospel?’

‘God is over all, and we may depend upon it He intends now to open out Africa to Christian evangelization. Think of the thousands of souls come across by Cameron, west of Tanganyika. Are these to live and die without the knowledge of the all-precious Gospel? Nay, hardly so. In my opinion it would be wise without delay to send a man, most prayerfully chosen, full of faith and love, who will determinately make his way to the King of Congo, and ask him if he would receive and encourage your Christian missionaries; and, at the same time, he should make all needful inquiries.

‘If you find the man, and inform me, I intend at once to send you fifty pounds to encourage you.’

Correspondence and inquiries ensued, and full consideration was given to the matter by the Committee.

At the end of July the Committee resolved to accept Mr. Arthington’s proposals, and to appeal for help towards the preliminary expense, and for suitable pioneers. Accordingly in August an appeal was written, which duly appeared in the *Missionary Herald* of September 1, 1877, concluding with the words:

‘In the confident assurance that both sufficient money and divinely-prepared men will be forthcoming, so that the preliminary expedition may be able to start early in 1878, the Committee make this appeal.

‘According to your faith, so be it unto you.’

Now comes a marvellous coincidence. No, not a coinci-

dence. Only another instance of God's way of working; the elaboration and the bringing together of all the parts of His great plans at the right time.

Everything was ready; the Society was prepared to undertake work in the Congo country, with the hope of following the then mysterious river whose course was utterly unknown.

On September 17, within three weeks from the publication of the September *Herald* declaring the readiness of the Society, the news reached this country that Mr. (now Sir) H. M. Stanley, who had disappeared the previous year at Lake Tanganika, had traced the Congo from Nyangwe to its mouth, and the mystery of its course was solved.

The new field which the Baptist Missionary Society had just undertaken to evangelize had immediately widened, and the possibilities had become magnified almost indefinitely.

Dr. Livingstone first saw the Congo at Nyangwe on March 1, 1871. He had long heard of it under the name of the Lualaba. He stayed at Nyangwe until July 20, when he started back to Ujiji, filled with horror at the murderous ways of the Arab slavers, and feeling that he could no longer associate himself in travel with such inhuman wretches. He reached Ujiji on October 23 in a destitute and depressed condition. Five days later Stanley arrived in quest of him, with stores and help. He talked with him of the great river from which he had just come, 250 miles beyond the shores of the lake, and Stanley wished that he could see it and trace its mysterious waters to the sea. He had, however, only been commissioned by Mr. Bennett, the owner of the *New York Herald*, to find Dr. Livingstone, alive or dead, and having found and relieved him, he had fulfilled his task, and must return. Livingstone accompanied him to Unyanyembe, but would go no further. He was so certain that the Lualaba was the Nile that, without descending it to trace its connexion, he determined that, before returning to Europe, he would visit its sources in Lake Bangweolo and the highlands of Katanga. Intent on this, he left Stanley, and struck away down by the east of Tanganika, but died in the Ilala country, to the south of Bangweolo on May 1, 1873. There

is no need to relate the story of the embalming of his body, or its transport to the coast by Susi and Chuma and five others. Livingstone's heart was buried where he died ; his body was worthily interred at Westminster Abbey on April 18, 1874. Among his pall-bearers was Henry M. Stanley.



SIR H. M. STANLEY

The greatest of modern explorers had passed away, but the work for which he lived and died was not to be neglected. Scarcely had the mortal remains been laid to rest when the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald* combined to offer

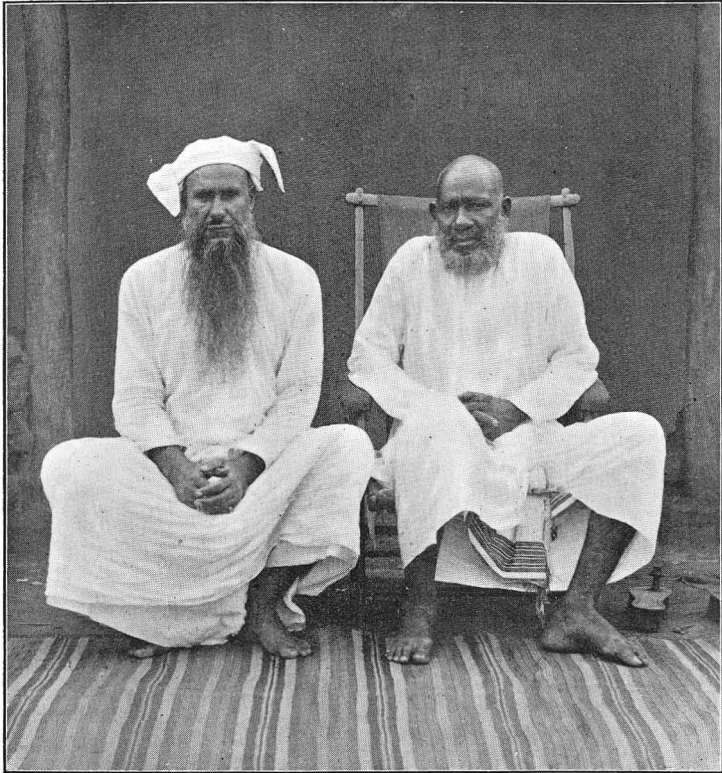
to Stanley the means to carry on Livingstone's work. He gladly accepted the commission.

Starting from Zanzibar on November 17, 1874, he struck first northwards to the great Victoria Nyanza Lake, which Speke had visited in 1861; this he circumnavigated, and passed on to the Lake Albert Edward. The report which he sent home of Mteza, King of Uganda, and of the populous country which he ruled, led to the establishment of the wonderful Uganda Mission of the Church Missionary Society of unparalleled history.

Journeying southwards, Stanley reached and circumnavigated Lake Tanganika in 1876. Having completed his study of that region, he struck westwards to Nyangwe on the Lualaba, through the dark forests of Ulega. Whither did that vast flood, 1,000 yards broad, wend its way? Was it the Nile, as Livingstone believed? It surely could not flow into the Niger! Might it not possibly prove to be the Congo, although its course was northward, instead of toward the west? He made up his mind to solve the mystery, *coûte que coûte*. A man of his energy and determination could do nothing else. He arranged with Tipu-tib, an enterprising Arab, to accompany him for sixty days' marches down the river for £1,000; then he persuaded his followers to go with him. Paddling canoes down the river to the sea would be far easier than the weary marches through the terrible Ulega forests, and the long journey from Tanganika to the sea. They met with two cataracts a little below Nyangwe, and then a long reach without any difficulty or obstacles for 200 miles. For sixty miles near the Equator, their course was frequently blocked by cataracts, of which some necessitated portage. At the last of these cataracts, now known as Stanley Falls, Tipu-tib and his men, who had escorted Stanley for 350 miles, were no longer needed, as the natives reported an open river, and no more obstacles.

Bidding adieu to his Arab escort, Stanley started with his 150 followers down stream. The river was now flowing due west, and there was little doubt but that it was the Congo. The natives were very hostile, attacking him fiercely, and

they were with difficulty beaten off. So Stanley ran the gauntlet of fierce cannibals, who chased him day by day with yells of *Nyama!* ('meat!'). Some in safe, comfortable circumstances at home have blamed him for his fighting, believing that he might have managed peaceably. Any one who knows



SEFU AND TIPU-TIB

the people can have but one opinion; being there, he had either to fight in self-defence, or walk quietly to their cooking-pots, and submit to dissection, and the processes of digestion. Terrible were the struggles in some places, especially at the mouth of the Aluhimi (Aruwimi), and among the fierce

Bangalas, who never allowed a stranger to pass them. As they went on, the great booming war-drums called to arms, and thundered warning to the towns below. Now and then he lighted upon peaceable folk, as at Bopoto, where we have now a mission station; glad indeed were they to find a safe place to rest and feed in that land of savagery. Then on again, hiding among the islands wherever possible, but ever and again exposed to further attacks from fierce, hungry cannibals, who needed a very sharp lesson before they would allow so much good meat to slip away from them. Happily, Stanley brought his people safely through, and opposite Bolobo, where also we have a mission station now, the fierce opposition ceased.

I have talked with the Bolobo people, that I might understand this fierceness, and the change about there.

‘Why did you want to fight the white man?’ I asked.

‘We heard that he was coming, and that the people everywhere above us had fought him; so we armed and went up river in sixty canoes. We hid under the headland some distance above our town, intending to surprise him as he rounded the point.’

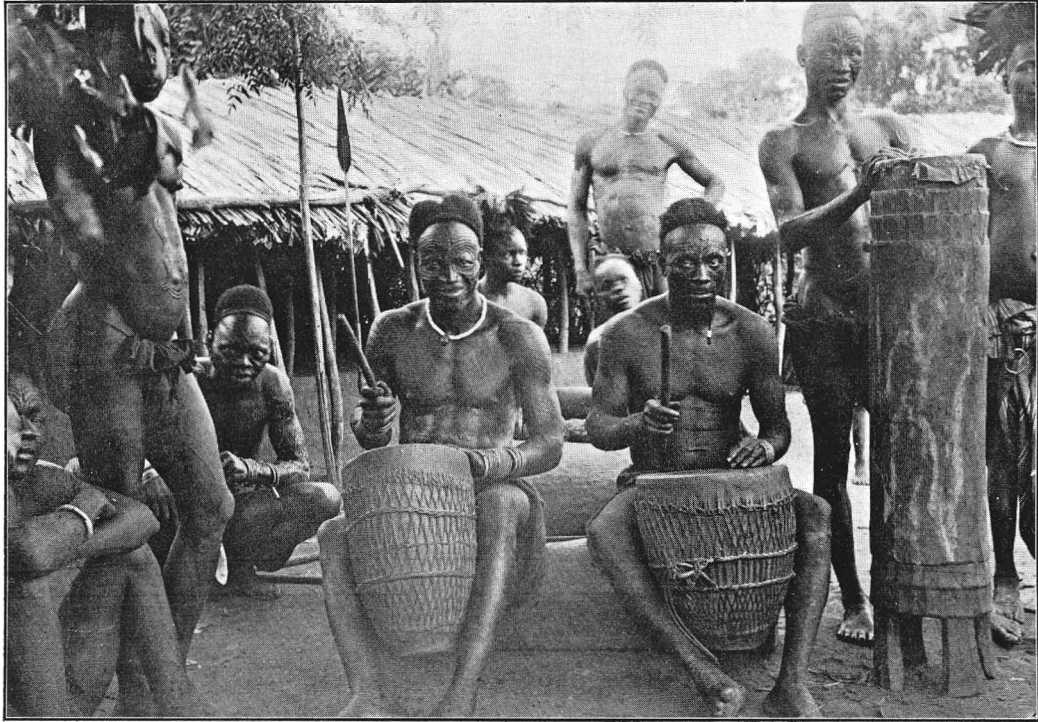
‘But why? What had he done, that you should want to fight him? You are not cannibals.’

‘Since every one else had fought him, if we had not done so too, we should have been the laughing-stock of the river. All the girls up and down river would sing in the dances—“Our braves went to fight the white man, but the Bolobo people hid in the grass like women.” We should be ashamed to travel or to trade, so of course we went.’

‘Well, and what happened?’

‘We waited some time. The river is wide, and we did not see anything of him. Presently we heard that the white man was on the other side of the river, and was buying food. He had beads, brass wire, and all sorts of fine things. We filled our canoes with cassava puddings, plantains, fowls, goats, &c., and paddled quickly over, so there was no fighting after all.’

This was the beginning of better days. Below Bolobo the



NATIVE MUSICIANS

river narrowed ; both banks could be seen, and, on each side, hills, which grew higher and higher as they descended the river, until they paddled for eighty miles in a gorge, with the hills towering 1,000 feet above them. Then they came to a broad, lake-like opening, with islands and sandbanks, and white shining cliffs, like Dover cliffs, on the north-east corner. This opening Stanley named after himself—Stanley Pool.

They had had a clear course of 1,060 miles without natural impediment, but now, at the lower end of Stanley Pool, they heard the thunder of the Ntamo Falls. A series of bad cataracts and wild water succeeded, often necessitating portage overland ; at other places the canoes, when empty, could be floated past. Daily progress was often very little, until on passing the Ntombo Falls, they came upon ninety miles of fairly passable water. They had little trouble with the natives in the cataract region, but food was very scarce ; there had been hardly any rain during the last rainy season, and a famine had resulted. On reaching the Isangila Falls, about 200 miles below Stanley Pool, Stanley learned that the river was no longer serviceable, and that six or eight days overland there were factories and white men, and not far beyond, the sea. Stanley and his followers left their canoes and the boat—the Lady Alice—at Isangila, and marched over the hills and rough quartz-strewn paths to Boma, which he reached on August 9, his hair blanched by the care and troubles of his terrible voyage. Thence he dispatched tidings to the enterprising newspapers which had commissioned him, and on September 17, 1877, the *Daily Telegraph* gave the news to the world. Meanwhile, Stanley, leaving Banana on August 12, took his faithful followers back by sea to Zanzibar, and thence returned to England to write his book, *Through the Dark Continent*.

Considering the immense difficulties which beset Stanley, the accuracy of his charts and information is very remarkable. The great river was traced, but still only a curved line could be marked across the western half of Central Africa. The character of the country and the people away from the river were necessarily still unknown. Enough, however, was known

to show that a vast field for missionary work lay open before us, and that by the Congo, beyond Stanley Pool, we had a grand waterway into the heart of savage Africa, a region that sadly needed the Gospel. To the evangelization of that region the Baptist Missionary Society stood pledged.

The energy displayed by Messrs. Grenfell and Comber at this very time in the exploration of the Cameroons district, marked them out as specially fitted for pioneering work in this new field; the Committee therefore invited them to undertake it. Grenfell and Comber received the letter on January 5, 1878, and at once accepted the new work. Comber wrote: 'So long as the earnest and long-cherished desire of my heart (to labour for Christ among the real heathen of the interior) can be carried out, I do not mind whether it be on the Congo or interior of Cameroons.' He was a little sorry for the people of Bakundu, a district inland from Cameroons, which he had visited, and upon which his thoughts and sympathies had of late been centred. 'But now I throw my whole heart and soul into the Congo Mission, and earnestly pray for health and strength of body to enable me to do the work there. I am not my own, nor am I out here for my own purposes and ends, and in all my movements, especially in such a deeply important one as I feel this to be, I look up to the gracious Master to fulfil His promise—"I will guide thee with Mine eye"—and to make all things work together for the everlasting good of souls, and His own eternal glory.'

A few days after, the s.s. *Elmina* arrived, bound for the Congo; she furnished an opportunity for Grenfell and Comber to run to the Congo to see how the land lay, pending the receipt of final instructions from the Committee. They had only a fortnight on the Congo, returning by the same steamer on her homeward voyage. They were very kindly received by Mr. de Bloeme, chief agent of the *Afrikaansche Handels-vennootschap*, which will be always referred to in this book as the Dutch Trading Company or House. They reached the Congo on January 23, and next day Mr. de Bloeme gave them a passage up river in the s.s. *Zaire*, belonging to his House. Spending the first night at the old slave port of

Ponta de Lenha, they reached Boma next day, and the following midday reached Musuku (Nsuku), about eighty-five miles from the mouth of the river. This was the furthest trading factory on the river; it belonged to John Scott, of Boma. Native traders from San Salvador frequently brought their produce to Musuku. Valuable information was obtained there by Grenfell and Comber, as to the possibility of carriers, native currency, best time for travel, &c.; and a letter, translated into Portuguese, was sent to the King of Congo, informing him of their intention to visit him shortly. Every assistance was promised by the agent at Musuku, and by his principal, John Scott. Having thus reconnoitred the land, they returned to the coast, and caught the *Elmina* on her return journey on February 5.

The actual mouth of the Congo is seven miles wide. On the north side the point is a long narrow spit of sand, two and a half miles long, upon which the port settlement of Banana is built, and behind it is a good anchorage for vessels drawing up to twenty feet of water. On the south side the surf beats incessantly on the low sandy beach of Shark Point, behind which is the port of San Antonio. On either side of the river are vast mangrove swamps, and labyrinths of creeks up which might be found towns of the piratical Solongo. These mangroves continue to the limit of brackish water, when they give place to general forest trees, wild date, oil, raphia, and fan palms, and grass.

On the long Banana sandspit were the establishments of the Dutch, French, Portuguese, and English Houses.

The Dutch Trading Company, which has already been referred to, was at this time by far the most powerful Company on this part of the coast, and on the river. It had then a capital of £200,000. Its chief office is in Rotterdam. The Crown Prince of Holland was one of its directors until he died. Its African head-quarters were at Banana, at the mouth of the river, where from fifty to sixty white agents were employed in the offices and stores, and on the wharves. The factories of the Company were dotted along the coast, north of the Congo, for 200 miles; while southwards, they stretched



J. WAIN-32

BANANA

over another 800 miles, as far as Mosamedes, employing another 150 agents. These factories were generally in charge of one or two Dutch agents, with a Portuguese clerk or two; there would be more at an important point, while at some places only one European would be in charge.

The houses of the employés at Banana were raised off the ground on low brick pillars, were roofed with felt, and built of wood; some of the lumber came from Europe or America, but a large part was sawn out by the native carpenters at Kabinda, many of whom would be found also at the factories as builders. Some of these Kabindas were very skilful men; some even combined, in their own towns, to build, on their own account, sailing vessels of from twenty to thirty tons, for sale to the traders—really very good craft. The huge storehouses at Banana were built of brick for the first two feet above ground, with good foundations, to prevent thieves from entering by digging under the walls; the rest would be of wood, and the roofs of felt. All these constructions were lime-washed, and gleamed dazzlingly white in the sun. Coconut palms and acacias, both red and white, imparted some green to the view, but no shade; for the acacia leaflets have a way of presenting their edges only to the strong sun, so that the only shade cast is from the wood of the branches. These acacia-trees seem to be at home on dry soils, and by thus turning the edges only of their leaflets to the sun, there is a minimum of evaporation of the water in the sap, a piece of economy in nature which is very interesting. There were storehouses for produce awaiting shipment, for cloth and barter, salt, spirit, guns, crockery, brass wire, hoop-iron, and all the articles of trade to be distributed over the 1,000 miles of coast; stores for tools and ironware, and provisions for the many factories; a large smithy and a yard for repair of boats and sailing vessels. Far along the beach, away from all buildings, and beyond the cemetery, were the powder magazines.

There is a great trade in palm oil, which is sent home in hogsheads about the size of those in which sugar is shipped. The casks, worth about twenty shillings each, were used over

and over again, being sent back for refilling. On account of their bulk they were 'knocked down,' and sent out in pieces; all the staves and wood of a cask (shooks) being made into a bundle. There was therefore a great place for the cooping of these casks. When filled with the oil they are whitewashed, and the least leakage is at once visible. There were kitchens, a great pigeon-house, fowl-houses, stables—for there were some donkeys and a couple of horses for exercise—and beyond all this the houses of the three hundred Krumanos, carpenters, and artisans in the employ of the House. There was every day a market on the wharf, and Solongo and Mayombe natives came to sell cassava, in the form of roots and puddings, potatoes, fish, and fowls, in exchange for gin, which was the sole currency of the place.

The drinking water for the white men was fetched in barrels from a spring five miles up the creek; for the rest, an iron sailing vessel went out every day up the river, at low tide, until she met with good fresh water, when a valve was opened, and she was allowed to fill as deeply as was safe; then the valve was closed, the vessel sailed back, and the crew spent the rest of their time pumping the contents into a tank. The white agents came out for seven years at a time, unless invalided home. They lived quiet, monotonous, regular lives, and many had been a long while on the coast. There were no white ladies at any of these factories.

A steamer from Rotterdam, the *Afrikaan*, belonging to the House, regularly supplied Banana, making the voyage out and home in a little under two months. Besides this, steamers from Hamburg delivered every month thousands of cases of a liquor *called* 'gin'; also vast numbers of demijohns (glass bottles of from one to three gallons) and casks of rum 'made in Germany.' Great quantities of low quality gunpowder, in barrels of from five to twenty pounds, were on demand. Sailing vessels would take out cargo to Brazil, and run across to the Congo in ballast, to pick up homeward freights of palm kernels, oil, ground-nuts, and skins. The House steamer was always well charged, and carried the ivory, rubber, and special produce.

The European barter stuff was distributed from Banana to all the factories up the river (there were then about ten, afterwards several more), and up and down the coast. A small steamer of about thirty tons, the *Zaire*, supplied the river, towing a galliot of about 150 tons; cutters and other small vessels conveyed the rest. Having supplied the factories with all the barter stuff needed, they returned to Banana with the produce which had been bought, there to await its shipment to Europe.

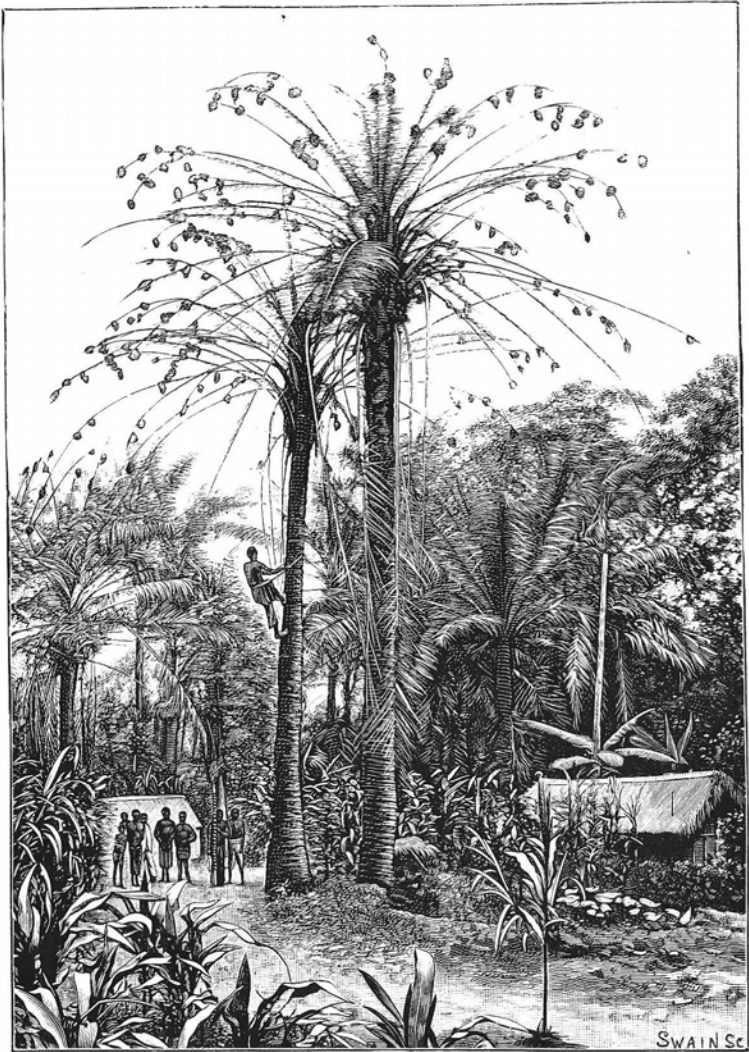
At that time, all the ivory was bought on the coast, none inland. The natives from the interior would engage the services of a middleman from one of the towns in the neighbourhood of the factory; he served as interpreter, and 'introduced the trade'; from thirty to fifty per cent. of the price paid was reserved for him by the traders as his commission. The ivory would be bought for so many 'guns'; each gun had with it so much of a coarse grey muslin-like cotton cloth, a piece of stripe or check, some salt, brass wire, hoop-iron, crockery, powder, spirit, and in some places a great brass pan, eighteen inches in diameter. All this would be one gun. Beside this, the carriers had to be 'dressed,' fed, and given rations of grog. Presents had to be given to the heads of the caravans; and for the common herd there was a scramble for knives, looking-glasses, bells, beads, &c. So that the final cost of a tusk was often a very complicated matter. In some places the payment would be in blue hexagonal pipe beads, a quarter of an inch in length and diameter, in bunches of 1000; these could then be exchanged for any barter desired, a system which made a double turnover. Palm oil, made from the oleaginous pulp outside the nuts of the oil palm (*Elais guineensis*), is brought to the factories in baskets lined with leaves. The oil is thrown into great iron cauldrons to be melted, the baskets affording the fuel. When melted the oil is drawn off from the sediment and rubbish which was mixed with it, and measured, and then the tickets for payment made out. India-rubber, palm kernels (from which 'cocoanut' oil is expressed), and ground-nuts (from which the 'best Lucca oil' is extracted), and

sesamum (another oil seed) are straightforward produce, requiring only to be measured and weighed. From the southern ports coffee came, and wax, and skins of cattle, antelopes, zebras, giraffes—anything which could be made into leather; from the Dondo river, bales of *Adansonia* (baobab) fibre for paper-making. From far Mosamedes came the 'stink fish,' large and small, in bundles; caught there in myriads along the shore, and dried in the sun. They are somewhat strong in odour, but not so bad as their name. This fish supplied the 'beef' of the factories. African mahogany and fancy woods, which now form so large a proportion of West African exports, were not shipped at all in those days, except occasionally some billets of ebony and camwood, the latter yielding a red dye.

As a caravan of natives neared a factory, a halt was made for the last stragglers to come up. The head-men put on their coats and hats, opened out their cheap, many-coloured sunshades, and with the sound of the singular double conical bells of the country in two tones, beaten by a stick, they filed in, in the most imposing style, with shouts and singing.

Beside the regular factories, there were many independent traders, chiefly Portuguese and half-castes, who, as in the case of John Scott, received their supplies from the Dutch House at fixed rates, and obtained, for all produce delivered to the steamers of the House, whatever might be the current market rate in Europe at the time. No profit was made by the Dutch House on the produce; indeed, the homeward freight and expenses were all a loss; the profit was made on the barter stuff supplied by the House, with which the produce had been bought. The Dutch House did a great deal of trade on this system. Over all the employés, and the affairs and transactions of the House, Mr. de Bloeme was supreme and absolute; subject only to the directors in Holland.

Our relations with the Dutch House have always been most friendly. The resources of the House were always available to us, and our business dealings were of mutual advantage.



CLIMBING A PALM TREE
(On the fronds are nests of the weaver-bird)

On March 29, 1878, the final instructions of the Committee and ample stores arrived; but it was not possible to go on by the same steamer which brought them. Taking the next vessel, Messrs. Grenfell and Comber returned to the Congo, arriving there on June 28. When they left the Cameroons, 400 miles north of the Equator, it was the hot season, and the rains were frequent; but when they reached the Congo, 400 miles to the south of the Equator, it was mid-winter, the weather was very cold (65° - 70° F.), and there was no rain—an excellent time for travelling.

The Dutch House and John Scott extended to them the same kind hospitality and help as before. Having brought a boat with them, they made their passage up river in her, for the Dutch steamer had gone up to Boma, and her next trip was uncertain. They had only a small party with them: four men from the Cameroons, two Kru boys, and two small boys for personal service, and a good donkey, Jack.

They were a little troubled to learn that, only a few days previously, a half-caste Portuguese priest named Lazaro had gone up to San Salvador *via* Noki. On his arrival at Noki he had sent to the King of Congo for fifty men to carry his loads and escort him. The Portuguese had been sending occasionally a priest in this way to christen and marry such natives as presented themselves.

On their arrival at Musuku, Grenfell and Comber waited for some time for carriers from San Salvador, who did not come; so thirty-five carriers from the neighbourhood of Musuku were engaged. They started from the factory on July 30, and some days after met fifty men whom the King of Congo had sent to fetch them. They were sent on to Musuku to fetch the rest of their stores. On August 8 they reached San Salvador, and were well received by the king, Dom Pedro V, *Ntotela, Ntinu Nekongo*.

The king spent most of his time sitting in the courtyard outside his house; there he gave audience to his people and strangers, who approached him with cringing respect. So they found him on the occasion of the first visit seated outside his house, his chair placed on an old piece of carpet.

Pedro Finga, the head-man of the caravan, introduced the missionaries to the king. Dropping on his knees three times in approaching him, the third time he put his hands together, touched the dust with the tips of the third finger of each hand, and made a little spot of dust therewith on each temple. This was done three times, the king accepting the homage by placing his hands together before him and slightly moving his fingers; then Finga clapped three times, and all present joined in clapping. The missionaries shook hands with the king, then sat on the chairs provided, and asked after his welfare. The king was glad to see them, and heartily welcomed them. The presence of the priest was disconcerting; it was to be feared that a Catholic mission would be established; but the king was so well disposed, and so pressed them to build at once, promising his best help, that they decided that San Salvador should be made the base of the work. After the first interview a royal salute was fired in their honour, and a large pig was sent as a present.

San Salvador being chosen as the base, there still remained the duty of ascertaining the possibilities of getting on towards Stanley Pool. They determined therefore to go as far as possible in that direction, and to visit Tungwa Makuta, which had been Lieut. Grandy's furthest point. When they told the king of their intention, and asked his help, he was much afraid that he would lose them, and urged them strongly to build at once. They explained, however, their purpose in travelling further, and so far assured him that he provided more than thirty carriers, and sent his nephew with them.

They started on August 28; on the third day they reached the town of Lembelwa, and soon found that they had walked into a cloth trap. The chief, Dom Affonso, was a brother, i.e. relative, of the king, and a man of importance. He made them stay in his town a day and a half, and a good present was necessary at departure; all was done in a friendly way, but they determined to keep out of the way of this 'big man' in the future. There was a little difficulty there with the carriers too; some of them wanted to return. Next day, at Mwala, the carriers all struck; they would go no further. They said that

the two or three sporting guns were not sufficient ; they further urged that the chief of Makuta did not want to be visited by white men, and would be likely to fire on them. The men were really afraid, and all efforts and arguments failed. There was nothing for it but to pay them off and let them go. The chief of Mwala was very friendly, and after a delay of two days supplied them with twenty-four carriers. The king's nephew and two others from San Salvador decided to continue with them, and two of them were sent to Makuta, to inform the chief of the intended visit. One of them, Matoko, had travelled with Grandy, and had a letter of recommendation from him. 'He was a fine, honest, simple-minded, but determined fellow,' writes Thomas Comber of him ; 'he was always faithful, and if the grace of God touches his heart he will, I think, make a useful and earnest Christian.' Later on, he was most kind and helpful to us, thoroughly good-hearted, with a minimum of selfishness. Matoko was as fine a character as we have ever known, as a heathen man. He was among the first of his town to accept the Gospel, and has proved, as Thomas Comber expected, 'a useful and earnest Christian.' Great is our indebtedness to him for his ever-ready helpfulness in the early days, often at great personal risk, for others hated him for it. He died not long ago.

Thomas Comber writes very graphically of his visit to Tungwa : 'From Mwala to Tungwa (the largest of the Makuta towns) is four days' march. At Mbanza Mputu, half-way, we met our ambassadors returning from Makuta. The present of cloth which they had taken for the chief had been stolen, or begged from them yard by yard, as they passed through the numerous towns ; but they brought back a favourable report from the chief. He was willing to see us, but curious to know what we really wanted. His words to our messengers were, "What do the white men want, every day, coming to my country? Let them come and see me." Now the only white men who had been near him were Grandy and Stanley, and of the latter he had only heard a report.

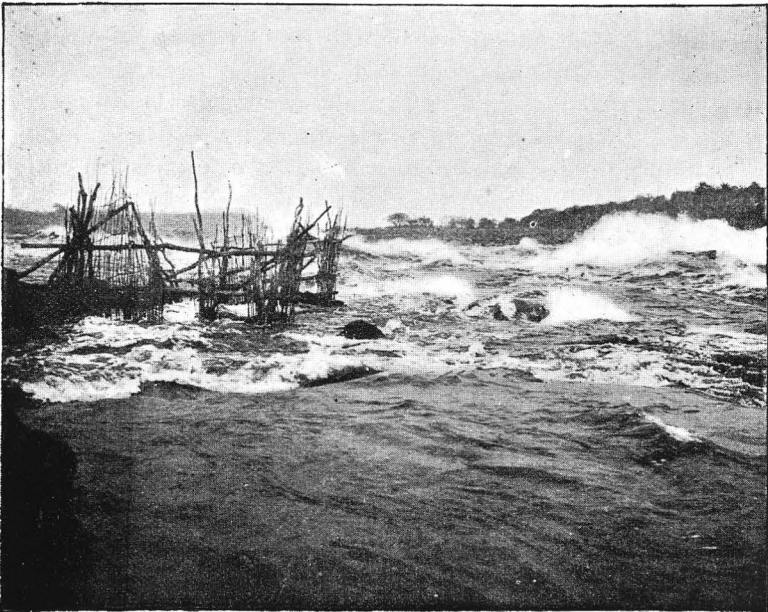
'In two days from Mputu, we arrived at Tungwa, and

it was with no ordinary feelings of gladness and thankfulness that we looked down from the brow of a hill into the largest and prettiest town we had yet seen in the district ; in fact, the neatest and prettiest town I had seen in Africa. An irregular cluster of some 200 houses, some of them but half-revealed amongst the beautiful foliage of some trimly-kept trees—planted by the natives themselves as ornaments to their town—lay in the valley at our feet. This was Tungwa. I had never before seen a designedly pretty town in Africa, and was scarcely prepared for so much real taste and neatness. The streets and squares were well kept, and are probably frequently swept. Regular avenues and fences of a tree bearing a pretty purple and white flower divided off the town, and the river Lulêwa winds round the east and south of the town. Now no European had before entered Tungwa. Grandy had stood upon this hill after travelling 300 miles from the coast. He had seen the pretty sight which we saw, but beyond the brow of the hill he was not permitted to go, and he had to return, the chief of Makuta not allowing him to enter any Makuta town. So it was with exultant feelings that, surrounded by 100 people who had come to meet us, listening to the drums in the town, our carriers and Cameroons people in their best, we strode down the hill, crossed the river, and followed Matoko into the centre of the town.

‘The people were in a great state of excited curiosity ; they were eagerly pressing one on the other, and gazing at us with that intense wondering gaze which I had before encountered at interior Cameroons. One fine old woman especially interested me, who took her pipe from her mouth, and looked at us long and silently with piercing eyes and half-opened mouth ; and this old woman was nearly always amongst the crowd, constantly sitting at a respectful distance from our tent during the four days of our stay at Tungwa. But most interesting were the children—some half-dozen boys, about eight to twelve years of age, with frank open faces, bright lustrous eyes, and well-formed heads. I became quite attached to them, and longed to have the task of teaching and training them into disciples of Christ. We

found these boys to be very quick and intelligent when we tried to teach them.'

About half an hour after their arrival in the town, Sengele, the chief, was ready to receive his missionary visitors. Nsusu-ampembe came to fetch them, and led them to the chief. He was seated in the courtyard of his compound, which was fenced off by tall poplar-like trees, regular and planted closely together. Behind him and on each side were



THE FIRST FALL BELOW STANLEY POOL

grouped about a score of musicians : some performed on large hemispherical drums ; six were provided with cornets and bugles, and seven blew ivory horns, made from very hollow tusks, from which softened sweet tones may be produced. As the missionaries approached, the music waxed louder, and the chief rose and greeted them. They tried to speak, but the noise of the music was deafening. The chief had a native 'bamboo' chair, and had arranged on the ground

some leopard skins for his visitors to sit upon. The noise, and the awkwardness of the seats on the ground, made it advisable to shorten the interview, and soon afterwards the chief paid a visit to the tent, where a quiet talk was more possible.

The people of Tungwa were great traders; it is said, indeed, that it was they who opened the roads, and started the trade in ivory between Stanley Pool and the coast. They had never seen any white men who were not traders, and concluded of course that Messrs. Grenfell and Comber were enterprising white traders, who had heard of their great rich chief, and had come to buy his ivory.

The chief was anxious to know why his visitors had come. Great was his surprise to learn that they had not come to trade, and that they never bought ivory. It was almost too much to believe that there could be white men who were not anxious to buy ivory. What had they come for, then? They explained that they had come to teach them about God, and how He wished them to leave their evil ways and bad customs, that they might go to live with Him in heaven when they died. They listened with bewilderment, and when the visit was over they retired in much confusion of mind. This was soon shared by the principal men of the town, who came to the chief to learn the white men's errand.

One can well understand the impression created in the mind of Bwaka-matu, the suspicious, superstitious chief of the district at Makuta, two hours to the north-east. The report soon reached him, and he turned it over in his mind. 'Oh, they don't buy ivory! What do they want, then? Teach us about God! Something about dying, indeed! There is far too much of that now; people are always dying in my town. They are not coming here. If we let white men into the country, they will soon make an end of us. It is bad enough to have them on the coast. The ivory traders take down too many spirits in the tusks, and sell them; we had better stop the trade in ivory altogether; we are dying too fast. The white men had better not come here to bewitch me. Why do not the Tungwa people send them away?'

The people were alarmed when they learned that the white men would like to come and live among them. They were sure that if they came, every evil under the sun would come with them—drought, famine, pestilence, and death. Many believed that if the mysterious strangers settled there, the local witches would have every facility, and would be able to sell everybody to the white men—not as slaves, but that they would sell their spirits to the white men, and those who were thus sold would soon die. These native ideas must be noted later, and explained; it will suffice here to show how superstitious fears tended to frustrate our work.

Grenfell and Comber were hoping to make Tungwa the base of the mission, and to be able from there to reach Stanley Pool, following the route of the ivory traders. Accordingly, on their arrival at Tungwa, they sent back the carriers who had brought them. In further talk with the chief and people, it was found that as far as they were concerned, they were quite willing that they should pass through their country on their way to the upper river, if they had their own carriers; but they did not want white men to build in their town, or to stay long with them. Bwaka-matu began to complain that the Tungwa people had brought the white men into the country, and it was evident that trouble was brewing. The Tungwa folk began to wish that they had not been honoured with such a visit, and although their behaviour was kindly throughout, they wished that their visitors would go away. There were many talks with the chief, but he would not hear of their remaining, neither would he furnish carriers to take them to the river, which was said to be only two days distant. They must return as they had come, and as the carriers who brought them had gone back, the chief of Tungwa on the fourth day supplied them with carriers for three days to Mwala. It was a disappointment, but it had to be borne. Very valuable information, however, had been gained. The lay of the land was known, and the kind of barter stuff which was necessary for those who wished to live and travel in the country. Comber writes: 'Food at Tungwa was plentiful and cheap; yams, cabbages, onions, and plantains

being easily bought. Knives were much sought after in exchange for fowls, and for a knife costing sixpence (all expenses paid) we could always buy a good fowl. The people have some large but lean sheep, goats, and pigs, but no oxen.

‘I am very hopeful that after, say, three visits, we shall be allowed to have a station in this interesting place. The distance from San Salvador we reckoned at between seventy and eighty miles, making seven or eight days’ journey; and quite far enough away to make a second station desirable, supposing San Salvador was our base. The population of the whole district of Makuta we cannot tell, but that of the one town (Tungwa) we judged to be about 2,000—greater than that of San Salvador. The people speak the same language as at San Salvador.’ He was much impressed by Nsusu-ampembe. He seemed to be a straightforward businesslike man, in the prime of life, possessing much influence over the people of Tungwa; indeed, he was practically the chief, Sengele being old. Nsusu-ampembe said that if they settled at San Salvador, he would go and see them there, and added that they might visit his town again, if they only stayed one night.



GEORGE GRENFELL

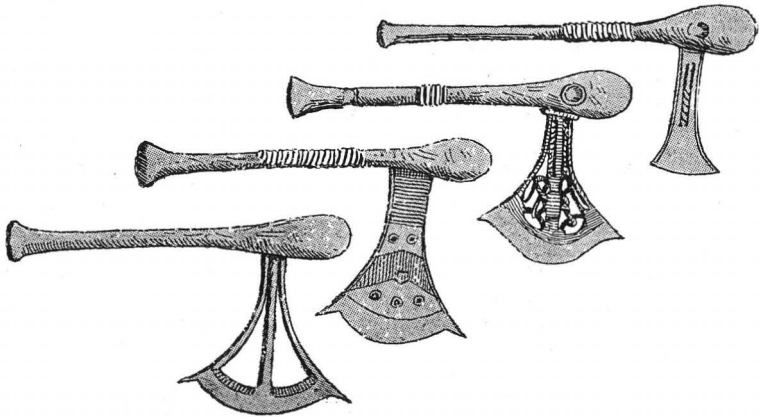
Disappointed that they had not been able to reach the upper river, and yet encouraged by the friendliness of the Tungwa people, Grenfell and Comber returned with the Tungwa carriers as far as Mwala. There they had to pay them off, and re-engage others for the thirty miles on to San Salvador.

The king and people of San Salvador were glad indeed to see them. They were afraid that the missionaries would build at Tungwa, instead of the capital; and believing that Padre Lazaro's presence had a great deal to do with it, they had been very cold to him, and were glad when he left. Ntotela (the king) urged them strongly to build. Their

resolution to make that the base of the mission was now confirmed. The population was small from a European standpoint, but it was large for that part of Africa, and there were many villages round.

Comber wrote at the time: 'But it is not for its own sake so much that we wish to commence work at San Salvador (although we trust that the Lord has a people there, and that it shall be said of many, "This man was born there"); it is chiefly as a base for inland operations, and we are most decidedly of opinion that it is the most suitable spot that could be found.'

Having thus prospected, and decided on the base and lines of the new mission, they made their way to the coast. Grenfell returned to Victoria, Cameroons, and Thomas Comber came to England, to report to the Committee, and seek for colleagues to help in establishing the mission. He reached home in December, 1878.



CONGO BATTLE-AXES

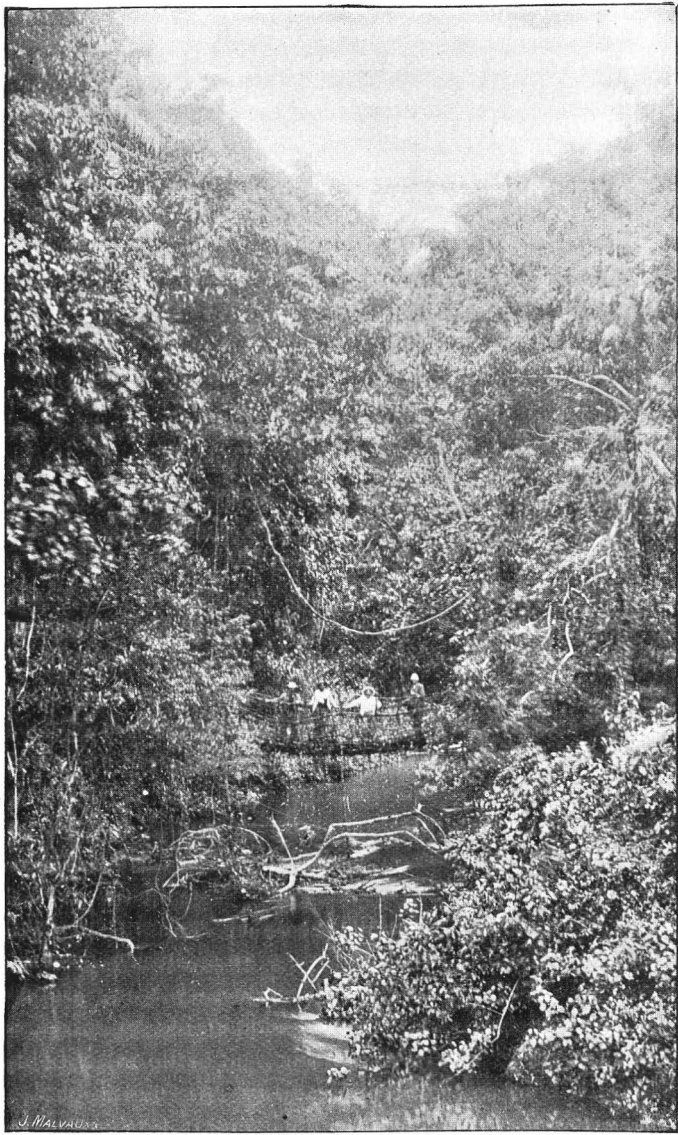
CHAPTER IV

CONGO-WARDS: 1879

‘Be strong and of good courage, and do it: fear not, nor be dismayed: for the Lord God . . . is with thee; He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee, until all the work . . . be finished.’—1 CHRON. xxviii. 20 (R.V.).

THOMAS COMBER reached England in December; the January *Herald* contained his report, and no time was lost in seeking for colleagues to assist him in founding the mission. Three were needed at once, so that out of the party of four, two might remain at the base, and two work forward. This was the minimum. At the next meeting of the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, after most prayerful and thoughtful consideration, it was resolved, ‘That after a most careful review of all the circumstances of the Congo Mission enterprise, it appears to the Committee to be the clear duty of the Baptist Missionary Society to actively prosecute this most interesting and promising undertaking, and to forthwith permanently establish this new mission, having always in view the reaching of the interior of the vast continent of Africa by the waterway of the mighty Congo river.

‘That with this object in view, arrangements be made for the departure for Africa of Mr. Comber with at least two or three suitable colleagues, early in April next, with instructions to make San Salvador the base of operations; and to occupy Makuta, if possible, by a native evangelist from the Cameroons Mission, leaving no effort untried to reach, as speedily as possible, the Upper Congo river, near Stanley Pool, where, clear from all falls, cataracts, and rapids, the river is uninterruptedly navigable as far almost as Nyangwe, a distance of more than 1,200 miles.’



A BRIDGE ON THE CARAVAN ROUTE TO STANLEY POOL

At the same meeting the Committee were able to accept, as one of the colleagues for Mr. Comber, Mr. H. E. Crudgington, of Rawdon College, who had also studied medicine at the Leeds Infirmary. Mr. Crudgington came with high recommendations from his tutors, Mr. Arthington, and others. On February 20, the Committee accepted Mr. John S. Hartland and myself to complete the pioneer party.

Mr. Baynes had just become General Secretary of the Society, in the place of the late Rev. Clement Baillache. He threw his whole soul into the Congo enterprise, and sought by word and pen to stir up the Churches to an appreciation of their opportunity. The response was most hearty throughout the country. From all sides came warm encouragement, and promises of help. Money for outfits and passages was at once provided; tents, and donkeys, and other things needed were supplied, and the friends of the Society pledged themselves to the work. The enthusiasm reached its climax at the great valedictory meeting at Cannon Street Hotel, on April 23. All tickets for admission were speedily sold, and hundreds were refused. In spite of notices in the newspapers that it would be impossible to admit further to the meeting, such crowds presented themselves, that an overflow meeting in another hall in the hotel had to be held. The first meeting was under the presidency of Mr. Joseph Tritton, the second under that of Dr. Underhill; both meetings were densely packed. After addresses from the chairman and general secretary, each of the missionaries was introduced by his pastor, and followed him with a short address.

Next day the party went to Liverpool, and in the evening there was another farewell meeting at Myrtle Street Chapel.

There was yet another addition to our party; on April 4 Dr. Clifford united Thomas Comber in marriage with Miss Minnie Rickards. She bravely dared to share with her husband the possibilities of hardship and difficulty on the Congo, and went out with us, full of the hope of being able to work among the women and girls, and to lead many of them to the Saviour. Her very presence would disarm their fears. In Africa, when there is war, violence, or mischief

meditated, no women are to be seen; they are well out of the way; indeed, you may always feel safe if there are plenty of women about. If these disappear—look out! The natives would have no fear if a white lady was with us; the very fact of her presence would be to them more than all our explanations and assurances.

Mr. Comber had been made a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and on February 10 he read before that Society a very interesting paper on his journeys in the interior of Cameroons, and in Congo. Lord Dufferin was in the chair, and after the paper was read, the president well remarked that 'it seemed clear that the Christian missionary could find an entrance into parts where the ordinary explorer failed, and that positive conclusions must not therefore be drawn from one set of travellers only.' Mr. Comber had studied nautical astronomy, and on our departure the Geographical Society lent him a chronometer, and the instruments necessary to the determination of the exact position of the principal points of interest in the unknown land which he was going to explore and open to the Gospel. The sextant was the one carried by Cameron, when he crossed Africa.

On Friday, April 25, 1879, a crowd of friends gathered on the landing-stage in Liverpool to bid us God-speed; and so we started.

The first piece of our voyage was made in the s.s. *Volta* as far as Santa Cruz, Teneriffe. The Bay of Biscay was as smooth as a lake. We touched at Madeira, and made an excursion on shore. There we heard Portuguese spoken, the language which we had now to acquire. Comber had found that Portuguese was the trade language on the Congo. Native interpreters or brokers, speaking Portuguese, came between the natives and the white trader. Some of the sons and nephews of the King of Congo could speak Portuguese very well. We therefore had to study Portuguese on the way out, to be ready to use it as our first means of communication with the natives. Day by day on the voyage we studied our Portuguese grammars and conversation books, and read



NATIVE HOUSE IN BUILDING, UPPER RIVER

in the Portuguese New Testament. At Madeira we were glad to air a few phrases, to drive away the persistent beggars who worried us.

Among the passengers were Messrs. Richards and Vickers, two other missionaries bound for the Congo, for the Livingstone Inland Mission. This mission was established in connexion with Dr. Guinness' Training Institute at Bow. Their first missionaries, Messrs. Strom and Craven, arrived out on the Congo in the end of February, 1878, after the first visit of Grenfell and Comber. They had established themselves at Palabala (Mpalavala), three hours inland from Matadi, which is now the base of the Congo Railway. Matadi then was a wilderness of rocks, the Matadi-ma-nkandi, 'the Coney Rocks,' as they were called. In one of the little bays there Kanga-mpaka, the chief of Palabala, kept his canoes in which he conveyed any 'trade' (produce) which he could collect, for sale to the white traders. Mr. Richards is still at Manteke, and doing a great work there. The other missionary did not long remain out. The Livingstone Mission was so styled, because an attempt was made to call the Congo the Livingstone river, but the name never 'took.'

On Sunday morning, May 4, we anchored in the harbour of Santa Cruz, Teneriffe. Here we were to tranship. It had been so arranged, in order that we might buy some donkeys; and we were to be picked up a day or two later by the Congo, another steamer belonging to the same company, which started from Hamburg, bringing the 'Hamburg cargo' for the African coast. The Congo was to overtake our first steamer, the Volta, in Bonny river, one of the mouths of the Niger, where we should once more tranship into the Volta, and so on to our destination. The English hotel at Santa Cruz was full, so we went to a Spanish *fonda*, where nothing but Spanish was spoken. During the next two days we were able to buy six donkeys and a foal at from 23 to 32 dollars each. We could have bought camels for 20 dollars, but did not care to do so. There were some fine animals to be had.

By dawn on May 7 our steamer had arrived. There was no time to be lost, for the Congo had put in specially for us.

The 'Hamburg cargo' was nearly all spirit and gunpowder. Of the former 1,100 tons, of the latter 200-300 tons, all 'made in Germany.' Eleven hundred tons of vile trade spirit, as the month's supply for the trading houses of the coast, by this line of steamers, beside that brought by other steamers, specially chartered by the larger trading companies! Surely it is time that this cursed traffic should be declared illicit!

A great deal of this liquor is packed in demijohns, large glass bottles covered with wicker-work, containing from one to three gallons; some in casks in a highly concentrated form, to be 'washed'—mixed with water—before distribution; some is made up as 'gin,' in the usual square bottles, packed in dozens, in small green wooden boxes.

Living, as we have done, far inland, where the difficulties of transport have prevented the ingress of very great quantities of the spirit, we cannot speak so strongly from personal experience of the baneful influence of this terrible traffic, as many do who live where it is rife; but even we have seen much of its evil influences. It is not, however, necessary to live there to know what a curse it is, and the bare figures are sufficiently eloquent of themselves; 1,100 tons of the vilest spirit a month's supply! And that not all that could arrive in the month, perhaps not more than half. That was how we found it twenty years ago. Now that the African coast has been divided up among the Powers, and trading posts have been so multiplied, the trade has grown proportionately.

The Congo natives say that when the slave trade was stopped, the ivory trade commenced, and oil nuts and other produce were taken to the coast, with the result that a great deal of spirit was brought up country. At that time there were many old people living; but the advent of the spirit killed them off so fast, and did such general mischief, that for a long while the natives were afraid to take it. They recognize and acknowledge that it is bad stuff, although they like to get it. They say that a man drunk with palm wine or native beer is more stupid, and prone to sleep; while he who is intoxicated with trade spirit is furious, and would kill

his own mother, or do any mad thing. Wicked things are done unquestionably under the influence of native intoxicants, but far worse, and more frequently, under trade spirit. A population saturated with spirit dies out. An instance may be quoted of Bimbia, at the mouth of the Cameroons river. In the early days of our Cameroons Mission it had a population of 10,000; it dwindled later on to 200.

The people of Loango (120 miles north of the mouth of the Congo) became rich with their slave trade, and bought many slaves from the interior: now the old families have died out, and the slaves have taken their place.

In 1882 I had to go to Loango, to engage workmen for our mission. I happened to reach there a few days after the wreck of a steamer, the *Ethiopia*, on the rocks just off Loango. She had been abandoned as a total wreck, and the natives and any one might help themselves to her cargo. The trader who gave me hospitality used to go out in his boat, and pick up the puncheons of rum which floated up out of the hold, and drifted out to sea. As for the ship, the natives had possession of her. There was almost unlimited spirit at their disposal; many drank their fill, and as they lay about in the vessel or on the beach in their drunken sleep, the tide rose and covered them, and so great numbers died. Others quarrelled and fought with their knives, and killed each other. It was reckoned that the spirit on the wreck, as she lay breaking up, caused the death of 200 natives. The liquor traffic is directly opposed to the best interest of the traders. People who are constantly drunk have not the energy to go on long trading expeditions, or do anything to develop the country. After all the years that there have been factories at Boma (perhaps hundreds of years), one of the chief traders told me, some time ago, that no produce came to the place from a distance of more than five days. All the wide interior was untouched. He also told me that his company alone disposed at Boma of 60,000 cases of 'gin' per annum (720,000 bottles), and all this beside 'rum' in demijohns, &c. The natives of a district, when they had finished their spirit, would hunt the midden-

heaps of the town for palm nuts, and extract the kernels to sell for more spirit, or perhaps they would make a little palm oil with the same purpose. Only people like the Congos or Zombos, strong folk in the interior, and for that reason little influenced by the drink, would travel far, and do much in the way of trade. It is a question which can only be solved by legislation; for if one trading house were to refuse to have anything to do with the liquor traffic, and endeavour to do their trade with cloth, salt, and legitimate barter stuff, the natives would not trade with them, because they would not supply the spirit. Our late commission agent, who bought all the stores for our mission, was once a trader in the Cameroons. He was a Christian man, and would not sell liquor. He managed to hold his own for some time by having a constant change of bright cloths and just such things that the natives liked. But that was not for long. He was not able to compete with the drink-sellers, so he gave the trade up, and went into business in England. His knowledge of African ways and tastes, and the home markets, made him afterwards very useful to us.

Our first sight of the African coast was in the neighbourhood of Cape Blanco, low cliffs, and beyond, a waste of sand. As the night came on the lightning was almost incessant, playing landwards, now in this cloud, now in that, lighting up glories of cloud-scapes in endless variety, which one might watch for hours. This we could generally see in the evenings, as we slowly progressed towards our new home. We touched at the island of Goree, under Cape Verde, then the port for Senegal. It is now wellnigh abandoned in favour of Dakar, on the mainland close by, whence starts the St. Louis Railway. There was little to be seen there.

On May 13 we reached Sierra Leone. A dense black cloud had been gathering over the land, and just as we anchored the storm broke. First a wild rush of wind, and then a deluge of rain, with lightning and thunder almost incessant. For a while the elements seemed to be in confusion, but after about an hour the wind and the rain ceased,

the clouds were gone, and the bright sun lit up an exquisite picture. Sierra Leone is a beautiful place from the ship, the most beautiful on the coast. The lofty mountain towers up behind, Freetown at its foot, the military barracks and residences perched high up on the eastern shoulder, and a dense vegetation everywhere. This in the clear brightness after the storm was indeed very beautiful, and several old voyagers on board said they had never seen it look so well.

At Sierra Leone the ship engaged a number of Kru boys to work the cargo. Her white crew were only those necessary for the navigation of the ship. Kru boys proper come from the Kru coast, east of Liberia. Kru is said to be the native word for 'man' in that district. There are a number of Kru people living at Sierra Leone, in a section of their own. Kru boys come off in numbers to be hired by the steamers, and to remain with them until they pass homewards, when they are paid off, the ships being again worked by their white crews only. Beside these Kru boys are many Sierra Leone people, black clerks, carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, bricklayers, and general labourers who come seeking employment. We wanted some Kru boys, but Comber preferred to take those from the Kru country, for the Sierra Leone people are very independent, and hard to manage. Indeed, at that time, no good men from there would go so far afield for employment.

We went ashore and looked into the Cathedral Church. There was a little group at the Communion table; a black clergyman was uniting in holy matrimony two happy 'niggers.' But we must call them negroes, for 'nigger' is a most offensive word to an African; *niger* he certainly is, but you must not double the *g*. If any one calls a black man a nigger in Sierra Leone, he is liable at once to prosecution and a fine. Negro is an equally offensive word in Portuguese districts; negro there is equivalent to slave, so *preto*, black, is the polite expression. It is necessary therefore to be careful to be correct in one's vocabulary, and to remember in which district you happen to be; indeed, to talk to these coast people a new vocabulary is necessary. Nigger-English is

a very strange idiom, and requires some practice. When the Kru boys first came on board at Sierra Leone, we were much interested in listening to their chatter; but it was some time before we found out that we were listening to our mother tongue. *To live* serves for the verb *to be*; thus, 'He is going' = 'He live for go.' 'It is dying' = 'He live for die.' *To feel* becomes *to see*. 'Where is the pain?' = 'What side you see pain?' 'I am very cold' = 'I see too much cold.' *No* serves for *not*. 'Did you see him? No!' = 'You look him? No, I no look him.' 'I do not want to go' = 'I no want for go.' *To be able* is rendered by *to fit*; *to eat* by *to chop*. 'I cannot eat rice' = 'I no fit chop rice.' *To know* is *to sab*. 'I do not understand his language' = 'I no sab him mouf' (mouth), &c., &c.

A visit to the market was very interesting; fruit was there in abundance and variety. Bananas, pineapples, oranges, limes, custard apples, mangoes, and alligator pears, as well as pepper, spices, yams, sweet potatoes, and dainty morsels of meat and fish. The African always likes to get a little more than he bargains for, so on the top of all the pennyworths was a little piece more, the *ntelo* as they call it in Congo. Many of the people wore charms; one had a leopard's tooth fastened in his whiskers near his ear; others had charms round their necks and wrists. Some wore necklaces of beads; others wore rings on their fingers, toes, ankles, and arms; some had ivory bracelets.

We touched at Grand Bassam, and on the 17th at Grand Sess. We were now at the Kru coast. A fearful surf was running on the beach, so we scarcely expected to see any 'boys' come off to us; but presently there was something black in the surf, then a head near it, then the head and its corporal appendage rose out of the sea, and a man in a canoe could be seen paddling rapidly towards us. Then another and another, until the ship was surrounded by a shouting crowd, sitting ones and twos in tiny canoes. Sometimes a canoe was upset, and these amphibious beings would right it, treading water while they jerked the canoe backwards and forwards, and so jerked out most of the water; then they

carefully scrambled into their canoe again, before the sharks could get at them. They scrambled up the ship's side by ropes or anything that could be held, and presented themselves for engagement, or to show their 'books.'

Without those 'boys' the traders on the whole coast would have been in great difficulty. Local labour was generally



A KRU BOY

difficult to obtain, and very unsatisfactory. Every one was glad to make use of the Kru. They are wild heathen in every way; at home, cruel, superstitious, warlike, and savage. Their country is thickly populated, and the food supply not abundant, through laziness and general heathen ways; so the elders stirred up the young folk to go and earn money. Working in this way for some years, they obtained thus the wherewithal to buy their wives, and then settled down at home, and took their turn at pushing out the next generation

in the same way. They went in gangs under a head-man for a year, and were paid from one to five 'dollars' a month, a 'dollar' being about two shillings worth of cotton cloth at cost price; perhaps a month's pay would be drawn in cash. When the time for their return drew near, the head-man would go home to get another gang; he would carry with him a 'book' = letter, guaranteeing his passage and that of his gang to any steamer. On the way along the coast they often worked for the steamer as well, receiving extra rice, fish, and grog. The system worked well, and wherever they could be induced to go, slave labour was not necessary, or even desirable.

All this was before the scramble for Africa. Now the Kru coast belongs to France, and the present authorities prevent the 'boys,' as far as they can, from going to any but French colonies.

The Liberian Government has sold the labour monopoly to a German firm, which is ready to supply such 'boys' for about £1 a head, as an enlistment fee, and when the 'boys' return, nearly half the goods earned, which they bring back, are seized as 'customs dues' by the Government. This is on a par with everything in Liberia. Nothing good can be expected from that Republic. Liberia is an attempt at the creation of a State by the freed slaves of America, and cannot in any way be described as a success; it is unfortunately a patent instance of the hopelessness of the development of Africa by Africans left to themselves, even when comparatively civilized. The administration is most incapable, to say the least, and as a separate State it can scarcely be regarded as a permanency. The first settlement was made in 1820, and the Republic was recognized by the European Powers as an independent State in 1847.

The Kru boys rejoice in strange English names. Snowball is scarcely appropriate, but common. One will touch his toe, and say, 'My name he Toe, massa.' He is known as Toe. The following are samples of names: Tom Bestman, Black Will, Spider, Monkey, Gentleman, Blackberry, Milk Punch, Friday. Their language is monosyllabic, and in consequence much depends on the tone, as in Chinese. *Ni* is water, and *ni* is fire; but one has a rising tone on it, and the other not.

Among other places we touched at Accrà, and paid a visit on shore to the Bâle Mission. This mission is combined with a Christian trading company which works for its benefit. The trading and missionary staff are distinct. Besides the good evangelistic work done, it has rendered a very useful service to the coast by the industrial training which it has given to a great number of natives. Our mission stations have been supplied with Accrà carpenters, who have built our houses—under close supervision, of course; but we owe a great deal of our comfort and health to these men, and through them to the Bâle Mission. They are paid from £2 to even £5 a month for a really good man. We have only to write to the business agent of the mission, and a man is sent down to us.

Our boatmen for the lower river, and at one time some of our labourers, came from Accrà. Brick makers and layers, masons, blacksmiths, coopers, &c., can generally be had from Accrà. Not that all are mission-trained, unfortunately. Proper carpenters will take a boy as apprentice, receive his money, and teach him very little. All in due course the ignorant apprentice will pose as a carpenter, and engage himself as such, to the ruin of his employer's wood and temper. The mission cannot be blamed for that, nor for



MAKING INDIA-RUBBER

its inability to 'make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.' All suffer more or less from a crooked eye; but with a great deal of supervision we have obtained very fair work from some of them.

Accrà is on the Gold Coast. There is still a fair amount of gold to be washed out of its sand, and rings and jewellery are made, and cleverly imitated by the native goldsmiths. There are some rich gold reefs in the interior, which are now being developed.

On the way down the coast the steamers stopped wherever

there was cargo to be discharged or shipped, however small; a white cask of oil on the beach would make them put in, but there was little shipped, or talked of, but palm oil and india-rubber. Some ebony and camwood was shipped from one or two ports, but otherwise no wood. Now the homeward steamers are often half to three-quarters full of fancy woods in large balks: some of it is African mahogany; other is a soft red cedar-like wood, which is made into cigar boxes, and such work. In 1879 all this was unknown. The india-rubber was first found on the coast by a missionary at Gaboon; now it is very largely exported. It is mostly the sap of a creeper. The natives make an incision in the bark, and the milky sap flows out, and is collected in various ways. It is generally transferred to pots, and evaporated over a slow fire, after the addition of an acid which tends to coagulate the rubber.

The palm oil is obtained from the husk of the nut of the *Elais guineensis*, a beautiful palm, very common in Congo. The nut is a miniature cocoa-nut, about one and a half inches long. The husk part in this is full of an orange-coloured butter, which is best extracted by boiling the nut, and then tearing off the pulp, expressing the oil, and washing it in water. It is shipped home in great barrels weighing about a ton each.

On May 27 we reached Bonny, up a river which is really one of the mouths of the Niger. King George Pebble came on board in his steam launch. He was king of this part of the country, but his 'crown' was more trouble to him than it was worth. One of his slaves, Oko Jumbo, was the most influential chief, and had more real power than King George. The latter wished to see his country open to civilization; but his liberal ideas got him into trouble with his people, and sometimes even into prison. However, all real State affairs had to be brought before him; all troubles between the Europeans and the natives, and *vice versa*, were referred to him. Thus he was the scapegoat of the country.

We also made the acquaintance of Mr. John Jumbo. He was the son of Oko Jumbo. His father had sent him to

England to be educated. On his return his heathen father ordered him to give up European customs, wear the 'cloth' (i. e. dress as a native), and go back to the old heathenism, which there was of as debased, cruel, and superstitious a type as could be found anywhere in Africa. He refused to do so, and for months he was obliged to live on the trading hulks, in constant fear of poison. Two of his brothers had been educated in England, and had been forced on their return to wear the 'cloth'; another brother was still in England. Slavery was one of the many curses of Bonny. We learned that the slaves would not work for the white traders, because their masters took all their pay; the masters would not work, because they had slaves. So between them nothing was done, and the traders had to engage Kru boys.

We visited Bonny town, a vile, squalid nest of heathendom, which blocked all commerce with the interior, and monopolized the trade. The Juju house, the centre of superstition, was noted for its piles of skulls. A stuffed monitor lizard was the great fetish of the place. The houses were of wattle and mud. Filth abounded. The place and people were a disgrace to Africa, and yet they had been more or less in contact with Europeans for 400 years! The Rev. Mr. Crowther, a son of the bishop, was in charge of a mission there, and we went to call on him. He said that of late they had been making some headway, and sometimes had 600 present at the services, so there was some hope even for that place; but there was a large and powerful heathen party against which to contend. We have recently known something of the heathenism of the Niger delta, from the Benin and other expeditions, which have drawn public attention to the region. Mr. Crowther told us that the people of the interior were far superior. We began to realize what African heathenism was.

We transhipped, donkeys and all, to the Volta, in the Bonny river, and left on May 31, reaching Fernando Po that night.

We were much interested in seeing the place, for it was here that our Cameroons Mission was commenced on Jan. 1, 1841. In 1845 the Spanish Government sent an expedition of

priests to Fernando Po, and our mission was ordered to leave the island. The people entreated that the missionaries might not be sent away, and one missionary, Mr. Sturgeon, was allowed to stay with them. Some of the mission buildings were removed, however, to Bimbia, on the African mainland, where work was carried on until 1860, when Mr. J. J. Fuller left to work at Hickory Town, Cameroons. The Spanish priests suffered so much from the fever, that they asked the medical advice of Dr. Prince, one of the Baptist missionaries,



J. J. FULLER

who advised them to leave the island for the sake of their health. So they all left, and our people were able to settle down for a while. In 1846 Mr. Sturgeon died, and the other missionaries from the mainland had to visit the place occasionally until 1850, when Mr. Wheeler came out to take charge. He returned home two years after, and in 1854 Mr. Diboll came out. In 1858 another expedition of Spanish priests and officers arrived. They would not allow any missionary to remain, or any worship other than Roman

Catholic, and finally the mission was driven out. The settlement of Victoria was then formed by the exiles, who left the island because they wished to serve God according to their consciences.

Clarence, the port of Fernando Po, is a beautiful place. The lofty volcanic peak, now extinct, makes the background of the picture. Clarence Bay, in the front, is flanked by a high straight cliff, as even as a wall, draped with creepers to the sea.

Still more interesting was our visit to the Cameroons river next day. The Cameroons Mountain (13,760 ft.) was visible from Fernando Po, distant about thirty miles. The Cameroons river is six miles broad at its mouth. We had first to wait for a pilot, and Comber went up the river in the ship's boat, with the third officer, who went to fetch the pilot down. Comber had much to arrange, and the time was short. All in due course the steamer anchored off Akwa Town, a little above the mission. We went ashore, and visited the mission commenced by Alfred Saker in 1845; and later in the day we went by boat to Hickory Town, the station of Mr. J. J. Fuller since 1860. We had seen what the devil could do with the African at Bonny; now, in dear old Mr. Fuller, we could see what the grace of God could do in and through a son of Africa. He showed us his school of forty children, his house and chapel built of brick, one of the industries taught by Alfred Saker. There was much to see and to encourage us, for there was an example of what may be accomplished by faithful work.

It will be known to many that our Society no longer carries on work in the Cameroons. In 1884 Germany suddenly annexed the Cameroons. During the initial stages of the occupation a dispute arose with the natives. There was a 'rebellion,' and some sharp fighting; in the struggle some of our mission buildings were destroyed, and the work arrested. An edict was issued that the German language was to be taught in the schools. In one way and another it became impossible for us to carry on the work, and the Baptist Missionary Society was reluctantly compelled to

transfer the work to the Bâle Society, which has been referred to as carrying on excellent work at Accrà and other points higher up the coast. As a German mission it could carry on the work without the difficulties which fettered us. Since then the German Baptist Missionary Society has been working there also, and some considerable progress has been made. So the work, although no longer in the hands of the English Baptist Missionary Society, is carried on by other evangelical missionaries.

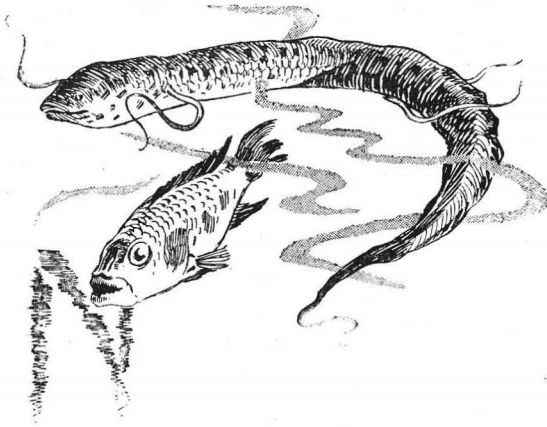
Comber was fortunately able to secure some help from the Cameroons. There was a good old man from Victoria named Misilina (Marcelina). He was born at Loanda, in Angola. He was taken from there as a slave to work in the plantations in the island of St. Thomas (San Thomé) or Principe. There he married, and managed somehow to escape in a canoe, with his wife and two children and one or two other people. They endured great privations, not having properly provided themselves with food and water. At length they sighted the Cameroons Mountain, and so found their way to Victoria, where they settled. Misilina became an earnest Christian man, much respected, and we were glad indeed to get such help. He spoke English and Portuguese, as well as his native language, which was very like the Kongo. His wife and two children came with him. He knew something of stonemasonry, and was a handy man. A young man named Epea was also engaged, and Comber picked up his old boy Cam to be his personal servant. We had already engaged eleven Kru boys. Others at the Cameroons promised to come by the next steamer, but failed to do so.

Twenty-eight hours' steam brought us to Gaboon, where some of our party went ashore, and engaged a boy from the American Mission, named Henry, to be the personal servant of the three of us. He was very useful in the early days, when we had no other help.

At Gaboon we learned that a rumour was current that Mr. Stanley was coming back to the Congo, and intended to make a line of stations to Stanley Pool. He was said

to be at Zanzibar, engaging carriers and some of the men who had previously travelled with him. We had heard nothing of this in England, and were much surprised. A Mr. Sparhawk was said to be at Banana awaiting him.

We stopped at two or three intermediate ports, and at length, on June 9, we reached the Congo, after a voyage of forty-six days.



CONGO FISHES



TYPES AT THE EQUATOR, WANGATA

CHAPTER V

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE MISSION: 1879

'If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea ; even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me.'—PSALM cxxxix. 9, 10.

ON June 7 a brown tinge in the sea-water told us that we were nearing the Congo river. By degrees the discoloration became more pronounced ; we noticed that the screw of the steamer turned up the green water from under the brown ; the difference of colour was then very strongly marked. It is said that the water of the Congo may be recognized floating on the surface of the heavier sea water to a distance of more than 200 miles from its mouth. At one o'clock on June 9, we sighted the mouth of the river. Presently we could see the white houses of Banana, on the long low spit of sand, then a strip of sea—no, it was river, that water horizon. Then the south bank appeared, with its walls of white-stemmed mangroves, like cliffs. We could not enter by rounding the northern point of the mouth of the river, for since the current



FETISH DANCERS

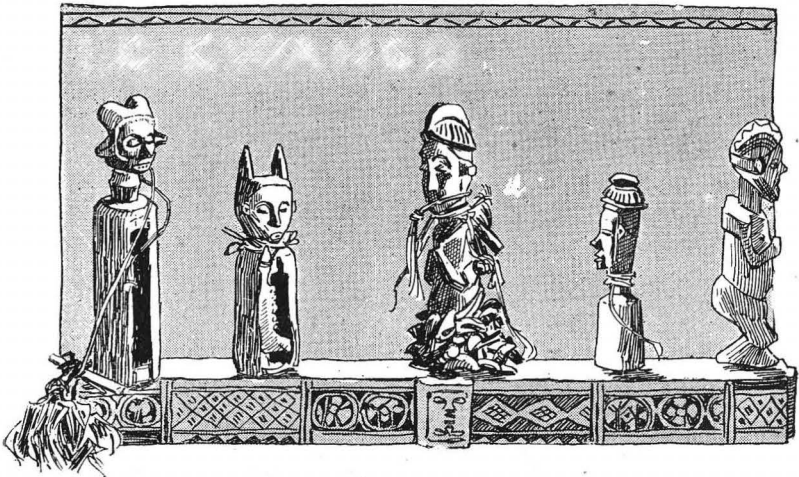
of the sea flows northwards, the sand in suspension in the river-water is dropped to the northward of the mouth, thus forming shallows and sandbanks. While the telegraph cable was being laid along the coast, in 1886, when opposite the mouth of the Congo, at some distance out, the cable snapped. When the broken end was brought on board again, the engineers wondered at the strain to which it had evidently been subjected. Soundings were taken, and they found that the mighty flood has worn a deep submarine ravine, 1,600 feet deep, far out to sea. The cable had snapped on the edge of the submarine cliff thus formed; so they had to pay out 2,000 feet of cable before they moved ahead. Incoming ships have to avoid the strong current always flowing out, and run up along the south bank for some distance, and then across into Banana Creek.

This, then, was the Congo, the river of which we had heard so much, and this the land which we had come to win for Christ!

Beyond the sandspit and its factories there was little to see; a mud flat on the other side of the creek and, beyond, a wall of mangrove trees.

It was past three o'clock before we anchored; Comber went ashore to make arrangements, and was kindly received by the gentlemen of the Dutch House, but the factory was so full that we had to remain on board that evening. Next day we went ashore, and our Congo life commenced. Our cargo was landed; part was stored, and all the cases that were needed immediately were transferred to a sailing boat, which was to start for Boma next day. It was great fun landing the donkeys; there were seven of ours, and six for the other mission (Livingstone Inland). A canvas sling was tenderly passed round their 'waists'; then a few turns of the winch induced spasmodic struggles, followed by a period of quiet resignation; when arrived at a level with the landing-stage, they were dragged on and released. Then such joy, and rushing about, kicking, and rolling in the sand, until all were landed. The poor beasts were glad indeed to roam free after their long confinement on ship-board.

There was a small room at the far end of the factory grounds, beside the little store in which our goods were placed ; this was the only room available for the junior three of us. There was a bed in it, boarded indeed, but without a mattress. We spread our rugs on its bare boards, but even then they were hard, somehow. Crudgington put up his string hammock. We hunted for snakes, but fortunately found none ; we stuffed the rat-holes, and retired. We were having our first taste of African life. As soon as the light was out, African life had its first taste of us. Mosquitoes had taken up positions inside our mosquito nets ; we had scarcely



A GROUP OF FETISHES

learned how to seal them up. We had to get up again, clear out our bloodthirsty enemies, and be a little more dextrous in getting under the nets. As we lay on those boards we felt, with the Psalmist, that we could tell all our bones.

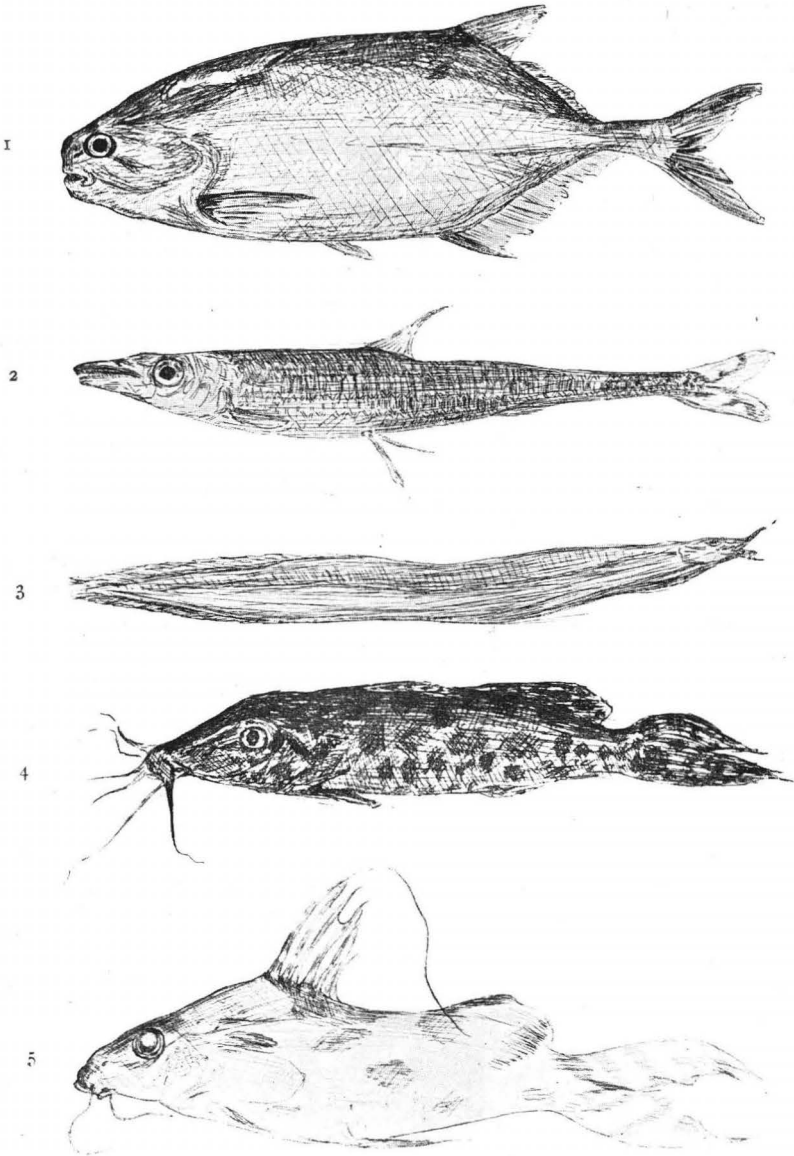
It was arranged that Hartland and I should go up river to Boma next day, in the sailing vessel, with Misilina and family, and seven of the Kru boys. We were provided with letters of introduction, &c. At noon the sea-breeze set in, and we started. The vessel was well loaded with our boxes and stores, so we had to sit on them. We ran before

the stiff breeze past some mud flats, and put out well to avoid the surf which ever beats on Bula-mbemba point. There the banks were lined with scrub, out of which grew many wild date palms. The dates are tiny things, all stone, with perhaps a grain and a half of sweet matter on each ; useless things. This soon gave way to mangrove swamps. The stems of the trees stand perched high up on the roots. From the branches hang long adventitious roots, twenty feet long sometimes, as thick as one's finger, reaching down to the water. The mangroves continued until the water was no longer brackish ; then a dense tropical forest lined the banks. Oil palms were in abundance, and tall trees, many draped from the top with beautiful creepers. We passed one or two native landing-places, and a few canoes.

It was dark when we reached Ponta de Lenha. We landed at the Dutch factory, and presented our letters ; the agent, a Portuguese, received us kindly. It was just dinner-time. Another Portuguese gentleman from a factory across the river was spending the evening with the agent. We now had to make practical use of our Portuguese. At ten o'clock we retired to the room placed at our disposal. A quarter of an hour afterwards we were startled by a shriek, followed by a great shouting and screaming. We thought that our collie dog had broken loose and had frightened the natives. We lit our lantern and rushed out. We found to our horror that the Portuguese gentleman, with whom we had just dined, had been taken by a crocodile. He was going to sleep at a Portuguese factory near by, and was getting into his canoe, when a crocodile struck him with his tail, or in some way took him. He suddenly disappeared ; that is all that any one knew. His little mulatto girl was with him, and the night being cool he had covered her with his coat as he held her, and the poor child went with her father. Her doll was found on a sandbank next day, and the dead child a little further on, but the father was never seen again. Crocodiles were very bold there, and sometimes pulled natives out of their canoes as they paddled. This was rather a shock to us, new as we were to all this sort of thing.

Next day we started again at noon, with the sea-breeze. We had reached the end of the forest, and the great main channel. Now the river broadened out; there were great channels among grassy islands, on some of which grew *Hyphaene* and fan palms; sometimes we came out on broad wastes of water, very shallow in most parts, but stretching away for miles east, south, and west in eerie immensity. Then the islands became very low, covered only with grass. Every now and then we saw crocodiles asleep on a sandbank—huge creatures, their mouths wide open. In a crocodile it is the upper jaw that moves, not the lower; there are three varieties common on the river. Once we saw a monitor lizard, four feet long, on the branch of a tree. Storks, herons, pelicans, spur-winged geese, and wild ducks inhabit those watery wastes. A black head appeared and disappeared every now and then, some way ahead—it was a hippopotamus; we could see no more of him.

Just after sundown we were sailing along on a capital breeze, and expected to reach Boma by nine o'clock that night; all of a sudden we ran violently on a sandbank, and stuck fast. The crew and the Kru boys got into the water, and tried in vain to push the vessel off; we were hopelessly fast, and there was nothing for it but to spend the night as we were. There was a sandy flat island 150 yards to our left, no place to sleep on, even if we could get to it. It was dark almost immediately. The roar of a hippo came out of the darkness a little way ahead of us. We could see nothing. We wondered what a hippo would do if he came to inspect us; we wondered what we should do if—we did not know what to expect, for we had but the vaguest ideas as to the habits of the beasts. There were several of them around us, and they conversed in very loud tones, much louder than the bellow of a bull. They were evidently as perplexed about us as we were about them. We thought of the crocodile of the previous night, but concluded that none would clamber on board. Occasionally the fish splashed round about us. Far away on each bank we could see high plateaux about 200 feet above the river level. Many lines of fire crept about on those



CONGO FISHES

1. Mormyrus. 2. Characinida. 3. Mastacembelus. 4 and 5. Synodontis.

far hills, for it was the season of the jungle fires, and all around we could see them afar off. We comforted our hearts with a tin of Chicago meat and some ship's biscuits; water we had about us in abundance. We thought that it was best to keep watch, for everybody else had gone to sleep. The watch became monotonous, for nothing happened, or was likely to happen, so we gave it up, and stretching ourselves out on our uneven boxes slept fairly soundly until morning.

When it was well light, the crew got into the water to explore, and found that the water was from ankle to knee-deep between us and the island; they also found the channel, but the vessel was fast. The Kru boys and the crew carried half of the boxes ashore, and thus lightened, the vessel floated, and was taken to deep water and reloaded. There was plenty of time to do it before the midday breeze sprang up. We went ashore for a while; there was a dense jungle of high grass, tunnelled in all directions by hippopotami. Some beautiful scissor-bill birds were wheeling about, and fishing in a little creek beside us. There was little else to see. The wind was very slight when it did come, and it was past eight o'clock at night, on the fourteenth, when we reached Boma (sixty miles from the sea), and were received hospitably by John Scott. We stayed with him until, a few days later, Mr. Comber and the rest of the party arrived.

About five miles below Boma the scenery changes. On the north bank a steep rocky hill, 300 or 400 feet high, flanks the river. On the top is a great block of rose granite, 12 feet cube, and beside it a monolith on end, 25 feet high; it is called the Lightning Rock. The two stones look like a small church and steeple. Opposite on the south bank is a hillock, on the river front of which there are other masses of rose granite which are known as the Fetish Rock. The whole of the river passes between these points, and now the hills come close to the river, which narrows. Two great islands lie mid-stream, so the river is two to two and a half miles wide.

Boma at that time consisted of some eight factories ranged along the shore. The hills immediately behind are low; now they are crowned with the buildings of the State Government,

residences of the governor and high officials, barracks, an iron church, and, a little below, a fort on which are mounted some very powerful guns. Boma is now the capital of the Congo Free State, and has become a place of some importance. A steam-tram conveys the officials to mess, and to their residences from the offices at the river side; a railway is being constructed from Boma to the northward, to exploit the forests, and convey the general produce to the State port, instead of letting it slip over the frontier into the Portuguese strip on the coast, between Kabinda and the Shilungu river.

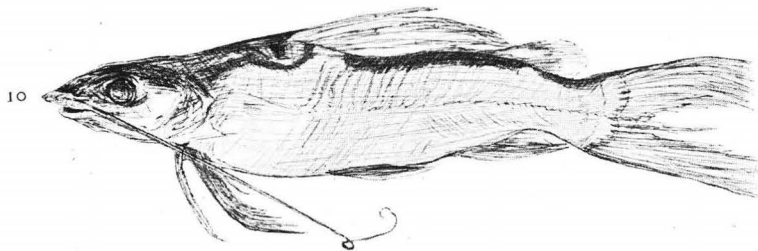
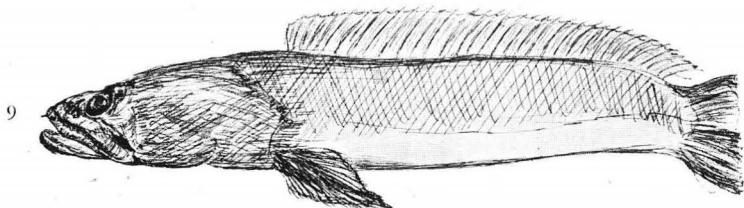
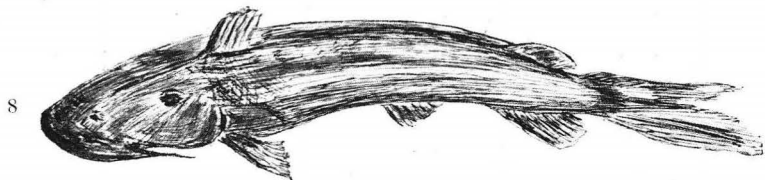
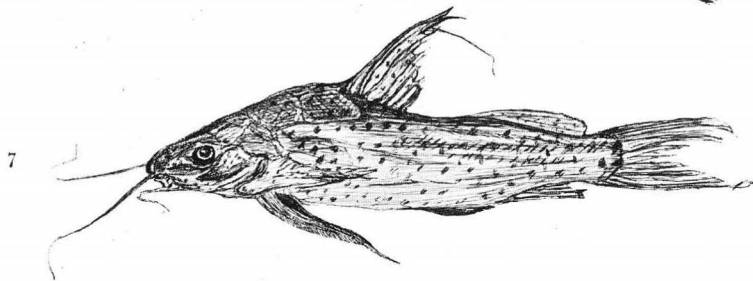
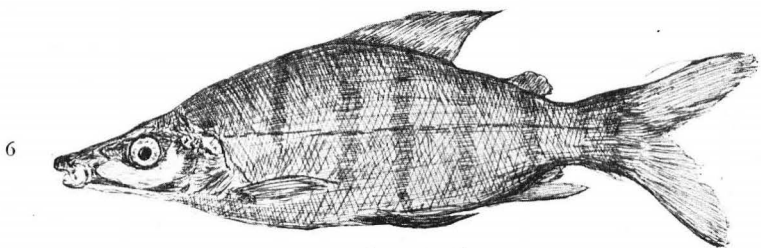
There was a delay of a few days at Boma; then we started on the last part of our river journey of twenty-five miles to Musuku, at that time the furthest factory up river.

A few minutes' steam in the Zaire brought us to the rocky conical hill which ends the two Boma islands, and the river contracted to less than a mile in width in a single channel. Then the hills closed in, and we ascended the now swift river flowing in its ravine with steep rocky banks from 500 to 800 feet high. The rock is a micaceous sandstone containing crystals of black tourmaline. A great deal of quartz crops up in places. The hills were covered with a hard silicious grass, and such bushes and low trees as could stand the yearly jungle fires.

Further on our way the river became still narrower, sometimes to half a mile only in width, boiling, and seething, and whirling as it was thrown from one point to another. As we neared Musuku we saw behind it the lofty hills of Mwidi, over which we must climb on our way to San Salvador.

The factory at Musuku (or Nsuku) belonged to John Scott. His agent there, a Portuguese gentleman named Santos, served under him as our forwarding agent on the lower river. The Dutch House received our goods from the steamers, and delivered them at Musuku for the same sum as that charged on the bills of lading for the freight out; that is to say, it cost as much to get our goods from the ocean steamer at Banana to Musuku as from Liverpool to Banana.

Senhor Santos had sent to ask Pedro Finga, the old *capita* or head-man of the carriers of the first expedition to San



CONGO FISHES

6. *Distichorus*.

7 and 8. *Siluroid*.

9. *Ophiocephalus*.

10. *Bagrus*.

Salvador (1878), to bring another caravan for us. He lived twenty miles up country ; he had not come yet, in accordance with our letter, neither had any news come from San Salvador. We made preparations for the journey, to avoid all delay when the carriers should come.

It was decided that our party was too large for all to travel together, so Crudginton and I were to go to San Salvador with the first caravan. John Hartland describes the start in a letter to his father. He writes:—' On the second of July Crudginton and Bentley started with the first caravan. We were up before day to get them off in good time, and we all went part of the way with them. The donkeys were saddled, and all the carriers had their loads by eight o'clock. At half-past our head-man started, bearing the mission flag on a long pole, and the others followed. Carriers first, each with his load (about sixty to seventy pounds) on his head—there were thirty-four, and two head-men—then four of our Kru boys, and lastly four donkeys. Mr. Comber rode with them, intending to go the first day's journey, to put them up to the proper style of dealing with the people, buying provisions, "dashing" (giving presents to) chiefs, and other little matters in African travelling. Mrs. Comber and I rode on donkeys with them for a couple of hours, and then returned to Musuku. The road for the first few miles is dreadful: it is no better than a sheep path all the way, and is up steep rocky hills, and then down into equally deep valleys. Sometimes there are huge rocky slabs in the path, on which any but bare feet slip most uncomfortably ; and in other places it is so uneven and stony that you can scarcely pick your way. All the way the tall grass is on either side of you, and often it meets over your head. The poor donkeys fared the worst ; they struggled and slipped on the rocks, and stumbled among the loose stones. When they got to some very steep places, or to gullies over which they had to jump, they got frightened, stuck their front feet in the ground, and would not go on or move without a liberal application of whips. I am afraid they were a little overloaded, for after we had put on their two bales (120 pounds), there were so many small parcels that we were

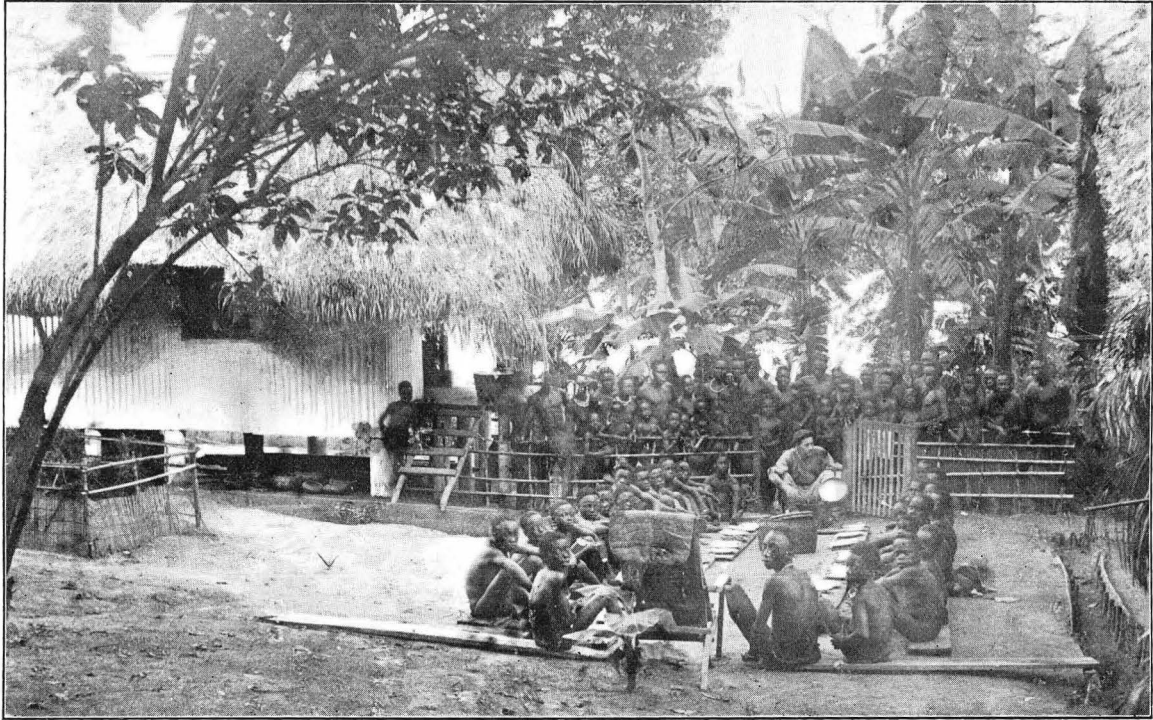
obliged to put them on the donkeys too; however, on the journey one after another had to be taken off, or were dropped off, so that by the end of the day each donkey had only his proper load, two bales, to carry. We have fine pack saddles with breast straps and tail straps, which we found absolutely necessary to keep the loads on the donkeys' backs in going up and down the steep places. Mrs. Comber and I returned after seeing the party well off, and going with them about two hours. We soon got back to Musuku, for we were light loads for our donkeys, but we were obliged, in one place, to get off and lead the donkeys, the road was so steep and bad. They say that the road is much better after the first day's journey; so it need be. Mr. Comber did not get back till Saturday evening; he went two days' journey with the party, as there were several important palavers to settle on the road. He left them on Saturday morning all well and cheerful, having passed the worst part of the road, and the most troublesome of the towns, and rode back to Musuku (nearly twenty miles) in one day.

'Since then he has been down to Boma, in order to send a letter to the Portuguese governor at Loanda. The King of San Salvador sent to say that he was very glad that we were coming, but if we wanted to *live always* with him we must get leave from the Portuguese governor, as he might not be pleased, and then the king would get into trouble. We can go to stay for a time without asking the governor. Mr. Comber went to see the people at Boma, and they advised him not to ask permission to stay at San Salvador, but to write and say who we are, and what our business is, and to say that we are going up to San Salvador to stop; to request him to send to the king, asking him to receive us well, and protect us properly. So we have written to that effect to Loanda, and a trader, who is a great friend of the governor, is going to take the letter to Loanda in a few days; he has not the least fear of being able to make it all right. In the meantime we shall go up to San Salvador as visitors. Should the governor make difficulties, and write to the king saying that we must not stay, we shall spend the wet season

at Boma, and then go further into the interior next season. We do not expect that, however, but hope to spend the rainy season at San Salvador, and go on to the river next dry season. We want to send one party up towards the river at Stanley Pool, to feel the way, before the rains come. Whether we shall be able to do so, remains to be proved.

‘ Mr. Stanley has a shipload of travelling things and a party of Europeans waiting for him at Banana. He is expected there in August, and is going, so we hear, up the Congo, to establish trading stations under the auspices of the King of the Belgians. He has some steam launches with him, and is now coming from Zanzibar with four hundred carriers (only eighty really came), *via* the Cape, of course. We expect to leave here next Tuesday. It is Sunday, the 13th of July now, for I have not been able to write this letter straight off, having had so much to do. You have no idea of the amount of work necessary to get a caravan ready. Everything has to be gone through ; all heavy goods have to be distributed among the lighter ones ; all tools greased and carefully packed ; large cases opened and made up into small ones. All weights must be carefully adjusted (sixty pounds being the standard), and inventories of everything taken minutely. Not only so, we have to leave everything here, packed in sixty-pound loads and marked, so that at a future time we can send down for anything we want. It is quite a difficulty to decide what we can and what we cannot take up, for our number of carriers is limited, and we have a great quantity of stuff which we want to take. Fortunately we have many carriers from the neighbourhood, so that we can leave the cloth for their payment with Senhor Santos at Musuku, which saves us eight or ten loads.

‘ Besides jiggers and other noxious insects there is a creature here which lives in the high grass (it is a near relation to the sheep tick, I should imagine), which fastens to the coats of animals, cattle, sheep, and dogs, and then swells out to a great size, sucking their blood. They say there are dozens of cattle on the coast dying of this pest. We had about fifty taken off our dog Sally. They are the size and shape of



CHRISTMAS FEAST, BOPOTO

a bug, but with eight legs ; they are of a black colour or dark brown, but when they have been on an animal a few days they swell into soft grey sacs, about three-quarters of an inch long, and half an inch in width. When small they stick on like leeches, but when full grown are pulled off easily. They say that these little beasts attack man too, and the thought makes one feel creepy-crawly all over. I have caught one or two marching about my clothes, so I keep a sharp look-out for them.

‘We saw a grand flight of cranes this morning, some 150 or 200, in regular order, wheeling slowly over the mountain tops on the opposite side of the river, their white wings gleaming in the evening sunlight.’

We started, as Hartland relates in the letter just quoted, with forty men. Comber accompanied us for two days ; Mrs. Comber and Hartland came with us for two hours, and then returned.

Our first day’s march was most trying. I was charged to bring up the rear. Most of the donkeys were behind, and gave much trouble. We were at one time winding along a narrow path, halfway up across the side of a steep rocky hill. A great block of quartz stood beside the path. One of the bales struck it, the donkey lost his foothold and rolled. A little way down the slope the donkey fell athwart a bush and stopped. We descended, and held him fast while we unhooked the bales ; one bale slipped from us, and rolled 200 feet to the bottom of the hill, and had to be fetched up. It took us some time to get the donkey and his loads safely on the way again. I was five hours doing the first two hours of the way, and was much exhausted when I reached the midday camp, on the top of the Mwidi Hills. I thought that if all African travel was like that, it was a very hard lot. A rest, a plate of tinned soup, some stewed fowl, and sweet potatoes roasted in the ashes, changed the outlook considerably. Two and a half hours of ordinary marching remained, but though we started again at half-past two, it was past eight before I reached Nlengi, and nearly all the donkeys were left on the road, with their loads, to spend the night ; we could

not get them to the camp. We spent all the next day at Nlengi; one donkey had to be left behind. When started again we managed better, and reached Yongo by noon. The road was much better; we tried to go further, but it was the home of the carriers, and we could not induce them to go on. The chief Kinkela Mavinga was very agreeable, but we were somewhat concerned to hear that two local chiefs were to see us in the morning; we feared obstruction or blackmail. They came early. Crudgington tells the story:—‘Great preparations were made for a stately visit, and we expected a big palaver. Two leopard skins were spread in an open space, and chairs well designed, very rudely carved, and highly ornamented, were brought in pieces and put together for the kings to sit upon. Meanwhile, in awful expectation, we spread a rug for the dog, Ben, to lie upon, and we squatted on store boxes. In a few minutes the procession came along; the chief of Matanga, a man of about fifty years of age, being in front, and the chief of Mavinga, a small boy of about ten, trotting behind. In front of each was a stick, about four feet high, covered with brass, one being surmounted by a square brass cross, cunningly wrought, with a jewel in the centre, and above each a bird in brass. The small boy wore a military dress-coat terminating at his ankles, whilst on his head was a Mayumba cap of lace work of pineapple fibre, covered with leopard’s claws and two lion’s claws. The big man, with rouge between his eyes and chalk on his cheeks, wore a variety of coloured pocket-handkerchiefs (uncut) of dazzling colours, and a second-hand frock-coat. After a very favourable palaver, during which they both expressed pleasure at seeing us, the dignitaries presented us with a goat and a pig.’

They were satisfied with our return present. The small boy, indeed, went away with difficulty, but great satisfaction, in an old pair of boots far too big for him. Combined with his big soldier’s coat they completed a most ludicrous picture of black majesty.

From this point Comber returned, and we went on, and made fair progress. Pedro, the head-man, talked Portuguese, as did Antonio, a second head-man. We chatted with them

a great deal in Portuguese, to use and develop our knowledge of it. We also began to learn the native language. A native would come to us with a fowl, saying: 'E mundele, sumb'e nsusu.' We had learned that a white man is called *mundele*; the fowl must then be either *sumb'e* or *nsusu*. This was soon set at rest; another came with a bunch of plantains: 'E mundele! sumb'o mankondo'; so *sumba* could not mean 'fowl;' it must mean 'buy,' *nsusu* must be 'fowl,' *mankondo*, 'plantain.' For his fowl the man wanted *mbele*, and pointed to his knife; for the plantain, strings of beads, *nsanga*, were wanted; we finally bought them for eight. We soon learned to count.

1 *kosi*.2 *kole*.3 *tatu*.4 *ya*.5 *tanu*.6 *sambanu*.7 *nsambwadi*.8 *nana*.9 *vva*.10 *kumi*.

Our acquirements were entered in our note-books. Whenever we could pick up a word we did so, whether in bartering or chatting with the head-man as we walked.

Three days after Comber had returned to Musuku we had some trouble with the native carriers; there were thirty-six of them. Early in the morning we had taken our breakfast, and given the word to start. The head-men came to tell us that the carriers would go no further without a 50 per cent. increase to the promised pay. We discussed the matter with the head-men. We told them that we would pay according to the contract, and no more. They went to the men, and a noisy talk ensued. They returned to tell us that the men were obdurate. The carriers came to us, and shouted at us angrily, to frighten us. After a while, finding that nothing could be done by talk, we asked them what they would do; we certainly would not pay them where we were, for they had not fulfilled their contract. Indeed, they knew that they were to receive their pay at Musuku, and if they had no letter from us they would not be paid. We would give them no letter, and they might leave us, and go to their homes unpaid, and we would thank them for all the trouble that they had taken

for nothing. At the same time we would send an express messenger to the King of Congo, offering the full pay from the halfway point then reached. We were sure of plenty of carriers in a few days on these terms. To us a few days' delay would not matter. With that we thanked them and bade them good-bye. This was a turn which they had not expected. They felt that we were masters of the situation. Sullenly they picked up their loads, and we went on our way.

We descended from the high lands, the region of crystalline rocks, to the broad limestone valley of the Mpozo; at the edge of the plain we passed a path at right angles to ours; the guides pointed it out as the main road from Makuta, Tungwa, and Kinsuka to the coast. We took careful note of it, for it might become our route to Stanley Pool.

A day or two later at Kwanza we came to a remarkable limestone rock, about eighty feet high and a quarter of a mile long. It was quite bare of earth, and the weather had so worn and furrowed it that it looked like a florid Gothic castle, all turrets and pinnacles on lofty walls. It was really very beautiful, for some trees had found a lodgement in some of the larger crevices. At a town beside the rock we met a son of the King of Congo, who had come to welcome us.

On the morning of July 14 after an hour's march we came to Tambi, and found a number of the king's relatives and followers come to escort us to the old city of San Salvador. They brought a letter of greeting and the king's own flag. There was something remarkable about that flag; it was a gold five-pointed star on a dark blue ground. The king had written to Mr. de Bloeme, the chief agent of the Dutch House, to ask him to send him a flag. Mr. de Bloeme would not send him a Dutch flag, for the Portuguese might consider it a political act. He would not send a Portuguese flag, for the traders were naturally anxious that there should be no excuse for the Portuguese to claim the country, and proclaim the ruinous customs rates and regulations then in vogue at Loanda, so he sent him the fancy flag which we saw. When Mr. Stanley arrived out, he adopted that identical design for

the flag¹ of his expedition. It afterwards became the flag of the Congo Free State. It was a pure coincidence, and a remarkable one, that Mr. de Bloeme should have sent this flag long before there was any idea even of Mr. Stanley's coming. Twenty minutes before we reached San Salvador we crossed the track of a herd of elephants. As we neared the capital, crowds of people came to meet us; guns were fired, shouts of joy were raised, and amid the wildest excitement and heartiest greetings we entered the town, and sat down close to where we afterwards built the mission house. Malevo, one of the king's sons, a lad of about twelve years of age, gave us some water to drink, and we rested awhile.

Presently the king's secretary, Dom Garcia, a man who spoke excellent Portuguese, announced that the king would be glad to see us. So, followed by a great crowd, we went to the *lumbu*, the king's compound. In a square, before the entrance to the compound, was a fine spreading tree, which shaded the palaver square where august assemblies met. We entered a gateway in a fence covered with grass neatly fastened. A narrow way between two fences led to the left, and after about ten yards it turned back in the opposite direction, still between fences; after about forty yards a sharp turn to the right, and then back on that. At the end of this last alley we were clear of the labyrinth, and were in the courtyard and presence of *A Sua Majestade Dom Pedro V, Rei do Congo e as suas dependencias*. A huge man, 5 ft. 6 in. in height and very fat, sat on a chair, on rugs and leopard skins; before him was spread a velvet-pile table-cover and a small hearthrug. He wore a variegated jersey, and over all, for glory and for beauty, a mantle of scarlet cloth. On his head was an old solar topé, and he held a crucifix and sceptre in his hand. Behind him stood a servant holding a huge umbrella of gorgeous cretonne. On his left our carriers sat cross-legged, and behind him on the right his sons, nephews, secretary, and other notables. Two chairs were placed beside the king for us. We shook hands, and took our seats. Then

¹ Stanley had fought with the army of the South during the American War, and in coming to the Congo adopted 'the lone star' of the Confederates, his old flag.

we presented a letter from Mr. Comber introducing us, and telling his Majesty that he would arrive himself in a few days. The king expressed his pleasure, and those present joined in at the end of the periods in the king's speech. We retired to our own quarters. A salute of fifty guns was fired, and in the evening a pig was brought from the king, that we might make a little *soup* therefrom, according to the delicacy of court idiom.

Our good friend Matoko placed his compound at our disposal, but, until the two houses were ready, we remained in our tent. My travelling bed was left behind at Musuku by the mistake or wickedness of a carrier, and I had been sleeping on five bales of cloth. One day I thought that I would try to make them more comfortable by placing some grass on the bales, under my waterproof sheet. I told the Cameroons man Epea to arrange it, but found it as hard as ever. On looking to see the reason, I discovered that the cushion of grass had been laid under the bales instead of over them.

For four days after our arrival there was a cold mist every morning. On the fourth day Crudgington had a headache and lay down. I followed suit five hours after, feeling very ill. We wondered whether the king's pig had anything to do with it. After some time it dawned upon us that it must be the African fever, of which we had heard so much, so we took quinine. We became very hot and dry, but after a while cooled under the influence of a profuse perspiration, and felt better. Our things were not unpacked, and we were scarcely ready for a fever. We sent Epea to buy a fowl for soup; he found a man who would have one for sale when the fowls came in in the evening. He did not trouble further to find another, but went for a stroll for a couple of hours to look about the place. When he returned we expected that he had made soup for us, but he told us that a fowl would be for sale in the evening, and that he had been for a stroll. He thought us very unreasonable when we found fault with him.

Comber told a story of him, when on the first expedition. Epea had been sent on in front to get the donkey over a river, while Comber brought up the rear. When Comber reached the river, he found Epea sitting on the near bank singing,

‘I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand,’ instead of performing the mundane duty of getting the donkey over. He said that the donkey did not want to go. They were soon both of them over when Comber began to bestir himself. Our boy Henry from Gaboon was much more useful and attentive.

For six or seven days our fevers were very troublesome. The old king came himself three times to see us, and was much concerned. We only managed to get rid of our fevers in time to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Comber and Hartland, who arrived on July 25. Next day Mr. and Mrs. Comber both went down with fever for a week. They had had much trouble with their eighty-six carriers.

A little later we had a public audience with the king, to present the gifts which we had brought him. It was for him, at that time, a rich present. He received us in his ‘audience chamber,’ a large well-built native house about 16 × 30 feet. It abutted on his own wooden dwelling-house. Seated once more in his august presence, our people brought in two parcels of selected cloths of divers colours and patterns, some pieces of cotton velvet of bright colours, some blue beads of the currency, and a few fancy articles, among which were some mechanical toys.

John Hartland tells the story in a home letter:—‘During the time these things were being brought in, the king sat stolid and calm. Though occasionally his eye played upon the treasures before him, his features betrayed no feelings, and he might have been contemplating a heap of stones, as far as his face was concerned. When all was placed before him, and his servants were clustering round, at a moderately respectful distance, to observe the present which the white men had brought, a faint smile played upon the stolid countenance, and he intimated through his interpreter that he was much obliged to the *mundele* (“white man”) for his liberality; then he uttered the word *Wawete* (“well done”), and all the people outside set up a loud shouting. When they had become quiet, we suggested that his Majesty might be interested in seeing the mechanical toys. He calmly intimated

that it would afford him much gratification. The first was a negro, which on being wound up commenced slowly playing a violin, leaving off every now and then to look up knowingly in the direction of the king. There was a roar from the attendants, and the stolid old king turned in his chair and smiled a little stately smile. This great display was followed by the exhibition of a clockwork mouse, which was set to run round and round. This created much amusement among the people, and caused the stately smile to broaden considerably. At this juncture the red curtain behind the king began to wave to and fro; it shook, dark shadows appeared upon it, and slowly its lower edge was pushed up, and first one and then another woolly head appeared, timidly at first; but as his Majesty was too much interested in the toys to notice this improper behaviour on the part of his wives and children, they soon got bold, and thrust their heads and shoulders bravely forward, and stared with wide-open eyes at the white man's wonders. All this time the great thing of the morning was slowly coming to perfection—that marvellous and astounding mechanical wonder, the “dancing nigger” (by steam). It had crossed the briny ocean, and travelled in safety over the African wilds, and now, with the steam up, was standing in the audience chamber of the King of Congo, ready to go through its wonderful feats before his Majesty. At first the wheel went round slowly, and the nigger jiggled slowly. This created a roar of applause from the lookers-on, and the king could maintain his dignity no longer; the smile became broader and broader, until he burst out, first into a laugh and then a roar. As the steam got up and the wheel flew round, causing the agile nigger to cut wondrous capers, the king's laughter knew no bounds; his mirth was too large for his mouth, and found expression in teardrops, which trickled down his cheeks; he clapped his hands, and rolled about in his chair, in a regular convulsion of laughter, and all dignity was completely forgotten. When the old gentleman came to again, he expressed his gratitude not only in thanks, and a good shake of the hand when we left, but in a still more practical manner by telling us he should have much

pleasure in having one of his bullocks killed for us. He also gave us a site upon which to build our house.

'The spring whence we fetch our water is in a beautiful little wood on a hill side, about a quarter of a mile from the town. It is a very pretty place, and a rare nook for ferns. The water comes out of the solid rock, and goes tumbling down a woody ferny glen over gravel and stones. There are lots of pretty small ferns there, and some fine large ferns too. I cut a tree fern to-day, with a stem six feet long before you come to the base of the leaves.'

We had made one of Matoko's houses habitable for the Combers before they arrived ; and it was well that we did, for their fevers, following the day after their arrival, made such accommodation necessary. We had cut a window three feet square in the front of the house, and latticed it neatly with thick grass stems. The doorway was also enlarged, and the house well swept and cleaned, so they were fairly comfortable.

Hartland, Crudgington, and I were in another house opposite. Our beds were by the inner division of the house ; the floor covered with mats.

Several empty boxes turned up on their sides made a cupboard for our provisions. A pile of store cases made a table, but they were hung round with cloth, and covered with a splash-mat. Along the back of the table another empty case on its side served as a book-case, on the top of which were arranged our Bibles and Portuguese books, a clock, and our medicine cases. The room measured 14 x 11 feet. A little wash-hand stand stood in the corner. So we made ourselves comfortable. Our only difficulty was a baby who



NATIVE OF SAN SALVADOR

lived behind the partition ; it seemed to do its crying chiefly at night, from twelve to two and four to six. But it was very good of Matoko to give us two-thirds of two of his best houses, and to make shift with the two little rooms behind them. Happy too were we, that this should be our *only* trouble.

We first had to build two houses for ourselves, and for this we had to get native labour, for our Kru boys had run away. Shortly after their arrival at San Salvador they came to tell us that they wanted to go home ; they were too far from home in this Congo bush country, so they did not wish to stay. Comber talked to them, and hoped that there was nothing serious meditated ; but next morning they were gone. They stole a canoe at Musuku, and made their way to Boma, where, refusing to return to us, they undertook to serve the Dutch House for two years.

We managed to hire some natives ; but after a few days they struck work, demanding double pay and rations. We refused, and engaged others ; the strikers met the new men on the way to their work, and threatened violence ; so we had to seek the king's protection and help. The matter was soon settled ; we had no further violence, and managed to keep a few at work.

We intended to build a stone house on the site which the king had given us, but our temporary houses must be of posts and grass. We had to cut our sticks in a swampy wood an hour distant ; there was nothing nearer. To the upright sticks we tied horizontal rows of stems of the *madiàdia* grass, each about the thickness of one's finger ; to this was fastened a thick covering of grass. The rafters for the roof were the stems of palm fronds ; on these rows of grass were tied, as on the walls, and this was thatched with neat layers of a grass, which had long broad leaflets growing from the ground, from four to five feet long. The houses when finished were neat. Our door was a mat of split papyrus stems, which was rolled up all day out of the way.

But before we had time to finish our houses a terrible trial overtook us. It was nearly ten days before Mrs. Comber shook off the fever which came the day after her arrival.

She was about for a week, and made friends with the women of the town ; but on August 13 another fever attacked her. The fever returned daily for several days, and made her very weak. When she began to amend, our long looked-for home letters arrived. We were soon happily engaged in reading the home news. Mrs. Comber had her budget, and when her husband went into the room a few minutes after, he found her weeping. She had just received news of the serious, indeed, hopeless illness of one of her sisters. She was much distressed, and fretted a great deal. In the morning she was much worse, and her condition became alarming ; she became unconscious, and then comatose, and continued in that condition for three days. It was clearly that dangerous form of brain fever known as meningitis ; everything possible was done for her, but she never recovered consciousness, and early on Sunday morning, August 24, her breathing became slower until it ceased. It was a terrible blow for us all ; but how much sorer for poor Comber ! Five happy months they had been wedded, and now all seemed blank before him. He bore his loss bravely, after the first rush of grief. A coffin was made of some planks which we had, and next day we buried her remains. The king and a great crowd of natives attended the funeral, which was conducted by Crudginton and Hartland. So Death early visited our little band. How utterly bewildering it seemed ! We had hoped for so much from Mrs. Comber's bright kindly influence among the women, and yet it was not to be. It was a great loss, irreparable. It may seem to some to have been a mistake for Comber to have taken out a wife, so early in the history of the mission ; but there is no reason so to judge. But for that unfortunate letter, there is no reason why she should not have recovered from her fever, and have borne the climate as well as the rest of us. Certainly meningitis is not an African fever. I was down with my third fever at the time of her death, and we generally think it best for a new-comer to have a few mild fevers, for a prolonged immunity has often ended in a very serious attack. So far Mrs. Comber had endured no serious hardship. She had regarded the journey up country as one

long picnic, and had enjoyed it immensely; there was no rashness or indiscretion to regret. All that we can do is to bow before the inscrutability of Divine Providence, assured that in perfect wisdom and love He doeth all things well; although here we have not any clue to the mystery.

The great trial had come; his loved one had been called away to the higher service and blessedness of heaven, but Comber felt that he must not abandon himself to his grief. He had his duty to his Master. Six days later he wrote, 'Tomorrow will be Sunday—just a week since the Master called my dear wife to Himself; and on Monday Mr. Hartland and I start for Makuta.' Accordingly they started, on September 1, with twenty-one carriers, three head-men, and Misilina, Epea, and the boy Cam. They took with them four donkeys.

The donkeys somehow or other proved a great failure. The first stage of the journey was over a bad road, only seven miles, but the donkeys were quite knocked up, although they only carried their saddles. One died in the night; another had scarcely any life left in him; indeed, only one seemed fit to travel. It was therefore deemed best to send them back, and one died soon after arrival. Why they were so weak we could never tell. The king had a few cattle, and they seemed to do well on the grass available, but the donkeys were in a very bad condition, although, in spite of their keeper, they often found their way to the farms, and ate good food, and did damage which involved us in liberal compensations. They pined and died one after the other, until all were dead. Perhaps it was fever, or poisonous plants new to them; we never solved the mystery.

Before Mrs. Comber's last illness 'ambassadors' were sent to Tungwa Makuta, to announce Comber's return and a projected visit to them. The 'compliments' were not sent alone, but a small present accompanied them. The messengers returned with a vague message—'All right';—but there was a great deal that made us suspicious that there was something wrong in the business.

The carriers were very troublesome, and very timid and suspicious. They wanted to stop in every town they came to.

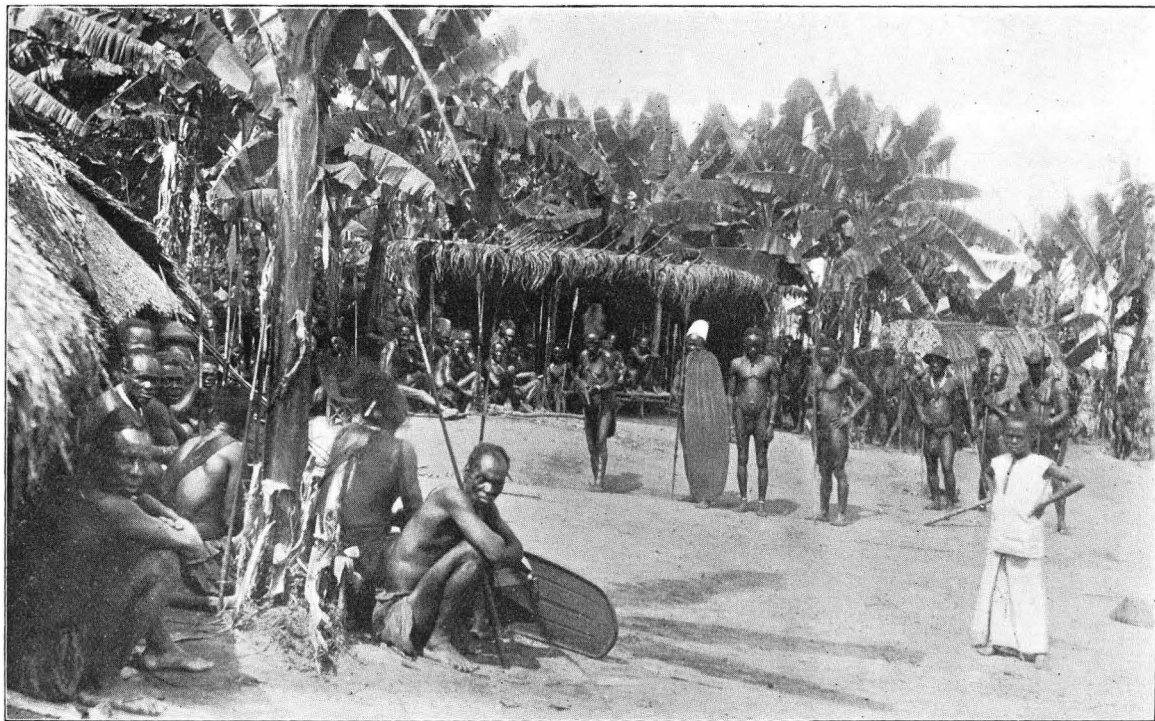
They would not buy food unless the vendor first ate some of it. If they bought palm wine, the vendor had first to drink some. The travellers were well received in the towns on the road. They reached Kola, about five miles from Tungwa, on the eighth day. There was no getting the carriers any further; they would not go on, neither would they go back and leave them. To add to the difficulty, Hartland fell sick of fever. Next day the chief brought him three rough iron bullets, which he said were sent by Nsusu-ampembe of Tungwa. Two Congo men were sent on to Tungwa, with Cam (Comber's boy), with a present. Outside the town their hearts failed them; Cam urged them in vain to go on. Cam and one man named Sabi returned; the other, Comber's cook, hid on the road.

Comber determined to go himself with Sabi and Cam. Two hours' walk brought them to Tungwa, having met the cook on the road. Comber went to the place where he had pitched his tent the first time, and sat down. Presently Sengele, the chief, passed at a little distance, waving his hands in perplexity and trouble. After waiting some time, Nsusu-ampembe and his brother Antonio came, without any display. They scarcely liked to shake hands with Comber or show any cordiality. They were evidently much perplexed and troubled at his coming. They went to sit under the palaver tree, and some two hundred natives gathered around. Comber relates the interview: 'I tell the chiefs through the cook how I have returned according to promise, that others are with me, that we are living at San Salvador, and that we sent four ambassadors (Sabi being one) with a present for Nsusu-ampembe, and one for Bwaka-matu of Makuta. I am now come to visit him, not to sleep in his town unless he wishes. The truth about our former ambassadors now leaks out. The present we sent to Bwaka-matu was appropriated in part by the King of Congo, and in part by the ambassadors, while that for Nsusu-ampembe was delivered in the name of the King of Congo. They all seem disgusted and angry at the petty treachery, and speak wrathfully about Ntotela, King of Congo, but are most angry with Sabi, the ambassador (as representing

the King of Congo), for his deception, and also because he has brought us to Tungwa again. They shower invectives upon him, and the chiefs spit at his face, and draw their hands significantly across their throats. One man runs at him with a stick, and another takes up his gun. I protect Sabi with my arm, and observe that, as he drinks some water from a bottle close by, he is in a profuse perspiration from terror. The cook explains that they want to kill him, and I rise and plead that it is not altogether his fault; that he acted under other instructions.

'After more than three hours' palaver (discussion), during which they frequently retire for consultation, I am told that, much as they would personally like to see me, our coming before had brought them into so much trouble with neighbouring chiefs, who said that Nsusu-ampembe was always calling the white man to his town (the said white man wanting to take the country), that we must not come. Also that I must not keep saying all over the country that Nsusu-ampembe was my friend, because this statement was always bringing him into trouble. They say little, however, to me, but strongly threaten Sabi, and with much vociferation, put a bullet into his hand to bear to Ntotela, saying that, if he sends any more ambassadors to Makuta (the name of the district including Tungwa) on behalf of white men, their throats will be cut and they thrown into the river. As to going further into the country by the Makuta road, they say that we may try Zombo or Kinsuka, but must not come their way, because of the opposition of surrounding chiefs.

'I direct the cook to say that we hope soon to be widely known as benevolent, kind missionaries only, and not as traders, or as coming to take their country; and that perhaps then they would like us to come and settle in their town, and teach them God's Word. I understand enough of Kongo to know that he does not give my message. He refuses, saying that the people would not like it; but I shout, *Vova! vova!* ("speak"), and the people, seeing that he was keeping something back, shout *Vova* too. When he tells them, they smile an incredulous smile, while some appear angry.



A WAR PALAVER, UPPER RIVER

‘After negating my proposal to bring my white brother the next day to see them, and refusing to take any of the tempting goods which I had brought as a present for them, they shake hands and go away. During all this palaver, although they threaten the King of Congo, Sabi, the cook, my boy Cam, and all the ambassadors, yet they do not once threaten me; and when speaking I smile in the face of Nsusu-ampembe or Antonio, they always smile in a friendly, troubled way, and I am sure want us to come, though they cannot allow us. The people, too, seem friendly, although they call after us, *Kuleki ko* (“you must not sleep here”).

‘Nothing more can be done at present; the road this way is clearly shut up, and in weariness and disappointment I return, and reach Kola very tired at 3.30. We decide that the only thing to be done is to try another route.’

They returned to San Salvador, hoping that a few months of quiet residence would remove these prejudices and fears, and tend to the establishment and development of the mission. So, for the present, all thought of Zombo and other routes was put aside.

But if there was this to discourage, there was a great deal else to encourage. Regular Sunday services had been started, and the boys of the town were very anxious for a regular school.

On the first three or four Sundays after reaching San Salvador, we could not attempt any public service with the people, but we held a little service among ourselves and the Cameroons people in English. On the afternoon of August 10 (the fourth Sunday), the king sent for us. When we went to see him, he said, ‘I do not understand the way in which you are behaving. You told me that you had come to teach me and my people about God, and yet you do not do so. You have been here four Sundays. You gather together on Sunday, and read, and sing, and pray, but you never ask me or any one else to join you; you never teach us. What sort of missionaries are you? You must teach us. This will not do at all.’ The poor old king was quite indignant. We told him that we did not know enough Portuguese, much less

Kongo, and we had intended to wait a little, until we could speak Portuguese more fluently. 'Fluently! You can ask me for things you want, carriers and so forth, and conduct any business that you may have; you know quite enough to begin to teach us; at any rate you must try. If I see that you cannot, I will wait for a few weeks. Next Sunday, then.' So it was arranged.

On the following Saturday, at sundown, the royal drums were beaten loud and long, and then, when it began to grow dark, a loud-voiced herald shouted on the public square, proclaiming to all the townsfolk that the morrow would be the Sabbath; people should not go to their farms and work, but that all should assemble at the proper time in the king's compound, for the missionaries were going to begin to teach.

Next morning, at 9 o'clock, the drums were again beaten for half an hour; then a bugle was blown, and presently the king sent to call us. The little harmonium was carried by Epea. Mrs. Comber had a fever, so her husband stayed with her; the rest of us went to the service. Three chairs had been placed for us under the king's great chintz umbrella; some eighty people were present. When all was ready the king came. We joined with our Cameroons people in singing some English hymns. Misilina prayed in the best Kongo which he could muster; then one of our number told the story of the Prodigal Son, and enforced its lessons. The address was in Portuguese, translated bit by bit into Kongo by Dom Garcia, the Secretary of State. At the close, the king said that he had understood well all that had been translated to him, and repeated the greater part of the address, adding further remarks of his own. He said that he knew all that we had told him of the love of God was true, but he felt that he could not do those things which were pleasing to God. He begged us frequently to visit him, and to teach him these things, that he might know how a man can pray to God and become fit for heaven. Finally, he wished us to hold a like service every Sunday, in the great square under the broad shadow of the *yala-nkuwu* tree. We promised that it should be so; and we went back to our house, surprised that

we had been able to do so much, and thankful for the Divine help given.

Next Sunday we were plunged in grief. Mrs. Comber died soon after sunrise, and we held no service; but the following Sunday Mr. Comber gave the address. Some 200 were present, including eighty women, but not including the king's wives (between thirty and forty), who listened from behind the fence. Every Sunday after that the services were held. The drums were beaten on Saturday night and on Sunday morning, and good numbers—an average of 150—gathered to hear the Gospel message. The king was always present, and at the close he gave a good summary of the address, and commended the teaching to all present. It also became a fixed rule that, whatever other opportunities we might have, one of us went every Sunday afternoon to give the king, by interpretation, special private religious instruction and counsel. He was always ready to receive us, listened interestedly, and asked intelligent questions; we quite enjoyed these quiet homely talks with him, and he always expressed his appreciation.

Beside all this, we were rejoiced to find that so many of the boys wanted to learn to read. It was hard to find time to teach them—indeed, it was impossible in the daytime—but in the evening, after dinner, they would come and fill the tent: *E Mfumu, ututangisa* ('teach us to read, sir'). What could one do but teach such boys, however tired and sleepy one might be? On Sunday afternoon, they would lay wait for us with the same request. How we longed to tell those bright, lovable boys of Jesus their Saviour! How impatient we felt of the long, slow process of acquiring the language! We had no Kongo books, of course, so we taught them to read Portuguese, and by the end of August six knew their letters well, and two were beginning to read.

While they received us so heartily, and made us feel quite at home from the first, there was still some measure of suspicion and fear; it could not be otherwise in such a country, where greed and all kinds of wickedness and violence were rampant. Every one naturally becomes wary, suspicious, and

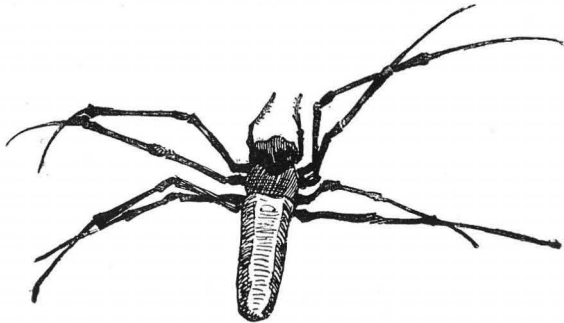
timid ; and especially so, since every one believed in witchcraft and the malignant power of the 'black art.' So while they liked our cordial, frank, open ways, they were very curious to watch all that we did. For instance, we sat up rather late on the day of our arrival, writing letters to go by our returning carriers in the morning. Next morning two of the king's sons came to inquire why we had been writing so much and so late ; were we writing a book of the road to send to the white man's land, Mputu (a corruption of Portugal, Mputulugalu, contracted to Mputu)? We told them that we were writing to our parents, to tell them of our safe arrival, and of the kind reception accorded to us ; for our home folk would be very anxious to hear from us, just as they were when their children or brothers went far away to the coast, or to Musuku. This pacified them ; but it showed us how closely we were watched, and how careful we must be.

Then, too, there was much anxiety as to the effect of our presence in the country. There was a pretty general fear that death and disaster would follow. In the country round wise men shook their heads, and were sure that the San Salvador people would die very fast ; there would be no rain ; pestilence and disasters of all kinds would surely follow. Every one was on the alert, and anxious and apprehensive, even in San Salvador. But as the days rolled by, no one died ; indeed, the sick began to come to us from all parts, and, instead of death, lives were saved. A gracious Providence was over us, and for the first seven and a half months there was not a single death in all the township. Such a thing had never been known before.

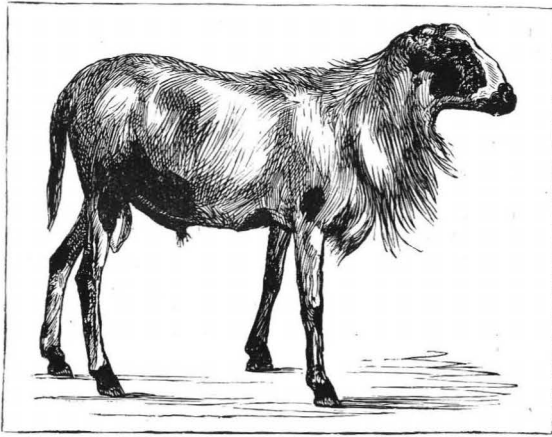
In the proper season the rains came in abundance. No portents or terrible signs appeared in the sky. There was the usual good fortune in the hunting season. When the jungle was burnt, no houses caught fire. Children were born ; and there was no evil spell upon the goats and fowls. By degrees these nameless fears wore off, and the advent of the white men was felt to be a good thing, and not an evil. When we first reached the town, only three or four men wore European cloth ; every one wore the native *mbadi*, woven

from the fibre of the frondlets of the raphia palm. Now, however, cloth was to be earned by any who went to fetch our stores up from Musuku, or went as carriers in the expeditions into the interior, or worked at the building of our house. So European cloth began to be common, and good knives, and beads, and all sorts of things. The advent of the missionaries was a blessing, and not a curse. Long afterwards they told us of these apprehensions, and how they passed off with the prosperity which followed our coming.

Another matter too gave general satisfaction. The old king was very avaricious, and always found ways and means to extort the wealth from any one who had it. The terrible charge of witchcraft, or the hint that it would be made, rendered accumulations impossible. One man, indeed, of some position had been denounced by a witch doctor in solemn divination, and should have taken the ordeal poison shortly after our arrival; but the king was ashamed to push the matter; so Dom João lived on for many years, always our warm friend, assured that our coming had saved his life. The people began to feel that in us they had protection from one another, and life and property were safer through our presence. Only by degrees did we get to know of all this; but these influences all worked to secure our position, and to give us favour. Surely the good hand of our God was upon us in all this.



A SPIDER



A CONGO SHEEP

CHAPTER VI

DEVELOPMENTS AT SAN SALVADOR AND EXPLORATIONS THEREFROM: 1879-80.

'A great door and effectual is opened . . . , and there are many adversaries.'—
I COR., xvi. 9.

SAN SALVADOR, as we found it, consisted of about 200 houses; the roofs and walls were thatched with grass. There was a suburb of about fifty houses more, called Kilongo, on its south-west side. The town was built on a plateau about 1,800 feet above the sea level, which sloped off gradually to the north-west; on all the other sides were valleys 200 to 250 feet deep. That on the eastern side was three-quarters to a mile in width, and through it flowed the Luèzi river, a tributary of the Lunda, and so of the Mpozo river.

The town of 1879 was on the site of the ancient city, for the walls could be easily traced when the annual grass fires cleared the ground. Only three pieces of the wall remained, the largest being on the ground given to us by the king; another piece was to the south-west of our plot, and the other



LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW CHAPEL, SAN SALVADOR

behind the cathedral. The wall was from 15 to 20 ft. high by 2 ft. 6 in. to 3 ft. thick; it was built with lime mortar of great lumps of haematite iron ore, with slabs of limestone to act as binders.

The cathedral was built of the same materials, and must at one time have been a fine building. In 1879 the west front had fallen; the roof had long disappeared, but the other walls were fairly preserved, especially the chancel. The chancel arch was a fine span of large dressed stones. The high altar was covered with small ferns, but in fair condition. There was a Lady chapel on the north side of the nave, and a vestry on the south side of the chancel. Behind the cathedral was a piece of the city wall and a small round tower. Near by were the ruins of a house; 300 to 400 yards to the west were extensive ruins of a convent, and in various places in the jungle were to be found groups of stones which marked the sites of ancient stone buildings. Near the west front of the cathedral were the graves of the old kings and notables.

In the centre of the town, in the square before the entrance to the king's compound, was a broad spreading tree, in the shade of which the king's great palavers were held, and those functions which could find no convenience in the audience hall, or in the royal courtyard. This square was kept clear, but there was a great deal of grass growing in the irregular paths about the town, and sanitation was bad on the outskirts. Some compounds were fenced with a tall poplar-like tree, but the fencing was generally badly kept. The king's compound was surrounded by a thatched fence, more or less in repair. It enclosed the houses of his forty wives, and his own house, built by the Portuguese in 1863. The labyrinthic entrance to the royal courtyard has been already described.

To the south-east of the town were the remains of a fort and barracks, built by the Portuguese, when they occupied San Salvador between the years 1859 to 1866. A little to the north of the fort was the limekiln in which they burnt their lime.

The occupation of San Salvador by the Portuguese was brought about by the troubles which came over the accession

of Dom Pedro V to the throne. The old king, Dom Henrique Lunga, died in 1858. The chief Kiambu of Nkunga, a town one hour to the south-south-west of San Salvador, seized the capital, and declared himself king. The proper heir to the throne was a simple quiet man of little energy, but his younger brother Elelo, 'Marquis of Katende,' put forward his claim. He was living in the district of Madimba, twenty miles to the south of San Salvador. Elelo could not muster a sufficient force to drive out Kiambu; so he betook himself to the Portuguese officer at Bembe, a day or two to the south of his town, where they were working some copper mines, with the pious request that he would send a couple of priests to bury the late king. He well knew that a force of soldiers would be necessary to protect them, and to enable them to carry out the burial. The same force would enable Elelo to assume the kingship. The priests and force were sent; but a long war was the result, for the chiefs round believed that the Portuguese had come to take the country, and attacked them. For a while the Portuguese made their camp at Mputu, an hour away, but afterwards they shifted to the south-eastern edge of the plateau on which San Salvador is built, and erected the fort. They occupied it for about seven years; and even when they went away the people of the district never really forgave Elelo for fetching the soldiers. He managed to establish his position, however, and reigned as Dom Pedro V until he died on February 14, 1891. His prestige and power were lessened through his appeal to the Portuguese.

Kiambu kept to his town, and so long as he remained on his side of the Luèzi there was peace; sometimes, however, after the jungle fires, the temptation was too great, and there was a little fighting. Kiambu boasted that in the Portuguese war he had killed a Portuguese, drank his blood, and ate his liver. The Congo people proper are not cannibals, nor have they ever been, so far as we know; but such deeds as Kiambu's were sometimes enacted by men who wished to pose as mighty warriors, who knew no fear; they were rare, however.

Senhor Santos, who was for some time our agent under John Scott and the Dutch House, was for two or three years

a soldier in that occupation of San Salvador. He told me that they had a lot of fighting, sometimes every day. Very few guns were used ; the weapons were nearly always bows and arrows and spears. The natives did not trust the guns and powder of the quality then sold, they missed fire too often ; they felt far safer with the national weapons. In 1879 bows and arrows and spears had entirely disappeared, except as toys or for rat hunts, and guns were common and cheap.

There were no large trees on the San Salvador plateau, except a few calabash or baobab trees (*Adansonia*). A tall rank grass abounded, some of it 15 to 18 ft. high ; some small trees and bushes grew in the grass. The baobab is a giant among trees. Their tumid stems and limbs often attain to an immense girth. The wood is a succulent, pulpy stuff, of no value or use, but the bark is stripped off, dried, and exported for paper-making. The tree bears a beautiful white flower, and its seed-pod, when fresh, contains a pulp rich in tartaric acid, which may be made into a drink. When burnt, its pungent smoke is said to rid a house of mosquitoes.

Our temporary grass houses were complete by the end of September. We then proceeded to build our permanent stone house, just inside the city wall ; indeed, the old wall was the foundation of our west wall. The stones for the building were gathered and brought in from the ruins in the jungle. A dozen boys slowly brought them in, and now and then strong men were needed to fetch in large squared stones, 12 by 18 by 24 in., with which we tied our corners, and which we used in the doorways, &c. We planned a house 30 ft. by 40 ft., the floor being raised 2 ft. 6 in. above the ground, and the outer walls 10 ft. high. It was easier to get the stone and other material than the lime for the mortar. Limestone of fair quality cropped out in several places, and the natives showed us an old limekiln, used by the Portuguese at some time, close to the River Luèzi. We found an outcrop of the limestone near the river, but two miles from the kiln ; so we set to work to make a canoe. We had some difficulty in finding a tree big enough, and when one was found and cut down, it was so rotten in the heart that it was

of no use. Another long day's search found us another tree, but it proved just as useless. A third tree was hopeful; but when the canoe was half made, we came down on more rottenness. Then we heard of a good tree near a village two miles lower down the river. The chief of the village of seven houses intimated that he expected a present if we cut his tree down, and when pressed to name a figure, was in no way moderate in his request. It was decided that the men of the town should cut out the canoe, and so earn the cloth which would otherwise go to San Salvador men, and in the end the matter of a present should be left to my generosity, which would be tempered by the behaviour of the men.

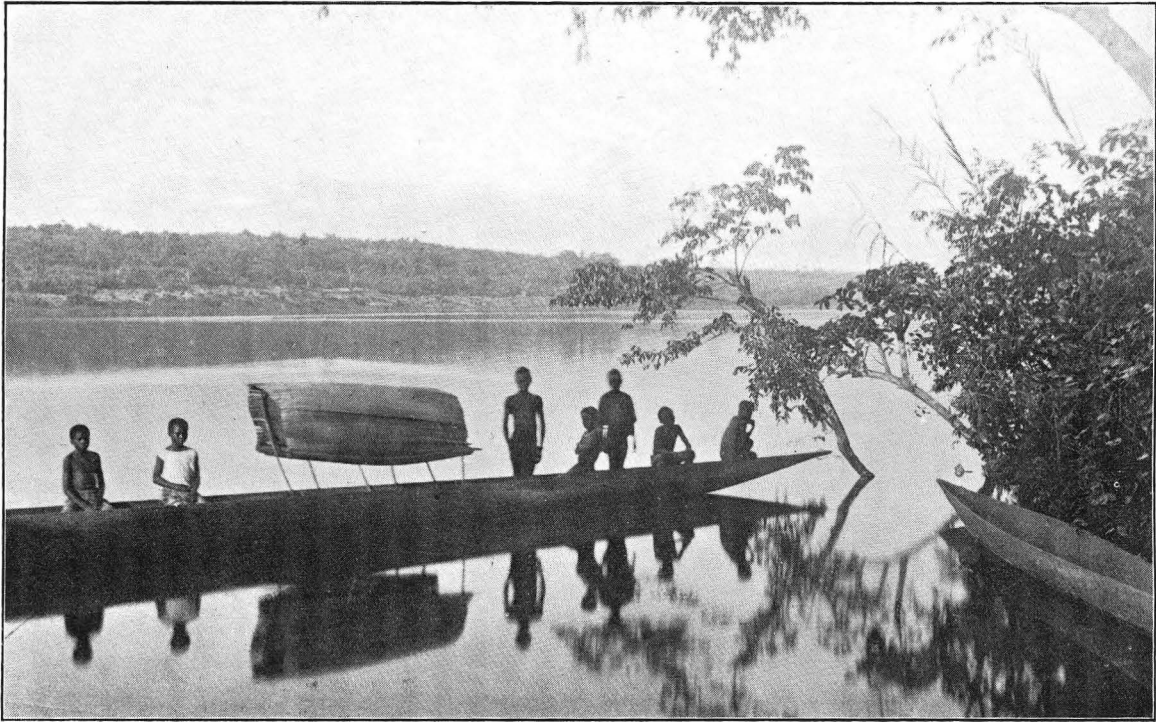
The scrub was cleared, and the fine tree felled; 50 ft. without a branch, and then 30 ft. more. It was a species of bombax. The wood was soft; but, although it was not of a quality which would be very lasting, it would serve for any time that we were likely to want it. We logged it at 25 ft., and set to work; Epea remained with me in the village, and I sent the San Salvador men home. In the morning the six available men of the place presented themselves, and the chips soon whitened the ground; the men did well. Next day they insisted on going for a hunt, from ten to three o'clock, and would listen to nothing to the contrary; next day they resumed their hunt at dawn, so I paid them off, and went back to San Salvador. A little while after I reached home, John Hartland returned from the work which he had been superintending. To our astonishment, he presented himself with half of his whiskers and most of his beard absent; his face was also blackened. I must confess that we had some difficulty in restraining our laughter, for his appearance was most comical. He explained that while blasting the limestone with trade gunpowder, he had great difficulty in firing his trains. One especially would not burn, although he used brands from the fire. He knelt down, and was blowing the brand, far too near to the powder. At last there was a fizzle, and a good explosion rent the rock, but poor Hartland was burnt, and had hurriedly to put himself out. Happily, no serious injury had resulted. The San

Salvador men finished the canoe in three and a half days; and a week after the felling of the tree, the canoe was being dragged to the river, a mile distant. Launching it next morning, we cut our way through the thickets, which in many places grew quite across the stream, and worked up to where the limestone was being piled beside the river by the boys, who were bringing it down from the rock which was being blasted.

The limestone was brought to the kiln in the canoe; wood was gathered near the kiln, a thick layer was placed at the bottom, then limestone, then more wood, and so on, until the kiln was full. It was the rainy season, so a roof had to be built over the kiln, for one wild storm might put even the fires out, or spoil our made lime before it was cool enough to carry away. So we burnt our lime—several kilns full.

Misilina was the stonemason, and Epea the carpenter; but we all worked, sometimes at one thing, sometimes at the other, according to necessity. We had to cover our walls every night, for rain might come and throw down the recent work. We found that personal supervision was necessary in every branch of the work. Three days' work was done in a day when we were about, and with far more fun and brightness; every one was in a good humour, and worked with a will then; but alone, we could get little done, they crawled about and talked. Such leisure afforded them opportunities to discuss the smallness of their pay, the insufficiency of their food rations, the misery of daily regular work; these topics and local gossip whiled away many long hours, as they sat waiting for the sun to get sufficiently low down to warrant their return home. When we were about, everything went well, and every one was in a good humour. If the roof had to be thatched, we thatched with the natives, and learned to do it as well as they could; so afterwards, if slovenly work was being done, or when our work-people did not even know how to thatch properly, as was often the case elsewhere later on, we were able to teach them, and to insist on proper work.

Carpentry is a much more serious business on the Congo



A CONGO CANOE

than in the home country. In England, suitable dry timber is bought cut approximately to the required size; but in Congo there was no time to wait for wood to dry, it had to be worked green; and although we generally sought far and wide for certain kinds of wood which we knew were workable, they were not by any means always to be had. Indeed, when they were found, they preferred a more or less damp surrounding, often in swamps, and we had to fell, log, and dress them in bad, very awkward places. We generally had seven-foot logs carried up to the station, and sawn there.

By the end of March, 1880, the stone-work of the house was finished. The wood-work was not ready until later. The grass for the roof could not be cut, for it was still growing in the jungle, and was not mature; the rains were falling frequently, and sometimes the floods were out in the valleys. Even if we had been able to cut the grass, we could not have dried it. We learned that in a swamp fifteen miles away there were some tall, thin trees, strong, although very light when dry, which would make excellent rafters for the roof. We sent, and cut a sufficiency, and fetched them in. When the rains stopped, we commenced cutting the grass for the thatching. This grass grows only on land which has been recently under cultivation; it is called *nianga*; it is a capital material for thatching, for its broad blades all spring up from the root, not from a stalk. It is cut level with the ground, and when dry is brought up to the town, and cleaned by a process of combing, which removes the short, dry spathes, and any withered grass. While eminently useful for thatching purposes, this grass is a frightful pest in cultivated ground, where alone it grows. It rapidly invades the farms, making a dense tangle of roots underground to a foot, and even more, in depth. The more it is cut, the more it flourishes. The only way to rid ground of it is to dig the ground over very deeply, and to take out every tiny piece of root. Every morsel left starts an invasion in a very short time. So dense is the tangle, that an acre cleaned would yield about a ton of roots. The shoots of the grass come up sheathed in sharp spathes, strong and sharp as a needle, which will penetrate

in a moment the hard skin of a native's foot, and many are lamed by these cruel needles. Often they have made their way almost to the surface of loose, broken-up garden ground, and so not appearing are stepped upon; the weight of the person presses down the loose soil, and the grass needle enters the foot deeply, causing an abscess very often, and much suffering. If a plot of ground is invaded by this *nianga* pest, it often has to be abandoned. The jungle-grass then invades it, and after a few years chokes it, but it is a very slow process. The only way to avoid it is to dig a deep trench round any clean ground. It is a great problem to know how to deal economically with this enemy of all agriculture.

To the rafters of the roof were tied horizontally the thick stems of the giant *madiàdia* grass, and on this the thatch was laid. I have worked for many days on roofs the purlins of which were only grass stems; they supported my weight without difficulty. Twisted strips of the skin of split papyrus stems were used as the 'string.' A number of little bundles of thatching-grass were laid along the eaves, the cut ends downwards. Rows (six or seven) of stout grass stems are tied over these bundles, right through to the framework of the roof underneath, and the thatch neatly spread. Then another row of thatch is tied on that, its ends about nine inches higher up; then another and another until the top is reached. The roof must be at a high pitch, to throw the rain off well. The thatching of the house was finished in July, 1880, just a year after our arrival.

The 'rainy season' has been mentioned; it will be well to explain that there is no rain in the cataract region of the Congo from about May 15 until about September 15; during that time there may sometimes come one stray shower in July or August, but seldom more than one, often none at all. Towards the middle of September rain may be expected; sometimes a little before, sometimes later. This rain comes more or less frequently, sometimes flooding the deep valleys towards December. About Christmas time the rains stop, and there is a 'little dry season,' which lasts about six weeks. This is very irregular, and may commence three weeks before

Christmas, or even three weeks after. After this intermission the rains recommence and go on increasing until, at the end of April, there is a frequent succession of storms, floods reappear, the ground is sodden, and everything is damp ; but about May 15, often on the very day, there is a sudden cessation of rain. There may be a little rain a week later, but, as a rule, the rain stops abruptly at its worst, and then there follow four months without any rain, the 'dry season.'

Over the tropical region of Africa there is a wide thick belt of cloud, about 800 miles in width, which follows a little behind the sun. When the sun comes south, the cloud belt comes over the south, and we have our rainy season. When the sun goes north, the cloud belt follows it until it has quite passed away, and we have our dry season. It must not be inferred from this that there are no clouds in the dry season, and that the sky of the rainy season is always overcast. The intense heat of the sun in the rainy season often renders the vapour in suspense invisible, and we may have a cloudless sky ; but towards evening the vapour condenses and becomes again visible, huge banks of cloud appear, miles in thickness, and a wild storm may burst an hour after sunset. The storms come in the daytime sometimes, and occasionally we have a long wet day ; such days, however, are rare, except just at the end of the rainy season. It does not rain every day, as a rule. Two or three days may pass, and then a storm ; again a break of a day or two, and another storm, generally at evening time or at night. In the dry season the sky is generally overcast in the daytime, but the cloud banks are much thinner. There is often no sunshine for a week at a stretch, only a dull heavy sky ; the wind too is cool, even cold. This overcast cool weather renders travelling in the dry season very pleasant. One often feels as fresh and strong as if he were back in the home country again. The prevailing wind in the cataract region is west and west-south-west ; but rain always comes on an easterly wind, sometimes north-east, or even on a sweep that strikes us from the north. This, however, is rare ; it is more often from the south-east.

The onset of a storm is often very awe-inspiring. A



CITY WALL, SAN SALVADOR, AND FIRST MISSION HOUSE (TO THE RIGHT)

steady south-west wind may be blowing, but a great bank of cloud appears toward the east; distant thunder may be heard. The cloud bank seems to spread; soon a black arch has formed across the sky some miles away; it advances in a direction almost opposite to the wind still blowing at the place where you are watching. The arch gets nearer; beneath it darkness lowers, and distant rain hides the horizon. The south-west wind drops, not a breath of air is stirring. A feeling of suspense pervades all Nature. The dark arch approaches rapidly, with terrible effects of light and shade—black, grey-black, smoky, with a dull coppery redness in some parts, as of fire behind it. The arch, perfect in its evenness, rushes on with a rolling motion on its edge; the colouring is darker, and more terrible in effect, as the whirling, seething clouds draw near. If the river lies between you and the storm, the water has taken a chocolate brown tint, and great waves appear. Still not a breath of air, but a feeling of anxiety and horror creeps over one; the thunder peals, the arch of whirling cloud has passed several degrees overhead, a chill strikes you, and in a few moments a fierce blast, a blinding flash of lightning, another and another; again and again the thunder peals. A hissing sound is heard; it is the rain, which has almost reached us, a few great drops, and then it seems as though the flood-gates of heaven are opened; the hill sides are streaming, torrents suddenly appear, swollen and impassable. The jungle is in many places two or three inches deep with the water, which is impeded by the grass, and flows too slowly away. In the footpaths there is a freer course, deep ruts are formed, in which the water flows knee deep. The lightning is blinding and the thunder incessant; the wind moves at sixty or seventy miles an hour, and still more, as sudden blasts drive the rain almost horizontally. After half an hour, perhaps an hour, the wind has lessened, but the rain still falls in torrents. Another hour passes, and there is only a heavy steady rain for a while longer, which may continue more gently during half the night.

During the first rainy season, before Christmas, there may be little or no thunder and lightning; but during the latter

rains there is nearly always great electric disturbance, the lightning flashing every few seconds, often silently. Accidents from lightning are comparatively rare, and blasted trees are not nearly so often seen as in England. In the early eighties, one of the iron dormitories of the Roman Catholic Mission at Boma was struck. The house was in a very exposed position, the highest point for a considerable distance round. A priest, hearing the cries of the boys, ran to help; the house was struck a second time, almost immediately, and the priest and several boys were killed. In 1882, one of the houses of the French Factory at Boma was burnt. The following year, one of the soldiers' huts in Mr. Stanley's camp at Stanley Pool was struck; the soldier was stunned, but not seriously hurt; he was dragged out of the house, because it caught fire, but no other harm was done. A small house of ours at Stanley Pool was struck in 1888. Fortunately it was empty, for the two steamer hands who used it were away. The walls were of clay, but the centre-post was riven, and the roof set on fire. It burnt slowly in the under part, for the outside was wet with an hour's rain. We had to let it burn out, for it was some time before we noticed that it was on fire; it happened about three o'clock in the morning. Flag-staffs were often riven; that at the French station at Brazzaville was destroyed three times in one season.

Two other terrible accidents I have heard of. In each case men were caught by tornado storms as they were returning from market, carrying barrels of gunpowder on their heads, when the lightning struck them. What with the lightning and the gunpowder, there was not much left to tell the tale. Very likely a gun-barrel attracted the lightning, for in those days no one travelled far from home without a gun.

There is a great deal of harmless, beautiful lightning to be seen in the clouds in the evening, like the mild 'summer lightning' which we see in England, only more frequent and brighter. One evening at Wathen I was taking a stroll at sunset, some singular silent lightning was playing just overhead; from a centre six or eight zigzag streams of horizontal lightning flashed out suddenly. It was frequently repeated,

and each time I could feel the hair of my head rise, as a counter earth current passed off to restore the equilibrium.

Observations taken at Vivi on the lower river in 1882-3 gave a rainfall for that year of $42\frac{1}{2}$ inches; ninety-five storms were registered. The lowest temperature noted was 53° Fahrenheit (July 29), an unusually low figure; the highest shade temperature was 96.5° ; these observations were taken in a very exposed position. We have registered 100° in the house at Wathen, but such days are rare; 80° to 85° is the more ordinary hot season temperature in a well-ventilated house. I have not seen a thermometer register below 60° ; it may sometimes stand at 65° at noon. In the rainy season the storms make the air chilly; we shiver with cold, and the natives crouch, the picture of misery, over their fires, and we are glad to have recourse to warm coats and shawls; but even then 70° will be the lowest temperature noted.

In the cataract region of the Congo we have no sultry winds, such as are common on the west coast, from Lagos upwards. With us the air is cool, if there is any stirring, and that even when the sun is at its hottest. Out in the open the air is seldom much above 80° , even when 130° and more could be registered by a thermometer laid out in the sun. I recall a striking instance of this; I was travelling from the lower river to Wathen with Oram in 1888. We had passed the Luvu river; our carriers had not stopped there for lunch, as we directed, but pushed on, up the long ascent beyond, for nearly an hour; we found them at last buying food from some natives, at a place where no shady tree could be found within two miles. The men refused to go on, they were hungry and tired, and so were we, for that matter; we had been six and a half hours on the march over the worst country possible; it would take us an hour to go on to any decent place. The sun was intolerable, and looking about for a shelter of some kind, we noticed a schistose rock, a great slab on end, 12 ft. high. It cast a shadow of 3 ft. from its base. We set up our chairs in this little shade, which just covered us; but the shade, or rather the air, was so cold that we were obliged to have our bed bundles unpacked to

furnish us with blankets, for only when so protected could we safely sit and rest, and take our meal. The temperature of the air was probably 80° or a trifle less, but the sudden change of 50° , from 130° , and more perhaps in that powerful sun, to 80° in the shade, was intolerable. Had we not wrapped up in our blankets, we should have soon been down with a bad fever. The powerful tropical sun is a danger, but chills, to which one is so liable under such circumstances, are a far greater danger ; the cold of the Congo has done more mischief



STATE BRIDGE OVER THE LUVU RIVER

than the heat. New-comers are very liable to rejoice in the cool after the heat, and pay dearly for the pleasure. I have seen men—not of our mission—sit out in the cool evening breeze after dinner, wearing only a thin cotton singlet, cotton pyjamas, socks and shoes, enjoying the cool air after a hot day's work! No wonder that the Congo climate has been vilified! One cannot be surprised that such men never returned home.

The seasons thus far indicated have been those prevalent in the region of the cataracts and lower river ; beyond Stanley Pool the dry seasons become shorter and shorter as one nears

the Equator, until there is scarcely any cessation of rain even between May and September; rain may come, and does come, at any time, and so over the whole bend north of the Equator to Stanley Falls.

But while speaking of rainy seasons it is necessary to observe that it is during those periods that the rain comes, if it comes at all. Unfortunately, the uncertainty of the rains is one of the greatest difficulties in the development of the country. Six hundred miles to the south of the Congo commences a desert region, which stretches on for another 800 miles right into Cape Colony. In this region rain seldom falls. In the Kalahari a few heavy showers fall in March and April, but otherwise it is rainless. At the town of Mosamedes on the coast, 700 miles south of the Congo, only twelve rain storms came in twenty years. Various influences cause this almost rainless zone to extend further to the north sometimes, and in Zombo, to the east and south-east of San Salvador, entire rainy seasons will occasionally pass by without a drop of rain, and terrible famines result. So too in the cataract region of the Congo, the rains are very irregular, and November—as a rule a very rainy month—may pass over without a drop of rain; indeed, from October to March the rain is sometimes so scarce that the crops suffer terribly. In 1895-6 at the Equator, 170 miles above Bolobo, in a district which has practically no dry season, there was an absence of rain for nine months.

When Comber found that the road to the upper river, by way of Tungwa and Makuta, was, for the time at least, closed, he considered that the best way to open it would be to remain quietly at San Salvador, developing the work there, while our good report might be carried far and wide. Accordingly, no fresh attempt was made during October, November, and December. We were the talk of the markets; our object, manner of life, medical work, &c., were constantly inquired about and discussed.

We pushed on with our house building, and the varied forms of labour connected with it. During the dry season we suffered a great deal from fever, but when the warmer

rainy season set in, with no cold mists in the morning, we had scarcely any fever for a long while. There is a note in my diary under April 14, 1880, 'I have been 210 days without fever!' A day's work in the hot sun would, however, make me ill the next day; there would be no fever or headache, but a feeling of great weakness would come over me, so that I could not walk or even stand. The trouble would come on with very little warning, and lasted from seven to eight hours. It would come on sometimes when I was away in the woods overlooking the timber work, or at the canoe cutting. There was nothing for it but to lie down on the ground, and wait the seven or eight hours until it passed off, when my strength would return, and enable me to go home. The attacks only came on during my first year, never since; but they were so troublesome that my colleagues did not like me to go about much, indeed, they began to think of sending me back to England as unfit to stand the climate. Strange it is that the quondam weakling of the party is the only one of the four remaining now in the work.

They were busy, happy days that we spent together at San Salvador. We rose at 5.45; a vigorous ringing of the bell would bring in our work-people by 6.15. The boys who were fetching stone for the house, and those who were helping Epea with the wood-work would be set to work. Others had to fetch firewood and water for our own use, or for mortar for the house, and Misilina needed some boys to help him in the stone laying. Meanwhile, the cook was making the water boil, and preparing our breakfast. The cook had served in that capacity for many years on the lower river at the trading factories; he was a slave of the king, but we had no business with the king in that matter. He was a good cook, but a great drunkard. There was not much palm-wine or other intoxicant to be had in those days; but if he could get any he always did so, until we could stand it no longer.

Our next cook was Garcia, one of the refugees of the Kisanga affair; but for his timely escape he would have been added to the forty poor creatures drowned on the chain. We had built a fireplace after the style used on the coast, and an oven; so

sometimes we had bread, using palm-wine to leaven it. Bread, however, was a luxury in those days; as a rule we had to content ourselves with plantain. It requires a practised eye to see the difference between a banana and a plantain tree; their fruit, too, is much the same in appearance. The fruit of the banana is only eaten when ripe, and is well known; but the plantain never appears in England. It is commonly eaten green, roasted or boiled, but when ripe it becomes sweet, although never so soft and luscious as the banana; even when ripe it is best cooked. The plantain is the staple food of large districts in Africa.

Our breakfast was generally ready by 6.30. Tea or coffee we always managed to keep in stock. Some cold meat left over from the previous day, sardines, or some preserved fish or meat, would assist the meal of hot roast plantains, with, perhaps, a tin of jam at the end. For milk we had to use condensed milk from Europe; no attempt was made to milk the king's cattle; possibly there were some cows among them, but they were very wild. There were goats in the town, and we kept two or three, and sometimes obtained a little milk from them. The natives considered the use of milk in food as most disgusting; they became more used to our ways after a while, but at first the idea was revolting to them.

After morning prayers in English, we each took up our departments of work. One of us went to the woods to superintend the carpentry, another had to attend to the preparation of dinner, give the cook his orders, and had to leave his other work from time to time, to see that his orders were being carried out; this duty we assumed by rotation, each taking a week in turn. Another did the medical work, and bought the food or any building materials to be so obtained. The others would assist in the building.

Both Comber and Crudgington had studied medicine. Most of the cases presenting themselves for treatment were ulcers, and simple matters; so simple, that after a few lessons I was left to attend to this work, calling in one of the medical colleagues for anything out of the ordinary. Hartland sometimes took his turn at this when there was no special work in

the woods, and so we began to study and practise the healing art. The fame of our cures brought in a good number of people from the near towns, and the medical work generally took a couple of hours. A great deal of time was taken up over bartering. A native would bring a fowl and ask three



H. E. CRUDGINGTON

times as much as he was likely to get. An offer of half the value would be made, and for a while there would be no progress; at last he would drop one-third in the price asked, and this must be met by a rise in the price offered. When a reasonable price was nearly attained, there would often be a flat refusal to abate further, and as we had to be very careful lest the prices should

slowly advance week by week, the business would be broken off. Presently the man would return to offer once more his last price, more discussion would follow, and at last we would agree to meet halfway at the proper price.

Next a goat comes, a still more serious business. A woman has a bunch of tough native cabbage leaves for sale, or a few ground-nuts, or beans, but with the same inflated ideas as to value. A small boy offers a tiny bird which he has caught with birdlime or a snare. It is alive, but he has broken its legs and wings to prevent its escape. In his careless holding he has given the broken wing two twists round. You tell him that you do not buy such small game as that, and protest against the cruelty of torturing the poor little bird in that manner. He cannot see what wrong he has done, 'It is only a bird!' A man brings some honey in an old gin bottle; he has added fifty per cent. of water, and for the last half-hour has been dipping a grass stem into it and sucking it. Another has had a misfortune with a sitting of eggs; a bush cat has taken the fowl on the twelfth day; he declares that they are all new laid. A man has a bunch of plantain to sell not quite ready to cut. You go to see it near his house. As usual, he

asks far above the value, perhaps 6,000 blue beads for a bunch. A long bargaining again results ; it is concluded by the payment of 800, and the tree is marked. All this wearisome bargaining had to go on day by day ; as yet it was impossible to name a price, and buy or send away. It had all to be done in a pleasant, good-tempered way ; anything else would have estranged the people we wanted to win for Christ. So with smile and pleasant talk we had to conduct our negotiations.

At noon work ceased for an hour and a half, and we partook of our midday meal. A fowl, or a joint of goat, after some soup ; some sweet potatoes, or part of a yam would be boiled or roasted. The yam is a great tuber, often bigger than a man's head ; boiled and mashed it is very like mashed potato, an excellent dish. There is a great variety of beans in the country, some exceedingly nice. Several kinds of greens are cultivated, one or two being very like spinach. Green maize, when young, is very sweet. Tasty stews, in which the pulp of the palm-nut is the chief ingredient, are made up with a fowl or a piece of goat. Sometimes the caterer for the day would venture on a raisin pudding, some pastry, or a milk pudding of some kind. We tried to do our best in this way, for it is of great importance that, as far as possible, food should be tastily and well served, and in good variety. Carelessness in this matter results in a poor appetite, and the health rapidly runs down. Some have considered that very little meat is needed in the tropics, but we feel the need of a liberal diet, if health and energy is to be maintained ; anything else ends in disaster.

At 1.30 we resumed work, generally spending the afternoon in house-building. At sunset, we might take a stroll into the town. At 6.30, the evening meal, much after the style of that at midday. After that the town boys would beg us to give them a lesson. It was often a struggle to keep awake as they tried to spell out the syllables ; but the boys were anxious to get on, and really made good progress.

It was a very long while before we found out the reason for this keen desire to learn to read and write. The natives, when they carried produce to sell at the coast, took it to

the buying store of the factory. When it was weighed or measured, the agent made a few marks on a piece of paper. They then took the 'book' to the agent in charge of the barter store, and he handed out the payment. Many of the San Salvador people had put two and two together; they concluded that if they could write, they need not trouble to take produce to the factories, but they had only to make a few marks on a piece of paper, and on presentation of it at the 'fetish'—as the barter store of a factory is called—they would obtain all that they wanted. Hence the desire to know how to read and write at San Salvador.

There was no idea of theft in the case. An African never thinks a matter out if he can help it; this is his weak point, it is characteristic. They never recognized any similarity between their own trading and a coast factory. They considered that when a white man wanted cloth, he opened a bale and got it. Whence the bales came, and why, and how—that they never thought of. How should they know? Every one said that the cloth was made by dead men under the sea. The whole thing was so hopelessly mixed with magic and the occult, that their ideas only went as far as they could see. The presentation of the marked paper, without a syllable spoken, caused the cloth to be handed over, so they said, 'Let us learn to mark paper like that.'

Great as the mistake was which the natives made, good came of it, for it created a keen desire for knowledge, tided us over our first difficulties, and gave an impulse to our school work there which it has never lost. Later on we found out all about it, and were able to explain that not only would such writing be wrong, but the fraud would certainly be discovered, and bring swift and dire punishment; but by that time the value of the knowledge for its own sake had begun to be understood. It may be added, too, that forgery has not become a failing of the people.

In November, 1879, the king received a letter from Père Carrié, Superior of the Roman Catholic Mission at Landana and Boma. It is a noted French missionary society, a combination of two 'congregations' or societies, one a Jesuit, the

other an ordinary society, The Mission of the Holy Spirit and of the Sacred Heart of Mary. As a combined society, it is allowed to have its head-quarters in Paris, although the Jesuit Order is expelled from France. The letter was written in Portuguese, and was of many folios. The king's secretary tried to read it, but as in its vastness it dealt with mysteries beyond his or any one's ken, the king sent it to us for elucidation.

Père Carrié wrote, telling the king that God our Lord, by the Holy Father the Pope, had sent him twelve years before to evangelize the king's people, and to dedicate himself entirely to the welfare and salvation of his Majesty. He had already reached Boma, but health and strength had failed him. The king might be excused in thinking that a long time had elapsed. He pointed out that the devil was laying snares for his Majesty; for men had come to him to teach the false and damnatory doctrine of Protestantism. He recounted a little of the history of Congo, and then plunged into a description of 'the heresiarchs and chief heretics' of Protestantism. He told of Henry VIII, and of Luther, who in his satanic pride had falsified the Bible, and how Calvin was called 'hog,' 'ass,' 'cur,' 'donkey,' &c.! The king might well feel that he was getting out of his depth in all this, and wonder why the poor man was 'called' by these shocking epithets, and who 'called' him. Père Carrié proceeded to point out that from such unclean and perverse men only an unclean and perverse doctrine proceeded. The king, however, knew the purity of our life, and the behaviour of the last priest in Congo the previous year. Going deeper, the père discussed the unity of the Church, and told how the Romish Church was rich in miracles, while the Protestants had never performed one. Further, the Protestants never troubled to teach the nations the virtues necessary to salvation, or to inculcate morality, but had instead a mania for giving people the Bible without their knowing or doing what it says! He had many lies and calumnies of the Protestants to rebut, but the letter was already too long. In conclusion, he prays that God would preserve him from speaking anything other than

the pure truth. The readers thought that he would have done better to have prayed thus before writing such a disgraceful letter!

This letter is outrageous, and merits a careful study, coming as it does from a man who was soon after made a bishop, and vicar apostolic of a French colony. It professes to be a truthful statement of the difference between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, drawn up by a high Romish ecclesiastic for the guidance of a poor ignorant African king. Monseigneur Carrié's 'congregation' is in charge of the whole French Congo, and has missions in Portuguese Africa, in Western Persia, and elsewhere. The king begged us not to trouble about the letter, as he knew how to answer it.

I called on Père Carrié at Boma a few weeks afterwards, but did not refer to the letter. He was very agreeable, and was interested in the archaeology of Congo; he expressed his astonishment at Protestant liberality and activity in mission work. He twitted me with having a definite annual allowance, while he, poor man, had nothing sure to live on! I pointed out that my allowance was limited, but his was not, and wondered which of us cost his society the greater sum. This put things in a new light to him. He used very strong expletives when speaking of the Portuguese missionaries. He said that he would like to do something in Congo, but had no funds. I told him of our difficulties interiorwards.

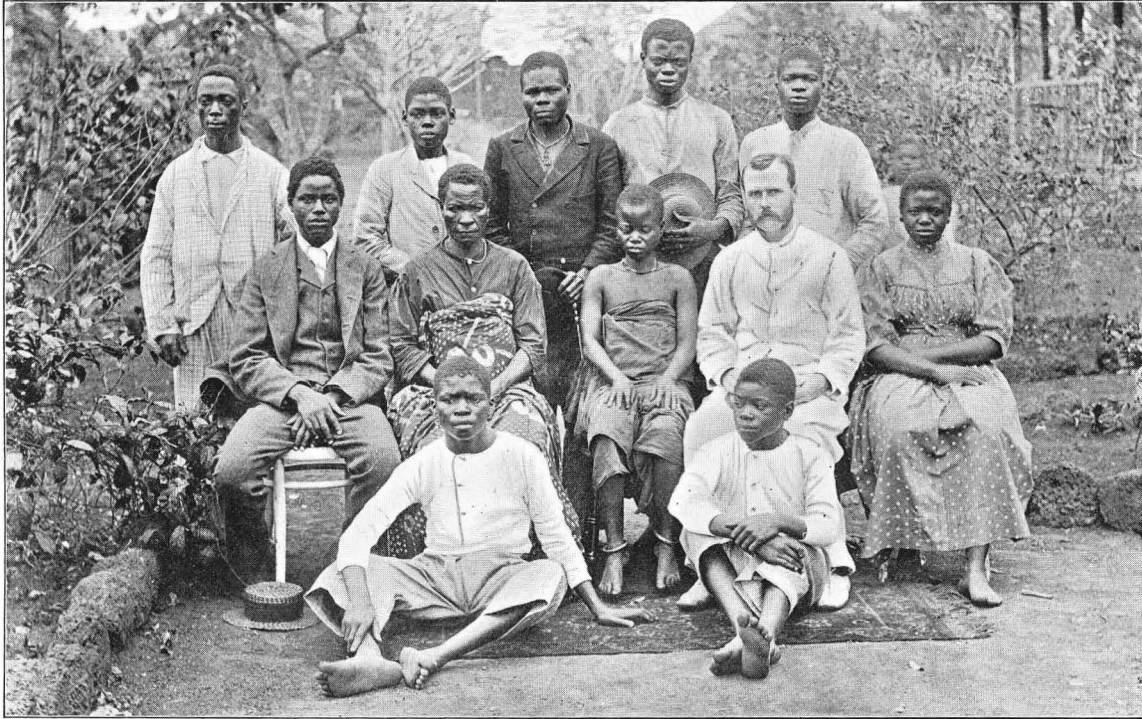
I called on him two years later in Landana. He had a large establishment there on the coast, about seventy miles north of the mouth of the Congo. As in the case of most of the Romish missions, there were more than 100 ransomed (slave) children belonging to the mission. They were well disciplined, and made large plantations. All the teaching was in French; no one knew well the native language.

In December of 1879, I had to go to Musuku to arrange and list the loads yet to come up country. We had written down for several things, but Senhor Santos replied that there were no such cases. Loads which should have remained down were sent up, and there was something wrong at our base. We were beginning to feel that when our work ex-

tended we should need a base station on the lower river. Some pleasant talks with the natives on the road showed the possibilities of quiet itineration work, presently, when the language was properly acquired.

A little before Christmas we had a very anxious time, for our Cameroons man Epea developed small-pox. There was no epidemic in the country; he must have brought the germs in his box; no other solution of the mystery of his isolated case seems possible. A tent was pitched a mile away in the jungle, and Misilina nursed him; we were exceedingly careful, and no one else took it. During Lieut. Grandy's expedition as far as Tungwa, in 1873, an epidemic of small-pox worked terrible havoc in the country. The natives considered that Grandy had caused it. If Epea's case had been followed by a general epidemic, the blame would have been fixed upon us, and we should have been driven out of the country. There was every reason for grave anxiety, until a sufficient time had passed without another case. We were indeed thankful for the gracious Providence which averted the evil.

We would not let Christmas pass without some festivities. We held a service in the morning, and told the story of the birth of the Saviour. In the afternoon we invited the king and people to come to our compound to see some athletic sports. There were races and jumping, and we had a great deal of fun. The poor old king was very nervous; he could scarcely bear to look at the high jump; he was so afraid that the boys would hurt themselves! The people are so wicked that only the mildest games are possible in the native towns. Every one is on the look-out for an excuse to extort money from some one else. Hockey is the favourite game on our stations; but in the towns, if the boys played, and one of them got a scratch in the game, a great lawsuit would be made of it and heavy fines demanded by the injured boy's friends. If a drop of blood is drawn, however accidentally, it is treasured on a leaf for evidence. A broken bone would matter little, but one drop of blood makes them lose their heads most unaccountably. It was probably that custom which made the king anxious.



GROUP OF CONGO CONVERTS, SAN SALVADOR, WITH H. R. PHILLIPS
(The woman on Phillips' right is blind; the other next to her, was the favourite wife of the old King
Dom Pedro V, and is now a deaconess of the Church.)

The sports were well enjoyed, but the competitors thought it most unfair that they did not all get prizes ; they all ran in the race, and had all the trouble ; why were they not all rewarded? Our conduct was considered very arbitrary.

Next day we invited the king to dine with us. A great crowd assembled round the door, and discussed the composition of the dishes served. The king conducted himself with much propriety, was fairly successful with his knife and fork, and we had a pleasant chat together. When he had half eaten what was served to him, he handed his plate to his retainers at the door ; that is considered the proper thing for an African chief to do. This was the first time that he took a meal with us, and he appreciated the courtesy.

A note in our diary at this time records the arrival of our station-bell. The people were delighted with it, and wanted it to be rung all day long !

Three months of quiet work on the station had passed away without any attempt interiorwards ; it was now time to make another endeavour to reach the upper river. News of us had spread far and wide, and our quiet, benevolent habits were known in the district. On January 2, 1880, Comber and Crudgington started to make a new effort. The plan was to go as far as Nsanda, two easy days from Tungwa, doing some evangelistic work on the way, and to stay at Nsanda ten days at least, and as much longer as seemed wise. Misilina went with them, our good friend Matoko, and some Congo carriers. The second day out they stopped at a large town, Yongo. The people were very drunk, and the reception was rather a noisy affair, but all were pleased at the visit. They were at war with the people of Mawete, a town near by. Next day being Sunday, Comber went to see the Mawete enemies, and was well received. They were often visited after this, and were always very friendly. The nephew of the chief was a very intelligent young man, an enterprising trader. A short march from Yongo brought them to Mwala, where the people were always very hearty. There they were pressed to spend a couple of days ; indeed, they were urged to stay the night in almost every town they passed. The

sick came or were brought, and a great deal of medical work was done, to the increase of their fame; and the opportunity was seized to tell something of the Saviour's love. The people were, however, much afraid that the presence of the white men would stop the rain and bring on a drought. When they passed people on the road, even, they were heard to say, *E-yaya, ke kunoka diaku ko!* (O mother, there will be no more rain!) They had constantly to tell the people that the rain was in God's hands, not theirs. It was just about the time when there is a break in the rains, the little dry season, but happily there were some showers on those days to reassure the people.

They found the Nsanda people simple-hearted, but very timid. With some difficulty the old chief was induced to let them stay for a week. He said that he knew Comber, but he was always coming with new companions; first Grenfell, then Hartland, and now Crudgington. By degrees, all the white men would spy the land, and then they would come and take it. At Mwala and Mawete they would have liked us to build, but at Nsanda they were too timid. However, during the week they established their medical reputation, and did some quiet work, the news of which would soon reach Tungwa; this was really the aim of the visit.

Returning to Mwala, they were urged again to stay. It was decided to make the town an outpost, and base for forward work. Crudgington stayed there for five weeks. Comber remained with him for more than a week, then he returned to San Salvador for a while, and went back again to Mwala. Thence they tried another route interiorwards, and were once more blocked, and forced to return.

Crudgington spent a very pleasant time at Mwala. He was busy with medical work; people came from all the towns round. Very interesting services were held, Matoko remained with him the greater part of the time, and acted as interpreter. He was able also to start school work, and a good many of the children attended. Comber next took his place for a while. In this way we became well known in the district. The town is thirty miles north-north-east of San Salvador, about halfway to Tungwa.

While they were there, I had an interesting run in the country, twenty miles to the south. Dom Alvaro of Tuku had been ill for some time; he was a very important man; indeed, on the death of the king he succeeded to the throne of Congo; on account of his illness a great palaver could not be proceeded with. The king begged me to go and see him; he provided me with a hammock and bearers. The road lay through the populous district of Madimba. I had travelled seven miles of the road before, looking for good wood for the house. We came to a hilly piece of road, where the dense jungle-grass so choked the path that we had great difficulty in forcing our way through it. I was walking in front, holding my hands before me to push the blinding grass aside. Suddenly, I came upon a huge bull with wide horns, coming from the opposite direction; it was a mutual surprise, and we backed away from each other. It was a caravan of natives coming up from Ndamba, 100 miles to the south-south-east, with three bulls for sale. Their town was Tsotso, the head-man, Ngani Kiunga. Their dialect was considerably different from that of San Salvador.

On my return home, after a few days, they were still there; I took down 200 words and some sentences from them. They offered to take us to their country. We begged them to bring us some cows, that we might buy them. They said that there were none in all the country. We asked whether the bulls grew on the trees then! They collapsed, and promised to bring some. Later on they sold us a cow. In their country the people live almost entirely on a porridge of cassava-meal and milk. The cattle are very tame; they follow the women to the farms in the morning, and return with them at evening time; yet in Congo only the king had cattle, and he only a few. There must be a much greater security of property at Ndamba than in Congo, and less of greed and wickedness. The strangers had also some loads of wax, and ground-nut oil in great demijohn bottles. There had been no caravan through from Ndamba for many long years; the king had never paid for the last bull he bought from the district, so the road was closed.

We reached Tuku on the second day. The chief was very ill, but the cause was soon found; I stayed two days more, and left him in a fair way to recovery. The chief was a hard, disagreeable man, but he had two cousins, most intelligent young men. They had a wonderful knowledge of Portuguese, and Dom Garcia, the king's secretary, had taught them to write. There was an immense difference between them and the ordinary natives; there was a refinement and very marked superiority; they were more like white men. Their houses were very neat and clean. Many chiefs came to call on the sick man, a duty which it is dangerous to neglect in Congo; it was a fine opportunity to make the acquaintancè of many important men of the district, and especially so that the medical treatment was a great success. I had some good talks with the people; about eighty were present on Sunday. Twice the chief laughed out loud at the absurdity of the idea that the great eternal God could or would be so kind as to do such wondrous things for us. It was too good to be true. If the Saviour's love is the wonder of angels, it is not strange that one in that dark land should consider it an impossibility. The talks with the two cousins, Manoel and Nicolai, were more hopeful. All three are dead now. One of the cousins died trusting in Jesus some ten years later; he was living at San Salvador, and came under the influence of our mission there.

Near to Tuku there lived the king's eldest son; he had spent seven years at Loanda, and so knew Portuguese well. He was much surprised at our motives for coming to Congo, and yet, after all, agreed that it was a right and good errand.

The days spent at Tuku were more like a visit to friends in England, there was so much of kindness and pleasant conversation. One could feel quite at home there. One of the sons of the king, named Dom Henrique, was also of this superior type; with several of his brothers he had learned Portuguese, and could write. He lived at San Salvador, and often interpreted for us in the Sunday services. He, too, became a Christian later on. Years before we came to Congo, Dom Henrique heard of the finding of water by the digging

of wells. He commenced to dig a well, and chose a good spot, for he found water at about twenty feet. When the people saw the water they were frightened, and insisted on his filling up the well, for fear that they would be flooded, although the town was built on a lofty plateau; so he had to fill it up.

Dom Garcia, the king's secretary, was the source of all education in the district about San Salvador. He was a remarkable man, of about fifty years of age, when we arrived there. He had picked up what he knew somewhere in the country; he always declared that no white man had taught him, but that he had picked it up from natives. It was a lingering of knowledge from the times of the old missionaries probably, although it may be that an Ambaquista had taught him. He spoke and wrote Portuguese well, although he had no notion of writing his own language, neither indeed had any who could write; they seemed to think that it could not be written, the idea of the possibility never seems to have struck them.

Dom Garcia was a very reserved man; we never managed to get on hearty terms with him. He was always frigidly polite; we never had reason to suspect that he intrigued against us, but we never felt that he was either a friend or an enemy. We never managed to get 'near' him. He was not liked by the natives generally—why, we never knew. It was said that he was avaricious—not an uncommon failing; perhaps they thought his superior knowledge to be uncanny. He was a mystery to us in many ways. He came from the district to the east of San Salvador, a lofty plateau country, whence the Ambriz (Mbidizi) river falls in a cascade 450 ft. almost perpendicularly. The falls are now known as the Arthington Falls.

Sometimes a great halo appears round the sun when it is high in the heavens; the Congos consider that it appears when some great but bad man dies, and all heaven is gathered to his judgement and condemnation. The halo is the great gathering of the heavenly notables, and it is always for a condemnation. The day after Dom Garcia died, a halo appeared round the sun; the people were almost afraid to look at it.

They whispered to each other, 'Dom Garcia'; and they shuddered with horror as they saw that the devil had claimed him for his own. It was beyond all question! Poor Garcia! *Podè tu!* They told us about it a day or two after. 'Did not you see it yourself?' Our explanations were by no means satisfactory. They put it down to our ignorance.

The people of Ambaca (Mbaka), a district in the hinterland of Loanda, are known to the Portuguese as Ambaquistas; they appear to be more intelligent than any tribe in the south-west of Africa. They are keen traders, travelling far and wide in their search for something to buy or sell. They have schools *of their own*, and most of them know how to read and write in their own language. Travellers in Angola speak of one or more of these writing Ambaquistas being found in every direction, superior to the other natives, clever traders, not overburdened with scruples as to truth and fairness perhaps, but a fine people. The Zombo people resemble them in their keen far-and-wide trading, but they are quite illiterate at present. We must hope to have a good story to tell when our new mission has been a while among them.

In March it became necessary for Comber to go to the coast. A letter had been received from the accountant of the Dutch House, to the effect that John Scott, who had been acting as our agent at Musuku, had gone to Europe, and had sold his effects to the House. There was an item of £40 due by us to his estate, which they wished us to settle as soon as was convenient. Comber replied that he had already paid it, and held Scott's receipt. This answer did not satisfy for some reason, and as there was much to be arranged, now that Scott was gone, Comber determined to go with Crudginton to the coast, to make fresh arrangements for our base. At the same time he felt that the forward work was much hindered by the fact that we had no reliable carriers. We were always at the mercy of the local men hired by us, and were not likely to achieve success with them. They were at feud with the people in so many directions, and afraid of the people in other directions; there was so much of

lawlessness and violence rife in the country that they had good reason for their fears; they behaved in so shameless a manner to those strangers who ventured into their districts, they might well fear that the like would be meted out to them if they went away from home. If indeed they agreed to carry, it was with no intention of going any distance. They could find fault with the rations or pay in a day or two, or trump up some story of threatened violence; in some way or other they would force a return, and get well paid for doing nothing.

Comber made up his mind to get, if possible, another gang of Kru boys, who would render them independent of local men. They were away nearly three months over their quest, arranged for the forwarding of our stores from the coast, and managed to secure two gangs of Kru boys who happened to be on the steamer disengaged. Captains sometimes allowed 'boys' a passage to find employment, their employers gladly paying the passage money. The affair of John Scott was as they suspected. An account had been promptly paid, but as our credit was good, and the goods supplied and services rendered were evidently bona fide, he had left the account in his books as unpaid, and the Dutch House took the recent item in our name as a good debt; never dreaming that it had been so promptly paid; so Scott got his £40 twice over, and the sufferers may be excused some feeling of annoyance. Scott went to Spain, and died there in poverty.

All the while that Comber and Crudgington were on the lower river, Hartland was alone at Mwala, and I at San Salvador. The king seldom walked about the town; he might nearly always be found sitting on a mat in his courtyard, or in his audience-chamber. People who had any business with him knew where to find him; while for any visits of ceremony, some one would be sent to tell him that visitors were seeking an audience. As a rule, he had a good many callers during the day. He wore a flannel or cotton shirt, and a loin-cloth reaching to the ground. His two younger sons, Malevo (13), and Tangi (9), were generally with him; only they might sit on his mat, but there were

generally some other boys with him. They waited on him, and when a basket of ground nuts and roast plantain were brought him for lunch, he ate what he liked, and gave the rest to these young retainers. So, too, with his *mfundi* pudding (of cassava meal) at midday, with a pot of beans stewed with a little piece of meat, or some cabbage leaves served with 'palm-chop' sauce; when the king had eaten, the boys divided the rest. A more liberal portion came in



J. S. HARTLAND

the evening. Some of those boys had nothing but what they thus received. It was handy for the king to have these little aides-de-camp to fetch any one wanted, or render any little service, and this was the tie that bound them. Sometimes important chiefs sent their heirs presumptive to be brought up at the court of the king. Makoko, the chief of Lemba, two hours west of the terminus of the railway at Stanley Pool, assured me that he had been brought up at the 'knee'

of the King of Congo ; that is to say, for some time, when a boy, he sat beside the king's mat.

Among the boys nearly always to be found in the royal presence was a timid little fellow named Tembelela ; Tembe, we will call him. Light-skinned, his hair was not so tightly curled as that of ordinary Africans ; we used to fancy that there was some white blood in his veins, but that cannot have been the case. If he saw that we noticed him, he would get up and hide behind some one else, or perhaps go away altogether. The boys generally liked to talk to us, and seldom lost an opportunity ; but Tembe was shy, a little antelope of a boy. We learned his history. He was the slave of a man in the town, who neglected him because he was too small to be of any use. He was six or seven years old perhaps. He came from Mbamba, a district between San Salvador and the coast. There was a terrible drought in the district, and famine followed ; the people were dying with hunger ; people from other districts would take down loads of food, and return with gangs of slaves ; parents sold their children, and children their parents ; indeed, every one tried to sell his neighbour, and often the person sold submitted gladly to be taken out of the land of hunger. People even sold themselves. A San Salvador man, hearing the 'good' news, filled a carrier's basket with maize cobs, and went to the scene of the famine. He bought Tembe for five cobs of maize, and did other business to his advantage.

We missed Tembe for some time, and one day while I was alone there, I asked after him, and learned that he was dead ; he had been suffering from measles or some such complaint. Next day, returning from a visit to the king, I saw a little skeleton lying among the leaves on the side of the palaver square. I found that he was alive. I carried him to the house ; there I found that it was Tembe. His cruel master did not care to 'waste good food' over a dying boy, so he had thrown him into the jungle, some days previously, to die. The poor child had managed somehow to crawl to where I found him. I gave him a cup of Liebig, and a little later washed him down with soap and warm water, and took off

some of the layers of dirt. He had not washed for more than two months. I went in to see the king about it, and expressed myself somewhat strongly. I told him that the boy was practically dead. If I managed to pull him round I should consider him my boy; his scoundrel of a master had no claim on him. All that the king would say was, that there was plenty of time to discuss his ownership when he got well again. He would not give him to me definitely. I fed and washed him, and at first he made considerable progress, and became quite bright. Then I found that an anthelmintic was needed; but although it had a wonderful effect, I was too late to save him. He had a fever, and could not shake it off. I took the best of care of him, but he became weaker and weaker, and fifteen days after he came to me the dear little fellow died. It was a great disappointment, but I had done my best.

It is the great desire of a Congo man to be buried in a great quantity of cotton cloth, and to have a grand funeral. For *this* he trades, and works, and sins, sparing no pains, not that he may wear fine cloths, and have a comfortable home. He shivers with cold in the dry season, but will not put on his back the coat or blanket which is reserved for his shroud. How many die through this folly! It is not even the love of hoarding that prompts this, only the desire for display at the funeral. When a friend dies, it is the proper thing to take a present of cloth for his shroud, and often a very heavy present; but there is no absence of greed in this lavish generosity, for a good present of a pig or several animals is expected to be given at the time in return, and when the generous man dies, a like present must be sent to enshroud him by the family which had previously profited by his generosity. This leads to a very boastful generosity sometimes, and a man's rich enemies may ruin his family at his death by their lavish donations for his shroud, and that to an extent that his family will never be able to repay. Public opinion forces them to use the cloth to the end for which it was given, and it is done with a light heart; but when the time to repay comes, half the family may have to be pawned or sold to provide the

return shroud. There is often much wickedness over this, and it is a constant cause of embarrassment and difficulty for heads of families to meet the demands made by the deaths of their friends, who have at some time 'helped' them. So a great man is often buried in hundreds of yards of cloth. It all goes underground to rot, and be eaten by white ants.

It is an ill wind that blows no one any good; this custom is certainly good for commerce, for it forces the natives to trade and work. At one time nearly all the cloth imported was used for enshrouding, and even now that cloth is much more commonly worn, there is still a very large proportion which is buried. So with the opening up of Africa, Manchester may take heart; not only are there thousands more to wear its cloth, but thousands more to be buried in it. In the early years of our mission, more than half the cloth which made its way into the interior was a transparent muslin stuff, like the cloth used to wrap butter. No one could wear such wretched gauze, not even threefold; it was imported solely for shrouds, and figured as so many yards of cloth, to the bewonderment of all who heard the news.

The expense of a funeral is so great in the case of an important man, that his own accumulations are never sufficient. The corpse has therefore to be kept for a considerable time. To this end a grave-like hole, two or three feet deep, is dug in the house in which the man died. The corpse is placed in the hole, and over the hole a mat is spread; the mat is then covered with an inch and a half of earth. Fires are then lighted beside the hole, and are tended night and day by the wives of the deceased, who ought not to leave the house until the funeral. For the first few days the house is crammed with wailing women. The heat of the fires, the closeness of the crowded hut, combine with the smell of the decomposing corpse to create an atmosphere almost indescribable; but fifty or sixty women will crowd in, and sit with tearful eyes, wailing and chanting their mournful dirges night and day; eating their food outside the house when their children bring them some ground nuts, or a pudding, or some such

refreshment. It is no unusual thing for severe illness to result from such kindly offices, especially where no system of drying is resorted to.

A case occurred somewhat recently. A young woman died; she was not buried for several days. The usual crowd of wailers filled the house, among them her mother, and sometimes her sister-in-law. After a day or two, the mother and sister-in-law were seized with vomiting and other internal disturbance; the mother died, the sister-in-law was very ill, for this sickness brought on further trouble, and derangements resulted so that she is scarcely likely to become thoroughly rid of the effects. This from one case only! More may indeed have suffered then; we only learned the result in those in whom we were personally interested.

After a day or two the wailing moderates, and for a great part of the day the women folk of the place sit about the house, and make baskets, for in a village no woman of any feeling or position would go to her farm at such a time. At ten o'clock at night, and at five o'clock in the morning, a special wailing is set up, to the beat of the native gong and a small drum. In the early night the young people take the great town drum down to the house, and dance for some hours; so with laughter at the antics of a dancer outside, and tears as the wail surges and falls, the hours pass.

The poor wives put on an old cloth, and sit and sleep on the ground. They never wash, nor comb or cut their hair for months; pot black and oil is rubbed into their skin and hair; for them it is a time of squalid misery. A few yards of cloth are wrapped round the corpse before it is put into the drying pit. The heat of the fires goes down into the ground, and so a slow dry heat is set up; in time the principal moisture of the body evaporates or runs away into the soil. It is then removed from the pit, wrapped in more cloth, and placed on a shelf in the house. In the dry season the body may be buried beside the house six or eight inches below the surface, and the place covered with the thorny bases of palm fronds, to keep the jackals away. Even then nasal admonitions may point out to a white man, if the house has been lent him



LYING IN STATE, BOPOTO

while on his travels, that it had better be exchanged for some other.

During this period of mourning the nephews, sons, and male relatives of the deceased will have been busy trading, and doing their utmost to raise money for the funeral; junior members of the family may be pawned to raise more, and when the funeral is over they not infrequently forget to redeem them. So every one does his best to give an honourable funeral. To insinuate that your enemy buried his uncle 'wet,' is the worst abuse that can be dealt out to him; a resort to knives is the only sequel left to a man of any self-respect thus 'cursed.'

As the day long appointed for the funeral approaches, the wailing is resumed, the drum beats nearly all night, and a little before dawn, when the tired dancers have gone to bed, in the still night air the people in the neighbouring towns can hear the ting-tong of the distant gong and the weird rise and fall of the chant. 'Eh, Lutumba! he is gone to work for the white men; he has made an engagement for fifty moons. Eh, Lutumba! where have you gone to? *E yaya!* we shall never see him again.' When the railway was being laid, they sometimes sang that the deceased had gone to work on the railway.

At early dawn, for some days, there is a heavy firing of guns, and on the eventful day some barrels of powder are used up. The people gather from miles round, every one in gala costume, friends present their additions to the shroud, and a great dance is kept up for many hours. While the enshrouding progresses palm wine flows freely; then a glorious cloth is wound outside the shroud, and all is ready. The wailing is loud and long, the great drums thunder, and the dance-song soon gives way to a dirge which is taken up by all. The enshrouded corpse is brought to the great square of the town to be 'shown.' Six strong fellows raise the bundle as high as their uplifted arms will allow them; with much shouting they run to another side of the square and elevate the corpse once more; then in several other places. After this 'showing' all follow to the grave;

the wailing grows louder, the women nearly related scream and beat themselves, the tears stream. The body is laid on the ground on the grave-earth, the women come near, lay their hands on the body, and the excitement reaches its climax. Two men jump down into the grave and receive the body, and put it carefully in its final resting-place. As soon as the body is thus laid to rest, all weeping and wailing and streaming tears instantly stop. All is over. There is not the least further display of feeling; many present assist to fill in the grave, and the crowd disperses. The thing that would most astonish and shock a European would be the sudden cessation of all appearance of grief. It is the most heartless part of the performance. A daughter who has the moment before been in an agony of grief for her dead mother, suddenly dries her tears, and goes away chatting lightly.

The male members of the family have now to bid farewell to those who have shown their sympathy by gifts for the shroud; return presents of fowls, goats, pigs, or parts of pigs, and, when they are exhausted, cloth or beads, as equivalent, all carefully graded according to the value of the present; more palm wine is drunk, and the assembly disperses.

The funeral of a woman is a simpler matter, as a rule. She may not be buried for a few days, but the whole affair is much quieter, and there is less in the way of shroud; so too, in the case of children.

A slave gets very little in the way of funeral, especially the more helpless, worthless wights; an old mat or some plantain leaves, and a shallow grave, will do for them.

And so my poor little Tembe was dead, and I must bury him. It is wasteful to bury a lot of cloth in the ground, but I felt that I must bury him worthily; so I wrapped fifty yards of cloth on him. His little necklace was treasured in my writing-desk. A decent grave was dug within sight of the entrance to the town. He was buried with much decency, and in a Christian fashion. I had talked to the poor little man of the 'home for little children above the bright blue sky'; and I spoke more about it at the grave to the goodly number who gathered, when they heard how I had wound

his shroud myself. I told them of the Saviour, who said, 'Let the little ones come unto Me,' who had taken this poor little lamb to His fold ; then, after a few words of prayer, we dispersed. Next day, I had a neat fence put round the little grave, and I thought that that was the end of the affair.

On Sunday, I took the service as usual, for Hartland was at Mwala, and the others at the coast.

After the service, the king wished to speak as usual. He said that he was glad that the white men had come to teach him and his people. We had brought him some wonderful presents, and we had told them the wonderful message of the love of God, and how the Saviour had come to open the way to heaven ; very great and wonderful things we had told him, but something had just happened which to him was more wonderful than all ; it was unheard of. 'Mr. Bentley found Tembe the other day dying on the palaver square. Tembe was not his father, and he was not his mother (i. e. no relation either on the father's or mother's side), yet he took the boy, for whom no one cared to do anything, washed him, fed him, loved and cared for him as if he were Tembe's mother, although Tembe had never done anything for him. He nursed him, and helped him, but the boy died ; then, to crown all, he buried him as if Tembe were his uncle, in a lot of cloth. I heard of it all, and know how he buried him and fenced his grave. It is wonderful, I cannot understand it. These white men have different ways from us. They have taught me many things about being kind and good, but here was the very thing. It was very wonderful to be so kind to a child like that. This is more than talking. Yes, it is right ; that is how we should be, but it is not our way ; they are different from us. This has impressed me more than all their talk. It has opened my eyes.' The old man was much impressed ; and a year later, when Comber and I took leave of him to open up our line to the upper river, the king referred to this simple act as being one of the things which much impressed him, and helped him to understand the real nature of our teaching.

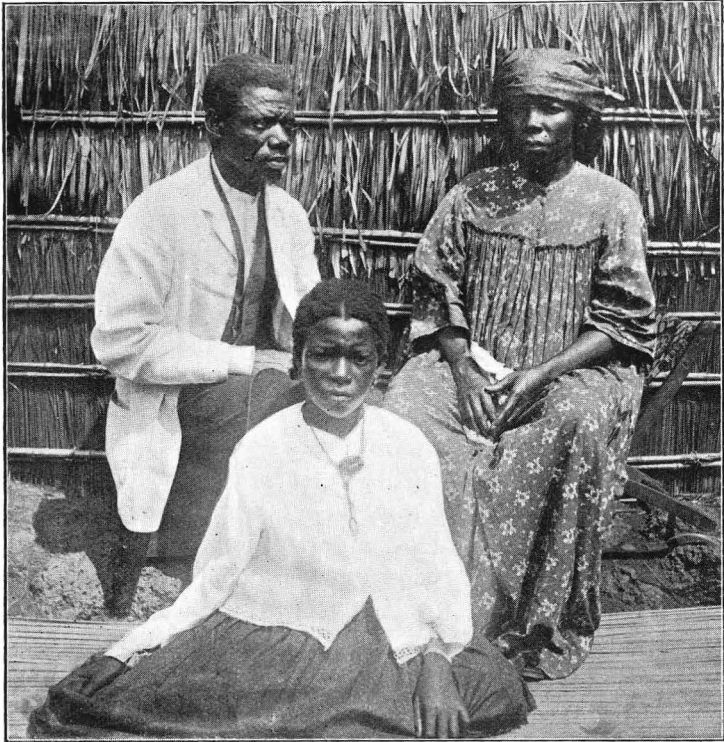
About this time there was a marked falling off in the

attendance at the Sunday services. I was anxious to know the reason. Misilina said, 'Don't you see, massa, de word dat you and your brudders speak to de people, he get for dem heart, he trouble dem too much; dey no like for come to service, for dey fear too much when dey hear of judgement to come, dey frighten, massa; dey no like for hear dem word!' I was not quite satisfied with Misilina's explanation, it seemed too good to be true; so I asked two of our best friends, but they both gave the same answer. The power of the Gospel was making itself felt in their hearts; they realized that they were sinners, and not fit to appear before God. There was murder, theft, adultery, wickedness of all kinds to be accounted for, it was terrible; they could not endure to hear it, so stopped away from the service. It was a point gained, if only a negative point, for the time being. An awakened conscience is better than indifference.

The Gospel was presented to the people in all its aspects, and when Misilina was interpreting, he did his best, even when he added to the ideas put forward, for he was a good Christian man, and thoroughly in earnest. Sometimes he would quite break down into tears in the middle of an address, and as he brushed the tears away with the sleeve of his coat, he would say to us, 'Oh, massa, dese poor peoply, how we fit (can we) teach dem? dey don't know nuffin, and yet we have such big ting for tell dem. Oh, massa, dese poor peoply!' The dear old man put his heart into it. No wonder the message which we brought began to tell on them. By this time we were able to follow him in his translation, and judge of its character.

Another story of Misilina's interpreting will illustrate the dangers of working through an interpreter. It was in the early days, when we could not follow him in his translation. Misilina accompanied me on one of our Sunday afternoon talks with the king. Ntotela was alone, and received us with his usual readiness. I wanted to talk to him about the Holy Spirit, and His work in our hearts. Perhaps Misilina thought the subject too abstruse, so he started on his own account. He let me tell him something, and then went on talking to

the king. I thought that he was amplifying considerably; he gave ten times as much matter as I gave him. I wondered how he was putting things, for the king seemed to be interested. Misilina stopped occasionally for me to go on, and I gave him further remarks. The king's interest became intense, his eyes were fixed, and presently his tongue began



MISILINA, OUR FIRST INTERPRETER AT SAN SALVADOR

to protrude in astonishment. I felt that all this did not fit in with my subject, so I asked Misilina what he was telling the king that astonished him so much. He said—

‘All right, massa, I am only telling him.’

‘But what are you telling him?’

‘All right, massa, tell me some more, please.’

I told him some more, believing that he was illustrating

my remarks in some fitting manner. He went on, and the king became more astonished; presently Misilina in his talk slowly raised his hands up until he held them over his head. The king's eyes and tongue protruded, and as Misilina's hands were extended above his head, the king beat his thighs, and was astonished beyond measure.

Once more I interrupted him, asking him what he was talking about, and wishing him to keep to the subject.

'All right, massa, I was only telling him about de bishop, massa.'

'What bishop?'

'De Bishop of Loanda, him very bad man too much, massa. I will tell you when you go.'

I said that I was not talking about the Bishop of Loanda; he should interpret my words, and not give his own matter.

'All right, massa, go on, please.'

Not wishing for a scene, I made a few general remarks, and left.

Misilina then explained the king's astonishment. 'Yes, massa, I was telling him; dat Bishop of Loanda, when he died—he very bad man, massa, very wicked, too much—we all saw it, everybody in Loanda. Why, when he died, de devil came up under his bed, and carried him right away. We all saw it, massa.'

'Why, what did you see?'

'Oh, massa, we all saw it, like fire! He went away, up and up, like fire, quick, sh... shwishu—! Oh, massa, he very bad man; drefful!'

The explanation is very simple. When the bishop died, a rocket was fired, to apprise the men-of-war and the forts that the flags should be flown at half-mast, with the ceremony due on the death of a 'prince of the Church.' How all that came out of my talk never appeared, but Misilina was very seriously reproved. Later on, when we could follow Misilina in his interpretations, we always found that he did his best to bring the truths home to the people. This early lapse was quite an exception.

The first Sunday in May we had a fine gathering at the

service. On the previous afternoon a great caravan of Zombo traders, numbering over 300, arrived on the way to the coast. The Zombos are bold fellows, fearing nothing. They travelled in large caravans, well armed, and from time to time they taught those who interfered with them such terrible lessons, that Zombo caravans were lightly handled in the matter of blackmail. There had been cases in which Zombos had been badly treated; they went on their way, and returned as if nothing had happened, and passed on home, 100 miles away. A little later they suddenly appeared in the town in which they had been wronged. Before any resistance could be made, they killed a great number of the townfolk and drove them away; they looted the town, and then burnt it.

Another time two or three Zombos were robbed in a village. They slept there that night, leaving early in the morning. It was in the dry season, and the mornings were very cold. As is commonly the case, the chief and most of the men-folk used, early in the morning, to gather at a common fire in the palaver square of the village. On the morning in question, after the Zombos were gone, the men assembled shivering round the municipal fire. They put on more sticks, and stirred the fire; suddenly there was a great explosion, and many were injured and some killed. The Zombos during the night had dug a hole in the fireplace, and poured a barrel of gunpowder into it, and covered it with ash. When the fire was lighted and the ash poked about the explosion followed, and so they made themselves 'even' with the robbers. There was a general feeling that, if Zombos were maltreated *en route*, they were so resourceful that the wrongdoers would pay dearly for anything done sooner or later.

The San Salvador people were well behaved to the 300 Zombos who had arrived, and sold them plenty of food. Of course I went to see them, and had a chat. Several had little fetish images, but the hope of the expedition lay in a great fetish image of wood, 3 feet high. It was quite a load of itself, wrapped up in dirty cloths, and carried in

a carrier's basket. Most of them came to the service next morning, which was specially timed and fitted for them. They started soon after, and in an hour's time came to the Luèzi river, which was swollen by the rains, just then at their worst. Several crossed in safety; then came the turn of the man who was carrying the fetish. In midstream he and his image were carried away; the man was drowned, and neither he nor the fetish were seen again. They all attributed the disaster to the fact that they had just been listening to God's palaver, and now, going on with the fetish image, God had taken it away and destroyed its bearer. No one else suffered. All in San Salvador considered it a Divine judgement.

There was a great excitement one evening, when a small flock of pelicans settled for the night near the town. One bird perched in a baobab-tree beside the town, and was shot. Pelicans are supposed to have their home in Mputu, the white man's land under the sea; their flesh has therefore a high fancy value, for it is of course white men's food, so very long prices are paid for it.

On June 3 Hartland returned from Mwala, where he had been staying alone for nearly three months; Misilina went to fill his place there. A week after, Comber and Crudgington arrived from the coast, with the two gangs of Kru boys which they had been able to secure. The two gangs came from two places a hundred miles or so apart, and they naturally enough hated and despised each other in consequence. The division of interests tended to make them keep each other in order, and helped us to manage and retain them. Comber had had an interview with Mr. H. M. Stanley while on the lower river, and had learned something of his plans.

Soon after their arrival our stores were overhauled, and a case of sugar stuff was found to be damp, so it was placed in the sun. There happened to be a colony of bees, who lived in a hole in the baobab-tree beside our kitchen. One of them found our sugar stuff, and promptly fetched the whole colony, which came and took possession. They set to work to carry our sugar away. We endeavoured to regain possession, but the bees attacked us, and drove us off, setting some scouts to

watch us. Then they felt that the going and coming of our pigeons, in the cot near by, menaced the possession of their sugar ; so they attacked the pigeons, and drove them away. Bird-like, the pigeons forgot all about it and flew back, but were soon driven off again with a swarm of bees, like a whiff of smoke, behind them. Again and again they returned, and again and again the whiff of bees drove them away. Then the bee scouts became vexed with us and with the townfolk, who had assembled to see the fun. They would allow no one to come within fifty yards of them ; if any one tried to do so, they dashed at him and stung him. A Congo native, with his scant clothing, has a fair superficies open to attack. Some grass was thrown over the box, and fired. The bees became furious, and drove us still further afield. The poor pigeons had to give up their home, for after a number of lessons even a bird can learn. The bees were specially hard upon us white men ; our white clothes, hats, and faces marked us out, and the bee scouts would attack at a long distance. We had to leave the bees in possession, and spend the day in a friend's house in the town. Twenty minutes before sundown decent bees go home to bed ; so by sundown we were bravely locking up the rest of the sugar, and getting ready for dinner. A handful of wet clay plugged the entrance hole to the bees' nest, and they have never been seen since.

On March 7—seven and a half months after our arrival—there occurred the first death in the town ; it was a little grandchild of the king. A fortnight later there was a secret divination, to find out the witch who had caused the death. They did not venture to have the fetish ceremony in the town. Nothing came of it. We expressed our astonishment and disapprobation of their action.

Comber went to Mwala for a fortnight, to get the new Kru boys used to travel ; on the way, his coat was stolen in one of the towns by a San Salvador man. He met the man a day or two afterwards, and taxed him with it ; he indignantly denied it. Next day Comber learned that the man had sold the coat on the market to a certain Mpetelo of a town near by. The man had bought it innocently, and was

ready to return it, if the cloth which he paid for it were forthcoming. News was sent to San Salvador, and the matter taken to the king. The thief of the coat was called, soundly scolded, and sent off to get the coat back at once. Next day it was given to Comber, and the following Sunday, after the sermon, the king expressed himself very strongly against this shameful dishonesty; he threatened great things if it recurred. The poor old king feared that the news of this would be carried to the ends of the earth, and felt that the 'hub of the universe' would be disgraced in the eyes of all. We were glad to see such healthy feelings roused.

Some months after, a carrier from a near town opened a case of beads *en route*, and stole a 7 lb. packet. The theft was very apparent, the loosened board was very clumsily put back, and the lightness of the case confirmed the suspicion. We astonished the thief by asking for the missing packet, and the refusal to pay any of the carriers until it appeared. We were certainly on the safe side there, for the thing stolen was not worth anything like the pay of the caravan. The angry carriers turned on the thief, who very soon 'found' the missing packet, and forfeited half his pay, amid the jeers of all. So the people learned once for all that the white men knew 'too much,' and that it was waste energy to try to steal their goods in transit, so they gave up the attempt, much to the advantage of all concerned. It is true that when our fowls disappeared, we fancied that the 'bush cats' which took them were sometimes bipeds rather than quadrupeds, but otherwise we had no trouble from the dishonesty of the people.

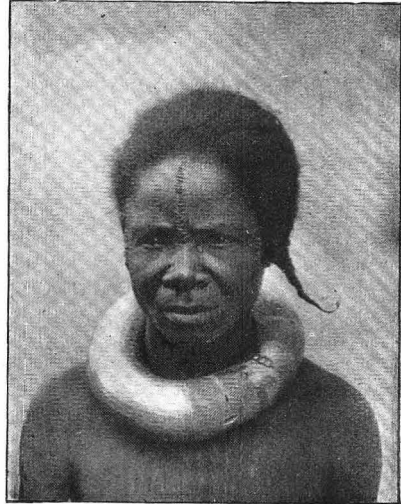
There are no secrets in Congo. If a man stole a piece of cloth he could not eat it; if he sold it, he would be found out, still less could he wear it; if he hoarded it for his funeral, that might end in his being thrown unburied into the jungle, so even in Congo honesty is the best policy. Unless a man is able to steal beads of the currency, or something so common as to be beyond all identification, theft is accomplished by means of injustice and skill in trumping up cases which give scope to litigation; or by bribery, highway robbery, blackmail or some form of extortion.

Misilina's wife became tired of living so far from her Victoria friends, and urged her husband to return. He refused at first, but as a constant dropping weareth away stone, so did the wife in question prevail over her better half. She pretended or feared that the natives had some designs on her life, and one evening overheard her neighbours arranging for the slaughter of a fowl. She distinctly heard the words *mbele*, 'a knife,' and *vonda*, 'to kill,' and refused to sleep a wink that night, believing that she was to be the victim; she insisted on leaving next day. The start was delayed for a few days, for Misilina had to go to Mwala to see Comber; there was nothing for it but to allow him to return; so we lost the help of a very useful man. He was a fine specimen of what the grace of God could do with an African. Beyond the little embellishment of that talk with the king, by the anecdote of the departure of the Bishop of Loanda, we never had any fault to find with him. Misilina was a simple-minded, earnest, faithful Christian man, who won the respect and esteem of us all. He returned to Victoria, and lived an exemplary life there.

Dom Miguel, the blacksmith, worked in a shed without walls, seventy yards from our house. His tools were very simple: his anvil was a stone; his hammer was perhaps once a marline-spike; his tongs were of wood; his bellows were two holes, 6 in. in diameter by 4 in. deep, scooped out of a piece of fairly soft wood; between the holes there was a space of 3 in., and the wood was lengthened out into a thick nozzle about 15 in. in length, over all. The nozzle was bored in its length, and conveyed the blast from the 6-in. holes to the fire. Over the 6-in. cavities were tightly bound two loose, soft skins, in the centres of which were attached two little sticks. To create the blast, a lad held the two little sticks, one in each hand, the soft, loose skins were pressed into the cavities, and drawn out again as far as possible, and then pressed again into the cavities, and this repeated, rapidly and alternately on each side, produced a fair workable blast. Sometimes double bellows with four cavities are used. For the protection of the bellows and an

increase of the blast, a clay *tuyère* was fixed near the nozzle, and so the blast, increased by the other air drawn in with it, was led into the furnace. Miguel made little crucibles, in which he melted brass wire, and cast the heavy brass anklets which the women folk delight to wear.

Hoop-iron was an article of trade at that time, regularly imported; Miguel obtained it, folded it into lumps of the proper size, heated it in his little furnace with charcoal — specially prepared for the purpose — and having welded it, beat it out into the large hoes which were then in fashion. At the back of the hoe was a spike which was heated, and so burnt into a wooden handle. A most serviceable implement was the result. There was a great demand for these hoes, especially in the dry season, when new ground was broken up, and Miguel worked early and late.



NATIVE WITH A BRASS COLLAR,
UPPER RIVER

His hammer might be heard from four o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night. He was a tall, thin, wiry man; he had a good knowledge of Portuguese, and combined intelligence with his industry. He was a man of superior type, and was among the first who made public profession of faith in Christ.

Although our efforts to reach the upper river had been so far unsuccessful, we felt that some further reinforcements were necessary. There were many difficulties, but we felt sure that the way would open for us before long. We realized that when the way into the interior was open, the smallness of our staff would hinder us from taking full advantage of our oppor-

tunities. If we waited until then to make our appeal for help, there would be long delays before it could arrive out, and even when our new brethren arrived, some considerable time must elapse before they could be left alone in charge of the work at San Salvador, and so set us free for forward work. Comber wrote to the Committee, urgently begging that at least two more missionaries be sent. It was also evident that a base station was necessary on the lower river; so long as we had but the one station of San Salvador, the agency at Musuku might serve, but when the road was open to the upper river, some more intelligent assistance on the lower river would be imperative; we therefore begged that Mr. Grenfell might join our staff, and build a base station in the neighbourhood of Musuku.

While these matters were under consideration, Mr. Robert Arthington wrote to the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, offering £1000 for a steamer on the Congo, and £3000 as a fund for its maintenance, on condition that stations were opened at the mouth of the Nkutu (Kasai) river, and at the mouth of the Ikelebà. This offer was gratefully accepted and acted upon by the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society.

After a fortnight at Mwala with the Kru boys, Comber was ready for another forward effort. A slave of the king, named Mpembele, undertook to guide a small party to Stanley Pool. Comber started on August 16, and picked up Hartland at Mwala. They could not take the Kru boys this time, for Mpembele stipulated that there should only be three Congo men beside the cook and two personal boys; two men from Mwala went also with them. No tents or travelling beds were carried, only a few rugs for the night. They took a little cloth, and some beads and salt for barter; also a small quantity of tea and sugar. They passed Mputu, and then striking to the north they followed a new road to Ndinga on the banks of the Kwilu river. Then the usual trouble commenced. Their carriers would not go on until they had sent a messenger to the twelve Ntumba towns, to tell them that the white men were coming, and to ask their

approval. Tumba, the halfway station on the Congo railway, is now an hour distant from these towns, which have not one-tenth of the population which they had at that time. The chief would not send the message until he had consulted his uncle. It was several days before he came. When he came and heard what was wanted, he asked for time 'to drink water,' the native expression for consideration and consultation. He would 'vomit the water' (give his reply) in the evening.

Comber strolled to the river; it was thirty yards wide, deep, swift, and swarming with crocodiles. He tried to find a bridge, but it was broken down; he could find no other. In the evening the chief and his uncle made their reply. They said that they were at war with the people on the opposite bank, and could not send any message beyond to Ntumba, neither would they help them to cross. The carriers thereupon refused to continue, and they had to retire by the road by which they had come for a few miles. Near Ndimba they crossed one of the trade roads from Makuta to the coast—the road which we had noted on the way from Musuku to San Salvador. They followed up this road as far as the Kwilu river, and found a good bridge. The carriers refused to cross it.

It was early morning, so Comber and Hartland went on alone with their Cameroons boy Cam. As they passed through town after town, the natives were astonished to see two white men and a strange black boy pass without guide on the high road to Bwaka-matu's town, Makuta. Sometimes they called out, 'Stop; come back! There will be trouble!' They continued, however, until they were close to Tungwa, when their watches warned them that it was time to return. They reached the Kwilu at sundown, and found their men on the safe side anxiously looking out for them.

Having prospected so far, Comber and Hartland determined to return to Mwala by way of Kinsuka, a large and populous group of fifteen towns some miles lower down the Kwilu than Ndinga. When they came to the cross-roads, the carriers once more refused to proceed. They resolved to go without their



A CONGO JUNGLE-PATH

cowardly impediments of carriers ; so packing a bag of barter for Cam to carry, each carried his own rug, with a little tea, sugar, and salt, and a tin of sardines. They sent their carriers back to Mwala by any route they liked to take, and started for Kinsuka guided by compass. As they passed through the towns the people rushed screaming away, but sometimes the natives so far recovered themselves as to call to them, at the exit of the town, to wait a minute to let the women see them. In the town at which they decided to sleep, the people would not come near them for half an hour, but afterwards they were kindly disposed.

Next morning Comber and Hartland very much astonished the Kinsuka people by their sudden arrival. The reception was very cool : had they not been alone, and without warning, they would not have allowed them to enter the town. They took their lunch there, 300 people looking on. They told the people a little about their work and their Master. All efforts to see the chief were in vain ; he did not want them or their preaching, neither would he allow them to sleep in his town.

A long weary march brought them by nightfall to Kongo dia Lombo, thoroughly fatigued ; they found even the small loads which they carried very trying. At first the people were cold, but afterwards very friendly. The chief, a fine man, came in great state, and presented them with a sheep, and arranged two men to take them to Mwala next day, and carry their bundles. Thus helped they reached our Mwala outpost at two o'clock. A quiet Sunday rested and refreshed them.

Comber and Hartland decided to return to San Salvador to arrange for another expedition, but they wished first to visit a great waterfall to the south-east of Mwala, which was seen tumbling from a lofty plateau. They arranged with some Mwala men to carry their loads. At Mawete, the third town, the carriers said they would only go by the direct road to San Salvador ; they were afraid to show them a new road. Once more Comber and Hartland shouldered their own bundles and took Cam, sending the carriers to San Salvador

alone. They happily fell in with a trader from the coast, who undertook to go with them, and carry their bundles. It was a terrible road, up a hill and down the other side into a valley full of dense rank grass, and in the middle a swamp deep and muddy, a tangle of reeds, grass, papyrus, and herbage. Beyond the swamp, a ridge, and a plunge into another muddy valley, and so on hour after hour. Sometimes they could be carried over the marshes, at other times they had to wade. At one place they came to 150 yards of swamp, which had to be crossed on the tangled branches of *mawunze* trees which grew in it, crossing like monkeys from branch to branch.

At noon they were very weary, so stopped for lunch in a large town in a populous district. An hour's sleep was out of the question, for the people swarmed in from the neighbouring towns in great excitement, not hostile, but shouting, yelling, blowing bugles, beating drums, and worrying the weary travellers with all sorts of questions. The din was frightful, and all night a great dance was kept up, and the big drums were booming; it was hard to get any sleep.

Another long and fatiguing march brought them to Zulu, at the foot of the escarpment of the Zombo plateau near the waterfall. In the morning they saw the Mbidizi river falling from the plateau nearly 1000 feet above them. It made its way down its own deep ravine, then leaping with one grand perpendicular plunge of 150 feet, it tumbled and foamed for another 300 feet almost perpendicularly into the plain below: it falls into the Atlantic at Ambrizette, and is known as the Ambriz river. It was the dry season, so it was at low water, and was then from twelve to eighteen yards wide, and from two to three feet deep. In the rainy season there is a great flood of water; it is always plainly visible from San Salvador, more than thirty miles away. The Falls are now known as the Arthington Falls.

The journey to the Arthington Falls was not undertaken with the simple object of seeing the tumbling water, but the Falls made a good objective. It was something that the natives could understand, and the desire to see the Falls only appeared

to them an innocent crank. Comber wished to see the whole plain, and to find out what trade routes crossed it, and to learn more of the Zombo highlands from which the river flowed. They climbed the steep, but a dense cloud enveloped everything, and nothing was visible but a few feet of wet slippery path and some ghostly trees. They arrived at Mbangu drenched, and were glad to go into a house and sit by a good fire, for they had no change of clothes. The people were shy, but soon became friendly, and when the wet clothes were drier the missionaries had to show themselves to an admiring crowd. They had to go to another town near by, Ekongo dia Mbangu, where the great chief of the district lived. He begged them to stay for a day or two; tired and footsore, they gladly consented.

When the mists had rolled away, they went out to see the Falls again, and had an eye to the wide country lying below them. The chief of Ekongo dia Mbangu gave them guides and carriers to San Salvador, two days distant, where they arrived safe and sound, their feet very lame with jiggers.

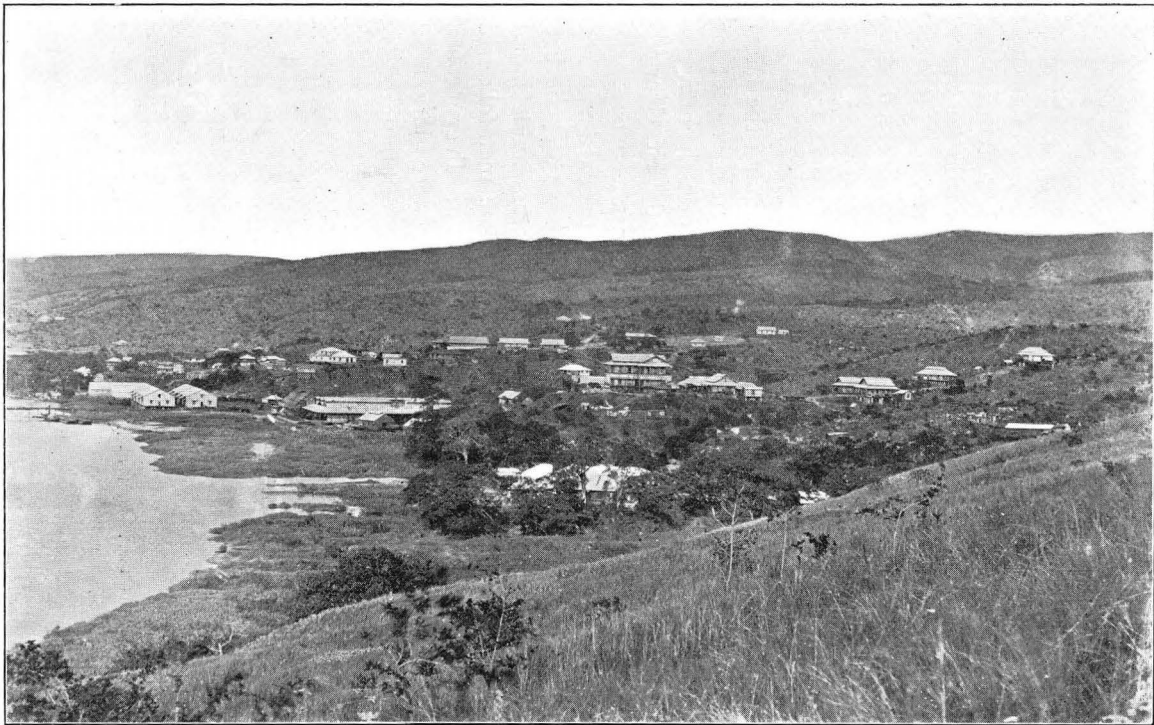
The jigger or chigoe (*Sarcophylla penetrans*) is a little insect very like a flea, but smaller; the female insect burrows into the feet, often in the most tender parts; when it has made its way below the epidermis, it swells until its eggs are mature, becoming as large as a pea; then it bursts, and the little white eggs fall to the ground to commence a new cycle. The burrowing process is generally painful enough to warn its host of its advent, but as it soon disappears beneath the surface of the skin there is often nothing to see; its presence sets up an inflammation and an intolerable itching. The favourite place is round the toe, or in the quick of the nail, but no part of the foot is safe from them; sometimes even the hands are attacked. They are very difficult to remove in the early stages; the hole by which the insect has entered must be widened, and a needle or some such pointed instrument must be passed under the jaws of the jigger, and then, and only then, can it be torn out. If the body is torn off and the head left in, the irritation continues. The best way is to tear the jigger out, and then to touch the spot with a little drop of

pure carbolic acid. Jiggers swarm to such an extent that, if the feet are not frequently examined, great numbers will burrow into the skin, and very serious consequences will result. Children who are not properly attended to have been known to entertain 100 and even 200 of these pests, and it is no unusual thing to see people who have lost several toes in consequence, and death sometimes ensues. Some careful mothers anoint their children's feet twice a day with palm oil; this, if persisted in, will entirely prevent any jiggers from penetrating. In spite of boots, jiggers attack white people. Comber suffered much from them, his feet were often badly inflamed.

This pest is a comparatively recent arrival in Africa. Its home is South America, more especially Brazil. A vessel arrived at Ambriz, in 1872, in ballast from Brazil. Some of the sand of her ballast was carried on shore, and there were jiggers in it, and so the scourge reached Africa. In 1879 they had reached the Cameroons, later on we heard of their arrival on the Gold Coast, and so they spread. Now they have reached Uganda¹, and some day we shall hear of their appearance in Egypt. Ophthalmia, flies, and jiggers will make a nice combination of plagues! Dogs and pigs suffer much from jiggers. The male insects like to pack themselves thickly on the bare skin round a fowl's eyes, until no bare skin can be seen. They do not penetrate, but simply attach themselves and suck as they please, holding on indefinitely. To 'be jiggered' is no trifling matter.

While Comber and Hartland were making this journey, I was making an interesting tour with the King of Congo. War, cruel war, was raging in the country twenty-five miles to the south of San Salvador. It is a simple matter to make a quarrel, but often it is far from simple to settle it, and so the war had raged for twelve long years, and peace was no nearer than at first. But it was not a war of nations, only a war between two towns. Although it had raged so long, proper care had been taken, and only two people had been

¹ The news has reached England in June, 1899, that the jigger has appeared in India.



MATADI, PORT OF THE CONGO

killed. It was long since the first fell ; fierce were the struggles for revenge, and now recently another had fallen. It was felt to be a bad war, so the intervention of the King of Congo was sought, and he determined to go.

Ntotela, the king, wished to do things in style, so he begged me to go with him. We all felt that it would be a capital opportunity to open the district for our work, and to make the acquaintance of the people. Comber and Hartland were to start on the above detailed journey in a day or two ; the stone house was almost finished, so it was decided that I should go. The king, huge man that he was, was to be carried in a hammock, and would find me carriers too. It was a new experience to me to ride in a hammock. A long thick leaf-stem of a raphia palm was obtained, and the hammock swung on it ; but as it was a royal progress, respect for the king required some little colour and taste in the arrangement of the sun-awning. The mission flag—the St. George's Cross, a red cross on a white ground—must also be borne with the king's flag. Many and various were the parti-coloured sunshades borne by loyal followers ; the king's wives, bedecked with new cloths, had brightened up their brass anklets, and a good number accompanied their lord. The men-folk had brought out second-hand frock, military, and livery coats, obtained from the trading factories. Others were glorious in white calico shirts, cut out, and exceedingly well imitated by native tailors, after one of European make—stud-holes which would never know studs, and little flaps wherewith to fasten them down to trousers never to be possessed ; but of course they were to be made like those worn by white men, and no one would ask, 'What is this for?' Guns and ancient swords were in evidence, and one or two old brass cavalry helmets ; a motley, but, in the eyes of those simple folk, a glorious assemblage. I started the day after the king, for he was only to do two hours that day.

At an hour from San Salvador, I stopped for a few minutes to pay my respects to old Dom Affonso, the chief of Zamba. We found the old man at his loom, for he was a weaver—one of the few cotton-weavers in the country. Cotton grows in

a semi-wild state round the towns. It is a bush running to ten or twelve feet in height, bearing a beautiful yellow flower, with a large maroon eye in the centre. When the seed capsule bursts at maturity, the white fluffy cotton hangs about it, attached to the black seeds. The natives gather it and spin it; both men and women may be seen with the distaff; this is about the only employment common to both sexes. The black seeds are picked out, and are eventually swept to the edge of the jungle, to grow up again. The cotton is loosened, and stuck on a distaff. A little piece of wood a span long, with a potato or piece of manioc stuck on the end, serves as a spindle, and so the cotton is spun, and sold on the markets as spun yarn.

The piece that the old chief was weaving was about a span wide in the centre of the length, but contracted at the two ends to give it a hammock shape! He had sets of strings by means of which he could raise the threads of his warp (which was perpendicular, not horizontal); by this means elaborate, neat patterns of lines, squares, and check triangles in black and white and yellow would be wrought. His dye was a tannate of iron, obtained by boiling the cotton with an astringent bark, rich in tannin, and then steeping it in one of the many springs of highly ferruginous water. The yellow was obtained from the saffron root. I gave the old man an order, and have a very fine cotton hammock from his loom, the span-wide strips being sewn together. It is quite a work of art.

Hammock weavers are now very rare, but there are some who weave cotton nursing bands with inwrought patterns. Congo babies are carried astride on the hip; they are often supported by a band of cotton like a saddle-girth, hung from the opposite shoulder of the mother. If the mother has no such band, the baby is placed astride the mother's back, and a cloth passed round the mother, and baby is hitched before the mother's breast and waist. So the poor babies are carried for miles, hour after hour, in the hot sun, with no shelter for the little shaven heads. The easy jog of the walk sends the child to sleep, and the poor little head wobbles from side

to side, until one fears that it will jerk off. They live and thrive, notwithstanding all that they have to suffer.

We came up with the king at the next town. He was not to leave for a day or two, for just as I arrived the chief came to tell the king that at the moment he had no pig that was fit to be presented to his Majesty ; but the day after the morrow would be market-day, and after that the king might go on. The king did not want to wait, but the chief implored him not to disgrace him by leaving him before he had shown his respect, so the king yielded. On the morning of the market-day the king was restive, so the chief presented a 'cloth pig,' i. e. the value of a pig in cloth, with several bunches of plantain, and a couple of fowls. That night we reached Lemvo. As we entered the town I was told that there were two albino girls there, and, as they were just like white girls in appearance, they would make good wives for two of the missionaries. I was very curious to see these strange freaks of nature, but after the shocking idea propounded I could not pay any attention to them at all. They were sitting beside a house as we entered, but after that I did not see any more of them. Since then several albinos have been met. An albino African has a skin like an Englishman, with a tendency to pink ; the frizzy hair is white or slightly yellow ; the eyes are pink, and more or less intolerant of light. They often suffer from some skin disease. The African features, hair, and dress, seem strangely out of place with the white skin. It is rather a shock to come upon one suddenly.

The chief of the town, Tulante Bidi, was a man of some importance. He came with his people from the borders of Zombo, three or four good days' distant. He obtained permission to build at Lemvo ; his neighbours had found occasion to quarrel with him and to compare their strength, but had been taught such severe lessons that Tulante became respected all round. The king invited him to accompany him on this progress as spokesman for his Majesty, so Tulante came with us. He was a hard man, who kept his people well in hand ; indeed, he was considered very grasping. He had a great weakness for crockery, and had a wonderful

collection of Uncle Tobys, china dogs, and those wonderful groups produced by ceramic art which used to adorn the mantelpieces in humble homes in England. He had also a fine collection of jugs, decanters, tumblers, and vases in the iridescent glass which had just become the fashion in England. They had recently arrived from the coast, and were the first I had seen. I had a touch of fever there which hung about me for several days, and made travelling very trying. I have travelled much, but only once or twice have I fallen ill on a journey; this, however, was one of the exceptions.

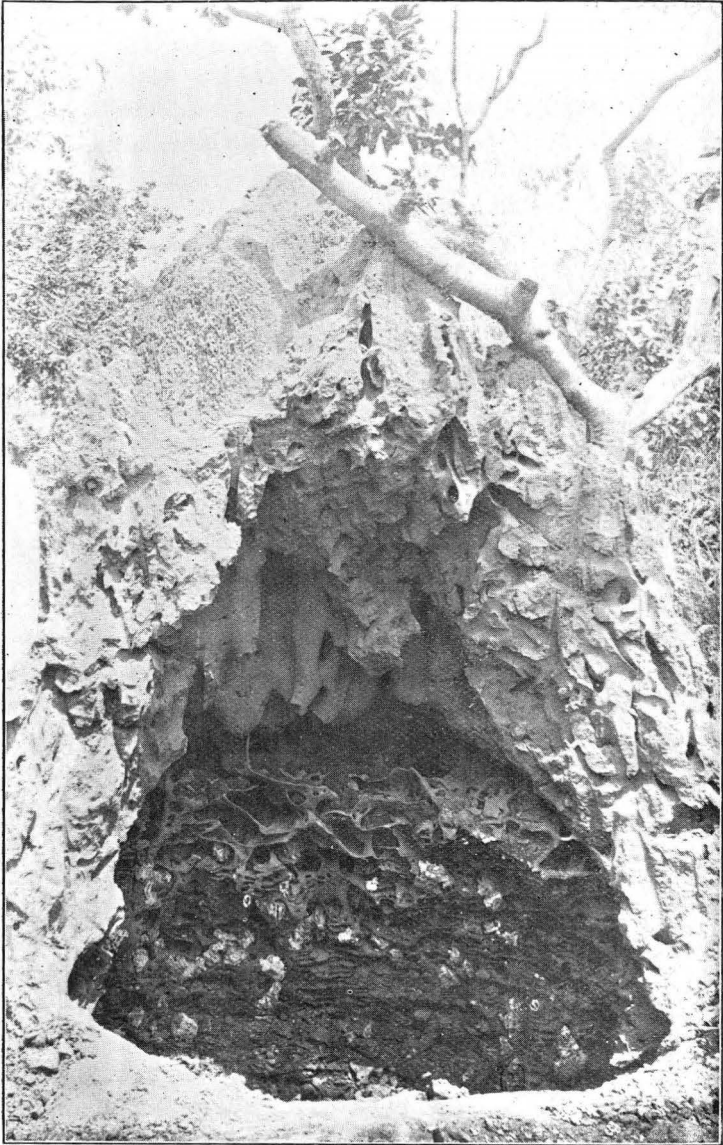
After a couple of days at Lemvo, we made a short stage to Kinsende. When we had been there a little while, a notable chief of the district came to do honour to the king after the most approved fashion. He was an old man, tall and thin, and stiff in his joints; he wore an old cocked hat, and a red soldier's coat. As he came in sight of the king, he stopped; commencing to sing, he drew a long cavalry sword from the sheath, which he held in his left hand. He began to caper and dance about as briskly as his ~~stiff~~ joints would let him. The weapon and its sheath were alternately flourished over his head. Warming up with the excitement, he danced round and over his sword, twisting it in and about those ancient spindle-shanks in a marvellous manner. It seemed every instant that he would catch his feet, and fall over it; but no, it flashed about, and still he kept on. Presently the old man became exhausted, and then the gyrations of the long sword lessened, and two trusty wights came forward and supported him by the elbows, while the aged body still jiggled and wriggled about. Then he drew gradually near to the king, and sank to the ground before him. Sitting cross-legged, he placed the sword and sheath on the ground, and made the usual obeisance, clapping, touching the ground with his third fingers three times, and making marks with the dust on his temples; then, as he was of Zombo origin, he leaned forward, touched the ground with his shoulders, and then clapped. The king, beaming with grace and pleasure at the 'triumph' of his aged vassal, placed

his hands together, and slightly moved his fingers, all the people clapping. The ancient Nekiowa then took his seat near the king, and his present was brought—a pig, a goat, two fowls, and several bunches of plantain. This was the most ‘magnificent’ thing of the whole progress. True, the chief of Tuku, who was to be his successor on the throne, brought a present of some fifty head of goats and sheep, but as a ‘ceremonial’ this *Sanga* was the most impressive.

An hour later Tulante brought his little nephew of about eleven years of age, saying that he wished me to take him, and train him, and teach him English and Portuguese, and to read and write, in fact, all that I knew myself. He was to stay a long while with me, and be my boy. I agreed to take him on approbation. Little did I dream that that boy would be my assistant in the reduction of the language and the translation of the Scriptures, and my devoted servant and friend until the present time. Nearly twenty years has he been with me, and to him I owe much indeed.

The time spent in these towns gave many good opportunities for talking to the people. When speaking to large numbers of people I still used an interpreter, but in speaking with individuals I spoke myself in Kongo, and felt much freedom in doing so.

In some of the towns I noticed parts which had somewhat recently become overgrown with jungle and scrub, in which were mouldering houses, and much that told of a once larger population: on inquiring into the cause of this, the answer was always, ‘Small-pox.’ A terrible outbreak of small-pox decimated the country in 1874-5, after the expedition of Lieutenant Grandy. Not that Grandy’s advent had anything really to do with it, but the poor ignorant people may be excused in connecting the two. *Post hoc* and *propter hoc* are often confused, even in our own country. The havoc must have been terrible. Every now and then this terrible scourge sweeps through the country; until the deaths have become very frequent, the sick are nursed in the towns, and no attempt is made at isolation; the disease thus spreads



SECTION OF AN ANT-HILL
(They are sometimes 20 ft. in height)

rapidly, and when it is all too late the sick are sent out into the jungle, some to be cared for, and some to be neglected. Sometimes the terrified people leave the town to the sick, and go to the neighbouring towns, to spread the infection only more thoroughly and widely ; and so fine, large, active, trading towns dwindle to small, dirty villages.

It was a most interesting journey, for people were constantly coming to pay their respects to the king ; there was a great deal of the native life to be seen ; at the same time one got to know the king and to like him. He had a fitting dignity of manner, but was at the same time so homely and pleasant, so companionable, that a great deal of time was spent with him every day. He enjoyed a joke, and laughed till the tears came in his eyes. He was much interested to hear about the Queen of England, and often asked about her. He was pleased to hear of her goodness and kindness of heart, and of her visits to the sick poor about her homes. I would tell him something of the government of our country, the probity of our judges, and of the dispensation of justice, and thus could speak of the evil of bribery and corruption, and how all our actions must one day be laid open before the Great Just Judge of all the earth. He would listen with approval and appreciation ; but to him, poor man, our teaching must have seemed impossible of application in such a country as his. He felt how right and true it all was, and then the fear of God would come over him, and he would feel anxious and troubled in his mind. He used to pray every day, and certainly, at this time, there were good influences at work in his heart. He might have been much more greedy and troublesome than he was ; indeed, when he was inclined to expect too much, it was always sufficient to remind him of the nature of our work, and of Him in whose service we had come, to cause him to refrain from further hints as to our liberality. He gave us his intelligent assistance in our work, and, as far as he could, in our efforts to get into the interior. He said that the Portuguese had done very much for him, in that they placed him upon the throne, but they had never told him of the great things which

we had taught to him and to his people. He was very grateful to us.

Our journey was only a distance of twenty-five miles, but it occupied sixteen days to accomplish it, so many towns begged the king to go no further that day, but to honour them by staying at least a night. We passed through the town in which the king lived before he came to the throne. There was in it a fence of great baobab-trees, almost like a wall, they had grown so close together. The king was carried in his hammock by two men at a time, frequently changing.

On our arrival at Makoko, our destination, a letter reached me that Crudgington, who was alone at San Salvador, was unwell, and urged my return, so I hurried back. The king remained another fortnight, and peace was made. Three days after my return Comber and Hartland arrived from their journey to the Makuta and Kinsuka districts and to the Arthington Falls.

Comber's last attempt interiorwards was not very encouraging, but he would not lose hope. There was still a corner altogether untried. It lay to the south of the Makuta district, and to the north of Zombo. He would endeavour to outflank the Makuta opposition. This time he took one gang of the Kru boys, after a delay of only a fortnight at San Salvador. Hartland started a day or two earlier, to pick up some things which were at Mwala, and to meet Comber at Mawete. They met, and in three days reached a town called Luangu, on a small river of the same name, to the south-east of Tungwa. The Krus had been very much afraid of the people all along the road; probably the young folk in the towns had made ugly passes on their own throats, suggestive of murder, and laughed together at the frightened looks of the poor Krus.

At Luangu the Kru boys took advantage of a dark night to run away back to San Salvador. Thus deserted, and with only Cam, an interpreter, and one Kru boy of the other gang, Comber and Hartland tried to go on to a town called Sunda, of which they had heard, hoping to get carriers there;

but the Luangu people would not hear of their going further, so, after staying a day or two, they went back to Mawete. While there they resolved to make another attempt with the other gang of Kru boys. Native carriers were evidently of no use, and now it seemed that Kru boys, their last hope, were not to be much depended on.

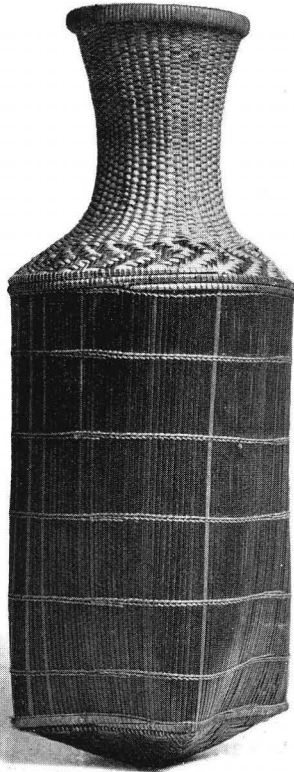
Many reports had reached them as to what the Makuta people were saying and thinking. A Congo likes to make himself agreeable; if he knows that you want information, he is anxious to provide it; if he has no information to give you, in the kindness of his heart he manufactures some; anything to oblige. In the reports that reached Comber there was a modicum of truth, and much that was sheer invention, to say the least. While at Mawete there came a very circumstantial story that Bwaka-matu, of Makuta, was relenting. The story came from several lips, and was said to be well known throughout the country. Bwaka-matu says that 'the white men may come to my country and pass through; they may sleep one night in my town, and go on. They may bring Kru boys, and I will allow them to pass, but they may bring no Congo people with them.' The conditions would suit admirably, and it really seemed to be true. They felt that the best thing would be to go and see Bwaka, to arrange all, and then fetch the Kru boys, and pass on to the upper river. Both Comber and Hartland were lame by reason of jiggers, but nothing should stand in the way, so they limped off, with Cam and a Mwala man carrying the bare necessities for them. On September 5, when only two hours distant from Tungwa, the Mwala man would go no further; they thought of leaving Cam with him, but he preferred to keep with his master.

No difficulty was raised at Tungwa: they passed on. After two hours they came to a town on a hill. They sat down to eat a few ground nuts, and inquired the name of the town, but the people would not tell them; otherwise they were friendly. Another steep descent, and a climb to another town. The people were sullen, but pointed out the way to Mbanza (the chief town) Makuta—down to a stream and

then up through a thick wood. Breathless with their climb, they entered the town. They inquired the name of the town, but could get no answer. The people drew back from them. One man called out, *Nda bong' e nkele, vond' e mindele* ('fetch the guns, kill the white men'). The people rushed away, and returned at once with guns, sticks, cutlasses, stones, and commenced to dance wildly around, brandishing their weapons, and yet hesitating. Comber sat down on a log before a house, and tried to speak to them; Hartland went to sit beside him, but some one threw a stone at him, and hit him just above the temple, another struck at Comber with a stick, but it caught on the edge of the roof of the house. Neither had any weapon with which to defend himself, and it was clear that they would have to run away, if that should be possible. It had been arranged between them, that if there was any treachery, and one was wounded and fell, the other should get away, if he could. Nothing would be gained by staying to be killed. The people shouted, 'Get up,' and rushed at them. There was nothing further to be done with those fiendish, bloodthirsty, cruel wretches. As they started to run they received blows from sticks and stones. While there were so many people about, the men with the guns could not fire; but as soon as the white men got out of the crowd, and reached the brow of the hill, there was a sharp report, and Comber, who was in front, fell. Hartland tried to raise him. He said, 'It is no use, John; I am hit, you go on.' It was the arrangement made, but it was hard to carry out. Hartland ran down the hill. Had he not done so, neither he nor Comber would have escaped.

When the people saw Comber fall, they were for the moment aghast at what they had done. They hesitated; but Comber found that he had still life in him, and jumped up. With a yell they rushed at him, firing several times, but he sped with leaps and bounds down the steep hill; the path was crossed by roots, and was full of obstacles, but he kept his feet, and received no more bullets. Hartland meantime had just caught up with Cam, and coming to the first town,

the two walked through it, not daring to run, lest they should be attacked, for the people had heard the shots, and stood about with their guns in their hands. When they saw Hartland and Cam walking quietly but quickly through, they



A FLOUR SIFTER

could not understand what had happened, and hesitated to attack. This indecision saved the fugitives. Just beyond the town they heard Comber's shout, and waited for him for a minute. He rushed up to them, with the furious Makuta people in full cry. He had received a bullet in the middle of his back, but it had not touched his lungs, and there was not much bleeding. They started off down the next hill and up into another town, Comber keeping up well. After the third and last town they

thought that their pursuers had stopped, but were soon undeceived, for three men appeared with knives, sticks, and a gun, gaining on them rapidly. They ran on again, at which their pursuers set up a yell and threw stones, which whizzed past the fleeing white men, though none hit. It was a race for life. Comber and Hartland threw away their satchels, in one of which was the chronometer watch of the Royal Geographical Society. Thus lightened they dashed

on, followed closely by the bloodthirsty savages. Once when they came near, the man with the gun fired at, but did not hit them. At last they gave up the chase, after about four miles. The jungle had been burnt, so they could see about them. When they saw the furies go back, Comber and Hartland ran over the next little rise, and were then glad to be able to walk.

Then came the reaction; they felt tired and very thirsty. No water appeared, but a little further on they saw a woman working on her farm. 'Eh, mother, give us a drink of water.' She fetched a calabash of water, which she had brought for herself, and had placed under a bush near by. They eagerly drank it. 'Have a piece or two of cassava as well; I dare say you are hungry.' They offered her a string or two of the beads of the currency. 'No, I do not sell water,' she said. As they took the cassava they slipped the beads into her basket as payment for that, and hurried on. We shall hear more of this good woman later on. She had only given 'the cup of cold water,' but she did not lose her reward, even though sixteen years intervened.

About a mile further on Comber and Hartland arrived at the descent into Tungwa. They walked quietly across the town without remark, crossed the Lulewa river, and up the hill beyond. They did not feel safe from pursuit even then, so hurried on; the sun, too, was setting. It was quite dark when they reached the town where they left the Mwala man. By his help they started on again, for life depended on putting a long distance between themselves and Makuta, and outrunning the news in what was still unfriendly country. At nine o'clock they reached Kola, where they had slept the previous night. There they rested until midnight: then, fearing pursuit or perhaps treachery on the part of the natives, they started on again. It was a pitch-dark night, not a star shone; they had often to hold each other's walking staves as the path wound about. They passed through several towns on tiptoe, but at three o'clock their guide lost his way in a large town. They could not find their way to the bridge over a river close by. After an hour's fruitless search they

lay down in the road to wait for the day. Hartland sat up and watched while the others slept. Two weary hours passed, and then the long-wished-for dawn broke. They went back to the town and found the road. They were all desperately tired, and Comber's strength was failing, but they pushed on, crossed the Kwilu river and passed Mputu. Two hours more brought them to a friendly town, where they rested for an hour and ate a little rice. Comber revived a little. Some men were found to carry him in a hammock improvised by Hartland. It was a blanket slung on a pole. By the middle of the afternoon they reached Sanda, where they were among friends—warm friends too.

The Sanda people were indignant, when they learned what had happened, and wanted Hartland to raise a force to go and burn Makuta; they would gladly join it. The weary travellers could now sleep awhile in comparative safety among these sympathetic people, who were ready to risk their lives on their behalf. On an examination of wounds and bruises, it was found that the bullet was deep in the muscles of Comber's back near the spine. Hartland had several bruises from sticks and stones; the blow just above the temple had nearly stunned him; it was caused by a great piece of stone. The shoulder of his shirt had been cut by a sharp knife; it was a wonder that a severe stab had not resulted from the thrust. Two long marches brought them to San Salvador, accompanied by a crowd of men. Everywhere the people were indignant, and vowed vengeance, urging strongly that a punitive force should be organized. It was impossible to make them understand that, as Christian missionaries, we could do nothing of the kind. 'But we will go to help you; we can easily burn them out. Plenty of people are ready to go.' 'When will you go? Must you wait until Vianga-Vianga (Comber's native name, implying *restless activity*) is better?' Both Comber and Hartland were much exhausted by the long rapid marches; they had covered eighty miles in the three days and a half.

Crudgington made no delay in tenderly extracting the bullet, which was an inch and a half deep. It was a lump

of heavy iron ore, of about the size of a common Barcelona nut; it was firmly embedded in the muscle. The wound was in a healthy condition, although it was the third day since the slug had entered. It is not to be wondered that, after all that had happened, Comber was attacked by an obstinate fever.

I was at Musuku at the time, having started on my trip four days after Comber left for Makuta. I went down to fetch a harmonium which had just arrived out. Until this time we had always travelled by the same road as that by which we had first arrived; on reducing our observations to a chart, we found that the road made a great detour during the latter half of the way. The people said that there was no other road possible; but, when pressed, they told us that the people were bad on the direct road, and no San Salvador man dare traverse it. I engaged a head-man and a few carriers from a town an hour distant. They had never travelled in the direction I indicated, but would go with me; so we found our way by compass, and opened a route direct and better in every way, especially in the avoidance of hills and bad marshes. The people were very agreeable, and pleased at the idea of our passing by their way. On inquiring what had driven the San Salvador people so far round, we learned that there had been a dispute at a wretched village of five houses, and some one in the village had threatened to shoot the first San Salvador man that he might see; since then no one cared to be the victim, and so for years the road had been closed; now, however, it was to be open for all. We passed one night sleeping in the open at the junction with the old road. Thirty miles remained to Musuku; I determined if possible to do it in one day. We walked fast until twelve o'clock, when we stopped for lunch; thence I went on alone. There was no difficulty in finding my way, for it was the fourth time over that piece of road. I reached Musuku at sundown, having walked the thirty miles in eleven and a half hours. I had to go to Boma; it was then that I made the acquaintance of Père Carrié, who wrote the letter warning the King of Congo against us and our doctrine. Whilst waiting at

Musuku, I went up river with Senhor Santos to the towns behind what was afterwards our Underhill Station. He went to make an agreement with the natives for a place on which to build a trading factory at Wanga-Wanga. From the top of the hills there I could see the white houses at Mr. Stanley's base station at Vivi, across the Congo. At the foot of the hills was the rocky wilderness now known as Matadi, the terminus of the railway. No one was living there, not even natives. The knowledge as to the lay of the land gained by that little trip with Senhor Santos was very useful to me a few months later.

The news of the shooting of Comber reached me the day before I had arranged to return, so I was all the more anxious to hurry back. I had been exploring the country beyond Musuku, to avoid crossing the high hills there, and found a way not much traversed, but flatter, through a town called Nkonzi, and got back to San Salvador in five days by the new route, which was always used after that.

Comber's fever had become very serious; it was the first case which had occurred of the hæmaturic (hæmoglobinuric) fever which has caused the deaths of so many since. Crudgington's knowledge of medicine, and his skilful nursing, enabled him, under God, to bring him through it. For a fortnight he hung between life and death, and we feared that each day would be his last. Not a sound was heard in the town; the king had ordered perfect quiet. The blacksmith stopped his hammering, and went away to burn a big stock of charcoal instead. The natives shared our anxiety. Our prayers were heard; his valuable life was spared to us, and slowly he began to mend.

Meanwhile reports of all kinds, true and otherwise, reached us from up country. We heard that all were very angry with Bwaka-matu for shooting Comber, even the people of the Makuta district turned against him; war was threatened, and the Makuta women were said to be in hiding. This was probably exaggerated, but we know that a great deal of feeling was raised. The Tungwa people thought that it was quite uncalled for; and, since all in the district were keen

traders, they feared for their trade. They all considered that if they took their trade to Musuku, they would probably be seized by the white traders, in revenge for what they had done; or if they ventured to go to the coast, they would be caught on the way by the people of the King of Congo; so they were left without any outlet for the ivory which they bought. The people nearer to us were constantly suggesting a punitive expedition; the Makuta people expected it, and they would probably have felt relieved if there had been a demonstration of some kind. Soon after this Bwaka-matu fell sick, and was a long time ailing. Six months later he died. The old chief of Tungwa died, and Nsusu-ampembe's brother, and a number of important men of the district died about the same time; then small-pox came and devastated the region, and it was all attributed to the shooting of Comber. The people believed that we had not raised a punitive force, having more effective weapons in great charms which were with us; so that by sorcery we had avenged ourselves. Nothing went well with Bwaka-matu's people after this, and they considered themselves cursed for their wicked violence. Many years afterwards further light was thrown upon the outrage and the period; but that story must come in its proper place.

When Comber was getting stronger, a month after the Makuta outrage, something happened which taught us how great was the danger incurred from the dry jungle surrounding the town. The San Salvador people were always late in burning the grass, partly owing to the preparations being made for new farms, and partly because they feared that early fires would prevent the rain from coming in its season. Where new farms were being cleared, the women hoed up the jungle, and, twisting up the grass into little heaps, they covered it with earth, making the grass serve as a manure for the new stuff sown or planted.

It was not until October 2 that we heard that the jungle was on fire. Presently the sky became dark with smoke, and we heard the fierce roar and crackling of the flames. The Kru boys were called, to be at hand in case of need.

The grass had been well cleared near the station, but as the fire neared, we were advised to set fire to the jungle near to us ourselves, that so our quieter, more manageable fire might go to meet the fierce flames which were sweeping toward us. We were just in time, for our fire burnt a good strip round us. When the jungle burns, and especially such a dry, dense jungle as that which then surrounded San Salvador, the heat of the fire throws up a great column of smoke and hot air, thus drawing a strong draught of air to the flames, which burn all the fiercer in consequence; so the fire advances before a strong wind, which often whirls masses of burning grass high into the air; while smaller burning portions are carried to considerable distances.

In spite of our counter-fire, burning pieces of grass began to fall on the grass roof of our house. The Kru boys were upon it in a moment, and a busy time they had rushing about to put out the burning pieces as they fell, here one and there another. The danger was soon past, and a careful examination showed that our house was safe. A boy had been posted on each of the other buildings. Just as we realized our own safety, there was a shouting in the town. The house of Dom Henrique, the best of the king's sons, was on fire. A spark had whirled away far into the town, and had fired it. For a little while we feared that a great part of the town would be burnt, for many houses clustered closely round this, and many of the men were away with their guns, on the look out for game fleeing before the fire. People jumped on all the houses round, and some on the burning house. They could not save it, but all the others were saved. It was a very exciting time. Some sparks fell even on the king's house in the centre of the town, but were put out. Ever after this we were very anxious about the jungle fires, and made careful precautions. Many times since have we seen native houses burnt. Only last season several houses were burnt belonging to the natives who live near our Wathen station.

In spite of the great danger, the natives are very careless, leaving the jungle right up to the eaves of their houses, very

often until long after the season of fires. Then when the fire approaches, they will leave their houses unprotected, to take their guns and hoes to look out for game, or one of the larger rodents, and, after the fire, to dig out rats. They return perhaps with a dozen rats, to learn that their houses are burnt, and the wife has just been able to save a mat, a hoe, and a couple of baskets only! Only a personal experience of this kind will make them careful. I remember one young fellow, who came home one day hungry. He looked on the shelf of his house, and found a piece of cold cassava pudding, but nothing to eat with it, not even a pepper. He thought that he would catch a grasshopper or two; they would be tasty when roasted, and help down the cold pudding. Regardless of the fact that his own neat house and several others near by were not protected against the jungle fire, he lit a patch of jungle beside his house; and having knocked down one or two escaping grasshoppers, he discovered that his house was on fire. He could do nothing to save it; and three of his friends' houses were burnt too. He comforted himself with his grasshoppers, but his pudding was burnt. He had just finished building a very nice new house for himself, and had another near it. He gave the new house to the noisiest of his indignant friends, the other to the next in vigour; and all that season he was busy in fetching house materials, and had to pay well for another house of those burnt. This was perhaps the most foolish case out of the many known.

On October 12 Crudginton and Hartland went to Mwala for a day or two, hoping to hear something about the roads. A fortnight later we commenced a regular school at San Salvador with twenty-eight pupils. The alphabet and some Kongo sentences were stencilled on some white cloth, and we commenced to teach the people to read and write their own language. So far we had only held a night school when convenient, teaching the letters, and some spelled out Portuguese from our Testaments, or something in an English primer; now the education was to be in Kongo.

The king sent his second son Mantengo to demand



NATIVE HOUSE, BOLOBO

explanations from Makuta for the attack on his white men, and to ask for the missing watch. Mantengo had the good sense not to go to Makuta, but kept on the safe side of the Kwilu river. In November Hartland and I went to Mwala, to study the language quietly, away from the routine and bustle of the station. We found Mantengo 'putting in some time' there. The language studies will be referred to in the next chapter. We stayed at Mwala for about three weeks, doing medical work, holding school, pursuing our studies, and conducting a service every evening, outside the house if possible, but when the rain came the congregation crowded our house almost to suffocation; we were thankful, however, to get so many. The evening was the time chosen, because so many were away in the daytime. Men folk would be trading at the markets, house building, or in some way busy; the women and girls would be away in the farms until near sundown; then the cooking and the meal. When all this was over they could come to service. The boys were always with us. We taught them some of our hymns in Kongo, talked awhile, and offered a prayer in Kongo, then a hymn and 'good night.' It was a happy time; we were quite at home among those friendly people. We made one expedition to Nsanda, near the Kwilu river, to learn something of the feeling of the country; the advice was to go no further.

A few days after our return to San Salvador Comber and Hartland went to Mawete. So many reports were coming to us. Sometimes we heard that the road was open; sometimes, that Bwaka-matu said that if any of us came again he would shoot again. It was hoped that something more would be learned by this trip to Mawete. They were away for a fortnight, but could not tell how things were; nothing tempted them to go any further. Mantengo was still away up country, so no answer had come to the king's message.

Christmas was kept as before, with an early service, and games and races later on. The people were looking forward to it, remembering the fun of the previous year. The poor old king was so nervous that he did not like at first to come

to the sports ; he had become old, and had quite forgotten the dash of his younger days. He was persuaded, however, to come ; he quite enjoyed the races. The boys had their fun, and the girls were not forgotten ; the Kru boys had their turn also. To us it was a happy day, for we had succeeded in making others happy.

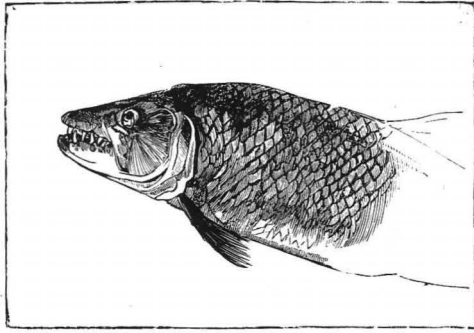
The Committee of our Society had determined to send us the help for which we had asked. Herbert Dixon was to come as soon as he had finished his college course. They consented also to our plan for a base station on the lower river. Grenfell had arrived at Musuku, and was daily expected at San Salvador to consult with us.

The school work was prospering and the numbers increased. The Sunday services were well attended, and we had a Sunday school in the afternoon. My class numbered from 20 to 30. By this time we were using the Kongo language with some confidence. It was a great joy to be able to deliver, with our own lips, the Gospel Message which we had come to bring.

The year 1880 closed without any answer from Makuta : we were impatient of the long delay ; Hartland and Comber were packing and preparing for another attempt to reach the upper river ; and we decided that, if no favourable reply came from Makuta by the end of the first week in the new year, the attempt should be made by the north bank of the Congo river.



A SCORPION



HEAD OF A CONGO PIKE

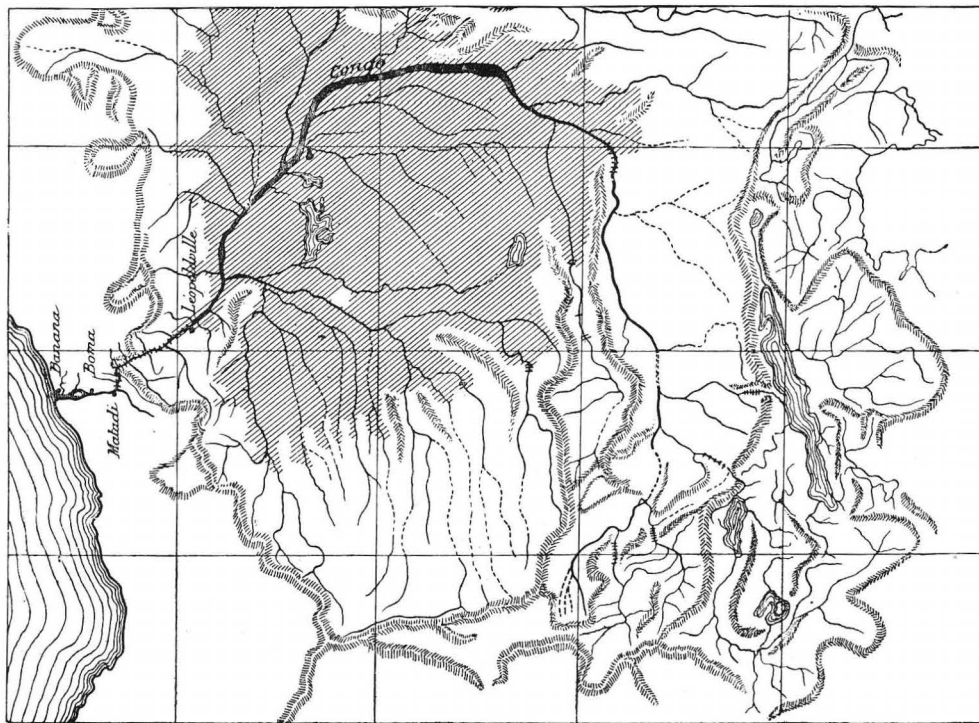
CHAPTER VII

THE CONGO BASIN AND ITS INHABITANTS ; THE KONGO LANGUAGE

‘ They have over them as king the angel of the abyss : his name in the Hebrew is Abaddon, and in the Greek tongue he hath the name Apollyon.’—REV. ix. 11.

TRAVELLERS in the Sahara and Libyan deserts have remarked that in those arid, rainless wastes there are gorges, river and torrent beds full of water-worn pebbles, and even the fossilized remains of forests. There are many indications of the action of water, indeed, of an excessive rainfall at some time. The rock-drawings found by Richardson in Fezzan show that oxen were at one time used as a means of transport across the Sahara ; so there must have been water and pasture for them at that time. Evidently, in the more or less remote past, conditions prevailed differing very largely from those of to-day. Their cause has only recently been made apparent. The solution of the mystery lies in the Congo basin.

The Congo drains an area of a million and a half square miles. This vast basin is shut in on the west by the range of the Crystal Mountains. The range runs parallel with the coast, commencing at about seventy-five miles from the ocean,



THE CONGO BASIN

(The shaded portion indicates the extent of the prehistoric lake)

and varies in width from 200 to 300 miles. In the neighbourhood of the Congo the range appears as an elevated plateau, broken, and much eroded by water. The tops of the 'hills' are the old main level of the country, which is from 1,800 to 2,000 feet above the sea. There are points and ridges which rise to 2,500 and even 2,800 feet; the highest ridge crossed by the Congo Railway is 2,128 feet. The eastern rim to the basin is a range running north and south in the longitude of Lake Tanganika. A ridge in the latitude of Benguela forms the southern rim. The northern water-parting is an irregular line in the sixth and seventh degrees of north latitude.

The water of this immense area finds its exit to the ocean by the narrow gorge, which the Congo has torn through the plateau, known as the Crystal Mountains. This gorge of the Congo is in many parts 1,000 feet and more deep, the sides being sometimes nearly perpendicular for 700 feet. It is, however, very evident that there was a time when the cut 'hills' were continuous, and no gorge existed. The high lands shut in the water, and there was no Congo river. A vast, fresh-water lake must have existed over the greater part of the Congo basin. The present level of Stanley Pool is 1,013 feet above the sea, but the great lake which then existed must have been 500 feet deep, perhaps nearly 1,000 feet in depth, before its waters overflowed at the lowest point of the barrier, and began to cut the gorge, which we now know as the Congo river. The evaporation from this great expanse of water will account for the excessive rainfall which once existed in what are now the rainless deserts of Libya and the Sahara.

When or how the great overflow came we cannot tell, but it probably happened in times which, according to geological standards, are comparatively recent. The Jordan flows into the Dead Sea, which has no outlet; but evaporation balances the influx, and a mean level is maintained. The same balance between evaporation and influx prevails in the Caspian. When Livingstone saw Lake Tanganika, the same law was working there; it had no outlet; now, however, an improved

rainfall has caused the lake to overflow again, and its waters find their way, at present, by the Lukuga, into the Congo. The lowest point in the hills which confined this prehistoric Congo sea could not have been much less than 1,000 feet above the present level of Stanley Pool, so there was plenty of room for variations of level. The wash of the rains and the rank vegetation have obliterated all signs of beaches and shore lines on the barrier hills, but the gorge itself and the cut 'hills' evidence the history of the river of to-day.

At some time or other the balance between the rainfall and the evaporation of the Congo sea became so far disturbed, that the sea overflowed the high sandy breastworks of the ridge behind Stanley Pool. The 'hills' there are 1,500 feet above the level of the Pool, from which there is a long, steady rise. The natives call the ridge *Makaku ma Mpumbu*, the *Mpumbu* dam, although there is no tradition of the bursting out of the waters.

When once the waters topped the ridge, the flow would soon cut out a channel through the loose sandy soil, which would release a flood several times the volume of the present river. The volume of the Congo sea must have been so great, that a long time must have passed before the flow was perceptibly diminished, much less exhausted. The long continuance and the immense volume of water account both for the gorge of the cataract region and the deep trough worn out far into the ocean, which caused the fracture of the telegraph cable. During the early years the waters escaped by other channels, as well as those now used. Some of these are well known to-day, notably so the Bundi valley, between Vivi and Isangila.

The gorge, which extends for more than 100 miles above Stanley Pool, is cut through silver sand, in some places 700 or 800 feet thick, lying over a bed of sandstone rock, which has been cut to a depth of 80 to 100 feet. The drainage of the Congo sea probably took place after the Fezzan pictures were painted.

When the Congo sea had thus flowed away, there yet

remained a lake, having an area of about 120,000 square miles, bigger than all the present African lakes put together. It extended from a little above Bolobo nearly to the Aruwimi river. To-day it exists as a vast swamp-land, from which rise low, narrow, iron-stone ridges, a few miles long, upon which the inhabitants live; the rest is mostly flooded when the river is full. The whole basin is now drained by rivers and streams so thickly set that it would be difficult to find a spot which is more than 100 miles from some navigable stream. The Congo Free State Government reckons on 14,000 miles of navigable waterway in its territory, which includes two-thirds of the whole Congo basin. Some 400,000 square miles of the basin are occupied by dense forests.

The people are of course all black; they are negroes; but there are negroes and negroes. All white men do not belong to the great Aryan race. Beside the Semitic race, there are the Finns, and the Magyars of Hungary, and others, who are akin to the Tartar tribes of Asia, and to the Chinese, rather than to ourselves. At the same time, there are in India men as black as many of those found on the Congo, who, nevertheless, are of the same race as ourselves: they are Aryans. Colour alone will not suffice as a means of classification. There are, indeed, many black races very distinct from each other. The character of the hair helps, in some measure, towards a classification; for there are those whose hair is lank or wavy, while the hair of most African peoples is tightly twisted in tiny curls. A transverse section of this woolly hair reveals a flat or strongly oval structure.

Dr. Cust, in his valuable work on *The Modern Languages of Africa* (1883), considers that the characters of the languages spoken in Africa at the present day indicate the existence of six great races in Africa. In the broad part of Africa, from the Mediterranean to the commencement of the tapering part in the latitude of the Cameroons, there are four great races: (1) The Semitic, of which Arabic is the chief type; (2) Hamitic, which includes the Egyptian, Ethiopic, Amharic (Abyssinian), Libyan or Berber, and the Twaregs; (3) Nubian, such as the Masai, and Niam-niam; there is a long



BOPOTO FUNERAL DANCE

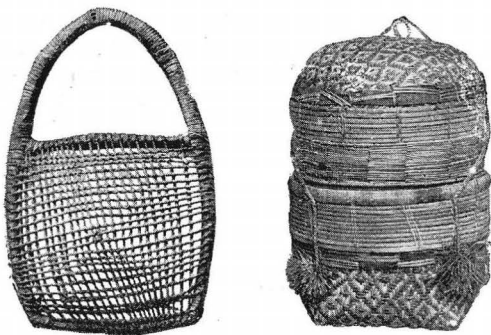
narrow strip of these people on the Nile about Dongola, a few scattered tribes of them are found as far as the Senegal river; (4) the great negro race completes the northern list, and inhabits the west coast from Senegambia to the Niger; of these the Hausa people are a well-known specimen.

If a line is drawn across Africa in the latitude of the Cameroons, it roughly marks off the northern boundary of another great race, called the Bantu; *bantu* signifies 'people.' Roughly speaking, then, all the people in the tapering part of Africa are known as Bantu. Far away in the south there are found yet older peoples, the Hottentots and Bushmen; they are of a very low type, which has been suspected of Mongolian affinities. There is also to be found in the great forests of this Bantu region a mysterious race of dwarfs. These strange people had long been heard of (Herodotus and Aristotle mention them), but until recently they had come to be regarded as myths. Schweinfurth saw one or two specimens said to be of the dwarf race; single specimens had been seen by others; but there was always a suspicion that they were freaks of nature, rather than individual members of some tribe of dwarfs. Of late years they have been seen living together in tribes in the great forests. They are known in the forests of Gaboon as the Obongo. Grenfell saw dwarfs on the Bosira river in 1885. Stanley saw others on his way to the relief of Emin Pasha. Quite recently (Nov., 1898) Mr. Lloyd, of the Church Missionary Society, came through to the Congo from his station on the Albert Nyanza, and so made his way to the Congo Railway, and home to England. He came across them on his way, and they became quite friendly; but very little is really known of them, except that they are about four feet six inches in height, great hunters, very active, and that they can be very pugnacious. They live a nomadic life in the forest in pursuit of game. They are believed to be the relic of an aboriginal race, or rather a race which came into the country before the Bantu. The Church Missionary Society is just getting to work on some of these dwarfs near Lake Albert,

so we may learn something more of them before long. Of the Hottentots and Bushmen whole tribes are now extinct, and the numbers of those who remain are comparatively small; so, too, the dwarfs are comparatively few. We may therefore consider that, with these exceptions, the tapering part of Africa is peopled by the Bantu race. To this race, then, all the inhabitants of the Congo basin belong, with perhaps the exception of the dwarfs.

Of the history of the Bantu race nothing definite is known. Whence came they, and when? Their folk-lore gives no clue. Tribes have wandered, driven from their homes by stronger enemies who for some reason had left their own homes to dispossess them. Others have been conquered, and have absorbed their conquerors, or have been absorbed by them, and so there has been flux and change.

In some parts the peoples have attained to a fair measure of stability, but in others the changes are still, and frequently, in progress.



CONGO BASKETS

It would appear that the black races entered Africa by way of Egypt, coming in one behind the other. The weaker and earlier Hottentots and Bushmen were pushed down into the far southern corner of the continent. The dwarfs managed to hold their own in the dense forests, and appear to spread here and there, with wide gaps between, and only in the dense forest, from the north-eastern frontier of the Congo Free State to Gaboon.

The classification of the African races above referred to has been made on the basis of the languages. This is not always a satisfactory basis, for subject races have assumed the

language of their more cultured conquerors, as in the case of the Latin languages spoken now in France, Spain, and Portugal, which have so completely taken the place of the original speech of those peoples. There is no reason, however, to suspect that in any such way an original negro stock became by conquest, or some such influence, Bantu in the south and negro in the north. There are many considerations which make that highly improbable. Although the Bantu peoples present to the casual observer no appreciable physical difference from what is known as the negro race, being similar in colour, hair, &c., and sharing the same superstitions as to witchcraft, fetishism, &c., they are in language as widely distinct as it is possible to conceive. It is a recognized fact that the Bantu and Negro families of language are as far apart from each other as from the Aryan, Semitic, or Ural-Altai. Indeed, the natives of the Cameroons and those on the Niger river, although living so near together, have no more in common, as far as language is concerned, than they have with English or Chinese; while the family likeness in radical, grammatical, and syllabic construction of the languages is easily distinguished among the Bantu tribes, however remote from each other. There cannot be found a trace of such resemblance between the two frontier peoples above referred to, either in roots, in general grammatical rules, or even in construction of syllables; and these two samples of the two great races, taken from places so near to each other, may be, without hesitation, regarded as types. We note, then, that on the Bantu frontier, a little to the north of the Cameroons, the people have nothing in common, in the way of language, with the people living fifty miles to the north of them, while there is abundant similarity with those living 2,800 miles to the south.

It must not be inferred from this that one speech prevails over the whole region. There are a great number of languages spoken, and often these languages are subdivided into several dialects. There is quite as much difference between these various languages as between English and French, German,

Italian, and Greek; but nowhere such a difference as exists between English and Arabic. One thing is abundantly evident—all these Bantu languages sprang from one mother tongue. It may further be deduced that that language was not barbaric crudity, poor in words, awkward in grammatical construction, or anything that one might expect to find among wild and degraded people. On the contrary, it was singularly rich in its vocabulary, of a simple, yet without elaborate grammar, exceedingly flexible, logical in construction, accurate in expression, and euphonic. All this must be premised of the mother language; for were it otherwise, languages spoken 2,500 miles apart would be much more dissimilar than they are, having developed otherwise. When working at the deduction of the rules of Kongo grammar, I often found a solution to a difficulty in Bishop Steere's *Handbook to the Swahili Language*, spoken on the opposite side of the continent at Zanzibar, 1,500 miles away! Kolbe's work on *Herero*, or Davis on the Kaffir languages of the Cape, were often referred to for similarities. We find a language superior to the people, and everything that points to a degeneration of the race, rather than the process of evolution to something higher. What is there in the conditions of life or the character of the Bantu race which would work otherwise than downward? Until the 'scramble for Africa' set in, no outside influence for good has affected them apart from that of missions. The cruel superstitions and savage customs of the people could but debase; 10,000 years could not evolve anything better, they could only bring deterioration. Of a more hopeless state of things it is impossible to conceive. A superior man is considered to be a 'witch,' and all conspire to do him to death. Only when his superiority is on the lines of unscrupulous self-assertion, would such a one secure his position even. Yet at the same time there is a widespread knowledge of work in metals, and great skill in it. All that we can understand from our observation is that the Bantu race, in its beginnings, was in a condition of higher civilization, and that the people have degenerated. From what? How did it attain to such a high state in that remote antiquity?

Many such questions arise which cannot be considered here. Let us ask whence and how came the high civilization and engineering ability of Egypt before the Pyramids? Whence the universal knowledge of God? Surely all these things point to a high state of knowledge and civilization at the cradle of the human race. The pioneers who first wandered or were driven out into the world, lost many of their arts and much of their knowledge. These were, in a measure, recovered when the struggle with nature became less severe, and there would be some reversion to type under more favourable circumstances, among the better tribes; but even that would be checked, and eventually a slow deterioration would ensue from the cruelty and wickedness of their superstitions and the customs resulting therefrom. This, then, is the condition in which we find them in the Congo basin; hopelessly bound by superstition, deteriorated, and deteriorating; yet withal we cannot fail to see in them splendid possibilities, when the grace of God shall renew their hearts and lives.

The people are roughly spoken of as black in colour, but one seldom sees a man who is really black. A Dinka from the Bahr al-Ghazal was the blackest man I have seen. The colour is really some shade of chocolate: some are very dark, and some very light; the varieties of tone are so mingled in the populations that but little can be deduced from the colour. Good feeding and cleanly ways make a great deal of difference in a native.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE PEOPLE.

The Bantu languages are technically described as agglutinative; that is to say, the processes of the formation, inflection, and conjugation of words are accomplished by the addition to the root of certain syllables before or after it, each in its proper place. These prefixes and suffixes are accumulative and may be piled one on the other until



NATIVE VILLAGE, BOPOTO

from the dissyllabic root **fwanta**, we get the ten-syllabled word
bèkutufwàntalakèselànga,

which might yet receive further additions. Not that this is in any way a compound word, like those 'made in Germany'; it simply means, *they are for us spoiling*.

Turkish and the Tartar languages are agglutinative also, but the most distinguishing peculiarity of the Bantu family of languages is its system of the Alliterative Concord. In many European languages the adjectives and pronouns agree with their nouns, not only in number, but also in what is called 'gender.' The distinction of 'gender,' however, is of the most arbitrary character; for instance, in French, **chaise**, *a chair*, is feminine, but **fauteuil**, *an armchair*, is regarded as a masculine noun. Instances need not be multiplied, but in Latin the principle of gender may be even better traced. **Porta**, *a gate*, is regarded as feminine; any adjective or pronoun referring to **porta** must be made to concord with it, not only in number and case, but also in what is called 'gender.' Thus in **porta mea**, *my gate*, the possessive pronoun **me-**, *my*, assumes the suffix **a** to denote its agreement with and reference to **porta**. With **servus**, *a slave*, it becomes **meus—servus meus**, *my slave*—and in the genitive plural it still follows its noun, **servorum meorum**. If the adjective **bonus**, *good*, is further added, it becomes **servorum meorum bonorum**, *of my good slaves*. This concord is effected by giving the adjective and pronoun the same SUFFIX as that possessed by the noun.

In Bantu languages the nouns are characterized by the presence of PREFIXES—**kinkutu**, *a coat*, **matadi**, *stones*—and the concord between the noun and its adjective, &c., is expressed by applying to the adjective the same PREFIX as that possessed by the noun it qualifies. This principle is pushed still further in this family of tongues, for not only adjectives and pronouns, but verbs also, receive these prefixes.

The Bantu noun is regarded as chief in the sentence, and its prefix is its badge; every pronoun, adjective, and verb entering into the service of a noun receives its prefix, as a 'livery,' in token of its servitude, and by this 'prefix-livery,'

the subordinate word shows at once to what noun it belongs.
Thus:—

O *matadi mama mampembe mampwena i mau mama twamwene ezono.*
the stones these white great are they which we saw yesterday.

These great white stones are those which we saw yesterday.

E *kinkutu kizaku kiavididi ezono kisolokele. Akieyi?*
the coat yours which was lost yesterday has turned up. Where is it?

I *kiau kiki; muna nzo mbwene kio.*
It is this in the house I saw it.

Your coat which was lost yesterday has turned up. Where is it? Here it is;
I saw it in the house.

In the first instance given, *ma*, the prefix to *matadi*, is applied to all the adjectives and pronouns qualifying, representing or referring to it; indeed, the pronouns are to a large extent composed of the prefix. So with the second example—the prefix *ki*, which characterizes *kinkutu*, appears on all the pronouns, adjectives, and verbs serving it.

This system of agreement between the noun and its subordinates is called the Alliterative Concord.

The Bantu languages throw considerable light on the principle which in other tongues has been misnamed ‘gender.’ It is clear that *sex* is not the basis of such classification, but is at best a very subordinate factor; the true basis in European languages is the *suffix*, in the Bantu languages the *prefix*. In some of the European languages the suffixes have dropped off or have become modified; in that case the original suffix determines the classification.

Bleek, in his *Comparative Grammar of South African Languages* (published in 1862), has compared the concord prefixes of twenty-five Bantu languages, all, in fact, that were sufficiently reduced at that time for such study. He tabulated their prefixes, and took a series of eighteen prefixes as his standard, his guess as it were at the probable mother form of the Bantu prefixes. Twenty-four years after the publication of his book I wrote the *Grammar of the Kongo Language*, and compared the prefixes of the Kongo with Bleek’s standards. The subjoined table shows the result:—

The table headed 'Bleek's Standards' should read as below, and not as it stands on p. 233.

No.	BLEEK'S STANDARDS.	
	<i>Sing.</i>	<i>Plur.</i>
1	<i>mu</i>	<i>a or ba</i>
2	<i>n</i>	<i>thin or tin</i>
3	<i>mu</i>	<i>mi</i>
4	<i>ki</i>	<i>pi</i>
5	<i>di</i>	<i>ma</i>
6	<i>ku</i>	<i>ma</i>
7	<i>lu</i>	<i>tu</i>
8	<i>u or bu</i>	<i>u or bu</i>
	<i>u or bu</i>	<i>ma</i>
9	<i>pa</i>	<i>mo</i>
10	<i>ka</i>	--

No.	BLEEK'S STANDARDS.		KONGO.		
	<i>Sing.</i>	<i>Plur.</i>	<i>Sing.</i>	<i>Plur.</i>	
1	various	<i>a</i> or <i>ba</i>	various	<i>a</i>	{ or <i>ba</i> in the pl. in the Wathen district.
2	<i>in</i> or <i>im</i>	<i>zin</i> or <i>zim</i>	<i>n</i> or <i>m</i>	<i>n</i> or <i>m</i>	{ (light nasals) with <i>i</i> or <i>y</i> in the sing. and <i>zi</i> or <i>za</i> in pl. on concurring words.
3	<i>mu</i>	<i>mi</i>	<i>mu</i>	<i>mi</i>	{ or <i>n</i> or <i>m</i> (heavy nasals) in some nouns, sing. and pl.
4	<i>ki</i>	<i>i</i> or <i>y</i> or <i>bi</i>	* <i>ki</i>	* <i>i</i> or <i>y</i>	or <i>bi</i> , pl. at Wathen.
5	<i>di</i>	<i>ma</i>	<i>di</i>	<i>ma</i>	
6	<i>ku</i>	<i>ma</i>	* <i>ku</i>	<i>ma</i>	
7	<i>lu</i>	<i>tu</i>	<i>lu</i>	<i>tu</i>	
8	<i>u</i> or <i>bu</i>	<i>u</i> or <i>bu</i>	<i>u</i>	<i>u</i>	<i>bu</i> , sing. and pl. at Wathen.
	<i>u</i> or <i>bu</i>	<i>ma</i>	* <i>u</i>	<i>ma</i>	
9	<i>va</i>	<i>mu</i>	<i>va</i>	<i>mu</i>	

It will be seen from this that Bleek's 'standard Bantu prefixes' are practically identical with the actual present Kongo prefixes. In some nouns the prefixes marked * are dropped in the San Salvador district, although they are retained on concurring words; in some dialects of Kongo they and the *zin* or *zim* of No. 2 (plural) are still retained on the nouns. There is one more Kongo prefix, a diminutive prefix in *fi*, which Bleek never found.

In Kongo we have eleven classes or 'genders' of nouns, and care must be taken in speaking, that the right prefix is used on all concurring words.

It must not be inferred from this that the Kongo language is the survival of the mother tongue of the Bantu race; all that we can deduce is that, in the matter of the concord prefixes, the Kongo language conforms very closely to Bleek's ideal Bantu, and so, possibly, to the unknown and unknowable mother tongue. The facts are here briefly and baldly stated, but they are sufficiently interesting for at least so much notice.

There are some fourteen forms of nouns to be derived from any ordinary Kongo verb; thus from *sumba*, to buy, we have

nsumbi, a buyer; **munsumbi**, one who buys for another; **sumbilwa**, something to buy with; **esumbilu**, the place of buying; **nsumba**, a purchasing, and so on. In Kongo there would be a dozen words to express the one English word 'salvation,' and care is necessary to use the correct one, for no two convey the same idea, although we should use the one word.

The verb too is very flexible; for, beside the three moods, active, passive, and middle, there are a great variety of forms of the verb. Reciprocal, reversive (**kanga**, to tie; **kangula**, to untie); causatives, repetitives (**kangulula**, to tie again; **kanguziola**, to tie repeatedly); and such forms as **kangakana**, to be able to be tied; **kangila**, to tie with or for. These, and other forms, may be combined until the verb **kanga** might appear in more than 100 forms, forms actually in use. The language is so precise that it is not fit for what is known as 'diplomacy,' words are too definite, and express too well what they mean. I remember one very fierce native quarrel because a passive was used instead of a middle voice; it was the difference between *it broke* and *it was broken*; the latter insinuated a breaker and blameworthiness; the former, the simple condition in which the thing was found, *it had become broken*, without a hint that any one was responsible.

The main accent falls always on the first syllable of the root; so from **kànga**, to tie, we have **tukàngamene**, we are tied. The accent is marked in pronunciation in Kongo as in English, but many of the interior languages are spoken smoothly, without accent, as French.

I have instanced the Kongo of San Salvador, for it is a very full, clear, pure, rich, and cultivated language of the Bantu. Our dictionary contains 14,000 words, but if all the derivatives and forms in use had been given, they would have run far into hundreds of thousands. That was unnecessary, for they are formed by rule.

Euphony is a very important factor in the form of words; it splits the verbs into four conjugations, and in other ways complicates the grammar; but the grammatical rules are rigid, and the so-called 'exceptions to rule' in the whole

grammar may be counted on one's fingers. This is an ideal state of things, and only possible in an unmixed people.

A Congo is exceedingly logical in the use of his language ; he is careful that the subject of conversation should be the subject of the principal verb. If he has to tell you that a crocodile has eaten one of your goats, he will say, 'One of your goats has been eaten by a crocodile,' not 'A crocodile has eaten one of your goats.' The latter construction would only be possible if crocodiles and their habits were the subject of conversation. In speaking of heaven, a Congo would never say that bad men never enter there, but that it is never entered by bad men ; so, too, he would never say that no one will ever die there, but rather, that it is never died at. So they frequently use the passives of the verbs, *to be, to die, to go, to come, &c.*, which seem almost to be impossibilities :

<i>To be,</i>	passive,	to be been at, or be lived at, be inhabited by.
<i>To die</i>	„	to be died at, to have die to one, be bereaved of.
<i>To go</i>	„	to be gone to.
<i>To come</i>	„	to be come to.

This is a pure usage of the passive. The rule that the subject of conversation must be the subject of the verb, causes the passive to be used in Kongo much more frequently than in English, for we often go out of our way to avoid a passive, and recast the sentence. Some interior languages avoid the passive as we do, but a Congo never.

The Kongo language is spoken from the coast nearly to Stanley Pool, a distance of 300 miles, over a district about 200 miles wide ; this gives an area of 60,000 square miles. The population may be estimated at 2,000,000. In this district several dialects are spoken, but any one well conversant with the San Salvador dialect has little difficulty in understanding, and being understood, over the whole district ; for, as the language of the old capital, it is by a very long way more widely spoken than any other. At the same time it is the most highly developed of all the dialects, and, as the court language of a once powerful ruler, it is well found in polite expressions, which are sadly lacking elsewhere. In

translating the New Testament later on, I had only to use foreign words when I came to the emeralds and jacinths of the Book of the Revelation ; or in noting that Emmaus was twelve **kilometa** from Jerusalem. **Meza**, *a table*, and **ekuluzu** (**cruz**), *the cross*, had been known for 400 years. **Tempelo**, *the temple*, was a new word. We had to choose a native word for church, and holy, and its cognates. The word



BOPOTO WOMEN ' EN FÊTE '

adopted by the old Romish missionaries for *holy* was **nkisi**, *fetish*, a most unfortunate selection. We adopted **velela**, *pure, unsullied*, to speak of the holiness of God, with the causative of the verb, **velelesa**, *to render pure, clean, for sanctify*, and from these bases the nouns were formed. The old missionaries had made a still more egregious blunder in the word which they adopted for *church*, **nzo ankisi** ; this is the common word used for *grave*, it is a euphemism meaning

fetish house. They called their churches—the buildings—*fetish houses*, and then, apparently in perfect ignorance of its meaning, they spoke of the **nzo ankisi a Roma**, *the Church of Rome*. To the native ear it meant *the Roman grave*, so we cannot wonder that the poor people became a bit confused when the *company of believers* was called *a grave*; the whole idea was an impenetrable mystery. We call a church building **esambilu**, *a place of prayer or worship*. For the *Church of Christ* we use the word **nsa**, which implies *the followers or retinue of a chief, his own people*, all those who belong to him, and are bound to follow, serve, and obey him; not necessarily his slaves only, but the other members of his family also. We have no word exactly like it in English, it happily expresses all that the Church of Christ is. There is no word for the Greek ἐκκλησία; a word for crowd, gathering, or group, would have been meaningless.

In numbering there are special words in Kongo for 1,000, 10,000, 100,000, and 1,000,000, as well as the lower numbers.

At Stanley Pool a new language is met, so different that, without interpreters, the natives can have no intercommunication. A day's march further to the east will reach yet another language, and so over the whole basin; but nowhere has another language yet been found spoken over so wide an area as the Kongo. By the Kongo we understand the language of the old Congo empire, from which the great river was named.

The reduction to writing for the first time of a spoken language seems to many to be a singular, almost impossible, task; frequently are we asked how we set to work on such an undertaking. In Chapter IV I have told how we learned the first words on our journey up to San Salvador. We first obtained the names of the things about us, which we could point to or touch. The boys, who had nothing to do from morning to night, but to hang about our house and heels, taught us a great deal. They were very anxious to learn English, so we made a contract, we would tell them the English for every Kongo word which they told us. This was eminently fair, and so we set to work. Taking up a

stone, we used to ask, 'What is this?' **Etadi**. This would go down in the note-book; the consonants having their usual sound, and the vowels as in Italian, **au** = *ow*, in cow; **ai** = *i*, in fight. Before the *i* was dotted our boy would demand the English for **etadi**, *stone*. Now a native finds great difficulty in pronouncing *s* and *t* together; so after carefully listening he repeats, *sitoni*, *sitoni*—for there is yet another difficulty; every Kongo syllable ends with a vowel, so the sound 'stone,' finishing up with *n* is another impossibility, he has to put an *i* after it; so he goes on *sitoni*, *sitoni*. I point to the relic of a knife which is hitched on his hip, under the string fastened round his waist, from which depend the dirty rags which constitute his only garment. He pulls it out of his girdle, and tells me that it is **mbele**.

This combination of *m* and *b* appears as a great difficulty to an Englishman. It is very simple, however; if 'symbol' is pronounced slowly, as 'sy-mbol,' you have the sound. So, too, *ng* is heard, if 'singer' is divided 'si-nger.' We note down **mbele**, in exchange for *knife*; so with **koko**, *hand*; and **disu**, *an eye*. Our young friend sticks a finger into each of his eyes, and says, **meso**; so evidently the plural of **disu** is **meso**, and **s** appears to be the only fixture. Long after, we learnt that nouns having the prefix **di** in the singular, take **ma** in the plural; this appeared to be an exception, however, until we recognized that **disu** was a contraction for **di-isu**, making its plural **ma-isu**. Now **a** prefixed to *i* becomes **e** according to Kongo euphonic law; that brings us to **mesu**. The vowel **e** does not like to be followed by **u**, it prefers **o**, if possible, so **ma-isu** becomes **meso**. **Dinu**, *a tooth*, makes its plural in **meno**, in the same way; but those are the only two erratic nouns which we call 'exceptions'; it is a misnomer, however, for they are only *too* obedient to rule. This must, however, be the first and last lesson in Kongo euphonic law, for our young friend is clamouring for the English of **meso**, which he repeats as *ayizi*. He then discovers that he has forgotten the English for **etadi**, and hints that our contract is a little one-sided. I can only advise him to learn to write as soon as possible, for then he would be level with us.

He resolves to do so, and I assure him that a few hours a day at writing would do wonders for him.

He feels that it is very true; meanwhile we proceed to business, and exhaust the names of the parts of the human frame. A fowl walks by, and I inquire about its beak, tail, feathers, and wings. A dog appears, and it is explained that the word for the *nose* of a dog is not the same as for the *nose* of a man. Of course not! a dog is a dog, and a man is a man! That appears incontestable, so I inquire about a palm-tree. Had I pushed my investigations proper to the word palm, as I did in the final making of the Dictionary, I should have landed 99 words! I must find the hundredth some day. A house is a fruitful source of words, but presently one comes to the end of one's tether; there remains nothing more that can be asked about. Our young helper has long been wearied out, and lies fast asleep on the ground, muttering now and then *ayizi—ayizi*.

Happily, other boys had appeared on the scene, first to listen, then to help, and finally to take his place. Very soon all the boys knew that we wanted words, and whenever we had a few minutes to spare they would help us. When we went to the woods, river, or limestone work, or whatever our errand, one boy would volunteer to carry the umbrella, another the lunch, and so on—any excuse to be about us. As we walked through the jungle paths, they would teach us to count up to a hundred, and give little sentences. In the wood we learnt the names of the trees, of the parts of a tree, of birds, insects, grasses, and plants. The boys point to a palisota plant, and tell you that if a decoction of that plant is given to a thief, he will never steal again; they are advised to take some home, and to make a brew. They declare that they are not thieves; it is suggested that it would nevertheless be well to insure against the temptations that beset us.

In dispensing medicine, buying food, building, looking at picture books, many words are found. Hartland's copy of *Cassell's Natural History* was a favourite study, and the animals illustrated were named. One boy declared that he knew of more rats than the others, and a precious list would

be acquired ; someone suggested the wide family of crickets, grasshoppers, and locusts ; and so those bright, happy, lovable chatterboxes helped us in our studies. Verbs and adjectives were harder to acquire ; we generally had to pick them out of sentences, and sometimes made great blunders. However, we learnt a word where we could, compared our note-books, used as many words as we could remember, and without any idea of grammar learned to talk in a colloquial manner, often speaking correctly without knowing why.

Our vocabulary became a chaos, because there was not sufficient room left between the words for further acquisitions. Another wider edition met the same fate. The progress is noted in my diary : Sept. 5, 1879—seven weeks after we reached San Salvador, 500 words ; Nov. 3, 750 ; Feb. 25, 1880, 1300 words ; so we progressed.

In November, 1880, Hartland and I went to Mwala to try to work out some grammar. We wanted to find the rules for the formation of the plural of nouns. To accomplish that, some days of quiet consecutive work were necessary ; we could not give the matter our undivided attention at San Salvador. A score of Mwala boys attached themselves to us ; one of them, named Mayividi, grasped the idea of giving us the plural of any word we mentioned. If we said *etadi*, he would say, ' *Etadi*, if there are many, *matadi* ' ; so with the help of this young genius we made a long list of nouns with their plurals, and the prefixes of concurring words. After two days spent thus, we studied our list, and discovered that there were eleven classes of nouns ; for certain reasons four of these had to be subdivided ; so we worked out fifteen classes or ' genders,' and tabulated them. After that, when we acquired a noun, we ascertained its plural, and marked the noun with the number of its class. Then we traced the system of the concord, and returned to San Salvador three weeks later to communicate our discoveries to our colleagues.

We tried to fathom the mystery of the verbs, but it was too deep for us. In attempting the formation of the perfect, we found that of nine verbs ending in *-ka*, the perfect worked out as follows :—

<i>baka</i>	perfect	<i>bakidi</i>
<i>naka</i>	„	<i>nakini</i>
<i>noka</i>	„	<i>nokene</i>
<i>loka</i>	„	<i>lokele</i>
<i>nika</i>	„	<i>nikini</i>
<i>luka</i>	„	<i>lukidi</i>
<i>nuka</i>	„	<i>nukini</i>
<i>teka</i>	„	<i>tekele</i>
<i>meka</i>	„	<i>mekene</i>

There was all that difference between the verbs in *-ka*, and yet there were very many other terminations. Our long list seemed to reveal no law. All verbs in the infinitive ended in *-a*, and the final syllable yielded no clue. We had to give it up until further accumulations and study should add more light. The great changes, and the travelling which followed shortly after this, prevented any such study of the grammar for nearly a year. Then alone at Manyanga, building a new station, I spent the long evenings in further study, and found that the whole thing was very simple. If there was a pure nasal (i.e. not combined with another consonant, as it is in *kanda*) in the root, such as *naka*, it required a nasal in the perfect suffix. If there was an *o* or an *e* in the root, there were two *e*'s in the perfect suffix. The other vowels preferred *i*. Any consonant other than a pure nasal took *l* or *d* in the perfect; *l* before *e*, and *d* before *i*, because *l* before *i* always results in *di*. The Kongo verb then has four conjugations:—

1st. Verbs having no pure nasal, the vowels being *a*, *i*, or *u*, perfect ending in *-idi*.

2nd. Verbs having no pure nasal, the vowels being *e* or *o*, perfect ending in *-ele*.

3rd. Verbs having a pure nasal, the vowels being *a*, *i*, or *u*, perfect ending in *-ini*.

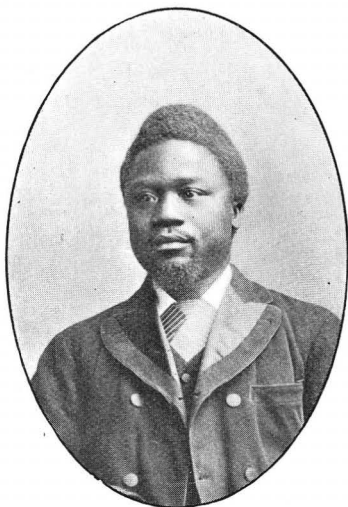
4th. Verbs having a pure nasal, the vowels being *e* or *o*, perfect ending in *-ene*.

It is all so simple when the mystery is solved! All the other terminations fell into line on those and like euphonic principles, and so the great difficulty of the verbs was solved.

By that time words came in very slowly. Every new word which I heard I inquired about. The discovery as to the verbs was communicated to my colleagues, but so hard was the work, and so much time was spent in travelling, that we were seldom together. When we did meet we had other things to talk about and arrange, so that we could not discuss

new words ; we seldom were able even to transfer them from our note-books to our vocabularies. The note-books were treasured ; that was all that we could do.

In 1884 the Committee of the Society ordered me to take my first furlough, so I had to go home after five years. My colleagues wished me to prepare and print, while at home, a Dictionary and Grammar of the Kongo Language. For this purpose I took with me the lad Nlemvo, who had been with me since 1880 ; he had accompanied me in all my journeys,



NLEMVO, MR. BENTLEY'S ASSISTANT
IN VERNACULAR WORK

except the first trip to Stanley Pool. He was only a small boy when first he came to me, but he was a wonderful help in the reduction of the language. After a year or two of such help, he began to look out for words himself, and would ask me whether I knew such and such a word ; if it was new, he would explain it. I took care to check the meanings he gave from time to time with others, and with himself. He had a wonderful gift of perception and knowledge of his language, and that gift became highly developed by use and training. He had

not any idea of a grammatical rule, and never had a notion why a form was used in a certain sense and connexion, only that it was so used. The grammar being so perfectly regular, a Congo native makes no mistakes in speech ; it is exceedingly rare that such a thing happens, except in the case of those who have been in the employment of white men, and have learned their blunders. This, unfortunately, they do only too readily.

On reaching home the Committee of the Society undertook the publication of the Dictionary and Grammar. They allowed

me the necessary freedom from visiting and addressing the friends and supporters of the Society, which is generally required of missionaries on furlough.

The note-books and memoranda were transferred to the word-book, which was interlined and interlined, until it became a chaos. Then it was discovered that many words which ought to appear were absent. Many important words in common use had been omitted, in the belief that they had been long recorded. To correct this, it was necessary to go through a good English dictionary, to see that those omissions were supplied. In case of further oversights, especially in African matters, I kept constantly before me Kolbe's Dictionary of Herero, spoken in Damaraland. In English we express so many ideas by combining a verb with prepositions or adverbs, or by adding prefixes to the root:—to come to, with, out, across, slowly, stealthily, &c.; or to reduce, deduce, adduce, &c. There is no such system in Kongo; a separate root is used for each idea:—*to go in* = **kota**; *to go out* = **vaika**; *to go up* = **tomboka**, &c. Then, too, under *fall* must appear—to begin to fall (as rain), to fall from an upright position, to fall heavily, to fall in drops, to fall in abundance (as leaves in autumn), to fall in price, to lose one's balance and fall. It would be very easy to omit some of these ideas. Under the head of *come* some eighty words appear; under *cut*, fifty words: Kolbe's work was a useful mentor in arranging these.

When the first proofs of the English-Kongo section of the Dictionary came in from the printers, the second part, the Kongo-English section, was commenced. To do this the following system was adopted: for each Kongo word which appeared in the first section there was written on a slip of paper the Kongo word, and under it its English equivalent. All these slips were exactly of the same size, to facilitate their manipulation. This reversing was done for me by Mr. White, who shortly after entered college, and, all in due course, joined our mission on the Congo. As the slips came in they were checked and sorted up into alphabetical order. When the whole reversion was complete there were 25,000 slips, which, as they were placed one behind the other, were nearly ten

feet thick. The slips were then examined; where the Kongo word had appeared several times under several English words, these various equivalents had to be arranged on one slip.

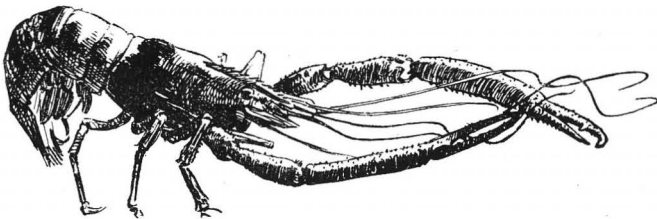
Some words of the second section had thus been revised, when a heavy trouble came upon me. I had been suffering for some time from an inflamed condition of the eyes. This was intensified by a cold wet drive home from a missionary meeting in October; serous iritis set in, which rendered it imperative for me to rest my eyes; indeed, it became impossible for me to use them. Happily, the revision of the 25,000 slips had commenced. I was able to explain the system adopted to my wife, who bravely determined to help me through the difficulty. Everything was done by dictation, my eyes being practically useless for ten months; after that they were mercifully restored to me, and I have had no trouble from them since. Having completed the Dictionary, I returned to the Congo, and wrote the Grammar there. Six years later the Kongo New Testament was published. In the translation of that, and in literary work carried on by my wife and others, new words were found, so an appendix to the Dictionary and Grammar was published, adding 4,000 new words to the 10,000 of the former work. Further grammatical rules were found and difficulties solved, and so the reduction of the language was accomplished.

In 1650 Fr. Hyacinth Brusciotto de Vetralla, a Capuchin missionary to Congo, published in Rome a vocabulary in four columns, Kongo, Portuguese, Latin, and Italian. I have never seen a copy of this. Nine years later the Propaganda in Rome published *Some Rules for the more easy understanding of the most difficult idiom of the people of the Congo, brought into the form of a Grammar*, also by Brusciotto. Dr. H. Grattan Guinness published a translation of this work. It was an attempt at the concord only; a humble, but interesting essay. On the way home for my first furlough, I bought in Lisbon a reprint of a vocabulary of 1,000 words of Coast Kongo, by Cannecattim, published in 1804. There were many mistakes, and words we could never hear of. In his preface he mentioned a *Catechism of Christian Doc-*

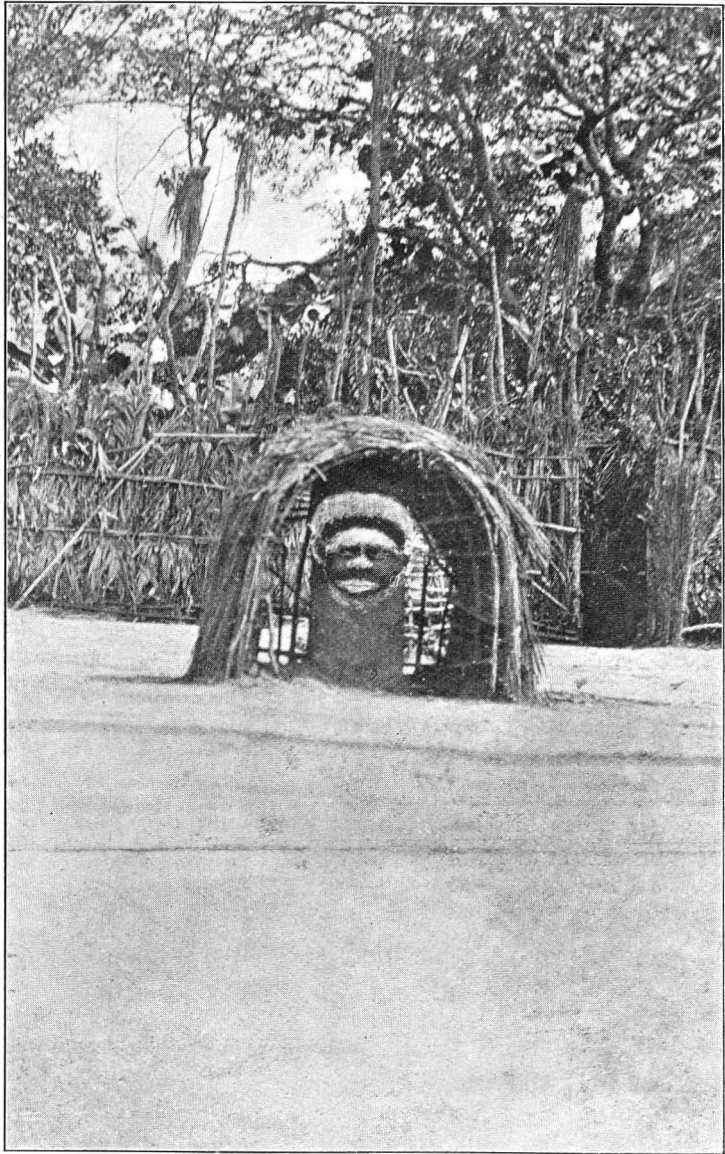
trine, by Cardoso, which was printed in Lisbon, in 1624. On my way out to the Congo the second time, I inquired for this in the National Library in Lisbon. With a little difficulty it was found, and in handing the two copies to me for inspection, the librarian said that the books had not been touched for 120 years. I mentioned the find to the Rev. G. R. Macphail, who was minister of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland in Lisbon at the time; he very kindly arranged to have the work copied for me by hand. I have this copy, and have studied it. It is interesting, but far from correct; regular 'white-man's Kongo.' This must be the oldest work in any Bantu language. It is in Portuguese and Kongo interlinear.

A little before my first furlough Dr. Guinness published a study of the grammar of the dialect spoken near Matadi, on the lower river. It was worked out in England by the aid of two lads, who were staying there with the late Rev. H. Craven, of the Livingstone Mission. At the same time Mr. Craven, with the help of Mr. J. Barfield, B.A., then senior tutor at Harley House Institute, Bow, prepared a vocabulary of that dialect. Mr. Barfield afterwards wrote on the concords. The work of the ancient missionaries was only first known to us when our own work was far advanced in preparation for the press; so too with the work of the other mission. We had, therefore, no outside help in the reduction of the language.

The Swedish Mission has since published a grammar of a northern dialect of Kongo in Swedish.



A CRAYFISH



A FETISH IMAGE ('NKINDU'), ZOMBO



A FETISH RATTLE

CHAPTER VIII

RELIGION: THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD, AND FETISHISM

THE people of the Congo, as we found them, were practically without religion. Fetishism takes its place in the list of systems of religion, but it must be considered as a negation, rather than anything positive; the absence of all which we understand as religion. There is no worship, no idolatry in fetishism, only a dark agnosticism, full of fear, helpless and hopeless. Although the people are given up to this dark superstition, they are not atheists—the Bantu race has everywhere the name of God. The distinguished secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society, Dr. Cust, declares that no people have yet been found in any part of the world who have not an idea or name for the Supreme Being.

Among the western Bantu, **Nzambi**, **Nyambi**, **Anyambie**, or some such name of God prevails, from the Cameroons to the Kalahari. In the central basin of the Congo we find other names of God current, **Ibanza**, **Iyanza** or **Nzakomba**. The eastern Bantu speak of **Mulungu** or **Muungu**, **Molongo** or **Moongo**, which is supposed to mean approximately the Ancient One, the 'Ancient of days.' It is certainly the name of God.

Nzambi and its cognates are like **nzamba**, *the elephant*, and there may lie an idea of greatness in the root. It may be a contracted compound word; **nkento**, *a woman*, from **nkazi** **ntu**, *a woman person*, is one of the rare instances of this. We have not at present a sufficiently wide knowledge of Bantu tongues, or the intermediate forms, to determine the early forms and root of **Nzambi**. **Nzakomba** may be a fuller form of it, retaining the weak syllable **ko**, which tends to fall away. **Ibanza** may be a reversal of the two components **nza mbi**, or **mba** or **iba**—for the **m** and **i** are interchangeable prefixes derived from an ancient prefix, **im**. All this is possible; but it is only safe at present to say that we do not know its root, or initial meaning. This we do know, however, that some form of **Nzambi** has the wide range above indicated, and that among people who are not likely to have had any inter-communication since they first separated and came into their present positions, still less to have had any discussion about, or reference to, the name of God.

All this points unmistakably to a knowledge of God from the first, and so accords with all that we find in other lands. We are thus able to tell the people that we have not come to declare to them the God of the white men, but their own **Nzambi**, **Nzambi ampungu**, God Most High, or Supreme. When we go to them thus, they are interested. ‘Nzambi! do you know Him, then? Does He live in your town? Have you seen Him? What is He like?’ We explain that He lives in heaven; we have not seen Him. ‘Then how do you know about Him?’ We say that He has sent us many messengers, and, to crown all, He sent His own Son; in Him, He has declared Himself fully. ‘Is He good or bad?’ We reply that He is good. ‘Why do we die, then?’ We have to explain that this world is all very well for a time, but here we are sometimes oppressed with heat, and again we are cold; we are hungry and thirsty; here we suffer and die. God has something far better for us; He wants to bring us all to the beautiful and glorious land in which He dwells, the land where there is no hunger or thirst, no tears, no sorrow, no death, the land of everlasting joy. ‘That is a good land indeed! No

death ; not when we are very old ? I should like to go there.' We continue, ' There is one difficulty—the evil in our hearts, that bars the way. See how bad we are—how much there is of hatred, cruelty, murder, war, theft, violence ! How can God let such people into His heaven ? They would spoil it in no time. As soon as they got used to it, they would lie and steal, murder and fight as before ; cannibal people would soon be eating the angels ! The whole race has become bad. Who is there who has no evil in his heart ? (This will always be admitted.) Then how are we to get there ?' We are thus able to speak of the way of salvation, of the perfect atonement, the power of God to change the heart, and His earnest desire so to do. With this basis we can speak to the darkest mind in a way which can be understood.

Beyond this knowledge of the name of God, they know nothing. In the Kongo-speaking district between the coast and Stanley Pool, there had been the influence of the ancient missionaries, and it was impossible to find the original idea with certainty. There was something of a personal idea, but God was far away. He has nothing to do with us, nor we with Him. He is certainly too far away to hear a man's voice ; so they would reason. With all this ignorance, there is the assumption that God is good. There is no fear of Him, no need to propitiate Him. In Africa, a powerful, unscrupulous, cruel man is greatly feared and respected. The more murderous and cruel, the greater he is, and the greater the consideration which he receives. The gentle, kindly man would have no one's respect or obedience. The meek do not at present inherit that part of the earth ; hence the cruelties of African rulers. If the people regarded God as malign, they would seek to propitiate Him, and fear His name ; but He is benign, and may, therefore, be ignored. ' God is not in all their thoughts.' There seems to be a fairly general idea that God made the world, and perhaps it is He who sends the rain ; but it is difficult to be sure that the latter idea is not learned from white men.

It is on the upper river that we come in contact with the uninfluenced native. In the early years of the upper

river work we hired a number of the wild Bangalas; their country is nearly 900 miles from the mouth of the river. When some of them had been a year at Wathen, and knew something of our teaching, they told me that **Nzambi** was called **Ibanza** in their language. The people had a vague idea that Ibanza lived in the white man's land under the sea, but they knew nothing more of him than that. Some supposed that it was He who made all the wonderful things which the white men possessed and brought for barter. When the first Belgian officers established themselves in their country, the Bangala called all their wonderful things Ibanza; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that when they saw a lucifer match, a glass bottle, or a watch, they said, Ibanza. Probably those who first used the expression meant that the things were the handiwork of Ibanza, but as the common people took up the word and used it, it seemed almost that they called the things themselves Ibanza. When Stanley came down the river the first time, they believed that he was Ibanza. They attacked him in full force notwithstanding that idea.

When we first visited the natives on the south shore of Lake Mantumba, they said that we were Iyanza (a very slight modification of Ibanza); when we shook our heads, they called us Milimo (spirits), until they saw my wife with our infant child. The possibility of baby-spirits was too much for them; our humanity was too apparent.

In 1885 a girl from the far upper river near Stanley Falls came to live with us. When she had been with us some time, my wife wrote down some 2000 words of her language. We often asked her the name of God. She did not know it, and assured us that there was no word for God in the language. One day when we asked her again later on she said, 'Perhaps I know the word you want. I do not know what it is; it is something great; it passes on the water far away.' The word was Moongo. She could tell no more than that; but the word was recognized at once as identical with Molongo, Mulungu, and Muungu, the latter being the name of God in Zanzibar. Probably the latter part of

Nzambi Ampungu, the Congo name of God (God Most High), is allied to Muungu. Nlemvo, my assistant in the reduction of the language, remembers hearing God's name used twice only before he came to me. One man was telling another something about the Flood, a story surviving from the times of the ancient missionaries; he mentioned the name. The other time his mother was hoeing, and the hoe slipped and cut her ankle. She exclaimed, 'O God! what have I done, that this should happen?' Those two occasions were the only times that he remembers hearing of Nzambi, and even then only the bare name, the connexion being the only hint as to its meaning. These may be taken as types of the ignorance of the people.

When first we built at Stanley Pool, a Zombo slave of one of the upper river natives was asking me what we had really come into the country for. I told him that we had come to teach the people about God, and to deliver a message from Him. He said, 'What! Nzambi who lives in the sky?' pointing upwards with his finger. The poor lad knew at least so much about God.

What are we to infer from the present state of things? Is the idea of God being slowly evolved out of fetishism? Is it not rather that the people have wellnigh lost the knowledge of God which once their forefathers possessed? Instead of wondering at their ignorance, we may rather be astonished that the very name and thought of God had not long been lost.

In some parts of South Africa there exist customs which have been dignified with the name of ancestral worship. It is not that there is any general worship by the people, each one of his ancestor; but when a great chief dies, the people have still a notion that his spirit lingers with them. They are often led to believe that he remains with his successor, as a familiar spirit, to be occasionally invoked for counsel and help. This, however, is no deification of the dead chief; he is not a god; he only lies where they buried him, or haunts the place, and so they still look to him.

In Congo, there are some traces of the same custom. When

a successful hunter dies, libations of blood are occasionally poured out at his grave, in the hope that those who participate in the ceremony may obtain some of his hunting skill. While his memory is green, those who have good fortune in the hunting field will tie up a clot of the animal's blood in a leaf, and carry it to the town to throw on the grave; other blood will be rubbed on the stock of the gun. A man of any pretensions as a hunter, when he has his hair cut, or, rather, his head shaved, will bring the removed hair, and burn it at the hunter's grave. These ceremonies are supposed to ensure further good luck in hunting.

All this is but the natural outcome of the strong feeling shared by all the Bantu, that death is in no way a cessation of being. They have no idea of the resurrection of the body. The body is buried, but the spirit, the man himself, lives on; where, and how he lives, they know not. The general idea is that the dead live on in some dark forest land; it is referred to as *nsi a fwa*, *the land of the dead*, or *mfinda*, *the forest*. Nearer the coast, the people believe that the dead are bought by the white men, and that the spirits go to work for the white men under the sea; there they weave cloth, and make the various things sold for native produce. When Comber was delayed at Banana, at the mouth of the river, in 1880, the king himself once spoke of his long delay in *bilungi*, *hell*, as though that was a synonym for the coast. Matoko and several natives accompanied him to Banana; they prosecuted an awed search for their dead relatives among the people there, expecting to find some. On their return to San Salvador, the people asked after their dead friends, and were disappointed that none of them had been seen at Banana! And this at San Salvador, 400 years after the first white men went to live there! In the early days, when a native saw us open a tin of preserved meat, he would watch with curiosity until he saw the meat inside, then he would turn away with a shudder, and an expression of disgust on his face: 'Poor things! That is what becomes of them, is it?' When boys came to live with us for school work, their mothers would caution them on no account to eat any tinned meat, believing that it was human

flesh. They had always heard that white men bought the spirits of men, and now the mystery was solved as to what they did with them.

The home of the white men, they were sure, was under the sea, for on the coast they saw the ships slowly rise far out from the land; first the masts, then the hull, and so the ships came slowly in. Such were the phenomena, and from them they made their deductions.

While they entertain these ideas as to the land of the dead, they cannot feel sure that the dead are far out of the way. They believe that they haunt the old scenes, and may yet work mischief. The scrupulous care with which they use up, in funeral wrappings and expenses, all the cloth that a dead man leaves, breaking even the crockery which was his, and leaving it on his tomb, is really due to the fear that the spirit is about. The personal estate belongs to the deceased, who will wreak a terrible revenge on those who misappropriate the effects for which he toiled and sinned. Doubtless the carefulness is often an unreasoning following of custom; but the custom has its origin in this fear.

The Bateke, who live to the north of Stanley Pool, often bury a man in the floor of his own house. The shroud is cut over the mouth, and in filling up the grave, after the interment, a pole is placed with one end on the mouth of the corpse, and the other end sticking out from the grave. When the earth is properly filled in and trodden down, the pole is withdrawn, and so a clear hole is left to the mouth of the corpse. Into this hole, from time to time, palm wine is poured, that the deceased may not lack the liquor which used to gladden his heart when living.

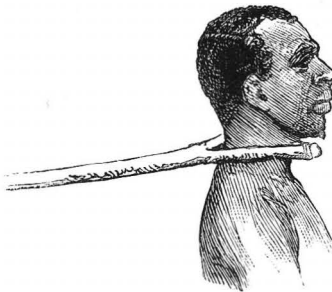
On the Upper Congo the customs toward the dead are still more considerate. A man of any importance has a number of slaves, who follow him about, paddle his canoe, and generally serve him. When he dies, it is not fitting that he should enter the spirit world unattended, as though he were only a slave. Wives also will be needed to cook and care for him; so when the time for burial comes, these conveniences are provided for him. The dead man, after

being washed, is rubbed with oil and powdered cam wood, making him crimson all over. His face is variously adorned, one eye and cheek being yellow with ochre, the other white with pipeclay; coloured lines are drawn on the forehead.



THE SLAVE FORK

the corpse sits in state on his stool, his pipe in his mouth. A crowd of small boys stand at a safe distance, and men and women come to gaze. Ever and again the wives and their



THE FORK IN USE

friends raise the dirge song, rattle their rattles, and beat the gongs; so they chant of the greatness of the deceased, and the long journey which he is going to take. In a house near by are ten men, secured in forked sticks, and firmly tied; they are to accompany him. Among the weeping wives are three or four designated to his attendance in the spirit world; it is kept a secret as yet, and the life of none of the wives is sure. The processes of decomposition require that the corpse be covered, and arranged for burial.

Great crowds gather for the funeral on the appointed day, all in full paint and finery. Dancing enlivens the waiting hours. The elders confabulate in one of the open palaver houses. When all is ready, the body is brought out. The executioner has given the last touch to his huge knife. The crowd gathers in an open space where there is a strange wooden seat. The ten unfortunate slaves are brought. One of them is placed in the seat, and fastened to it. A tall flexible pole is stuck into the ground, at some distance behind

A broad line in white bordered with black is brought down each of his crimson arms. Dressed in fine cloth, his hair well braided,

the corpse sits in state on his stool, his pipe in his mouth. A crowd of small boys stand at a safe distance, and men and women come to gaze. Ever and again the wives and their friends raise the dirge song, rattle their rattles, and beat the gongs; so they chant of the greatness of the deceased, and the long journey which he is going to take. In a house near by are ten men, secured in forked sticks, and firmly tied; they are to accompany him. Among the weep-

the seat. From the top of the pole a cage-like arrangement is suspended by a cord. The pole is bent down, and the cage is fitted to the unfortunate man's head. He is blindfolded, but he knows what is happening, for he has been present before, with laughter and much merriment, at like functions, when others were placed on the fatal seat. The executioner commences to dance, and make feints; at last, with a fearful yell, he decapitates his victim, with one sweep of the huge knife. The pole thus released, springs the head into the air. The crowd yells with delight and excitement. The body is unbound, and a new victim placed on the seat. The horror is repeated, until the ten slaves have rejoined their dead master. Their heads are carried off by some boys, and thrown into a pool of water beside the river, until the flesh comes off. The bodies of the slaves are carried to the grave, and laid in order on the bottom. The marked women are seized, four of them; a few blows with a heavy stick suffices to break their arms and legs, and they too are placed in the grave, living, but no longer able to scramble out again. The body of their dead lord is then placed upon the groaning women, and the earth is filled in. In many places the slaves are beheaded without the chair and spring-pole, and there is much diversity in detail. The skulls, when clear of flesh, adorn the shed over their master's grave. This then is a dutiful farewell to a dead man, and an honourable sending forth to the land of the dead. Our missionaries at Bolobo reckon that in the towns about them, until recently, an average of one person per day was killed over these funeral customs. Higher up river these customs would be considered poor and mean without a cannibal feast; and the body would be kept until an expedition could be organized to some district in which they are accustomed to hunt for human victims. Among the Bakuba on the Upper Kasai, on the death of the king of the country or his sister, the funeral cannot take place until 300 slaves have been killed; some give the number at 1,000, but 300 is a safer figure.

This then is the outcome of their belief in the life beyond the grave, and in this way do heathen people 'live up to

their light.' Surely it is high time that they were shown a more excellent way. 'If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!'

To the Bantu mind, God is far removed from us ; our voices, audible to so short a distance, could never reach His ears, and even if they could—— But here we have passed beyond the confines of native thought. There is no deep thought on such matters. A man who dabbled in such philosophy would be a marked man, a witch, a danger to the community. Never have we met with anything like a seeking after God on the part of the raw native ; indeed, it is a marked characteristic and weakness of the race that an African, Negro or Bantu, does not think, reflect, or reason, if he can help it. He has a wonderful memory, has great powers of observation and imitation, much freedom in speech, and very many good qualities ; he can be kind, generous, affectionate, unselfish, devoted, faithful, brave, patient and persevering ; but the reasoning and inventive faculties remain dormant. He readily grasps the present circumstances, adapts himself to them, and provides for them ; but a carefully thought out plan, or a clever piece of induction is beyond him. Such an order of mind may be led into great follies of thought and action ; superstition can there grow rank.

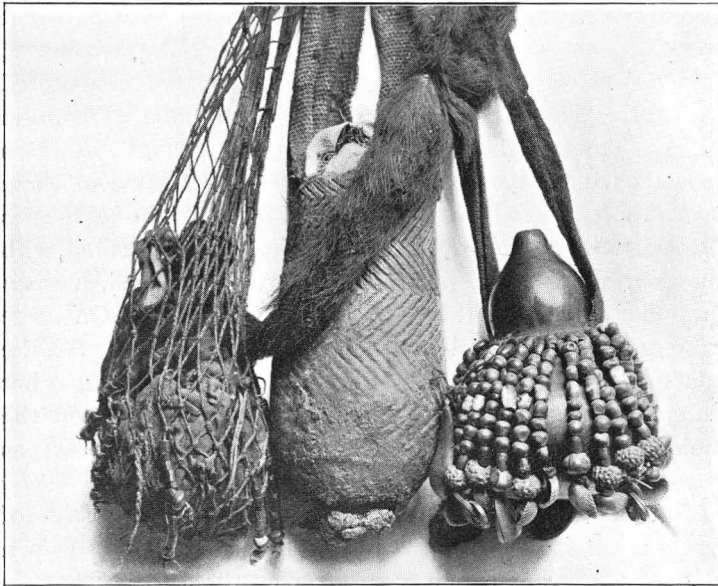
The word 'fetish' has an air of mystery about it ; it is derived from the Portuguese *fetiço*, 'a charm.' A fetish is something which has the power of exercising an occult influence. The fetish itself may be very various. The power may be contained in a rag, stone, water, pipeclay, or rubbish of all kinds ; the more singular and uncanny the better. It may be red cam-wood powder mixed with pepper, ochrous earth, a snake's head or fang, the beak of a fowl or any bird, a bird's claw, a twisted root, a stone of strange shape, a nut, a piece of elephant's skin, the foot of a crocodile or of a Monitor (*Varana*) lizard, a bead, or a piece of copal. The commonest form of fetish is a bundle of mysteries such as those mentioned, the bulk of which is made up by the peppery red powder. Any odd-shaped thing, or indeed anything, may be added from time to time, and when added becomes

part of the fetish, and partakes of its power. A small portion of a fetish may be taken as the nucleus of another fetish collection, and other mysteries be added to that, until a business-like fetish is made up, as powerful as the fetish of its origin; it is in this way that fetishes increase and multiply. A nucleus portion of a fetish may be bought.

As I write I have before me the once potent fetish of Kiavevwa of Tungwa; she gave it up when she became a Christian, although it, and several others which she handed over for destruction, were supposed to have possessed great power against disease. They were a source of income to their possessor, who by their possession was constituted a doctor. The fetish in question is a calabash, 6 in. in height. Towards the neck there is a string round it, to which are attached thirty strings of beads, &c. On one of these strings there is a red glass olive bead, three nuts of a species of banana (*Musa ensete*), a white china bead streaked with blue, four more Musa nuts, another red glass bead, a raspberry-like nut, and at the end a long oval flat nut. On some strings are the blue glass beads of the currency. At the ends of some are small cockle or spiral sea-shells, other strange nuts, and trefoil coils of strips of cane; and the whole has a shoulder-strap of a kind of baize, known as 'save-list.' The calabash is now empty.

Another once belonged to Nyindu, the second chief of Tungwa. It is also a noted ancestral fetish. It is an open bag, 7 x 4 in., with shoulder-straps, cleverly made of cotton, and appears to be a succession of button-hole stitching, one row on another; it is like a close crochet-work. There is a neat zigzag pattern on it, and it is quite a work of art. It has been often smeared with blood, and there are one or two thick mud-like patches on it of chewed kola-nut. What with the blood and kola nut, it is a filthy article. A monkey's tail is attached to it. Inside is a bundle wrapped in palm-fibre cloth. We draw it out carefully, for it is full of a pungent white aromatic powder. After sneezing and coughing, we proceed with our examination. The powder is dry pipe-clay mixed with pepper. There is found in it

a small goat's horn, stuffed with pipe-clay, in which a small brown nut shines. The point of the horn is bored, and three loom-knots of palm fibre hang as a tassel. Next, some feathers from the breast and wing of a guinea-fowl; two small bags and cuttings of leopard skin, a small dried chameleon, some wing-cases of a stag beetle, a small antelope's horn, some *Musa* nuts, some trefoil coils of cane, a palm thorn, some beads, chips of ironstone, a scarab beetle, two



FETISHES

1. That in the net. 2. Nyindu's. 3. Kiavevwa's.

tiny round pebbles, and a blue Jaquirity bean (used in adorning shell boxes). The powder and 'mysteries' would fill a tumbler.

Another fetish is enclosed in a small net; inside are several layers of blue cloth (cotton). At last we reach a lot of red cam-wood powder containing beads, two scraps of skin, a bird's beak, a bean, and a gourd pip. A very poor lot, yet it has inspired hundreds with awe and wonder, who would

not have dared to touch it under any circumstances, through fear of instant death.

Of five others, one is the shell of a large snail 6 in. long, full of pipe-clay. Two others are cleverly-wrought 'sausages' worked in some stiff vegetable fibre, contents unknown. Another is the model of a native drum, nicely made, $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. high, with a tympan of varana skin. Another is a little image of a man, sitting on a chair; its body is of wood, covered with a thin silver plate, the head and neck being of ivory.

Those fetishes which are shaped as images, rudely carved,



FETISHES

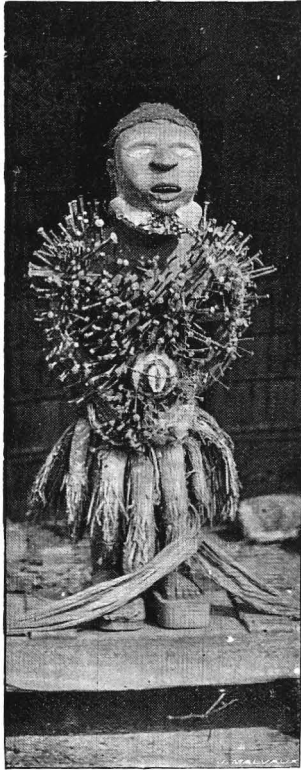
1 and 4. The 'sausages.' 2. 5 in. image. 3. Fetish from old Roman Catholic times.

hideous, and often most indecent, are but vehicles of fetishes. Charm-powder is somewhere secreted in them. Sometimes there is in front a patch of india-rubber mixed with oil, to which a little bit of looking-glass is stuck, and this contains the charm. The image shape is but an accident. If a child models in clay, a little man is the first definite object he thinks of making; so a little man is the first thing which suggests itself to a native carver as an artistic vehicle of a fetish. When some mystery powder has been put into it, it becomes a charm; not an idol or god of any kind.

Fetishes have names; all from a common source, or of one character, have the same name. *Mbambi*, *nkondi*, and *ekumfu* are supposed to be able to cure and protect from diseases, or to induce disease in those who are cursed by them. *Lukandu* is a rain charm. *Nzazi* controls lightning, and causes death by lightning to those cursed by it; so all

deaths by lightning are attributed to *nzazi*. *Ebunge* ensures invisibility in war, during the perpetration of a theft, or whenever desirable. A most useful fetish; but it fails sometimes in a most awkward way for those who trust it.

Zumbi is a charm which brings good luck. It may consist of a bundle of mysteries, or an image, or even an animal. A very high price is demanded by the doctor who claims to have the power of making *zumbi* charms, so that only rich men can buy them. *Zumbi* and comfortable circumstances thus become associated in the native mind. This fact tends to keep up the idea that it confers prosperity. Sometimes the possessor of *zumbi* pretends to place his charm in a fowl. A mother will buy a fowl, and take it to a 'doctor' to make it the 'luck' of her child; after that the fowl is never sold.



A NKINDU FETISH

There are fetishes, called *nkindu*, which secure the safety and prosperity of the town. These appear sometimes as the stump of a tree in the place of public gathering. The top is hollow, and a fetish bundle is placed in it; a cloth will be stretched over it, and a stone slab will be placed over all. Sometimes a great image will serve as the *nkindu*; in other

cases, small cooking-pots are placed in the jungle or wood round a town to encircle it with 'medicine' for protection.

On the lower river, a common form of fetish is a little image stuck all over with nails and old knives, each of which is a memorial of services rendered. It may often be seen in a little house of its own, and is supposed to act as *nkindu*.

The belief in fetishes is unquestioning and very strong in the hearts of the people. From earliest childhood they hear of charms; every one has them. They hear that their chief is rich because he has a powerful fetish. In every case of serious sickness, fetishes are resorted to; people get well very often after their use, and then the fetish gets the credit. A child knows that in a basket on the sooty shelf in the house his mother keeps her fetishes; and his father keeps some in the little inner room of his house. His mother hangs leaves and the stalks of an *Amomum* on her manioc plants in her farm, and she tells him that if any one steals any manioc roots, these charms will kill the thief. The fruit-trees of the town are invested with charms in the same way, and he is strongly cautioned not to steal, lest the curse should come upon him. So he grows up in a little world in which every one speaks of fetishes, and believes in them; what wonder that he too never questions their power!

It may be imagined that their evident frequent failure must discredit them; but one fetish may be overpowered by another, and a failure is only so understood. A fetish may also lose its power through disuse, and through the breaking of the rules connected with it. If a man wishes to keep his fetish up to full power, he must revive it frequently. Some will do this on market-day, others are very irregular in such matters. Chiefs, 'doctors,' and those whose position, influence, and wealth depend largely on their reputation for the possession of powerful fetishes, are careful to keep their charms in full potentiality. I have watched a chief doing this. Every market-day he spread a mat in front of his house, and laid his fetish bundles and paraphernalia on it. From a little box he would take some red ochre, and work some of it into a paste. Taking his fetish image, he would

put a little of the ochre paste on it, and some on his own forehead. Then, rummaging among his mysteries, he would find a piece of a root, nut, or something; muttering some formula, he would cut off a morsel, or scrape it, putting the fragment into his mouth; after nibbling it, he would spit and sputter it over the image and charms. A little gunpowder would then be taken, and some powder from a charm-bundle would be added to it, and then it would be fired. He would hold his little image in the smoke, as it ascended. Then he would take a piece of kola-nut, and solemnly chew it; meanwhile, he would fidget about with his bundles, opening one and peeping into it; when the kola-nut was well chewed, he would sputter some of it on his little *nkondi* image, and on the side of each of the bundles. Once more a rummage in one of the bundles, and a little more charm-powder would be mixed with some gunpowder, and fired on the flat stone before him. Spots of red ochre and of pipe-clay would be made on each of his temples, and the charms would be returned to the shelf in his house, or to a basket standing on an empty powder-barrel at the head of his bed. The spots on his forehead and temples would show that he had just revived his fetishes, and every one knew that his *nkondi* image was in the wallet hanging from his shoulder. Such a man is feared. If a fetish has been much neglected, a fowl may be killed, and some of its blood rubbed on the fetish; this has a great effect in reviving a fetish. The fowl would afterwards be eaten by the man only; a little arrangement which would keep him several days in meat!

When a man has lost several children by death, or sometimes even without waiting for so sad an experience, he will seek to place any expected addition to his family under a charm to preserve its life. A doctor is sent for, who orders a feast, of which the wife and her mother's family only may partake. A variety of vegetables are prepared, and several kinds of meat. The doctor then tells the woman that her child, when it is born, is never to eat any of the meats ordered by him at the feast. Sometimes the restrictions are for life, sometimes until the child becomes a parent

They are of a most arbitrary character ; but the consequences of transgression are very sure and terrible. The restrictions are called *mpangu*. The *mpangu* of one lad are : no hippopotamus flesh, or 'hippo potato' (the yam)—penalty for transgression of this, leprosy ; no cray-fish—penalty, a skin disease on the hand ; no raw palm-nuts—penalty, scald-head ; never to eat a little spotted fish, found in the small streams—penalty, ophthalmia, and loss of eyelashes ; never to eat the great *ezunda* frog—penalty, his eyes will swell and become big like the frog's. Sometimes a doctor will restrict from goat flesh, or lay some equally serious taboo. The mother may be ordered to eat no meat until the child is weaned.

Beside these *mpangu*, there are always some restrictions which are laid upon him as the totems of his father ; he may be restricted from eating one of the antelopes, or a hen, or a particular fish. This is always in the paternal line, and is the only thing in which paternity carries anything with it among the Congos ; never does it impart a family or clan name, or any rights over the child. By this means a man's paternal line and family might be investigated if need be. This is the only instance of totemism which we have noted.

Sickness and death are considered by a Congo to be quite abnormal ; they are in no way to be traced to natural causes, but always regarded as due to sorcery. Even such cases as death by drowning or in war, by a fall from a tree, or by some beast of prey or wild creature, or by lightning—these are all in a most obstinate and unreasoning manner attributed to the black art. Somebody has bewitched the sufferer, and he or she who has caused it is a witch. In speaking of Africa, the word 'witch' is used of either a man or a woman, the masculine 'wizard' conveying quite a different idea.

So long as it is an ordinary case of sickness or disease, it may be due to simple sorcery, a blight or curse having been laid on the individual, and there are hopes of averting the mischief by the spell of a fetish stronger than that which has induced the disease. Death, however, is due to a relentless sorcery of the vilest nature ; all society is outraged and furious until the miscreant is found, and put to death.

Since sickness and death are common, they consider that witches are common, and the people live in incessant fear of unknown enemies, who may be plotting their destruction. No one is safe, and the only hope of life, health, and prosperity lies in the possession of a powerful fetish.

Sickness being attributed to sorcery, it naturally follows that there is practically no knowledge of medicinal plants in Congo. Some aromatic leaves are known, which, when infused, tend to allay pain ; as also croton, and a few drastic purgatives. Some powerful astringent draughts are used—often when no astringent is needed ; a few things of this kind, which they could not help knowing, they know. Leaves, and leaf decoctions, are used in their doctoring ; but their use is empirical in the extreme, all virtue lying in the fetish in connexion with which they are used. They have the sense to put a broken limb into splints, and that is about the beginning and end of proper surgery. An ulcer may be covered by a leaf to protect it from the flies, or a crushed mass of leaves may be applied ; but nothing of any use. A paste of crushed earthenware was a favourite remedy at one time. There are doctors who profess to extract the slugs of ironstone which serve as bullets in their wars. If the extraction is a fairly simple matter, the doctor will accomplish it ; but if it is beyond his art, he will put a slug into his mouth ; and then after sucking the wound for a while, his own slug will be triumphantly exhibited to the satisfaction of all. A case of this kind was very clear, when a doctor sucked an ironstone slug from a wound made by a leaden Snider bullet.

In case of sickness the fetishes of the town will be tried first ; but if they bring no relief, the most reputed of the neighbourhood will be sent for ; where these are useless, and when there is time available, a fetish from a distance is preferred. In the Wathen district the people believe that the fetishes of Makuta and Tungwa, sixty to seventy miles distant, are much more potent than those nearer home ; but in the Makuta and Tungwa district, those from the Wathen district are much preferred to their own, and are considered far more powerful. In a recent case, where an important chief was

lying in a semi-conscious condition, after the fits which followed a great drinking-bout, native doctors with their fetishes were waiting their turn twelve deep, to follow one after the other, and, of course, to take their fees. Native doctors often charge very high fees for their services; but as the patient lies starving to death, refusing all food, because 'he has a nasty taste in his mouth,' the doctor would never dream of ordering soup or something to stay the exhaustion, which is the most serious condition. Indeed, there is often a wicked feeling that it would be a pity to waste good food on a probably dying man. The chief just mentioned, who was the wealthiest native we have known, was lying in a most critical condition, and was being starved to death by this custom of not feeding. Seeing how things were, Nlemvo, my assistant in the work in the vernacular, volunteered to nurse him. He had the utmost difficulty in getting fowls for the sick chief. They grudged him what was necessary; yet when the local chiefs and notables called to inquire after him, they would be sent away with a fowl or two each, and thanks for their kind inquiries. It is true that these gifts were a drain on the fowls available; but they were always forthcoming for callers, and always grudged when needed for the sick man. If this is the case with the wealthiest man in the country, how much more so with ordinary people, and those who only make their living! Nlemvo nursed the chief carefully night and day for several weeks, and all said that he saved his life; yet when the man was well, neither he, nor any one else, gave Nlemvo a word of thanks, not even a fowl or anything to take home with him. Sickness and death seem to show up the worst side of native life.

When we were living in San Salvador, a year after our arrival, an unfortunate infant was seized with convulsions, and afterwards lay unconscious. The women friends of the mother assembled, discussed, and advised, and proceeded to treat the child *à la mode*. It was laid on a mat outside the house. Small patches of pipe-clay were marked on its face, then a number of women took bunches of leaves, and rattles, made of small calabashes with seeds of the *tous-les-mois*

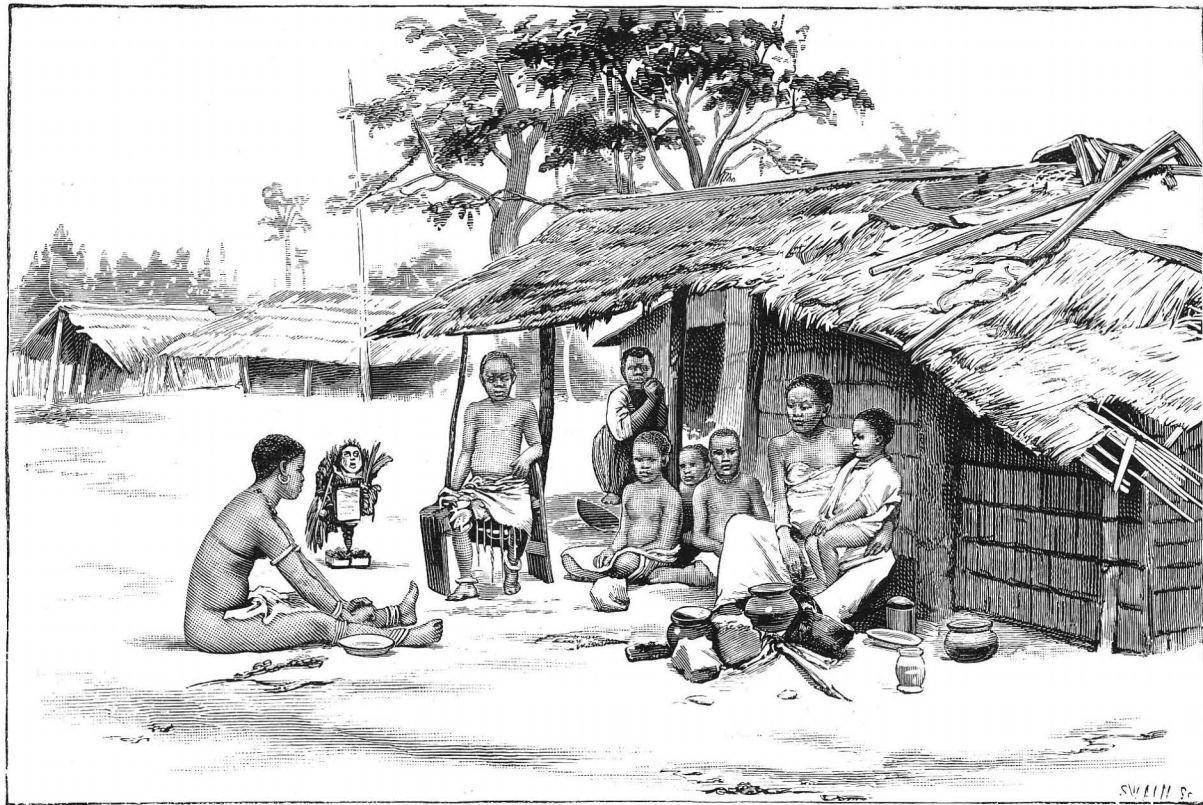
canna in them ; they marked their own faces with spots of pipe-clay, as the child, and walked round it dancing, rattling, and singing a weird incantation. As the child remained unconscious, this was continued for several hours, varying the monotony of the proceedings by an occasional rush at the child. The mother every now and then broke out in wild paroxysms of grief. At last they brought the child to us, and a warm bath and a whiff of ammonia soon brought it round. Half an hour later we heard that it had another fit, and the old system was resorted to. They kept up a hideous noise far into the night. Once when the screaming waxed louder than usual, Comber went to see how it was getting on. He found the poor child in a stuffy hut, full of shrieking and gesticulating women ; the atmosphere was almost suffocating, by reason of foul air and smoke. The next day we saw them still singing and waving bunches of burning leaves over the child, and blowing the smoke into its face. In spite of all this treatment, the sturdy little child recovered in a day or two.

One of our lads was telling us how he went doctoring once. He had been arguing that although the white man's medicine was undoubtedly good, still the native charms certainly did avail sometimes. 'See,' said he, 'the case when my uncle sent me to Tunda. He had hurt his foot and could not walk, so he sent me with the great fetish. I went there, and on the way gathered the leaves which my uncle told me to use. When I got to the town, I crushed the leaves, and made a decoction of some of them. I did not know exactly what to do ; but I thought that I should like a fowl for myself, so I asked for a white fowl without any black feathers on it. That was my artfulness, you know ; but why should I have all the trouble for nothing ? I did some mysterious things with the blood ; made marks on the sick man ; gave him a lot of the nasty leaf-water to drink, and told him not to eat certain things.' 'What things ?' we asked. 'Oh, just as they came into my head. You must do something in that way, or else people would not think that it is proper medicine. I asked a good fee, and got it.' 'And did the poor man die ?'

'No! He had been very ill indeed, but from that time he began to mend; and a few weeks later they sent for me to take off the food restrictions which I had placed on him, because he was well again. They gave me a nice goat then. Now, surely, that was a case in which the fetish worked a cure? The man was very ill indeed when I went to him.' This young fellow could not have been more than twelve years of age then. It may be wondered that the services of such a lad could have been acceptable; but it must be remembered that in fetish medicine no thought is given to any skill on the part of the doctor, but only to the power of the fetish.

Lutete, the chief of Ngombe, near Wathen, was seriously ill, and a doctor was sent for. He made pipe-clay marks on the chief's body, over what he considered to be the seat of the disorder. A fowl was brought, and a string tied to Lutete's arm, and to the fowl's leg; then the doctor pretended to have a great struggle to drive the disease into the chief's arm, down the arm, and along the string into the fowl's body. The doctor took his fee, and the fowl, and doubtless supped off stewed fowl that night. We may consider it very questionable practice from a medical standpoint; but the natives could point to the fact that Lutete recovered, and lived for years after.

It often happens that doctor after doctor is sent for, until there is a general feeling that the condition has become very serious, and there is good reason to regard the case as hopeless. The *moko* doctor is then fetched. He decides whether it is a simple case of sorcery, or whether the patient is under an evil spell through the malice of some one; in that case, more powerful fetishes must be found to counteract the influence. Where there is time for these slow developments, this may be the course pursued; but if the malady is most serious, the doctor decides that it is not a simple case. He shakes his head, and looks grave, and after much mysterious peeping into his fetish bundle, he declares that some one is eating the heart of the sufferer, and that unless he can be induced by fear to relinquish his victim, there is no hope.



THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE
(The girl on the left is the patient)

He professes to know who the malignant cause of the sickness is ; but it is not his business to mention names. The poor people are then filled with horror and rage, and the excitement is increased, as it is shared by the many, in the case of an important man. They begin to call upon the unknown malignant one, who is addressed as Nsimbi, and to beg him to leave his victim ; then they threaten him wildly, and heap every curse upon his head. So, coaxing and cursing, they rave and yell about ; some load their guns, and every one looks at everybody, wondering who is the fiendish cause of this pain, and suffering, and approaching death. What is not possible at such times ? The sick man himself is full of fear, and, in the wickedness or foolishness of his heart, may denounce some friend or relative ; or he may tell of some recent dream, in which he saw some friend. In such a case, the friend seen in the dream would be considered the culprit.

When death has taken place, it often happens that some of the nearest relatives abandon themselves to a frenzy of grief ; suicide or murder is attempted, and they have to be disarmed and secured ; some men have been known to run amuck in their towns. One man, who had lost several slaves by death, on being told that another had died on a trading expedition, seized a cutlass, and rushing out of his house he ripped up a woman, the first person he met ; after so far relieving his feelings, he went back to his house, took his gun, and threatened to shoot the first person who entered. Every one kept out of his way until, later on in the evening, they managed to secure him. The great chief of the district was so angry at what had happened, that he sent a party of his retainers to tie the man to the kingpost of his house, and set it on fire ; and so the wretched man was burnt to death.

Sometimes the suspicions of the townfolk may so centre on some person, and all be so sure that he or she is the witch, that they go off there and then, and shoot the individual suspected.

As soon as possible, the senior relatives of the deceased meet together. All feel that it is a duty owed to society to stamp out this fiendish wickedness of witchcraft ; indeed,

it is a prevalent opinion that unless they kill the witches in the country, no one's life is safe; the whole tribe would in fact soon be exterminated. As a rule, a measure of law and order is observed; the doctor of witchcraft is sent for. Once we saw the whole process of divination and discovery of a witch enacted at San Salvador; it was the first and last case in the town itself since we built there.

In the early morning we heard a strange bellowing noise, far out in the jungle, along the western road. Now and then it stopped, and we heard it coming from some nearer point. It was some time before we could ascertain what it was even, much less know the business in hand. We learned that it was a *dingwinti* drum. Presently we heard it at the entrance of the town, near our house. We went to see what was on. A woman and several young men were sitting in the footpath with the bellowing instrument. Its construction was simple; it was an empty powder barrel about 14 in. high by 7 in. in diameter. One end of the barrel was open; over the other end a skin was tightly stretched. In the centre of the skin was a string, and to this was attached a short piece of cane. The player was holding the drum in his feet, and letting the piece of cane slip between his wet fingers, as he pulled them down over it, hand over hand. The slipping of his fingers down the cane set up a vibration of the tympan of the drum, and there issued a loud unearthly bellowing sound. The man who was playing it was continually making grimaces. This slow approach of the doctor was a very impressive preface to the day's proceedings.

About an hour later, we heard that all the people were gathered in an open space in the town; a witch-doctor had come to find the witch who had caused the death of a relative of the king. We went to see what was in process, not knowing how far we might have to interfere. We were invited to retire, but we would not understand the wish, and took our seats in a convenient position.

The woman who had been seen earlier in the morning sitting in the path beside the bellowing drum, was a noted doctor, who was retiring from the business; she was that

morning completing the initiation of a young man who had bought the fetish and the 'goodwill.' She sat behind the doctor, and from time to time told him what to do.

The doctor had whitened his face with pipe-clay, the neighbourhood of one of his eyes was bright with red ochre, the other was yellow ; his arms also were smeared with pipe-clay. Burnt cork has a decidedly transforming effect when applied over a white face ; still more astonishing is the effect of pipe-clay on a black face and body. What with the pipe-clay and the coloured ochres, the doctor was very hideous. The effect was heightened by continual monkey-like grimaces, the rolling of the eyes, and peeping into his fetish bundles. He shook his rattle, chattered and gibbered, fidgeted with his fetishes, and from time to time spoke to the people ; they expressed their horror of the crime, or joined in the imprecations, by lifting up and extending the right arm above the head. The performance continued somewhat monotonously for nearly two hours. Our presence evidently embarrassed the doctor considerably ; sometimes he paused, and seemed loth to proceed, discussing with the woman and those who had come with him. Once or twice he complained of our presence, and wished us to go, but we preferred to sit the performance out. Some of the more intelligent among the townsfolk were ashamed of the affair, but all this made it more necessary for us to remain. At last the time for the actual divination came. The doctor worked himself up into a state of excitement, and a dozen or twenty people were placed forward. The doctor danced, rattled his rattles, and raved, and at length all of those brought forward retired but two ; one of these was the witch. The excitement now was great. After more raving and incantation, a pot of water was spilt on the ground. Two streams trickled for some distance, and in some way, from the behaviour of the water, the decision was made : a slave of the king, one of the two left before the doctor, was declared the witch. He protested his innocence, and there was some excited talk, but the assembly broke up without more devilry. Our presence doubtless considerably modified the result. The man was fined, but nothing else followed.

This was the last time that the woman took part in witch-doctoring. Having thus retired from the business, she told some of her friends that she had denounced 200 people as witches, but of these only sixty were really witches. It is not fully clear what she meant by this statement, but this is certain, that 140 were denounced without any real reason, as far as she knew; possibly something in the divination made her feel sure of the sixty. Her son came into our school at San Salvador later on, and became a member of the Church.

The instance above quoted is the mildest possible case, so much so that it is only noted to indicate the procedure. As a rule, there is great excitement over the divination, and great is the feeling of relief when a victim is denounced. The witch-doctor in giving his decision often tells a long story as to how, when, and why the bewitching was done, weaving in so many well-known facts as to be conclusive. Sometimes the doctor declares that there are several witches. The poor wretch indicated declares that he is not a witch, neither does he know anything about sorcery; indeed, he is so certain of his innocence that he is quite ready to take the ordeal poison. We have heard of a case in which the man indicated became furious, fetched his gun, and shot the witch-doctor dead on the spot. He had to pay a fine of twenty slaves to the doctor's relatives as blood-money, but no doctor ventured to indicate him after that. Two or three such cases are spoken of.

There is usually much wickedness over this divination of witches. The doctor is a shrewd rogue, who has his own ways of finding out who should be pitched upon. Sometimes the deceased had dreamed of seeing some one in his sleep, and the dream told in the morning decides. Dark, wicked family conclaves may be held, and a decision taken to rid themselves thus of some disliked member; then the man who takes the fowl and five strings of beads to call the doctor indicates to him the name of the victim. At other times the doctor will ascertain the public feeling and suspicions by means of an agent.

A character for meanness, that is to say, an unwillingness to share one's belongings with every lazy rascal who ventures to beg or impose, may cause dislike, and a denunciation at the next witch palaver. A poor woman who has refused some salt to some young rowdy in the town who asked her for it, may be *mentioned* by him on the next occasion. A name being mentioned, others may be safe, if only they mention it also, for if the name is on many lips, the witch-doctor will hear of it. Success in trade and growing wealth will surely bring the charge on the successful man ; so, too, the diligence of a good blacksmith or craftsman, great skill in carpentry ; any ability above the ordinary, which brings success in life, will surely make a man a witch in the eyes of his fellows. Jealous people will say, 'See how rich young Lulendo is ! He has built fine houses, and has married several wives ! Whence does he get all those goats and fowls ? He is always buying new slaves, and making good bargains. Only yesterday he was a boy among us, hunting rats and grasshoppers with the other boys, and wearing a rag. Look at him now ! Whence does it all come ? He is a witch, and is selling us, and hence his wealth !'

An old man who outlives his generation becomes a witch without doubt, in the eyes of the people. Of course he outlived them, for he it was who caused their death. This is to them unanswerable. Sometimes they manage to kill off so many of the obnoxious ones, that there is a difficulty in suggesting a victim ; then some poor woman is pointed out, or even a lad. The witch is nearly always of the same family or clan as the deceased, or a slave of the clan.

Occasionally the witch-doctor decides that a man who is dead and buried is the witch, and proceeds to dig him up and find the *nkwiya*, his demon, to shoot it. A smart youth in our Wathen school told us how he caught out a doctor over this digging up of witches. The usual procedure was to dig until close to the body, then the doctor would start up, seize his gun, and tell the people to get out of the way. During the excitement of the stampede he would throw a little blood into the hole and fire his gun, and then

triumphantly call every one back to see the blood of the demon. The sharp boy in question noticed the care with which the doctor secreted his wallet in a house beside the place at which he was going to dig. He went into the house, while the doctor was busy digging, and ventured to look into the wallet. Sure enough there was a fowl's gizzard in it full of blood. He replaced the wallet, but took the gizzard to the chief. Presently the doctor discovered that the gizzard was not in the wallet, so he pretended that the demon had eluded him, and he had been unable to shoot it. The chief then told him of the gizzard full of blood, and the doctor was glad to bolt, and get safely out of the angry crowd. This ought to have been a lesson to him, but these rascals are generally so secure, by reason of the superstitious fears of the people, that they can be very daring and cool. Probably the man never knew how he lost his gizzard, for some time later he was called over another case of death, and he denounced two witches, one living and one dead. The living witch was to take the ordeal poison all in due course, but he proceeded forthwith to dig up the dead witch. This time the doctor made sure of his gizzard, keeping it close to him. The chief sent for the wallet, and found a gizzard ready as before. This so enraged the people that they seized the wretched doctor at once, hurried him away to a great chasm near the town, broke his arms and legs with a club, and threw him down. The arms and legs were broken because a man who once was thrown down fell into some soft mud at the bottom, and next day had the folly to walk into the town again. His arms and legs were broken to prevent a reappearance, and he was thrown down again ; thenceforth that became the custom.

'What is a witch, and how does he work his villany?' This we have often asked. There is always a prompt reply. 'How should I know? I am not a witch. I must be a witch myself to know this.' A witch is a person who, by becoming possessed by a demon, or by some demoniacal art, is the possessor of great occult power ; he is supposed to be able to assume other forms, and is said to *fina* his victim. In the form of some strange little sprite, he is supposed to enter

the victim's house, and, sitting on a beam or ledge, to gibber, and sing, and gloat his eyes on his victim, and in some way to extract his spirit, so that the man falls sick and dies; this is to *fina*. These ideas are so engrained, that sometimes a man will dream at night of that which is his dread by day. He will see such a sprite, in his dream, sitting on the ledge over the door of his house. Waking with a yell, he rushes out screaming; other people come out of their houses, and there will be some shouting, and firing of guns, to drive the demon away. Some people have fetishes which are believed to give them warning in this way of the approach of a witch demon.

In districts where crocodiles are common, the witches are believed sometimes to turn into crocodiles, or to enter and actuate them, and so to cause their victim's death by catching him. Where leopards are common, the witches may become leopards. The natives often positively affirm that a crocodile, of itself, is a harmless creature. So thoroughly do they believe this, that in some places they go into the river to catch the whitebait, or to attend to their fish-traps, without hesitation. If one of them is eaten by a crocodile, they hold their witch palavers, find and kill the witch, and go on as before.

At Lukunga, one of the stations of the American Baptist Mission, a great crocodile came up out of the Lukunga river to attack the mission pigstye in the night. The pig smelt the reptile, and began to make such a noise that Mr. Ingham, the missionary, got up; when he found the cause, he shot the crocodile. In the morning he skinned it, and found in the stomach the anklets of two women. They were at once recognized as belonging to women who had disappeared at different times, when fetching water. I was at the station a few days after, and one of my Congo workmen, who was with me, warmly denied that the crocodile ate the women. He maintained that they never did so. 'But what about the anklets? Were they not proof positive that, in this case, the crocodile had eaten the two women?' 'No; he caught the women, and handed them over to the witch, who worked

through him ; as for the anklets, it must have been his fashion to take them as his perquisites.' What can be done with such a devil-possessed brain as this ?

When the witch is found, he may be left free in the village, for while he strongly protests his innocence, and looks forward with confidence to the proof of it by the poison ordeal, he is not likely to attempt to run away, even if he has misgivings of foul play. Did he indeed attempt flight, he would be promptly returned by the people to whom he fled. They would not like to harbour a convicted witch, who would, all in due course, begin to 'eat' them ; so a 'witch' has no chance of escape.

On the appointed day, generally on market-day, and at the market-place, the people gather from all the country round ; the girls crimson with ground cam-wood, applied as a cosmetic to their skins ; the young rowdies in their finest cloths.

The *ngola-nkasa*, the doctor of the ordeal, has been into the woods, and from a great *nkasa* tree he has stripped a collection of its bark. This he pounds and crushes until he has made a paste of it. The mixture is supposed to be *nkasa* bark only, but if the doctor considers that it is desirable to kill, he mixes one or two other poisons with it to ensure success. That this was often done we were informed by a man who had been a witch-doctor.

The time having arrived, and a dense crowd having assembled, the poor wretch is brought. He is generally fortified by the assurance which he has, that the ordeal really acts according to the popular belief, clearing the innocent and condemning the guilty. Not without some misgivings, but sure of his innocence, he drinks mug after mug of a mixture of the *nkasa* paste and water, while the people clap their hands in a peculiar manner. He then stands on a stone or marked spot, from which he may not stir. It may be that his stomach rejects the nauseous compound ; this should be a proof of innocence ; but in some districts the people will examine the vomit, and infer his guilt from something in the matter ejected. In other districts they insist on the man who has vomited running down into the valley and up the next hill. Exhausted

and overpowered by the poison, this is often impossible ; he may lie only half conscious on the ground—in that case the vomit has proved nothing ; there is often a wicked ingenuity in ensuring the death. When the stomach retains the poison, it works surely, if slowly: It often happens that for an hour or two the man may be able to stand. He struggles against his growing weakness and dizziness, and at last falls to the ground. A wild yell goes up from the crowd. He is clubbed and beaten, in some cases thrown down a precipice ; in others, flayed, while yet partly conscious, and cut up, or thrown as he is on a great pile of firewood, which is gathered and lit for the purpose. It may be that the body is thrown into the jungle, and so the tragedy is completed, the whole thing being carried out with a savage ferocity proportioned to their deep sense of the horrible nature of the crime of which the witch is supposed to be guilty. In some districts the witch-doctor loses his fee if the accused vomits ; indeed, he may be severely punished ; so there is reason to be thorough in his terrible work.

Sometimes the witch-doctor is bribed to prepare a mild dose, and of such a character as will ensure a vomit, and this will give a strong man an opportunity to punish those who had sought in this way to hound him to death. The possibilities arising from the custom are great and wide, but I never discussed the matter privately and seriously with a native of fair intelligence who did not acknowledge that there was great wickedness and intrigue in connexion with the ordeal, and deplore the custom. No one, however, could move for its abolition, for any objection raised to the custom would be proof positive that the objector was a witch himself. Who but a witch could wish that such fiendish criminals should be spared? It would be only too evident that he was wishing to secure impunity for his own criminal purposes.

We have known cases where there has not been even the decency of a witch palaver ; but, for some reason or other, the accusation of witchcraft has been made, and the man accused has demanded at once the administration of the ordeal, or in other ways the ordeal is forced upon the accused. In the instances given, the 'man' has been spoken of as though men

only were liable to the ordeal, but women are as often, if not more often, subjected to it. What can be simpler than to accuse and kill a poor helpless woman? A monotonous series of instances might be quoted, but cases will be mentioned as the story of the mission progresses; it will suffice here that the general working of the system be explained.

The natives who did not travel always accused of witchcraft those who went to the coast. They believed that when a man went to sell ivory at the coast, he took with him, in the ivory, the spirits of some of his relatives and friends. In this way natives who traded were constantly annoyed with accusations of witchcraft. The people used to be full of stories built on their ideas of fetish and witchcraft.

The people near our present Wathen station used to affirm that some native traders on their way to the coast halted at their market. They bought food, and a calabash of palm-wine. Presently the people on the market heard a voice, proceeding from one of the traders' tusks of ivory, crying, 'Give me a drink of wine; I am fearfully thirsty.' The traders poured some wine into the tusk, and all heard the sound of drinking. After a while the traders passed on. So runs the story, positively affirmed, and believed by all. It is a fair sample of many like tales. In this way their superstition is fed, and takes a deeper hold on them. If these superstitions had no practical or serious result, the matter might be viewed more lightly; but as they result in such frequent cruel murders, the terrible system endangers every one's life. Myriads of innocent people are savagely put to death year by year; and by the universality of the custom it is a greater evil than the slave trade. It utterly prevents all progress among the people, for the most progressive men are the first to be destroyed. When the india-rubber trade commenced, the first to sell it were killed as witches; so, too, with every innovation. It is to be hoped that the Government will do its best to stamp it out.

It is no uncommon thing for natives to use the ordeal of poison to decide in other matters. A young woman, now living close to our Wathen station, took *nkasa* some years

ago, when her uncle was ill, to find out whether he would recover or not ; at that time she was only twelve years old. The ordeal is frequently resorted to in cases of theft. Milder doses must be used in these cases, for the retained poison only causes illness, as a rule.

There are also doctors who profess to discover theft by means of their fetishes. They are smart rogues, who work by inquiry, as detectives ; they often find the thief by the fear which their advent causes. It is frequently possible to pick out the criminal, from a number of people gathered, by the thief's shifty glances, and the excitement of his beating heart. If other means fail, the doctor may invoke such a terrible and sure curse on the unknown thief that, during the night, the stolen article is placed before the door of the house in which the doctor sleeps with his potent fetish, or in some place in which the article is readily found. If this fear is not sufficient, and other means fail, the doctor can always declare that the thief is not in the town at all.

My friend Mpezo Mayàla—the poor fellow was long ago killed as a witch—was once discussing with me the powers of these thief-doctors. He very nearly silenced my tongue, if not my doubts, by a good instance of the art. 'Well, here is a case in which I myself was concerned. I went down to Nkunga ; it is only a small village, and every one was away—the women at their farms, and the men at a palaver at Sanda. I looked into the chief's house ; there was a good piece of cloth under a dirty rag on his bed. I took it, for no one was about ; so I got home with it safely. A few days after Lutete, the thief-doctor, came to find the thief. My uncle went down, and I went with him. Of course I joined in the dancing and singing, after the incantation, and Lutete when he came along the line of us denounced me as soon as he came to me. I had to return the cloth, and pay a fine. So you will never tell me that the thief-doctors have not powerful fetishes!' It would have been waste of time to discuss the subject further with poor Mpezo.

Occasionally one hears of the ordeal of fire in minor cases. A hot cutlass is passed three times over the skin of the

leg, or boiling water may be used, into which the hand must be plunged. A bad burn or scald determines guilt. A small bead may be inserted under the eyelid, which, if it works behind the eyeball, proves the guilt.

DEMONS.

Beside the evil influences of sorcery, there are other dark powers with whom the people have to reckon. They fear malignant spirits called, in the Congo district, *nkwiya*. Their ideas about them are very vague. They are thought to be able to bewitch; and often they speak of witches and witchcraft as though a witch was only an ordinary man in league with or possessed by a demon. When a dead man is declared to be bewitching people, and the body is dug up in consequence, the doctor seeks to kill the *nkwiya*, demon. Demons haunt the woods, prowl about at night, and are supposed to make themselves objectionable in various ways. Sometimes guns are fired, to drive them away when they are believed to be numerous. A native doctor will occasionally ascribe a sickness to a possession by demons, and proceeds to exorcise them by his charms, in the same way that he would attempt the cure of ordinary sickness. I have known people out of whom the doctors declare that they have cast out demons. One woman was rid of seven demons! A woman at Bopoto was exorcising the demon from a four-year-old lassie; after some time it yielded to the power of her spells, and darted out of the child into the earth, but the old lady hurling her spear, transfixed it in the ground, and held it there, so she pretended, until by her fetishes she had annihilated it. White learned that the people of Bopoto go in fear of a demon named Akongo, who roams the forest. At midnight, when the moon is full, he might pounce upon any one traversing the forest alone. He will administer a sound beating, nearly killing his victim, unless he has the sense and presence of mind to grasp the stalk of a well-known forest plant; this will deprive the fiend of his power, and drive him away. The Bangala speak of a fiend, Asango, which they considered their counterpart to Nkadi ampemba,

which has been the Kongo name for the devil for the last 400 years. The dreams and nightmares of these superstitious people supply them with instances of the attacks of demons, and keep alive their fears: It is no uncommon thing in a native town to be awakened in the night by a wild screaming and excitement, because some one has dreamed that a demon or a witch had come to 'eat the heart' of the sleeper. Others fearing a visit from the demon, if he is not driven away, come out of their houses, and join in the shouting; some fire their guns to hasten his flight; the whole town may be roused.

In some places traps are set to catch these prowling demons. Loops and snares, or 18-in. fish-traps, like lobster-pots, may be hung on lines, supported on high posts, in the hope of catching them. Many and various are the designs for demon traps. In some parts may be seen fetishes surrounded by obliquely sharpened grass-stems, which are said to pierce and destroy the eyes of demons. We have inquired sometimes as to the success of these traps, but have never yet heard of a demon having been caught.

GUILDS.

In all the southern part of Africa there are to be found secret societies, known as Guilds or Mysteries. Some exist for the purpose of inuring the native youth to pain and hardship, and the initiation is very cruel. Many are for the performance of fetish ceremony. Some are utterly foolish; others afford license for all wickedness. The membership of some is very restricted; while in other cases the initiatory rights are observed by so many that they are regarded almost as national customs. There are societies which afford mutual protection and help to their members, and check the power of chiefs, &c. Others seem to have their basis solely in the love of mystery; the confraternity posing as 'knowing ones,' who maintain a dogged silence on all matters regarding the pretended mysteries of their guild; they may have served some other purposes in the unknown past, but to-day mystery seems to be their *raison d'être*.

Two such guilds exist on the Lower Congo. They are known as *nkimba* and *ndembo*.

NKIMBA AND NDEMBO.

The *Nkimba* custom appears to have been introduced from the coast in comparatively recent times, and spread up the river for 200 miles, and to fifty miles to the south of it. Its professed object is the suppression of witchcraft, and the catching of witches. It resembles Freemasonry in many respects, and, like its European cousin, delights in enshrouding itself with mystery.

The initiatory fee is two dollars' worth of cloth, and two fowls. This paid, the novice presents himself at a 'home' in the jungle away from the town. He is given a drug which stupefies him, and when he recovers consciousness he is in the 'home.' He finds his fellow *nkimba* wearing a crinoline of palm frondlets, their bodies whitened with pipe-clay. No one is allowed to speak the local dialect, a made-up language of their own being spoken. The novice who ventures to speak anything else is soundly beaten. The secret language is fairly well developed; many of the words are modifications of Kongo words, others are very different. The grammatical rules of Kongo are closely followed. An *nkimba* friend at Stanley Pool, finding that I knew some words, enabled me to complete a list of about 200. He was far from home, so ventured to break the rule of the guild; had it been known, it would have cost him his life, for the secret is very closely kept. Five words, and a sentence, will suffice for an example of the character of the secret language.

ENGLISH.	KONGO.	NKIMBA.
a feather	<i>lusala</i>	<i>lusamwa</i>
to give	<i>vana</i>	<i>jana</i>
to go	<i>kwenda</i>	<i>diqinza</i>
animal fit for food	<i>mbizi</i>	<i>nkubuzi</i>
maize	<i>masa</i>	<i>nzimvu</i> (perhaps from <i>ngemwo</i> , 'the beard of maize.')

ENGLISH. Fetch us some water to drink.

KONGO. *Bong' o maza twanua, kweto.*

NKIMBA. *Diabila ngolumwa tutefa kubwefo.*

Only males are admitted to the guild. They live apart

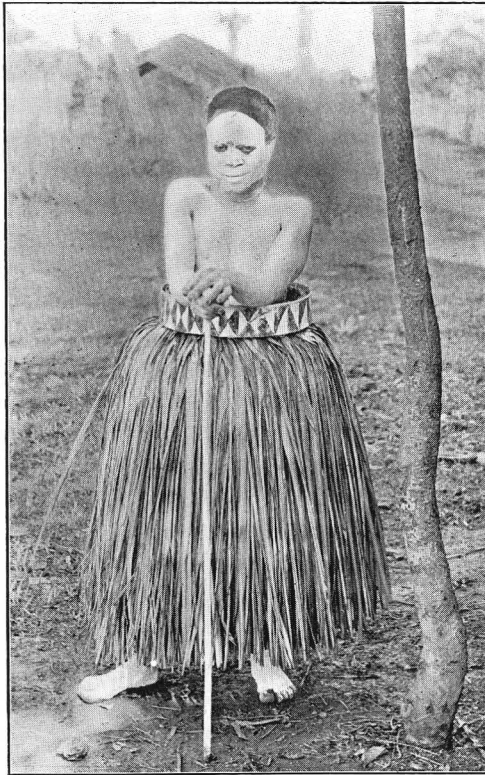
for a period varying from six months to two years, and in this time learn thoroughly the secret language. They always wear their distinctive dress and paint. In the daytime they wander in the woods and jungle; they are supposed to dig for roots, and to learn the botany of charms and spells. Sometimes they hang about the main roads and molest passengers, beating them with their sticks; so when their strange trill call is heard, every one runs away and hides. They are much feared by the uninitiated, and in the early days of our transport were a trouble to the carriers. If they catch any one, there must be no resistance to robbery, or a severe beating and heavy fine would result. At night they rush yelling about the town and neighbourhood, pretending to hunt witches, and woe betide the common native caught outside his house. The simple people rejoice that there is such an active police against witches, maladies, and all misfortunes.

When the period of initiation is over, the *nkimba* becomes a full brother, *mbwamvu anjata*, and returns to the ordinary life. His brother *nkimbas* help him in trade, travel, and difficulty, and many advantages accrue to him. It is a clique which hangs well together; in this the guild is much like Freemasonry. So far so good; but there is another side to it; it is a gross imposition, and its effect is to bind a man more closely to superstition and heathen custom, any attack upon which is an attack upon his craft and guild. It is a good thing that it is now dying out, and that *nkimbas* are seldom seen in many parts where once they were common; but in the old times the custom had its uses in checking the greed and violence of chiefs, and establishing a helpful brotherhood among wild and wicked people. At the same time, the guild could become a tyranny, and in some places it sought to monopolize the trade. The first opening up of the country seemed to spread the custom; but now that there is so much security in the land, it has become unnecessary, and is fast becoming obsolete.

Phillips of San Salvador supplies a photograph of an *nkimba* as he was, with another of the same man as he is

now. He is now a member of the Church at San Salvador, and is living a very consistent life in that town. The *nkimba* mystery has nothing to do with circumcision, as some have said. The custom of circumcision is very common.

The *Ndembo* custom has nothing to be said in its favour.



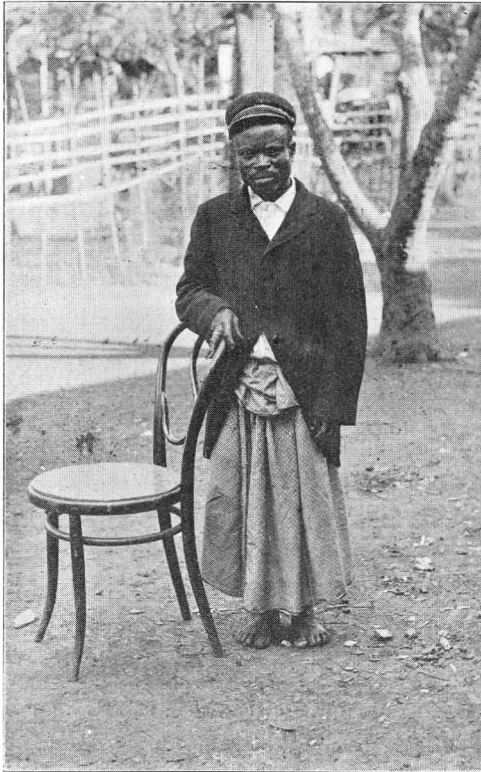
'NKIMBA' NOVICE

Like the *nkimba* guild, it delights in its mystery and seclusion; but no helpful brotherhood, or anything results from it.

Both sexes enter the mystery; children, young people, and middle-aged men are to be found in the *vela*, 'home,' which is built outside the town. Some pass through the mystery several times.

When it is decided to initiate a number of people in a dis-

trict, those who wish to enter the mystery are instructed by the doctor to feign sudden death at a sign from him. Accordingly, in some public place the novice falls down as though dead. Funeral cloth or a blanket is laid upon him ; the doctor beats the ground round the 'dead' person with plantain stalks,



CLOTHED AND IN HIS RIGHT MIND

and after singing, and gun-firing, and dancing, he is borne away to the *vela* stockade outside the town. He is said to have 'died *ndembo*.' The singularly impressionable nature of the black race is evidenced by the strange manifestations of hysteria during the pseudo-revivals in Jamaica. In the same way it appears that when the *ndembo* doctor has induced a number of young people of both sexes to 'die *ndembo*,' the sight

of the feigned deaths often induces a form of hysteria among other natives, who fall, and are actually carried off in a state of catalepsy. I have never seen it myself, but it has been so distinctly stated and described to me by natives, who would otherwise know nothing of such a condition, that there can be no doubt that such is the case.

Sometimes the novices may be few, twenty, or perhaps fifty, but we have heard of cases of 200 people being initiated together.

In the *vela* they are supposed to decompose and decay, until but one bone of each novice is left in charge of the doctor. They remain in the *vela* for a term varying from three months to three years. No clothes are worn, for 'there is no shame in *ndembo*'; the bodies of the novices are rubbed with red ochre, arnatto red, or powdered cam-wood. Both sexes live together, and the grossest immoralities are practised; in this respect, however, some districts are worse than others, but the King of Congo, long before we went out to him, had prohibited the custom in the town of San Salvador, as too vile to be permitted; for the same reason it is not allowed in some other towns. These were, however, but a few exceptions; the vile and senseless custom was almost universal.

In the *vela*, an attempt is made to teach a secret language. The vocabulary is small, and very feeble in ingenuity. Some articles are called by fancy names, many being very simple in construction; the eye is called *nembweno*, 'the possessor of sight'; the ear, *nengwila*, 'the lord of hearing.' Many words are obscured by adding the prefix *ne* to them, with *kwa* at the end of the word: *nediambulwa* = *diambu*, 'a word.' A few fancy verbs are substituted for the commonest actions, *yalala* = *kwenda*, 'to go,' and so forth. The common people are not allowed to see those undergoing the 'mystery'; a drum is beaten to warn off intruders when the initiates go to bathe or fetch firewood.

When the term appointed is at an end, preparations are made for the 'resurrection' of those who have 'died *ndembo*.' Parents and relatives have to make certain payments to the doctor, and the news is spread that, on a certain market day,

there will be a grand resurrection at the market. All the country-side collects to the fête.

The initiates, now called *nganga*, 'knowing ones,' are clothed in fine cloths, sent by their friends, and are led with reddened skins in solemn procession to the market, and file two or three times round the crowd assembled. All have a tassel of palm fibre on their arms. After the march round, the mystery is complete, and mothers and friends hug the long-lost *nganga*. The *nganga* are instructed to pretend to know nobody and nothing. They appear dazed, and cannot talk. They want whatever they see, seize whatever takes their fancy; no one is allowed to resist, because 'they do not know any better.' They behave like lunatics, and pretend not to know how to eat; even food has to be masticated for them, so well do they act their part. After a few days the excitement and interest of the deception wears off, and they gradually resume intelligence. If any one asks curious questions as to the land of the dead whence they have come, they stick a piece of grass behind their ears, and pretend to be perfectly unconscious of being addressed.

No advantages accrue to the *nganga*, their demoralization and enhanced superstition is the sole result.

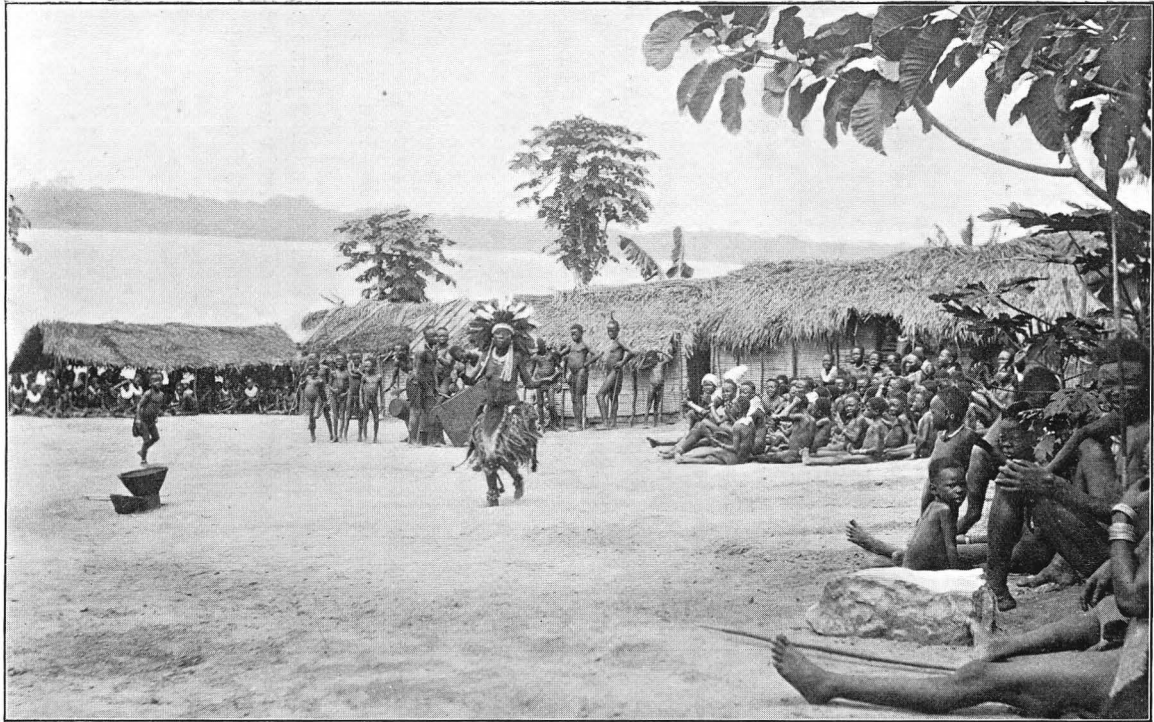
Ndembo, under the spell of which they had passed, is considered to be a powerful fetish; twisted roots and singular distortions of plant life are the symbol of *ndembo*—hunchback, club-foot, and other malformations, are attributed to *ndembo*.

At times *ndembo* is spoken of as being something more than a fetish; it is said that he haunts certain woods as a demon, and I have been warned not to go into those woods, lest I too should suffer at the hands of the demon.

SPELLS.

There are other fetish ceremonies which cannot be dignified with the name of 'mysteries,' which nevertheless should be mentioned here.

When there has been much death in a family, clan, or township, the survivors are sometimes placed under the protective spell of a powerful fetish. Nlemvo, who has been my



FETISH DANCE, UPPER RIVER

helper in the work on the vernacular, has told me how his uncle's town was placed under such a spell, before he came to our school.

The doctor brought with him a great drum, and after fetish ceremony, every person one by one had to sit on the ground, and lean his back on the drum, while the doctor played a vigorous beat on it. They sat thus until an impulse came upon them to scramble upon the roof of a house opposite, the eaves of which came low down to the ground; they were to crawl over the roof, and down the other side. After a few 'knowing ones' had acted their part, the others followed, taking their seat in turn, until the vibration of the drum and the excitement made them think that they felt 'something,' and they too scrambled over the house. Nlemvo's turn came, and he sat a long while, feeling nothing but the pounding of the drum. At length the doctor got tired of him, and the people shouted to him to do as the others had done. He told them that he felt nothing. After some more pounding and advice, he still sat awaiting the impulse, until other impatient ones pushed him aside and took their turn. He was reckoned to be too young to know what to do, for he was not then eleven years old.

When a man is bereaved of his wife, or a woman of her husband, there is a period of mourning during which they never wash themselves, nor cut or dress their hair. When that period is over a doctor is sent for to break the spell which comes on those bereaved, and would render them liable to a like loss, if they married again with the spell unbroken.

The doctor gives the bereaved a raw egg; he (if a man) swallows it, and goes into his house. For six days he must not see the sun; he may only go out at night. He sleeps on a palm-frond basket. At dawn of the seventh day, the relatives of the deceased come to fetch the bereaved out of his house; the men come for a man, women for a widow. If a man, for instance, he is conducted, with the palm-frond basket upon which he slept, to a stream in which there is plenty of water. One of the relatives throws the basket of the bereaved into the stream, scrapes his tongue with a knife,

thoroughly shaves him, pares his nails, makes three little cuts on his arm, then seizes him by the neck, and dips him three times completely under the water. They then return to the town; two fowls are killed, a cock and a hen. The relatives of the deceased partake, the men of the cock, the women of the hen; not a bone may be broken or lost. Palm wine is brought, and the bereaved is anointed all over with oil and cam-wood powder. At sunset the bones of the fowls are carefully gathered together, placed in a palm-leaf basket, and buried at the foot of a young palm-tree. The doctor then calls upon all present who have never been bereaved of husband or wife (according to sex) to tread in the earth over the buried bones. He then places a solemn restriction on all those who trod in the bones, never to eat a palm-nut or anything made from it, until a child be born to him or her, as the case may be. To break this would be to ensure a like bereavement. A pumpkin pip is then placed in the calabash head worn on the necklace of the bereaved, and three sheets of blackened palm-fibre cloth are hung in his waist. The doctor's fee—about half the price of a fowl, and a calabash of palm wine—is paid, and thanks duly returned to the doctor. The spell is then broken.

About, or until the years 1860-5, *elembe* was a word which filled all who heard it with fear. The cry of *elembe edio*, 'that is *elembe*,' would stop a caravan of traders, and make them submit to capture, robbery, or death, without a struggle. It suggested some indefinable horror, such as witchcraft, which no one understands, yet is believed in by all; so the cry of *elembe* paralyzed those who heard it, and prevented all resistance. It is difficult to understand why the word had such an effect, but many who knew the '*elembe* period,' as it was called, have told the same story. It was shockingly abused, and made the means of much violence and robbery.

About the year 1872, some natives from San Paul de Loanda came through the country preaching a crusade against fetishes of all kinds, and the disorders of the country. They induced the natives in town after town to destroy all

their fetishes. This was accomplished by assuring them that since sickness and death came by the exercise of the black art, there would be no more suffering and death if every fetish was destroyed. This was a course of reasoning which commended itself to all, and far and wide the most strenuous efforts to accomplish that happy end were made. All the houses of the towns were searched for fetishes, every possible hiding-place was ransacked, and the poor people thought that the dawning of the golden age had come. This movement was called *kiyoka*, from *yoka*, 'to burn' (the fetishes).

The *kiyoka* people denounced the lawlessness and violence of the country; robbery and murder were rife; travelling was impossible; the strong chiefs raided and enslaved at pleasure; there was no safety of life and property. They suggested a proper system of government, known as *nkuwu*, 'the carpet.' Only great chiefs were allowed to sit on a piece of European carpet or rug. To sit on the carpet was therefore to rule and reign; hence, *nkuwu*, 'the carpet,' has become a synonym for an organized government. The *kiyoka* folk proclaimed a series of draconic laws, which enacted, among other things, that a murderer, or any one who *attempts* to slay, must be put to death, no matter what his rank, or for what cause; even self-defence was not to be a valid excuse. All raids and violence must be punished by the chiefs of the district. If a crime were committed, the chiefs must act at once, otherwise anarchy would prevail. Indeed, until some efforts were made to arrest the culprit, all law was in abeyance, robbery and violence were not punishable. If the chiefs hesitated to do their duty, their own houses might be burned, their goats stolen, and neither they nor any one else had any redress. As soon as justice began to move, law and order once more reigned. Village after village, and great towns, accepted the proclamation; even Ntotela, the King of Congo, had to bow to popular opinion, although *kiyoka* never entered San Salvador.

The prevalence of sickness and death, as before, soon convinced the natives that their hopes were not realized. They concluded that, in spite of all their efforts, many had

retained their fetishes, and had continued in the old ways ; so sorcery was after all untouched, and men suffered and died as they had done before *kiyoka* was proclaimed. The correctness of the theory of *kiyoka* was unquestioned ; its failure in operation was believed to be due solely to the treachery of those who hid, and so retained their fetishes.

The draconic laws were to some extent maintained ; and a measure of law and order resulted ; but the hearts of the people were unchanged, public opinion was seldom roused, and violence and wickedness had their way to a large extent. Nevertheless, the 'carpet' is still spoken of, and those who know nothing of the system are considered 'bush men' by those who pretend to be governed by its principles. 'You are bush men ; there is no "carpet" in your country,' is the proud retort with which a Congo empties the vials of his contempt on the 'uncivilized.' It would be interesting to learn the origin of this movement.

In the year 1885, there appeared in the Congo country people from Loanda or thereabouts, telling the following story:—A man caught a fish in his trap, and was proceeding to kill it, when the fish spoke. It begged him not to kill it, but to take care of it, for any one drinking water which came from its mouth, or in which it had remained for any time, would never die by fair means, or from natural causes ; only by witchcraft could their death be accomplished. This 'water of life,' as it was called, was hawked about in the country, and believed in very thoroughly by great numbers, even in San Salvador itself. It really promised very little, when the firm native belief in witchcraft is remembered ; for all misfortune, suffering, and death is attributed to the black art. It was nevertheless a great success as a means of duping the ignorant, foolish people. When it was seen that the purchasers died like ordinary mortals, the traffic ceased.

This *kinyambi* ~~craze~~ furnishes a very good instance of the unreflecting character of the people. It was a story foolish to the last degree, offering really no advantages from the standpoint of the native belief ; yet it was accepted by nearly all who heard it, except the comparatively small company

of Christians who protested, and derided in vain. Would that a like impulse seized the people to take of the true water of life, which, in those who drink of it, becomes 'a well of water springing up unto eternal life'!

While from our lofty standpoint we wonder at the folly and superstition of these poor Congo folk, what should we say if one of them asked us about Jezreel at Chatham, or Prince of the Agapemone; of theosophy, spiritualism, and other crazes rife in this enlightened country?

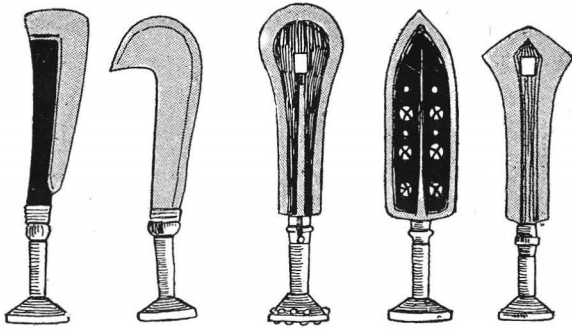
The superstitions and customs above referred to vary somewhat in different parts of the Congo basin; but, in some form or other, they are universal. Such then is the life of the people; a life of fear. Fear of the malign influence of evil spirits; fear of sorcery practised by friends and relatives, causing sickness and death; fear of false accusation, and the poison ordeal; fear of the greed, intrigue, and spite of neighbours. How great a change, how blessed the emancipation, to come out of this heathen darkness and fear, into the light of the Gospel! How happy is he who has cast away the fetish in which he trusted, and can rejoice in the knowledge of God, the loving Father in heaven, who is causing all things to work together for his good; blessing him, caring for him, helping and leading him, not to the dark forest land, but to His bright home in heaven. To selfish, loveless hearts there comes the story of the love of Jesus, the Saviour who died for their salvation. To those stupefied by superstition, slaves of the evil one, there comes the power of the Holy Spirit, purifying their hearts, enlightening their understandings, and making them children of God! What transformations we have seen! How great is the privilege and joy which is ours, to convey to these people such a Gospel of salvation!



A WAR-KNIFE



MISSION HOUSE, BOPOTO



WAR-KNIVES, UPPER CONGO

CHAPTER IX

THE OPPOSITION OUTFLANKED ; STANLEY POOL REACHED :
1881

‘The people that know their God shall be strong, and do exploits.’—DAN. xi. 32.

THE long digression into matters ethnological, linguistic, and the darkness of heathen night, has made quite a break in the story of the early days of the mission.

We left the missionaries, at the end of 1880, in seeming failure. They had been eighteen months in the country, yet every effort to make their way from San Salvador to the upper river was baffled. The superstitious fear of the natives, combined with their fear of losing the trade in ivory, effectually closed the way to the upper river. Only an armed force could open the road, and that we could not employ. The way by river was blocked for over 200 miles by rapids and cataracts ; the way by land was blocked by the natives. A mountain of difficulty barred our path ; we had attempted the impossible. In our extremity we bethought ourselves of the words of our Lord, ‘If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place ; and it shall remove ; and nothing shall be impossible unto you’ (Matt. xvii. 20).

The difficulties seemed indeed unsurmountable, but we were sure that our God had not brought us out, in so wonder-

ful a manner, for failure. As we looked at the mountain, we could not imagine how it would be removed. We strengthened ourselves by prayer, and waiting upon God. So sure were we that our way would soon be open, that we had made provision for it. Mr. Grenfell had joined us in our work, and was making arrangements for a base station near Musuku. Leaving his wife at the Dutch factory, he came up to San Salvador to consult with us. He brought us news that de Brazza, a French explorer, had made his way inland from Gaboon, had reached the upper river, and had come down to the lower river by the north bank.

In 1876 Leopold II, King of the Belgians, expressed a desire that steps should be taken for a more systematic effort, on the part of the nations of Europe, for the suppression of the slave trade, and for the opening of Central Africa. With that purpose in view he invited a Geographical Congress to meet at Brussels, from September 12-14, 1876. The British members of the Conference were:—

Sir Bartle Frere.	Commander Cameron.
Sir Rutherford Alcock.	Mr. (afterwards Sir) W. Mackinnon.
Sir Henry Rawlinson.	Sir T. Fowell Buxton.
Sir Leopold Heath.	Sir J. Kennaway.
Lt.-Col. J. A. Grant.	Sir H. Verney.

The other nationalities were represented by distinguished geographers and explorers. It was decided to create an international commission or association to direct the scientific exploration of Africa. To that end scientific and relief stations were to be established on the coast, and in the interior of Africa. These stations should serve as dépôts, at which travellers might be supplied with the necessities of life, and also as centres for exploration. This work was to be carried out by national committees, working systematically in harmony with the International Association, and under its direction.

In furtherance of this plan, the German Committee instituted explorations in the hinterland of Angola.

The Belgian Committee sent an expedition to Lake Tanganika. When Stanley completed his journey across

Africa by way of the Congo, King Leopold urged him to develop the regions which he had explored, and to do so in connexion with the Belgian Committee. It was under these circumstances that Stanley returned to the Congo in 1879, arriving out a few months after the establishment of our mission.

Count Savorgnan de Brazza, an Italian, was born in 1852. In 1870 he entered the French navy. During the years 1875-8 he explored the Ogowe river, nearly to its source; then striking over the hills he came upon another stream, the Alima, which flowed toward the east, and belonged to another river system. Broken down in health, he returned to France. In December, 1879, he returned to the Gaboon as the agent of the French Committee of the International Association, and with funds provided by them. His declared object was to explore the country lying between Gaboon and Lake Tchad. Having thus attempted to allay the suspicions of the Belgian Committee, he made his way as fast as possible with a light expedition. Stanley had five months' start of him, but his movements were hampered by two steamers, which he was transporting, and many tons of stores.

De Brazza ascended once more the Ogowe, dragging his canoes past the numerous rapids and cataracts; when the river was no longer of service, he crossed the water-parting once more, with a small force, and came down the Lefini river, which flows into the Congo about 100 miles above Stanley Pool. He visited Makoko, the great chief of the Bateke, and although the representative of the *International Association*, de Brazza declares that he made a treaty with the chief, by which the whole wide country passed under the protection of France. He flattered himself that he had thus forestalled Stanley; and to make things sure he left three of his black soldiers at Stanley Pool, to guard the French flag. Food was scarce on the north bank, so the men were left at Kinshasa, on the opposite shore.

Making his way down the north bank of the Congo, de Brazza found Stanley near Ndambi a Mbongo. Stanley had just managed to drag his steamers and part of his stores

over a distance of forty miles, and when de Brazza met him, he was sitting down before an apparently insuperable obstacle. In one of the wildest parts of the cataract region, the Ngoma Mountain slopes down at a very steep pitch into the river, crowding it into a channel not more than 300 yards wide. The great river, thus constricted, whirls between the rocks at nearly thirty miles an hour. The rise of the river at highest flood was at least forty feet. Towards Stanley the mountain presented a perpendicular wall stretching out into the whirling river. At first he thought that he would have to drag his steamers over the mountain; but even that was impossible. Such was Stanley's plight when de Brazza, elated with the success of his outflanking, came into his camp. Of course, he said nothing of his annexation, but there was something in his demeanour that made Stanley feel that de Brazza had played him some trick. They spent a couple of days together, trying to pick each other's brains, and de Brazza passed on, chuckling at Stanley's fix. But Stanley was not a man to be fixed. He set to work to build up a sloping causeway of stone against that rocky wall, blasted a notch in the ridge, brought his road out on the forest slopes on the other side, and soon reached Isangila, whence stretched ninety miles of bad, but available, water.

Grenfell brought us the news of de Brazza's arrival from the upper river by way of the north bank. We had already determined that if no favourable reply had come from Makuta by the end of the first week of 1881, we would try by the north bank of the river. The news of de Brazza confirmed our resolve; but just as we were making our preparations, the news came that the Makuta opposition had collapsed, and the road was open. Even the King of Congo believed that this was genuine, and he urged us to make another effort by way of Makuta before we tried the north bank. We decided, however, that as there had been so many disappointments, simultaneous attempts should be made on each bank of the river; meanwhile, we would lock up our house at San Salvador, and leave all in the charge of the king.

Many Congo men volunteered to accompany and carry on the south side. Comber's party was, therefore, to be the heavy train, while that for the north bank, with only two volunteers, was compelled to be only a light expedition, to hurry over and prospect the northern route. In the event of the southern route again failing, Comber and Hartland would follow up on the north bank.

We had twenty-three Kru boys, and since so many Congo men volunteered to accompany the southern expedition, eight boys were told off to accompany Comber, and the remaining fifteen boys for the north, with the two volunteers—Antonio as interpreter, and Garcia as carrier.

There were two days of packing, and at eight o'clock on the morning of Saturday, January 8, Crudgington and I started, Comber hoping to leave on the following Monday.

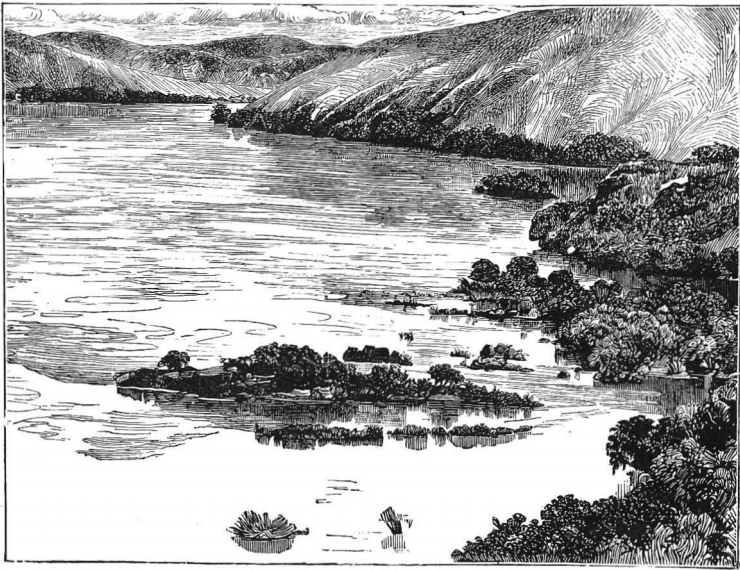
Grenfell returned with us to Musuku. We took as few personal things as possible, one box each, the fly or second roof of a tent, in case of having to camp out, rice for Kru boys, in case of getting short supplies of country food, tinned meats for ourselves, and the rest in cloth and sundries for barter. Our supplies were not large for a journey of forty or fifty days, so throughout we had to exercise the greatest economy.

On the day of starting we had left behind a satchel, and Mata, a boy who was sent after us with it, was induced to go on with us. On Thursday, as we neared Musuku, we met two Songa men, Tingi and Pedro, who also agreed to accompany us. Two days more of packing and arrangement of loads at Musuku, then, after a Sunday's rest, we were ready to start.

Early on Monday morning, January 17, we went by canoe to the Dutch factory at Wanga Wanga, a little above Noki. Thence overland two miles to Mpwelele. There we slept, having arranged with the chief for paddlers for the next day. Thence we descended to the river at Matadi, which was then a wilderness of rocks; now it is the terminus of the railway, and the port of the Congo.

From Matadi we were ferried across to Belgique Creek, a little below Mr. Stanley's dépôt at Vivi. The current was

so strong that the canoe was carried very far down before the other side was reached, and then with great difficulty we made up to the creek. It was past noon before we were able to lunch at the foot of Vivi hill, two trips having been necessary. We paid a short visit to Mr. Sparhawk, Mr. Stanley's agent at Vivi, and although it was 3 p.m., we determined to sleep at a town on the top of the hills of Vivi. We made good progress over the fine broad road, and at 4.30 p.m. we reached Sombo, and stayed for the night there.



VIEW DOWN THE CONGO, FROM VIVI

We were very much afraid that our Kru boys would run away, so we were anxious to get away from the lower river as soon as possible. The boys learned that Stanley was very short of work-people, and was anxious to get men to drag his steamers and do very heavy work ; so the Krus considered that they were safer with us ; to run away would be out of the frying-pan into the fire. They had also eight months' pay due to them, and only four months remained to complete their term of service.

Before starting in the morning we received visits from two chiefs, Kapita and Mavungu, the latter was the chief of Vivi: they presented four fowls and some plantains. We gave a good present, at which they appeared to be very pleased, and volunteered a guide to Isangila. After a short distance along the ridge, we turned down into the valley of the Lua, a stream running west. Having crossed, the road led us up the hills to Vana. There we learned that a white man, with Zanzibaris and a train of mules, had slept at the town the previous night, and was not far ahead of us. This was an inducement to greater exertion on the part of us all.

Vana, which appeared to crown a high ridge, is really on the edge of a plateau, or rather the remains of the ancient plateau, now ruined by a combination of all the destructive forces of nature. The tops of ridges, high conical hills, and others of almost unaccountable shapes, with a few pieces of remaining plateau, have a mean level of about 1,200 feet, with a very slight variation. Stanley has pointed to many facts and instances adduced by his own careful measurement, proving that these heights and ridges which appear so abnormal are really the remains of the original plateau, while the gorges, valleys, and chasms are the real diversions of nature.

The forces of air, fire, and water have conspired to obliterate nearly all traces of the fine plateau that once existed. In two or three places, at least, the river itself has worn deep valleys, but now forsaken them for a softer, lower bed. The energies of internal fire have rent the rocks, and vast subsidences have caused square miles of plateau to lie about at all angles, while the undermining influence of the river, in places where it is very narrow and very deep, have caused enormous slips. Even in the few remaining pieces of the plateau, torrents have worn deep valleys, until these relics appear rather as broad, flat-topped hills.

From Vana the road lay over a fine level plateau, some seven miles to Manzi. There were two valleys crossing the route. On the side of the first we passed the little town of Vamba. The level of the streams in these valleys was about 300 feet below the plateau.

After ascending from the second valley Stanley's road turned towards the river, we therefore took the more direct native path, which led through Sadi-*kia*-Mbanza's town of Manzi. There we found M. Harou, who was in charge of a number of Zanzibaris, and a train of mules and donkeys, conveying stores to the next camp. As this was the last town that we should see before we reached Isangila, we stopped for the night.

In the morning our guide refused to go further with us, so we followed the only well-used path in a deserted country. After about four miles the boys in front stopped and called us. We found that some buffalo had just been started, and had gone into a wood half a mile off. With an unknown distance to travel that day, it was best to use the low sun for marching instead of a delay in hunting: we therefore pushed on a mile and a half, to the Mbundi river, down a long steep flank. We were near the mouth of the river; its banks were steep and wooded. The water was deep, and we could scarcely cross there. However, Stanley had still a boat there, and two men in charge. The Zanzibaris were cleaning out the boat. When we appeared, they put across and ferried us over. We learned of a ford higher up which could be used in future, for the boat was to be carried away in a day or two. We left our names with the men, and continued, from this point, along Stanley's road, passing the Nyinga district, of fifteen miles of falls and cataracts.

The road passes through a long valley, flanked on either side by lofty wooded hills of quartz, twice crossing an affluent of the Mbundi, and one other river. A conical hill in the valley serves as a mark for observations for a long distance from either side. Thence, over a slight rise, we passed into another valley, which led us towards the Congo. On one side the hill steepens until a cliff almost overhangs the road. Many little streams cross this valley, some part of which is little better than a marsh.

These two valleys were undoubtedly a former bed of the river flowing out at the Mbundi, until the channel by way of Nyinga deepened, and eventually drained it.

A little further on we came to Stanley's old camp, where the Ngulu river enters the Congo. Tired and hungry, we were glad to make use of the grass huts built by the Zanzibaris whilst making the road about there. We had passed several old camps, but this was in the best preservation; there were about a dozen grass huts, some containing stick bedsteads, covered with grass. We were glad to make use of such a hospice; for all that we had in the way of covering was the fly, or second roof of my tent—in fact, a sheet of canvas 9 ft. by 18 ft.

Although we had now twenty carriers, the utmost economy was needed in order that sufficient cloth, rice, and preserved provisions might be carried; for Stanley had found great difficulty in finding food for his men, during this part of his journey through the Dark Continent. In order to make progress, the loads had to be as light as possible. We had, therefore, to make up our tent and rugs into one load, consisting of the fly, three waterproof ground sheets, two blankets, two rugs, two eiderdown pillows, two mosquito nets.

After dinner, and a little rest, we went out to shoot guinea-fowl, hippopotami, or anything offering. A large 'hippo' was grunting out his enjoyment of his evening bath. We went to have a look at him. He was not far from the bank. Every minute his huge head came above the water with a loud snort; he would look at us for a moment, and, after the little change of air, under again. It was so short a proceeding, that, before my unpractised Snider covered the piece of grey head, he was gone.

I fired once, but the bullet struck the water a yard short, and the huge beast thought best to move on. It was my first shot at anything bigger than a bird. People at home would think that out in Africa there would be plenty of sport; but a sportsman must give up a great deal of his time to it if he would see much.

About San Salvador game is scarce, but there are no towns seen between Manzi and Isangila. The silent wooded hills are inhabited only by buffaloes, elephants, antelopes, leopards, &c.; while along the river banks hippopotami are

plentiful. The Kru boys suggested that if we shot anything 'big, we fit sit down two three day for chop (eat) 'em.' This was out of the question.

Continuing our journey, our road went winding and climbing about the hills, crossed another ridge, and down to the Lulu river, running over and among great boulders. Then up the hills, a long ascent, to cross a wood-crowned ridge. There had been much felling work there. The trees, many of them large, were so close together that old dead trunks had not been able to fall to the ground, but remained entangled in the branches of those closely surrounding, stayed by a luxuriant growth of creepers, until insect millions did their work.

The steep wood-clad hills about there are very beautiful; rugged and ruinous, fierce forces of nature had torn and hurled them about until they lay bare in hideous ruin. Now a luxuriant vegetation has grown a leafy cover, save here and there, where a rocky precipice or an irreformable crag refused hospitality.

From the high woods the road winds down to a low point, where three or four torrents find their way into the Congo. To the right and left towered hills almost perpendicular; in front thundered a furious cataract. We wondered whither the road would lead us, but it became lost on the flat sand. This was the place where de Brazza met Stanley.

Searching to the left, we found that the great obstacle of the Ngoma Mountain had been overcome by a fine piece of engineering. The corner had been blasted, and a massive stone roadway had been built, where previously the flood waters of the Congo had thundered over the huge boulders of the cataract. The waters were falling, and we had therefore an opportunity to judge of the labour expended.

The bed of the river is here contracted to very narrow limits, and more than half the width is choked with great rocks. On the left side the river whirls round the point at a giddy pace, while the main force of the current pitches wildly on the rocks, making a descent of some feet. It was a grand, wild scene. We could have gazed longer; but, as

every day's journey was an unknown distance, we continued our course along the road, which, after rounding the obstructive corner, continued cut on the steep side of the hill. Gently undulating, at a mean of about thirty feet above the river, it led on through a fine wood, very beautiful, cool, and shady from the scorching sun, then only an hour from noon. How cool and shady we soon realized, when the woods retreated with the steep-sided hill, making way for another low ridge of quartz, covered only by a few stunted bushes.

At noon we reached a clear, sandy stream, well shaded by its steep, wooded banks. We were ready for rest and refreshment. In about an hour and a half we started, and climbed a succession of hills, until, from a high point, perpendicular above the river, we had another grand view. There was a wooded chaos of hills behind us, the broadened river before us, and beyond a far stretch of country; higher up, some two miles, a crescent of fierce cataract stretched across the river, and the white foaming tail waters wound among rocky islands. We did not know how much further Isangila might be—perhaps ten miles: we should have stepped out more briskly had we known that the cataract ahead was Isangila, for we had been hoping to reach there, so as to spend two quiet days before the plunge into the unknown. We expected to find there some of Stanley's people.

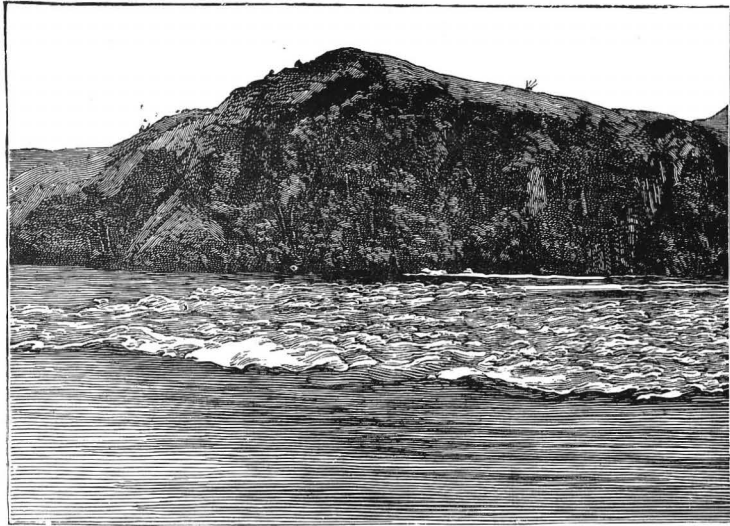
The path turned a little way from the river, to take advantage of a long easy descent from its height on the hills. The men were grumbling—they could not walk further. We told them that we would find a suitable place to camp at the foot of the hill. Arrived at the foot, tired, we waited for the men to come up. I thought I saw a grass hut half a mile further on, and wishing, if possible, to find another old camp, started off, and found several grass huts. Having returned and brought on the men, we began to make fires, and to arrange for the night.

On the long descent we had seen the red road rounding a green point, and now that point was not a quarter of a mile off. While the dinner was being cooked I wished to see what

lay round that point. Anxiously looking round, I saw the white tents of the 'expedition' camp.

Isangila! I felt as glad as if it were the end of a six months' journey. Rushing back with the good news, a few words were sufficient to make a considerable move in our little camp, and in a few minutes we received a kind welcome at the Expedition camp.

The gentlemen in charge of the camp very kindly placed a tent at our disposal, and showed us every hospitality. Mr. Stanley was somewhere near the Mbundi river, twenty miles away, so we did not see him.



ISANGILA FALLS

A quiet Saturday and Sunday were much appreciated. For three weeks there had been but little rest of mind or body.

There are two lines of falls at Isangila—crescent-shaped—the bow of the first bent up the river, the second bent down. The swift, oily-looking current glides along and, without a break, pitches down some three feet, then, boiling and surging, rushes at the speed of nearly fifteen miles an hour

for some three hundred yards, when it dashes down some five feet in a great mad sweep. Then a large reef of rocks in shallow water turns off the main current, at a right angle, on to the base of some lofty hills, which culminate in an important landmark peak ; these hills again divert the river, and narrow it in, so forming an oblong basin at the foot of the falls.

Just above the falls Stanley was hoping to make use of a long stretch of waterway.

Nothing was known of the country beyond Isangila. De Brazza had certainly made his way down from Stanley Pool ; however, it was one thing to come down, but quite another thing to go up. De Brazza was going to the white man's land ; we were going to the land of ivory, and the source of all wealth ; we had therefore to reckon with the jealousy and opposition of the native traders. It was against their interest to let us pass, for what we did others would do ; so they reasoned, and there was some soundness in their reasoning. Our only chance of success lay in travelling as fast as the news of our coming.

The actual position of Stanley Pool was not quite certain, so the length of the journey before us was unknown. In Stanley's account of his journey across Africa, *Through the Dark Continent*, he gave a map of the cataract region, from which it appeared that without allowing for any windings of the road, we had to make 250 miles from Vivi to Stanley Pool. It was not likely that we had less than 600 miles to travel, or 500 miles from Isangila to the Pool and back ; indeed, it might well be 100 miles more.

When we were ready to start from Isangila on Monday, January 24, we were anxious about our men, for they knew that we must strike into the country, and yet had no guide. We could not follow the river on account of its zigzag course. Most rivers flow *between* the hill systems of a country ; but the Congo river makes its way at right angles to the trend of the hills, cutting through the ridges at their lowest points—often these lowest points were very high—so that to follow the banks of the river would be a series of ascents and

descents. In some places perpendicular cliffs as high as Beachy Head (400 feet) rose sheer out of the water. There were no native paths over these bejungled sierra, so we had to keep away from the river; indeed, we were sometimes very far away, as we made our way from bend to bend of the zigzag. The native roads were a progression from town to town.

Our Kru boys behaved very well; they were more used to travelling with us. Five of them had been with me four months before, when, without the help of any native who knew the road, or any guide, I had found out the new western road from San Salvador to Musuku; so they knew that we could find our way about.

Antonio, the interpreter, was determined to go with us. We had his confidence; and all through the journey we had not once any cause to complain of his conduct, neither would he in any way countenance the foolishness of the others.

The Kru boys, although they behaved well, are very bad carriers—very slow, unable to carry fair loads. We generally had to walk from eight to ten hours a day, exclusive of stoppages, to make a fair day's work. With Congo men, six clear hours are as much as I care for, but Kru boys require nearly double the time. There was also in them a spark of curiosity to see the place we 'lived for,' and they used to tell us how they would boast to their countrymen of the far strange countries and peoples which they had seen. Not once, even in our worst trouble, did they utter one syllable about a return, or fear.

We had first to strike inland to the town on the hills, above the falls. The townspeople would not guide us, but pointed out the way whence M. de Brazza had come. However, they soon came shouting after us, to guide us to the Ntombi. After two miles among the hills, we came to a deep gorge, and clambered 200 feet down the thickly-wooded side, to the Ntombi river, twenty yards wide, about two feet deep, flowing over a stony bed.

We continued along the road, which became smaller and smaller, until, in the ascent of a hill, all traces had been

obliterated by the rains. We continued to the top, hoping there to find a path, and found one running along the ridge. In one direction it led back to the river, in the other, 400 feet more up a hill almost perpendicular.

We decided to scale the hill, but before we could commence to do so, a Kru boy called out, 'Them Congo boy live for run away.' We looked; they were slowly going down the hill that we had just ascended. We shouted to them to let us have our boxes before they went back; so they returned, and, after expostulation, they continued on with us. After a hard climb, in the scorching sun, we reached the top; then along a ridge and up into the town of Yanga, but certainly the people were not bad. We bought as much food as we could carry, and took lunch there.

The chief, a noisy, talkative man, told us that he had a palaver (a matter to discuss) with us, but wished us to lunch first. Antonio quietly instructed him that his best plan would be to present us with some fowls and maize, and not to have too much to say for him-

self. He took the advice, and was much pleased with the return present. He also found us a Tionzo man, who was going home, and would guide us to his town. This country is a series of long hill ridges, divided by deep valleys, inhabited by the Mayumbas. Starting after our lunch, we commenced a descent of 500 feet, across a stream, and up 200 feet; down 300 feet, and across a small stream, the Mwwezi, 18 feet wide; then a climb up 700 feet to Tionzo. It was beautiful country, with plenty of trees, but these hills were very trying. However, Tionzo hill proved to be the flank of the plateau.

The old chief appeared to be very pleased to see us, until we expressed a wish to sleep in his town. He pulled a long face, but, quickly recovering himself, did his utmost to make



A CONGO PILLOW

us comfortable—arranged a house, gave a goat, and brought water to drink in a large earthenware washhand-basin, as proud as though it were a piece of ancestral plate. We made ourselves quite at home with the people, and became good friends. White men, at 'feeding time,' are objects of great interest to these good, simple folk, and so we found all through the journey. They would sit by the hour together, to watch the mysterious process of knife and fork. So much for the bad people on the hills. The Congos thought that their first scare was rather foolish, and were glad to get their pieces of goat, and slink away beside the house. It was a clean town, built along a straight street. We spread our rugs on papyrus mats, and slept soundly.

Starting early next day with a guide to Ntombo, we made our way over a fairly level country to Mpangu. We passed quietly through, although the people were frightened. We noticed that one man cocked his gun, in case of emergency. One mile brought us to the Lufudi river, thence through two towns in the Mbuku district, staying a few minutes to buy fowls. Continuing, we passed through another little town, Ndamba, and on to Ntombo, a fairly large town (aneroid 1,550 feet).

There we bought fowls, beans, &c., as much as we could carry. They inquired if we wanted carriers; we wished for two guides. We wondered whether this Ntombo was near Manyanga, the next important point in our journey; but we could not see the river. The guides pointed out the direction of Manyanga, and said that Zinga was but a day's journey. We began to wonder whether Stanley Pool was nearer than we had thought.

At the first little town through which we passed next day, the people were noisy as we approached, and nervous until our guides reassured them. After more climbing and winding about on the hills, we passed through two other towns without incident, and at noon we made our way down a long slope to a clear stream in a wood, Mbamba, where we lunched. Thence along a spur we wound up to the top of a high hill, in the side of which a little rain-drain had

cut a huge chasm. In front a lofty range cut off the view, except where a stream had found its way through a gorge, through which also we had a view of a plain, deep down below

Passing down into a wood, choked with the most profuse vegetation I have ever seen, we came up to the little town of Ndende. All the people were away ; three strangers only were resting there. Lately there had been too much northing in our course, which made us uneasy, but we were, without doubt, on M. de Brazza's road. Now we turned NNW. for two miles to a valley at the foot of a very steep hill (500 feet), on the summit of which we found a plateau two miles wide and the town of Mpangu.

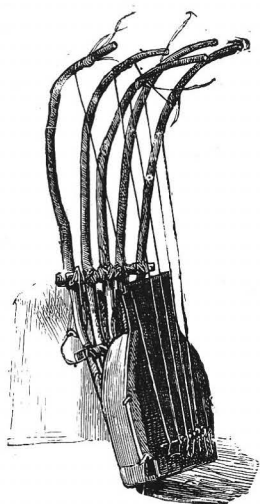
The chief—a tall, thin old man—exerted himself to the utmost to make us comfortable ; arranging the house, popping in and out, rushing about ; excited, but not afraid ; proud of *mindele* sleeping in his town. Very good the old fellow was. He brought us a vast washhand-basin for us to drink out of—what more could he do? Food was cheap ; cloth dear. *Mbadi* (raphia-cloth) was worn by the men, gathered in folds on a girdle.

We started early next morning, with plenty of food ; the two men who had undertaken to guide us to Zinga continuing with us. Passing through Kayi, we ascended to 200 feet, and, after a mile on the hills, came to the edge of a steep descent. It was just dawn. Fourteen hundred feet below us a broad plain stretched out until lost in mists ; towns dotted about, and a silver thread of river wound along, but no sign of the Congo river. White fleecy clouds drifted sleepily over all, and in the quiet all nature waited for the sun !

As we commenced the steep descent the east brightened until the sun appeared behind the far mists, while here and there a cloud fleck glowed into crimson. The sun grew stronger, and the clouds began to move up. A distant shouting from below announced that the people had seen something strange creeping down the hillside. At 1,680 feet (height above the sea by aneroid) we entered a cloud, and all our attention was absorbed in obtaining a foothold.

The drenching mist had made the steep clay-path so slippery that to keep up it was necessary to walk in the grass. At 1,120 feet we emerged from the cloud. Far away the plain stretched NW. to SE.

Below, the people of the Mbuji towns had collected, and were waiting for the reappearance of the strangers. On reaching the town, Nsinga, we had descended 1,420 feet. This is the town to which the guides had promised to lead us, but not the Zinga which we sought. We could not understand where we were. There was no sign of the river, but Manyanga was spoken of as two days distant, and the Congo was only a day off.



AN INSTRUMENT OF MUSIC

Crossing the Lubuji river, a swift sandy stream, two feet deep, thirty yards broad, flowing SE., we continued a winding course NW. and N. We objected to striking further away from the Congo. They replied that it was the other white man's route. So, believing that some river or other obstacle caused the deflection, we followed the guides through several towns, still the same course, till at last they left the broad track and descended to a little town, Mbamba, in a copse.

Where were they going? The right road! But reaching the town they declared they would go no further, for it was customary for white men to sleep in every town they passed. The other white man had done so.

There was no hope of doing anything with the people, they were disposed to make trouble; men with guns were coming up from the many towns close by; we therefore ordered the Kru boys, who were just outside the town, to go on to the high ridge beyond the town, to wait until we came up with the Congos. The latter were quarrelling with the guides,

who had helped them with their loads, and once they tried to fight. We had to speak to them very strongly to make them come away. Just as we were leaving the town, one of the noisy men intercepted us by a side path, bringing a calabash, offering us water to drink—a most unusual proceeding. People would give us water if we asked, but we had just drunk plenty. It looked as if he had made up something. Men followed us to the top of the hill, laughing at the idea of a white man being able to find the way. We struck an easterly course, but after half a mile the path ended at a little stream. We crossed, and cutting a road through 100 yards of thick *madiàdia* (the giant grass), we entered short grass, and soon found another road leading to a little Tsundi town, across the Luheka river.

As we neared the town the people ran away into the jungle. Antonio called to them not to fear. Entering, we found three men, with guns, sitting in front of a house. We gave them a few trifles to reassure them, and soon the people stole, one by one, from their covert, to gaze for the first time at a white man. These poor inland folk believe that we are gods, that we send the rain, and can withhold it at will; and, possessing all the secrets of witchcraft, we are objects of terror to them. A mysterious incandescence glows in our white faces, *sema besemanga* (glowing as hot metal or bright clouds). If we spoke a word about the good God sending His rain, they thought that the white man was deceiving them.

It was the short interspace between the two rainy seasons; but I believe that, without exception, whenever we came to a place where they were particularly anxious about the rain, we had a violent storm before many hours. The Congo men fancied that God sent these storms to help us on. I do not think it was all fancy; at any rate, we were very thankful for them. The people said to each other, 'The white man is pleased: he is sending rain. *Nzambi za Mpungu zazi*, they are gods.' At this place we had a furious storm lasting three hours.

In the morning we asked for two guides. They were

willing, but, for safety, each brought a companion. After six miles we came suddenly upon a hunting party. After much manœuvring they ventured to approach us, and to lead us on to their town, across the Luala river.

The rain of the previous night had added much to the volume of the river; about seventy feet wide—red, muddy water. These Tsundi people had built a suspension bridge of canes and creepers, and although it swung about very much, we managed to get all the things across safely, the country people helping us voluntarily with the more bulky loads. The bridge was high up—stretching from the branch of one tree on one side to another on the other side. To descend on the other side we had to ‘mōnkey’ down a palm-tree. We advised them to stay the bridge better, and to make a better descent. The former they did, but the latter they could not. While the carriers were slowly crossing, we took some boys, cut a small tree, and made a good slanting descent. The people were pleased, and we gave our helpers some cloth. After lunch we resumed our course with three new guides; but after a mile we reached two towns, Nkasa, and a swift river, the Lukasa, about twenty yards wide, three and a half feet deep, running at thirteen or fourteen knots an hour into the Luala river. The current was so strong that we could not keep on our feet, and had to swim; we therefore ran across a double line, to stay our carriers.

These two rivers occupied so much time in crossing, that we could only make two miles more, to a little Tsundi town, before sunset. The chief did not like us to sleep there, although our three guides from the chief town scolded him well. He would not show us a house, or tell us where to find water; he said they had none. The town was too small to resist. We sent the boys in all directions to find water. He then saw that we meant to stay, and sent a boy to guide to water. He also arranged a house. We almost wished that he had not performed this latter service; for the house swarmed with a species of *Cimex*. It was the first time that I had seen vermin in the houses out here; they had come from Manchester in a piece of cloth.

The chief had made us the noble present of five maize ; but before we started he relented, and gave a fowl. We gave him a proportionate present, with some practical advice as to the treatment of future travellers, of which he promised to make due note.

After a while our path led down into a very fertile valley, thickly studded with towns. As we entered the first town, the war-drums sounded the alarm, which was thus sent forward far ahead. The town was surrounded by its farms of maize, beans, *nsafu*, ground-nuts, pumpkins, plantains, bananas, and palms. We passed through the town, and almost immediately entered another, then another, town after town, until at last our guides stopped in a very large town. The drums had announced the approach of something bad, and the people were much excited. We had heard drums before, but until now had not thought much of them. From this time they became an intolerable nuisance. As we passed along, one town would beat a warning to the next. When the people of the next town heard the war-drum, they were thrown into the wildest excitement, rushed for their guns, and, trembling, waited to know the meaning of the war-beat when they were aware of no palaver. Then the white man appeared, until then only a vague myth of the markets. They did not know whether to fight, run, or stay. They would rush about from house to house. A long train of men, some armed with guns, followed us behind. We asked our guides the reason of all this attendance and excitement. The people thought that we had come to take slaves—a game which they had played in the past, very likely. To crown all, just as we were stopped by our guides, a woman, who had been staring at us, suddenly threw up her arms with a hysterical scream ; others ran to catch her before she fell, and carried her away. Fortunately, the people made a joke of it, and did not suspect us of witchcraft.

Our guides wanted to return. They had undertaken to guide us to the river ; and unless they did so, we declared that they should not see one inch of pay. 'The river is close by.' 'Where?' 'You must pay cloth here.' 'Why?' 'For

canoe men to cross the river.' Men appeared with paddles. We assured them that we did not need to, neither would we cross the river, and, if our guides did not care to come on, they might go back empty-handed. No chief appeared, so we gave the word to start. Our guides thought best to go on with us. With a still growing train of followers, we passed through town after town of excited people, very frightened, but drawn unconsciously, by a strange fascination, to look at the mysterious white glowing faces. They stood still, while we passed close to them, forgetting for the moment their very terror. Towns were passed in ceaseless succession, until we halted to breathe on a hill. Our guides gave two calabashes of palm wine, enough for our boys and followers too. The liberality pleased the latter, and we laughed and talked together. Again our guides wished to return, but we were firm. 'Where is the river?' 'You will see it directly.' A lofty range of hills stretched away, eight miles ahead of us—must we cross that first? We were so hungry and tired with all this anxiety, we expected every moment an outbreak of foolish fear, yet we restrained all signs of our feelings.

The longer we waited, the more opportunity for palaver. Far off we saw a hill, cut off strangely on one side. It looked like water-work; but it was five miles off at least. They told us that we must cross three more ridges, and then the river. We crossed five ridges, and then entered a quiet little town by the Lutwa river, beyond the reach of the warning drum. We could go on no longer. We gave out rations, and instructions to the cook, and sprawling in the grateful shade of the trees, soon fell asleep, until lunch was ready.

On the march, one can sleep anywhere, and at any time. Once, I slept for a good hour, sprawling, face downwards, on a stream-worn granite boulder. Granite or soft leaves, one can steal a nap anywhere. After such rest, and refreshments, you can forget all worry, and begin afresh.

Once more the guides began to worry; but they had long ago declared that the river was very near; if so, they might as well guide us the remaining trifling distance. It was no use to allow them to play with us. A mile and a half led us over

the ridge of a hill, and we saw the river, half a mile away. 'Was this the Zinga they had spoken of?' 'Yes.' 'Where is the Ngulu river?' 'At the foot of that hill.' 'And the great cascade (the falls of the Edwin Arnold river)?' 'We don't know.' This was very unsatisfactory. There were no means of fixing our position definitely. If the reports were true, Zinga ought to be close by. We paid our guides well, and entered the town, Nkasa, on the shore of the river.

Sitting down under a shady tree, we waited for the chief. A man was playing with the model of a crocodile, roughly made of native cloth, and stuffed—an absurd thing. Among the crowd stood a witch-doctor—a tall man, light skinned, his hair long, and matted up like a mop, with a mixture of soot and oil. Over one shoulder hung a cord, thick with little knives and other mysteries of his craft.

We sent again to tell the chief of our arrival, and to request a house to sleep in. After a long delay, two men presented themselves as chiefs. We gave them a ring and a gilt necklace each, our mark of friendship. They feared some sorcery on our part, and dared not take them. They pointed out an old dilapidated house. We protested, but they would do nothing for us; so we spread the tent-fly, and made ourselves comfortable for the night.

We learnt that there had been a grand witch-doctoring that day, and all the neighbourhood had been to Nkasa to see. Two men had been taken by crocodiles. Now, they maintained that it is not the custom of crocodiles to take men. Therefore, they were witch-crocodiles, and the chief, the owner of the district, had witched the men away. So wickedly they argued to bring about the old man's death. Of course he declared his innocence, but was compelled to drink the ordeal poison to prove it; and the scoundrel of a doctor had arranged a fatal dose, for up to eight o'clock that night the old man had not vomited. The doctor had taken good care to hide his own ignorance. We could do nothing. All night long they kept up a wild dance.

In the morning we determined not to stay longer in such a place, but to walk a mile or two, and spend Sunday in

a quieter, better town. As we started out of the town, a man wanted to make us buy a goat, and at his price. We told them that they had treated *mindele* very badly, and had not sold food before; now we would not buy anything. He was afraid to carry matters further, although he would have liked a 'row.'

After having walked some four or five miles we entered Kinguvu, a quiet little place, where we were able to take our rest, and obtain the necessary food. We had bought none since crossing the Lua.

On Monday, January 31, we rearranged the loads, so as to free Pedro, he was so lame. Starting early, after a mile, a hill town to the right sighted us, and immediately a war-drum thumped out a warning, which was quickly taken up by some six or eight towns further on. Its fruits were seen as we ascended a hill. There was a town on the top. After much screaming and shouting, some men came down the path, and where two roads branched, four men sat down across the town road. When we reached the spot they pointed to the other road, which, by a slight *détour*, passed round the town.

Thanking these voluntary guides, we crossed the ridge, and came in view of another glen full of towns, all busy with the drums. We passed through one town after another, each anxious that we should not make trouble there, but go on to the chief town. To this loyal request we acceded, and on reaching Mbota we had to wait for Pedro. A Congo man without any load would not meet with any trouble, so that for these first two miles we had to go on without a stoppage, which very likely would have frightened the people into some foolish act. On arriving at Mbota, we sent back Tingi to look after his lame companion.

In the meanwhile, the chief expressed a wish to guide us himself. We were grateful, and promised him a fine cloth. A crowd soon formed, and an old chief had a great deal to say for himself, as also some of the people; they would gladly have found some pretext for quarrelling with us. Tingi returned to say that Pedro could go no further, but

was staying in a town not far behind. He brought on a man who was willing to take care of him until better, when he would cross the river with him, and guide him to Kinsuka, whence two days along a well-known road would take them home. Tingi could not leave his companion; he wished for some cloth, and to return with him. We were well pleased with this arrangement; for our loads had become lighter, and we could afford to lose two carriers. We told him to come up on the hills with us, where we could undo some cloths more discreetly than in full view of these bad people. The chief led us through several towns, and three miles among the hills, when he wished to return, sending on a slave with us to guide to a town at which we might sleep. We gave him a present, and he returned with his men. Then alone we could rearrange the loads, and give a liberal supply of fine cloths to take Tingi and Pedro home. Neither we nor they had any fear for their safety. Wishing them well, we continued our course. A ten-mile stretch of the great river lay before us. We hoped soon to be able to identify our position. After a mile our guide left us, and we continued along a path which became smaller and smaller until scarcely traceable. It led us into the Luoji valley, and after passing through three towns of quieter people, we came to the Luoji river, a sandy stream, fifteen yards wide, where we gladly rested to take lunch.

Throughout the greater part of our journey we were much pestered by a small black sand-fly, the *nkufu*. In some districts their bite was very troublesome; here their great anxiety was to get into our eyes. Their bite was not irritating. After lunch we took a road leading near to the river, and passing several towns—a crowd following—and a strange sandy stream, we ascended on to hills of sandy clay, which the rains had cut into round hills, intersected by deep valleys. Crossing a stream, we ascended to the Mintudia market, whence we made for a town in a clump of trees, which proved to be Kibindika, where we decided to stay. The chief gave us a pig, and talked of giving another the next day. This was a cloth trap, and simply absurd for our small

party. It needed Antonio's advice, and some firmness, to frustrate that little scheme.

The women here were about as ugly as we had seen, and they did their utmost to heighten the ugliness by making up their hair like a mop, which almost covered their eyes, the whole reeking with a mixture of soot and grease. Some had smeared the face with the filthy unguent; four inches of grass stem stuck through a hole in the nose, two pieces of dirty rag for earrings, and a minimum of cloth, completed the outward adornment. The men were dull, heavy fellows.

The tribal mark of the Basundi is a tuft of hair on the top of the head, plaited into a string, and threaded with beads, on the end of which is a button of some black material, the rim ornamented with small white beads, and a pattern marked out on the faces of the button. Their bodies were much marked with large cicatrices, rendered very prominent by the introduction of an irritant. Both men and women had pierced their noses, the women inserting a white stem of grass, the men more frequently inserting the teeth of a large rodent.

Mr. Stanley described the Basundi as a 'most wretched, suspicious, and degraded race, quarrelsome, and intensely disposed to be affronted.' They were more extortionate than any he had met with on that long journey, and abated nothing of the high demands they made. We were unable to add one word in their favour. The whole passage through their country was one long anxiety. So bad were they, that the whole up-country trade was deflected by them to Makuta, Kinsuka, and the markets of the south bank.

We could not obtain guides, for they demanded an exorbitant amount; so we undertook the road-finding. Backing a little on the entrance road to round a gorge, we struck down to a sandy stream, from which there was no sign of a road beyond; but, searching up and down the stream, we found a road leading away at twenty yards lower down. We continued up and down over the ridges, 150 to 200 feet in height. Many towns were about everywhere, the older and larger in little patches of wood. A network of paths conducted from one to another of the various towns, and on the

hard, dry, sandy clay, the white roads, six to twelve feet wide, could be distinguished for miles.

The Congo men lost their temper over the hills, and wanted a guide. We told them to find one ; but they soon found that it was impossible, for the people thought that, of course, white men did not know their way about. They demanded an excessive payment, a heavy pledge, and exhibited such greed that the Congos got angry. 'Let us go on alone, come what may.' The people saw that we were going right for the Mata ferry ; therefore, they came shouting after us that we were going wrong, and without any more trouble they consented to guide us in the very path we had struck. We saw through the ruse, and, to get something out of them, we gave them two loads to ease our men. They only wanted a knife each as pledge. We soon reached the Mata river. Now we were sure of our whereabouts, and after this did not lose ourselves again. The Mata flows into the Congo river, as a slow muddy stream which has spread out until about 100 yards in width. There were two canoes on the other side, for it is a regular ferry. The guides shouted to the men to bring their canoes. At last they began to paddle across, and remaining at a safe distance, began to talk. They were afraid of us. They approached nearer, but there was no coming to terms.

One canoe man came ashore to chat with the guides, and seeming to ignore our wish to cross over, went back to his canoe, and pushed off. This was too much. We sent Samson, the head Kru-man, to catch the stern, and to pull in the canoe. Seeing this, the man walked ashore, and without trouble resigned his paddle. Then the other man awoke from his dream, and without a word from us, handed over his canoe and paddle. They did not object to the proceeding, but until then they were too dazed at the sight of the mysterious *mindele* to think or act. They quietly watched the Kru boys paddle across the loads. Our guides had meanwhile run away with the pledge knives, instead of taking their cloth. We gave a present to the canoe men, and walked up to the town on the hill, Ndembo. As we neared it, great

numbers of people came out to wonder what was coming over the hills. We entered the town, sat down under a *nsafu* tree, and asked for water, which was kindly supplied in a small earthenware pot tasting strongly of palm oil.

They were very anxious about the rain, and begged us not to stop it; but they would not sell us food. They told us that when the other white man passed, his people had helped themselves. We told them that we did not believe them, but, even if true, it served them right. They had plenty of food, and the men were starving, but they would not sell. The white man was willing to pay. If they would not sell to honest men, what else could they expect from the poor, starving creatures? They refused to sell to us. We demanded to see the chief, and asked him what he meant by it. He said that he did not think that we meant to pay, although we were holding out the cloth, &c. There were plenty of plantain. He hesitated. We told him that our boys were very hungry, and if he did not trust to sell to us, we should send the boys, and then they would see if we paid or not. After this they went off, and brought plantain and other food. Although at high prices, we bought all, and sufficient, and told them not to show any more of this nonsense when *mindele* came again.

A few minutes before they had believed that we were gods, who had always sent them their rain, and could stop it at will. Yet they would treat their rain-gods—to whom they owed so much—in this manner; would starve and swindle them to any extent.

Having finished our lunch, we rose to go, and asked for guides to Mpangu, the next great township: they refused. We knew that the people were anxious that we should not spend the night in their town; it was never a pleasure on first proposal. We said that if they could not give us any guides, we had better sleep in their town; accordingly, we asked for a house in which we might spend the night. This had the desired effect; two guides were immediately forthcoming, who led us to Mpangu. The country was more hilly than any we had passed, deep valleys everywhere 200 to 300 feet below the hills.

In about an hour we reached the town ; war-drums were beating in all directions, and the whole townfolk rushed away on our approach. One by one they stole back, and soon a crowd of 300 people were round our house ; the interest reaching the highest point when *mindele* began to eat. On our arrival we asked for water, and as we raised the water to our lips, in an instant the whole crowd sank respectfully to the ground.

Mr. Stanley says that these Mbu people are the most polite people in Africa, and here was an instance. European cloth was very scarce here.

After long waiting, on February 2 three men were obtained to carry the loads of Antonio, Garcia, and Mata—the latter two being lame. They were to carry and guide to Manyanga. They were a little afraid of touching the loads, lest they should be ‘medicine’ (charmed). Our way led over hilly country. After one stream we had a climb of 500 feet ; then we came down to a plain in which the shallow sandy soil overlaid the sandstone rock. As the boys walked over it, the ground resounded like a drum. We have since noted the same effect of shallow soil on the rock.

A little further on we came to a market-place, which our guides declared to be Manyanga market. It seemed far too small to be what they affirmed ; we cross-examined them, and at last they confessed that Manyanga was further on ; they had deceived us because they wanted to return. We insisted on their going on if they wished for their pay ; so with much grumbling about Manyanga, Manyanga, nothing but Manyanga, they led us to the market-place of Nsona Manyanga. It was evident that they had told us the truth this time. Having inquired about the forward course, we paid them well, and continued our journey. Before the sun went down we saw, near a stream, a little solitary hut belonging to some palm-wine collector, erected as a noon-tide shade. We made it ours for the night, and lit good fires to keep the leopards away.

We started again at dawn, and in a town which we passed we found an old man who would guide us. After a mile and

a half with him, he became afraid and returned. We could hear the river thundering over the falls at Ntombo Mataka. Above these falls, frequent dark lines crossing the river told of rapids and cataracts; indeed, it would be difficult to find a navigable reach of any length beyond this point. Our path lay over very hilly ground; the steep ascents and descents were very wearying. The ascents of the day amounted to 3,000 feet—about the same as eight times up and down the staircase to the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.

In the sides of these hills deep chasms have been cut by little springs, the cause and effect being apparently most disproportionate; the chasms were 100 and 200 feet deep, and from the centre rose lofty pieces, which, though only a few feet in thickness, separated off portions of the chasm, they not having been worn down for some reason.

Crudgington and I were walking on alone ahead of our boys. The drums were busy announcing our advance, and at Nkunga the people were very excited. One man, rushing round a corner, nearly ran into Crudgington with his gun before he found out what was the cause of the excitement.

We sat down before the chief's house, and a half-intoxicated Teke trader explained to the people that *mindele* after all were quiet folk. He had been to the great markets on the south side of the river, and knew all about white men; they did not eat men, and were all right if let alone. On the next day the white men should come to his town, three miles away, and spend a day there. We should be regaled on pork and palm wine. If we did not stay, we should see plenty of trouble.

We had some difficulty in buying food, which, the chief alleged, was caused by the lateness of our arrival.

We were rather late in starting on February 4, but had two good guides. After a couple of miles, the Teke man met us, and wanted us to go to his town. We shook him off with an excuse and a trifle, and soon came to a town called Ndembo, where the people were anxious that we should not stay. We were equally anxious to proceed, and passed on. Some hours later we came upon another country market. The people,



HOUSE-BOATS AT ISANGI

seeing us coming, seized their goods, and rushed away into the grass. Some returned to look at us, and became abusive, and we had some trouble in keeping our guides quiet. They were so enraged at the behaviour of the people that three times they levelled their guns at them. However, we reached in peace a little town close behind Zinga. We sent back Antonio to the market to buy some food, which he was successful in obtaining. The townsfolk here wanted us to leave the town, and would only allow us to wait at a strange two-storied house, the invention of a young man who had once been down to Ambriz. As soon as Antonio returned, we went on to Zinga.

The chief was away. We told them that the other white man who passed had spoken so well of his friends at Zinga, that, although a little off the road, we had determined not to pass, but wished to sleep a night in our friends' town. This palaver pleased them ; but it transpired that the old chief was dead, and they presented a different attitude, pointing out a wretched old house for our accommodation. We expressed our displeasure, and a better was found. Although the chief presented a goat, we had great difficulty in obtaining vegetable food. They were also afraid about rain ; but a shower reassured them.

We had now entered the district of the ivory traders, and became anxious lest the difficulties with the trading people about Makuta should develop where we were. We felt that we must travel fast, and keep ahead of any news of our coming, and so rush through before there was time to concert an opposition. This was our only chance of success.

In the morning we had had so much trouble about food, that the return present was smaller than otherwise would have been the case, and the chief was not well satisfied. However, our cause was justified by the people, who, when the chief grumbled, told him that he could not expect anything else, for he had not treated the white man well. He refused to find us a guide ; but there was no difficulty in finding the road which led us to the Edwin Arnold river

(the Luvubi), after passing through several small towns, which contributed a noisy but good-humoured train.

Reaching the ford, the noise of the falls attracted us to see the fine scene pictured in Mr. Stanley's book. The Edwin Arnold glides over a sandy bed to within 200 yards of its fall, when, flowing over hard, worn sandstone boulders, it jumps out, clear away, down on to the stones below, into Bolobolo or Pocock Basin, the tail-waters of Zinga Falls appearing at the foot of the precipitous banks. At fifty feet the under waters of the fall catch on a projection ; but the main waters fall clear to the base. In full flood, its great volume and velocity, leaping so far down, makes a fine sight. We viewed it from an old fall mouth.

Continuing our course, we passed over a hill at the back of Masasa, and, leaving the bright green patch of Mowa to the right, wound through some towns, and over the hills, to a market-place from which we had great difficulty in finding an exit. When clear of the market, we had a shouting, howling train of followers, which was hardly indicative of either good manners or good will. Indeed, these Zinga folk were not so good as they might be. Distance, however, eventually freed us from our rowdy accompaniment.

As we passed one town some men came out grumbling that we passed towns, and would not buy pig, palm wine, or anything. We told them that we were willing to buy, if they were to sell. What had they? Nothing! Why then did they come out with such a foolish tale? The real case was this, that they would have liked to have robbed us, but feared that such an action might involve them in some danger.

After nine miles, we reached a town where we took lunch. The people were nervous, and made some remarks about rain, but did not object to our resting in their town ; they sold us some food. The chief gave us a goat ; we gave him a return present, asking for a guide who could lead the goat to a town where we should sleep. They were so full of vague fears that they would not help us. Our boys were so loaded up with food, beside their own loads, that we were obliged to leave the goat, and the chief lost part of his present. Heavy

clouds were gathering. Passing many market people and a market-place, we made for a town, Kiniangi, in a storm of rain.

The chief, Nsunga, was a Makuta ; he had been a slave at Ngonzela—three miles west of San Salvador—and knew a few words of Portuguese. It was customary there, that when a slave who knew 'white man's fashion' managed to run away to his family, they sent him to build a town for himself, and to be chief there. Accordingly, this man was chief of Kiniangi. He surprised us by the energy with which he set his men about finishing the thatching of a house for us ; speaking in Portuguese which no one understood. Antonio begged us not to talk to the chief before the people ; he (the chief) knew so little of Portuguese, but did not wish to betray his ignorance. Fiercely grinding his teeth—a Bwende custom, when nervous—he sat on a box until evening, when he explained his intentions to Antonio. The white men should stay in his town for a month, and he would feed them. On the expiration of the month, he would call all his relatives—for he was a great chief—and the other great chiefs of Mowa, Zinga, and the neighbourhood. Then, after a feast, he would inquire of the white men what they had come for, and what they were going to do at Mfwa—the name of the country beyond the Gordon Bennett river. We told him not to talk such nonsense ; that we intended stopping the next day—Sunday—in his town, and on the following day we should resume our journey. If he wished for a good piece of cloth, his business was to find us food and a guide, and to hold his tongue about palavers. After thoroughly impressing this, we spread out our rugs on the ground, over some grass, covered by waterproof sheets, and were soon asleep ; having first prayed that this man's pride and folly might not become an obstacle to us, now that we were nearing our goal.

Early on Sunday morning I started on a path leading down to the river. A great roar had told us of falls below our hill. The path terminated in a very steep slope, of 500 feet, to the Nkisi Falls. The banks were strewn with huge stones, fifteen feet high, and the river was tumbling madly down

two successive falls. Making over the boulders for a better view, the sight of some (fisher?) men recommended a retreat ; for there was no knowing what fear and superstition might lead them to do, or what suspicions might disturb the townsfolk. Dodging back unseen, I made down along the stream, and obtained a better view. Returning, I almost ran foul of another man, but my light clothes among the boulders did not attract his attention. Having ascertained clearly our position, after a long climb I reached the town, but had taken the precaution of noting carefully the compass bearing of the far reach of the river and the road leading out of the town. The chief gave us a goat. There were no further signs of trouble until we retired to rest.

At nine o'clock p.m. Antonio woke us up. He was scarcely able to speak clearly to us from choking dismay. Three men with guns had just arrived from Mowa. They had told the Congos not to be such fools as to go on in the road to die for the *mindele*. Nga Liema, the chief of Kintambu, was a bad man, and would surely kill us and them. We assured him that it was all a hoax. The Mowa people were vexed that they had been unable to net any of our cloth, and had sent this bad talk to frighten the Congos, and so to bring us back. In the morning they would be able to ascertain the truth of this, and then the Congo men could please themselves, and, if they were afraid, go back ; but on no account should we turn back for such a palaver, sent in such a bad manner to the Congos, and not to us. Mowa people would not have taken all that trouble to save the lives of 100 Congo men. Antonio went back to sleep, a bit easier in mind.

The first thing in the morning Antonio came to say that the palaver of Manyana of Mowa was all a base lie, that it was exactly as we had surmised, only a cloth trap. He advised a present. We gave one rather than have any hitch, knowing that, if once the road was traversed, we could be independent of everybody. We arranged another present for the chief of the Mbanza, who had really given the goat. He undertook to guide us. We started, but immediately found that Garcia was staying behind. He had foolishly left

his best cloth with a man who wanted to use it as a pledge to another man. Of course, in the morning, neither of the parties was to be found, and Garcia was wild when he found out how he had been swindled. We shouted to him to come on, but three more men with guns wished to join our party as guides. This we would not allow, and continued with two guides, one of whom led the goat. After a mile we crossed the Nkisi river, by a little suspension bridge. The river is about thirty feet broad, and runs out at the Nkisi Falls.

After a while Nsunga managed to slip the goat, and a long chase ensued, but Samson accompanied with instructions to shoot the goat rather than let those fellows make off with it. They saw that the ruse had failed, so tried to kill it themselves. One man shot at it, but though the slug knocked off a piece of skin, it did no more harm. The goat was again secured, and we soon passed a town, Mpete. The people wished us to buy something, and brought us some very good palm wine. We bought it, and resuming, descended to the Cataract river opposite Nsangu. The guides complained of hunger; but as it was yet early, and we had to buy food before we could eat it, we told them so.

A snake, six feet long, was coiled on a branch above the water; Crudgington shot it. Our guides sent us forward on a wrong road; on some pretext they got behind, and as the trees and the windings of the path afforded ample covert, they ran away. We soon found it out, and sent after them; but they were safely hidden, goat and all, in thick covert. While we were waiting, some people came out of a town to say that a man had received a ball when Crudgington shot the snake. The man was in the town. This was a palpable lie, for the charge was small shot; it had been fired a quarter of a mile away from the town, in exactly an opposite direction, and among the thick branches of the trees. We started to walk into the town to see the wounded man. Immediately the people confessed to the lie, and requested us to sit down quietly. Prompt action saved a troublesome palaver. We soon found that we had been guided to the wrong hill, and, after passing a ravine, we resumed the right road.

Before crossing the Snake river we had a view of a fine reach of the river, from Nsangu to about the Lady Alice Rapids. On each side of the river a fine straight range of hills rose steeply to about 800 feet above the river. The northern range was broken by gorges, but the southern appeared as a continuous ridge for eight or ten miles. Passing through a little town, we met a man carrying a tusk of ivory, with a Makuta and a Mowa man as owners. They were surprised to meet a white man up there, but they chatted freely. We asked if they had heard of Comber, on the other side. They said that he had been shot, and had returned to Boma. This evidently referred to the Makuta outrage. They had been staying at Mowa until news came that the ivory had reached Mfwa. They had been two days on the road from Bwabwa Njali's town on the Zue. That river, and one other on the road, the Mfulukadi, could only be crossed by canoes. They were carrying the ivory to Mawete. They advised us to return, for Comber had not been able to make his way up.

The path now brought us up into a little town, where we saw plenty of *kwanga* (cassava bread). We had nothing to eat except rice, of which we were taking the utmost care, not knowing for what exigencies we might have to provide. We bought plenty of *kwanga*, at first at a high price; but as soon as we had bought sufficient for a meal, we paid what we liked, reducing the prices to a fair average.

After lunch we continued on for a mile, until the road seemed to turn riverwards; other roads branched off, but none so large as this. We followed on, believing it to be some better route to cross a gorge with a noisy stream roaring deep down among the trees. The path led down into a thick wood, and, after crossing the stream, it was most difficult to find any traces of a path. We found a track—perhaps only of game—but lost it again in a manioc plantation. This was planted on the side of a steep hill. We forced our way through the entanglement of manioc and weeds, until we struck the woods beyond the clearing. It soon became too dense for us to make any headway; we were obliged to take

hatchets to cut our way. Denser and denser it became, until it was necessary to stop, while two of us went on crawling and cutting until the woods became lighter, and there were traces of a path. Returning, we decided that as the sun had already touched the western hill, and it would take at least an hour to cut a road for the boys—and when on top, no water—we had better go down through the manioc to the stream, and camp there.

We cut plenty of firewood, and rigged up the 'fly' as a tent—for heavy clouds were hanging about. We slept soundly.

Starting early on the 8th, we retraced our steps beyond the entrance to the woods. Guided by noisy fowls, we found out a town, and sent to inquire the road. No one would guide, but they directed us down into another part of the woods. After some difficulty we found our way through, and passing a town, came upon a broad distinct road. The people feared to guide. Soon after we met some up-country traders with the Teke tribal mark—a series of cicatrices of a curved cut down the side of the face; the hair, if long, is brought together, and arranged in a bunch on the top of the head. We made some inquiries as to the road, but they would not help us in any way, and talked loudly, but unintelligibly, to our Congos. One of the party carried a huge fetish, four feet long, cut to represent a man. It is a preventative to theft, and, no doubt, acts very well on these superstitious folk. Having traversed a valley, we ascended towards some towns, the Bateke traders shouting across to warn of our approach, and, perhaps, some bad advice.

Passing through the town, we were stopped by the loud shouting of Mata, one of our Congo carriers. He said that he had been waylaid, and his load taken away. Only ten minutes before we had spoken strongly to the men about keeping up, especially as those Bateke were shouting across, and we were close to the frontier. As the road-crossings and branches were very bewildering, it was necessary for the two of us to keep in front. We set our head Kru-man,

Samson, who carried a gun, to bring up the rear. Mata had stopped for a moment, and Samson left him to catch up directly. They were passing through a manioc plantation. Some men, hidden in the manioc, rushed out upon Mata, and threatening him with knives, got possession of his bundle, and made off with it.

The people of the little town were very frightened when they saw what had happened, and their fear assured us in leaving our boys with their loads piled, while a party ran off in the direction of the cries. We ran on a different road to another town, meeting Mata by the way. We saw nothing of the man, although we found out afterwards that by taking the new road we had passed close to the thief, and had cut him off, thus frightening and delaying him.

We returned to the boys, and found them all right. We told the people that the best thing would be for them to get back the lost things, and bring them on to us. This loss was a heavy one for us, and the chance of seeing the bundle again was very remote. The load consisted of all our waterproof ground sheeting; the 'fly,' our only cover for camping out; my 'Euklisia' rug and air pillow; a shawl, sleeping suit, travelling mosquito net, &c. Crudgington's rug and blanket were fortunately elsewhere. Whilst we were discussing as to our best course of action, a townsman told us that the thief had just run across the scrub beyond the town. They begged us to remain behind, and send two or three men in pursuit. We sent Antonio, Samson, Garcia, and Mata, with instructions to fire a gun if they met with trouble, for we did not know how far the whole thing was a trap. A man went with them. They soon returned with the bundle, and the chief came to apologize for the deed. He was angry, and assured us that it was the act of the thieves only, the town not being implicated. We told him that though we had been very mild, such an affair might have brought the town into serious trouble, for it would have been necessary to have made a public matter of it on our return, and the surrounding towns would be angry with those who incited the wrath of the white man. White men travel-

ling will do no one any harm if properly treated, but such proceedings were very serious. He was very sorry about it, and was pleased that we had been so gentle.

Our men had found the man in a town close by, with the bundle. Samson caught hold of his arm, but he slipped away, and ran off with the bundle. Samson levelled his gun, and dropping the bundle, the man made off. He was much cut, and bleeding from wounds received during his plunge through the thick undergrowth, and among cutting grasses.

The chief arranged a guide, and passing through two towns and a gate in a high fence, we entered the country of the Balali. After a mile and a half we reached Zwana, and descended to the Mfulukadi river. This river is seventy-five yards broad, and is blessed with crocodiles. We crossed above its last great tumble into the Congo river, which was roaring 600 yards away. There were four or five good canoes, and six men paddled us across to the other side, where we took lunch. After the rest we ascended a hill, passed through two towns, then three miles along a plain to a great market-place, where we again rested. Two miles more east, and we passed through a gate in another game fence. Finding a suitable place, we camped out for the night. There was no prospect of towns ahead, although there was one on each side of us, but separated from us by deep gorges. We made great fires. The country was more and more wooded as we progressed. Some rain fell in the night, but the 'fly' afforded sufficient cover for us, our men, and the loads, packed closely. Kru are unpleasant bed-fellows. Sometimes I was awaked by a heavy leg across my chest; an arm over my face; a head thrust violently into my side. Kru carriers must be taken care of; but I determined that another time I would arrange for quiet neighbours, if possible.

We started early in the rain on the 9th, passing through a fine wooded country to a town. The people had cleared great spaces in the woods for manioc plantations and farms; the trees were some of them felled, some burnt down, and then the whole lot fired. Charred trunks and branches lay

about everywhere. At the town we bought some plantain and *kwanga*, but at very high prices. Descending from the town we came to a river, and crossed on a large fallen tree.

There was now as much forest as open country, and a view from a height revealed far stretches of forest-clad hills; here and there a light green patch, very seldom the sign of a town. Although seemingly a difficult country to pass, it was grand and very beautiful. The cool depths of the forests were most delightful, and especially so, since we had seen so much of scorching, hilly country. There were hills, and clear glass-like streams flowing over pure white sand. Sometimes the water was of a dark colour, like tea, but tasteless, and clear as crystal on the white sand. A lovely country, and now the people the mild, kindly Balali, who are a branch of the great tribe of the Bateke. We stopped a little to buy of some people, and, on starting, immediately passed through a town, but we were called back before we had passed far.

The town was Umvilingya. The chief wished to see the white man. Leaving the boys to rest, we walked back, and soon the chief appeared with a gift of fowls, maize, and *kwanga* on a large wooden trencher. The language was unintelligible; they were quite a different race of people—the long chin and the cast of countenance reminded us somewhat of the Red Indian; the faces were marked with the curved cicatrices already described. Quiet, nicely behaved folk, and, as a race, the best-looking people we had yet seen; pretty children. These people were the ivory brokers. The savages and cannibals above the Pool bring the ivory down to them, and the traders from Makuta, Zombo, and elsewhere come to them to buy. These people neither bought nor sold much, but generally arranged between buyer and seller, and exacted so much over the bargain.

It was, of course, impossible for us to speak to these people. After a presentation of food, and a return present, the people wished to sell. We bought freely, and cheaply. Bright bells (one inch in diameter) were immense favourites, as also looking-glasses on silvered mounts. If the Pool people were like this, how glad we should be! We should not think

anything of distance and trouble for the sake of such! After the anxieties and troubles among the rowdy tribes behind, these people seemed like angels, and the beautiful country a paradise.

With light hearts we stepped on, and after a halt for lunch, we reached a town, Nkio Buminu, just in time to escape a fierce tornado. We took refuge in a long house, roofed, but with open walls. When the storm subsided, the sun was too low to continue further that day. The people, at first timid, soon collected to examine the strangers. We made friends with them, and bought food. Very beautiful were the forest hills after the rain.

On the morning of February 10 the chief gave us his present of a fowl. He carried a long cavalry sword with a brass handle, marked 'Klingenthal, 1823.' All were curious about our things, but there was none of the stupid fear which only we had seen hitherto. Matches were a mystery to them; they would have crowded for hours to see *mindele* strike a little stick on something, and a great flame ensue. No stupid fear, for they liked to strike it themselves, while the people behind us would sooner have died than have touched the medicine stick. The mystery of a double-barrelled gun whose back would break to open at the breech; the trembling needle of a compass; a whistle: what a number of interesting articles we had! They were so in need of pipe-bowls that they begged us to sell some that we had bought of the Basundi. We did so. They wondered at books, the mysterious things that talk to white men; above all, those gleaming white faces, the strange light hair, thin and straight. We made the best of friends. How we wondered what the Pool people would be like! We knew that they were of the same tribe.

We started early. Four miles through fine woodland country, passing through five towns, and several clear sandy streams with a fair flow. Some beautiful, flat, open spaces were covered with a short grass which seeds in brown heads, on long stalks (three to five feet long). After four miles, Crudgington sighted a streak of water, like a long white

cloud ; we scarcely yet dare speak the word, but in a minute or two it was certain. 'The Pool!' twelve miles away to the north-east, under a range of lofty hills. It was indeed a glad moment when we saw first that piece of water, concerning which we had so often talked and thought, toiled and prayed. It was a time of quiet thankfulness. Passing a market-place we plunged into the forest again. We met many market folk, some passing with scarcely any notice, as though fearing, or not liking to stare rudely. We crossed many great, fired clearings, and then a long, flat road, until we reached a town.

It was noon ; the sun was very hot—almost vertical—not a breath of wind. We sat down under the shade of a house. One man only was visible. Presently two or three more appeared, and sat down under a house-front opposite to us, fifty yards off. Then three or four more ; they joined the others. All wore good cloth ; many wore brass anklets, bracelets, and necklets. The 'toilette' perfect, although they had had no time to prepare. They sent us mats. Presently all advanced, and knelt a short distance off, while one of meaner dress knelt before each of us. Holding out his hands, the palms upwards, he addressed us with the word, *Ndugu*, 'friend.' We each held out our hands reversed, and lightly touched the palms of his hands, and replied *Ndugu*, and clapped hands three times. Then the others advanced, and the same ceremony was enacted with each, and they retired to the shade of the opposite house. A great chase of fowls ensued ; and in a short time a few gasping, excited fowls, and some *kwanga*, were laid before us ; and we understood that, as the white man had visited his town, the chief wished to present a fowl or two to make some soup, that they might know that *mindele* cannot 'sit hungry' in the towns of the Balali.

The spokesman retired. We arranged a present of some cloth, and, among the sundries, a long silvered chain for the neck, which interested these ingenious people as a piece of workmanship. The small links, neatly made, were a wonder. We sent our present by Antonio, thanked them for their

kind reception and care for us, and trusted that this might be the beginning of a long friendship. We bade them adieu, hoping to see our friends before long. We heard that the Zue was not far ahead, and hastened on with but slight refreshment. On mentioning the word *njila*, 'the road,' we were immediately provided with two guides. It had been to us a most interesting reception, never having met with the custom before—simple and very graceful. Still more we longed to see the people at the Pool itself, now so very near.

After three miles of flat ground, some being damp sand, we reached a town, and passed on to the chief's compound; the front, fifty yards long, was fenced with sticks, and covered with neatly-arranged seed-stems of grass. We sat down under a little roof outside. At one side of the gateway floated a small French tricolour.

Presently a low gong sounded, and twenty or thirty men passed into the chief's enclosure. In a few minutes they followed out behind the chief. Bwabwa Njali, a pleasant, looking man of about thirty-five years of age, neatly robed, very clean, advanced, and pronouncing the word *ndugu*, clapped his hands to each of us, three times three. We did the same synchronously. He sat down on one of our boxes, and we talked together a little. He wondered what business we might have at Kintambu.

'Are you going for the goat?'

'No; there are plenty of goats in Congo.'

'What are you carrying to Nga Liema?'

'Nothing in particular; we shall make him a little present, of course.'

'All right, *ndugu*.'

This question of the goat was frequently asked of us.

Stanley had taken with him a very large goat, and a great ram from the forest country of Urega. These he hoped to take safely through with him to England, as a present to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. When Stanley was camping above the first cataract, he was visited by Itse of Kintambu. He would accept no present of cloth, or anything else; 'give me only that goat.' And nothing would do but to give it. We

heard of this goat when in Congo ; men would tell us of its height, and the length of its hair.

The idea was current up-country that we who had come to Congo, not to trade, and with no apparent reason, yet always trying to travel inland, were really trying to get possession of that goat. Their stupid heads invented a reason for this. We were living in Congo, and yet had not been able to understand and know the king's heart. Of course, the king's heart was in that goat, and we wanted to get the goat, to see the king's heart. To them, so full of witchcraft and devilry, there was nothing either strange or foolish in this.

This was in no way the cause of the opposition to our journeys—that was simply a conservative trade protective policy : an evidence of the civilization of those parts. All through our journey up the north bank we frequently heard the people talking together, that we were going after the goat. When asked, we denied, joking that we were not so hard up for fresh meat as to make such a journey for it. Our denials went for very little.

Bwabwa Njali, over-lord of the Balali, insisted on our staying that day with him. The morrow would be but a short walk to the Pool, and he would arrange to have us ferried over. We were, of course, anxious to reach the goal, lest even now there should be some hitch, but it was most certainly politic to accede to this request. He arranged for us a house. We attended to the disposal of the loads, and gave instructions for the slaughter of the goat presented. We ate some rice, to stave off our hunger until dinner should be prepared. Bwabwa Njali then wished us to see his house. Several houses were enclosed in his compound. He led us to one, well-built and large, to the left as we entered.

It was indeed a fine house ; very tidy. We sat down on his mats ; and our first opinion—that he was a very agreeable fellow—was confirmed. Very friendly, and with the easy grace of a gentleman ; no stupid attempted dignity, but the real thing. We looked about us, and manifested an interest in our surroundings. A fine lion's skin lay beside us ; he said

that they had no lions there, but the skin had come from far. Our Antonio was astonished at the great size of the skin of the wonderful *nkosi*, of which Congos had but heard. Then he brought a harmonicon, and a brass rod with a set of toned bells, which had been given him by M. de Brazza; in a few months (two?) more he expected him back again. He showed us his own great iron bell—a winged, long cone of wrought iron, of about four feet in length, and about one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness; when lightly struck it gave out a deep rich tone. A third part of the house was screened off.

He spoke a little of our business with Nga Liema, but did not press for much, as though there might be something which we did not care to tell him, and, therefore, it would be improper to inquire further. We had been curious as to the articles around the room; he would see what wonders we had from our country. Our compasses, belt knives, belt fastenings, the material of our pocket handkerchiefs, several little things he wished to see. Having looked at a thing, he said, 'Yes; there, put it away, *ndugu!*' carefully showing that it was only curiosity, not begging.

He inquired whether we would like to take a bath. Close by was a fine river. We said that we should indeed like to bathe, but were there no crocodiles? This quite upset him. That we should think for one moment that he would recommend anything dangerous to his white friends; he would himself go into the water with us. We saw at once that he was really sorry, not angry with us. It was no ultra-cautionary question on our part; for natives bathe in rivers where crocodiles are known to abound, and people are not unfrequently taken. At Nkasa, where they were poisoning the old chief, the charge preferred was that two men had been taken by crocodiles, which was so unusual a circumstance that it must be the witchcraft of him, the lord of the district.

We apologized to him that we were quite sure of his kindly disposition towards us, but in our minds we always associated crocodiles with a good river, that we instinctively

asked the question. The explanation satisfied him, and as the sun would soon be going down, we proposed to fetch the *matériel* and take our bath at once. He accompanied us, and in two minutes we reached a beautiful river—the Zue, which Stanley has named the Gordon Bennett river. It is there about 100 yards wide.

A grand wall of trees lined each bank, the branches spread far out over the swift stream. We were about half a mile above the commencement of the cataracts, at its confluence with the Congo river. On the way to the water the chief spoke to some men passing, and then explained to us, 'I told them not to be afraid of you; you are all right; you don't eat men, nor even catch them. The white men are good.' Bwabwa Njali sent his son into the water, lest we should have yet any apprehensions. We much enjoyed the swim. The chief sat in the stern of a canoe, anxious that we should meet with no harm. He would call out to us, '*Ndu, ndugu!* don't go into the current; it is too strong.' 'Mind! there is a bad stick under the surface there.' When he thought that we had been in the water long enough: '*Ndugu*, come out now; don't you get ill.' We were soon back again in the town, and ready for dinner. All the time we spent with this chief we were much pleased with him. From his bearing it might be supposed that he had received an education in England. We were the more anxious to see Nga Liema, who was, without doubt, a greater chief.

On Friday, February 11, we were up early, and ready to start. Bwabwa Njali was afraid that we were going away without wishing him adieu. We explained that we had only arranged everything to save time, but that most certainly we wished to see him first; he had been so kind to us that we wished to leave some little present to express our pleasure, and hoped that we might have many opportunities for seeing him again. We were trusting to him for the fulfilment of his promise to ferry us across his river—the Zue—and to arrange for our crossing to Kintambu.

He was ready to ferry us across to Mfwa, and was sending guides and instructions to Makabi at Ibiu, who would send us

across to Kintambu. The other white man, M. de Brazza, had given him a flag before leaving ; he hoped that we should do the same. We could not be rash in the distribution of English flags, so gave him a square of red cloth for a flag. We then gave him some fine cloths, and, as a great thing, a small round musical box. He was satisfied that we had treated him well. After being ferried across the Zue, we parted good friends.

The guides led us four or five miles through beautiful woods and grassy glades, the country flat, and in some places low ; and having passed two towns, we reached Ibiu, on the shore of Stanley Pool. The town was a collection of small grass houses, crowded closely together. We were taken straight into the chief's compound. About a dozen men and women were standing about, all well dressed, the 'toilette' most careful. The chief came to see us. He was a fine fellow, and came from up river, if we rightly understood. The guides had explained all, and he was ready to send us across ; we should, of course, give the paddlers something. He had sent men to bale out and arrange the canoe.

While we were waiting we had some coffee made, and looked about us. They were a fine people ; the face was of a very different type to any we had seen. Some looked at us, but most went on with their affairs, without paying much attention to us. One man was sauntering about with a spear ; another had a mark of coloured earth down his arm ; others had elaborated beauty spots, marks, and lines.

Presently, Makabi, the chief, came to say that all was ready. He gave us some fowls. We handed over the pay of the paddlers, and some fine cloth for himself, and went down to the beach. A fine canoe of African teak was ready for us, about forty feet long, well cut and finished ; on the outside a wicker pattern was carved. Six paddlers, and two to steer, were deemed sufficient. Makabi pointed out Kintambu, just appearing among the trees, across the river, and about four miles lower down.

We pushed off from the shore, and were paddling across the western end of the Pool, making towards a low, perpendicular



THE GOODWILL ON STANLEY POOL

sand bluff, which forms the south-west point of the exit from the Pool. Above it was a wooded island. When we reached about the middle of the stream, we could see, higher up in the Pool, a low island or islands of sand, grass grown. Skirting the north-east, Dover Cliffs were white in the sun ; behind all a fine range of lofty hills shut in the view from the tree-clad hills and banks whence we had come, all round to the hills from whence we had first sighted the silver streak of the Pool. It is really a fine piece of water, with beautiful surroundings, such as summer pilgrims would journey far to see. The Pool exceeded even our expectations as to beauty.

The stream, fairly strong, had borne us below the sand bluff, before we neared the left bank ; and as we turned down stream, along the wooded banks, we could hear the roar, and see the white leaping waters of the first cataract, a short distance below Kintambu, which was now becoming more distinct, although yet only a few houses appeared. We passed a large canoe, in which a great fish-trap was being carried. After about an hour, we came to Kintambu. Some black objects on the beach proved to be human, and as our canoe grounded on the mud, they rushed away into the town. Some men soon came down, and more, and more, until by the time we had safely landed, and made a pile of our goods, there was a great crowd. One of the Zombo traders we had met in a town a little beyond Manyanga came up to us. The Teke tribal mark showed that he had been born in these parts, and perhaps sold as a slave. He could speak the Teke and Kongo languages. He had with him some Kongo-speaking men. We remembered having seen each other before. He was passing through San Salvador with a trading party, and had come to see *mindele*. As they were strangers from Zombo I went to talk to them, and showed them the kitchen arrangements and the building of the stone house. He recalled all this to our memory, and was willing to speak for us.

The people on the other side of the river had been so good, Nga Liema was so great a chief, and, as we had heard, so well disposed towards us, that we had no hesitation in landing

on the beach. Antonio told the trader that we wanted to see Nga Liema. He told Antonio to accompany him into the town. They returned to tell us that we must wait down on the beach, until the great chief had communicated with Kinshasa. We hardly expected this ; but, as it could not be helped, we had some coffee made, and arranged ourselves in the shade to wait as comfortably as possible until some more decisive answer should be made. We wondered what had so far influenced Nga Liema that he should not at once receive his white visitors, when the people on the other side had been so cordial.

With the trader and Antonio returning there came a long file of spearmen, and others armed with great knives. Some of the knives were very fine specimens of native work, and they were proud to show them. They asked a number of questions of the trader, and spoke roughly to the old captain of the canoe in which we had crossed.

Presently a hustling, and the crowd opened. Nga Liema had come to have a look at us. Without speaking, he stood gazing at us, with a look half supercilious, half wondering, as though he would say, 'What on earth has brought these things here ?' This reverie was soon broken by an invitation to seat himself on one of our tin boxes. He was a fine man, tall, and well built, his face spotted with a mixture of powdered cam-wood and oil. He was dressed in a robe of red handkerchiefs, with a green border ; a great brass chain with very long links hung over his shoulder. His anklets were of brass inlaid with iron and copper.

After scanning us and our surroundings with his keen searching eyes, he concluded that we were not a very harmful party, and asked us if we had come about the goat. The trader explained that we were not come about that, but that it was a friendly visit. 'But were we not afraid to land thus on his beach ?' Why should we fear ? We had come for no bad purpose. Those who have evil in their hearts have fear. 'Good ! come up into the town.' He had arranged with the oldest chief, Makoko, to lodge us in his *lumbu*. This old chief was most probably the ancient who was introduced to

Stanley as Itse, before Nga Liema came forward as the great chief.

There were some eight houses in the compound, which was fenced with sticks. A great crowd kept round the house until late at night, and several spearmen, painted with strange colours and marks, loafed about. Antonio felt very uneasy about the people. They were so different from those on the opposite side; they were real savages, and perhaps not under the control of Nga Liema. Some also spoke of the chief's liking for ears and tongues, and some ugly remarks were made as to the Kru having plenty of salt in them (very savoury), suggesting bad tastes. They made remarks in our own hearing about plenty of cloth, and cutting off ears and noses if they did not get it. It was evident that we were among bad people, and sleep was not very sound that night. We feared lest the Kru boys should make off in the night; for they also saw that the people were bad, and told us so. Lest they should attempt to run away, we kept Samson, the head-man, to sleep in the house with us. The Congos were very fearful.

Before retiring to rest, we had been talking with the trader about our work. He said he had known something about it, and Antonio had told him more. When he was talking to Nga Liema about it, he replied, 'If I have the knowledge of witchcraft in my heart, who could take it out?' If we came to buy his ivory—well! but he did not want us and our God palaver. The conversation then became noisy, the people around expressing opinions, and it became advisable to retire, and to put out the light as soon as possible, to disperse the peeping crowd. We were told that there were three *mindele* (white men) at Kinshasa, who were coming to see us to-morrow. We did not know why they were there, and ascertained that they were black *mindele*.

On Saturday, February 12, our things were arranged early, lest we should be ordered suddenly to leave. We told Nga Liema that we should be glad if he would arrange to send us across in the afternoon. We also spoke of Kinshasa. He said that we should not go to Kinshasa, but that, in a day

or two, he would put us somewhere across on the other side—perhaps down the cataract. What other town was there opposite, below Ibiu?

At about seven o'clock, a crowd assembled, and the six minor chiefs of Kintambu presented us with a large pig. A little later in the morning, two coloured men, in the uniforms of a sergeant and a private of French marines, arrived from Kinshasa. They presented a paper written by M. de Brazza, declaring the annexation to France of the territory included between the Ogowe, Alima, and Congo rivers, and as attesting this the several chiefs had made their marks. He had left two marines, under a sergeant, to guard the French flag. They wore on their caps the ribbon of the Eurydice. They inquired why we had first come to Kintambu, and not to them—why we stayed among so rowdy and troublesome a lot? Nga Liema only had made himself obnoxious to M. de Brazza. He was a bad man, and a nobody; only an upstart, rebellious vassal of Makoko, who is really the great chief of all the Bateke, to whom all the country belonged. We had better get away from Nga Liema, and go with them to Kinshasa; the people there were very good. Three months they had lived with them, and met with no trouble. There was plenty of food there, plaintain, *kwanga*, ground-nuts, &c., but at Kintambu but little food, and bad people. There we might comfortably await Mr. Comber. We told them what Nga Liema had said, and asked them to arrange a canoe to fetch us the next day. The sergeant said that he could, and would arrange it. We wished him to leave his companion with us until the canoe came; this he willingly did.

In the afternoon, we arranged our present for the six chiefs, and had a big palaver. The chiefs sat under the shade of an opposite house; Nga Liema and others under another house, and a great crowd of people. We sent Antonio with a present of fine cloths and sundries. They examined the cloths, and after much talk they said that it was too little; we must give at least twice as much. Antonio urged that all around could see that we had given a fine present. Nga Liema said nothing. They still grumbled. Crudgington then rose, and astonished

them by indignantly opening out the cloths, pitching them about to show their fineness and length, asking where they had seen such fine cloth before. How many such pigs would they buy? He protested against the greed which would not be satisfied with such a present. A general murmur of assent went round, and without more trouble they consented to take the present—'but put one cloth more on top.' This was done, and that palaver was settled. The trader then came to ask for his present. We advised him to wait until evening, but he wished to have it then. We gave him a good present, and his slave was taking it away, when Nga Liema called him and took it from him, telling us that we had not done well for the man; we must give him a finer cloth. We took it back—it was a crimson print—and replaced it by a cloth, of commoner quality but of one colour, all crimson, instead of the pretty print we had given. This satisfied.

Nga Liema hoped that we had saved something good for him. 'He was a great chief; the other white man had given him nothing less than the great goat; he was great, but could not ask us for that, and that, and that, for we should then think badly of him, and a bad report of him would reach Boma. He did not want the white men at Boma to hear anything bad of him. He would treat us well, and we ought to speak well of him. It was enough, he would leave it to us. He intended to give us his gift the next day, but we might as well complete our part of the palaver by giving to-day.'

We arranged some fine cloths, a musical box, neck-chain, &c., and a tin case. Antonio laid them before him. The pattern of one cloth did not suit, and was changed. The sundries pleased as such. The little musical box was much liked, but our own tin boxes were larger than the barter-box which we had given him. 'The box will not suit.' Crudgington's box was the better; it was emptied, and passed out to the chief, but we could not give him the key then. We had only one key for the boxes, one having been lost. This again annoyed Nga Liema. He must have the only key; if not, the box was useless. He was used to having his own way, and could

hear of nothing but the key. He thought that we had it, but would not give it to him.

The French marine, who spoke the language of the country well, protested against Nga Liema's foolishness. We had given the six chiefs a fine present, but they grumbled; we had given Nga Liema a handsome present, with the musical box and a tin trunk, and now he was acting absurdly about a key. This protest availed nothing with him. Crudgington again arose, and acting out immense indignation, scolded the childish man. 'Had we not promised to bring him the key in a month or two?' He walked hurriedly into the house, dashing aside the half-pig hanging near to the door, and I followed him in. The people rushed away to right and left, not knowing what would happen. The acting was good, and the justice of the indignation was apparent. The white man was not telling lies; he had only one key; it would be better to wait.

In a few minutes Nga Liema recovered from his pet, and was sorry that he had been so obstinate; although he had not often been thus crossed in his will. But he came to the house, and said, 'There, never mind the key; it is all right, bring it next time. I accept the present, but mind this—I do not sell my country in accepting this present; you show friendship, and to-morrow I show mine, but I will not sell my country. That is a pretty cloth, may I have it?' It was only a yard or two, lying beside the box, and was, of course, given. We assured him that we had not come to take the country, but only to visit him; if he were willing we would return, build in his town, and teach his people. We were not French, but English—quite another nation—and did not want the country. He was glad that we had visited him, and very pleased that Stanley had spoken well of him. He was anxious that we should do so also.

He wished us to stay a day or two longer with him. He would give us a pig, and the next day would put us across the river, but we must not go to Kinshasa. He had made blood brotherhood with Stanley, and he would do so with Crudgington, and the ancient chief Itse would do the

same with me. We complained of the threatening language used by the chiefs on the previous day, and the bad remarks about savoury Kru boys. He said that we should have no further need to complain. We told him that we must also visit our friends at Kinshasa, and in a day or two would return to visit him again.

Then he was angry with the French marine for coming to fetch us to Kinshasa, and threatened war. The marine said that when M. de Brazza returned he would be angry with Nga Liema for all these palavers. Nga Liema retorted, 'I have not sold my country to him. I am chief here, and shall do as I like in my own country.'

Early next morning we strolled about the town. Two skulls on poles adorned either end of Nga Liema's house. On the beach lay two well-cut canoes, forty-five to fifty feet long. Kintambu was a collection of compounds, surrounded by a high fence. There were several landing-places, and two or three good places where a house might be built, above a good landing. We talked to the townsfolk, they in Kiteke and we in Kongo. We could get some idea as to what each other meant.

Returning to the house, the second marine had come to say that the great canoe had been taken by the Kinshasa people to shoot a hippopotamus. Nga Liema then presented a fine pig; we accepted. We found that Kinshasa was within an easy walk—five miles. We decided to get away as soon as we could, having the marines as guides. If they returned, there was no certainty as to how or when we could reach Kinshasa, or even how, when, or to what landing we could cross the river, if left to Nga Liema.

Everything was ready for the start. Nga Liema saw that we were about to leave, and objected. We assured him that we could stay no longer. The 'heavy rains' were due in a few days; we wanted to finish our business, and to return until the next dry season. If we delayed, the rivers would be impassable, and we should be compelled to stay somewhere without sufficient means to buy food. He acknowledged that this was true, but we must not go to Kinshasa; if we did, he

would make war with them for taking away *his* white men. They had theirs—the French—why should they take his also?—it should be war. We then asked him if we might stay and build in his town, be his white men, and teach his people. No! no white man should build and live in his town—his head must be cut off before that! Whose head? Whether Nga Liema's or the builder's did not appear. We asked him why he talked so foolishly; he spoke with two tongues. One said that no white man should live in his town, the other declared war with Kinshasa for taking away his white men. It was absurd and childish to talk in that way. If Nga Liema did not want white men in his town, we would go to Nchulu of Kinshasa, who would gladly receive us. So the conversation continued until something amused Nga Liema. According to country custom, he laughed out, clapped his hands together, and then with his right caught Crudgington's hand. Immediately he gave Nga Liema's hand a tight squeeze; he writhed and collapsed, and when free, shrieked with laughter at the prompt joke. Others wanted to try it. During the excitement and laughter every one forgot the question of the hour. Immediately the word was given, the Kru boys shouldered their loads and marched off.

When they took the cord of the huge pig, Nga Liema said that he must have the shoulder. We protested that we had eaten but half of the other, and if we killed his pig also, we should be unable to eat it. It was medicine (unlucky), and he must have it. We would leave the pig with him, and when we visited him again in a day or two, would kill it. That would not do; we had better take it. Then, as all moved off, I noticed Nga Liema struggling with a fowl, which was tied on the top of the last load. I went to see what was the matter. He wanted the fowl instead of the shoulder of the pig. I cut it loose, and he took my hand and pressed it to his chest, and then back to my own, and thrice repeated the performance; then, with a waving of hands, we parted good friends.

The town was surrounded by a high fence. We went out at the gate behind the town, and struck a well-trodden road leading through a wood. After four miles we came to an

opening, giving a full view of the Pool and of the first town of Kinshasa. Here the marines wished to stop, while one of them should go to tell the sergeant that we had come on overland. We did not know why this was necessary; but, of course, did as requested, one marine remaining with us, the other going on to the town. Kinshasa was built along the shore of the Pool in a more straggling manner than Kintambu; Nchulu, the chief, lived at the far end of the town. After waiting about an hour in the hot sun, the marine said that he could not understand the delay—we had better go on toward the town. He led the way. As we approached the town, we heard the drum beating, and some wild singing; men's heads appeared above a low line of jungle, before a house. They appeared to be dancing. We did not know whether it meant war, or a big reception according to the style of the great chief. The marine continued on. We followed, until the front Kru boy reached the entrance to the town. He suddenly turned and ran back. We asked him what was the matter. He only ran on; but another and another turned, and men, hideous in war paint, armed with spears, guns, and knives, rushed out, and formed a straggling line in front of the entrance to the town. Everything was done rapidly. We ordered the boys to go back on the Kintambu road; to keep order, walk fast, but not to run, above all to keep together. Crudgington and I fell behind all, with Antonio. They would not parley, but swarmed out of the town, and spread, until, had the wings closed, they would have overlapped our foremost boy.

I had carried my rifle all the morning—for every one was so loaded with *kwanga* and food, that it would have been a hardship to carry the extra seven pounds. The boy who carried Crudgington's double-barrelled breechloader put down his load, unfastened the gun, and ran with it behind to him, and then resumed his load. Until all the people had come out, they remained near the town, but when 150 or 200 were opposed, one man brandished his spear, danced, and sung. Three times the men replied as with one voice; then they all threw their knives high into the air, danced, and began to advance, shouting, *Mbura! mbura!* ('Go away'). We

shouted that we were going back, but why? What was the matter?

The marine had gone on into the town. We had just crossed an open ground-nut plantation, and as we entered the grass all the savages made a rush forward to within a few yards of us who were behind. The boys kept together in good line, and walked fast.

The natives spread out in the grass, and kept close to us, throwing up their knives into the air, yelling and shouting the war-cry. They seemed to wait for some one to begin the fight. Had the boys started running, or had we done anything foolish, there would have been some bad work. We soon passed the little piece of grass, and entered upon another plantation. The boys in front missed the road, but we soon found the mistake, and crossed to the right path.

The savages came to the clearing, and spread out, the men with guns looked to the priming, and two presented, but others told them to wait, while a dozen men rushed toward us. They asked us if we came to buy ivory. We stopped to ask why they hunted us thus without any palaver. They only replied, *Mbura! mbura!* and as again we entered the grass, all rushed up to take advantage of its cover, and spreading out, came closer and closer to us. Perfect fiends they appeared, howling and yelling. We quickened our pace; for our palaver had enabled our boys to travel along well, and the rear was more than 100 yards off. We hoped to reach the thick woods, which would prevent a broad line, and thought that with care we might yet reach Kintambu; but the thread of hope was very slender. But we knew in Whom we had trusted, and our life and all was safe in His keeping. We had, therefore, no need to fear, and were thus able to give cool attention to the business of getting away with our poor boys, who were so utterly dependent on us. We had their confidence, and they obeyed strictly; it would have been easy to have dropped their loads, and to have run from such danger.

Our only chance of safety appeared to lie in reaching Kintambu; but who dare forecast even our reception there

under such circumstances? What ground for hope was there that those savages would be able to master their fury for half a minute more? Escape appeared most improbable. But a Divine hand was holding them back, until, after about twenty minutes, we heard the voices of the sergeant and marine shouting to us to come back. When they came up they drove off the savages, presenting their Winchester repeaters at any one who hesitated, and they brought us across to a clearing on the shore of the Pool, while the marine went on to fetch back the Congo men, who were far in front.

We asked the sergeant how he had come to invite us to such a place and people. It was a mistake, a mistake; he would soon arrange it, and explain. The marine arrived, and the sergeant went into the town to palaver with the chief, warning the savages to do nothing. We insisted upon the marine remaining with us. We found that Dandy, one of the Kru boys, was missing, and ascertained that he was the front boy on entering the town; he had run back, dropping his bundle (a bale of fine cloth) in the grass, and made away alone to the woods. He was the only boy who disobeyed. We sent the boys to call him, and after a while they brought him close to the clearing where we were. Then he said he dare not come to us without the bale, although they told him to leave the bale, and to come without it, as we had said. He would not listen, but ran away to look after the bale. Neither of us could go out to him, for the savages would have seized that opportunity for an attack. The marine told us to stand still. We sent out more boys to call him; but nothing more was seen or heard of him. The great pig had died during the retreat, and was now brought in and cut.

A number of the braves came up to have a look at the things they had been baulked of killing. Women and children came out of the towns to look at us, and laughed and talked with us. But many of the rowdies could not keep quiet. They quarrelled with our boys, and one held his spear-point to the chest of a Kru boy. We interposed, and

made all keep together. Next they stole the marine's tunic, and he became so angry that he wanted to shoot the man as he ran away. Some ten of the rowdies prevented him, dancing round him, holding their spear-heads close to him; the gun-men examined and cocked their guns; knives were thrown into the air and brandished at us, and the women were ordered away. The next minute there would have been a general *mêlée*. I went up to the marine, wrenched away his gun, and told him to take care how he behaved while acting as our guard; he would have plenty of time to recover his tunic. He still wanted to run after the man, but we made him stay. After a little breathing time he saw that he had been foolish.

We remained thus for some two hours, when a bugle sounded near to us. All the rowdies rushed off into the bush, and the women came near. The men had been waiting for the word to cut us up, and could hardly wait with patience; but now they knew what that French bugle meant. The sergeant Malamina explained that M. de Brazza had included Kinshasa and Kintambu with their towns in the annexation with the northern territory, and told them that they were all Frenchmen. They said, 'No; we are Bateke.' 'You don't know; you are all Frenchmen, and there, and there; but south and west all are Mputu (Portuguese). Now listen! Perhaps others' (Stanley, of course, was meant) 'may come to take your country. You are French; take care of your country, and drive them away.' So we came in for the reception which was to have greeted Stanley.

The sergeant had assured them that we were the Frenchmen's brothers, and not bad men, but that we had come to do them good, not harm. Nchulu and five chiefs had agreed to give us a palaver, but the sixth chief, Bankua, of the outside town, would not hear of it. Were we not the very people of whom M. de Brazza had warned them, telling them to drive us away? He hid the long canoe, made up the tale about the hippopotamus hunt, and secretly prepared to oppose us. The sergeant was asleep as we neared the outside town. When he heard the drum he inquired the

cause, and immediately came to our help. Nchulu now said that we had better return to the other side, and when M. de Brazza came back it would be different, as he could advise. The sergeant brought a canoe, but it was too small to carry us; when we and all our goods were in it the gunwale was only two or three inches above the water. The sergeant tried to get another, and after a long palaver arranged a price. All this gave plenty of time to call the lost boy; but either he could not or would not hear. Some men said that he had gone toward Kintambu.

The owner of the canoe would only let it go on condition that paddlers went with us to bring it back. After another long palaver, some men agreed to a price. They insisted on prepayment; but after receiving the cloth they refused to go. We got the cloth back with difficulty. So they palavered until the sun touched the western hills, hoping to delay us until we should be obliged to spend the night there, and they could do in the night what would be difficult, and perhaps impossible, in the daytime. We shifted all our things into the hired canoe, but it leaked terribly, and was deep in the water. There was no help for it; we therefore turned the bow out, and made for the point and covert of an island a little way out in the stream.

While waiting for the hired canoe we had been able to buy three spears, two war-knives, and two bracelets, but had to stop buying, for the people became turbulent at the sight of cloth.

The canoe leaked fast, and had to be baled constantly by three men. Under the lee of the island we readjusted the loads, and again started. The sun went down; but as the twilight waned, the glorious light of the full moon took the place of the departed sunlight. Steadily the boys paddled, and the three men baled out the water, which was often three inches deep. The sergeant and marines were with us.

After nearly two hours we neared the shore, a little below Ibiu, and began to make up the stream. Passing a break in the trees, the noise of the paddles brought some people to

see what marauders were about that night. The sergeant's bugle reassured them; and when he blew a blast at the beach at Ibiu, friendly people came down to help us; and soon we had a bright fire and some dinner, after which we slept heavily until five o'clock the next morning.

After a little breakfast we made ready to start; but before we had finished we heard the hateful Kinshasa war-cry at the beach. A canoeful of our old enemies had come to look at us, and wanted to sell knives, &c. We would not buy, for there might have been another trouble.

The men who paddled us to Kintambu gave us some fish. We gave them some fine cloth, as also a good present to Makabi, the chief of the town. All this the Kinshasa men saw, but there was nothing for themselves. We told them that that was our custom toward friendly people, and would have been our manner toward them; so they had better be careful when we came next time. We made arrangements with the marines about the lost boy. They would do their best, and the people would not be likely to harm him. We could not stay. Having lost the bale, we had only sufficient to pay our own way down, and having obtained all necessary information, there was no further cause for delay, especially as we feared the rains.

We started with two guides, and marched through a drenching rain to Bwabwa Njali's town. His men ferried us over. We could only stay a few minutes with him, as we were so wet. He was as kind as ever, and wished us not to stand still, lest we should take cold. We promised him to return soon, and with another little present we left him, and the same day reached Nkio Buminu, where we spent the night.

Next day we reached the Mfulukadi river without notable incident; after much calling, we were ferried over, and slept in the town, above the river, at Zwana. The people were very obliging and good.

Starting again early, we endeavoured to improve some of the erratic portions of our old road, and succeeded in striking a straighter course, reaching the Snake river, opposite Nsangu, before noon. Thence, we again attempted

a straighter course to reach Nkunga, without the great bend to Zinga, and took a more northerly road.

After five or six miles of hilly country, we passed over the ridge of a hill, and halted suddenly, as we came in sight of the great market of Nkandu Yalala. We hesitated, but there were many people about, who were returning from the market. We could see several thousand people assembled, about half a mile before us. The market at Nkenge Lembelwa, near Congo, is considered a very great market, but Antonio declared that Lembelwa would not muster one-third of the great crowd before us. A drum was beating, and wild singing and dancing was going on. The people about us, seeing our hesitation, advised us to go on, although our road lay straight through the market. 'They are only dancing. Go on. They are all right.' A cry was raised, and passed on: '*Mindele* are coming.' There was no help for it but to advance toward the great crowd. As we filed down the long slope, on the broad open path, all could see us. The drum stopped, and the wildest commotion ensued, screaming and shouting; people seized their wares, and rushed away to hide them; *mbadi* traders packed up their palm-fibre cloth. A great crowd ran toward us.

All trade for the day was at an end. As we crossed the market-place, and passed on, an immense crowd swarmed about us—ever rushing past us, and on ahead, to get another sight of the wonderful *mindele*. Very few among all those thousands had ever seen a white man, and the excitement was intense. Doubtless many traders were angry at the upset of the day's business. Markets in these parts are held once in every four days; the names of the days being *Nsona*, *Nkandu*, *Konzo*, *Nkenge*.

The people were not afraid of us, they being in such great numbers. Curiosity held full sway, and they were so interested that no one seemed inclined to make trouble. We walked fast, and continued, without stoppage, to a stream which we were informed was the Nkisi river. We remembered crossing it on the up journey. I have also cause to remember it now, for the Kru boy who was carrying me

slipped on the rocky bed, and let me down mid-stream, a spectacle to five hundred. Our train of followers steadily dwindled, until, with a train of about fifty people, we entered the town of Kamba. On the way a Zombo man came up to us. He had been to Congo. The theft of the gift goat by Nsunga of Kiniangi was evidently well known, for the trader asked what we were going to do about it. He told us that 'we were mad, giving away cloth as freely as we did.' We explained that we wished to show a liberal disposition to our new friends. We walked more than twenty miles this day.

During the next three days we made rapid progress, taking shorter cuts in some places, and on the 19th we reached the Mata river at a higher point, and crossed over a fine bridge of creeper ropes. It was too late to go on to Kibindika; we therefore slept in the toll-keeper's hut.

It was not considered prudent to remain a whole day in the open in so public a place, although we should have preferred a quiet Sunday there. We therefore walked the four or five miles into Kibindika. The people managed to steal sundry articles—a Kru boy's shirt, a saucepan lid, &c.

Next day, at a town called Kinguvu, we learned that two other white men had been there since we left; that they had been obliged to return in consequence of insufficient barter. They had Kru boys, for they carried on their backs. We thought that it was Comber, possibly, but could not be sure. They offered to guide us on the return road of the other white men, and led us on a westerly course to Ndandi, where we thought best to spend the night. There was a violent tornado at sunset.

Starting early in the morning, with guides, we came to the Luoji river. The tornado of the previous night had so swollen the stream that it was now a furious torrent. Crudgington found a narrow part, which we were able to bridge over by felling a tree. The stream had overflowed its banks, so that, as the tree lay across, part of it was under water. All crossed without mishap except one boy, Pie, who, with a bag of our precious rice fastened to his back, tottered and fell. Fortu-

nately, he fell up stream, and clutched the tree as he passed under; had he fallen in the other direction, he would have been carried down the furious cataract. He was immediately assisted and brought safely to land, with his bag of rice still tied on his back. We dried it at midday at Yanga, a place on the crest of a lofty range of hills which involved a climb of 1,600 feet. From the top we could see to Manyanga, on the north-east, and westward to Isangila.

At Yanga, a man told us that some white men had built a house beside the river. He would guide us to them; it was not far. As it was so near, we considered it advisable to visit them, and engaged the man to guide us. We descended to the little town of Nlende, and then passed on to a low hill. Some women across the valley shouted to warn another little town of our approach. As we neared the town, four men, armed with guns, appeared in the grass, in a very excited state of mind, and advancing toward us. It was but too apparent that they meant to fight. One man examined the priming of his gun, cocked it, and came near to fire at us. We ordered our boys to retreat, in good order, to Nlende. The man was now within a few yards, and presented at us who were behind. This was no play, and immediately Crudgington presented his gun at the man before he had time to fire. The man, seeing his danger, ran back a little, and reappeared from behind a bush a few yards off from us. Again he presented, and Crudgington was obliged to present at him again, with the desired effect. The man retired a little, and then followed us closely in our retreat. Arrived in Nlende, we asked the chief what the men in the next town meant by coming out to fight us. He laughed, and said that we had made a mistake; they were out hunting. We explained the circumstances. The chief then saw that matters were indeed serious. We made him stay with us, while he sent a messenger to parley. He brought back a reply that there was war between a town on the hills and their town, and when the women across the valley shouted, they thought that the hillmen were upon them; but, of course, *mindele* might pass. The tale about mistaking us for hillmen was too

palpable a lie, even if the story about the war was true. The man who presented at us was not much more than twelve yards off; he could see clearly the strange dress and loads of the Kru boys, and could not mistake the two white men, who immediately fell behind, even before he presented.

We said that, next morning, the chief of our town, Nlende, should go before us, with the guide from Yanga; we would pass through the town, and go on to our brothers by the river; but there must be no nonsense. The chief consented; but the guide ran away in the night.

As the guide had run away, the chief of Nlende promised to guide us all the way. With him, and three more men of the town, we started. We kept close line. I walked in front with the guides, and Crudgington brought up the rear. We did not expect any trouble under the circumstances, but, should any arise, it might be before or after passing, and, therefore, we thought it best to arrange thus. As we had anticipated, we walked quietly through the town, and no one had any remark to make: the obnoxious individual kept out of the way.

After six miles among the hills—chiefly limestone—we came to a hill above the Luala river, and our guides shouted across the valley to Nkweza for canoes. The men soon came and ferried us across. After two miles more, passing several quiet towns, we entered another, and were much surprised at the wild excitement which our presence created. The guides assured us that our white brothers were close by. Why then this excitement?

They explained to the people that we were only going to our brothers beside the river, and would do no harm. We waited to make up a close line, and when all the boys had caught up we started again. More men with guns followed us. We wondered what sort of white men they could be, if these people were so afraid of us. It was most incomprehensible. As we ascended a low hill some of our accompaniment shouted, and twenty men, most of whom were armed, came out of a town, demanding toll, and appeared inclined to be obstructive. This was still more inexplicable; for now the

roof of the white man's house was plainly visible, but two or three hundred yards distant. Indignantly we demanded what this nonsense meant. If they had any palaver, the chief must visit us at the house, but as for paying for the road here, that was out of the question. Crudgington went on, and I waited behind to palaver until our last boy had come up, and then, despite the bullying of the people, passed on to the house. There we were pleased to find our friends of the Livingstone Inland Mission. It was their furthest station, and was then in charge of Messrs. Lancelly and Clark. Mr. McCall, their leader, was away at Palabala.

Our friends had not yet been allowed by the natives to go into the neighbouring towns, and, therefore, had not been able to ascertain their exact position. The place was called Bemba. We explained to them that they were a little below the Itunzima Falls. They told us that Palabala was four days distant, some four or five hours being travelled by canoe. We spent two pleasant days there, which were the more enjoyable after all the travelling. The troublesome chief made us a present, and we gave a return, advising him to behave better another time when a white man passed through his country. He made some excuse, and the palaver was settled without trouble.

The attitude of these last towns and all things being considered, we determined to descend the river in canoes, and were able to buy two very cheaply. We bade adieu to our kind hosts on February 26, starting early. We soon put to the shore again, to rearrange the loads and cut two poles. My canoe was sound, but its carrying capacity was very small; for when my box and half the Krus were on board it was quite low enough in the water. Crudgington's canoe was able to carry all the other loads with safety, but was rather heavy to move. A hippopotamus was bathing close to where we landed, and when next he came up to breathe and look at us we fired simultaneously. One ball certainly hit, and he went under; in about a minute there was a great kicking in the water, and all the boys shouted, 'He live for die, he live for die, master!' (He is dying). We saw no more.

Starting again, we paddled down stream, my light canoe generally keeping in front. We passed the Kwilu, a tributary stream from the south, and came to a place which we immediately recognized from Stanley's description of it in his book.

A great roar, and a line of white, tossing foam across the river, warned us of a cataract. We approached as near as was safe, and then put into a sandbank, whence we could prospect. A high rocky island rose in the middle of the river. To the right a clear fall, to the left a rapid. Stanley had raced down it. On each side of the left channel were bad rocks, but in the centre the water raced down in one mad sweep, then, being parted by two rocks, resumed a fairly quiet course. We paddled off from the sandbank, my light canoe leading. Keeping carefully in the mid-current, we dropped down steadily, until we were caught in the rapid. The boys paddled hard to keep a good way on the canoe for steering. I stood up, and motioned to the boy steering. The hills whirled past, and down we raced at railway speed, pulling hard to the left, to avoid the rocks at the end of the rapid, and the whirlpools. Safely down, I turned to look for Crudgington; but he was nowhere to be seen. Presently he appeared from behind the rock; his heavy canoe had been carried like a log, and to the right of the rock, but all were safe.

Passing down another quiet reach, a roar announced another cataract; a reef of rocks ran almost across the river. We found a safe passage, and passed. As we neared a rock bluff point, we heard another loud roar. We were close together as we neared the point. Whirlpools and cauldrons were ahead, and soon my canoe was travelling round a whirlpool. The boys paddled hard, and we got clear. Passing several rapids, we stopped and turned round as we neared another cataract. I looked for Crudgington, and he was nowhere to be seen. The boys said that he had gone back. We paddled up on a back current to a rock beside the last rapid, and waited. Presently we saw the splash of his paddles, and after a little he whirled past us, down to the point at

which we turned, and went ashore. I crossed over, paddled down to him, and we took lunch on the reef. He had been caught in a back current just as my canoe entered the rapid, and, in spite of all his efforts, had been carried back. We again put out, and hugged the shore until we came to a bad passage. We landed, took out all our goods, and let our canoes shoot the bad waters at the shore ends of two reefs, holding them by ropes of palm frondlets which our boys had plaited. We hauled them up on a sandbank as the sun set, and camped for the night.

We could not understand, by the description given, where the friends of the Livingstone Mission landed for the Palabala road; we therefore determined to drop down to Isangila. Although Sunday, we could not spend the day on the sandbank; to reach Isangila, where we could stay, would not take long.

We started early, and without further trouble dropped down the stream for a few miles, when a loud roar and an island reef across the river compelled us to put ashore to prospect. We could have safely passed it between the islands, but to avoid risk we hugged the shore, and found a creek with a down current. We passed down it, until my canoe was close to a little shoot about ten feet wide. We immediately paddled for the shore. We might safely have shot this little rapid, but it was wise to be cautious. Crudgington went to the end of the rock, and spied the white tents of Stanley's expedition. He gave a shout of joy at the discovery, and men watched us from the reef camp 100 yards opposite. We emptied the canoes and steadied them down with the palm-frondlet cables, loaded them again, and crossed to the camp beach, where Stanley was standing. In his tent he had heard the shout, and recognizing its English origin, hastened out to see who could be coming down the river. We half apologized for our extreme caution opposite, but he strongly commended it and its success. 'It reminded me of old times.'

We soon explained how we came to be there. He kindly interested himself in the story of our little journey, and

immediately arranged breakfast, inquiring if we needed food for our men, or if he could do anything for us. He was very kind and ready to help in any way. He asked many questions as to his old friends up the river; although he had found some bad people, he had also made many friends. Except the sullen people at the Mata river, and the scoundrels behind the Livingstone Mission station, no one mentioned a single word against Stanley; the people of those two places would quarrel with an angel; indeed, while they considered us to be gods, they made themselves most obnoxious.

Our kindly, *fearless* reception by the amiable north-western Bateke was doubtless due in a good measure to Stanley's friendly and gentle treatment of them; and, indeed, some allowance must be made for the action of those to the south of the Pool, through M. de Brazza's instructions to guard their country until his return.

Stanley kindly offered to take us down to Isangila in his steamer the next morning, and placed a tent at our disposal. We spent a most pleasant day with him, and as it was Sunday he had time to talk with us. He discussed with us the prospects of our mission, our plans, ways and means, the geology of this part of Africa, and prospects of these countries. He was evidently heart and soul in the great work he had in hand, and was very anxious for the enlightenment and civilization of the Dark Continent. He considered the people beyond the Babwende, although then savage, to be fine races of men, far better than those near the coast, and believed that they would help themselves, and be worth any trouble endured for their improvement. He told us that Messrs. Comber and Hartland had visited him, having travelled up as far as the neighbourhood of Kibonda; they had been compelled to return by the failure of barter stuff.

Stanley inquired very closely as to our journey, and the position of Stanley Pool. We told him that he had placed the Pool about a degree too far to the east. This was good news to him; it meant seventy miles less to convey his steamers and stores. He wished to know how we came to these conclusions. We pointed to several stages on his map

which we passed in half the time that the distances which he had given required, and that both going and returning. He said that they were the parts in which he had met with the greatest difficulties during his descent of the river in 1877.

As to our means of computation of distance, we worked under special difficulties, for my watch stopped before we reached Vivi, and Crudgington's at Isangila; but from point to point we discussed the distances, and had arrived at pretty sound conclusions. When Stanley reached the Pool later on, and the positions of Vivi and the Pool were corrected, it was found that we were only seven miles wrong in our computation of the distances of that long journey. We estimated the level of the water at Stanley Pool at 1,050 feet above the sea; the Congo Railway Company finds it to be 1,013 feet, so we were pretty close in that also.

Stanley asked us about de Brazza and the men he had left in charge. This was the first news of the annexation to France by de Brazza. Stanley had suspected something from de Brazza's bearing when he met him, but had never thought of a French Protectorate.

Stanley brought us down to the Ntombe Creek, close to Isangila, in his steamer, the *En Avant*, and lent us his whale-boat for the last few hundred yards to his station at Isangila. We bade him adieu, with many thanks. He assured us of the same welcome and hospitality, should we have occasion to meet again.

We reached an old camp near the Ngulu the same day. There were three hours of heavy rain after sunset, and for at least three hours after midnight. A hippopotamus was grazing within a hundred yards of where we slept; the Kru boys said, 'He live for talk plenty.' The next day we slept at a town, Ngandu, near Manzi, and on Wednesday, March 2, we reached Vivi at 2.30 p.m. There we received the kind hospitality of Mr. Augustus Sparhawk, who was Stanley's agent at the *dépôt* at Vivi. He kindly gave us a passage in the s.s. *Belgique* to our new mission *dépôt* at Musuku, where we arrived safe and sound, having enjoyed excellent

health throughout the whole journey, thankful to our Heavenly Father for all His kind care and guidance on the way, and for the success with which He had crowned our efforts.

Our journey from Vivi to the Pool, and back again to Vivi, occupied forty-three days. Twenty-one days were spent in actual travelling up, and fourteen days and two half days in the journey down. The distance up and down was about 500 miles. From San Salvador to the Pool and back to San Salvador could have been but few miles short of 700 miles—as far as from London to Berwick and back.

At Musuku we learned that Comber and Hartland had failed once more in their attempt to reach the Pool by the south bank. The report that the road was open was quite false. The Kru boys were so frightened at what they heard that they ran away, and the San Salvador men would go no further than Mwala; so for the thirteenth time it became necessary to beat a retreat, and return to San Salvador, where they found the runaway Kru boys. With these eight boys and a Victorian man, they started from Musuku on Jan. 25, to follow us along the north bank. They made their way in nine days as far as Kinguvu, in the Sundi country, about half-way to Stanley Pool. There they realized that the cloth and other stuff which they had been able to carry would not suffice to take them to the Pool and back, so that they would become a hindrance to us. To meet us with their own stores exhausted, only to find us, most probably, in a like condition, would imperil the whole expedition. Where one party might manage to get food, the two parties might starve. They were only five days behind us; but with heavy hearts they had to retrace their steps, hoping and praying that Crudgington and I might have better success.

Returning to Musuku, Comber was able to catch an English steamer, just returning up the coast, by means of which he went to the Cameroons, where he was able to obtain three good workmen, who were used to sawing out planks from the log, and rough carpentry. He also engaged some Kru boys at Fernando Po, and two personal servants at Gaboon. At

the same time Hartland went down to Loanda to see whether any work-people could be engaged there. Both Comber and Hartland needed a change, and the sea-blow, while thus pushing on the affairs of the mission, came very opportunely. Hartland found that we could not hope to get any workmen or carriers from Loanda.

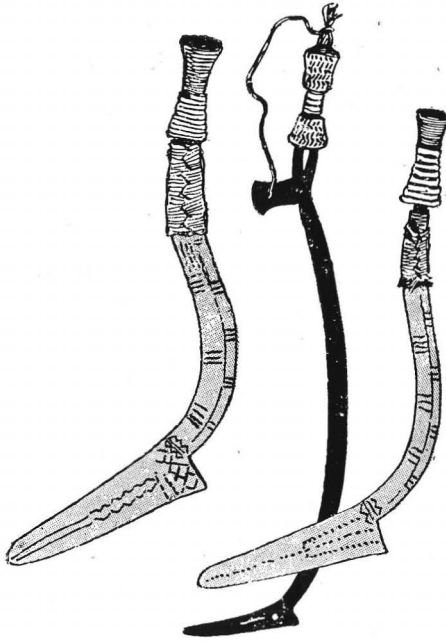
Crudgington and I reached Musuku, on our return from Stanley Pool, on March 5, and learned that Comber and Hartland were not likely to be back for a month. The reaction after the journey made us both ill; my indisposition was slight, but Crudgington developed a fever of the haemoglobinuric type, and was very weak for nearly a fortnight.

We stayed with Grenfell. He was building a base station a few hundred yards above the Dutch factory at Musuku. Material was scarce; a few posts were with difficulty found in the neighbourhood, frond-stems of the raphia palm were bought from the Dutch House at Ponta de Lenha, some grass was cut near by for the thatching. He had just built a rough temporary house for himself, and another to afford shelter to his work-people. One day, when we were cutting grass on the opposite bank, near a little town, we were fortunate enough to buy a native house for nine yards of cotton stuff. The houses there are built in parts; each wall is made separately. Four stakes are let into the ground, and the walls are tied to them; then the roof is built on the walls. Having bought the house, it was only necessary to cut a few liana strings at the four corners, and four or five places where the roof was tied to the walls. The roof was then lifted off, and folded at the ridge. We carried it down to the boat, laid the walls on it, and paddled across with the grass and the house. In less than an hour the house was re-erected on our station. It was about 8 ft. by 12 ft.

Antonio and our Congo carriers, who had accompanied us to Stanley Pool, received their pay and a handsome present, and went home proud to be able to tell of their success in reaching the far upper river.

On April 2 Hartland returned to Musuku; and three days

later Comber arrived with the Kru boys, and two boys who had been trained in the mission school at Gaboon. These boys came as personal servants for two years. Thus met together again, we were able to consult and make our plans for further action.



WAR-KNIVES



WOMAN OF LUKOLELA

CHAPTER X

DEVELOPMENT OF THE NEW ROUTE TO THE UPPER RIVER: 1881-2

‘Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.’—EXOD. xiv. 15.

‘There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed.’—JOSHUA xiii. 1.

AS soon as Comber and Hartland returned to Musuku, we consulted as to ways and means for the development of the new route. We were indeed thankful that a way had been opened to us. True, there were still many difficulties before us, but we felt that they were in process of solution. We were glad also that we were so far able to avail ourselves of our opportunities. Grenfell had come to our help in the very nick of time. With him at our base station, we were

assured of all vigour and good management there. One of our number could hold on at San Salvador, if this seemed the best course until further help could reach us from home. Two could commence the forward work at once, and one must go to England to report and consult with the Committee of the Society, that they might thoroughly understand the situation, and that there should be no delay in the dispatch of reinforcements, and of the things necessary for the work. Crudgington was requested to go home. Comber took charge of the forward work. As I was the one left who knew the up country, I was to accompany him. Hartland was to carry on the work at San Salvador, if we decided not to withdraw, until two new missionaries were thoroughly initiated into the work there; he was then to join us in the forward operations.

One other matter was laid upon Crudgington. Stanley advised us strongly to make use of the ninety miles of navigable water-way which lay open from Isangila to the Ntombo Falls, near Manyanga. We could transport our stores by our own people from the lower river to Isangila. Thence we might convey things by water to Manyanga, avoiding the troublesome Basundi, and the people on the south bank. Stanley would push on with the least possible delay from Manyanga to Stanley Pool, and he would open and keep open that part of the road. He suggested that we should obtain a steel whale-boat, constructed in portable sections, which could be carried over the fifty miles from Vivi to Isangila; a boat similar to one which he had. In accordance with this advice, Crudgington was to urge that Messrs. Forrest be instructed to put in hand, at once, a steel sectional boat like that supplied to Stanley.

When the news of our success reached England, it evoked great enthusiasm. A friend in Plymouth gave the money for the steel boat at once. She was therefore to be known as the Plymouth. Six new missionaries were asked for, to complete the necessary staff. The money for the outfits and passages of five of them was promised in a month, and the sixth shortly after. From all sides came evidence of a deep

and widespread interest. A Staffordshire collier, who had been praying every day for two years that the way to Stanley Pool might be opened up, and had never for one minute doubted that the answer would come, wrote: 'I have been putting on one side into my Congo box any little savings, and they have been only little, as work has been dull, and home expenses, owing to long sickness, many and heavy. Yet I have £5, and this I send at once as my thank-offering for this glorious news.' A domestic servant in the North of Scotland sent £1; a widow and her son, 'out of their poverty,' 10s.; a 'watercress seller,' 5s.; a scavenger, £5; a 'seamstress,' £1; a blind girl, £2; a domestic servant, £5; and a blacksmith, £2. One letter said: 'You will find enclosed half a sovereign; it is all we have in the world, and it is for the Congo Mission. I am a crippled widow, and have been in bed with a bad spinal complaint for five years. My only child, a daughter seventeen years old, works with me with her needle, and we only earn just enough to live by. It has taken us a year to save this ten shillings; but if you only knew the joy we feel in helping on this Congo Mission, it would, I think, cheer and encourage you. We buy the *Herald* every month, and read it with great delight—this is the only book we are able to buy. You will not mind this being only a small sum, will you? The Lord knows we cannot do more.' Can we wonder that our Lord and Master took note of these things, or that a blessing came upon the work?

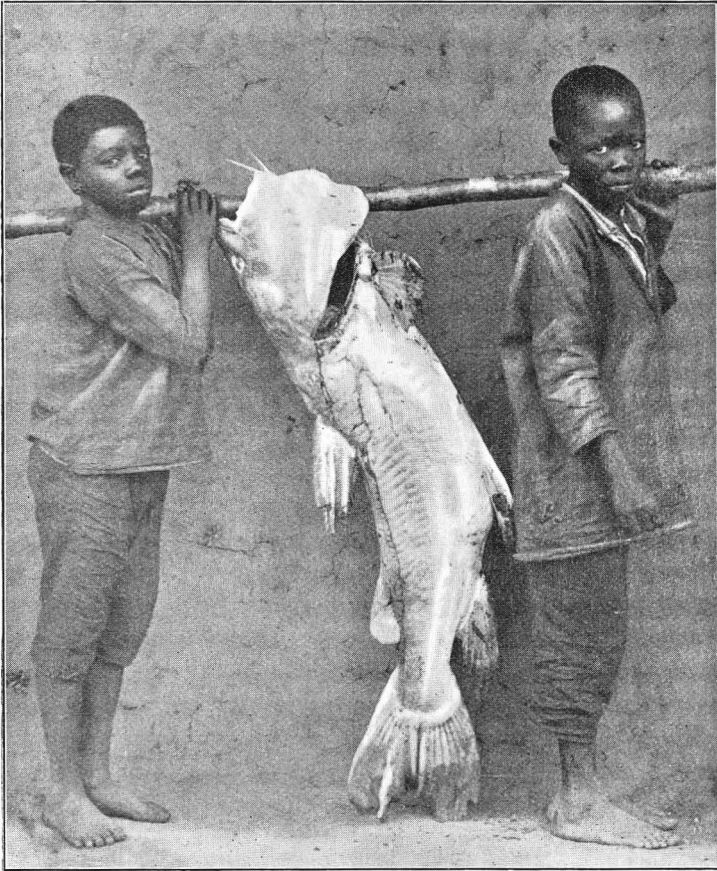
The road to the Pool was open, and the outlook was full of hope and encouragement; but we were not to have things all our own way. The energy put forth by the Protestant Missionary Societies in Africa had not escaped the attention of the Propaganda in Rome. The Romish Church considered the advent of Protestant missionaries into Central Africa a greater evil to the natives than their previous dark heathenism. The pope issued a Bull enjoining a most vigorous attack upon this Protestant enterprise. 'The movements of the heretics are to be followed up, and their efforts harassed and destroyed.' Wherever a Protestant mission was found, a Romish mission was to be set up in the same place, in

opposition to it. In accordance with these instructions, Cardinal Lavigerie sent his missionaries, the White Fathers, from Tunis, to endeavour to overturn the work of the Church Missionary Society in Uganda, in February, 1879. Others of his congregation went to Lake Tanganika, in 1880, to deal with the work of the London Missionary Society. Their desperate efforts and outrageous behaviour in Uganda are well known.

As soon as the authorities of the Romish Church heard of our arrival at San Salvador, Père Carrié of Landana wrote to the King of Congo, endeavouring to prejudice him against us. There were, however, some difficulties in allowing French missionaries to go to San Salvador, for then French influence would be opposed to the annexation of Congo by Portugal. It was, therefore, arranged that three chaplains of the Portuguese navy should be sent to San Salvador on a politico-religious mission, to destroy our influence there. The French Mission of the Holy Ghost and Sacred Heart, to which Père Carrié belonged, was to deal with us on the Upper Congo.

Crudgington and I left Musuku for Stanley Pool on January 17. Comber and Hartland left there to follow us up on the 25th. Two days before, the *Bengo*, a Portuguese gunboat, arrived at Noki, ten miles above Musuku, conveying the three priests bound for San Salvador. They were under a contract with the King of Portugal to stay in Congo five years at least, and brought with them rich presents to the King of Congo, from the King of Portugal. There was 'a crown bordered with gold,' a solid silver decanter and four beakers, a large silver ewer and basin—the silver ware alone must have cost £100—a suit of clothes rich in gold braid, a royal robe, a cocked hat with a plume of red feathers, and several kegs of rum and cases of gin! 'Things far richer than I have ever seen before,' wrote the poor old king to Comber, telling him of their arrival. They arrived at a time, for them, most opportune. We were all away, and the station locked up. When we heard of it, we were very anxious lest the king's head should be turned by the rich presents which were laid before him.

In May, 1881, Père (now Bishop) Augouard, of the French Mission of the Holy Ghost and the Sacred Heart of Mary, attempted to get carriers to make his way to Stanley Pool. He met with the usual difficulties, and it was not until July



A SILUROID, UPPER CONGO

that he was able to make a start. There is no necessity to anticipate the narrative, but it is mentioned here to show how the Church of Rome sought to meet every Protestant advance.

On April 18 Crudginton started on his homeward journey ;

and two days after, Comber, Hartland, and I set out for San Salvador. We spent a quiet Sunday at a day's distance from the town, and on the Monday, when we reached San Salvador, we received the heartiest welcome. For the last four hours of our journey the rain was pouring down heavily ; had it not been so, we should have been met by many people far down the road. As we neared the town, our approach was seen by Matoko, who raised the cry ; it was taken up all over the town. A crowd conducted us to our house, and was largely increased, as the people came rushing into the courtyard, almost breaking down our fence with the pressure and the struggle through the gate. Hands everywhere stretched out to be shaken ; eyes beaming with welcome, and voices raised to the highest pitch, contending for a hearing ; meanwhile some fifty gunshots proclaimed their joy to the neighbourhood. We knew that the people had a kindly feeling toward us, but we scarcely realized before its depth and heartiness. We had come to San Salvador with some misgivings. We had been away for nearly four months ; the padres, with their rich presents, had been there ten weeks. We wondered how far they had made use of their opportunity, and how far the hearts of the people had been turned away from us. We were quite undecided as to whether or not we should withdraw from San Salvador. Had the people been cold and indifferent, we should probably have done so. The heartiness of our reception made us feel half ashamed that we had entertained such thoughts. The reality and depth of their feeling toward us was beyond all question.

Scarcely had we entered our house, when a messenger from the king expressed his pleasure at our return, and made kind inquiries as to our health. We sent back our thanks, and a promise to go to see him when we had had a wash, some dry clothes, and a cup of tea. While we were discussing our tea, two cards were brought, 'O Presbytero José Antonio de Souza Barroso,' and 'O Missionario Portuguez ultramarino Joaquim de Jesus Annuniação Folga' ; we learned that two of the padres had come to pay us a call. They expressed a welcome, and told us that their colleague, Sebastião José

Pereira, and Senhor Chaves, a white carpenter, were ill with fever. They were building within fifty yards to the west of us.

It was late, the sun had set, so our visit to the king could be but brief. He was very hearty, and glad to see us. After a few minutes we left, promising to come next day to talk over some important matters. Our house was in good condition; the rain had not made its way through the roof, and all our effects were as we left them.

A great deal of information was forthcoming next morning from the people. We learned that the padres were not by any means popular. On their arrival, they inquired about our ways and customs, and learned that on Sunday we held divine service in the great square of the town. Accordingly, they announced their intention of doing so the next Sunday, and requested the king to be present. The people gathered in good numbers to see what the padres would do, and to hear their teaching. The king came, as usual, and sat on his state chair by the table which they had rigged up as an altar. The padres proceeded to say mass. It was, of course, in Latin, and the king had many times to rise from his seat and get down upon his knees. He was a very fat man, and very heavy, and this frequent kneeling tried him much; but he was very good, and did as he was told to do. At length the ceremony came to an end, and the padres said that all was over.

The king was astonished; he was accustomed to listen to our teaching, and then to sum it all up to the people, and to make his own comments thereupon. He told the padres in the public assembly that that sort of thing would never do. There had been a great deal of kneeling down, and a great deal of a language which he understood was not even Portuguese. They had not taught him anything; no one had understood a word. They could not expect an attendance upon such services as that. The English missionaries prayed to God, and sang hymns in Kongo. They read from God's book—in Portuguese, it was true; there had been no time to translate it; but there were always those present who could understand it. Then, by means of interpreters, they spoke to the people, and told them of the love of God, and of the

Saviour, who died to save us, of the way to heaven, and of many great and glorious things. He was much disappointed. There were those present who could have interpreted for them, so that all might have profited, but no one had understood a single word of anything.

Since then they had conducted service in their own compound, and the king had not attended. We inquired whether they taught anything. All that the people seemed to gather was that they were to come and 'eat salt,' and put away all their wives but one. In the Romish christening service, the priest says, 'Ye are the salt of the earth,' and places a little salt upon the tongue. This part of the service the Congos could remember, and the ceremony was called the eating of salt. We had not counselled the putting away of extra wives taken while in heathen ignorance, but spoke strongly against adding to their number, or taking more than one. The padres would have done better to have confined themselves to evangelical teaching, rather than touch this matter of the putting away of wives. They had to teach something, but were not accustomed to preach and teach, and really they did not know what to talk about.

The padres, too, had criticized us at our work in a way which did not commend itself to the judgement of the people. They said that we did not 'impart the salt' (baptize), whereas they did so every Sunday. We wore clothes like the traders, instead of the long cassock which all proper priests and missionaries wore. Worst of all, we did not carry 'God' about with us, but they had always their crucifixes. How could we be proper missionaries? These were the only charges which they brought against us. They indulged in vague talk of our not teaching the truth, while they did, and assured their hearers that hell fire would be the portion of those who attended our services and imbibed our teachings. The padres were said to beat their boys, threaten to shoot their carriers, and to have very bad cloth. They were used to coast ways, and had not maintained such a free, friendly attitude towards the people as we had; they kept them much more at a distance.

We visited the padres the next day, and found that they had great difficulty in buying food. For some days they had had no fresh meat. We sent them at once our finest sheep, and advised them as to the treatment of their sick colleagues. Our relations were always most courteous and affable.

On the Friday after our arrival, the king came to dine with us, and afterwards there was a display with the magic lantern in the king's compound. On the Saturday we invited the three padres and Senhor Chaves to dinner. They were very pleasant and free in conversation. Padre Folga told me how, in Portugal, he was shocked to learn of the scarcity of priests in Angola, of the many altars which were deserted, because there was no officiating priest, so he had come to revive once more the worship at those altars, and to help in the discharge of the duties of his Church. He spoke as a well-meaning, simple-minded man, who saw the need of the province, and had responded to a call of duty. There was no missionary order in Portugal, but they were all naval chaplains. When men were sought for the work at San Salvador, he had offered for it, and so he had come. Padre Barroso, the director of the mission, was always most courteous in his bearing; his position, however, led him sometimes into actions for which it is difficult to find an excuse.

The king watched closely the mutual bearing toward each other of the two missions, and when the padres dined with us, every detail was reported to him at short intervals all through the evening. Next morning, being Sunday, Padre Barroso wrote the king a letter, warning him against us and our meetings, and telling him that he could not hope to go to heaven if he went to our services. He was urged, as a 'Catholic king,' to defend the doctrines of the Holy Church, and to keep his people from us. The king showed the letter to Comber, and was very indignant about it. He said: 'I heard all about the dinner. You spoke pleasantly together, and entertained them in good style. You got out all your special forks and spoons, and that jam-pot, which you did not get out even when I went to dine with you. Afterwards you conversed freely, and were quite friendly, and now he

writes me this letter; he ought to have some shame.' A little later he called Padre Barroso, gave him a good scolding, and wound up by telling him never to write him such a letter again. The conversation was related to us by one who was present; it was a very straight expression of the king's mind, and a lesson in honourable behaviour, which the priest had not expected from African lips.

For the king, the situation was very difficult. He liked us very much, and was anxious that we should remain at San Salvador; at the same time he feared the Portuguese. It was by their help that he had ascended the throne; he feared lest they should depose him. He was afraid that any indiscretion on his part would bring upon him a force of Portuguese soldiers; and that unless he was very careful, war might result between England and Portugal!

For the next three Sundays the king did not attend either of the services. For two Sundays, he made sickness the reason (he was really unwell), but at length told us frankly, that if he went to one service, he must also go to the other; so he thought that he had better abstain from both. The poor old man was indeed to be pitied; we could but feel for him; many of his fears were groundless, but some of his difficulties were very real. The services we held had an average attendance of about 100; at the Portuguese mass there would be, as a rule, about thirty present. At our day school, from twelve to fifteen; at the padres', seven or eight. The principal men of Congo were, with but one exception, our strong supporters. The principal and most promising boys, too, were ranged on our side. Three or four of them who wished to learn Portuguese came to us rather than to the Portuguese priests themselves.

On our first arrival we did not discuss the question of withdrawal from San Salvador, wishing to ascertain carefully the native feeling, to look all round the matter, and ascertain the possibilities of the situation. We told the king, however, that we had come up with thoughts of withdrawing. After a few days the king sent to say that he was coming to see us, to talk about a serious matter which was on his mind. He

came, and, after kind expressions of esteem and affection for us, and of his admiration of our conduct while living at San Salvador, he urged us on no account to leave him. 'If you leave us,' said he, 'and we are not found at God's right hand in the Day of Judgement, whose fault will it be? Will it not be yours, because you taught us a little, and just as we were beginning to understand, you went away and left us? The sick man dies because the doctor leaves him in the middle of his sickness, instead of waiting until he is quite well. If you must develop the new road to Stanley Pool, one of you at least might stay here.' We promised to give the matter our consideration, or, according to the native idiom, we would 'drink water,' and give our answer—'vomit the water'—the next day. We felt keenly the responsibility of our position. We were very short-handed, but it would be a great pity to abandon such a promising station as San Salvador, even though Romish priests had come to oppose us. To retire before the opposition there, would be to court opposition elsewhere. Our position was strong. We had a good knowledge of the language. Our medical work was well appreciated by the people, and was another element of strength. A great deal of our influence lay in our kindly familiarity with the people. Africans like to be chatted and played with, and it can be done without any loss of proper dignity. Every one was at his ease with us. We chatted freely with them, and took an interest in their affairs. We were always the same with them; not kind one day, and cold and distant the other. The children came into our field every day to the swing on the baobab-tree; we were always accessible; they liked our free and easy manner, and yet, withal, our thorough earnestness when we touched upon any serious matter. We had won the love of their hearts, and we could but know it. They said, 'If you go, you take away our light and our hope.' Earnestly and prayerfully, we considered the matter. We felt that there was but one course open to us; whatever might be the developments on the new road and the upper river, we could not abandon our old friends at San Salvador. When our decision became

known, the people were very glad. We told them that Hartland would remain with them until some new missionaries arrived. We hoped that they would so support him, that we should feel that our continuance at San Salvador was amply justified. They assured us that there would never be any cause to regret our decision.

In a few days we packed our belongings and those of Crudginton. A great many were present when we took leave of the king. He thanked us, in a remarkable speech, for all that we had done for him and for his people, and regretted that it was necessary for any of us to go away. He bore testimony to our blameless life and character, and assured us that we had won the love and esteem of all. No one could say that we had wronged them. We had cared for the sick, and saved many lives. We had taught them how men ought to live, and had lived as we taught. Nothing in all our teaching had impressed him more than the kindness shown to poor little Tembe, the little waif whose story is told in Chapter VI. He concluded with renewed thanks, and the best of wishes for ourselves and for our work.

We started for the lower river on May 16, 1881. As we were giving out our loads to our carriers, a crowd of Zombo traders, on their way to the coast, came to see us. After a while they ventured into our courtyard, and began to crowd about our door. They were rather in the way, but we did not like to send them off. Presently I brought out the folding-stand of a small harmonium; it was something like a camp-stool, with a strip of green velveteen on the top. It was not a box or anything such as the Zombos had seen before; they fancied that it was a fetish, and a sudden panic seized them. Eighty people tried to struggle at once through our narrow gate; down went the whole of the fence, and they scattered through the town. The roars of laughter that followed made them feel that they had made a mistake. They slowly returned, but kept at a respectful distance, and Hartland's first business after we left was the making of a new fence. Five days' journey brought us to Musuku.

The first Sunday after we left San Salvador, the king him-

self came to Hartland's service with a good number of people, wishing thus to encourage him, and to show his gratitude that we had not abandoned him. Next Sunday he went to the padres' service, in accordance with an arrangement he had made of dividing his favours between the two parties. The following week he attended the Protestant service; but after that there came a time of trouble. The king was much afraid that Portuguese soldiers were coming; the padres played upon his fears by having the ruined fortifications and barracks cleared of jungle, and making some repairs. They made special efforts to win or frighten the people. The attendances on Sunday and at school gradually lessened, and the king was 'ill' on Sunday. The poor old man tried to steer a middle course, without offending either. He was indeed to be pitied.

After a while things began to mend. The king ventured once more to show his friendly feeling, and went alternately to the services. The medical work was a great help. The padres had no drugs, and although they talked of sending for some, the natives said that if they ordered some up, they would not go to them, for if they really knew anything about medicine, they would have brought some with them when they came at first. The arrival of Herbert Dixon, in November, helped things forward again, for the coming of a new white man with a good knowledge of medicine made a new excitement.

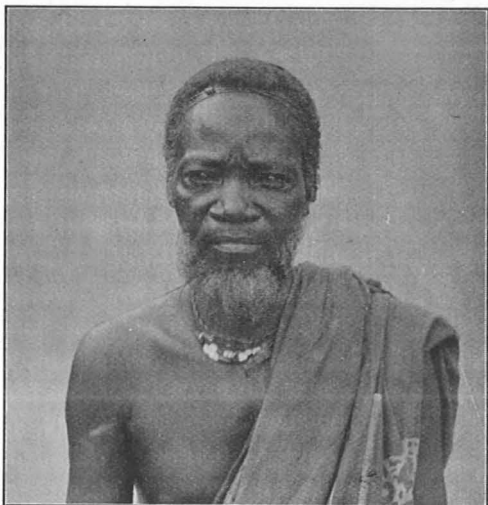
The Home Committee heartily approved of our action in retaining San Salvador, although a few friends for a while wished that we had thrown all our strength into the upper river work. Some even thought that the turn things had taken made it a matter for regret that we had ever gone to San Salvador at all. The blessing on the work at San Salvador, and later developments, have long since amply justified the retention of the station; but even if we had been forced to retire, we should ever have been thankful that God had led us to that town. There we commenced the study of the highly cultivated dialect spoken in the town and over so wide a district. Had we commenced nearer the river, on

either bank, we should have adopted one of the other dialects, confined as to area of usage, and still more restricted in its vocabulary. The time spent at San Salvador, before the other road to the Pool opened, was not in any way lost time; it gave us an opportunity for that quiet study of the language which furnished so much power in our work afterwards. In every way we can but be happy and thankful that we were led to make our first station at San Salvador. This was our feeling then, and is still the feeling as I write, eighteen years later. We have ever sought and found the Master's guidance and direction, all through the work. We must now leave the work at San Salvador for a while, to tell the story of the development of the new road.

Eleven days before we reached Musuku, Père Augouard, of the French Mission, came to engage carriers to go with

him to Stanley Pool. He tried to get them at Boma, Musuku, and Noki, without success. Two gallons of rum sent to Kanga-mpaka, the chief of Palabala, roused his sympathies; he sent eight men, and promised seventeen more in a day or two. Next day the eight men ran away, and it was clear that carriers must be found elsewhere; so the père returned.

All this activity on the part of Romish priests showed us that we could not afford to lose any time. Although we were short-handed, we must move, if we would not be



TYPE, CATARACT REGION, AN OLD MAN

forestalled. After ten days spent in packing and other preparations, the last of our loads from San Salvador arrived, and we were ready to move. We had brought with us Antonio, who had been our interpreter on the way to Stanley Pool, and another man named Mpaka; but the men who brought down our last loads brought also the news that Antonio's wife was sick, so he and Mpaka had to return. It is probable that Antonio's heart had begun to fail him, so the story was trumped up. We had also with us a lad named Mantu, and my boy Nlemvo had come back to me. We were anxious that they should remain, for both of them could read and write, and would be very useful to us. We feared lest some reports should cause them to leave us; so we decided to move next day. Accordingly, on June 2, Comber, Grenfell, and I crossed the river to a point a little above Musuku, and cleared a landing at a place where a few blank cartridges could call the Musuku boat at any time. A village of three or four houses was near the beach; after passing it we wound up among the hills, to sleep at a place opposite to what was afterwards our Underhill station. Thence we had more climbing to the Tionzo towns opposite Matadi. There the people were very excited; they rushed about with their guns, and hid their women; for nearly two hours we had an anxious time, fearing an attack. The natives were angry at the prospect of white men making a road through their district. Stanley's great expedition had its base at Vivi, not more than two hours away, and, with their superstitious fear, they did not want white men to come to their towns. We had chosen this route to avoid the very bad passage by water from Musuku to Vivi, and to avoid the difficulty of obtaining a canoe at Vivi, to take down our messengers to Musuku at any time.

The fatigue and anxiety of the day gave me a feverish night. After two hours' march in the morning to Vana, I could go no further. It was Saturday. On Monday morning I was better, but quite unfit to proceed. We had some thirty people with us, and food was not plentiful; we had, indeed, to eke out the rations with rice. This enforced

delay seemed to be a great misfortune; we soon, however, came to regard it in a very different light. It proved to be a most providential stoppage. To fill up the time, it was thought best that Grenfell should go to Vivi, and try to get up some more loads to Vivi. Stanley's agent at Vivi very kindly allowed us the use of the Expedition steamer for a trip to Musuku and back for £5, the cost of the coal. By this means he brought up 180 loads more. It was the dry season, so the goods could be left on the beach without fear of rain. The agent inquired as to how we proposed to transport the loads. Comber said that we hoped that the natives would carry for us. He was assured that there was no possibility of getting them to work. Comber could speak to the people in their own language, and persuaded them to carry the eight miles to Vana. By the end of the week all the loads had been carried so far. So our hindrance proved to be a great help. We had made a good start in the transport of 200 loads, instead of the twenty-five with which we started.

The following Monday Grenfell and I went on to Manzi, which was to be our next camp, seven miles further on. During the next two days all our loads were shifted to that place, women as well as men carrying for us. From Manzi onwards there was no town for thirty miles, right on to Isangila, so we could not hope to move so fast. Grenfell and Comber went on to Isangila to choose a site for the station. I stayed at Manzi to get carriers, and went to some of the towns a little further inland to try to engage some, but failed to do so. At one place, Nsanda, the five chiefs of the district were quite insolent, because I had ventured to go to see them without bringing them each a case of gin. One of them threatened violence, ordered me to leave the town at once, and to return next day with the gin. I left the town, but they never got their gin. It was those five rascals, and their predecessors, who had done a great deal to supply the Boma and Ponta de Lenha slave-traders. They had done it so thoroughly, that, what with the slaving and the murders for witchcraft, their district was wellnigh depopulated. The

chief of Manzi, Sadi-kia-mbanza, had to send them a yearly tribute of five slaves.

From Manzi the transport went very slowly ; I remained there a month, the men going backwards and forwards to Isangila every five days, some local natives helping. During the stay there I learned a great deal about the people. The town boys were always ready for a chat, when I put the Vocabulary aside. I was busy writing in the words acquired during the past six months, and commenced a little translation work. The people were frequently having witch palavers, and evidently were in the habit of giving the poison ordeal to an extent worse than elsewhere. Food was very scarce and very dear. I wondered why the women did not make better provision. One of them told me the reason. She said, 'Suppose I were to plant a large field of ground-nuts, and make a good harvest ; when the other women had as little as usual from their small fields, they would not think of the labour which I put into my large field, or of their laziness ; they would say that I had filled my baskets by witchcraft, having drawn the ground-nuts away from the plants of the others, and made them grow on my own plants instead of theirs. I should soon be killed as a witch, if I worked hard, and was not hungry as often as the others.' No wonder that the poor woman was lazy, if industry meant death. The boys told of a recent case in which a man and woman had been starved to death for adultery. They had been buried up to their armpits, a yard or two from each other. The man's fore-arms were placed one over the other, and pinned together by two long wooden spikes, which were driven through into the ground. The woman was served in the same way, and so they were left to starve to death. The man lingered seven days, and the woman nine. Day by day the town boys used to go out to the place and mock them, as they begged for water in their agony. Fiendish cruelty and heartlessness have made their home in these dark places, until one wonders that the race had not been exterminated ; however, 'the times of ignorance God overlooked ; but now He commandeth men that they should all everywhere repent.'

A fortnight after our arrival at Manzi, Comber had to go down country to pay off some of the Kru boys, and Grenfell went down with him, for nothing could be done at Isangila until the transport was finished.

On July 8, Père Augouard passed up country on the way to Stanley Pool. He stayed with me for an hour to take a cup of tea. He is now (1899) Bishop of the Upper Congo in the French territory.

While at Manzi, José, one of our Cameroons workmen, shot a fine antelope, as large as a donkey. The flesh was cut off and dried over fires, and served for some time in rationing our Kru boys. When the transport was finished, Comber and Grenfell returned, and we went on together to Isangila. The station was just beyond Stanley's post, from which we were separated by a deep gully. There was some flat ground above the shore, not much above high water-mark; but as there were many ants' nests on it, we concluded that it was not flooded at high water. On this flat ground we built a rough house of posts and grass, a store, and shelters of the same material for our Kru boys and work-people. We bridged the gully, and prepared to build a dwelling-house on a steep hill eighty feet high behind. The people, living twenty minutes away, were a poor, miserable lot. The old chief used to come down every day and hang about, hoping to get an empty tin or something. He troubled us with attempts at small presentations—an egg, ten whitebait, or two sweet potatoes. If we ventured to accept these gifts, he would expect a fathom or two of cloth. We were liberal to him, and these petty cloth-trap presents were not called for by anything but his greed. No one seemed to have any idea of the length of a piece of cloth; we tried to make a piece the standard in buying a goat. Our pieces were all made up in folds of a yard each; but they would only count folds, regardless of their size. On one occasion, I bought a goat, and tendered a piece of six folds (twelve yards). The man would not take it unless it was made up in ten small folds. I told him that it was a fathom longer than ten market folds. He would not take it; so I tore off a fathom before his eyes, folded it in ten market folds, and he went away quite

satisfied, without even asking for the piece which I had torn off. For small purchases they liked to get our trade knives, or for still smaller values a few upholsterer's brass nails. The nails cost us about 10*d.* a thousand, and made a cheap divisible line of barter. Our barter knife, costing 2*s.* 3*d.* a dozen, was a first-rate article; it has a flat haft covered with two half-handles of bone. These have been everywhere popular; we must have sold 100,000 of them.

At Isangila we decided that a forward move would be possible if we had a few more loads of nails, tools, &c., which were still at Musuku. I went down to Musuku to look them out, for Grenfell was then with us. In those days we thought nothing of the sixty miles from Musuku to Isangila, 120 miles there and back.

On my return with the needed goods, we had brought up altogether some 300 loads, and were ready to go on again to establish at Manyanga. Comber was to have started the new station, but he was just recovering from a bad melanuric fever, which had come on while I was away; he was quite unfit to go forward. We reckoned that Crudgington would be returning in October with the steel boat, and our staff of Kru boys was quite inadequate for its transport; so, as Comber was so weak from his fever, it was felt that he had better take a trip by sea to the Kru coast to engage more boys. He would thus favour his own health and our forward work at the same time. Grenfell would go on with me to Manyanga, and leave me there. The Isangila station would be left in charge of the two Gaboon boys, and Comber and Grenfell would travel down together, on Grenfell's return from Manyanga. So we planned, and so we did.

On August 12, Grenfell and I started for Manyanga with twenty-five men; the chief of Kinkeboka, a town two days on the road, accompanied us to act as guide. On the fifth night out, in our anxiety to get well clear of the quarrelsome Basundi people, we pushed on to a place where we believed there was a town, continuing our march until after sundown. The twilight is so short, that before we could reach the town it became too dark to find our way out of a broad dry

torrent bed. There were so many hippo tracks that we could not find which was the path. We had to stop on the bank, for it became pitch-dark suddenly. Nowhere could we find any wood to make a fire, so we had to make a cold scant supper, and wait until morning for a proper meal. The hippos let us alone, as the torrent was dry; it was the dry season. The next day we made a heavy march, which brought us to within two hours of Manyanga. We slept in a fisherman's hut beside the great river. The hippos, afraid of our eight fires, did not like to land at their wonted feeding-ground; so they roared and grunted their displeasure in the creek beside us until far into the night, and prevented our sleep for a long while. They can be very noisy brutes when they like; they were very angry with us. We fired into the darkness whence the roars came, but with their thick hides they cared nothing for native flint-lock guns, and knew nothing of more serious weapons.

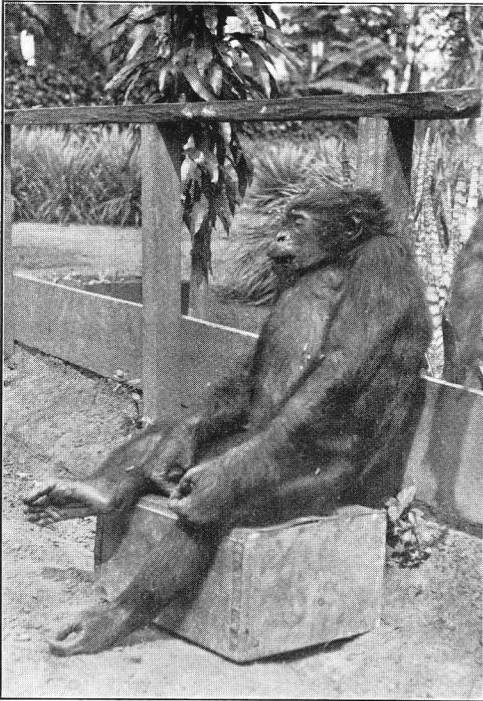
A short march in the morning of August 10 brought us to Manyanga. There we found that Père Augouard had just returned from Stanley Pool; to our great joy, he brought with him Dandy, the Kru boy, who ran away from us at Stanley Pool, during our trouble with the Kinshasa people. His bale of cloth had been opened, and some of the cloth had been used for his support, but only a reasonable quantity; the rest he carried with him. Père Augouard found him in charge of the French sergeant, and very kindly arranged to bring the boy down with him. The other boys of his gang were wild with delight at seeing their lost brother.

We learned from Lieutenant Harou, the officer in charge of Stanley's dépôt, that their terrain extended to a certain stream at the foot of the hill upon which the dépôt was built. We decided to build on the opposite side of the stream, and sent to call the local chiefs. They came the next day, and for about £2 worth of cloth we secured in permanence a suitable terrain, 400 yards wide, which bordered on a creek, in which we could keep our boat. The building site was about fifty feet above the river at high water; the soil being a very hard clay. The first question that the native chiefs asked was, 'Do you

buy slaves?' They seemed pleased and satisfied with our denial. Everything was arranged in thirty-two hours, and Grenfell started back to sleep in the fisherman's hut, where the noisy hippos were. He had just time to hurry down 140 miles by land, and 100 by boat, to catch the next mail at Banana, to send home news of the founding of the new

station at Man-
yanga. We de-
cided to call it
Wathen Station,
after our good
friend Mr. (after-
wards Sir) Charles
Wathen, of Bristol.

I was now to be
alone for two and
a half months at
least. There were
with me José, the
rough carpenter
from the Came-
rooms, three Kru
boys, two others,
a 'wash-jack,' and
Nlemvo, my per-
sonal servant.
With these I had
to build a station.
My tent, 9ft. square,
was pitched beside
the site of the



CHIMPANZEE SHOT AT LUKOLELA
(3 ft. 6 in. in height)

house. To keep it cool, there was a 'fly' (a second roof) over it; upon this I fastened a rough thatching of grass. A travelling bed took up the greater part of one side of the tent, boxes and a rough table the other side; but, so arranged, I was fairly comfortable. The store of provisions was very small, but food was plentiful and cheap. We were some two miles below the Ntombo Mataka Falls. The river

was about 1,500 yds. wide. With the exception of the terrain upon which the station was built, the high land sloped down gradually until close to the river, which was flanked by rocky bluffs. On the opposite side cliffs rose out of the water 100 ft. perpendicularly. A little below the cliffs, the Mpioka river flowed from its rocky ravine into the Congo river. The hills on both sides were torn with deep ravines. There was scarcely any wood except by the side of the river; the wood there was too hard to be worked conveniently. The hills were covered with grass, and a few bushes. When we arrived at Manyanga, the grass had been burnt by the natives, so the hills were black and gray with the ash. Great crocodiles might often be seen asleep on the sandbanks, but nevertheless the fishermen went fearlessly into the water to attend to their fish-traps. Some told us that they had 'medicine' against crocodiles, others that real crocodiles never eat people; only when a witch has taken the form of a crocodile is there any need to fear. One of the fishermen who was very emphatic on this subject of witch-crocodiles was eventually eaten by one. A huge crocodile was often to be seen in our creek, only the tip of its snout would appear, and that looked more like a piece of driftwood than anything else. They are very wary brutes, and will seldom attack a man unless they catch him alone. Women fetching water and the 'wash-jacks' of white men are often taken by them. Stanley lost one or two of his mules by crocodiles. They were taken as they crossed the Bundi river.

Men from the towns an hour away on the hills would come down to fish in the river. Some made large fish-traps, like lobster-traps, and fastened them among the rocks at the bottom of the river, marking the place with a long stick or a piece of *ambatch*, as a buoy. There were certain places where there were convenient rocks, which were, however, only available at certain heights of the flood. Others fished for whitebait; they would sit all day on the sandy beach, generally near some little headland, watching until a shoal of whitebait came flashing through and out of the water, in their struggle with the strong current at the point. They

had great nets of a fine mesh, 6 ft. by 4 ft., fastened to an oval frame. When a shoal appeared, they would rush into the water, and scoop up the bright little fish. They would then dry their catch in the sun, or, if the sun was hidden, on frames over their fires, and when dry keep them in bags of palm-fibre cloth. At night the men would go out on the river singly in their little canoes. There would be a little fire on the bow, brightened sometimes with a little copal; the man would sit on the stern, and so he would silently paddle about in the dark night. When a shoal of whitebait rose to the light of his fire, he would slide his net under the silvery gleamings, and land as many as he could, shaking them off his net into the bottom of his canoe. So he would glide about over the water all night, now dropping down on the strong current, gliding up again on some eddy, always shifting his position. The little fires might be seen twinkling and flitting about in all directions. In the daytime the men often lay sleeping in the sun or mending their nets.

The canoes were hollowed out with small adzes from the trees in the ravines and in the valleys, found sometimes an hour or two away from the river. There were men who made it their business to hollow canoes. They sold them where they were cut, and the purchaser would invite his townfolk and friends to drag down the canoe. With much shouting and singing they would drag it over wooden rollers, with occasional halts to refresh themselves with palm-wine, and to discuss the distance remaining, and other topics of interest. If the way was very long, or the canoe large, a pig would be killed when the water-side was reached. These canoes were not always hollowed in the wisest manner; the small girth of the trees made them cut out the hard heart of the tree, and leave only sap-wood for the sides; but the bottom was often of heart-wood. The sides would rot, and the bottom slabs would be hauled up on the beach, that they might sun their whitebait on them. When I began to build my house, I bought all the good slabs that I could find, giving a knife each for them. They were carried to the station, and José adzed some fine planks out of them. The tables, doors,

window-shutters, &c., were made from these slabs. The natives looked on with wonder as José wielded his adze, and brought the slabs down to a good surface, and then, with his planes, put a fine face on the beautiful wood. They would say, *Ndoki!* ('witch'), and several times told me that if any one of the townsfolk did this, he would be considered a witch, he would know too much; they would kill him.

There was a copse just at the back of the station, so our posts were cut close to hand. When we had accumulated a fair number of these posts (11 ft. by 5 in.), the work-boys came to me in the night, begging me to bring my gun. They were sleeping beside their fire, when one of them was awakened by a hissing noise near to him. By the light of the fire he saw a huge adder, a foot in circumference, close beside him. He sprang up with a yell which roused the other sleepers. I lit my lantern, and with difficulty recognized the snake as it lay straight out beside the posts; we burnt some grass to make a light, and I shot the snake, with a charge of bird shot. In the morning I took off its beautiful skin and dried it. The dark-brown and grey markings were very rich in regular parallelograms, broken every now and then by bands at right angles. The poison fangs were more than an inch long. These snakes are of a sluggish temperament, and are said to lie still beside the path and bite the passers-by; it was certainly too heavy and thick to do anything by springing. We found one of our fowls in its maw.

Snakes are not by any means so common in Africa as in India; they are especially rare on the Congo. There are some pythons which sometimes attain a great length, even to more than 30 ft. There is a beautiful bright green snake seen in the trees, and a larger green snake found in short grass. Occasionally a cerastes appears. Spit-adders are sometimes met with. One of the ladies of Bishop Taylor's Mission at Vivi went to look for eggs in the fowl-house. She almost put her hand on an adder, which spat at her. The poison entered her eyes, and for a while it was feared that she would lose her sight; the pain was very great. A little girl living near the present Wathen station had been playing in her town, and

when she entered her house there was a cerastes beside the block of wood, inside the doorway. She stepped upon it, and was bitten on the instep. The pain was terrible, and for some days her leg was an immense size; eventually, a great ulcer formed on the whole of the upper part of her foot, which healed very slowly. She was brought to us for treatment.



A PYTHON

A woman at Kinshasa was bitten in the foot by a black water-snake. I injected permanganate of potash, and there was but little disturbance. A week after she awoke in the morning with violent pain in her neck, which was much swollen. The swelling increased, and she died in a few hours in great agony. The snake-bite had been almost forgotten, but this strange behaviour of snake poison is by no means rare.

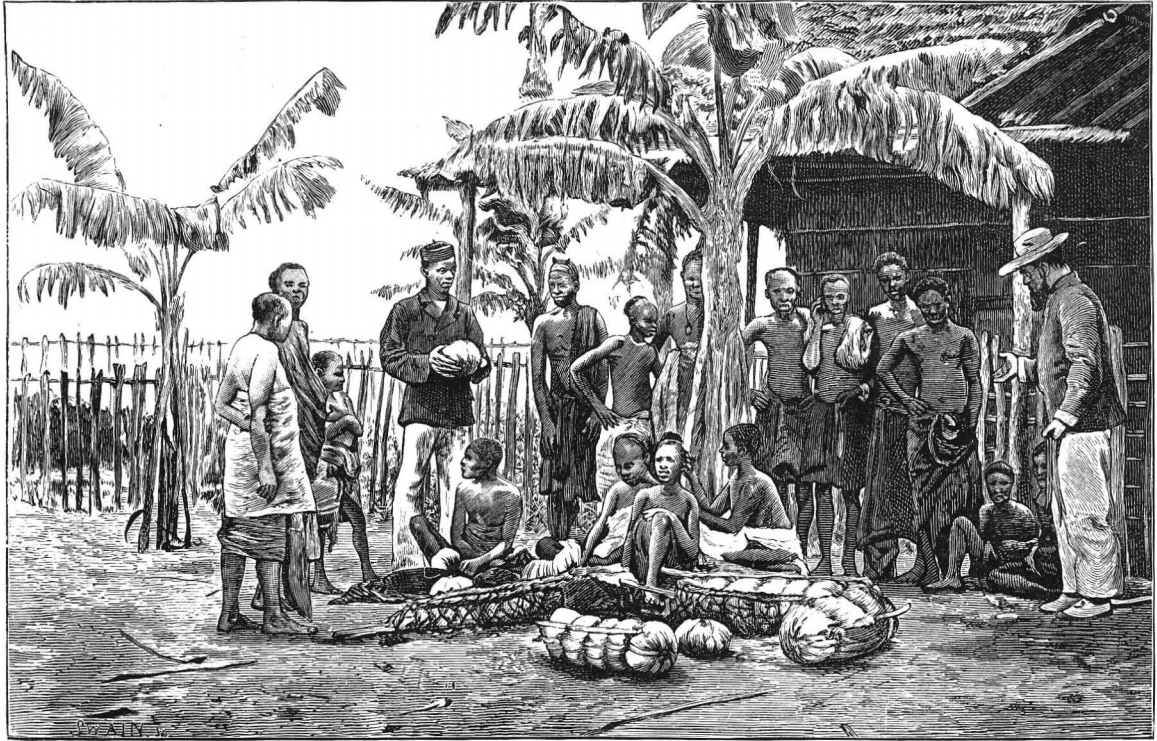
There are smaller brown snakes, so like the branches along which they bestow themselves, that they are most difficult to see. Snakes may be seen sunning themselves in the narrow footpaths as one travels, but they always get away if they can. The great pythons hide themselves in the thick jungles or woods near to swamps and streams, and sometimes, on the upper river, catch women who are fetching firewood. It is necessary to keep one's eyes open in such a country. Crudgington, at Underhill, found a great snake under his bed one night. After losing a goat or two by a python, he heard the marauder at work one day. He heard a struggling, and the bleating of a goat in trouble, and ran with his gun to see the cause. A great python had coiled itself several times round a fine milch goat, and was constricting her. He shot the python as it was, and saved his goat. At Manyanga a boy came to call me because there was a huge snake in the boys' dormitory. There was a bed-platform across one end of the room, raised 2 ft. 6 in. from the ground, and under the sleeping boys lay the snake. The boy who called me happened to wake, and saw the snake in the moonlight. There was plenty of room to shoot it as it was, so I did so. Of the eight boys sleeping over the muzzle of the gun as I fired, only one moved; they all slept on undisturbed. That was balmy sleep indeed!

Stanley had brought with him some eighty men from Zanzibar; he had hoped to get more, but was unable to do so then. Among those who came were several who had travelled with him when he crossed the Dark Continent. This speaks well for his treatment of his men during that long journey. Stanley spoke Swahili—their language—fluently, was accessible to them, and was very much liked by his men. They worked like horses when Bwana mkubwa, 'the great master,' was about. There was Uledi, the coxswain of Stanley's boat, the *Lady Alice*, of whom he told so many stories in his book. Susi also, one of the two Zanzibaris who travelled with Livingstone, and brought his body down to the coast. He could tell many stories of his good master, whom he served so devotedly. Susi was a Niampara, the

head-man of a gang. Robert Feruzi had been educated in Bishop Steere's school. He had crossed Africa with Stanley, and told tales of that memorable journey, which I had read before in Stanley's book. I never got from any one a different story from those found in the book. Robert Feruzi was stationed at Manyanga as head-man; he attended the little English Bible-class on Sunday.

The native women and children used to come down to the station every day with food stuffs to sell. Cassava leaves boiled in three waters (to take away the bitter prussic acid in them), and then crushed, and boiled with palm-nut stew, were very good; roast ground-nuts and gourd pips crushed together, and boiled in a leaf with a little chili pepper, made a very tasty cheese. I bought and ate these native messes with none too inquiring mind, and liked them. Bread stuff was the only difficulty, and that had to be sent for to the local market every four days. The staple bread stuff of the country is some preparation of cassava.

Cassava, or manioc, is a euphorbia indigenous to Brazil. The Portuguese must have introduced it early into the country. *Yaka*, one of its Brazilian names, is still preserved in the neighbourhood of Manyanga. *Madioko*, the commonest name for the plant in the country, is a slight change on manioc, another of its Brazilian names. The common variety has prussic acid in poisonous quantities in root and leaves, rendering them more or less bitter; this can be removed by the heat of cooking. Sometimes the root is eaten raw; if any quantity is taken, it induces a sleepy feeling, the first sign of poisoning by a mild dose of prussic acid. The plant has great swollen nutty roots, sometimes a foot in circumference; we once pulled a thick root four feet long, but that was abnormal, so much so that many of the native women came to see it. Tapioca is a product of cassava with which English people are well familiar. The roots are peeled and soaked in water for from twelve to sixty hours, or even longer. This is said to convert all the sugars into starch. The root then becomes soft. When in this state it is dried in the sun, or, in wet weather, in baskets over a fire.



COMBER BUYING CASSAVA DUMPLINGS ('KWANGA') AT STANLEY POOL

In the dry form the root may be kept for a long time, and is thus ready to be used as required. It is prepared for food by pounding it into a meal in a mortar hollowed out of the end of a section of a tree. After the pounding, the meal is sifted in a sieve very deftly made of cane and reeds, one of the best pieces of native workmanship. The pieces too large to pass through the sieve are pounded again, until the whole is reduced to a fine flour. Water is then boiled in a cooking-pot, and the meal dropped into it little by little, and constantly stirred, until a pudding mass as stiff as dough is made. This is baled out, and shaped by hand; it is eaten in this form with some gravy stuff variously concocted. These puddings cannot be kept more than eighteen hours, and are not convenient to be carried, so that in making up food for a journey, or to be kept from one market day to another, another form of preparation is necessary. The wet root is broken up by hand, and picked over, to take out any woody fibres; it is then set out in little dabs in a great basket, or on a slab of rock, to dry in the sun. Sometimes it is only crushed in ribbed troughs, kneaded, picked over, and tied up in leaves as it is, or it may be mixed with some stale pudding of a previous cooking. The product of these operations is tied up in the large leaves of a canna, bound with a vegetable fibre, and boiled or baked in large pots. The result is a hard dumpling known as *kwanga*, and is fit for transport and keeping; with care and occasional sunning it may be kept for ten or twelve days. It is a tough, glutinous mass, with a slightly sour taste, and is very nutritious. Men who had been living on rice or other foods fattened rapidly when they came to eat these cassava dumplings. I have lived on them for years. They are very good if well made; but such bad stuff is now sold on the markets that it is difficult to get good *kwanga*. The manioc is often soaked in such stinking, stagnant water, that one may well wonder that sickness does not follow its use; it does not appear to do so, however. In some parts the plain root is cut into pieces and boiled. It is a little hard, but tasty. The boiled root may be pounded, and made into little cakes, and fried; indeed, there are many

ways of preparing the root, which might be explained if this were a cookery-book.

All through the Kongo-speaking country markets are held every four or eight days. The Congo week consists of four days. *Nkandu*, *Konzo*, *Nkenge*, *Nsona* are the names given to them in the cataract region. The markets are named after the day of the week and the town near which they are held. The great Manyanga market was known as Nsona a Manyanga, because it was held on Nsona. The great trade markets are generally held eight days apart, for the convenience of traders, and to assure a good attendance. The small local markets were every four days ; seldom is anything exchanged there other than goats, fowls, and food stuffs. The markets are very popular resorts, and very stringent laws are made for their protection. Personal violence on market day is strictly prohibited. To catch a debtor, or pay off any old grudge on market day, is punishable by death in many districts. On some markets, a man who brought a gun with him would be promptly buried alive, and the muzzle of his gun would be left protruding from the ground. It is no uncommon thing to find the hole ready dug on the market, as a warning to the rowdy element ; while three or four protruding muzzles tell of violence punished in that terrible way. Sometimes a pile of firewood is ready to burn the culprit alive. On some markets no stick or knife may appear, a heavy fine being imposed in case of infraction.

In spite of all these precautions, rows constantly occur, and markets are 'killed,' sometimes permanently. To 'revive' a 'dead' market, there must be an assemblage of the local magnates ; a pig or pigs must be furnished by the town to which the market belongs, and slaughtered, and divided up among the towns represented. Whenever possible, the culprit who caused the disturbance, or his substitute, if a wealthy man, is buried or burned alive ; if other ways of killing are resorted to, his skull is fixed up on a post in the market-place, to 'strengthen the law.' The poison ordeal is generally administered at the markets, and any executions are there performed, any such 'fête' attracting large crowds. Every

one wants to attend the local market, and to increase the attendance ; it is declared penal for a woman to go to her farm on market day. In some parts another day of the short week is declared to be an unlucky day for farming operations. This is no lingering trace of the idea of a Sabbath, for the day fixed is most arbitrary, two adjacent villages avoiding different days, while in others the women will work any day.



NGOMBE TYPE, BOPOTO

There are markets where several thousand people congregate, but such large gatherings are more rare. There is generally a measure of order at the markets. Pigs and goats to be slaughtered are brought early, killed, and more or less cooked, before the market assembles. The butchers spread their plantain leaves on one side, together. The sellers of pepper go to another part. Salt-sellers

squat together in another place, their salt sacks beside them, and before them canna leaves with tiny portions of salt, carefully measured in little calabash heads. The wholesale measure is a pint mug. Vendors of tobacco have their place, and sell leaf by leaf from the bamboo strips on which they have dried them. A long row of cloth merchants have a bright and varied display, as they seek to sell their wares. Some will have particoloured umbrellas in many hues.

In those days, too, there would be a number of men to

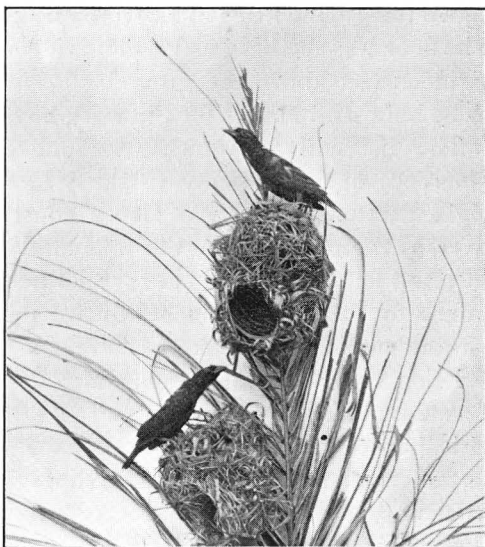
sell the native palm-fibre cloth. The midrib is taken out from a frondlet, and the two strips remaining are scraped with a knife until the outer green tissue is removed ; a thin, semi-transparent tough fibre is left, and from this the raphia-fibre cloth is woven by the natives in simple looms. It is made up in mats of about 24 in. by 18 in., to be sewn together. There will be a group of sellers of fish—fish from the great river, small siluroids of the cat-fish type from the streams, several of them spitted together on a slip of bamboo ; shrimps on a skewer, and whitebait, dried and fresh. If the jungle has been burnt, the boys will have mice and jungle rats for sale. Palm-wine tapsters will be in evidence with calabashes of sour fermented wine, the sap of the palm-tree. Others will be selling gunpowder, wholesale and retail, which has been well adulterated with a preparation of the burnt clay of ants' nests and charcoal—a counterfeit powder which would deceive very sharp eyes. European crockery will be on sale in the shape of pint mugs, pint basins, small soup plates, and such *articles de luxe* as washhand-basins, ewers, &c. Gems of ceramic art, such as 'Uncle Toby,' 'sitting hen' egg-dishes, and porcelain groups, are to be seen occasionally, and are eagerly bought by pious nephews who wish to adorn their dead uncles' graves. Some men buy such things, and secrete them, against the time when they too must quit these earthly scenes. An 'Uncle Toby' on one's tomb is a piece of magnificence to which few can hope to attain. Blacksmiths will have hoes, native knives, and brass anklets to sell. Others will have heavy loads of copper and lead ingots from the native mines at Nsama, sixty miles to the north-west of Manyanga. The ingots are about the size of a finger, and were at one time indispensable in the purchase of ivory at Stanley Pool. Fish-traps and meal sieves will be on sale, cooking pots of various sizes, the bowls of tobacco-pipes, and wooden plates, bowls, and mugs, and pipe-stems. Women plant themselves wherever there is room for their baskets, as a sort of filling in. They have food stuffs in great variety: dried cassava root, cassava puddings, and *kwanga* ; maize, sweet potatoes,

yams, cabbage and pumpkin leaves, a kind of spinach, pots of cooked messes, gourd pips, ground-nuts, eggs, caterpillars of certain kinds which are eaten ; also sugar-cane, pineapples, bananas, plantain (ripe and green), and red spicy seed capsules growing at the base of an Amomum. A great variety of fungi are eaten, and may be found for sale on the markets. There will also be an array of pigs, goats, sheep, and fowls. Occasionally slaves for sale are exposed on the market, with a leaf of plantain round their necks, to show that they are on sale. Many slave wives are thus bought.

The above is a somewhat abbreviated list of wares to be obtained on the native markets. While the market is in progress two men quarrel over the length of a piece of cloth ; one grabs at the cloth, and there is a scuffle ; the people near by, fearing knives, hurry out of the way ; some timid women, seeing a hasty movement, seize their baskets and bolt ; this starts a stampede, and the market is cleared. Safe in the jungle, people look round and inquire the cause. The originators have wisely made off. By degrees the market reassembles in much anger, for there are always losses at such a time ; young rowdies help themselves, go off into the jungle, and find a quick way home. Small children get lost, and there is much shouting for them. To some the whole thing is a good joke, and there is laughter as one relates how a woman caught her foot in her flight, and fell, and spilt all her basket of ground-nuts. A mother picked up her two children and ran, leaving a dozen *kwanga* to be scrambled for by the roughs. Soon, however, the market is in full swing again ; every one shouts to make his customer hear, for the noise is great ; so, if there are many assembled, the roar of the market can be heard for some distance away.

We could buy plenty of cooked messes on the new Wathen station, to eat with the bread stuff ; but the bread stuff could not be bought in sufficient quantity, so the work-people had to go away every alternate Nkenge to the Ntombo market. After we had been at Wathen for nearly a month, the boys came back from the market complaining that they had been beaten by the natives, and showing bruises that told that

there had been a very free use of sticks. Two strong fellows had caught Monkey, the small Kru boy, and were going to kill him, when José felled one of them with his stick; they then managed to run away. Next day we heard that a woman had cooked a fowl to take to her friend at the market, and for that reason would not let her husband eat any of it. The cooked fowl was offered by her to one of Stanley's Zanzibaris, who very properly refused to take cooked food from another man's wife. She then offered it to her husband, who found out who the friend was for whom it was intended. At the next market he raised a company to go and beat the white men's 'boys.' M. Harou called the chief of Ntombo to him, and admonished him; the chief laid the blame on a town some distance away. There was some ugly talk in the more distant towns about driving the white men



THE WEAVER BIRD.

away. Next market day our boys could buy nothing; scarcely any women were there, fearing a row. The great Manyanga market was held next day, and the boys managed to get a good lot of food there. The son of the chief of Ntombo, a very active trader named Lulendo, was very friendly, and I was on good terms with many of the natives, so I did not feel much afraid, unless the whole district combined against the white men.

The house made fair progress, and forty days after reaching

Manyanga I was able to leave my tent, and take up my abode in the house. Next day the first rain fell ; a very heavy storm came in the daytime. Happily, there were no leaks in the roof ; part had yet to be finished, but my room was all right. The house consisted of two bedrooms 12 ft. by 12 ft., a sitting-room at one end, and a store at the other, each 24 ft. by 24 ft. The walls and roof were of grass. There was a six-foot verandah in front of the bedroom, and a six-foot cupboard and tool-store in a corresponding position behind. All round the sitting-room was an open space from four to eight feet above the ground ; this was covered by papyrus mats at night. The floor was the hard clay. The ridge-pole was seventeen or eighteen feet above the ground. Beside this a kitchen had to be built, and houses for the work-boys and goats.

The rise and fall of the river at Manyanga showed a difference of from twenty to thirty feet between lowest and highest water. There was also a constant oscillation of the river, as the current from the falls swayed about. The water rose and fell constantly in our creek, the difference being often from a foot to eighteen inches in two minutes. It would rise for a minute, and then slowly ebb again.

Being alone at the station, and with so much work to do, I could not often leave the place ; I managed, however, to visit the two nearest towns occasionally. They were an hour distant from the station and from each other. They were, as a rule, a coarse, rowdy lot of people, very careless and slovenly in their dress. The women went about practically naked ; many had a piece of cloth 10 in. by 8 in. behind, and only five square inches in front ; sometimes, indeed, only a bunch of beads. The nose was bored, and a piece of grass, or a white fish-bone four inches long, would be inserted. The young women wore reeds in their ears often three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and five inches long. The older women were more slovenly, and would tie dirty black pieces of rag in the great holes in the lobes of their ears. The people in that neighbourhood were the lowest in type to be met with on the first 800 miles of the river. The Basundi were the most quarrelsome, but the Babwende about

Manyanga on both banks were the dirtiest, most slovenly, ill dressed, and stupid, that we found. Many of them were very friendly to me, and we came to like each other ; but that does not alter the facts. They have improved much since then. Their young men made excellent boatmen, and did good work for Stanley's expedition, and afterwards for the State. In travelling about they became ashamed of the nude slovens at home ; by degrees things changed, and they improved ; but there are still many of the old type to be found, and especially so further away from the white men.

The sharpest, most intelligent man in the district was Lulendo, the son of Mtu Matadi, chief of Ntombo. We were great friends, and he was proud of the friendship. I often talked of the places down river, and urged him to come down with me. He agreed to come, and I promised to take him. I had a secret thought in so doing, that if he was with me the station, and those left in charge, were fairly safe. My motives were mixed ; I thought of the good of the man, and of the good of the mission as well.

After seventy-eight days at Manyanga, the first building work was done ; Crudgington was due out, and Comber should be back from the Kru' coast. I was ready to go down river, and on November 4 M. Harou very kindly gave me a passage in Stanley's steel whale-boat to Isangila. This ninety miles of river is not by any means a pleasant piece of water to navigate ; its appearance is constantly changing. The rise and fall of the river varies in different places from twenty to forty feet. When the river is low, great rocks and reefs stand high out of the water ; those rocks which are generally deeply submerged are then near the surface, and, hidden by the turbid water, are very dangerous. A rise of a few feet changes all this ; the greater part of many long reefs goes under the water, the rocks which a week or two before were dangerous are deeply covered, and an entirely new set of difficulties has arisen. Again another rise, and places which presented no difficulty during the two stages above noted are now scarcely passable. The stronger force

of the augmented water swirls round the corners, below which great whirlpools bear the boat round and round in spite of every effort. The current pitches wildly on beaches bristling with hard rocks; while rocky headlands throw the current back towards the opposite bank.

The boat was pulled by ten strong Zanzibaris; it was in the charge of a Danish sailor. We kept well out in the stream, dodging the rocks, making a good hourly mileage on the strong current. The river was very high; in one narrow place the Danish captain was afraid to face the whirlpools and cauldrons of the seething river, and preferred to go down a side stream. The water rushed swiftly down amid bristling rocks; we stuck for a while, and with difficulty got off the obstacle, only to be carried down a rocky mill-race. It was a wonder that we got out safely. At sundown on the second day we reached Isangila. I was not very happy at the idea of having ourselves to work a heavy boat regularly over that ninety miles of wild water. The two Gaboon boys were in charge of the Isangila station. Three

marches in rainy weather took me to Vivi, where I hired with difficulty a canoe for eight or ten shillings' worth of cloth to take me to Musuku on November 11.

At Musuku I found Crudgington in charge of the station; he had arrived out three weeks previously with Herbert Dixon, a new colleague who had gone up to San Salvador. He was the first of the six new mission-



HERBERT DIXON

aries to be added to our staff. On Crudgington's arrival Grenfell had gone at once to England, by the direction of the Home Committee, to superintend the construction of our steamer for the upper river. On November 21 Comber arrived with forty-one Kru boys, so our movements and

arrivals had fitted in well together, and we were ready at once to go forward again.

Crudgington had brought out with him a whale-boat of tough steel, the Plymouth, to be used on the Isangila-Manyanga water. She was built in six sections, to be fastened together with bolts and nuts. The bow and stern sections were heavy, weighing about 500 lb. each, and for them two trucks were sent; the other sections were about 300 lb. each, and were to be carried on men's heads. The boat was provided with two lateen sails of twenty feet each. She could be put together in a couple of hours, and proved a great success. She carried fifty loads of 65 lb. each, nearly a ton and a half of stuff, beside food and sundries.

We had some sixty Kru boys and work-people, as well as our personal servants, and Lulendo of Ntombo. Nine days after Comber's arrival we commenced to convey the boat and 500 loads to Isangila, beside about 200 loads of rice to feed the work-boys. We had first to shift it all to Vivi, so we loaded the Plymouth and the wooden boat belonging to Musuku Station. We found that the Plymouth with a full load was heavy to pull, even with eight oars and four paddles. A little above the station a reef ran out half a mile into the river, and although the greater part was under water, there was a very strong current. The river was so high and strong that we could only pass through the rocks at the shore end, among the trees of the flooded bank. We crept up on a back current, which soon whirled us in among the trees. The head Kru boy endeavoured to check the heavy boat with his boat-hook; it was shivered in his hands, and the man fell overboard into the strong water. A shout, and every one crouched down as we swung under a low branch; two boys were not quick enough, and were swept overboard. They managed to swim ashore. We were clear of the up current, but had entered a fierce down current, which would have carried us on the rocks, and wrecked the boat in the first hour of her work. We managed to grasp a tree, passed out our tow-rope, and hauled ourselves into a safe position, and struggled out to the main river in quieter water. This was

a little commencement, just to give us an idea of the kind of work in which we were to be engaged for the next twelve months! We had several other bad struggles at other points, and at 11 o'clock reached the Bay of Noki, where two trading factories had been recently established. The agent of the French factory was good enough to invite us to breakfast; after which we called at the Portuguese factory to deliver a letter. There we found Padre Folga, one of the priests from San Salvador, already invalided, being sent to Loanda for his health. With him was a major of the Portuguese army, in charge of three wooden houses, and three white carpenters, bound for San Salvador.

We continued our struggle with the river. Passing several bad places with difficulty, we entered once more among the trees on the flooded bank. We were swept against the rotten branch of a tree, which broke with a crash. One of the Krus concluded from the crash that the boat was broken up, and promptly dived off into the strong water. On coming to the surface he discovered his mistake; the boat was all right. He struck for the shore, and was soon on board again. Slowly we pulled ourselves from tree to tree, sometimes making only 100 yards an hour, until at sunset we were nearly past the rapid. The wooden boat reached slack water, and with their oars the boys pulled past the last bad stone, and got into an up current, which in a few minutes bore them to Matadi, about a mile. We attempted to do the same with our heavier boat. The boys struggled hard, but could not make an inch; at last their strength failed, and we dropped back, but put into the bank, and made up again into our old position. We made another attempt with the same result, and we had just time to moor ourselves in the slack water as darkness settled down.

Vivi was not three miles distant, but it was impossible to reach it that night. We were not prepared for this, having been sure of reaching Vivi. After a rough meal, Comber and I lay down on the bags of rice in the after compartment of the boat. The sixteen boys bestowed themselves on the angular cargo of boxes and bales; but immediately the

clouds, which had been gathering and hiding the bright moon, began to rain, and kept up a steady downpour all night. Comber had his rain-coat, and I a leaky macintosh ground-sheet; under these we did our best to keep ourselves and the rice dry, and managed to get a little sleep. The poor boys left their blankets at Musuku, and had no shelter; they slept soundly in spite of all. The air and rain would have a temperature of about 70° Fahrenheit, but a wet skin in moving air is chilly even at that temperature.

At last the east brightened, and daylight broke; we paid out the rope past the rocky point and made it fast, the word was given, and we hauled on. The rope was coiled loosely on the bow, and Comber was superintending. As the boat's bow entered the current the rope became tight, and the boat was swung so that she was at right angles to the current. The strain of the broadside boat was more than the boys could hold against; the rope began to slip between their hands. I saw what was coming, and shouted to Comber to jump clear of the rope, which he did; but boy after boy was caught and carried overboard, until six were swimming in the swift water. Half a mile below was a wild corner known as Hell's Cauldron; but before we could look to the boys we must get out of our own trouble. The rope was running out fast; would it and its attachments hold? The moment soon came; a jerk, and a strain; the water flew past us at twelve miles an hour, but the rope held, and we were safe. The boys in the water all reached the shore, while those remaining on board hauled on the rope, and pulled clear of trouble above the bad point. We took the boys on board, and were soon at Matadi; whence we saw the wooden boat on the opposite side of the river.

We made up a little further to a point which we could not dream of passing, and pulling hard across the river, there more than 1,000 yards wide, we made the opposite shore, having dropped down a long way in the crossing. We got into other troubles, but reached Vivi beach in safety. We left the Plymouth at Vivi, fearing to take her up and down while the river was so high in flood. Two boys were

ill through the exposure of that rainy night below Matadi, and one of them died of inflammation of the lungs five days later. We sent up the wooden boat with a load which she delivered safely, but on her next trip she was making her way among some trees near Vivi, when she was caught by an eddy, and forced against a branch which sloped up out of the water at a low angle. The boat sank, but held by the rope she settled on the rocks in six feet of water. The lighter cases of provisions were carried out by the water, but those of heavier specific gravity remained in the boat, and the boys were able to land them on the rocks. The boat thus lightened floated, was baled out, reloaded, and delivered the residue of her cargo at Vivi, but we lost stores which had cost in all £16 in England. The boat went backwards and forwards every day, until on December 15, 1881, we felt that so much stuff was landed at Vivi that we might commence its transport forwards, while the rest was being brought up.

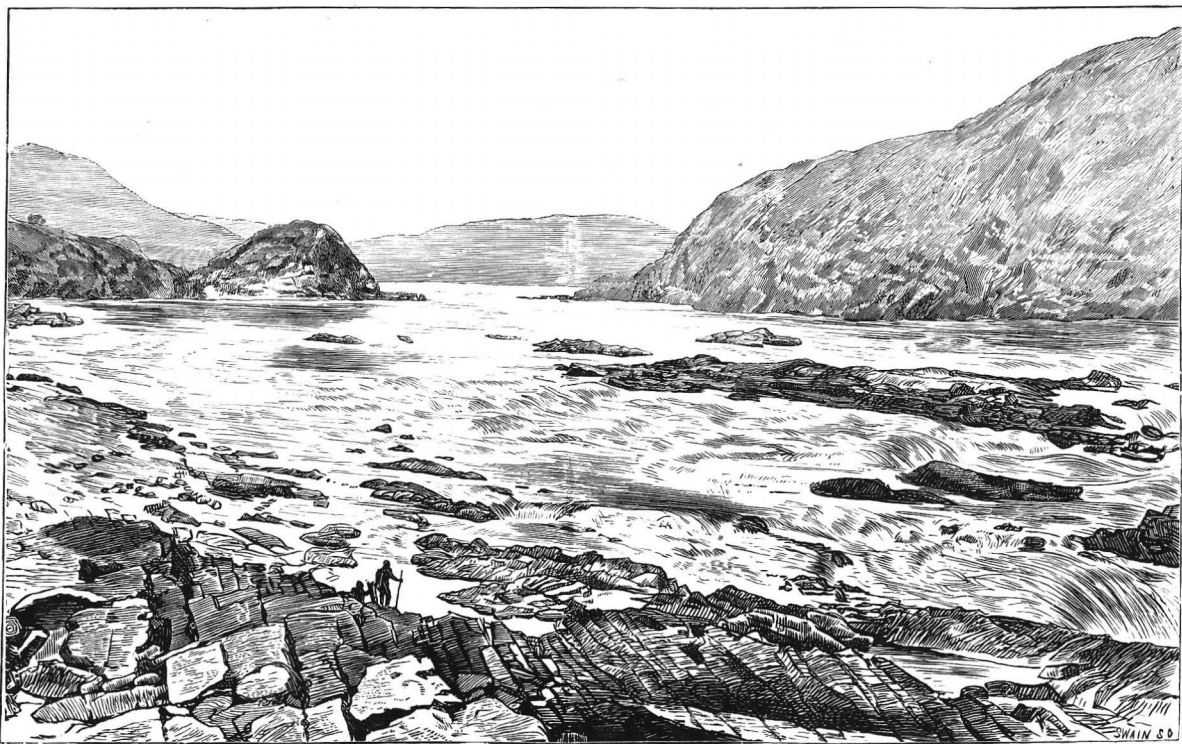
The Plymouth was then unbolted, and the two heavy bow and stern sections mounted on their trucks. Dragging them over Stanley's road was a comparatively simple matter, and we decided to make a camp at Vana, eight miles from Vivi. There I stopped with some Kru boys, to build a rough grass-covered store for the goods, and a shelter for the sixty boys, while Comber went through the Vivi towns to seek native carriers to bring up the 700 loads to the first camp. The short portage of eight miles was liked by the natives, and about 100 came in with loads every day. The Kru boys brought up the other four sections of the Plymouth. They were borne on the heads of eight of the strongest boys, with another eight to help them, and take turns.

We spent Christmas Day under canvas. It was Sunday, so we spent it quietly. The boys were all away at Vivi beach with an extra ration of salt beef. A few days after I went to Vivi, and, on the ridge above the towns, passed through the market-place. Some natives told me that a poor woman had been killed there as a witch the previous day. She had taken the ordeal poison, *nkasa*, and had died. Some of the

nkasa was still on the stone upon which it had been ground. Two lumps of the ground stuff had dried hard in the sun, and I took them, also some pieces of unground bark. She was the last victim of a terrible affair.

A canoe from Vivi, with six people in it, was descending the river to take a few bags of palm kernels to the trading factory at Noki. As they rounded the point upon which afterwards our Underhill station was built, the canoe was caught in a cauldron, filled and sank. All the six men were drowned. These cauldrons are boilings-up of the seething water. In the oily water below the whirlpools there will suddenly come a burst of water from the depths below, with a loud roar. The water boils over the side of a canoe or low boat, forcing it along broadside against other swirls, and giving it little chance of keeping afloat. The wicked, superstitious natives laid their stupid heads together. They decided that the *witchcraft* which caused so terrible an accident was no ordinary witchcraft, and must be met accordingly. Three witches must die for each man drowned, so that eighteen more must be put to death because of the accident which had caused the drowning of six men! In that district deaths of important men, or under extraordinary circumstances, were so met. When we commenced our transport, twelve had been through the ordeal; some 'proved innocent,' and six remained; among them an intelligent chief, who had always been friendly and helpful to us. We protested, warned, urged, and begged them to be satisfied with the twelve already dealt with, and at last they blandly promised to do so. We urged the chief to come away to us for a while; but he would not. When we had gone our various ways, they made haste to kill their victims, and this poor woman was the last of the eighteen. They had helped before to hound other poor wretches to death in the same way, and now their turn had come to take the ordeal; so it goes on, and so they make a hell upon earth!

While at Vana we went down to the river to see the Yalala Falls. We first visited the chief of the district in his village, a long way down towards the river. He gave us



YALALA FALLS

a guide, who led us a long tiring descent down the steep hill-side, which was strewn with rocks. At last we seemed to be not far from the river, but as we neared the edge which cut off our view we found another long rough sweep of descent before us. The river was then in view far below, its course broken by rocky islands. The opposite shore rose with steep bank, boulder-strewn, and cliff, to 1,600 feet above the water; wild country and wild water. After a long winding about, often jumping from stone to stone, we rounded a bluff, and began to descend parallel with the river, down to the very brink of the water. Beside us was a smooth perpendicular wall of quartzitic sandstone, with large waterworn pebbles embedded in it. It seemed to be one solid block for 150 feet, probably more, but we could not see all the face of the cliff, which was several hundred feet in height. On the other bank was a cliff also, and the river, thus constricted into a channel not more than 500 yards wide, was further torn and confined by a long rocky island in the centre. On either side of the island the river came down with a series of ten-foot leaps, plunging in wild waves at a high velocity, wave dashing upon wave, and throwing the spray far into the air. It is a struggle of water not to be surpassed on the face of the earth. The great river, which 1,000 miles from its mouth spreads out twelve miles wide, was here writhing and dashing through two channels of 200 yards each. Narrower constrictions of the river we have seen, but in those there is depth to compensate; at Yalala the depth is not great. Into this water, near the shore, the natives set their traps, and catch fine fish. In a grotto close by they were drying them over and beside their fires. Returning homewards the ascent was very trying; the descent was bad enough, but the interminable climb up the rocky path was most fatiguing. When we reached the camp we found that two of Stanley's officers had just arrived on their way up to him. One of them was showing us how to set a Martini rifle at half-cock; the gun went off, and the bullet buried itself in the ground at the feet of one of the Gaboon boys, close to Comber.

A day or two after we reached Vana, we found one of

the natives very ill with pneumonia ; Comber treated him, and kept him alive on strong fowl-soup ; a great deal of careful nursing and attention was bestowed on him, for his house was beside the camp. When we were ready to go forward again, the man was well. To our astonishment, he came to ask us for a present, and was as astonished and disgusted as he had made us to be when we declined to do so. We suggested that it was his place to bring us a present, and to show some gratitude. He said to us, 'Well, indeed! you white men have no shame! I took your medicine and drank your soup, and did just as you told me, and now you object to give me a fine cloth to wear! You have no shame!' In spite of his protests he got nothing further out of us.

By January 4, 1882, 600 loads had been brought up to Vivi ; the other 100 loads of rice came up from Musuku at various times during the transport, when we found that scarcely any food could be bought in the country. The people never had enough for themselves. With our crowd of Krus and others, we were using 1 cwt. of rice a day, so we had to fetch an extra quantity.

Our next camp was at Manzi ; but as we had so many people, the natives preferred that we should camp in a wood at Matamba, twenty minutes' walk beyond the town. The wood marked the site of a town deserted some years before. There were no other towns on the road from there to Isangila, a distance of thirty miles, for the wicked people had killed each other out over their witch palavers. This was what the natives told us themselves. Yet they went on killing their witches, believing that if they did not do so all the people would be exterminated. Two wretched villages of a few huts each were to be found a few miles off the path, but the country was practically depopulated.

At Manzi the people were at their wits' end for food. Elephants had been pillaging their plantations until not a plantain remained. They had eaten up nearly all their sweet potatoes ; at the same time all their goats and dogs, with one exception, had been carried off recently by leopards. The dog that remained was kept tied up in a house.

While we were at Manzi this time they had another witch palaver. A baby of the chief was sick; teething fits were probably the main trouble. A witch-doctor was called, and a slave of the chief was indicated. He took the *nkasa*, and vomited, and was declared innocent. They had a little market, where a great deal of gossip and a few sweet potatoes were exchanged. A day or two after the *nkasa* ordeal the man was 'shown' on the market, to receive the congratulations of his friends. He dressed himself up in new clothes, reddened his skin, cropped his hair after the approved fashion, and played the dandy on the market, round which he was solemnly marched three times by the chief. Many of his friends gave him presents. He made it a great fête. The baby continued ill, becoming worse and worse. The witch-doctor came again, and this time indicated my friend Mpezo Mayala. The poor fellow was very indignant. I begged him to come with us. He said that he too was innocent, and was ready to take the *nkasa*. We urged the people to spare him. We did not see Mpezo again. They said that he was visiting some friends. A month later we learned that he was dead. The people told us that he demanded the ordeal, and after it had been several times refused, he became so angry at the taunts to which he was subjected that he took his gun, pressed the trigger with his toe, and blew his head to pieces. Poor Mpezo! I had nursed him through a bad sickness the previous time I had stayed at his town. It is very questionable whether the story of suicide is true; such cases are very rare; it is far more likely that they killed him.

In the middle of January we heard that our friends of the Livingstone Mission had paid a flying visit to the north bank of Stanley Pool, and found the natives hostile. They were thankful to get away unharmed. Our own numbers were reinforced by the advent, in January, of John Weeks; he went on to San Salvador, so that Hartland might be set free to join us. We had hoped and expected that the promised help would arrive more quickly; it was very trying that only two of us should be available for the forward work. Many strong

appeals for help were sent home, and several of them appeared in the *Heralds* of that date.

We made our next camp seven miles further on, in the Bundi valley. In going to form the camp, we dragged the two heaviest sections with us on the trucks, twelve boys to each, putting both gangs to one truck on the hills and at bad places. It was very hot weather, so the tent was pitched under a small leafy tree. We did not like to put a tent under a large tree, for fear of the fall of dead branches; but we thought that the tree was small, and if it fell itself no great harm would come. A little after sundown a violent tornado



MRS. WEEKS



J. H. WEEKS

came on—strong wind, a deluge of rain; thunder and lightning were constant. After an hour the tree blew over on the tent, which partly collapsed. A macintosh and a lantern were to hand; some boys were called, but the tree was too heavy. We had to cut it into several pieces to get it off. The tent was kept up by guys, for the ridge-pole was broken, and the rest of the night saw no more mishaps.

We had a great deal of running about over this transport, and several trips to Vivi and Musuku. In the course of this travelling I came into Matamba one evening, before the last few loads were cleared away, and put up for the night in one of our tents, which was still standing there. It was planted

at the foot of a great bombax tree. I looked up at the tree to see if there was any dead wood, and could see none. The tent had been there about a month. I had walked for more than an hour through a tornado ; after sundown the wind rose again, and some rain fell. During the night I was roused by a noise, but I listened, and all was quiet again. In the morning I found that 2 cwt. of wood had fallen and splintered, within three feet of my head, as I lay asleep. But for the loving care of our Heavenly Father, they might have buried me at the foot of that great tree.

Our two Congo boys made such progress in reading and writing, that they could write to us and understand our written orders. When part of our loads had left the hindermost camp, Comber and I could leave the rest of the loads to be dispatched by them, while we prospected and made preparations for the next camp ; in this way they became very useful. We would go forward with the two heavy boat sections on the trucks, and early commence the building of the next camp buildings. The rains were very frequent, so we had to build good water-tight places, big enough for 500 loads. The anchors, boat chains, and hardware could be left out, and some loads could be left under a tarpaulin. The rice had to be well protected, for the rain would easily destroy it. After a while we had seventy-five boys. When Zanzibaris travel, they know how to take care of themselves. On arriving in camp, they scatter, and bring in sticks and grass, and soon make their little shelters. Kru boys are very different ; they are very helpless and thoughtless ; if we had not looked after their comfort and shelter constantly, we should have had them all very soon on the sick list. You can give a Zanzibari a week's rations, and he will manage to live on it. A Kru boy would give all his ration cloth for a few heads of maize, and have nothing to eat after the second day, if even it reached the second day. If he could not spend it at once on food, it would go for palm wine. We had to be very careful of them, and feed them well, to keep them up to this transport work. They carried a load for seven or eight miles, and returned empty-handed to eat and

sleep, and did the same day after day. When we had shifted from Matamba we had no further native help, and our own gang had to do all.

The sixth camp was beyond the Ngoma, at a place where Stanley had put his steamers into the river, because there were a few miles of navigable water, which avoided some high hills and rough roads. We also put the Plymouth together, and made use of the water. There is a remarkable place on that reach, the narrowest part of the whole great river. The channel is not more than 150 yards wide, perhaps not more than 100 yards. There is another small channel on the north side of it, about thirty yards wide. The whole river flows through this narrow place without any bad swirls or trouble. We always dropped down the main channel without a thought of danger; we made our way up by the smaller channel, because the water was slacker, but we often pulled up it with our oars, no rope being used. The river must have been exceedingly deep, and probably it had undermined its banks. There is a place on the Kwilu river which is only seven feet wide; the river falls into a fissure in the rock in the middle of the stream. The railway bridge over the Kwilu near this spot required a span of eighty-eight yards.

A little above this narrow place we made our camp, about a mile or two below the Isangila Falls. We sent the boat back to Comber, and pitched our tent on the sandy shore. The arrival of Weeks at San Salvador had released Hartland to come to help us. He was with me, and we slept in the tent, our two boys lying on the sandy floor. In the morning my boy Nlemvo told us that there had been a great leopard round our tent during the night. The great paw-marks showed that he had walked all round the tent with its tangle of guy ropes. We tracked the spoor as it turned away toward the river, fifty yards above us. From that point there was a mark on the sand as if a sack had been dragged over it. When we examined it, we found a few hairs and some drops of blood. It was clear that the leopard had caught an antelope, and had dragged its carcass into the scrub. We fetched our rifles, loaded them, and carefully followed where

the antelope had been dragged, expecting every moment to find the leopard at breakfast. We saw nothing of the leopard, but we found the remains of the antelope. The head was gone. Great tooth-marks in the neck showed that its blood had been well sucked. The hind quarters, entrails, and lungs had been eaten, and the remainder was as clean as if it hung in a butcher's shop. We washed it carefully, and when the first boat-load came up, we went down to Comber to share our prize. We made three or four meals off the leopard's antelope, and gave some to the boys. The leopard never came to complain, although we remained there ten days. The boat-boys brought the loads to the leopard camp, and the others carried them on to a camp above Isangila Falls. Thence we carried them in the boat the half-mile to our station; the men could not carry by land, for there was a deep ravine between our station and Stanley's, and it was full of water, for the river was in flood. Until the place could be bridged the water was the simplest route. While the goods were being brought to the beach, we scraped and painted the Plymouth, and prepared her for further service; and by March 17 the transport to Isangila of the 500 loads, the boat, and the rice, was completed. We had been exactly three months doing it.

We made a cover for the boat, to protect the boys and loads from the rain. In the middle of the second, third, and fifth compartments we set up three bamboo masts, seven feet high. The boat's tow-rope was stretched from bow to stern, over the masts, and made fast. Over this ridge-pole we stretched the tarpaulin and the fly-roofs of two tents, and with fitting attachments we made a capital water-tight roof for the boat in wet weather, which could be set up in a couple of minutes.

Four days after the last loads were at Isangila Station, we started again for Manyanga. Hartland remained behind at Isangila, to try to get the local natives to commence transporting for us, and succeeded in so doing. Lulendo, the son of the chief of Ntombo (Manyanga), had been with us all the while. We found him to be a very intelligent, well-behaved

man, and a great contrast to the wild, slovenly people among whom he lived; very different indeed to his father, who was a thorough north bank Mbwende. We found afterwards that his mother came from the district to the south of Wathen Station, from people very like those at San Salvador. His intelligence, energy, and refinement came from his mother. We liked the man much. He had been four and a half months away from home; he had seen many things, and had learned from us much in the time.

When we started in our boat for Manyanga, the river was in about medium flood. The rising and falling of the river for 1883 were as follows:—River commenced to fall December 20, 1882; rise, March 18, 1883; fall, May 8; a little rise of a foot in seven days, July 24; regular rise commenced August 24. The fall which ceases about March 18 only reaches about a medium point, and then commences the rise for the heavy rains in the district to the south of the Equator. In 1882 the rise commenced on March 19, only a day later than that of the following year. Our first ascent of the Isangila-Manyanga reach was therefore on rising water of medium height.

Just above Isangila there is a great bend in the river, almost at right angles. A long straight reach of many miles there opens up. The limestone crops out frequently in low bluffs. After three shorter bends, another long straight reach opens out for some eight miles. Across this reach a diagonal line of hard rocks stretches from one end to the other. Here and there are gaps, and some of the river passes through them. Toward the lower end the rocks are higher and the gaps wider, and it is there that the main body of the water passes. It is a dangerous place, although apparently very simple to pass. The line of rocks is so nearly parallel with the current, and the water flows so swiftly, that any one steering a boat down might think that it is a simple matter to slip through the gap, which is several hundred yards wide. But as the boat drops down on the swift water, keeping well clear of the upper rock of the gap, there is scarcely time to pull across the line before she is down on the lower rock. Hart-

land was once nearly caught in that trap, and was actually carried to the front of the rock, being borne in safety over it on the great wave which was turned up by the nose of the rock. A foot or two less of progress, and the Plymouth would have touched, and have been overturned into the deep swift water beyond, where she must have been a total loss. This happened just on the top of the highest water, when the current was at its swiftest. Just clear of the gap were two great whirlpools, one below the other, and often 200 yards in diameter.

Once or twice, when I was taking the boat down, the whirlpool took us, and whirled us round until we could pull to the outer edge. There was a great hole in the centre of the whirlpool, but we never got into real danger ; it is, however, very confusing to be caught in that way, and to be whirled in the opposite direction to that in which you wish to go. Then, too, if successful in pulling to the edge, to pull out of it would be to get among bristling rocks in a strong back current, carrying you into a still worse place and greater danger ; so that it is often best to remain quietly near the edge until, in the revolution, you come near to where you entered, and then to struggle out into the strong down current, and do your best to keep clear of the next whirlpool below. When ascending the river we used generally to make our way up a small gap in the reef, three or four yards wide, just at the end where it reached the shore. It made a little fall of about two feet, up which we could haul the boat. It was at this place, Kilolo, that we met Stanley on our return from Stanley Pool.

At the upper end of this reach was the place at which the men of the Livingstone Mission took to the water, *en route* for their station at Bemba. A little above this was a bad cataract, Matadi Mavunguta, *the murmuring rocks*. On both sides of the river were a series of reefs stretching out far into the stream ; towards the upper end of the series a line of rock masses crossed the river ; on some of the islets so formed trees were growing. Through some gaps the river poured as a fall, or sometimes as a strong rush only. We

preferred to find our way among the rocks along the north shore.

Above the cataract was a narrow place in the river; a rocky promontory a mile long jutted out into the Congo. It was triangular in shape; at its base, which abutted on the mainland, was a channel three-quarters of a mile long, through which the water flowed in high flood. This headland came out two-thirds of the way across the river. We both thought that it would be a grand site for a station, standing up as it did 80 to 100 feet out of the water, with the river stretching for miles above it and below, and the high hills beyond. Little did we imagine that we should soon be building there.

Early on the second day beyond this, we went to visit the missionaries of the Livingstone Mission at Bemba, but found that they had left the place. The natives were very bad, and had intrigued to get one of the missionaries to go down for stores, that they might kill the other and loot the place. They had managed to burn the first house down. The mission had decided to build all their stations on the south bank; so, on February 17, 1882, Bemba Station was shifted to Mukimbungu, on the hills above Itunzima, an hour from the beach. I went up with one of the boys, and found the place, and the missionaries came down to breakfast with us on the beach. One of their number, Mr. Lancelo, was recently dead. He was buried at Bemba.

After hearing all the news of their work, we passed on to struggle with the water of the Itunzima Cataract, a few miles beyond. Several low rocky islands make a line slanting across the river. Through most of the sluices thus formed, the river makes a clear fall; they are, however, shallow, and the main force of the current is thrown upon the last opening, which is 300 to 400 yards wide. Through this the river rushes with great velocity as a mound of water, like that seen in the tail-waters of a mill. The south shore is studded with hard black rocks, upon which the water pitches wildly. We attacked this difficulty, and did our best to make our way up the rushing water, but were soon beaten back. We

pulled as close as possible to a rocky point, and fastened a coil or two of the anchor chain to a stone. Two of our best Krus, Africa and Ben, carried out the end of our 50-fathom rope, one of them holding it in his hand, or in his teeth if he had to swim ; sometimes he hitched it round his waist. They thus passed the rope outside all the rocks to the next slack water above ; occasionally they could clear two points. Then making the rope carefully fast, the ten boys in the boat hauled on the rope, one of us steering. Pushing out into the boiling, rushing water, with care to enter it at the right angle, the boat was slowly drawn to the point. As we entered the wave that ploughed up from the extremity of the rock, the water sometimes flew over the bows, but a steady pull brought her clear, while the rudder kept her off the stones. If the rope was paid out past a second point, we were often caught in the eddy below it, and driven on the rocks. The force of the water was terrible. To back water with the eight 16-foot oars only gave the water more to catch hold of. A boy or two went out into the water, and somehow found a foothold to push the boat off, and then another steady pull. Sometimes the angle of the rope overbalanced the power of the rudder, so that we could not keep off the jagged rock at the point, and some of the boys had to go into the water again, and fend her past. We had this work point after point in Itunzima.

When the sun went down we lay under a point, in a little cove about as large as the boat. The water swayed about, and made us grind on the rocks. We locked ourselves to the mooring, to make sure that we were firmly fastened. We hurried over our evening meal, which had been cooked on a sandy patch between the rocks, for the moon, only four days old, was soon obscured by clouds. The thunder in the east warned us to put up our tarpaulin boat-roof, and make things taut. The sky became pitchy dark, there came a mighty rush of wind, then a few great drops ; we hurried into our ark of safety, and a wild deluge came down. We fastened down our entrance flap, and lay on our rugs dry, and so far comfortable ; but there was not much comfort for us. The roof was

necessarily low, for we dare not give the fierce wind much to catch hold of. There were sixteen boys under this low roof beside ourselves, and it became very hot and stuffy. The wind knocked up waves on the river, and the boat danced and swayed about, grinding and pounding all the more vigorously on the rocks. Torrents of rain fell for an hour and a half; the thunder roared and the lightning flashed almost continuously. We were very tired, but sleep was hard to get; what with the roar of the elements, the motion and grinding of the boat, the foul atmosphere of our ark, and the possibility of getting adrift, there was not much inducement to sleep. It came notwithstanding all, with many awakings, however, to see whether we were alive and safe. We had one consolation: as long as the boat pounded and ground on the rocks we knew that we were safely moored in our cove; had we slipped our chain, the peace and quiet would have roused us and warned us of acute danger, for then we should have been adrift. After a while the rain moderated, and we were able to open two ventilation holes fore and aft, and so we slept. We were all too tired to keep watch; it was not even necessary. Before dawn the Kru boys were eating the remainder of last night's meal, and we had commenced our breakfast; so when the light came we continued our struggle with the water. Point after point was rounded, but not until an hour after our midday meal did we get clear of Itunzima. So dangerous was the place, and so anxious were we not to slip and get carried back upon the rocks to our destruction, that we often went ourselves to see that the rope was properly fastened. To do this we had to go into the water, and feel about under water, where the rope had to be tied, when there was no other good hold for it. We made some progress up the next reach in the afternoon.

Next day we reached Bulu, the town beside the river where we found that the people had made the old chief drink the ordeal poison, when on our first journey to Stanley Pool. A little above the town, high cliffs rose sheer out of the water for 150 feet; they swarmed with hawks and fishing vultures (*Gypohierax*), the only vulture which catches living

prey. The birds wheeled and shrieked at the boat which had come to disturb their solitudes. Then came a long broad reach, a mile, and sometimes nearly two miles wide; a good breeze sprang up, we unfurled our great lateen sails, and the Plymouth made excellent progress.

Two days later we came in sight of Manyanga, and hoped to reach there that day; but at noon we came to a place which bade fair to stop us altogether. From the north bank a low reef of hard shaly rocks runs halfway across the river, then it disappears under water. The shore end on the south bank is a broad flat step of rock. There was no possibility of passing the north end of the reef by oars or sail, so swift was the current; and as it was a long narrow reef there was nothing to which we could attach the rope, and so pull the boat past the obstacle. The south shore was our only hope. We manœuvred as usual, bringing up our boat near to the point of the rock, and passing the rope round. From the point there rushed a wave about three feet high, and further out a mound of water. When the bow of the boat entered the rush, the water began to fly over her. We slackened off to avoid foundering, and tried again with the same result. It was evident that we must lighten the boat, so we drew to the bank, and discharged her on the rocky platform.

Once more we attempted the task with the light boat; but although we accomplished it often with less trouble afterwards, at that particular state of the water we could do nothing. The angle of the rope was very bad, and could not be improved; although the light boat kept above the water, the angle of the rope and the power of the water combined to force the boat on the corner, so that we could not move her. At higher flood the greater part of the north reef was under water, and when the water was lower it was not nearly so powerful, but as it was we could not pass it. We prospected from the rock, and noticed that the reef crossed the river at such a slant that the northern point was 300 or 400 yards above the southern. Could we cross the river from under the north point, and reach the southern shore above the

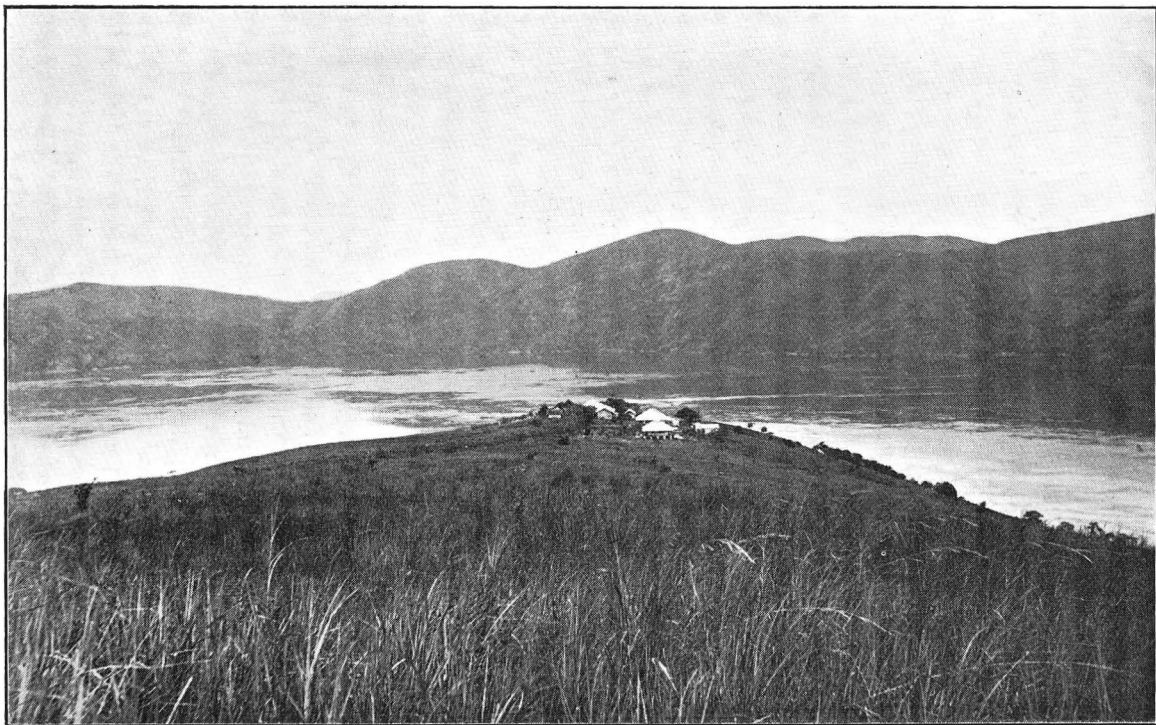
impassable south point? There was a nasty rock mid-stream to catch us, if we did not keep well up.

We resolved to try it, so took a few loads to ballast the boat, and set up the masts and sails. We dropped down below the rock mid-stream, and reaching the north shore made up to the reef, along it, and out into the rush. There was a nice breeze to fill the great lateens, and with the sails, the eight oars, and two paddles we flew through the water; but we kept the boat's head too much up. We avoided the mid-stream rock, but failed to get above the southern point by some thirty yards. It was so nearly done that we tried again. From the north point we headed almost for the opposite shore; the boat lay over to the breeze, until there was not much free-board left, and so we rapidly swept across the strong current, reaching the shore well above the bad southern point. We had passed the impassable, and were duly thankful, but the sun was near the horizon; it was useless to attempt to reach Manyanga that day, so we loaded our boat, and lay for the night there, at Ndunga. Some natives on the beach told us that a few days previously there had been fighting between Stanley's people and the natives, and several had been killed. There was some talk of the burning of our station. We hardly knew what to make of the story, but felt that we were better to sleep where we were, rather than nearer home on the north shore. A little more than an hour sufficed to bring us to our station on the morning of March 29. Very glad were our caretakers to see us; they had a long story to tell.

At the first Stanley had a great deal of trouble with the Manyanga people, but by the time that we had arrived to build there, the hostile spirit was to a large extent quieted. Our pleasant friendly ways, and knowledge of the language, helped further in this direction, but the people were naturally turbulent, and very little would rouse the old spirit. Gunpowder only needs a spark to evoke a great disturbance. The turbulent spirit evidenced itself in the affair on the market, while our station-house was being built. The matter was satisfactorily settled, but something else might occur at

any time. The people were great thieves, and they often tried to steal knives, beads, &c., from me. After I went down river to help in the transport, other things cropped up. One day a woman was found leading off one of the pigs of Lieutenant Harou, Stanley's agent. Some time afterwards, while his little steamer the *Royale*, which plied on that reach, was being repaired, the brass handles of some taps were stolen; two Zanzibaris managed to catch a man unfastening the steam whistle, while another had carried off the brass band of the boiler packing. This matter was settled with patience and forbearance. Next a man of Ntombo was engaged to ferry some goods across the river, for a Zanzibari caravan to Stanley Pool. The ferryman stole a box of fine cloths. The thief was a man from Ngombe, on the opposite bank of the river; he had married a woman of Ntombo, and was living in her town. The matter was therefore complicated with the Ngombe chief, who was holding the cloth, or at least the greater part of it. The matter dragged on for some time, until on the market, a fortnight before our return to Manyanga, Feruzi, the chief of the Zanzibaris, saw the thief, and asked him something about the cloth. A slap in the face was the only reply. The man was immediately seized, and an explanation demanded. The man called his mates, who attacked the white men's people, ours of course included. Sticks and stones were freely used, but the white men's people beat off the natives, who ran away to their own towns to fetch their guns, and rouse the country.

As Stanley's people returned home, and neared the station, they saw a number of armed natives running towards them. They hastened to inform Lieutenant Harou, who armed his people. José Silva, the Victoria man in charge of our station, after hiding his things in the grass, went up to Stanley's station with the two boys, as being the only safe place. The people of seven towns had come down to burn out the white men, and take all their goods. They came down the broad road leading to the station dancing, firing their guns, and brandishing knives. It became necessary to warn them that such folly would not be with impunity. Some



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shots fired over their heads did not stop them; they still advanced, seeking such cover as the scrub afforded. A large party appeared on the other side of the ravine, attempting to reach the station from that side, while another party started to burn our house. Ironstone slugs and bits of copper ingots flew about among the white men and their people. José, who had been knocked down on the market by a heavy blow from a stone, was now grazed by a slug, which touched his jacket. The party which was descending the steep hill to burn our station were called back by the Ntombo people; but when they learned the reason of their recall, they started off again. One man came dancing forward with his knife. M. Harou fired over his head to no effect, and with the next shot wounded him in the leg. Then they fired into the crowd, and three men fell, one dead, the other two badly wounded; one died soon after. The people then turned and fled. Those who had gone to burn our house, seeing that their party were in flight, ran away also.

No secret was made of their intentions as to our station, if they had not thus been checked, and if Lulendo had not been with us down river. They frankly confessed that they would have finished what they went to do. The people were divided, some fearing for Lulendo, who was practically a hostage; others thinking most of the plunder; so that when the people began to fall, it easily became a panic.

Arrived at their homes, they began to think what they had been doing, and became very frightened. No one knew whose town would be first attacked by the white men. The women were sent away into the wooded ravines to hide. Their bravery and greed of loot had to give way to craven fear.

Lieutenant Harou sent some men along the shore of the river; they caught two fishermen of Ndandanga, and brought them to him. He sent them to tell the people that unless they came at once to make peace, worse trouble would follow. The reply came, appointing a remote day for the palaver. Lieutenant Harou said that unless peace were at once made, it would be the ruin of the country. If he saw a canoe on the

river he would shoot the men in it ; so he fired two shots 1000 yards out into the river, to show what he could do. The farms of the Ntombo women were many of them along the river shore, for their hills were mostly of a hard sandy clay without any soil. No one should come to pull a root of cassava ; indeed, he would take it to feed his people. He warned them on no account to venture down to the fishing grounds. They saw that they were helpless, so the next day they brought down two pigs, and sued for peace. The matter was arranged.

It was an unfortunate affair, but until such a lesson had been learned those wild people would only regard white men as sheep to be shorn. To them gentleness, patience, and long-suffering were only cowardice and weakness. They had indeed seen guns, but only as playthings, and they imagined that the white men were quite at their mercy. Their eyes were opened, and in sober reflection they realized that they were in the wrong, and had made a great mistake.

Of the two men who were dead, one came from Ngoyo, and one from Lemba, towns a few miles beyond Ntombo ; they had married women of Ntombo, and had gone to live in that town. Their relatives demanded payment for the dead, in accordance with country custom. The war towns declared that as they were not Ntombo men, they had no business to be in the way of getting killed. They went with the crowd to sack the white men's stations, and were shot ; it was all their own fault ; they had no business to be there. This was their reply, but there was much parleying ; eventually the man who stole the cloth, and was the real cause of the whole affair, was condemned to pay for the dead. The palaver was settled and peace made by the time we arrived, so there was no cause for apprehension. Comber waited one clear day to rest his boys, and returned to Isangila with the boat, leaving me with a few work-boys to go on building.

When we arrived, we found that Mtu Matadi, Lulendo's father, had left word that Lulendo was not to go on any account to the town until he fetched him, for there was a 'bad palaver' in the town. People said that such a thing

had never been before. Lulendo, a Mbwende man, had been visiting the white men, had been staying in heaven (*sic*) a long while, had, of course, been eating human flesh there, so acquiring the taste, and learning everything satanic and magical. He must be a witch, and must drink the poison ordeal. I sent to call the chiefs, and showed them that it was the same Lulendo who went down river with me—perhaps a little fatter than when we started. He had behaved well, and had learned no evil ways. He would be a great help to them now in all their dealings and troubles with the white men, and could teach them much; in fact, they would be blind to their truest interests if they allowed any harm to come to him. The latter argument certainly appealed to them; they said that we had done well indeed, and assured me that no harm should come to him.

Lulendo met with quite an ovation on his first appearance on the great Manyanga market. For some time I felt anxious; but the chiefs kept their word. We all liked Lulendo very much; he never troubled us with begging for this and that. He always preserved his self-respect, behaved respectfully, and won our respect. He was always friendly and helpful. The years brought changes. His father died, and he left the district, and went to live with his mother's people, four hours to the south of what became afterwards our new Wathen station. There he was and is constantly on demand as a native advocate. He is still most friendly, but we seldom see him, and his life so far away from our influence for seventeen years has dulled the memory of what he heard. He has never given evidence of conversion. His nephew and heir is a Christian man, and we must yet hope and pray for him.

When first I went to build at Manyanga, I settled with the local chiefs for the piece of land which was occupied by the station. The cloth and sundries were paid at once, but they begged for eight worn-out soldiers' coats as well. I had not the coats with me, but gave them an I O U for them. On my return I found that the Ntombo people had claimed some older right over the station land, although at

the first they had waived all rights. This promised to be a difficulty, but local politics came to our help.

The Ntombo market was 'dead' (no longer attended) since the fight with the white men, and the Ndandanga people wished it to remain 'dead,' so that their market might become instead the great local exchange. When the Ntombo chiefs came to talk to me about their right to the land, and to the payment for it, I told them that it was to me a small matter as to whom I paid for the land, but it must be the right party. They had talked about war with Ndandanga over the matter. I urged them to do the right thing, and, instead of the foolish preliminary of a war, to talk the matter over, and settle it among themselves. In the meantime I would neither receive nor give presents. I begged Lulendo to use all his influence to preserve peace, and to obtain a satisfactory arrangement. Next day was market-day, but the Ndandanga people would not go and set up the flag of peace. I arranged for a meeting of both parties at the station. When they came, Mtu Matadi, the chief of Ntombo, suggested a compromise. The Ntombo people would waive all rights to the station land. Since they had received all for Stanley's land, Ndandanga might have ours. Anybody, from whatever town, might sell food at either station, there was to be 'free trade,' and last, but not least, the Ntombo market was to be re-established in all its glory and fame. This happy settlement was agreed to and solemnly promised by both parties, and the Ntombo people went home. The Ndandangas stopped to talk about the land, and to ask for more cloth. I refused to do more than redeem my I O U 'book' for the eight coats. The matter had long ago been settled, and there was nothing to talk about. They agreed to come in two days, to present a pig, and to receive the eight coats. José overheard them still declaring among themselves that they would 'kill' the Ntombo market. I called them back, and told them that it would be of no use for them to come to see me until I heard that they had set up the flag of peace on the market; the women too must return to cultivate their farms, and peace must be solemnly established. When José and our boys returned from the next

market, they reported that all was right, the flag had been set up, and all was peace.

The Ndandanga chiefs lost no time in coming for the coats. They brought two pigs as a present ; they sat down near the house, and quarrelled for a long time among themselves, shouting, and yelling, as though they were going to kill each other. That was, however, only one of their little ways. Eventually they asked for ten coats, and ten pieces of cloth. I maintained that I had nothing to do but pay my 'book,' for all had long been settled. They had another of their little talks among themselves ; and when most had shouted themselves hoarse, they were ready to come to terms. The two head chiefs signed a paper properly witnessed, which was carefully read and explained to them ; by the deed they handed over to us absolutely the piece of land between the brook and the creek of Momvo, the river in front, and a well-defined boundary behind. They received their coats, and it was finished ; but as an act of grace I gave them forty yards of thin white calico as well. The two pigs were handed over, and tied up by one of our boys.

When the people were nearly at the top of the first hill, some one said, 'Where are the pigs?' The illustrious visitors had stolen back their present. We shouted to them to send back the pigs. They replied something about wanting more coats and cloth, and so they disappeared. It was twilight, and fast growing dark. A boy was sent after them. He found that the chief's party was far ahead, but caught a small boy, who, with two coats over his arm, was pulling along the largest pig. The pig was very slow, and had only just cleared the hill. The Kru boy seized the pig and the coats ; the small boy ran away, for fear of being caught as a hostage. The Kru boy was soon back on the station with the pig and coats. Next morning the chiefs sent down the other pig to redeem the two coats. So all was settled.

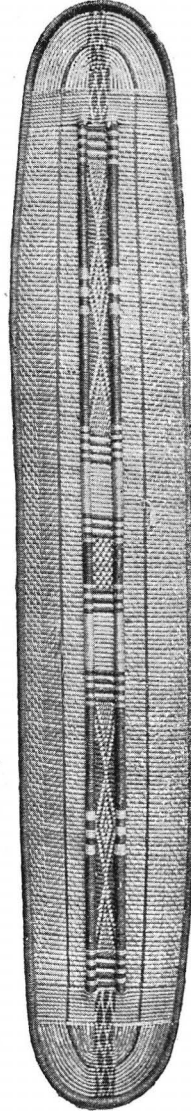
While these negotiations were in progress another serious affair happened. Stanley had by this time reached Stanley Pool, and was building his station at Kintambu, henceforth to be known as Leopoldville. Nga Liema would have liked

to have driven him away, but the presence of 200 armed Zanzibaris made him hesitate to do so. The transport of the expedition between Manyanga and the Pool was conducted along the north bank for a great part of the way. Early in February M. Roget came down all the way on the south bank, and crossed opposite Manyanga. All was quiet on the way, except that Lutete of Ngombe, twenty miles on the way to the Pool, refused his present—a good one. Several caravans of Zanzibaris passed up by that road without any white man. After our return to Manyanga, another officer passed through Lutete's town on the way up. The chief demanded gin; his visitor had none to offer, and had to make some show of resistance before Lutete would allow him to proceed. Evidently mischief was brewing.

We had heard of Ngombe a Ntumba while yet at San Salvador. The highlands on which the present Wathen station is built were known as Londe lua Mbilu, 'the highlands of Mbilu.' Mbilu, 'the abyss, hell,' is the name of a notorious town, long deserted. It appears that long ago some Mbilu men had gone to trade in Zomboland, 120 miles to the south. Presently news came that they had all been murdered by the Bazombo. A day or two after several Zombos returning from a trading expedition to the copper mines (?), passed through Mbilu; they were at once set upon and killed. Two days after the 'murdered' Mbilu people returned home safe and sound! It had been only a lying report which had reached the town, and the poor Zombos had been killed without cause. For a long time no one from the Mbilu plateau dared to visit Zombo, and the highlands became known as Londe lua Mbilu. We do not know how the town received its terrible name. We heard of the people as great traders, and their noted market was that of Makwekwe; it belonged to Ngombe a Ntumba. It might well be expected that if Stanley should meet any opposition like that which we experienced from Makuta, it would probably be at Ngombe. The real chief of the town was somewhat imbecile; his heirs were a family of several brothers, the youngest of whom was Lutete, who had distinguished himself in commercial and

forensic ability, and had practically become chief of the town. When the imbecile chief died, a few years later, Lutete accused his own mother of the witchcraft which caused the death, and killed her. The imbecile chief had a younger half-brother, named Makitu, whose father was a Teke slave, bought beyond Stanley Pool. Makitu was about twenty-five years of age. He was a shrewd, intelligent trader, of great energy and ability. When a boy his mother gave him one of her old hoes, and with that as capital he started in business. Buying and selling first in a small way, he launched out eventually in the ivory trade. He learned Kiteke, his father's language, and was on good terms with the Bateke. By 1882 he was the richest man in the country, rich in goods and in boy slaves, who would grow up to be very helpful to him in his trade. Lulendo had often talked to us about Lutete and Makitu, and their wealth.

On April 4 a caravan of thirty-one Zanzibaris arrived at Ngombe on their way to Stanley Pool, under Susi (Livingstone's faithful servant). The Ngombe people heard that the Zanzibaris were coming, and sent some young men to count the number of guns they carried. They hurried back into the town, saying, 'Only thirty-one.' When the Zanzibaris arrived, they put down their loads to rest. The young rowdies of the town at once came to demand blackmail, as they would from any native caravan. Susi said that he could do nothing of the sort. They had their loads to deliver safely at Stanley Pool, and beside,



A CONGO SHIELD

a few fathoms of cloth with which to buy food. The rowdies seized a bale of cloth, and were going to open it. Susi and Uledi warned them to take care, and wrenched the bale away. Some of the tired Zanzibaris were sitting on the boxes and things that they carried. It was a custom of the country that only chiefs should sit upon a box, ordinary people had to sit upon the ground; so, as the rowdies were seeking to pick a quarrel, they made this custom an excuse. One of them ran up to one of the Zanzibaris who was resting on his box, struck him violently on the head with a stick, and asked him how he, a slave of the white men, had dared to sit on a box in the town of their great chief. The stick of the Zanzibari promptly descended on the pate of the rowdy. While some attacked the strangers with sticks, others fetched their guns, and fired at the Zanzibaris at close quarters; four were wounded. One of them had his arm broken, and received several slugs in different parts of his body. The Zanzibaris were old campaigners, and knew what to do. Some of them leaped upon the houses, and from the roofs fired at the retreating natives, and drove them helter-skelter out of the town. Then they looted the houses, and in doing so found hiding in the inner rooms three women, two babies, three small boys, and a girl. They carried all the gunpowder to the stream, and emptied the barrels into the water. They could not carry very much cloth beside their loads, so they burnt the rest. A native caravan had just arrived from the coast, bringing back the proceeds of ten large tusks of ivory sold to the traders. All this was captured and destroyed. The houses of about half the town were burnt, and the Zanzibaris returned with their loads and captives to Manyanga. Near the ferry they sold one little boy for two goats. The Zanzibaris said that they had killed four men; but that was denied by the natives.

As soon as Lieut. Harou heard what had happened, he sent an express messenger to Stanley to ask for a force, that he might properly punish the town. Lulendo came in consternation to tell me what his friends Lutete and Makitu had been doing. I told him to go off immediately, as fast

as he could to Ngombe, to urge the chiefs to come in at once and make peace with M. Harou ; and assured him that if they delayed Stanley would send down a great force, and make a terrible example of them ; he would never allow his line of communication to be cut off. Lulendo took in the situation, and hurried off.

We had resumed medical work, and Lieut. Harou was glad to let his sick men come down to me for medicine. When his wounded men came in, he sent them down to me. One man had been grazed by some ironstone slugs, one of which was embedded in his back ; that was soon picked out. Another had three in his ribs, but not deep ; they were extracted. A third, Hamisi, had his left arm broken, two-thirds of the way between the elbow and shoulder, by a copper slug—a piece of an ingot. I was in rather a fix for splints, for I had no convenient wood, but remembered the thick skin of the large antelope shot by José at Manzi. I cut out a paper pattern, and then cut a splint of the skin. Having soaked it in water, I fitted it carefully to the arm, leaving a space at the wound into which a drainage-tube was inserted. The bone was carefully set and bandaged, and two other slugs were picked out of his body. The arm was very troublesome at first, on account of the discharge from the wound, and the splint had to be removed carefully many times to be washed. The bone joined perfectly, but there was a sinus for three months, because of a piece of dead bone. When that came away, all healed up, and Hamisi went to fell trees, and do heavy work as before ; he was a great strong fellow. He was very grateful for my care and treatment, and always kissed my hand when he met me. Some of the Zanzibaris were fine fellows. The fourth man did not come down for treatment, being afraid of surgery. At last the wound began to suppurate, and the whole arm was so shockingly inflamed that it was a case of treatment or death. He had been shot in the wrist. The slug had passed through the wrist to the tough skin, from which it rebounded back through at another angle to the skin, and again rebounding, and traversing the wrist in another place, it struck the skin and stopped. The

first probe found nothing but the opposite skin. I was so afraid of the artery that I passed a glass rod into the wound (the only thing available), and cut down on the round end of the glass rod. Then I found the next traverse, and only skin at the end of that. Repeating the operation, I found the third passage, and as the slug was lying against the skin at the end I cut down on it, and got it out. After careful cleansing the wound was properly dressed, and in a few weeks the man was well.

I went up to see the captives, and begged Lieut. Harou to let me have the two little boys, promising to keep them safely. The poor little fellows were very timid, but when they found that I could speak their language, and treated them kindly, and also that there were other boys about, they were soon at home. I gave them a new cloth and a bead necklace each, and we were soon friends. They went up next day to see the other prisoners, the women and babies and the little girl; we had no lady on the station, so I could do nothing for them. The little boys soon came back. They were happy, merry little fellows, five and six years old.

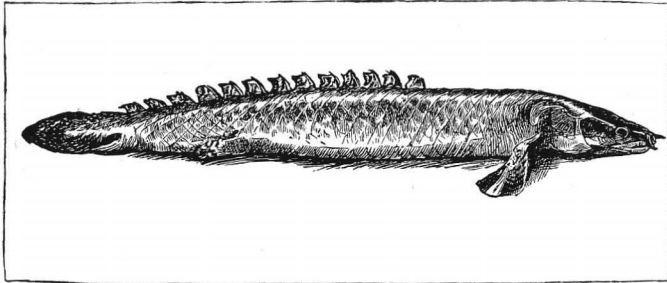
On the 14th Lutete came to sue for peace; Makitu had kept out of the fight, but came with Lutete. They first came to the station to thank me for my message by Lulendo. They were very pleased to find that the little boys were with me, and that I had been kind to them. They laughed, and said that in their country they tied their captives up, and only gave them bare food; but I had clothed the little fellows, and given them smart necklaces. I told them of our work at San Salvador, of our school, and how we desired to do the same for them, if they would send us some boys to teach. Lulendo had told them a great deal about us, and they thought that we must be a strange sort of white men, if we did not buy india-rubber or ivory, and because we only talked about God, and wanted to teach and help people who were not our mothers or fathers either (not relatives on either the father's or mother's side). I told them how I had begged for the boys, and how M. Harou had kindly allowed them to come. Then we talked of the fight, and I told them

how foolish and wrong they were to attack Stanley's people. Foolish, because he was so strong, and could easily exterminate them if he liked; they could not hope to stand against 200 well-trained Zanzibaris, &c., under white officers. I told them that they were wrong also, for Stanley only wanted to develop the country, and to be friendly with all the people. His arrival meant great and good changes for them. We were not of Stanley's party, but as we had come solely to teach the people, and to help and elevate them, he was glad that we were following him. They had heard of our work at San Salvador, and of the outrage at Makuta. I urged them strongly to make peace, and to open the road without any delay; until that was done their danger was great.

They thanked me for my advice, and for calling them so promptly; they begged me to go up with them to Lieut. Harou. The lieutenant was glad for me to be present, to help, if need be, in the interpretation. The need did arise, for he spoke in English to a Zanzibari, who explained things to a Kabinda from the coast, and he spoke in his *patois* to the natives, who had another dialect of their own. This might serve in small matters, but sometimes in this 'palaver' (discussion) the words were utterly changed and 'improved upon' in the process of interpretation. M. Harou had to appeal to me several times to clear up difficulties.

Lieut. Harou said that he was glad that they had come in to talk the matter over. He was willing to make peace, and have the road open, if they so wished; but if they preferred war, he was quite ready. Would they fight? No! they wished for peace. Then they complained that four men had been killed, half the town destroyed, and a large quantity of cloth, powder, guns, &c., burnt; nine captives had been taken, and some cloth looted. M. Harou told them that that was the result of their folly. If they thought fit to fight with the Zanzibaris, they must take the consequences. Lutete was ready to give up all claim for the men killed, and for the property destroyed, but they begged for the return of the captives and the loot. M. Harou said that the captives would be returned, if they really wished for peace; but the loot was no

business of his, it was part of the trouble of war. They must, however, pay for his wounded men some forty pieces of fine cloths and some goats. After a good deal of talk all this was settled. When the captives were handed over, they said that a boy named Kibakumba was missing. He had been sold for two goats on the other side of the river. M. Harou told them to come in a fortnight's time to fetch the boy ; he would send to fetch him. He also expressed his satisfaction that Makitu and his people had not joined in the fight, and gave him a present. The chiefs were in a great hurry to cross the river that night, but came down to our station again for a few minutes, and received a little more advice and caution. They took away the boys, thanking me for my kindness and help.



A GANOID (POLYPTERUS)

The little boy who had been sold for the goats was redeemed, and Lieut. Harou allowed me to take charge of him ; his long name was abbreviated to Kibi. A fortnight later Makitu came for Kibi, paid the fine of forty pieces of cloth and the goats on account of Lutete, the road was declared open, and the peace was solemnly ratified. He took the boy Kibi home with him, thanking me for the further kindness, and begging me to visit his town. A day or two after eighty armed Zanzibaris arrived by the north bank from Stanley Pool, with orders to Lieut. Harou to take those men and all his available force, and to administer a severe punishment to Lutete, making of them an example, which would deter others from molesting his carriers. The peace was made just in time, so the soldiers

went back loaded with stores instead. Makitu and Lutete heard of the arrival of the force all in due course, and realized that I had indeed rendered them a great service, and saved their towns and people from destruction.

The day that Makitu arrived to complete peace I had another adventure. Lieut. Orban, one of Stanley's officers, a very agreeable Belgian, had several times expressed a wish to see one of the native towns. He had only seen those near Vivi, and wanted to see the Babwende. I fixed a day to take him up to Ndandanga. It happened that, just before we started, some fishermen told us that the people of the two ends of the town were fighting together; they begged us to go up, and call them to settle the matter amicably. We started, and presently heard gun-firing; as we approached the town we saw the warring factions, one party on one side of a ravine, and one on the other. We watched the battle at first. The warriors were cursing and defying each other, abusing each other's mothers, and vying with each other in exasperating language. One or two were carried away by rage, and crept down the steep side, taking cover where possible behind the scant grass and bushes. On the other side, men started down to try to get a shot at them. Some one lost his patience and fired; scampering up the slope to load afterwards in a safe place, and to tell the others how nearly he had killed his man. Some one else fired and scampered away. Then more cursing and abuse followed, another party of two or three started down, and the previous manœuvre was repeated.

One of the men came to us, and we urged him to call the war parties to a peaceable discussion in the town. We pointed out the folly of first killing a man or two, and then discussing. Why not discuss first? Our message stopped the fight, and soon the two parties were making their way by different routes to the village. They wanted to sit down and discuss, every man with his gun in his hand. This was too much for poor weak human nature, so we insisted on their putting their guns down at some little distance. Then they sat down. We asked them what they were fighting about. Some said

one thing, and some another ; they certainly did not agree as to the grievance. At last they told us how that A had borrowed a thousand strings of beads from B. A did not pay his debt at the stipulated time. After a great deal of trouble, a large pig was given as a pledge, and that morning A was ready to pay. This did not please the rowdy friends of B, who hoped that a further delay in repayment would furnish an excuse for the slaughter of the pig. Seeing that the debt would very shortly be paid, some one shot the pig. The friends of A became furious, and fighting commenced. 'No! no! no!' chimed in the other side; 'it is not that.' They proceeded to give another history of violence and wrong, which seemed to have been long anterior. Then a hot discussion ensued, and they yelled at each other in the pleasing little way they have. Having exhausted themselves somewhat, it became possible for one of the chiefs to tender an explanation, which was equally unsatisfactory, for another storm ensued. It was evident that they were not quite clear as to the reason for which they were trying to kill each other.

We reproved the folly of such murderous ways of settling a difficulty so vague, and advised the chiefs to behave more as sensible men, and worthy of their high position. They proceeded then to discuss more reasonably, and the story first told was established. It was decided that the debt should be paid, and the slaughtered pig accounted for. It seemed that all was practically settled, and that the cross payments were to be made at once ; but a man who had frequently resented the amicable turn that things had taken rose angrily and went away. In a minute or so he appeared from behind the house, near which we were all sitting closely together. He had his gun in his hand. He came close to the seated crowd, and fired into the midst of us. The stiff limbs of aged councillors became unwontedly lithe. The scattering of the crowd was instantaneous. It very soon condensed into three parties, the two bands of warriors and a crowd of retreating women. We considered that our place was with the women, and that that would be safe. When we had retreated about fifty yards we stopped, and looked round. No one was hurt ; how or why

we never could tell; the slugs must have passed into the ground. The two groups of warriors began to fire at each other, and hastened to take up their old positions. We started to walk homewards. The chiefs of both parties were afraid of the consequences, and left their men to fight it out, while they hurried after us, enemies and friends together, to appease us. They begged us to stop, but we told them to come on to a clear space at the top of the hill. There we waited for them, and expressed our sentiments pretty freely. They implored us not to be angry, and declared that the scoundrel had only fired at the chief of the upper town. They said that they would bring us each a goat or a pig, to make up for the annoyance. They said that they would fight all that day and the next, and then they would talk and settle the matter. This they did; but they quite forgot to bring us the pigs and express further their regrets to us.

These fights were not always such harmless amusements among the Babwende. They were very frequent; indeed, there was scarcely a boy of fifteen who could not show the scar of a gunshot wound somewhere on his body. I was often astonished when little fellows showed me the marks, and told me the stories. Bad guns, bad powder, bad bullets, and long range prevented many wounds from being very dangerous. In those parts now under the influence of the Congo State all this is changed, and those coming out in the present day can have but little idea of the original wildness and violence. All this wildness and turbulence does not necessarily stamp the tribe or race as hopelessly bad. It is more than probable that our forefathers were a wild lot. The Romans found the Britons a tough people to tackle before the, perhaps, wilder Saxons, Danes, &c., came to add to the stock. The very grit, go, manliness, energy, and general *noblesse*, which, when properly tempered and directed, has resulted in so great a nation, was the cause of their wildness and violence. So, too, among these wild Congo people the missionary need not shut his eyes to facts; the people may be in a low state, by reason of their heathen ignorance, superstition, and cruelty, until indeed they seem, in some respects,

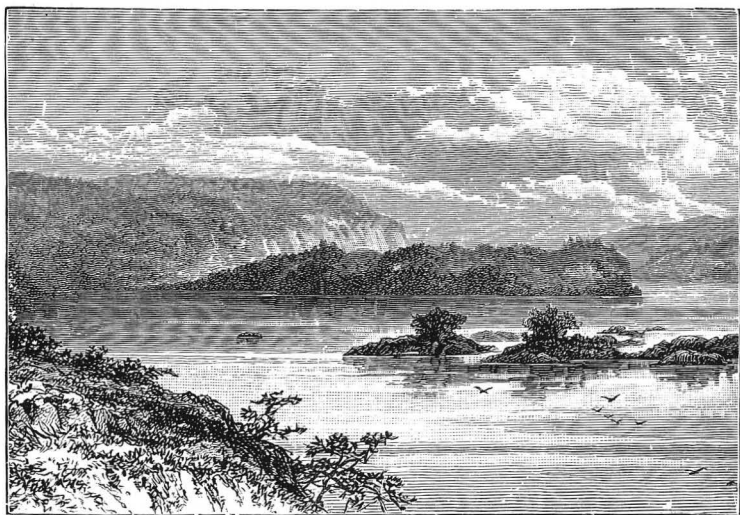
little better than the beasts ; but there are great possibilities. The very pluck and dash of some of these great rowdy peoples bespeak greater and better things in the future.

Writing now in these later years, we can speak of those who were once the leaders in the local fighting, who now put their then misplaced energy into Christian work and the preaching of the Gospel where there is fierce and cruel opposition. We know of girls and timid women who for Christ's sake will dare the lash and thong, slavery, and the risk of life. There is much in these wild people that only needs to be properly directed, or rather, let us say, that the grace of God should take hold of it, and great things are possible. There was not much in us as we were, a fallen race, to tempt the Son of God to leave His throne of glory to come to this dark, cruel world to save us ; but He knew what He could make of us, and counted not the sacrifice too great. Dirty, degraded, rowdy peoples, like the Babwende at Manyanga, are worthy of all the talents and sacrifices of the missionary who goes to them. The stones are uncut and lying in the mud, but they are diamonds. From the wild Congo shall come many who will shine as bright jewels in the Saviour's crown. We, too, may dare and suffer and lose our lives in this work, not for what the people are as we find them, but for what they shall be. Meanwhile let us tell what we saw, and how we found them, leaving to the future the full account of what came of it all.

Comber, in one of his letters, describes our medical work at Manyanga, and a type of the people. He writes: 'Some three hours every morning are spent in dressing large and loathsome ulcers, which, under the stimulating and healing influence of our lotions, rapidly assume a healthy appearance. One would think that the healing of these sores of five years' standing, or more, in as many weeks, would elicit some sign of surprise or wonderment from onlookers. One would almost think that this medical attention, carefully, kindly, and constantly bestowed, and combined, as it generally is, with board and lodging, and constant genial efforts to win confidence and attachment, would inspire here and there a little gratitude. But neither astonishment nor gratitude are visible, although

the temperament of the people is by no means phlegmatic. One begins to question very seriously whether gratitude is, with these people, a natural instinct, except very occasionally. I think, without doubt, the sentiment can be introduced and cultivated, but, except in rare cases, I do not think that it is natural to them. A Manyanga youth, without a single friend, has two terrible and foul ulcers. He wanders about from place to place, begging, stealing, and getting far more kicks than pudding. He finds his way down here, and Bertley takes him in, gives him a cloth to wear, and a hut to live in, as the other boys complain of the fetid smell of his sores. Every morning from half an hour to an hour is spent over surgical dressing. At first the people seemed to wonder at our bad taste in uncovering the places, and would turn away with an "ugh" of disgust. Even the youth himself would scarcely put his hand to bandages soaked in offensive discharges. It is necessary for the white man to smother down his disgust, naturally so much stronger than theirs, and to do everything for the patient. The poor fellow's ulcers are now in a healthy condition, and rapidly healing. Now it is very difficult to get this boy to answer, when we call him, and a daily trouble to persuade him to wash his ulcers, and have them ready for dressing. Liberal allowances of pudding, savoury messes, bits of fowl and goat, are received with perpetual grumbling. Send the youth to market to buy food for himself, he will come back drunk, having stolen your beads to buy palm wine. Inquiries or remonstrances make him threaten to run away, and you would lose your case, which is going on so well, and with it lose also your faint chance of winning confidence and attachment. Such is a strong specimen of our Manyanga material.' Happily, all are not as bad as this boy, but it is a type frequently found, especially among those who have long been sick. While this kindness may be practically wasted, as far as its recipient is concerned, others who see both it and the ingratitude, which is nevertheless borne with, may learn to know what lies at the base of this kindness. We have not only to preach Christ by the lip, but also by the Christ-like life.

Hartland brought the boat up next time, and managed to do it in six days. He returned the next day. He did not bring up the candles, which I so badly needed. I had been without candles since reaching Manyanga this time. It was a small matter, but as the sun goes down at six o'clock, and it is quite dark in less than half an hour after, the long evenings in the dark were rather troublesome. It is an ill wind, however, that blows no one any good. I could not go on writing the new words into my vocabulary, or do any reading, but Nlemvo, my boy, used to sit and talk with me



BAYNESTON, ON THE CONGO

under the verandah. Congo boys are very precocious ; some at twelve are more like boys of sixteen at home. Nlemvo was only a boy, not much more than twelve years old, but the Spirit of God was working in his heart. Often we had talked of the Saviour, of His love and His power. Nlemvo wanted to follow Jesus, and to do what was right ; but his obstinate nature often betrayed him into wrong-doing, and into sullenness when reproved. After a while he would come and apologize, and be very sorry ; again he would trip up on something, and fall into the same sin, and come again very

distressed and hopeless. He would talk about this trouble, and deplore the wickedness of his heart. We had many talks during those dark evenings, and at last he realized that only Jesus could save him. He had no strength himself, and was in himself helpless and hopeless. After a long talk on April 30, 1882, he went away, and in some quiet place begged Jesus to be his Saviour and his Master. He said nothing to me for four or five days, 'to make sure that it was all true and real,' and then came and told me that he had given his heart to the Saviour; he knew that He had heard his prayer, and had saved him. He was happy, and trusting in Jesus, and although sometimes the old spirit would again show itself, he was a very different boy, far more tractable, and ready to acknowledge his fault and ask for forgiveness. I have never had occasion to doubt that he was a converted boy from that time. He exercised a good influence on the other boys, and was a very faithful little fellow, caring for me, and helping me in every way. He knew all that went on, and nothing could go wrong when Nlemvo was about. From that day to this, he has been my right-hand man. I owe very much to him personally, and so does the Mission. His example and his influence did much to give things a start in a right direction from the first. There was no need to be in a hurry to baptize him, young as he was, and first among the Congos of our time to trust in Jesus. He was not baptized until about seventeen months after our return from England, after my first furlough.

Comber did not return to Manyanga until April 30; during those two months, affairs had developed down river. There were many difficulties in the Vivi-Isangila route, which we had adopted, and they were becoming acute. The country through which the road passed was for the most part without inhabitants, and food was so scarce, even where the people were to be found, that food for the journey of fifty miles had to be carried from the starting-point. Then again, the lack of people made it hard to find enough who were willing to carry for us. The difficulty of working the route from Musuku as a base was also very great.

When we began to use the natives as carriers, it revealed possibilities to the agent of the Belgian Expedition at Vivi. He began to compete with us for native carriers, and the price began to go up. The men were paid one piece of twelve large bandanna handkerchiefs (cotton) for the trip. The handkerchiefs which the agent used were not quite so good as those which we had been using, from the first, at San Salvador, so in seeking carriers he supplemented his with a bottle of gin. The people near his station at Vivi began to carry for him, so we had to trust to the people near Isangila, and we hoped that we might thus divide the recruiting ground. The second time that the people presented themselves for transport at Vivi, they demanded two bottles of gin, and got them; next time it had to be three, or they would cease to carry. Then the Isangila people forced us to place a knife on the top of our payment. This was met by an extra bottle of gin at Vivi, and soon a fifth bottle. We could not hope to compete in this way, so determined to make a change.

We had foreseen the probability of all this, so had not put up any expensive buildings at Isangila. Comber resolved to shift to some convenient point on the south bank. Musuku was too far down river for a convenient base for the new developments, so he decided to seek one at the highest navigable point of the lower river, which would be available equally for the transport to the upper river and to San Salvador. These changes were misunderstood by many of our friends at home. Some thought that we built stations, and abandoned them almost immediately, in some strange imitation of the Apostle Paul, who went about from city to city. We were believed to be making many mistakes, and suffering in consequence. There was no mistake made at all. We did the *only* possible thing, and having done it, opened thereby another possibility, of which we could then avail ourselves, and which until then did not exist.

The Livingstone Inland Mission had established itself at Palabala, on the hills, eight miles above Matadi. Beyond that point the people would not let them go for some time.

Mr. Richards, our fellow-passenger to the Congo in 1879, had overcome this opposition, and had made his way up country as far as Manteke, a distance of forty miles. Adam McAll came out in 1880 with several colleagues, and he pushed on to Bemba, the station which was afterwards transferred to the south bank at Mukimbungu (Feb. 17, 1882). This was their furthest point. It was not possible to recruit carriers in the neighbourhood of Palabala, but the Manteke and Mukimbungu stations were supplied by carriers from their own districts.

We should have preferred to have worked along the south bank, near the river, but as the other mission was working there we would not do so. Comber decided to find a point and district on the south bank of the river, some distance above Manteke, quite untouched by the Livingstone Mission, to build there, and to work up a transport of our own, where there would be no competition. He thought at once of that Vunda headland coming two-thirds of the way across the river, above the Mavunguta Cataract. Our stores and boat safely transported to Isangila, and our station at Manyanga already established, rendered this transfer to the south bank not only possible, but simple.

On Hartland's return from taking up a boat cargo to Manyanga, Comber and he took the boat and boys down to the Mavunguta Cataract. Just below it, at Ndiki, they left the boat in charge of four boys, and started with the others to explore the south bank road. They visited Mr. Richards at Manteke (L. I. M.), and learned that his mission had no connexion whatever with the people about Vunda, so there could be no difficulty in our settlement there. Thence they passed on to Palabala, and at the Dutch factory at Wangawanga the Musuku boat was waiting by appointment.

At Musuku Crudginton told them that H. Butcher, a new colleague (the third of the six promised), was due at Banana in two days. This timely help made the changes possible. A visit was paid to Wangawanga, and a fine site was chosen for our base station, just above the Dutch factory. The necessary arrangements were made with the natives, and the land was leased in perpetuity from the natives according to

the local custom. The ground included more than a mile of river frontage, and the whole point of Tunduwa. Below the point was a good landing-place, with room for stores and other buildings. On the ridge which formed the point, 200 feet above the water, was a fine site, only to be rivalled in beauty by the situation at Vunda. Below the point, the river lay open to view for five miles to Noki, and looking up river, Vivi could be seen nearly four miles distant. The heights, 1,500 feet above the upper site, were hidden by the lofty hill of Wanga-wanga. Opposite the point was the pool known as Hell's Cauldron, a seething water marked on the Admiralty Chart 'no bottom at 1,200 feet.' Beyond the pool, a perpendicular red cliff rose sheer out of the water, and behind it, hills upon hills in wild confusion. The situation was grand. After taking up some boat-loads of building material, &c., Crudgington and Butcher started the construction of the Underhill station. As soon as the buildings were erected, and the stores transferred, Musuku was abandoned.

Having completed arrangements for the transfer of the base station, Comber and Hartland started back to their boat at the Mavunguta Cataract. There was a difficulty at one of the towns on the way. At Kongo dia Lemba the people were very sullen and disagreeable. They would not lend a house for the night, and insisted on their leaving; they were obliged to camp in the jungle beyond the town. The clouds were gathering. It was the 12th of May, just in the last days of the rainy season, when the rain deluges the country. They had not reckoned on finding such inhospitable people, and had brought no tent. One of the Kru boys was often boasting of his magic powers, and among others that of rain making and stopping. The San Salvador people, half in banter and half in earnest, begged him to disperse the clouds, and to stop the rain. He 'made great medicine,' and tried hard by sorcery to prevent the rain from coming; but when the sun went down the big drops came, and then a wild storm, which lasted far into the night. It was a wretched experience, but happily no evil came of it.

At Ndiki the boat and the boys were found safe and

sound. They pulled up through the wild water of Mavunguta, and were thankful that there need not be many more struggles with it. They found a good beach on the Vunda headland, and a fine site for the house. Next day they went up to the Vunda towns on the hill. As they drew near, the natives came in force to attack them. Comber shouted to them to come and talk. Their only reply was, 'Go away!' He told them that he wanted to build on the headland; but they would not hear of it. 'Go away! go away!' was all that they would say. Comber did not like to take 'No' for an answer, and began to walk toward them. They spread out and prepared for a serious attack. Just as things began to be critical, a man of Manteke, who had been engaged by Comber, ran towards the people. He was a *nkimba*, and uttered the strange trill of the guild. Guns were lowered, and they gathered round him, for more than half of the warriors were brother *nkimbas*. They asked him what he meant by bringing the white men to their country. He said that he did not bring them, but they him. Then he told them not to act foolishly, for this was a good white man who spoke the native language, and would be a good friend to them. He gave such a good account of the missionaries, that they went to talk with Comber and Hartland, and were pleased to find that they could chat with them. They promised to come down the next day to talk the matter over. They came as they said, and were willing that we should build there. They were afraid to sign a contract, or take a 'book,' but they gave us the whole headland, and promised to bring plenty of food to sell, when the boat returned from Isangila. So the new station was commenced on May 16, 1882, under happy circumstances. It was decided to name the station Bayneston, in honour of the highly-esteemed secretary of the Society, Mr. Alfred Henry Baynes. After a trip to Isangila, to fetch the first necessities for the new station, Comber took a cargo to Manyanga in the Plymouth, and was glad to hand the boat work over to me, that he might have a little rest. He had been constantly travelling for eighteen months.

I took the boat down, and fetched a load from Isangila to Bayneston; then Hartland took the boat, and I went down over the new road with some Vunda natives as carriers to Underhill. The building was progressing; a great part of the stores were already shifted up from Musuku. Saturday was spent in arranging the loads for the carriers, and on Monday we started back. The inhospitable people of Kongo dia Lemba had changed their attitude, and lent me a house for the night. It was a very rough, hilly road, but there were many advantages over the Isangila route. The road up from Underhill lay over stony hills, a long climb for nearly two hours, and then a steep descent to the Mpozo river.

Arrangements had been made with the chief of Palabala for the ferrying of all our goods, for a definite sum per month. The canoes were bad, but better than nothing. From the Mpozo there was a stony climb of 1,500 feet to Palabala, the first station of the Livingstone Mission. It was the dry season then, and a cold wet mist hung over the hill-top in the early morning. The temperature was about 60° Fahrenheit; but it seemed bitterly cold. The road then plunged down the steep descent. The path was full of loose stones; white quartz boulders lay about on the torn hill-sides. At the foot of the descent stretched a weary uninhabited wilderness of rocky hills and loose quartz stones; a long climb at the end of the day led to Kongo dia Lemba for the night.

Thence we passed through beautiful wooded country. The scenery was grand in the extreme; terrible climbing up and down, but the forests, almost black in the strong sunlight, with the white stems of the lofty trees gleaming among the foliage, made a picture not to be surpassed. After three great climbs, and four descents, the last in the great Mazamba Forest, we came to the Luvu, a rocky, difficult river to cross. It has a nasty way of rising twenty, and even thirty feet in a short time. Some have encamped for the night on the banks, with the water twenty feet below them, only to be awakened, in the small hours of the morning, with nine inches of water rapidly rising in the tent! An awkward predicament when the lantern and matches are soaked, and deeper water

surrounds the camp. Happily, such a misfortune never befell me, but missionary friends have been so caught.

Five hours beyond was Manteke Station, L.I.M. It was then on the old site, where a very neat house of the frond stems of the raphia palm had been built by Mr. Richards. Away to the east stretched a great plain, crossed by several long straight ranges of hills from 300 to 500 feet high, broken frequently by passes, so that they appeared as rows of great hummocks crossing the plain. A small river which would sometimes keep travellers waiting for two or three days, until it was fordable, lay at the foot of the Vunda hills, from which we descended to Bayneston. It was about sixty miles from Underhill.

The Vunda carriers had done very well on the road, but having delivered their loads, they refused to take the pay which had been agreed upon. An hour was wasted in noisy discussion, and at last I affected great wrath, threw the cloth into the house, and declared that they should have nothing. We thanked them for the cheap piece of transport which they had done, and since they did not care to earn our cloth in a fair way, we would let our Kru boys carry instead, and bring porters from San Salvador, Loango, and other foreign countries, who would be glad to gain what the Vunda people might have. They then consented to take their pay, and asked with a smile when they should start down again for more loads. So a regular and efficient transport was started, which became very popular and cheap withal. Next day the local chiefs came down to receive their present for the land. There was the usual crookedness, greed, and unprofitable discussion. When they were tired and hungry, they agreed to take the present offered—cotton cloth, a coat each, red worsted caps, beads, tin plates, knives, looking-glasses, cotton singlets, brass chair-nails, snuff-boxes, in interesting variety and tempting appearance. They even ventured to sign the deed of sale, which was carefully explained to them, appending thereto some trembling crosses; and so our land was secured, and Hartland assumed peaceable possession.

Two trips were made to Isangila to bring up loads, and

I started again for Manyanga. There I found that Stanley was in the boat which passed me on the river ; he was going home, very ill and weak. He had been suffering from a severe fever, which only the most heroic measures could control. Happily, his life was spared, and he was on the way to England to recruit. Comber had seen him while at Manyanga, and he urged him to go to Stanley Pool as soon as possible. He offered a good site, and every help and favour. The country was unsettled, and for the last three months an attack from Nga Liema, the chief of Kintambu, had been a daily possibility. We should be of no use as a force to help the expedition, in case of attack ; but they would not be any the weaker by our advent, and there would be the exercise of further energy and influence for the pacification of the country. Our presence at Leopoldville would in that way be a strengthening of the situation. Stanley was very kind in the matter, and sent a letter of instructions to Lieut. Braconnier, his officer in charge at the Pool. A few days after I arrived at Manyanga.

A caravan of Zanzibaris was to start for Stanley Pool in two days. We were anxious that no time should be lost, and had good cause afterwards to be thankful that we were led to move as quickly as we did. One day was spent in packing the things necessary for the journey, and next morning we joined the caravan. Forty Zanzibaris had loads to carry. They had cloth with them, wherewith to buy their food. The natives were very exorbitant, asking shameless prices for everything. The Zanzibaris were well-behaved, and seemed to have made many friends ; they were patient with the extortionate people, surprising us with their forbearance. They were often hungry, but they would quietly put their beads away and walk on, when the natives would not take eightpence for the penny loaf. Once or twice we spoke strongly about this to the chiefs on the way, urging them to induce their people to sell at reasonable prices to the hungry men. They would only laugh.

About halfway to Stanley Pool we crossed the river in native canoes, and finished our journey along the south bank.

The first two days were very hilly, but after that the road greatly improved. There were long stretches of road fairly level, with now and then a descent to cross a stream deep in its ravine; altogether the road from Manyanga to the Pool was very much better than that from Underhill to Bayneston. We never were more than five miles from the river, sometimes not more than a mile or two. At one place we came close to the Congo, where the Nkalama river makes its last drop. Its ravine terminates on some flat red rocks, which are often very slippery and difficult to cross when there is much head of water. The stream plunges down in a series of cascades to the black rocks below. The water of the Congo is rich in iron, and as it splashes up on the rocks in the hot sun the water evaporates, and leaves a small rusty deposit to get burnt on the stone. Another splash, and a little more is left, and so on until a very dark chocolate lacquer is formed over the rocks, smooth and hard, although often only one thirty-second of an inch in thickness. The deposit thoroughly hides their character, so much so that Stanley considered the hard quartzitic sandstone rocks at the first fall below Stanley Pool to be lava. There are no traces of igneous rock above Isangila, if even as far as there.

The view at the Nkalama stream was very beautiful, for a good stretch of river lies open; the wooded hills, rich in palm-trees, the lighter-tinted strips of jungle, the gleaming white sandbanks, the black rocks, the swirling, writhing, seething water, make a picture which arrests every traveller as it breaks into view. He stops for a minute or two to gaze at this delightful change from the monotony of the jungle path, which has become too familiar. Just below this point are the Lady Alice Rapids. On either shore stretches a broad waste of huge boulders. The pebbles of the beach are often twenty feet in diameter; they lie strewn on a rocky shore, but are covered at high flood. Between these two beaches of giant pebbles is a narrow rift a mile long, through which the river struggles with great velocity. With twenty-foot pebbles lying about, and everything on a vast scale, it is



VIEW ABOVE THE NKALAMA, ON THE CARAVAN ROAD TO STANLEY POOL

difficult to estimate the width of the rift, but it did not appear to be more than 200 yards wide. Stanley was accidentally drawn into this rapid in his boat, when making his way down river the first time, and scarcely expected to come out alive.

A few hours beyond we reached the first of the Teke towns. The chief Mpfumu Mbe is a Lali, a subdivision of the Teke. All the Teke people have for their tribal mark a series of curved cicatrices, at an even distance apart, from the top of the head to the lower jaw-bone. Some are narrow, many are cleverly cut, others are coarse and few, but all are cut. The Bawumbu people do not adopt the 'scratch face.' The hair of these people is gathered behind, and stretched over a circular pad, to form a sort of chignon. Beyond Mbe's town a lofty ridge rises to the height of 2,500 feet above the sea-level. It is the range referred to in the previous chapter, which actually dammed in the inland sea. The soil is light and sandy. The view from the top is very fine; backwards over the rolling table-land for forty miles, and forwards for another forty miles to the hills beyond Stanley Pool. In the nearer vista lies a sweep of black forest, broken here and there by grassy glades. To the left gleams a cataract reach of the Congo. The Pool lies fifteen miles to the east, and is much foreshortened by the distance. Down a steep descent, and a short distance along a spur, lay the little village of Ngoma, where we were to sleep. A little to the right appeared the huts of Makoko, over-lord of the Bawumbu, and beyond the village of Nga Mbelenge, second only to him in influence. The hill-folk are the Bawumbu, and the district is called Mpumbu. To these people belonged the south-west shores of Stanley Pool. They had granted to Stanley a strip of land beside the river, about one mile wide and three miles long. It commenced beside Nga Liema's town, Kintambu. The settlement on the river front above the falls was named Leopoldville, after H. M. the King of the Belgians.

We spent the night at Ngoma's town. The chief, his wife, and two children, came to chat with us for a couple of hours. They asked us about England, and our object

in coming into the country; we told them of the great message which God had sent to them, and of our work at San Salvador. Ngoma understood Kongo well, and the conversation was most interesting. His wife was a short clean little woman, her hair done up neatly in a chignon; an elaborate neat tattoo of a lace-like pattern covered her shoulders. There was a great deal of curiosity displayed, but their behaviour was excellent; no greedy begging, nothing offensive in any way; we were charmed with these people, with their air of refinement, and hoped that those on the Pool shore would prove to be of this type. The women have a high position here, and there is more of family life than among the Congo people; a man of the Bawumbu would consult his wife before he bought or sold his ivory, and the women had a great deal to say in the management of things. Among the Congos the family system is matriarchal; the man belongs to his mother's relatives, not his father's, and succession is thus from uncle to nephew. A father has nothing to say about his children, for they belong to their mother's family. But among the Bawumbu and Bateke the system is patriarchal. The father is the head of the family, and his eldest son succeeds to his possessions.

The matriarchal system tends to confusion and a measure of anarchy. The mother, who is thus the head of the family, is weak, and she has to depend upon the support, moral and physical, of her brothers and maternal uncles. One of these will pose as nominal head of the family, *ntu a vumu*; but it does not follow that the seniority brings with it the supreme ability and intelligence; hence it often happens that junior brothers or cousins have the preponderating influence, and there are divided counsels, until each supports or not as he likes, and governs if he can, and so the measure of anarchy comes in, which is the bane of the country. The patriarchal system is much more absolute, and discipline is more highly developed. The children *belong* to their father, he has control over them, and the power centres in the father; the discipline in the home life has its influence on the slaves, who seem to realize more their position, and the patriar-

chal system seems capable of a higher organization than the matriarchal. It would appear from a theoretic standpoint that the matriarchal system would tend to place women in a better position, seeing that all power and right came through the female side, but practically it does not so work out. Right and succession may run in the female line, but power and force is with the men as such, and the women are not consulted, or in any better position under the matriarchal system.

Under the patriarchal system the husband may look to his brothers for moral and physical support, but he looks to his wife for counsel, and the wife has a great deal to say in all commercial transactions, and is more considered. The patriarchal system is rare in Africa. Where the succession is through the mother, the father counts for very little, practically nothing. The young man naturally gravitates toward the uncle to whom he hopes to succeed; his interests become identical with those of his uncle, who has therefore his help in business and all his affairs. A young man has nothing in common with his father, who naturally (or rather unnaturally) looks to his own nephews. The nephew or nephews thus considered are the children of his sisters; if a man has no sisters, such of his brothers as are children of his own mother are next to him; failing them, the children of his maternal uncles; this too is the custom in Mohammedan countries. The reason of this system, which seems to us so strange, lies in the fact that maternity is beyond dispute, while paternity may always be questioned.

The Bawumbu on the south bank are not a large tribe. They owned the country round Leopoldville to eighteen miles to the south, and to the Djili river on the east; in all about 400 square miles. They say that the other part of their tribe is to be found to the north of Stanley Pool, but away from the river. Their language is very different from the Kongo; it is allied, of course, but so different that a Congo would not understand the Wumbu. To the south of the Bawumbu are the Bambunu (Babundu, *the slaves*), a tribe which must have been at one time subject to the Bawumbu. The Bambunu are now so much mingled with them, that

many have considered them to be the same ; but the true Bawumbu despise them, and regard them as helots.

The Bawumbu had become great ivory traders—perhaps brokers would be the more appropriate word. The Bayansi of the upper river made trading excursions to Stanley Pool, loading their canoes with cam-wood—crude, as well as in the powdered form—dried fish, sugar-cane beer, pottery, salt made from the ashes of the river grass, and a few slaves. When the shipment of slaves was stopped, there was still a market for them in the neighbourhood of Loanda. So long as the slave trade continued very little ivory was sold, but when slaves were less in demand the price dropped, and the trade practically stopped. From that time—about 1866—the trade in ivory commenced, and the Congos began to ask for ivory at Stanley Pool. The Bayansi were urged to bring it down. They traded up river to the Equator, and up the affluents ; there they bought the ivory, and sold it through the Bawumbu to the Congos. The Bawumbu took about 100 per cent. as their brokerage.

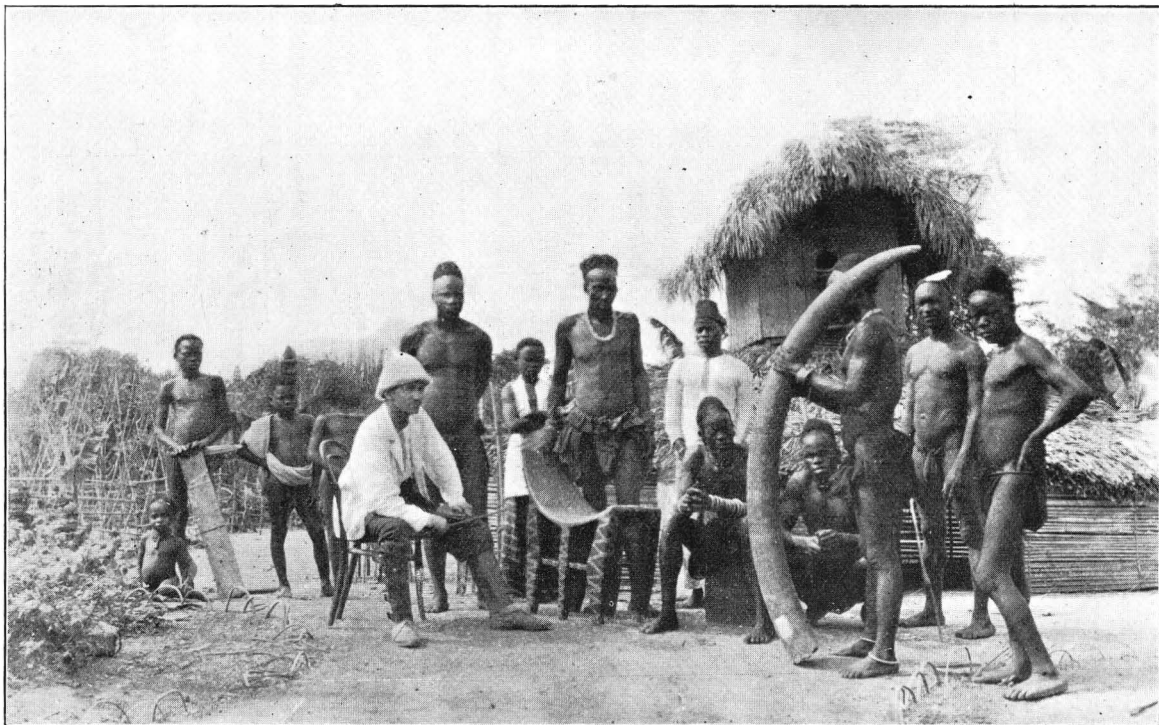
At some time during the thirties or forties the Bayansi had waged a great war at Stanley Pool. The islands of the Pool were some of them large—one of them was ten miles long ; it was known as Bamu. On the islands lived a tribe of fisher-folk known as the Bambari (river-folk) ; they spoke a language akin to the Bateke. These people had a large settlement at the upper end of Bamu. Some of the Bamu people committed an outrage on some Bayansi, robbing them of their wares, and killing them when they resisted. The other Bayansi became involved, and were obliged to hurry away with debts uncollected and business deranged. The Bayansi were furious. They organized a great expedition to avenge themselves upon the Bambari, and appearing suddenly at Bamu, early one morning, in a large fleet of canoes, the Bayansi attacked the Bambari, and nearly exterminated them. When the war was over, a few of the Bambari begged the Bawumbu to let them settle at Kinshasa ; the rest made three or four little settlements among the Bamfuninga (Bamfunu) on the south and east shores of

the Pool. No one has since ventured to live on the islands, whence retreat was impossible.

When the ivory trade commenced, the Bambari became touts for the Bawumbu on the hills, receiving a share in the brokerage, and rapidly became rich. Slaves are the Consols of Africa, so the Bambari bought slaves of the Bateke. Some of the Bateke slaves became as rich as their masters, and bought more of their own tribesmen; so in process of time the miserable remnant of Bambari were far outnumbered by their Bateke slaves, many of whom became independent. They continued to act as touts.

Nga Liema, whom we found as the ruling spirit at Kintambu, was a Teke, from a district 100 miles north of Stanley Pool. He and his elder brother were accused of witchcraft in their own country, and managed to escape to some place on the river, near the mouth of the Kwangu. After a while more trouble befell them, and the brother was killed. Nga Liema, once more a fugitive, made his way down river in a canoe to Kintambu. He begged the Bawumbu to allow him to build at Kintambu to tout for them, and obtained permission. He soon became rich, and had many slaves. Then he began to trade direct with the Congos. The Bawumbu fought him to no purpose, and had eventually to be satisfied with a small share in the trade. This was how we found things when we first reached Stanley Pool in 1881. Nga Liema and seven other wealthy trading chiefs, once Bateke refugees, were living in the large and populous town of Kintambu, which was protected by a high fence against the attacks of the Bawumbu. The Bateke called the town Ntamo.

On July 16, 1882, seventeen months after my first visit with Crudginton, Comber and I reached Kintambu. Lieut. Braconnier, who had been left in charge of Leopoldville by Stanley, entertained us very kindly. He had heard of our coming, and had received his instructions from Stanley. Leopoldville was close to Nga Liema's town, only a strip of swampy brook lay between. A large wattle and daub house had served as Stanley's head-quarters. It was built



DUTCH TRADER BUYING IVORY

in two stories, and Stanley lived upstairs. It stood on a terrace, ninety feet above the river, cut out of the steep side of the sandy hill. The huts of the Zanzibaris were at the foot of the hill, nearer the town. Stores and quarters for the other white men were on the terrace. The buildings were rough; there had not been time for anything else. There was a good beach for the steamer and the steel sectional boat. Stanley had started up country with two steamers, but he left the *Royale* on the Isangila-Manyanga reach, and had only brought on the *En Avant*. An advance station had been opened 100 miles up river at Mswata.

About 100 yards beyond Stanley's house on the terrace was a rain gully, and we were allowed to have the land beyond. It was several acres in extent, practically half the hill, on the top of which we decided to build. The falls of the river commenced on our terrain, but there was just room above the first rocks for us to build and harbour our steamer when she came. A three years' lease was first conceded, at a rent of £10 a year, which King Leopold always returned to us. We were thankful indeed to obtain such a site. We could not have found one suitable anywhere else. There was no place between Stanley's ground and Nga Liema's; and it would have been very undesirable to have built beside the natives on the flats near the river, if even they had allowed us to do so. Had we built elsewhere, we could have had no beach of our own. As it was, we had all that we needed in the way of elevation, and a beach of our own. There was never any confusion in the native mind as to our being one with Stanley's expedition. They had no difficulty in seeing that we were separate and independent; while our singular behaviour in not trading for ivory made them feel that we had very different objects; although it was hard for them to understand what we had really come for. We paid Nga Liema a visit, and managed to chat with many of the people in the town. They recognized me at once, but were puzzled as to who Comber was. They recalled little incidents of the first visit, and by their cordiality showed that although the resources of that first time were small, yet, if the

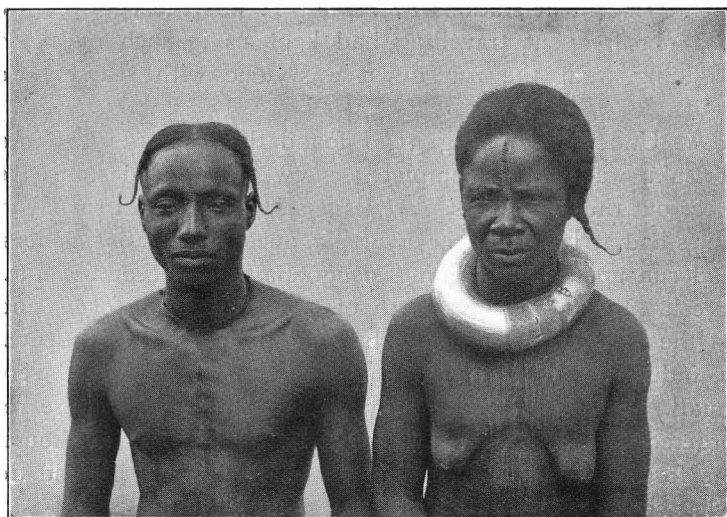
insatiable had not been satisfied, a good impression had been made. We gave Nga Liema the promised key of his trunk, and he made himself agreeable. He had a stepson, Nzuele, and a son, Kidiwiti, sharp lads, with whom we made friends, hoping some day to have them in our school.

Bayansi from the upper river, and Babuma from the Kasai, had trading camps on the town beach. Their canoes were beautifully cut, their paddles ornamented with a neat pattern and bound with brass wire, their spears and knives wonderfully wrought and well finished; their hair was arranged in an elaborate mass of plaits; and their palm-fibre cloth neatly fringed, and made up. There was nothing slovenly, or carelessly or ill made. Everything seemed much in advance of what we had seen in other parts, and made us feel that however wild and savage they might be, they were people of fine possibilities. We were indeed thankful that we were able to establish ourselves within reach of these people on the upper river. The unit of the local currency was a brass rod one-seventh of an inch in diameter and thirty inches long; these were cut up and cast by the local blacksmiths into anklets, bracelets, necklets, and huge brass collars for the women, many of which weigh 20 lb. Some of the rods were beaten out into thin wire, for they knew nothing of wire drawing; others were beaten into ribbon for binding the handles of their paddles. Rods were sometimes melted and cast into bars, which were beaten into broader ribbon or otherwise dealt with. Nga Liema wore loose anklets of iron, copper, and brass cleverly interlaced, twisted, and wrought. Long brass pipe-stems, pipe-bowls, and a variety of ornaments were made of this precious metal. So clever, indeed, were the native smiths in brass work, that the engineers of the steamers in the early years never troubled to cast new brasses or parts for their engines, they got the natives to do it for them.

Two clear days sufficed to choose our ground, sign the lease, and make the necessary arrangements. A caravan was to go back to Manyanga the third day after our arrival, so we decided to accompany it. We marked out the site of our first house on the hill, and left a Loango boy to clear the

place, and cut posts and grass; he was to live in the camp. So we took possession of our ground at Stanley Pool.

We soon left the Zanzibari caravan behind, being impatient of their delays, and anxious to arrange for the forward move. Our plans were soon made. We needed work-people; Stanley had advised us to go to Zanzibar and to engage men there, as he had done. The expense was far too great for us to attempt that, and Comber told him so. He asked how we should manage to transport our stores; Comber replied that we should look to the natives to do that for us. He assured



BOBANGI TYPES

us that it was impossible. 'Do you think,' said he, 'that the ivory traders of Ngombe will leave their ivory trading to carry your boxes of stores? It is not likely for an instant!' Comber could only say, 'We shall see.' We needed, however, men to build our houses, so it was decided that I should go at once to get Loango people. The three that we had were the first Loangos to go up country; their time was up, but they believed that we might get more if we tried; so I took one of them with me. We averaged twenty miles a day on our return journey, reaching Manyanga before noon on the

fifth day. Our caretakers reported that the natives had stolen two of our goats and some fowls, so we had to call the chief, who promised restitution. Various matters and packing occupied two days, then I started on. The breezes blowing up river were so strong that I could not reach Bayneston until the second day at 9 a.m. Four days sufficed to take me to Underhill. This was certainly the 'record' march from Stanley Pool to the lower river; of actual travelling there had been eight and a half days by land (170 miles) and one and a quarter by river (60 miles), beside three days ($2\frac{1}{2} + \frac{3}{4}$) spent at stations *en route*. It was the cool season, and our frequent travelling had kept us in such excellent 'training,' that the run down was done with scarcely an effort.

At Underhill, on Aug. 31, I found that the transfer from Musuku was almost complete; a few days would suffice to clear out the last things. At Banana, the mouth of the river, news had arrived that the Ethiopia, one of the mail steamers, had run upon the rocks in Loango Bay, and become a total wreck. She had £500 worth of stores on board for us, and as the Loango people were busy looting her, the prospects of inducing many of them to go up country with me were small. The goods on board were fully insured, and were re-ordered as soon as the news of the total wreck reached home. As for the chances of the recruitment, I would go and do what could be done.

As the mail steamer was lost, there would not be another available for me for six weeks; but at Banana I learned that a little iron schooner belonging to the Dutch House was going up the coast. At ten minutes' notice I went on board the Willem. Only a deck passage was possible, but it was always customary to travel with rugs and pillow, so with a little food I was ready for anything. The sea-breeze had sprung up; we ran across to the opposite side of the river, and then well out to sea, to give the shoals at the northern side of the mouth of the river a wide berth. The run to Kabinda was about sixty miles, and we made good progress; but at about nine o'clock in the evening the wind dropped. We had not more

than six or eight miles to make, when we cast anchor about two miles from the shore. The crew were all black; the captain, who had long served the House, had his wife with him; he was a native of Kabinda. As we waited for the breeze next morning, we could see many shoals of fish—herrings probably—blackening the surface of the glassy sea. At one time I counted thirteen black patches of fish. With the breeze we ran into Kabinda, and when I presented my letter at the Dutch factory, I learned that the Willem would be going on in two days, thirty miles further. As they had no room for me, I found hospitality at the English factory (Hatton and Cookson). All in due course the Willem carried me thirty miles further to Landana, where I paid another visit to Père Carrié, at the French Roman Catholic Mission. He took me over the beautiful gardens cultivated by the mission boys, and showed me the houses of the *pères* and *frères*. Everything was well kept. They certainly got a great deal of work out of their boys. They mostly belonged to the mission, being 'redeemed' (bought).

Next day a German barque was going to Masabe, twenty-five miles further on; and as she was loading up for the Dutch House, I got a passage on her. The captain told me that he had made a good run out from Europe in 110 days. He regarded 100 days as a minimum outwards, but the homeward run would be much quicker. To come out, they have to beat down to Brazil to avoid the tropical calms, and then run across. We may be thankful that we are working in the days of steamships.

Masabe is at the mouth of the Shilungu river, and the produce of the factories on the river is there collected and shipped. There was a heavy surf on the beach; as there was no landing-place but in the river, we had to cross the bar in the surf-boat. The agent of the Dutch House arranged for a hammock and six carriers to take me the thirty-five miles which remained. We travelled a great part of the way along the seashore, making about twenty-five miles, and reaching a Portuguese factory at eight o'clock at night. I had no letter of introduction, but when I explained who

I was, Senhor Torres received me kindly. He had heard of our mission, and wanted to know of the prospects of trade in the interior. Ten miles more in the morning took me to Loango. Mr. Parkes, an American trader, gave me hospitality for the seventeen days that I was detained there.

The wrecked steamer was breaking up, and every one who had a canoe went out to it. The story has already been told on page 92 how the people broke open the cases of gin, and made themselves so drunk that the tide rose and drowned them in their drunken sleep on the ship and on the beach. They fought and stabbed each other in their fury; so that in one way and another some 200 people died of the liquor from the wreck. My host used to go to the wreck to pick up puncheons of rum and floating wreckage; he bought other things from the natives. He sold me some hundred-weights of salved cowries, which were the currency on a large part of the Upper Congo. I bought some £30 worth of useful wreckage. My boy Nlemvo was with me, and thus saw a little more of the world. The steamer of the English Trading Company came to engage workmen, and did not get any; so I had to be well content that I brought four Loango men to work for us. They were few, but it was a beginning. I was able to arrange with Mr. Parkes to engage more men for us later on. At one time and another, we had some hundreds of work-people from Loango, until the French annexed the country, and prohibited the Loangos from going to work elsewhere.

After seventeen days a steamer arrived going south; I took passage in her, and reached Banana in five days. On the fourth day the captain expected to be off the mouth of the Congo at dawn, but when the sun rose there was no sign of it; so we steamed on, puzzled at the strength of the current which had delayed us during the night. Presently, some white houses began to appear on the southern horizon, and we anchored off Mukula, sixteen miles to the south of the Congo; we had passed the mouth of the river before day-break. There was some cargo to land and receive, so we spent the day there, taking on board several hundred tusks of ivory.

Next morning we went back to Banana, caught a steamer going up the river at noon, and reached Underhill on the third day. Four days later, I started for Bayneston, with Crudgington and fifty carriers.

When the boat had fetched a load up from Isangila, I started for Manyanga. The water was very good just then, so I was able to do the run in four days. It was sixty miles, and twelve boys thus brought fifty loads over the distance in the four days—an economical, simple system of transport, as long as comparatively small quantities had to be carried; but the time and energy of a white man were necessary. We hoped that soon the road would be open by the south bank, and the bulk of the transport be done by natives on that bank. This was not yet possible.

The Livingstone Mission had just made a move forward. They endeavoured to go on to Stanley Pool by the south bank from Mukimbungu, but were stopped by the people of Ndunga, a few miles west of Manyanga, who threatened to fight if they advanced. On August 27, 1882, they decided to build beside the Lukunga river, about a day and a half above Mukimbungu. The hostility of the Ndunga people was the only block remaining on the road to Stanley Pool on the south bank. The Ndunga people were frequently visiting us at Manyanga, and there was good reason to hope that the opposition would soon break down, and the road be properly open.

Just at the time there was a great deal of ferment and unrest in the country. Lieut. Valcke, a Belgian officer, was coming up country overland from Isangila, and there had been some fighting with the Basundi. Mbulu was burnt, the town in which we found the people giving their chief the ordeal poison, on our first journey to Stanley Pool. The same officer had also burnt the town of Ndandanga, an hour from Manyanga. The ivory traders next made a demonstration. Dr. Peschuel Lösche had been appointed chief of the Belgian Expedition during Stanley's absence, and as he was passing up country from Manyanga, the ivory traders about Mowa heard that the chief of the white men was *en route*. They

were very angry because the Expedition was buying ivory at Stanley Pool, so they laid an ambush, intending to kill the chief. Suddenly they fired upon him out of the grass. His cook, who was walking just in front of him, fell dead, and the doctor was shot through the fleshy part of his arm. The Zanzibaris beat off the attacking party, and brought the wounded doctor back to Manyanga. He went down river for treatment. The Mowa towns were well punished, several being burnt. We were able to help the Ndandanga people in making their peace with the Expedition, and they showed their appreciation of our services by keeping us well supplied with food.

Comber went down with the boat to get all that was necessary for the station at Stanley Pool; he returned with Hartland, who was now free to remain at Manyanga. Five days later, Makitu of Ngombe sent a message begging us to visit him. We started the next day, and on the way passed Valcke, who was making a road to Stanley Pool, by the south bank, for the transport of the *Royale*, the steamer which Stanley had left at Manyanga. Makitu's village was twenty miles from our station; we spent three clear days there. He was then building at a place called Kindoki, because difficulties were so often arising between his followers and those of the chief Lutete; he wished therefore to separate. Several houses were actually crammed with his goods from the floor to the ceiling; for a native, he was immensely rich. He had beside a number of slaves, lads who would soon grow into useful traders, to add to his wealth; he was always ready to buy more. Makitu was a shrewd fellow in all that pertained to business, very energetic, but far too fond of drink. He was about twenty-five years of age, but although so young was the best known man in the country. Shortly after this the natives commenced to sell their ivory on the lower river. Before this it was always sold on the coast, and Makitu's last caravan, when it reached there, numbered 1,000 men. When others heard that Makitu was going down, so many joined him to share the protection of the numbers, and his wise and energetic management of the Expedition. He had great

influence in the country, and knew well how to punish those who tried to rob him. He was proud and contemptuous in his bearing, but to us he was very agreeable; we were soon at home among his people. He gave us a boy or two for our school, and promised more. While so friendly to us, he was angry with Valcke for some reason, and was going to fight him when he reached his neighbourhood. We urged him very strongly not to do so, and when we left we were not quite certain that he would not do something rash. However, when Valcke arrived, he made friends with him, so there was no collision. We visited Lutete also, and obtained the promise of carriers; some were to go back with us to take Comber to Stanley Pool.

Two days after our return to Manyanga, Comber started for the Pool with nineteen carriers. Lutete's *capita* Mbonga acted as guide and headman of the caravan. He was well known on the road as a servant of Lutete and Makitu, and his strong recommendations of *his* white man had therefore weight with the chiefs on the way. The Nkisi river had to be crossed forty miles from Manyanga; there was a native ferry, and the men in charge were inclined to be extortionate. An arrangement was made to ferry our caravans, and Comber was able to report a safe and clear road when he arrived at Stanley Pool on October 24. The boy left in charge of our site had done no work beyond the cutting of a few sticks, but he knew the lay of the land, sources of food, &c.

Comber had a fever on the road, and was limp for several days after arrival. It was an unhealthy time; the rains had commenced, and the heat was very oppressive. Mosquitoes at night were in myriads, and even the daytime had its pest in the shape of a small black fly called *kinkufu*; a small *o* of this type would cover one, but they were very persistent blood-suckers. Comber had only four workmen, beside an Accra carpenter. The timber had to be felled five miles away; what little grass remained after the jungle fires was three miles distant. The difficulties and discouragements were very great. Food, too, was very dear, on account of the number of

Zanzibaris of the Expedition ; nearly all the food had to be fetched from the hills fifteen miles away. It was therefore difficult to victual even the little staff which he had.

Nga Liema, the chief, was friendly, but in his best moods was always like a spoiled child. He expected that Comber would deal as handsomely with him as Stanley had done. He told him again and again of Stanley's presents to him. Comber told him that Stanley had come to the country on a very different errand, and could afford to give in a princely manner. He sold his ivory to Stanley, and was treated liberally by him. Comber would help him in other ways, by medicine for the sick and schools for his people; above all, he would teach them about God, and deliver His great message. In no way would he enter into competition with Stanley. If Nga Liema helped him in the building of the station, his help would be remembered and recompensed, but at that time he had no great present for him.

Comber only partly shook off his fever ; he was weak and out of sorts. It was a joy to him that he was at last actually commencing the station at the Pool, and that the difficulties had so far cleared away ; still, those that remained were very great and many. Lieut. Braconnier had very kindly allotted to him two rooms, and insisted on his taking his meals with the gentlemen of the Expedition. About a week after his arrival Comber went down again with another of the melancholic fevers. When he felt it coming on, he weighed out his medicine, and gave careful and detailed instructions to his boy Mantu and the Gaboon boy. He was very ill ; during two days he was delirious, and when the more serious symptoms disappeared he was still very weak and helpless. The Belgian officers were very kind, especially Lieut. Grang. Comber's condition made us very anxious at Manyanga. The first news told us that he was better. I could not leave the station at the time, for Hartland was away with the boat. I had to prepare, however, for a call to the Pool, in case Comber became worse. On November 6, Comber dictated a letter to his boy, and a week after was able to write a little himself. He slowly regained his strength, and

by the end of December was living in a house 36 ft. by 12 ft., on the top of our hill.

Two more helpers had joined us in September, Messrs. Hughes and Moolenaar. The former was at Bayneston with Crudginton, the latter came to help Hartland at Manyanga. Before I could leave for Stanley Pool, Moolenaar would have to go several times up and down the river with Hartland to learn the navigation. I remained at Manyanga, doing my best to work up carriers for transport to the Pool. The man from Lutete's town went backwards and forwards with about fifteen men, and after a while a second headman was secured; so the transport commenced, and what Stanley thought to be impossible began to be done. The Belgian Expedition built a small station at Ngombe (Lutete's).

At our Manyanga station things went on fairly quietly, but in the towns there were the usual witch palavers ever recurrent.

The paramount chief in the Ndandanga township was a certain Ta-wanlongo. A secondary chief named Matuza Mbongo had of late been rising in influence. Matuza's wife died in child-birth, and a report was current that before she died she saw Ta-wanlongo in her dream. Matuza seized the opportunity to clear away his last obstacle to the paramount position. Ta-wanlongo was not loved, or indeed very lovable; the people, too, were pleased at the prospect of another break in the monotony of life. It would be great fun to see the old chief himself take the ordeal *nkasa*, and



TA-WANLONGO, CHIEF OF NDANDANGA

reel and fall, and then to throw him on the fire. No witch-doctor was necessary for such a straightforward case; had not the woman seen the chief in her dream? What could be clearer? Ta-wanlongo was a witch. Of course he declared that he was innocent, and he could but be ready to take the ordeal, which he had so often recommended in the case of others. His turn had evidently come.

As soon as I heard of it, I expressed my indignation pretty freely to the people, and sent a message to the chief, that



MATUZA

if he liked to escape I would send him down river in the boat. He thanked me, but while no doubt he feared to drink the draught which had been fatal to so many, he replied that if he ran away the people would consider it proof positive of his guilt. 'If I vomit,' said he, 'I shall be proved innocent; if I die, God knows all.' It is customary for them to use the name of God under such circumstances, but I have

never been able to ascertain that it is purely a native idea, and in no way the result of missionary teaching.

A few days after Ta-wanlongo called me to the town. The chief had been setting his house in order, and preparing for the worst. He and the other chiefs wished to ask me the contents of a mysterious 'book' which the agent of the Expedition had told him to keep, but of which they did not know the contents. They feared that it contained instructions to burn their town. The matter of their revised contract with the Expedition was soon explained; but having all the local

magnates together I proceeded to discuss the witch palaver, and reasoned with them about the foolishness of the superstition. 'Fowls, goats, all animals, trees, &c., die, and do not we die also?' Then I spoke of our short term here before the endless future. I told them of the judgement to come, and the Just Judge who would call us to account for all our actions. Our lives, too, were in His hand; when He saw fit He would call us each one. Then I urged them strongly to do nothing to their chief. Was he not the father of the district? Had he not managed all the affairs with the white men? Who would know how to arrange things when he was gone? Could they read the mysterious 'books' and contracts which he held? What would happen to them if the chief died? The latter argument appealed to the common people much more forcibly than any that had gone before, and set them all talking.

Matuza, who had worked the affair up, sat beside me. I asked him, in a whisper, why he pressed the matter. 'To-day we hear that Ta-wanlongo is a witch; he must take the *nkasa*, and die; to-morrow we shall hear the same of Matuza Mbongo. Why are you so foolish as to do this wickedness?' He hushed me, lest any should hear, and there was a trembling of his hand, which showed that he realized in a measure the truth of what I said. Some around said that the *nkasa* must be taken, but another uttered the magic word *nsatu* (hunger), and the company broke up, promising me that the matter should be allowed to drop. They did not keep the letter of their promise, for they did make the chief drink the *nkasa*; but they made such a weak infusion that the chief vomited, and his innocence was established. The chief sent me a very grateful message, declaring that to me alone he owed his life; his enemies would have accomplished his death, but for my urgency. Many others remarked to the same effect. Nevertheless, he came empty-handed to see me a few days afterwards, and told me that he expected me to show my pleasure at his escape from the peril, by 'dressing' him. I gave him a fathom of cloth, a knife, a cap, and a few small sundries, although I felt that there was not

much necessity to give him anything. Instead of thanking me for this further kindness, he began to abuse me for not giving him a much larger present. He said that I was shamelessly mean, and went away quite disgusted with me. The portraits of Ta-wanlongo and Matusa are from the pen of Sir Harry Johnston.

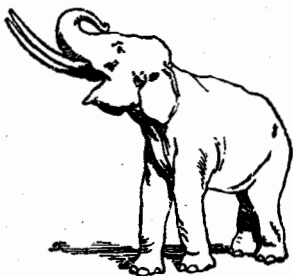
Crudgington had a worse case than this. A canoe was upset in the cauldron off Underhill Point; two men were drowned, but the canoe, which Crudgington sent out at once, managed to reach the third man, and brought him ashore alive. Before he was starting home next day, he asked Crudgington to 'dress' him. When he declined, the man began to pour out his disgust at the white man's meanness, and became too abusive; whereupon Crudgington locked him up in the store, and would not release him, until his friends brought down a couple of goats—one for the rescuer, and one for Crudgington, as the owner of the canoe by means of which the rescue was effected. The goats were paid, and it is to be hoped that the man learned a lesson.

Our Kru boys were as superstitious as the Congo natives, but they had to keep things to themselves. In the crew of the boat-boys was a strong fellow, who had a great deal of influence over the others as a medicine man, and we believe exploited them. He did not give us an opportunity to deal with him, however. One night, at about ten o'clock, Hartland and I were discussing the advisability of going to bed, when we heard a terrible shriek from the boat, near which the Kru boys were sleeping. We concluded at once that a crocodile had carried one of them off. It was pitch-dark. We hurriedly lit our lanterns, and took our rifles down with us. Arrived at the beach, we found the Kru boys all looking at us in a frightened manner. As we inquired what had happened, the light fell upon a boy lying at the foot of a tree, bound hand and foot. The first branch of the tree forked at twenty-five feet. The tow-rope of the boat had been passed up, and over the fork, and one end was fastened through the boy's bound hands and feet. He said, 'Massa, they live for kill me.' We found that the boys had hauled him up to the fork of the

branch. What they intended, or what happened then, we could not ascertain. It appeared that one of the boys had been ill for some time, and this poor wretched boy had been accused as witch. We asked who accused him. 'Black Will.' Who was the ringleader? 'Tom Nimble' (the medicine man). The two culprits were handcuffed to the boat-chain for the night, and in the morning we heard the case further, and found that the story of the previous night was true. We blamed the head-man very strongly for not preventing this cruelty, which had nearly become murder. We made another boy head-man in his place, and ordered him to give the two culprits a beating, which he did. The same day we sent the witch-boy to Stanley Pool, to keep him safe from the revenge of his mates, and when it was time for him to go home we sent him by another steamer. He belonged to another town, so they had all pitched upon him as witch, because he was a stranger.

Hartland had made several journeys between Isangila and Bayneston, and on December 16 the last things were cleared out, and Isangila was abandoned. By the end of the year Moolenaar and Hartland were able to take charge of Manyanga, and I was free to join Comber at the Pool. On December 30 I started, and spent a day in Makitu's town. There I met Kusakana, the chief of Tungwa Makuta. We had a long talk; he said that after the death of Bwaka-matu, who ordered the shooting of Comber, his nephew Nkanza became chief. He said that they had had a succession of troubles, and felt that their violence had brought a curse on them. He asked what we were going to do in the matter. I told him that it was not for us to avenge the affair; it was in the hands of God, whose servants we were. The man who had ordered the violence had gone to give his account; we should do nothing further. Kusakana hoped that we should visit Tungwa again. I told him of our work and short-handedness, but promised to remember his wish, and the past kindness of the Tungwa people. I gave them a little present, and sent a token to Nkanza. On January 7, 1883, I reached the Pool, and found Comber well and busy with the building.

We had run through the year 1882; but in the time had opened and established an effective line of communications from the lower river to Stanley Pool, and so the first item in the plans of the mission was accomplished. We were now prepared for the coming of our steamer, which was, indeed, already shipped, and rapidly nearing the shores of the Congo when the new year dawned.



A PAIR OF TUSKS

END OF VOLUME I.

A MISSION MAP OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA SHEWING ESPECIALLY THE STATIONS OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

